THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE

with sensational two-page color pin-up
Bring your skin "Out of the shadows" with Camay...

INTO THE LIGHT OF LOVELINESS!

MRS. JEROME JOSEPH KALMUS—a stunning Camay Bride—says: "Camay keeps my skin 'out of the shadows,' all right. As soon as I changed to Camay and regular care, a clearer, fresher skin was mine!"

This lovely Camay Bride can tell you—
the First Cake brings a brighter, clearer skin!

ROMANCE is often only a dream—marriage merely a hope—for girls with cloudy and dull complexions—skin that's "in the shadows," so to speak.

So why should you let shadows hide your charm? Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Your complexion will have a fresher, clearer look—be smoother to the touch, with your very first cake of Camay.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. Camay has such a gentle touch—and its lather is rich, creamy, abundant. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty—top to toe!
Chase the shadows from all of your skin with a daily Camay Beauty Bath! Bring your arms and legs and back that "beautifully cared-for" look! Camay's fragrance is so fascinating, too. Buy big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather—more luxury!

Camay the soap of beautiful women
It tastes better... cleans teeth and breath better... reduces decay better...

It's the New Ipana!

WE'RE SO SURE YOU'LL LIKE IT
WELL PAY YOU 25¢
FOR TRYING YOUR FIRST TUBE!

25¢
IN CASH

TV-Radio Star
BUD COLLYER

ACT NOW!
HERE'S ALL YOU DO!
1. Buy a large (47¢) or economy-size (33¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. 2. Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:
Ipana, Dept. R-112
Box 36
New York 46, N.Y.
Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1952. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. (Offer good in continental limits of U.S.A. only.)

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Bristol-Myers

Special offer to introduce this completely new tooth paste!

You get all the ingredients needed for effective mouth hygiene—in the wonderful new Ipana.

Its two scientific purifying agents clean better than any single tooth paste ingredient known. Tests prove brushing with new Ipana gets teeth cleaner, brighter.

It not only stops mouth odor instantly, but stops it longer—for hours in most cases. And every time you use it, you get better protection from tooth decay.

Take care of your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana actually helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

You'll be delighted with Ipana's new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming...delighted at how the youngsters love it. New Ipana was voted far pleasanter to use by hundreds of men, women and children.

So take advantage of new Ipana's Special Introductory Offer! You'll discover a grand new tooth paste... and you'll get 25¢ in cash in the bargain.
modern screen

stories

AMERICAN IN LONDON (Gene Kelly) ............ by Beverly Linet 24
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO MARIO LANZA ........ by James Carr 29
A REPORT ON LANA AND LOVE (Lana Turner) .... by Jim Henaghan 30
HEDDA HOPPER SPIKES THOSE BETTY GRABLE RUMORS .... 32
THEY CALL HIM THE QUIET MAN (Bill Holden) .... by Susan Trent 34
SHELLEY'S GREATEST SECRET (Shelley Winters) .. by Lou Pollock 36
... AND EVERYTHING GOES CRAZY (Carte-Leigh) .... by Jack Wade 38
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, ESTHER? (Esther Williams) .... by Marsha Saunders 40
A NEW LOVE FOR THE QUEEN? (Barbara Stanwyck) .... by Imogene Collins 42
COWPUNCHER'S CASTLE (Gene Autry) .............. by Marva Peterson 44
THE MEN IN MY LIFE .................................... by Piper Laurie 47
"WE'RE NOT MAD AT ANYBODY" (Simmons-Granger) .... by Jim Newton 48
THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF MARILYN MONROE .... by Eyda J. Nelson 50
HAPPY TALK (Doris Day) ......................... by Steve Cronin 54
RETURN OF FAITH ........................................ by David Wayne 56

features

THE INSIDE STORY ... 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS .... 6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT 12

departments

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ......................... by Corinne Calvet, star columnist for December 14
MOVIE REVIEWS ........................................ by Jonathan Kilbourn 18
SWEET AND HOT ........................................ by Leonard Feather 27

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Betty Grable by 20th Century-Fox
Other picture credits on page 66

Charles D. Saxon
editor

Durbin Horner
executive editor

Carl Schroeder
western manager

Notice to Subscribers

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

Postmaster: Please send notice on Form 3579 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 We st. 33rd St., New York 1, New York

Modern Screen, Vol. 46, No. 1, December, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Ave., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 2911 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, III. George T. Deloacote, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice Pres., Albert P. Deloacote, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $ 2.00 a year; $ 3.50 two years; $ 5.00 three years; Canadian Subscriptions one year, $ 5.00; two years, $ 9.00; three years, $ 15.00; Foreign, $ 2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 19, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
THE MIRACLE OF MGM MUSICALS!

It's the most dazzling of all musical spectacles... with its wonderful water-revels... marvelous music inspired by the true story of the queen of bathing beauties!

It's Neptune's gorgeous daughters and daredevils living a thrilling, glamorous story of show business!

It's the story of a star-maker who sparked off the meteor-like rise to fame of a modern Venus!

It's a pyrotechnical treat of rhythm and splendor such as you've never beheld before!

It's a hippodrome of aquatic spectacle with the loveliest mermaids that ever swam across your vision!

It's a kiss-swept love-story that rockets madly and merrily... from Broadway to Hollywood!

Starring Esther Williams, Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon, David Brian

Directed by Everett Freeman, Mervyn Le Roy

Screen Play by David Brian

Produced by Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

An M-G-M Picture
the woman to blame may be YOURSELF!

When a husband starts working late, more and more often, a wife naturally tortures herself with doubts. Actually, though, you may find the reason for his neglect right at home! Have you allowed yourself to grow careless about intimate feminine hygiene? Well, it's not too late to correct. You can be your own sweet, dainty self again so simply—so effectively—by douching with "Lysol." It's easier than ever today!

Gentler "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritating action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of yourself—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1
over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene

"Lysol"

Brand Disinfectant

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant was improved by the replacement of most of its cresylic acid content with orthohydroxy-diphenyl.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

---

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, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy is married to a full-blooded Cherokee Indian girl? —Y. U., DALLAS, TEXAS
A. Mrs. Murphy is one-eighth Indian.

Q. I've been told on good authority that Kathryn Grayson does not do her own singing in pictures. Is this true? —H. D., DAVENILE, VA.
A. Definitely not.

Q. In private life does Bill Holden use the name of Holden or the name of Beede? —G. D., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. Holden.

Q. Is Ann Miller Mexican? Has she ever been married to a Mexican? Has she ever been married? —A. S., AMES, IOWA
A. Ann is American, has been married once to a Texan.

Q. I understand that Leslie Caron was discovered in Paris while working in burlesque. Isn't that where Gene Kelly first saw her?—C. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Miss Caron has never worked in burlesque. She was a rising star in the Paris Ballet company when Kelly discovered her.

Q. If Bing Crosby is Catholic and Dixie is Protestant, what are the four Crosby boys? —W. E., DENVER, COl.
A. Catholic.

Q. Does Jeff Chandler really answer all his fan mail himself? —W. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
A. Yes.

Q. Are all those stories about Mario Lanza being out of his mind true? What is the inside story of his fight with MGM over The Student Prince? —E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Lanza is not out of his mind; he and director Curt Bernhardt did not see eye to eye on the picture.

Q. Aren't the Gene Kellys having marriage trouble in London? —S. T., BRISTOL, ENG.
A. No. (see the story on page 24)

Q. Didn't Judy Garland and Frank Sinatra once have a torrid love affair? —E. S., TULSA, OKLA.
A. Yes.

Q. Why don't Farley Granger and Shelley Winters talk to each other any longer? Is it because Shelley got married? —B. H., DEMING, N. M.
A. They are still good friends.

Q. Isn't Lucille Ball much older than her husband Desi Arnaz? —G. R., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.
A. She's only six years older.

Q. Why did Anne Baxter leave 20th Century-Fox?—T. T., FRANKFORT, KY.
A. She prefers to free lance.

A. Yes.

Q. How come Teresa Wright's marriage broke up? —F. T., MEMPHIS, TENN.
A. Incompatibility with writer-husband Niven Bush.

Q. When June Allyson first started in movies, is it true that Lana Turner was very cruel to her? —C. L., HAMDEN, CONN.
A. Lana has never been cruel to anyone.

Q. Aren't the Red Skeltons battling like tigers? Don't they contemplate a divorce? —M. L., VINCENNES, IND.
A. Battling yes; divorce no.

Q. Gordon MacRae snubbed me in Toronto. Does he usually snub girls? —E. M., STRATFORD, ONT.
A. No.

Q. Weren't Cary Grant and Mae West engaged to each other in the 1930s? —J. J., NORFOLK, VA.
A. Never. (Continued on page 26)
All the glitter, grandeur and spectacle that was Venice!...All the intrigue, lust and danger of an era of adventure and romance!

Robert Haggiag presents

The Thief of Venice

Starring
Maria Montez
Paul Christian
Faye Marlowe - Massimo Serato

Screenplay by Jesse L. Lasky, Jr. - From an original story by Michael Pertwee - Music by Alessandro Ciccognini - Played by the Rome Symphony Orchestra - Released by 20th Century Fox

All This...And More!

The Race of the galley slaves for Venice...under the whipmaster's lash!

The Revolt...of the rabble against the Prussian mercenaries!

Medieval Torture!...The Thief - broken on the rack...Tina - tortured on the wheel!

The Thieves...against the might and terror of the Chief Inquisitor!

Marriage Parade...of the Doge's daughter - tens of thousands on the screen!

Angels Roost...fabulous hideaway of the cut-throats of Venice - where law ended and revelry began!

The Innocents...swinging from the gallows - for the crimes of the Masked Assassins!
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

I've never enjoyed a party more than the beautiful "get well" garden party in my honor given by songwriter Jimmy McHugh.

I was not only feeling completely well and rarin' to go, but it had been six long weeks since I had seen many of my friends, and Jimmy thoughtfully invited over 250 to the garden of his beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

The decorations were so unique I think they deserve special mention. In place of the conventional bowls of flowers, our host had ordered pink plastic poodle dogs with wide skirts of pink net decorated with real pink rosebuds. The little dolls were so different and unique.

In the swimming pool floated large bouquets of pink, orchid and white water lilies, a beautiful background to the all-white tables, chairs and umbrellas.

Among the first to arrive was Olivia de Havilland wearing a brown taffeta cocktail dress and matching hat. Livvy seems so happy these days, so contented. She's a different girl from the repressed person she was as Mrs. Marcus Goodrich.

Ann Blyth wore a white feathered turban with a blue cocktail suit. Ann said that after years of never wearing a hat she's suddenly gone crazy about the smart, chic chapeaux of...
this season so she's stocked up on them.
Rosalind Russell, who ALWAYS wears a hat, came hatless wearing a white dress trimmed in green and looking as pretty and fresh as an apple blossom.
Jack Benny, just back from Europe, had much to tell us of his experiences—and when Jack tells it, everything is funny.
Jean Crain wore a bright green jacket over a green and white print dress and someone remarked that there's no handsomer couple in Hollywood than Jeanne and her devoted Paul Brinkman.
It was a warm afternoon, but Jane Wyman looked like a fashion plate in a violet wool dress with a deeper violet velvet jacket and chiffon scarf at the throat.
Looking like the happiest bride and groom in the world Ginny Simms never let go the arm of Bob Calhoun. And, then, just ten days later, they were SEPARATED!
Ginny refused to move into the house Bob had bought for her. Instead, she took a smaller place, moved in with her two sons by her marriage to Hyatt Dehn, and Calhoun didn't know anything about her plans until he read my "scoop" in the papers!
Break-ups in Hollywood marriages frequently come suddenly. But this one was so REAL-
LY out of the blue that even one of the principals didn't know it was over.
M ost couples in love spend their time trying to escape relatives of all people! That's why it seems so amusing to me that whenever Marilyn Monroe and the love of her life, Joe DiMaggio, get a spare moment together they hire themselves to San Francisco to visit Joe's uncles, aunts and young cousins. As an Italian, DiMaggio is naturally a family man. And Marilyn, an orphan who has never known real family life, just loves it!
Instead of haunting the nightclubs and gay spots, Marilyn and Joe spend most of their time at Uncle Louie DiMaggio's cooking spaghetti dinners and watching shows and sports events on TV.
The DiMaggio cousins bring their teen-age girl friends home and Marilyn shows them how to make up, set their hair, do their nails, etc. Joe calls Marilyn "baby." The kids call her "doll."
One night, Marilyn and Joe hosted a party for 16 teen-agers in Chinatown feasting on chop suey, rice and tea and dancing to jive box music.
When Marilyn is with the kids she dresses just as they do—sweaters and skirts and NO publicity-type, low cut gowns, thank you.
If you ask me, one of the nicest things Joe has brought into the life of the lonely girl who is the "hottest" property in Hollywood today, is sharing his family life with her. All the fame and fortune in the world couldn't bring this happiness to Marilyn.
T he figures in the John Waynes' property settlement sound like telephone numbers. According to Mrs. Wayne's attorney, John and Chata spent $13,000 monthly during their marriage; John made $500,000 last year and he is many times a millionaire.
I've talked with John—and I know he has his dandy up. This promises to be one of the most bitterly fought divorces in years.
S helley Winters Gassmann is the funniest expectant mother of all time.
"I got morning sickness," quoth Shell, "and afternoon sickness, and evening sickness. I'm nauseous all the time. And the things I wanna eat! Pickles and eggs! I've always hated bananas—and now I gotta have 'em. The other day, after I'd HAD luncheon, I stopped by a drive-in and had a peanut-butter sandwich and a root-beer float.
"Before we got pregnant, Vittorio was the
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hostess Joan Crawford makes sure mother-to-be Nancy Davis Reagan has everything she wants, while father-to-be Ronald Reagan looks on beamingly. Joan and William Haines, the silent screen star, gave the party for Ann Windlohr from Texas.

Joan gave Judy Garland, another expectant mother, a big hug when she arrived. Much later on, after most of the guests had gone home, Judy sang and sang one who could not sleep at night. He's the nervous type and was always pacing around thinking of his role the next day.

"Now he sleeps like he was hit over the head—and I'm the one getting up all the time. The other night I was so restless I got the car out and went for a two-hour drive—and when I came back he didn't even know I'd been gone!"

"He's sweet though, bless him. He doesn't get angry with me no matter what I do. Of course, I can still start a battle, but it's one sided. He just says, 'Mama, you're upset because the bambino is coming.'"

"I'll be glad when the baby is born and he'll yell back at me like he used to."

"How long does this nauseous business last, I want to know? How long will it be before I start looking like all those pretty pictures of expectant mothers in women's magazines?"

HO LLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT: The first thing Arlene Dahl did after separating from Lex Barker was to change the color scheme of the bedroom they WERE to have occupied together from beige and green to three shades of pink.

Before Marilyn Morrison Ray (Mrs. Johnnie Ray) left the Chicago hospital after losing their expected baby, Johnnie showed up with a big square cut diamond to take the place of that little-bitty engagement ring so many columnists ridiculed at the time of their marriage.

Ursula Thiess doesn't like Robert Taylor's mustache. You can expect it to go any time now.

Dale Robertson has turned thumbs down on 20th's idea to "glamorize" his publicity, soft-pedaling his home life; for instance, "I'm a home boy and a cowhand," said Dale, "and you can't change me. There's no sense trying to get me to list the ten sexiest actresses in...
When they said that Kearny had disgraced his woman


...That's when he

REACHED FOR HIS RIFLE!

The day of the shame

The rifle that made all the difference

The rope, the rage, the sweet revenge

The lips of the lonely girl

Warner Bros.

present

GARY COOPER

the right man for the right gun

"Springfield Rifle"

also starring: PHYLLIS THAXTER, DAVID BRIAN, with PAUL KELLY

screen play by CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN & FRANK DAVIS

music by MAX STEINER

directed by ANDRE DeTOOTH

produced by LOUIS F. EDELMAN
TERRY MOORE IN GERMANY or LOVE IN A COLD CLIMATE

Most mothers would yell for the Life Guards if their daughter persisted in making mad love to a bare-chested fellow in the middle of an icy whirlpool. Not so Mrs. Helen Koford. She hung her Terry's clothes on the nearest hickory limb, and grabbed her Brownie. Here is her personal record of Terry and Cameron Mitchell shivering with melted snow and melting passion on location in Germany for 20th Century-Fox's Man On A Tightrope. She's added this comforting note: "Terry feels fine—the Germans certainly admire his courage." So do we, ma'am. So do we.

On the banks of the famous Isar River where the water is made of melted snow, Terry (with bathing suit under clothes) rests on Cameron.

Terry gets greased down while a make-up man does the same for Cameron. Note in the background the Bavarian Alps of Southern Germany.

In water over their heads, Terry and Cameron play the love scene. They worked in this swift current off and on from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

The love scene will be shot in a whirlpool, so Terry pins up her hair before being covered with grease to help her keep warm in the water.

Between takes, Pat Hening serves them hot soup from his oil burner. Terry and Cameron also sat against a reflector with hot lights.

Shivering under their robes, they await the next take. Terry's mother says later it took six soupings to get the grease out of her hair.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Hollywood—because I don't know who they are, or care..."

No star from Broadway has so completely captured the hearts and coeurs (as the French say) of audiences as Ethel Merman making Call Me Madam. Around the 20th Century-Fox lot, they're calling Madam—doll..."

Nicky Hilton may be 'completely over' Elizabeth Taylor—as he says. But his new honey, Sheila Connolly, is a deadringer for Liz.

Fernando Lamas wants to adopt Lana Turner's little daughter, Charyl, after he and Lana are married.

When I asked Rosemary Clooney if she was going to marry Jose Ferrer she said, "Louella, I love Jose. But I don't want anyone to be hurt."

I knew she was referring to Phyllis Hill, Jose's wife, from whom he has been separated just five months. From what I have been reading about Mrs. Ferrer's dates in New York with an attractive young man, I doubt that she has any intentions of hanging onto Jose.

No young personality in years has come up as fast as Rosemary, the young singer who first attracted attention last year with her "Come On A My House" record.

When Paramount signed her for The Stars Are Singing it's no secret they thought she might be just a "one shot" star, an attraction to the jive kids who loved her records.

So what happens? Rosemary comes across with such a wallop she's now being touted as the girl to step into Betty Hutton's shoes in Paramount pictures.

I've come to know her very well during the short time she has been in Hollywood and I can tell you that she is a very honest and sincere person.

Jose Ferrer will be a lucky man when and if Rosemary says, "Yes"—and I'm sure she will.

When Joan Crawford and William Haines, the decorator who used to be a silent screen star, decided to give a party for Mrs. Ann Windfohr, a Texas friend, they really did things up red and white.

Joan used her garden, covering over half of it with a bright lipstick red tent in which much to talk of was floated against the tent top. Red and white candles outlined the swimming pool, their flames flickering slightly.

There were 120 guests for dinner and dancing and without any doubt the most startling couple were Kirk Douglas and youthful, Italian beauty Pier Angeli. The sophisticated Kirk was really something to watch being very, very boyish and utterly gallant to the wide-eyed Pier who would have looked like a child in her flowing gray chiffon if the neckline had not been cut so low!

The infantilizing girls, Judy Garland, Eleanor Parker and Nancy Davis Reagan were present with their respective husbands, each wearing a different type of maternity gown. Incidentally, Nancy and Ronnie Reagan held hands all evening under the table not caring whether anyone watched them or not.

It never seems to bother Ronnie and his ex-wife, Jane Wyman, when they meet at parties. They are always very cordial and seem to have no reason to be.

About four o'clock in the morning, after most of the guests had left, Judy Garland...
By MARY MARATHON

Hi, fans! Here I am again and I'm high as a kite about a picture I've just seen—"Road to Bali" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. These three aren't exactly strangers to each other, having traveled a few previous "Roads" together. Maybe you saw one (or more) of them. If you did, you'll agree that when Bing, Bob and Dotty team up to hit the road, it's a laugh marathon for sure! In "Road to Bali" I want to tell you, they're but colossal.  

What happens to them could only happen to them! They have all kinds of impossible adventures—with music—including diving for sunken treasure (a little situation Bing maneuvers Bob into); tangling with savage head hunters and beautiful native women; wrestling with ferocious animals; and running into some of your favorite Hollywood personalities (surprises galore!) in the middle of the jungle. It's all for laughs and, believe me, laughs for all. In a "Road" show anything goes, and in this one not only anything—but everything!  

Dotty has a wardrobe of whistle-bait Balinese sarongs (she plays an island princess) and, of course, the two B.s buzz around her like crazy, each outdoing the other, pulling all kinds of wild wires to be the lucky one who wins her.  

Story? Well, now, between you and me, anything sensible couldn't stand up under Bing's and Bob's gaff, although Dotty does her feminine best to provide motivation and maintain a semblance of sanity. There's a villain, though, who cooks up enough trouble to keep "our heroes" hopping. He's played by Murvyn Vye and I seem to remember that he connives to cheat the princess of her fortune, but who really gives a care about a story when Bing, Bob and Dotty are in action in glamorous Bali?  

"Road to Bali" is the first of the "Road" films in color by Technicolor. And wait'll you see the Balinese dancers in their lush and lavish, colorful costumes. It's an eyeful you won't soon forget. There are six new songs, among them a couple of Crosby-Hope comedy routines that are worth the price of admission alone. Take it from me, fans, this "Road" rates traveling to, no matter how far you are from the theatre that plays it.  

There's another Technicolor movie coming out soon, too, that I think you'll enjoy—a thriller called "The Blazing Forest," that is tops in action adventure. That gorgeous guy all the gals are gone on—John Payne—has the number one starring role as the tough boss of a logging camp in the tall timber country. Other stars in it are William Demarest, Agnes Moorehead, Richard Arlen and lovely newcomer Susan Morrow (remember I told you about her last month in connection with "The Savage")! "The Blazing Forest" has all the action excitement its title implies, set against magnificent mountain scenery—wonderful background for the romance between Payne and Susan.  

And pretty soon you'll be hearing about "Come Back, Little Sheba," the movie version of the Broadway stage hit, co-starring Burt Lancaster and Shirley Booth. Miss Booth starred in the stage play, too . . . but more about that simply immense picture next month. Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

(with Roger Edens playing for her) started to sing as only Judy can. At that late hour, in such a beautiful setting, it seemed to everyone that Judy had never sounded so thrilling and her listeners were torn between tears, laughter and applause.

Speaking of Judy, a few days later, I ran into her shopping in Beverly Hills. It was the day I had run the "lead" story in my column about her new contract to make movies for Warner Brothers.

"Are you going to diet strenuously for your screen come-back?" I asked her.

"I'm going to diet a little, Louella," she told me. "But I'm not going to ruin my health by peeling down to the size of a banana. Look what happened to Ann Lorraine. Look what happened to me before in the last stages of my MGM contract when I nearly wrecked myself striving to be a sliver."

"No ma'am," she said emphatically, "they're going to get Garland back plump and HEALTHY!"

Parents of teen-age girls over to youthful marriages have no longer point to Mitzi Gaynor and her lawyer fiancé, Richard Coyle, as wise and perfect examples of "looking before you leap."

Touted as the ideal engaged couple, Mitzi and Richard were officially engaged for three years, supposedly the happiest love-birds in the world just waiting for her to be come 21 before saying their "I do's."

So what happens? Three weeks after Mitzi reached the 21 goal line, she and Richard decided the whole thing had been a "mistake" and called off all wedding plans.

Well, it's better to find out after three years, that a mistake has been made than it would be AFTER wedding bells have rung out.

I can remember very well the words of my grandmother, witty, wise and humorous, when I decided to be married at 17. "A girl of 17—and a WOMAN of 21 think very differently," she said. And this is quite as true today as it was when I was a girl, Maggie.

THE LETTER BOX: Laine Ross, Toronto, Canada, writes: "In The Merry Widow Lana Turner again proves that she is the star of stars and the loveliest lady on the screen. But I would have preferred to see Michael Wilding opposite her in place of Fernando Lamas." Lana wouldn't!!!

Dozens and dozens of letters asking, "What's the matter with Mario Lanza?" No one would like to know the answer to that more than his MGM bosses.

I am delighted to acknowledge the letter from Louis Jordan, President of The Male Teen-age Club of Detroit, consisting of 11 Negro boys and five whites. "We are great screen fans," writes Louis, "and our greatest favorite is Betty Davis—proving that teenagers can and do admire mature actresses."

We think Ava Gardner the most beautiful—and Joan Crawford the most perennial." Glad to get your opinions, Louis, although space prohibits printing all of them.

Violet Ainsworth, Memphis, opines: "Rory Calhoun is better looking and a better actor than Tony Curtis, Farley Granger, Rock Hudson, and John Derek rolled into one." Bet you start something with that crack, Violet.

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

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

TIME TABLES:

"Missy" Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker, hottest romantic combo of the season—ma-a-a-ad for each other—and don't care who knows it! Babs got up at the unheard-of hour of 5:30 one morning recently to meet his plane from New York; she goes to the fights with him and to ice shows; and she lunches with him in the MGM commissary even though she's finished working in Jeopardy there. So don't sell this romance any shorter than the Bob Taylor-Ursula Thiess amoung!... Gossips keep linking Terry Moore with this one and that one but mark it down in your book that there won't be anyone legally until after next April 14, when she's unhitched from Glenn Davis... What are we columnists going to do for juicy news items after Lana Turner marries Fernando Lamas?

Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding plan calling their first-born Michael if a boy, Michelle if a girl... The Judy Garland-Sid Luft heir will be Junior too, but Amanda if a girl... While Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz chose Junior for "him" and Victoria for "her"... Strictly personal opinion: Ingrid Bergman had better make her comeback picture quick or nobody's gonna miss her!... One timetable that's gone awry belongs to Margaret O'Brien's mother. She's dressing her teen-age daughter like the teeny-weeny Margaret O'Brien we remember at MGM—and it's the silliest thing you ever saw... You won't recognize Marlon Brando in Julius Caesar. He speaks perfect English, not unlike Sir Laurence Olivier's impeccable English, plus which he reported scrubbed and spotless for work on the picture throughout its shooting schedule... Will Marlon marry Movita, his steady gal? But how can he unless she gets her divorce from her estranged spouse, Jack Doyle?

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

The most bloodthirsty duel between an actor and a studio in the history of Hollywood was that staged by Mario Lanza and MGM over The Student Prince. Some of the lowdown on the battle is amusing, some is unprintable. Sidelights on the feud: Ann Blyth, hired as Mario's leading lady, sitting by quietly and with dignity throughout the wrangling; Mario stuffing himself with Italian food again, unmindful that he was regaining weight and apparently not caring; Mario's loss of $5,000 a week every time the Coca-Cola show went on the air without him—and it had to because of his MGM contract stipulating such a layoff during any suspension from the studio.

Jean Peters and Richard Widmark had to have a stand-by nurse for the first day's rehearsal on Blaze Of Glory. It was a "violent courtship" scene, as a result of which Jean suffered bruised lips, neck scratches, torn dress, loosened tooth and sprained ankle, and Dick got a lump on the head, scratch over the right eye, bruised shins and a sprained rib! This is courtship??... Jean's, incidentally, is the role Shelley Winters bowed out of because of impending motherhood and Betty Grable bypassed because she couldn't see herself doing such fiery dramatics... One night Evie Johnson was explaining to a reporter that every time she and Van have a quarrel he, "packs his wallet and leaves home for a double feature"; the next she and Van were out necking and holding hands at a local pub, just to help kill the nasty rumors about them... Ginger Clayton of the Ice Folies left makeup man Frank Westmore waltin' at the church... Olivia DeHavilland had an argument with a still (Continued on page 81)
"My husband and I trade roles at Christmas!"

"All the rest of the year," Rosalind Russell explains, "he's Frederick Brisson, the producer. But come the holidays, he's the star and I'm in charge of production. It's I who actually 'deck the halls with holly.'

"There are packages to be wrapped, then the eggnog to be made, and after washing up, of course, I smooth on Jergens Lotion. It restores beauty to hands quickly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens ...

"I scramble around attending to all the preparations 'til my hands wouldn't be fit to be seen if it weren't for Jergens. Pure, white Jergens Lotion softens them in no time!

"Under the mistletoe, my hands are nice for my real life leading man, Freddie. No wonder the Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1."

Keep your hands lovely, too. Protect them from roughness and winter chapping for only pennies a day! Jergens Lotion only costs 10¢ to 1.00, plus tax.
I am very much interested in love... the love a girl has for her man... not the phony sex-appeal for a camera, says Corinne Calvet in the eighth of Modern Screen's new series on the art of living written by Hollywood's top stars.

When I have a problem, I take off my clothes and sit on the bed and think—like a yogi. I am thinking now, of many things, yet they are all related to one. A woman may talk about color, interior decorating, perfume, clothes, people, personality, and yet there is always involved, somehow, the subject of love. For these are the ways and things of love; of finding it, of keeping it, of enhancing it when you have it. I am going to talk about color, interior decorating, clothes, people, their personalities, and also about love directly. I am very much interested in love. So are you. So is everybody. Even those who seem to deny love are merely posing and by their various attitudes (or even by the absence of any attitude) make prevaricators of themselves. They all know that life is life only with love—otherwise it is just a process of aging.

So, to begin, Colors. When, for instance, I say that I feel best in red, but that green is prettiest for me, yet my husband likes me best in blue, what am I saying? The way I analyze it, I am saying that in red, which is the most bright, I feel that I will attract the most attention... which every woman wants; that once I have this attention, however, I know that I make the best impression in green; but that there are qualities to me which my husband visualizes most satisfactorily when I wear blue. There is more to it than that, of course. We none of us can make exact patterns of our emotional personalities, but I know I am close to the truth.

Does all this make me appear a confused person? I suppose so, but confused may not be the right word. I prefer to think I am like everyone else and that the word that best describes all of us who are human is complex. Being complex makes us hard to understand... even to ourselves. We all know this, but it does not stop us from trying. And we find the joy of trying to make sense of ourselves very fascinating. Is there anything more fascinating? Here I will surprise you, I think. My answer will be yes. It can be even more fascinating to try to know and understand another person. Now we return to the grand passion. When you find yourself putting your whole mind and heart into this job of understanding another, and realize you are willing to spend a whole lifetime at it... then, cherie, that is love! Nothing less than this is love. Less than this is infatuation maybe, self-protection, self-emotional-aggrandizement often... but not love. Yes? No? We will see.

In Paris I studied interior decorating (There is
a lady of Hollywood who has said I am not French. In that case I must have gone through the Beaux Arts and the Art Decoratif institutions in Paris in my imagination, but I can assure everyone that the diplomas I hold for graduating after a three-year course are in real parchment. And the cancelled checks with which I paid for my course are not hay, either, but real paper once quite negotiable.) When it came time to decorate my house in Hollywood, I had the benefit of this knowledge. Did I follow it? Not exactly. Instead I answered some inner instinct that women look most pretty surrounded by coral, and that was my choice, although technically I might have gone to a number of other colors. In so doing, I recognized how I could best please my feminine guests—and not disappoint the male ones! If you follow my thinking you will see we are back to love again. We won't leave it very far behind if now I take up perfume.

PERFUME HAS BEEN IMPORTANT TO ME ever since I was a young girl. No one could give me a better gift. To receive perfume was to be recognized as a woman-to-be. I still somehow feel it is sad for a woman to have to buy her own perfume (although I often do). In my life I can remember all of events and happenings involving perfume. There was, as a schoolgirl, when I was invited to a party and took some of my mother's perfume from her dresser. I used too much and it was too potent for me—for three-quarters of an hour I walked around the block where the house party was being held, fanning myself at my own pace, to weaken the odor before I went in. There was once, when I was 14, that a boy gave me a gift of perfume which I recognized as the kind his former girl used to use and rave about. I took it, but I was angry; he was using me to recall her! I never used it when out with him, only when I was out with other boys. There are $4 bottles of perfume on my vanity today; I use them according to my moods. My husband knows this, even knows what perfumes go with what moods. There are now those evenings when I come home and I find that he has left a message for me—this or that bottle of perfume has been pulled out in front of the others! Is that not a wonderful way to tell me something? (Continued on next page)
I will never forget how I used to stand in front of the windows of the perfumeries in Paris. To me, the perfumes thus displayed were the symbol of feminine enrichment. Those little bottles said to me, "Oh! This can be a wonderful life!" I loved them all. Maybe that is why I never then, or even now, could be content with one perfume. Then I used to change perfumes with each beau. Now I change with each mood with the same beau. Maybe in this way I am giving up the possibility of having my husband reminded of me at every time he smells my certain perfume. All right then, I just have to be sure that I give him more than just the aroma of my perfume to remember me by! No, for me not one perfume, but lots. And when we had that earthquake in California last summer, I jumped out of bed and ran to the dresser to try and put my arms around every jangling bottle! (Do you want to know a trick with perfumed lot?) Rub it all over after the shampoo. In 15 minutes the odor disappears, as the oil is absorbed into your pores. But later, when you go out, when you are dancing, when you get warm, the oil is activated again and the perfume comes out and is detectable again. Which is a good time for it, no?)

I LOVE CLOTHES. But maybe I have to say that I make a study of the clothes... not the price tags. By this I don't mean the price tags are not to be considered. I mean that a big price does not to me indicate that a dress is wonderful. I have gone to galas and hostesses have said to me, "What a charming gown! Where did you get it?" And many times my answer has been "Ohrbach's," or "Junior Saks," or even "Penny's." Not the dress just as it came off the rack, but after I decorated it or, sometimes, redecorated it. When it comes to $400 dresses I cannot tell you much about them. I can say this, that very often the designer of such a dress sets out to please himself and maintain his reputation for the unusual, but what he finishes with is not always good for the woman.

To me a woman is her clothes, or should be, in a way. For instance, in Powder River, my latest picture, I play a gambling woman of the early West who carries a small gun. I wear beautiful gowns adorned with the big bustles of that period. When the scene was ready to be filmed, I found out I was supposed to carry my gun in a little pocket on the front of the dress, where it is smooth and tight against the body. I told the director I did not think any woman would do this... such an unbecoming bulge. So they tried to think of other places to put it... from my hair to my bosom. I objected; none of these seemed right to me. Then I thought to myself, "Where would I wear a gun if I was such a woman in such a dress?" and I knew right away. In the bustle, of course! There we sewed a little pocket and that was the place.

Voilà! Le Derringer Derrière!

WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN LOVE?
I asked myself one day (and a thousand before that!). The answer is... to be loved for yourself, of course. This is why it is so important not to be a poseur...you endanger, you practically make impossible, the chance of being loved for yourself. From this, curiously enough, I get the reason why why I both feel sorry for a snob and dislike her as well.

I am sorry because she is hurting herself, and since I can't go around all day feeling sorry I gradually get to dislike her for being such a stupid nuisance. Wherever you go, people are hungry for real, not artificial, people.

I love my husband for his faults. I can appreciate his good qualities, but his faults make up the color of his personality. Sometimes he is a victim of his faults, sometimes he conquer them. I sympathize or I applaud—with my love. I hope he loves me for my faults. If he does he must love me very much because I have many. Isn't it true that often a very best friend may be someone who didn't like you to start with?

A YOUNG GIRL CANNOT RUSH LOVE. It must come by itself. This makes for great difficulty. It means she is going to be lonely till it comes to her, but it cannot be helped.

Who dwells most on love, to whom is it a more important phase of life, the young girl yearning for it or the wife who has it? Most people would say the former, I think. But I am sure this is not so. It is when a girl gets married that love can be seen in its true proportion to happiness. Now she must keep it. How? Of all the answers to this, there is one which overshadows the rest. We go back to what I mentioned in the beginning of this column. To be married is to have a fantastically interesting opportunity of knowing another life as well or even better than your own. If you do not take advantage of this opportunity you are playing a game, not living a love, and your marriage will fail, I think.

THE PHILOSOPHER STUDIES his fellow-men and by so doing, no matter what his findings are, is paying them a compliment; he is showing they are worthy of his deepest and most profound thoughts. The least, the very least, any wife can do for her mate (and for herself) is to devote her fullest interest to him. And be to her, of course.

No married friend of mine has ever gotten sympathy from me with a complaint that she was bored. Bored? Listen... there is so much to any human heart that it is impossible to get bored trying to know it. There is so much... not only that you don't know about but that he doesn't know about! And in the very trying to learn it, a hundred dissatisfactions in the marital relationship will either adjust themselves or become less fearsome.

Bored? Listen! In the life of any person alive today, and most certainly in the life of your mate, there is a greater, more absorbing story than any yet written—if we only there exists a well skilled enough to write it. Every writer, every editor, every publisher knows this. Neither will you be skilled enough to write it. But there is nothing to stop you from reading it... in the heart and the soul, and the ways of the one you love!
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

"Fashion has a festive air this season of holidays and holly nights." says MARCEL ROCHAS, famous Parisian couturier. "The simple elegance of party clothes puts slender emphasis on you. All the more reason why your holiday figure needs a Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whatever the occasion, there's no girdle like Playtex Fab-Lined! Fashioned of smooth latex, with softest fabric next to your skin, it whittles you wonderfully, hasn't a seam, stitch or bone, fits invisibly under the most figure-revealing clothes. Four new Adjust-All® garters for perfect fit.

Invisible

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdles from $4.95

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.
Playtex Pink-Ice Girdles, Playtex® Living® Girdles, from $3.50
At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
Prices slightly higher outside the U.S.A.

©1962 International Latex Corp'N. PLAYTEX PARK... Dover, Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
THE THIEF

This is the story of a traitor, a trusted and respected atomic scientist (Ray Milland) who operates out of Washington's cloistered government laboratories as finger man for the Communist spies. The story is starkly simple: You watch the spies in action from the delivery of orders to Milland. through his microfilming of the secret data, watch it as it passes through a chain of agents until the final courier takes off by trans-Atlantic plane. Suddenly the fantastic precision is broken when one of the links falls into police hands, and the FBI goes into action. Up to this point the plot roughly parallels the case of Britain's Klaus Fuchs, but to say that this is a story out of today's headlines would be trite understatement, because The Thief goes far beyond the headlines into the mind of the traitor himself, his split loyalties, his growing doubts, his shame and naked fear. As a thriller, this Harry M. Popkin production is unsurpassed. The undiminished tension builds from the first scene through the spine-tingling chase across the wind-whipped parapets of the Empire State tower. You know by this time that the screenplay by Clarence Green and Russell Rouse has no dialogue, no talking. The sound track is otherwise normal with a fine musical score. Occasionally you may feel that the muteness is forced (street noises should include the hum of voices) but on the whole you'll never miss the conversation. Milland handles his very difficult role with Academy-award perfection, and Martin Gabel is superb as the Communist contact man. Rita Gam, a very seductive young lady plays a very seductive young lady in a way you'll never forget. The Thief is a great achievement as well as an important milestone in motion picture making. You won't want to miss it. Released through United Artists.
EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS
Marge and Gower Champion, that charming and up-and-coming dancing team, are starred for the first time in Everything I Have Is Yours, but the film is hardly likely to advance their screen careers. For to tell the truth the picture contains almost everything in the way of a backstage plot except any originality, and the Champions are hard put to make the people they play into much more than another bickering stage pair. They are cast as a young couple about to make their Broadway debuts in a new musical. After the curtain has come down and they have scored a resounding success, Marge faints and Gower gets a resounding shock. It seems he is about to become a father. So Marge retires to have her baby, and her husband goes on to continuing stage acclaim. Gower feels that Marge should stay home and mind the baby; she does so but minds even more the attention he gets from his new partner, Monica Lewis. The story is neither much more complicated nor any more interesting than it sounds. To string it out, there are some dances that are nicely executed by the Champions, and some songs. The Champions give their all but that’s not enough to save Everything I Have Is Yours from being something of a bore.

Cast: Marge and Gower Champion. Dennis O’Keefe, Monica Lewis.—MGM.

THE TURNING POINT
Best by far of the many melodramas inspired by the Kellever hearings, The Turning Point owes its success more to a slick screenplay direction, performances and over-all production than to its over-fat plot. At that, the story is never dishonest or downright unlikely; it’s just that it compresses too much into a single film, so that even if possible it does seem a little improbable. Yet even its main point of improbability gains strength by the very tragedy of it. A crime prosecutor is appointed who doesn’t know his beloved father is a dishonest cop. The prosecutor and his father, impressively played by Edmund O’Brien and Tom Tully, are a team tracking down the corrupt “syndicate” controlling the largest city in a major state. The father, basically not a very bad man, is forced to pay the penalty for his past weaknesses and keep the mob informed of his son’s operations. Reporter William Holden learns this and finds himself in a difficult spot, for the prosecutor’s family are among his best friends and he has fallen in love with Alexis Smith, O’Brien’s socialite side. How this story is resolved may be more lurid than likely, and yet almost every single action has had its counterpart in real life, it’s a pleasure, too, to note such adult direction and performances.


BECAUSE YOU’RE MINE
This motion-picture examination of Mario Lanza is really something for his fans. It features him in military uniform and in multi; in operatic arias and popular tunes; in comedy, roughhouse and romance. There’s no question about it being a vehicle. It is, and Mario comes off pretty well, considering. Tailored as closely to his talents as the un-G.I. uniforms he wears, it tells what at first seems to be a stale story about an opera star who is drafted. But then there’s a definite twist. Tough barracks sergeant James Whitmore is a Lanza fan, and what’s more, he sings himself. In addition he plays long-haired records, makes Lanza (Continued on page 22)

New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly... acts thoroughly... and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—with special right after eating— you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay... actually help retard their formation!

Checks Common Gum Disorders!

Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 164 years of experience can create... Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form.

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth, common gum disorders... tooth decay... use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:
Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage. Colgate-Palmolive-Feet Company, 195 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.
**JULIA ADAMS** co-starring in Universal-International's "MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER". Color by Technicolor.

**Shops for You at GIMBEL'S SUBWAY STORE, Phila., Pa.**

Julia Adams, one of the most widely photographed girls in the celluloid hierarchy, is co-starred with Tyrone Power and Piper Laurie in Universal-International's new Technicolor adventure-romance, "Mississippi Gambler". The Little Rock, Arkansas, girl, attained stardom status following her performances in "Bright Victory", and "Bend of the River".

"You'd be surprised", the top-ranking screen beauty revealed, "how much of being photogenic depends on what you wear, how you stand or sit, and your make-up kit".

Gimbel's Subway Store in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, offers you the same shopping advantages as Maureen O'Hara, and other famous movie stars, who enjoy shopping by the convenience of mail order.

These "star" items, on these two pages, are just a few of the hundreds sold, in this famous store.

If you have any other shopping problems, write to Gimbel's Norma Gay, personal shopper. She will give special attention to all of your Christmas and personal needs.

These items, nationally known, can be easily ordered by using the coupon below. All mail orders will receive prompt attention. When ordering please use the order number indicated on each item, or clip the item you want and pin it to the coupon. Please indicate clearly the size, color, quantity and price on the coupon.

---

**MAIL THIS COUPON TO P. O. BOX 689 OR PHONE WA. 2-9000**

Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Please send me the following items as advertised in Modern Screen Magazine.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>City</th>
<th>Zone</th>
<th>State</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

☐ Payment Enclosed

Please Allow Two Weeks for Delivery

---

**To Fill Your Orders Correctly, PLEASE PRINT**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Order No.</th>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Color</th>
<th>Quan.</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**DECEMBER, 1952**

Free delivery within 300 miles; beyond please add 12¢ for parcel post costs. Tables sent express collect, beyond Gimbel's regular delivery routes.

---

FREE DELIVERY WITHIN 300 MILES; BEYOND PLEASE ADD 12¢ FOR PARCEL POST COSTS.
“ADD-vantage”
Padded Bra by “Lovable”
ORDER NO. 022
$2.00

Improve your figure with this permanently padded bra. Light, magic lining curves and firms, never loses shape. White acetate satin or broadcloth or satin strapless. A cup 32 to 36, B cup 32 to 38.

Molded Cup “Lady Form” Bandeaux
ORDER NO. 023
$1.50

Bias cut cups for molded support. Fully pre-shrunk. Adjustable straps and back hooks. Pink and white. Cotton A cup 32 to 38, B cup 32 to 42. $1.50. Cotton C cup 34 to 44. $2. Nylon A cup 32 to 38, B cup 32 to 42. $2.

“Adorable”
T.V. Pajamas and Duster
ORDER NO. 021
$2.99


Healthful Posture Supports
ORDER NO. 025
$2.50

Adjustable posture belt. Supports back, improves posture, reduces abdomen. For men, women, children. Sizes 25 to 47.

Extra Wide Belt for Corpulent Abdomen
Sizes 28 to 45 $3.50

Matching Mahogany Veneer Tables
ORDER NO. 026
$10.95

The ideal house gift! Modern scallloped-edge lamp table with handy shelf.

#8030. Matching end table .... 10.95
#8050. Matching cocktail table .... 12.95
#8060. Matching step table .... 12.95

“Fruit-of-the-Loom” Men’s Shirts & Shorts
ORDER NO. 024

Gripper short... 69¢
Striped, solid... 69¢
white, 28 to 32.... 3 for 2.05

Broadcloth boxer short... 69¢
Striped, solid... white, 28 to 44.... 3 for 2.05

Knit cotton briefs... 69¢
Small, medium, large, extra large... 3 for 2.05

Knit cotton T-shirts... White... Small, medium, large, extra large... 2 for $1

Cotton rib athletic-shirts... White, 34 to 44.
What is the American girl made of? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Not since the days of the Gibson Girl! There's a new American beauty... she's tease and temptress, siren and gamine, dynamic and demure. Men find her slightly, delightfully baffling. Sometimes a little maddening. Yet they admit she's easily the most exciting woman in all the world! She's the 1952 American beauty, with a foolproof formula for melting a male! She's the "Fire and Ice" girl. (Are you?)

Have you ever danced with your shoes off? yes ☐ no ☐
Did you ever wish on a new moon? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you blush when you find yourself flirting? yes ☐ no ☐
When a recipe calls for one dash of bitters, do you think it's better with two? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you secretly hope the next man you meet will be a psychiatrist? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you sometimes feel that other women resent you? yes ☐ no ☐
Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet? yes ☐ no ☐
Do sables excite you, even on other women? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you love to look up at a man? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you face crowded parties with panic—then wind up having a wonderful time? yes ☐ no ☐
Does gypsy music make you sad? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you think any man really understands you? yes ☐ no ☐
Would you streak your hair with platinum without consulting your husband? yes ☐ no ☐
If tourist flights were running, would you take a trip to Mars? yes ☐ no ☐
Do you close your eyes when you're kissed? yes ☐ no ☐

(Turn to the back cover of this magazine—you'll see what we mean!)

**Movie Reviews continued**

Sing for him and insists that the other men wait on both of them. This is funny. It's in the cards that Whitmore has a singing sister for whom he has ambitions. This is not so funny, for it means that Lanza must become infatuated with her and the screenwriters must return to more time-honored routines. Luckily the sister is Doretta Morrow, from Broadway and The King And I, who must have been as much of a treat for the cameramen as she was for the sound engineers.

_Cast:_ Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, James Whitmore.—_MGM._

**The Snows of Kilimanjaro**

Ernest Hemingway's famous short story called "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro." a modern classic, is a tale pointing to man's primary purpose as the seeking of the unobtainable. The movie of the same name, although billed as by Hemingway, owes little to his plot and less to his theme. A successful pot-boiling author (Gregory Peck) is first shown dying of blood-poisoning on the African veldt below Kilimanjaro, awaiting the arrival of a rescue party while his wealthy wife (Susan Hayward) does her best to get him well.

In flashback form, he recalls his past. These memories contain some stunning scenes, some stunning women (Ava Gardner, Helene Stanley, Ava Norring, Hildegarde Neff), but none of them make much sense or help explain what makes him tick. Now and then there is reference to his literary output, of which he is ashamed. But the man's failure, if any, is so obviously an interior, extra-personal one, that the montage-like flashbacks are unable to show it. Considering what the screenwriter has done to Hemingway's meaning, there is little left to show.

_Cast:_ Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner.—_20th Century-Fox._

**Monkey Business**

The sometimes fumbling hands of human film-writers are all too evident in this motion-picture essay on monkeyshines. As so often happens in movie farce, the original funny idea seemed too haughtily humorous to let go of, and there's not much left to laugh about by the time the curtain comes down. But the basic premise is amusing enough to start things off hilariously! It's a story that concerns a young, middling-aged research worker (Cary Grant) who thinks he has discovered the secret of eternal youth. The audience knows that actually the elixir has been discovered, but in the dead of night and by mistake, by a chimpanzee who escapes from his cage, pours a mixture out with scientific carelessness and empties it into a water-cooler. Later, the gimmick has it, Grant's own concoction proves so sour that various characters have to take to the water-cooler to cool down. Naturally they un-age. First, of course, is Grant himself, who gets himself a crew-cut, a racing car, a youthful lingo and asks Marilyn Monroe out on a date. This isn't appreciated by wife Ginger Rogers, who proceeds to pout herself a double shot (and has to take a double drink from the cooling machine). The fun by this time has stopped multiplying itself accordingly; rather the reverse. What was funny to start, gets simply dull at the end. Monkey Business would have been a lot better if it had some sharp satiric point.

_Cast:_ Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Marilyn Monroe, Charles Coburn.—_20th Century-Fox._
THE LUSTY MEN

Out of the bravery, brutality, cowardice and constant danger of the rodeo ring, Jerry Wald and Norman Krass have made a fine film. The men of the title are simple individuals, as human beings go; but their motives, like all men's, are complicated ones that push them on, often against their better judgment. Jeff McCloud (Robert Mitchum), one-time national rodeo champion, has reached the end of his glory trail. He has retired from rodeo life until ambitious young Wes Merritt (Arthur Kennedy) persuades him to turn tutor so that Wes can follow in his footsteps, giving Jeff half the take. Wes' wife (Susan Hayward) fights both Jeff and the scheme, for she values her security even more than her man. The prize money, however, is a lure that he is hard to resist, so the trio are soon riding the rodeo trail with Wes winning a name for himself wherever they go. When the success and money begin to be more than Wes can handle, their luck leaves; and the story reaches a logical climax. The lusty life and sudden death of rodeos provide the primary elements and the triangle tale told here is often profound in its simplicity. People talk in sentences that are realistically down-to-earth, and there is therefore sometimes a kind of earthy poetry about them. Few movies have Western scenes been so movingly photographed in all their stark and barren beauty. This is not a perfect picture, but it so often comes close to art that all its makers must be credited with the kind of creative imagination that all too seldom comes from Hollywood.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Susan Hayward, Arthur Kennedy.—RKO.

LIMELIGHT

Not a comedy but the story of a comedian, Limelight serves as a fitting climax to the career of the screen's great Charles Chaplin. The film is both autobiographical (it contains several allusions to his personal life) and generalized enough to serve as an autobiography for all clowns. Limelight is not about a Little Tramp, but about a great British music-hall performer named Calvero who plays similar parts. Calvero's one purpose in life—to make people laugh—is disappearing as the applause of his audiences declines. With the help of drink, he is dying inside. Then he gains a reprieve from time. He saves a suicide-bent young ballerina (Claire Bloom) and sets her on the road to personal happiness and public acclaim. If there is any symbolism meant, it is that when an old entertainer manages to divest himself of self-centeredness, and passes on the privileges of an artist, he regains his soul. But Limelight is neither an illustrated lecture nor a mawkish backstage story. It can be looked at from many levels and seen many times. It is thoroughly worth seeing, for example, for any one of Chaplin's 'acts' or sketches, executed in the old music-hall tradition. One particular masterly sequence is a routine that teams Chaplin with deadpan comic Buster Keaton in an old-time pantomime bit. Limelight is thoroughly worth seeing, too, for Claire Bloom; for its fine ballet (performed by Melissa Hayden and André Eglevsky of the N. Y. City troupe) and for Chaplin's melodic and memorable score. Most of all it is worth seeing for a rich performance by Chaplin himself in a role that calls upon all his resources.

Cast: Charles Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Buster Keaton, Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce.—United Artists.
American in London

It's come at last! The Americans have invaded London. They've stormed Grosvenor Square, set up camp, and from all reports the head of the outfit is planning a revolutionary movement to startle the world.

What's more the British, bless their rolled-umbrellas and bowler hats, are helping them. They're conspiring like mad to keep the Kellys here as long as possible. They've shined up the Tower of London for young Kerry; leased the prettiest house in the Mews to Betsy; and are keeping strictly out of Gene's hair. All Mr. Kelly wants is to be left alone with his wonderful Invitation To The Dance.

This "hoofers dream," as he calls it, is a really fantastic project. It will be a technicolored spectacle consisting of four ballet stories danced to four totally different musical moods. The plans have been two years and three continents in the dreaming. Film is rolling through the cameras, but the entire picture is not even yet planned. Kelly claims he is still working "off the cuff." In fact, impressed but incredulous visitors to the set report, "He is actually making it up as he goes along!"

Far from being haphazard or careless, this daily improvisation is carefully maintained to keep to the spirit of the project. It is an exciting new idea. There will be no dialogue . . . no continuation of story. Each narrative ballet follows a rough plot outline, but the actual performance is dictated only by great dancers' responses to great musical inspiration.

The first ballet concerns the circus. Kelly dances a clown hopelessly in love with a beautiful tightrope walker. He meets his death (Continued on page 58)
Rose Point  
sterling in the mood of romance

A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!

It was inspired by the wedding veil of queens, the legendary Rose Point Lace. Centuries ago, a Venetian nobleman found in his gardens a full-blown rose, enshrined in a delicately spun web. He challenged his finest lace-makers to duplicate it and Rose Point Lace was born—a wedding veil for his bride.

In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose, surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling by famed William S. Warren in exclusive “Third Dimension Beauty.” Like every Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Rose Point, $32.50. Settings of other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50—all prices include Federal Tax.

Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32-page book “Treasures in Sterling.” It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10c to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 99, Wallingford, Conn.
Sandpaper Hands feel
Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion
Absorbs Like A Lotion ... Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! ... "Sandpaper Hands" are smoothed and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they're romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet "fragrance men love"

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!
Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 43¢

continued from page 4

Q. I understand from a friend who works at RKO that Mona Freeman is madly infatuated with Dean Martin and vice versa. What is the truth about this?
   —B. Y., CALISWA, NEW.
A. Theirs was only a fast friendship.

Q. Is it true that a San Francisco restaurant plans to sue Judy Garland and Sid Luft for non-payment of bills?
   —H. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. The matter has been amicably settled.

Q. Has Mario Lanza left his wife and moved in with his parents? Is he planning a divorce?
   —D. E., EVANSVILLE, IND.
A. No.

Q. After all her complaints is it true that Ava Gardner has signed a new contract with MGM?
   —J. U., RALEIGH, N. C.
A. Her agent is working out a new deal whereby she will spend 18 tax-free months in Europe making pictures for MGM.

Q. Isn't the reason for Clark Gable's frequent trips to Paris Joan Harrison, whom he jilted to marry Sylvia Ashley?
   —T. R., BOISE, ID.
A. No. Gable's weekend trips to Paris are to avoid paying British income taxes. Anyone working and living in England more than 186 days is required to pay such tax.

Q. Why is Warner Brothers re-making so many old pictures into musicals?
   —C. F., DENVER, CO.
A. No cost for original story material.

Q. Will Jane Wyman ever marry again or is she finished going to the altar?
   —V. K., OKLAHOMA CITY, OK.
A. Jane hopes to marry again.

Q. How much will John Wayne have to pay his wife for a financial settlement?
   —S. L., EL PASO, TX
A. Probably 20% of his future income.

Q. How many times has Fernando Lamas been married?
   —H. D., Ames, IOW.
A. Twice.

Q. How come Betty Grable is being suspended so much by her studio? Why is right in these fights?
   —E. R., SUTHERLAND, I.
A. Betty refuses to make non-musical in which the script calls for her to play any kind of wicked role or "heart"
FROM THE MOVIES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—No Two People by Danny Kaye and Janie Wyman* (Decca); Doris Day and Donald O'Connor* (Columbia); Barbara Ruick and Carlton Carpenter (MGM). Anywhere I Wander by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Tony Bennett (Columbia). Wonderful Copenhagen by Danny Kaye* (Decca); Paul Weston & Norman Luboff Choir (Columbia). Thumbelina by Danny Kaye (Decca).

JAZZ

LOU DONALDSON—Check To Check* (Blue Note).

JOHNNY HODGES—Eight numbers* (Mercury LP). Here are two great alto sax stars; one a young modernist, the second a great veteran. An exciting study in contrasts.

SOMEBODY LOVES ME—Title song by Neal Hefti; Frances Wayne** (Carol). The Four Lads (Columbia).

THUNDER IN THE EAST—The Ruby And The Pearl by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Perry Como* (Victor); Nat Cole* (Capitol); Jeri Southern (Decca); Laray Holmes (MGM).

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—My Love, My Life by June Framon* (Capitol); Cindy Lord (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—Blues In The Night** (Columbia).

ALAN DALE—Let's Call It A Day** (MGM).

EDDIE FISHER—Lady Of Spain** (Victor).

MILLS BROTHERS—The Glow Worm* (Decca).

LEE WILEY—Vincent Youmans album** (Columbia); Irving Berlin album* (Columbia).

Rosemary, Alan and Eddie all do a good job of bringing back these old songs. The Glow Worm is dressed up in new lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Lee Wiley's album proves she's still one of the warmest, mellower voices around. She's accompanied by the piano team of Cy Walter and Stan Freman.

JAZZ

LOU DONALDSON—Check To Check* (Blue Note).

JOHNNY HODGES—Eight numbers* (Mercury LP). Here are two great alto sax stars; one a young modernist, the second a great veteran. An exciting study in contrasts.
Paintings by your favorite stars now on Hallmark Christmas Cards

They're all in the Hallmark Hollywood Star Box

Painting is a hobby with these stars. Groucho Marx sketches between rehearsals at the studio. Fred MacMurray likes to get up early in the morning and paint before breakfast. Jane Wyman finds paint brushes, oils and canvas the perfect companions between pictures. And Henry Fonda went to art school long before he became an actor.

Hallmark Cards asked each one of these stars to design a Christmas card they would like to receive—and the Hollywood Star Box is the result.

There are twelve Christmas cards in the Hollywood Star Box, three reproductions of each of the paintings by the four stars. Groucho paints an amusing candy-cane house; Fred, a winter landscape; Jane and Henry...well, why don't you see for yourself how the stars paint?

You'll find the Hollywood Star Box for $1.00 at all the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. It's only one of many, many exclusive Hallmark styles you can buy in boxes. And there are lots of Hallmark boxes priced as low as 59 cents. So, no matter what limits your budget may have, your Christmas cards can have Hallmark on the back...the famous Hallmark that tells your friends, "You cared enough to send the very best"!

See these other Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes:

Designs by:
Grandma Moses
Norman Rockwell
Currier & Ives

Winston Churchill
Paul Gaertner
Steinberg

Verses by:
Edgar Guest

AND

Mr. and Mrs. Box
Religious Box
The Big Value Box

The Comic Box
The Thrifty Box
The Parchment Box
what REALLY happened to MARIO LANZA!

BY JAMES CARR

They are saying in Hollywood that Mario Lanza is through, finished, washed-up. They are saying that even should he make a last-minute peace with MGM and agree to star in The Student Prince, an almost impossible possibility at this point—the motion picture industry wants nothing to do with him.

The problem child who once told reporters, "I'm a big baby, all singers are big babies; Caruso was a big baby, too," has not only earned the animosity of studio executives, but the hundreds of extras, supporting players, and musicians who found themselves dependent upon Mario's talent. They now regard him as a villain, a heavy, an irresponsible playboy, "a guy who has rocks in his head." As one studio official pithily put it, "the most unreasonable star I have encountered in the last 35 years—this guy should go to a good psychiatrist and get straightened out."

What is wrong with Mario Lanza? Why did he refuse to star in The Student Prince? Why does he refuse to give his side of the argument? Why is he willing to become the target for industry hatred? What's happening to him, anyway?

These are a few of the questions millions of his fans want answered. Explanations by the gossip columnists are inadequate and untrue, because Mario has refused to talk to them.

Hedda Hopper, for example, who shared in his discovery and helped bring him to the attention of the Hollywood bigs, tried to get Mario on the phone and print his side of the well-publicized dispute. Mario, who loves Hedda, declined to talk to her. Instead he sent her a couple of dozen roses and a card which said, "Will see you soon."

Another columnist wrote that Mario's enigmatic (Continued on page 82)
A REPORT ON
LANA AND LOVE

For 15 years she’s loved lavishly and taken heartbreak with a smile. In this intimate story Lana reveals what she’s learned and what she’s going to do about it.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Lana Turner sat in a row boat and stared silently across the lake into the thick growth of trees that covered the distant bank. The water chopped busily, agitated by a playful wind, but the swell was gentle and the boat swayed easily in a restful, sedative motion. Lana leaned back, her hands flat on the seat behind her, and stretched her spine in a luxurious, cat-like movement and she looked into the sky where fat white clouds sat content against a field of bright blue. The oars rested in the water, slapping gently at the chop and creaking quietly in the oar locks. It was a day and a place for dreaming and remembering; the occasional chill in the autumn air, telling of summer’s last days, was stimulating, and the whip of the wind in her hair seemed to spark thoughts in Lana Turner’s mind.

This day was truly a day for meditation and for the (Continued on page 75)
hedda hopper spikes
THOSE BETTY GRABLE RUMORS
The big news about Shelley isn’t that she’s going to have a baby . . . but how it’s made a new person out of her. She’s soft-spoken and dreamy-eyed now

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

SHELLEY’S GREATEST SECRET

Petty annoyances which before would have caused Shelley Winters to blow up and turn over applecarts all around town now find her almost mystically remote. A promised picture role withdrawn? A new apartment all awry and life gone hectic? Somebody daring to take her name in vain and spreading invidious and baseless rumors? It doesn’t touch her. Under her blonde, tousled poodle cut is a mind occupied with other matters, mainly those related to the great event before her—the expected birth of her son. A son? She knows it’s going to be a son? Oh, sure. She committed herself on that point to her husband, Vittorio Gassmann, right from the first.

“Will it be a boy?” he practically ordered when the doctor gave her the news and a columnist phoned him about it before she had even reached home again.

“Absolutely,” she told him.

In the third month of her pregnancy, about the time she moved into the new duplex apartment building she and Vittorio bought, she still had few doubts. Talking to some friends (an executive from the studio, a writer, workmen installing a gas outlet in the fireplace, numerous callers and various deliverymen—but all friends) she did admit an outside chance of error. But only for a fleeting moment.

“A girl?” she commented. “Well, if it’s a girl, she’ll be beautiful. But I’m certain it will be a boy. Shelley Winters, mother of a U. S. president. Imagine! Pretty good, eh? Of course he may have some competition. Elizabeth Taylor’s baby will be born three (Continued on page 89)
After Tony started preparing for his Houdini role, Janet did nothing but pick up decks of cards and help him out of strait-jackets.
Tony and Janet's antics keep everybody talking... and guessing. Don't let their loud screams of discord fool you. These two are just looney with love

BY JACK WADE

One sunny autumn afternoon, Tony Curtis was stretched out on the living-room floor of his Wilshire Boulevard apartment clad only in shorts and a strait-jacket. As he puffed a cigarette held in one set of toes, and raked his curls with a comb clamped in the other—practicing up for his magician role in Houdini—his honey-haired wife, Janet Leigh, looked on with undisguised admiration, not unmixed with awe. She was pouring a glass of water down her husband's parched throat and mopping his beaded brow when a rap summoned her to the door.

"Good day, Madame!" began a beaming salesman: "You look like an intelligent young housewife. But in your humdrum duties are you keeping up with the world? Are you thinking sanely? Are you informed? I have here," he stated, "a sensational magazine subscription offer—three for the price of one. Now, if you will permit me—"

At that point in the pitch, Tony struggled to his feet, still manacled and bound, and staggered toward the door, wearing a wild look, half feigned and half natural. "Excuse me, please," said Janet.

"Now, Tony," she soothed, "it's all right. This isn't the nice man, but he's coming for you very soon, dear. It won't hurt when they take you away. Why, you'll love it there! And I'll come see you every day and bring you a cake!"

She turned back to the peddler who was already edging away. "I don't think," said Janet sadly, "that we'll (Continued on page 69)
what’s the trouble, esther?

Why are so many people gunning for Esther? She’s rich, she’s famous and she’s happy. But she’s about as popular as a pound of parsnips.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

Esther and Ben have been married seven years, have two sons. Still pessimists cry, “Split-up.”

On Tuesday, November 25th of this year, Esther Williams will celebrate her seventh year of marriage to Ben Gage.

This means she will rise at 6:00 A.M., take a plunge in her heated pool at 6:15, feed the children if they’re awake at 6:30, arrive at the studio by 7:00, appear on the set by 8:00, work eight or nine hours, then rush home to spend a few minutes with her Benjie and Kimmy before they’re put to bed.

Should Esther and Ben decide to live it up a little and celebrate their anniversary, say by going to the Mocambo or dancing at Ciro’s—incidentally, this spectacularly tall couple dance very well together which isn’t too true of most Hollywood couples—you can bet even money that on the following morning at least one gossip column will carry an item to the effect that Esther’s seventh wedding anniversary will probably be her last with Ben Gage.

Every year for seven years now, the columnists have been predicting—and here is a direct quotation—that “This is one marriage that can’t last.”

A few weeks ago, for example, a syndicated columnist who happens to be a close friend of the Gages and is usually careful about printing break-up rumors, told his readers that the domestic bickering between Esther and Ben had reached the boiling point.

When Esther was asked to comment on the item, she merely shrugged those broad, well-muscled shoulders of hers, (Continued on page 91)
Barbara Stanwyck's dealt herself a

A men for the Queen.

There was a time, not too many years ago, when every movie magazine photographer in Hollywood knew exactly where to go on Friday nights. There was only one place—The Hollywood Legion Stadium. Each Friday at about 9:30 P.M. the stars would begin to arrive—Barbara Stanwyck with her then
The muted color scheme in the living room was stolen directly from the foliage surrounding the house. The grey-green rug is the color of oak leaves, the red chair is a bright geranium shade. Furniture is English traditional.

Gene had only one request. He wanted to be able to stand in the center of the house and see all the downstairs rooms. The architect said he'd do it, and he did. This is the central spot.

The only Western decor in the Autry home is a three-dimensional mural in the butternut-panelled library. Created by artist Andy Anderson, it's a comic study of cowhands betting on who lasts longest on a bucking bronc.

Most of the Autry's furniture, including the bed in their master bedroom, was designed especially for them. Their bedroom doubles as an upstairs parlor; the windows open on a balcony.

"Don't you trouble yourself anymore, young lady. I think I'll take my own plane."

The warm, soft voice spoke good-naturedly, but the little redhead at the telephone desk of American Airlines was far from soothed.

"How do you like that, Mildred!" she sputtered to the girl beside her. "Here I am knocking myself out, trying to get Gene Autry one seat to Houston and he tells me to skip it. He'll fly his own plane."

Mildred grinned. "That's what a cowboy's gotta do nowadays to compete with the Space Patrollers."

She may be right as far as some cowboys are concerned. But Gene's explanation is quite different, and thoroughly Autry.

"Frankly speaking," he says, "I don't know what I'd do without my (Continued on next page)
plane. I’m a small-town boy myself (born in Tioga, Texas and raised in Ravia, Oklahoma) and I can’t resist playing rural communities where hardly any of the big stars ever drop in. The plane gets me there, and it gets me back home. Lots more often, too.”

When Gene mentions home, a soft, small grin forms on his lips and his blue eyes light up. To him home means being with his wife Ina and having a few friends in for a barbecue in North Hollywood. It’s as simple as that.

Ten years ago home was a Toluca Lake showplace. When it burned down in 1941 Gene joined the Air Force, and Ina camped out on their “Melody Ranch” in San Fernando.

Three years ago, Gene and his wife decided to build another “in town” house to replace the old one. By this time the Autry coffers were pretty well filled with loot so that the singing cowboy and his wife could have bought or built practically any kind of home they wanted.

This is a pretty enviable position to occupy. Put yourself in it for one dreamy, ecstatic moment. Suppose you had one or two or three million dollars. What sort of house would you get for yourself? Would you buy or would you build? Would you choose something modern or something traditional? Would you want an estate or just a home?

This is what the Autrys did. Sensible by nature they bought four acres in a wooded canyon, quiet and country-like, but very near the studios. Then they waited for the restrictions on home construction to lift. During this interval they thought out every detail of their post-war house. When it came to the actual task of transmitting ideas to blueprints, Mrs. Autry was able to tell her architect, her contractor, and her decorator exactly what she and Gene wanted.

A typical husband, Gene says, “I left all that to Ina. After all, I knew she’d live in the house more than I would.”

Ina says, “I didn’t go on tour with Gene that season, because it took one whole year to get our house finished. It was quite a job but I loved every minute of it.”

The type of home the Autrys (Continued on page 80)
I don't know why it is, but as soon as time takes a girl out of her teens and into her 20's, people begin wondering why she doesn't get married. I won't be 21 until January, yet, already people are looking at the naked third finger of my left hand and leering ever so slightly.

I wish they'd give me time. I want to get married some day, sure. When I was little I had plush daydreams about growing up and falling in love and walking down the aisle. But it isn't quite that simple, I find. I have a supreme advantage in that I like men. I like them, as a rule, much better than women. I think they're more interesting and that they play the game more fairly. But that doesn't mean it's easy to find somebody I like who also likes me. It's usually been the case that when I set eyes on some tall and likely-looking male specimen, he either looked the other way or stepped on my foot and didn't bother to apologize. I guess you could sum the whole thing up that way; either he couldn't see me for dust, or if he could, he turned out (Continued on page 72)
He beats her... at checkers. She weeps... for joy. The Grangers are making Hollywood gossips eat their lies.

**BY JIM NEWTON**

"Go ahead," invited the big bruiser, "hit me!"
The little lady measured him carefully with her hazel eyes. Then she uncorked a sizzling right with all her 108 pounds behind it and connected—right on the button. The big guy staggered back and fell into the rose bushes. He bounced up right away, surprised but enchanted.

"Try it again," he urged. "That was beautiful!"

She tried it. Same result.

Jack Dempsey hauled himself to his feet again and extended the knobby paw which had once rocked the world's toughest sluggers to sleep.

"You're the champ," he told doll-faced Jean Simmons. "Guess I gave those boxing gloves to the wrong member of the family."

Now, that fistic upset never reached the sporting pages. It took place, not in Madison Square Garden, but beside the swimming pool at the Stewart Grangers' Bel-Air home. For another, the beautiful battler's husband was a little embarrassed about the whole thing. All his life Jack Dempsey had been Stewart's particular hero and here, just after the great ex-champ had actually visited him and given him a pair of autographed mitts, his wife employed an unladylike skill he had taught her back when she was a defenseless teen-ager—and dumped his idol right on his tail! But now that the incident has come to light, you might reasonably (Continued on page 65)
for the first time!
the true life story of

MARILYN MONROE

by elyda nelson marilyn's ex-sister-in-law
Probably at no time in the history of movies have so many men been in love with one woman. Soldiers, sailors, marines, Hollywood executives, not to speak of baseball players! And, while Marilyn Monroe is still single (if she still is at this reading), any one of them may by some miraculous chance become her future husband.

But no matter what man marries Marilyn, he will be haunted by the first and perhaps greatest love of her life. It may be at the hour just before dawn as Marilyn stirs restlessly in her sleep, her thoughts completely ruled by her subconscious. Suddenly she may sit bolt upright in bed, and her husband, abruptly wakened from deep sleep, will ask, "Sweetheart—what's the trouble?"

"Nothing, nothing," she may murmur. "Just a (Continued on page 61)"
These pictures chronicle the unhappy story of Marilyn Monroe's first romance. They come from the family scrapbook of a woman who knew her intimately, Elyda Nelson, the sister of the man Marilyn met, married and left behind long ago.

1. This is how Marilyn looked at 14, the first time her husband, Jim Dougherty, met her. He fell for her right away.

2. They married two years later; Jim was 21, Marilyn not quite 16. She wouldn't accept the engagement ring he selected, insisted on a less expensive one. Although her mother couldn't attend, several of her "foster mothers" were present.

3. There was no time for a wedding trip, but a year later, Jim enlisted in the service, was sent to Catalina. They loved it there, called it a "honeymoon".

4. Modeling for ads, magazine covers, like this one, took a lot of time. Jim didn't mind until it began interfering with his seeing her. The split came soon.
Jim was a simple man, content to lead the useful, but obscure life of a policeman. Marilyn wasn’t made for domesticity... a dazzling career was her goal. Her success is a legend, now, but does she have what she really wants, at last?

Marilyn shared this first letter, and the ones that followed, with Jim’s mother, after her husband was shipped overseas.

"To the most wonderful hubby in the whole wide world, love, Norma Jeane," was how Marilyn inscribed this picture she had taken to send to him.

This is the house Marilyn (left) rented when she worked at Radio Plane while Jim was away at war.

Co-workers chose Marilyn (second from right) Queen. The publicity brought modeling jobs.

A policeman’s life appealed to Jim (left), who joined the force when he got out of service, but Marilyn longed for a career.

After they were divorced in 1946, Marilyn continued modeling. Fashion shots like this led to movie nibbles. Her first part was in Scudda Hoo, Scudda

It was a small part; but even then Colleen Townsend, director F. Hugh Herbert, knew she was on her way up.
HAPPY TALK

Doris Day keeps talking that happy talk of hers and making dreams come true. Hollywood just sits and marvels at its best-adjusted actress

BY STEVE CRONIN

Years of dance band traveling and being on her own made Doris self-reliant. She can still take care of herself, but now has manager-hubby Marty Melcher's help.
During the recent shooting of one of the big Doris Day musicals at Warner Brothers' Studio, some out-of-town visitors dropped in on the set. It was in the middle of a very complicated musical number in which Doris and a couple of the other principals were required to interrupt their singing and dancing to put across a plot point. This is at best a harrowing procedure, for it involves cues for the actors, cameramen and technicians that must be hit right on the button. The timing, in other words, must be exact to the finest degree.

Nobody ever shoots a scene like this right the first time. As a matter of fact, 10 or 20 times is sometimes required before the scene is satisfactory to both the director and the cameraman. This shot, however, was a real toughie and it was shot again and again and again. As the hours wore on the visitors sat and waited, just, maybe, to see what would finally happen. The director was a nervous wreck. The leading man looked like a lunatic wanting to burst from his cage. The photographer seemed about to go right through the roof at any moment. But Doris Day just smiled and 'tried again every time she was asked to. She did each take with a smile, the same sort of smile she wore the first time. Finally one of the visitors turned to their guide.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked. "Hasn't she got any nerves? Doesn't she ever explode?"

The guide looked puzzled for a moment. "No," he said. "I guess she doesn't. Say, that's kind of funny."

You're doggone right it's kind of funny. It's just about as odd as a star working for nothing. It's something that has seldom been seen on a sound stage before. But it is no miracle. It is just that Doris Day is happy. She's found a peace, an ability to live with herself and others that is superior. There are those who say she has found religion, but that is only part of it. She has learned the secret of patience, and it is one of the main reasons why she is a star today. It is one of the main reasons she will go on and on while other stars fall or become victims of bad habits, greed and self-adulation.

It was a gradual process. When Doris Day first came to the movies she was as anxious as most newcomers who break into pictures are. She had been a band singer for years. A girl who had made a living by moving from one town to another every day of the year. A girl who had dressed in washrooms, slept for weeks in the back seat of a bus, and who had to get before a milling throng of strangers at each stop and sing warmly about love, or whip herself into a tizzie with a jump song she'd sung a thousand times. In other words, she was a fake by profession. A performer, but never actually in the mood she pretended to be.

When she first came to Hollywood, Doris was pretty bitter about life. She was married to a young fellow who was a musician with one of the bands she had sung with and they were broke. Instead of staying at a swank hotel, as most performers dream (Continued on page 84)
Return to Faith

by David Wayne

The Wayne children, twins Melinda and Susan, and son Timothy, are being brought up to **think** religion, as well as just **feel** it.

No one preached faith to me. It just came. I found it part of love, when love came to me

---

When I was seven and the minister of our Baptist Church in Bloomingdale, Michigan, thundered forth the phrase, "And the fiery wrath of God shall descend upon you!" I misunderstood him. I had never heard the word "wrath" until this Sunday morning. I thought he had said, "And the fiery raft of God shall descend upon you!"

I knew what a raft was. And I had a sneaking suspicion that I must be a sinner. All the shuddering way home I could see those flaming logs falling on me.

What made it worse was that up to that time I did not picture man as in God's image; the best I could do was picture God as in man's image. The man I felt He must most look like was my grandfather David McMeek- ing—a towering patriarch with a long, flowing, white beard. Grandfather was to me all-powerful. He could swing me high aloft with one arm. He would also give me dimes and pat my head. I loved him... why would he want to throw burning logs on me? It dismayed me and perplexed him because I (Continued on next page)
actual, I make no attempt to instruct my children in religion; rather I try to answer their questions as clearly as I can. When the twins wanted to go to Sunday School, my wife and I sent them. It was not a decision of faith, but rather the desire to give our two-year-old Timothy, when he gets old enough, to go to church—not only the Protestant church, but the Catholic and Jewish churches as well. I think it will not harm them to know all these different ways in which God is sought. I know it will set them to thinking, and if they can think their way to faith, as well as feel their way, the bond will be that much stronger.

My closest friends are of all faiths. I and I know no better people. When the United States went to war, my son-in-law, who was in the Navy, returned from abroad and joined the American army in which I was assigned to officers' training school at Camp Lee, Virginia. A fellow student who graduated from school with me was Andy Levine, an old Jewish friend from Kalamazoo. Andy was my best man when I got married in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. He fell so in love with the ceremony that when he wanted to get married he asked me to see if he, too, couldn't get married there.

Dr. Raphael Roy, the Episcopal minister of the church, and at first he could not see how this could be accomplished. The tenets of the church expressly forbade such a marriage at its front from the time there had been established a Victory altar in the chapel, and it was there that Andy was married. I have seen Dr. Roy many times since, now, and talk to the Lambs Club in New York, and he always makes the same inquiry: "How are my friends, the Levines?"

After the war for Africa as an ambulance driver, I carried with me not only Andy's good wishes but a Catholic prayer book given me by the mother of another boy friend. She came to me at a farewell dance and presented the book. "This will bring you through," she said. "Keep it with you always!"

At that time my faith was not what it is today. I kept my side coat pocket, always, I never read it but, after a few close calls in battle, it began to mean something. When I got back to the States, I heard one day that this Catholic boy was in trouble and had to sail for Europe. It suddenly became most important that I get his mother's book to him. There was no question in my mind but that he would come through, as I did, if he took it along. I made a trip to New York to present it to him. He came back unscathed.

This may seem an odd mixing of the faiths and the symbols which denote them: a Jewish boy married by a Protestant father. The boy finding protection in a Catholic symbol, the book. A Catholic mother who extends the words of her belief beyond her faith. But if it feel it is eminently right. Whatever else that may be, it is tenderness and tenderness used to think that I had traveled to the outskirts of His domain before at last I turned to face inwards and retrace my steps. But didn't I have gone much further and still not go beyond Him when once belief came to me? I was married hardly more than a year when this book and these letters back to my wife, Jane, from North Africa. But the one I recall best had the following line in it: "I have come to believe in Him again in a God."

I have.

(David Wayne will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Tonight We Sing.)
American in London

(Continued from page 24) trying to im-
itate. Episode number 2 is as brilli-
antly sophisticated as the first is tragic. A
diamond bracelet passes from husband
to wife, to gigolo, to hatchet girl, round
to round till it feels to the husband.

The second section will follow some modern music. Gene hasn't yet decided what com-
poser will do the job . . . and consequently hasn't a glimmer of what final big bang
will result. What we do know are that the fourth sequence will pattern somewhat after the wonderful cartoon dance in Anchors Aweigh.

Conceding the point to himself, Gene
Kelly knows that a movie of nothing but
ballet is a tremendous gamble. Many of his
gravest doubts were erased, however, the
day he received a special look from the
BBC's Sir Reginald William, who took a
recording from Hollywood, and a play-
back of those familiar voices in the actual
ceremony to convince him. It was an
almost too good to be true manner of
receiving that personal disc. It meant that the public had accepted his ideas; that it was an
to receive the best he could give. It also
meant that he could count on all the studio
backing he needed.

Although the famous Kelly feet will star
in only the "Clown" and "Modern" dances
(he may do a "bit" in the jewel sequence)
Invitation is really his baby. He and his
registration will be in every downbeat, in
every gesture. He is acting, dancing,
choreographing, directing, and inspiring
every foot of film.

Crazy, this kind of hard work means that
Gene is not overly eager for gaiety and
nightlife after studio hours. Much as he
loves people, he has no time for parties,
dancing, or the theater. He just wants to go
home, relax, maybe dream up
some new ideas.

Can living, though ideal, was out of
the question. Considering Gene's hectic
schedule. No more such idyllic spots as the
darling old mill they'd lived in France. There
the great wheels had long since stopped,
and the small town surrendered to the
kind of ivy that only grows on the
handsome estates just outside of Char-
tres. The Moulin de La Roche, 40 kilo-
 meters from Paris, was furnished,
but it was a bare bones place, but now, with
things rolling, the Kellys had to live in the
center of bustling London town.

It was no easy job to find a place. Many
British houses after having beautiful,
look stiff and formal to American eyes. They
looked absolutely forbidding to Betsy,
remembering her casual California
home.

The Kelly family was almost out of
money, or at least out of time, after the
ballet. They had been dutifully surprised to step into a wide alleyway, with the mews branching
off it. There are three soft old brick houses,
all identical, on one side of the yard. Three
exact like them are primly mirrored on the
other side.

They knew "their" house on sight. It is
typically English, but seems to have a
touch of California about it. The
floor has been carpeted and a bath each;
the first floor has a tavern-type dining
room adjoining a spacious living room.
The house seemed just tailor-made for an
actor. After they'd settled the deal, the agent told them that it
is Robert Donat's town house. Gene noticed
at the time that Betsy seemed strangely
affected by this news. He thought no more
about it, however, until Mr. Donat called
on the telephone.

It seems that Mr. Donat had left a silver baby
spoon in the house, and wondered if Mrs.
Kelly would be good enough to find it and
send it on to him. Mrs. Kelly began blushing
and was all ready to make a flood of a hope-
less love for Robert Donat. She was his
A No. 1 fan. And still is.

The second time, she called him. She
wanted to know what the dining
room was like. Mr. Donat was out, but would
call back. The living room was filled with
friends celebrating Gene's birthday on Au-
 gust 23rd when the call came.

Then there was a lovely wife underwritten, and Betsy was
determined to thwart them. She would
maintain womanly poise and dignity. But when her
idol's wife came to his phoned "type. She giggled and carried
on. Gene has never stopped teasing her.
And what is worse, she's afraid they'll be
loved, on good evidence, as unat-
tenable.

This of course, is sheer nonsense. Even
the energetic English are impressed by the
"ard worker" her husband is. And her
dughter, fresh from her sojourn in France, is
their idea of the perfect visitor.

In The Student Prince, Maria Lanza
was slated to play for 26 songs, leaving
exactly 30 minutes for the story.

Kerry Kelly is a delightful child, accord-
ingly quiet and simple. She is that appealing
creature, a shy, well-mannered little girl
who is interested in others. Londoners
often see Kerry and her mother at London
Bridge, the Tower of London, or other
places of local pride. Kerry looks in all
of them. Then she writes full and interest-
 ing letters to her many friends at home
in California, and her Parisian schoolmates.
She wrote a letter to her school in France
beautifullastyear. It was her first ex-
perience with a private school. At home
she attends the neighborhood public school.
This private school is against the law in
England, but the only one hasn't been
cut.

This switching around educationally
is pretty hard for a little girl. For here's
the background of the family overcame
that wonderfully in Paris. This year,
in England, of course, it will be smooth
landing. Then, Kerry sometimes gets
a little homesick for all against the
school in England, but the one hasn't
yet been chosen.

This switching around educationally
is pretty hard for a little girl. For here's
the background of the family overcame
that wonderfully in Paris. This year,
in England, of course, it will be smooth
landing. Then, Kerry sometimes gets
a little homesick for all against the
school in England, but the one hasn't
yet been chosen.

This switching around educationally
is pretty hard for a little girl. For here's
the background of the family overcame
that wonderfully in Paris. This year,
in England, of course, it will be smooth
landing. Then, Kerry sometimes gets
a little homesick for all against the
school in England, but the one hasn't
yet been chosen.
a new love for the queen

Barbara Stanwyck is without a doubt the smartest, hardest-working, most honest, hard-working actress in Hollywood—but the above quotation, uttered with great care and deliberation, is the kind of quotation which undoubtedly nothing of her true feelings regarding this young man who has recently entered her life.

Ralph Meeker, according to people who know him best, is a moody, enigmatic individual who belongs to the splendidly Bohemian or Marlon Brando school of actors. Press agents who have tried to cup him report that while he is not uncooperative, he certainly is not to be called communicative.

A reporter who asked him about his friends and regular meetings with Barbara Stanwyck was told that he’s not supposed to be any publicity about that.

Who made that ruling?” asked the newspaper girl.

“I did,” Meeker reportedly answered.

On another occasion, the young actor was asked, “How do you feel about Barbara Stanwyck?”

“A good friend,” was all he would say.

A year or so ago when Meeker was living with Kurt Kaszner, an Austrian beer barrel of a man who is also under contract to MGM as a character actor, Meeker would frequently leave his wife to get married.” But that was before he made Jeopardy with Barbara Stanwyck.

Barbara, in case you don’t know it, has for years been intrigued by the men who work with her as the swellest person in the movie colony. When it was learned, for example, that it was Robert Taylor who won the divorce and not she, one of the chief electric franchise holders pretty much reflected the general Hollywood masculine opinion when he said, “Robert Taylor must have rocks in his head. I don’t care who or how long he looks, he ain’t never gonna find a nicer dame than Stanwyck.”

Men consider Barbara well-nigh irresistible, largely because she seems devoid of such feminine qualities as pettiness, and vindictiveness.

When Barbara has something to say, she says it. When she hasn’t, she remains quiet. When a man is interested in her, she never tries to improve on his work. Unlike dozens of other actresses, all less talented than she, Stanwyck never insists upon being written about, outwriting her writer, or out-producing her producer.

Fritz Lang, for example, who has fought with a good many stars, and who directed Barbara in Clash by Night, says, “She is an angel. Directing her is a genuine pleasure.”

Fred MacMurray who acted opposite Stanwyck in one of her best films, Double

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 4, 1933, AND JULY 9, 1935, RELATING TO THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF PUBLICATIONS.

MODERN SCREEN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932.


2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of all officers of the corporation who own or who hold 1% or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners who own or who hold 1% or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and address of each individual member, if its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders of $10,000 or more are: (If there are none, state so.)

4. The known trade-marks, devices, names, or words used in the publication’s title are: (If there are none, state so.)

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise is: (If there are none, state so.)

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1932.

JEANETTE B. GREEN

Notary Public, State of New York.

96-6663305. Qualified in Rockland County.

County Clerk’s and Register’s Office.

Commission Expires March 30, 1934

Tall in the Saddle

When, as a part of Greg Peck’s role in Duel in the Sun, he was told, ‘‘You’ll have to jump over a horse’s rear end and land in the saddle while it’s in full gallop,’’ he took himself to a riding stable and rode for three tollal weeks. Not content with learning to ride, he roped and more cowboy costumes from friends until dust to get used to the feel of, levis, a close-hugging shirt, and high, cozeekope heels. The only flaw was the fact that his hips were so narrow his gun belt showed a tendency to slip down around his ankles.

PETE MARTIN

boxing matches, the movies, entertain for him at her home, dine with him at his, dine him more often than she has seen any other man in the past six months.

Thus on the basis of the available evidence, Barbara Stanwyck is more than fond of Robert Taylor. Whether this interest will lead to love or marriage, particularly to marriage, no one can say.
Indemnity for which she received an Academy nomination, says, "The wonderful thing about working with Stanwyck is that she makes you try and reach her level which is pretty darn high. She's perfect in her lines, and if you fluff yours, she's always patient, helpful, and understanding. She's what you might call a dream-girl."

Jack Benny, who frequently listens to her on his radio and TV programs, says, "She's as talented too. Chance to work with Stanwyck is like going to the Academy."

The other two, in his opinion, are英格伯格 and伊塞尔曼梅纳。

Stanwyck, who is 45 and doesn't hide the fact—actually she looks no more than 35—is particularly helpful to younger actors. This is probably one reason why Ralph Meeker finds her tops.

I remember when Bill Holden was first breaking into motion pictures. He was playing the lead in Golden Boy and not finding it too easy. Each day a group of well-wishers would go to Harry Cohn, studio chief, and say, "This kid was great at the Pasadena Playhouse. Why didn't we send him back?"

It was Stanwyck, however, who knocked herself out at the front office with pleas that Holden be kept on the job. She worked with him after hours, rehearsing and teaching; today Holden's gratitude knows no bounds.

Relationships of great help to Meeker in Jeopardy. In this one she plays the wife of a man (Barry Sullivan) who's trapped on a sandbar by a fallen jetty. Trying to help him, she's held by an escaped convict (Ralph Meeker) who plans to take her and her car to Mexico and leave the husband behind to drown.

In the production of this picture, Barbara saw to it that Meeker came off well. She was in a position to demand close-ups, favored camera angles, more lines, more scenes, and she insisted on sharing the spotlight with Meeker, seeing to it that his part was given major attention.

Certainly Stanwyck took infinitely more pains with Ralph than Betty Hutton did when they both made Somebody Loves Me at Paramount. Meeker sings fairly well but not well enough for Somebody Loves Me. Hutton's singing voice had to be dubbed in for his. Also his relationship with Hutton was rather strained—so strained in fact that one morning when Betty saw Meeker getting off the plane at the airport—it was the same plane Stanwyck met—she avoided running into Ralph.

Ralph Meeker is 32 years old, the only child in the family. He was born in Minneapolis, raised by aunts in Chicago, and attended Northwestern University where he starred in drama club plays along with such student actresses as Patricia Neal and Jean Hagen. He worked his way through college playing a variety of musical instruments from the age of 16.

In 1945 he finally landed a small part in the Broadway production of Doughgirls.

Whatever it was the ceaseless struggle on Broadway to make good, with relatively few funds, or whether it was his unhappy youth, perhaps it was a combination of both these factors which has molded him today. As Barbara Stanwyck, regarded as a talented young actor who doesn’t have many friends, one who is inordinately sensitive, one who believes in going his own way, who is the individual who pays what others consider outstanding. A friend who knew him on Broadway says, "He came up the hard way, and he's afraid of people—not exactly afraid but wary. He's had to work hard for everything he ever got, and he learned to be self-sufficient. Getting a break on Broadway, you know, is really a dog's life. Why, Ralph has done everything, USO shows, stock companies, the subway circuit, anything you can think of he's played. It was Josh Logan who got him his first decent break. Josh gave him a part in Mr. Roberts and when Marlon Brando left A Streetcar Named Desire, Josh ran into Irene Mayer Selznick—she was the producer of St. Clare—and said, 'I think I've got the fellow to take Brando's place.'

'Ralph read the part and worked for more than a month before they gave him the job. He took the part, played it for a year and took it on the road. It was Irene Selznick who talked Fred Zinnemann (who was going to direct Teresa in Italy) into giving Meeker a chance in motion pictures.

'The producers signed Ralph for the role of the sergeant and took him to Italy. When Teresa was finished, Zinnemann recommended him for Four in a Jeep which was shot in Austria. After that, Meeker

Stanwyck is one of the three greatest performers I’ve ever met."
(Continued from page 51) little nightmare."

And Marilyn herself, in the morning will hardly remember the incident, or the fact that she was told by the alarming wall of a distant police siren that she would deny, even to herself, that in half wakeness a split-second question passed in her mind: "I wonder if that's Jim?"

Jim, the handsome football star, the boy she loved and the man who, rightly or wrongly, rejected her love by persistently thwarting her ambitions. Jim, who came to her side when she needed him after their divorce, but who still could not be moved by the tears of the loveliest, sexiest girl in Hollywood.

Amazing! Yet when we think of Marilyn Monroe as the most sought after girl in Hollywood. But no—no, the situation is not so startling when we remember that all of us, including the big love in our lives is the one we always keep for a secret place in our hearts.

I know whereof I speak, for the Jim in Marilyn's life is my brother, and as Marilyn Monroe is my younger sister, I have decided that the time has come to tell the real truth about the girl for whom once wept, cheered, frequently despairs. And that's Marilyn Monroe.

"She looks like exactly the sort of girl Jim would like," Mother told me, the day I first met the girl who is known today as Marilyn Monroe. Not quite 15, she was the most beautiful little creature I had ever seen. Not only did she have beauty, but everything else it takes to make a lady. I loved her from the beginning. I told Father, "You keep your Jim, is so stuborn, sometimes. She's just fine for him, but if he thinks we want them to start going together nothing will happen."

So we contrived for the two of them to meet, and Father, Mother, and I went along.

Honest and forthright, Marilyn (I'll call her that, but her name was Norma then) old Jim right off how old she was. He admired her, but she was too little and too young to date. Mother and I made no comment, and just like a Jim fell and fell hard on their second meeting. At the time, I lived in Ventura County. It was only a short distance from Lake Sherwood, and on Sundays Jim always took Marilyn to spend the day. They went fishing, rowing, or just went hiking. Jim and little brother, a smart boy, were a long-coming, but cannot seem to realize, that the best thing to do is to cheerfully limit your background. Then no one will think it up as a big "scop" later on. Betty F Johann felt the same way Marilyn did for awhile. Then, after a writer revealed the fact that she used to sing for pennies and nickels outside saloons in Detroit when she was little, Betty became proud of her tough beginnings, as well she should.

Marilyn told me many stories about her childhood. It is quite true that she was "kicked around" a lot, and "farmed out" to various families, because her mother took her in after her first marriage to an Englishman had broken up, deprived poor children of their own, but they loved and cared for Marilyn in a way that couldn't have been bettered by millions of those name you'd find in the social register.

There was one very religious family (Marilyn herself turned to Christian Science), who didn't like her, dearly, but had to give her up because they just couldn't afford another mouth to feed. Still, the mother of the family was invited to her wedding at Marilyn's insistence. A docile and devotedly loving boy, Marilyn's devotion cast a glow of warmth over the whole event.

Then there was another family. They weren't rich, but they were a good deal, and Marilyn prayed for them. She was only about seven years old at the time, and told me that her only dolls were empty whiskey bottles. "Day after day," she said, "I'd dress the 'dead soldiers' in little clothes and call them 'my babies.' And when I was allowed to understand one thing a lot of parents couldn't. They'd give beautiful dolls to their children who in turn would ignore them and play with little beaten up char-

It happened when George Oppenheimer was writing the screen play for a Joan Crawford movie which was directed by Vincent Sherman. George and Sherman didn't get along well and the director re-wrote the script on the set. After the picture came out—and it was a hit—George referred to it as "Sherman's march through George."

Sidney Skolsky in "Hollywood Is My Best Friend"

I am certain that people laugh, today, when they read what some reporter has to say about Marilyn's intelligence. I don't. She learned about life and psychology in the school that has taught our country's greatest actors, but our statesmen and educators as well. That was a hard school, and let's face it, the forbidden question of sex comes to girls at a much earlier age than it does to boys. Those who come from the wealthiest and finest of families suffer from want of understanding in this respect. Marilyn didn't. Her mother was too busy to worry about the constant companionship she needed, but she did give her a great love, and it was returned by her daughter. Unfortunately, her mother's illness prevented her from giving Marilyn all the attention she needed at this age, but other women gave Marilyn her attitude and intelligence toward the opposite sex with the result that she was a thoroughly "good girl."

That's why, today, you'll find hardboiled reporters speaking with such utter amazement at how naturally Marilyn spoke and walked. Marilyn may look like the greatest movie siren since Jean Harlow, but, like Jean, this is all window dressing. I've never known a man who truly loved Marilyn who didn't look at her with as much respect as they would accord to their own sisters.

I AM not an expert writer. If I were, I might try to break your heart with the account of the occasions on which, driving with Marilyn through Hollywood to our place in the country, she'd point out something and say, "Jim, I want to tell you about what happened when I was eighteen." I lived there once," she'd say, "before mother was ill. It was beautiful. The most wonderful furniture you can imagine. A baby grand piano, and a room of my own. It all seems like a dream to me now.

No wonder her memory clung to those days, for despite the kindness of the people with whom she lived, Marilyn's beauty and charm had rarely made her popular with the cynical-teen-ager. For instance, at one time there was a young smart alec about 16 years of age who habitually hung around and had it in for her. She'd pass on her way home from school. He took her delight in making obviously obscene remarks. When she could stand it no longer, Marilyn told an older companion what was happening. She passed on the street, her friend followed a few yards behind. The boy began to annoy Marilyn, and in an instant her friend grabbed him, slammed him against the wall, and called for the police. A store-keeper came out and testified to the fact that the boy was lying in his claims of innocence. The fellow was let go with a stern warning. In spite of the promise of my friends, once a family to family and school to school, she was a good student, a gracious and dem-

cent girl. My mother and I sensed this, in those few days that we lived together, we were proud when she began to go with Jim. And believe me, if she hadn't been a fine girl, we'd have done everything we could to break up the romance, because Jim—

Well, let me tell you about him. From the time Jim Dougherty, bless his fiery Irish heart, was a small boy, he loved milkshakes and could light a whole school of tough kids. At Van Nuys elementary school he took up the violin and played in the orchestra. When he was in high school he formed one of the smartest—no, family band. In high school, he formed one of the smartest—no, family band. Once a fellow, in him—a hill-billy band. On Saturdays, they paraded thru town on a load of hay drawn by two donkeys, sawing out music and picking up two dollars apiece from the stops. The school board and sponsors, the Wray Brothers Ford Company.

Later, at high school, Jim played smashing right tackle on the football team. He was outstanding. He would lead the lead in every school play. One of his friends during school days was a young gas station attendant named Bob Mitchum. After leaving Hollywood High. Jackie Coogan, my uncle, was the popular teacher, and Mr. Ingram the drafting teacher, did everything they could to get Jim to go to Santa Barbara college and become a teacher. But Jim predicted a brilliant career for the boy.

But not a bit of this adulation went to Jim's head. He liked to do things the hard way. In the summer he earned his own clothes by cleaning tires at a rid-

ing academy. On the lake, I have never known anyone who could row a varsity boat with as much enjoyment. On the lake, I have never known anyone who could row a varsity boat with as much enjoyment.
he lacked was the ambition to stand in the right.

When he proposed to Marilyn, none of us knew about it until they returned with the ring. Jim was 21 at the time, and Marilyn not quite 18. "Don't know why?" he said to me in amazement. "She wouldn't take the engagement ring I'd picked out. She said it was much too expensive, so we picked out a small one on the way home."

The ring was a simple band, and they received it without incident. They had hoped to get married before the end of the year, but Jim was aircraft worker—a marriage of short duration. Don't you believe it! Those two kids were married for four years. They were so madly in love with each other. The reasons for their divorce were pathetic, almost stupid, but at no time during their marriage was Marilyn other than a dutiful, adoring wife and a perfect housekeeper.

I'm a little ahead of the story, but I had to say that, because I love my brother Jim, and I loved Marilyn as I would my own sister.

There was no honeymoon, because Jim had just started work at the Lockheed Aircraft factory. So they moved into a little house they rented on Beesmer Street, Marilyn turned into the role of housewife with great eagerness. At last she had her own home. She tried out recipes by the dozen on all of us. I was her only help, and with her man, Marilyn showed it in every way.

You can learn plenty from Hollywood prop men. One told me that all champagne bottles, besides the standard magnum, are named for Biblical characters. There's the Jeroboam (4 quarts), the Rehoboam (6 quarts), the Methuselah (2 gallons) and the grandaddy of them all, the Nebuchadnezzar (5 gallons). 

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

She packed Jim's lunch every day and on the 19th of each month, their anniversary, she always enclosed some little token or memento—a note, or a small gift. During the first year, Marilyn came to my room many times to show me her new ring. Larry. "My first baby has to be a boy," she told me, "a second Larry." And she was wonderfully kind and patient with me while I was carrying my little Denny. At the time I was staying with my mother in Van Nuys, so Marilyn stayed with me during the day, and Jim picked her up at night.

Once Marilyn asked, "Elyda, do you have to go through all this when you have a baby?"

I replied, "Yes, honey, you have to. If you want your own child you must bear it."

Without hesitation she declared, "Well then, if you do, do you. I certainly want to be the mother I intended to be!"

After the wedding pictures were taken, Marilyn rushed the bridal bouquet. She raised her arm and exclaimed, "We'll begin by taking these flowers home to press and keep."

A moment later, she disappeared. Jim searched for her and was finally told that she was on her way from a reception to the Florentine Gardens, a night spot on Hollywood Boulevard about a mile below Vine Street. It took a lot of persuasion for Jim to go along, but he finally did, and entered the band struck up "Here Comes The Bride." During the drinking of toasts to the bride.

A Congo line was started, and Marilyn joined it, still wearing her veil. She seemed to be having the time of her life but I did see her look anxiously toward Jim every now and then, who appeared to be sulking at the situation—trying to be patient while his friends had their fun, and it didn't occur to me that this scene was an actual preview of what was to happen to their love some years later.

All this time Marilyn's constant companion was Muggsy, a mutt collie dog. She brought him along, teaching him tricks. For those four delightful months they were inseparable when Jim was not home. (I mention this because old Muggsy played an important part in what happened later in their lives—and almost saved their marriage.)

Then came the day that Jim had to ship out, and that weekend came to visit me. She'd already stepped out of her car as a man, passing slowly in a convertible whistled at her and yelled, "Some shape!" Marilyn turned and yelled at him, "Move on, old man—go pick on somebody nearer your own age." And as she came up the walk, her eyes were filled with fury. That night we had a family conference about Muggsy. She was clearly a good mother, who was then working as company nurse at Radio Plane, makers of target planes for Air Corps gunnery practice, to help her get a job. Like many others, the war effort had been nothing but thought of the endless lonely hours of inactivity. She couldn't find words of her own to explain to Jim, so in one of the first of all battles, she simply copied the words of the song, "I Walk Alone."

And Marilyn meant every word of it. More than one man at Radio Plane wanted to do her in. Everyone cover-alls was she was lascivously feminine. But before long the word got around that Marilyn was walking alone—for keeps—until her man got home, for work, now on the war work and making money to save for Jim and their future together.

I remember Mom bawling her out for working in the paint shop. "You little thief," she said, "you'll ruin your beautiful hair—and all those fumes—it's just not good for your health."

But Marilyn persisted, even though she came home looking a wreck, until Mom finally settled the matter by going quietly to an official of the company, who arranged a transfer.

Marilyn had hinted that she knew what had happened, but the first thing we knew, she announced that she'd taken a modeling job. I asked her whether she'd told me about this. She replied simply, "Of course, I tell Jim everything."

About this time Radio Plane was planning the first company picnic, and the girl they'd promised to crown queen was to be Marilyn. The crowned queen of the event Marilyn was too preoccupied to enter into the event, but the men in her department took over, and she was elected hands down. I'll never forget the day. When the ceremony of crowning the queen was over, Marilyn was so thrilled and touched at what had happened that she broke down and cried. Then, recovering her composure, she relaxed her almost chilly attitude toward the men with
Give FATIMA

in the Beautiful Christmas Carton

DISTINCTIVE—with a truly different flavor and aroma—extra-mild FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-size cigarette smokers everywhere.

The Difference is QUALITY

Copyright 1952, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
he lacked the ambition to stand in the spotlight.

When he proposed to Marilyn, none of us knew about it until they returned with the ring. Jim was 21 at the time, and Marilyn not quite 16.

"Do you know what?" he said to me in assignment. She shouldn't take the engagement ring I'd picked out. She said it was too expensive, so we picked out a smaller set. I've never seen a happier girl. It was a beautiful arrangement.

In the crowded memories one big day was the Sunday on which we had our annual family picnic at Lake Sherwood. Among those present was a guest, the Rev. B. H. Lingenfelter of the Christian Church of Torrance, California. When he was asked to officiate at the marriage on June 19th, he apologized. "I can't be there," he said. "I have another engagement that day."

Most of the afternoon, during lulls in the hilarity, Jim strutted the guitar and sang songs of love for Marilyn, who was unusually pensive that day. Her only contribution to the fun was a quiet smile of pride—and six lemon pies. (They were dreams, and I never did get the recipe, which she learned from her mother.)

I recall that it was Aunt Anna (with whom Marilyn lived for some time) who had an eye for the more than lovely thing of eyelet embroidered organza, and while a group of us were looking at it, someone brought up the question of who would give the reception. Jim's father promptly said, "The bride's parents are supposed to take care of that!"

I know dear," one of the batty feminine neighbors said, "bears say they have no parents." I'll never forget the look of sadness Marilyn gave me. And I still detest the thought of that offending woman.

To this day I can close my eyes and see the wedding as though it were a part of last night's movie. Marilyn was the most gorgeous bride I've ever seen. The wedding was held in a lovely home of family friends on Bronson Avenue in Westwood. Their twin daughters were the ribbon-bearers and my son, Westy, age eight, was usher. Mother bought the wedding rings on a satin pillow. (Today he is at Camp Klinner, New Jersey, awaiting embarkation for overseas duty.)

Then, in the last hour of the "do's" were said, except the bride and groom. As they kissed, Mrs. Anderson, who had kept Marilyn for awhile, exclaimed, "That's my baby!" That's my baby, I thought. I was pleased with her mother because her own mother couldn't be present, but on that happy day she had a half-dozen mothers.

Then, after the moment of ecstasy, the fun started. My older brother, Marion, who never could resist a practical joke said that it would be a shame to deprive the bride of any semblance of beautiful creature. (He didn't know how prophetic his words were.) And as a result, after the wedding pictures were taken, Marilyn was kidnapped.

Some time after the wedding, as we were driving home, I got into the back seat to prepare Marilyn to have a baby. "Absolutely," she replied. "I'm told that it would be the best thing for you."

"Oh..."

"You have to do it," I told her.

The same day Marilyn asked, "Elyda, do you have to go through all this when you have a baby?"

"Oh, yes, honey, you have to. If you want your own child you must bear it."

"Without hesitation she declared, "Well then, if you do, do. I certainly want to be the mother I was intended to be!"

On the evening of October 6, 1942, at six p.m., Marilyn left and made me promise to call her if anything happened. Denny was born the next morning at three, and when I went to be told about the birth, my sister-in-law had a wee, pink and swarling mite of humanity on her hands. She'd never handled a baby before, but her confusion soon changed to a lucid look of bliss. "Oh, I've just had a brand new baby!"

For almost a year, young Mrs. Dougherty was the happiest bride alive. Then, abruptly, Jim came home one night with this news: "I've learned that the war is coming. I've enlisted and so have my friend Paul." They were separated briefly when he went to boot camp, but within a month before the ship he was going on, he got word that he would be stationed at Catalina Island as an athletic instructor, and that, being a married man, a furnished apartment went with the job.

Marilyn was radiant, deliriously happy, for they could have their honeymoon, and Uncle Sam would pay for it!

While Jim was sweating it out with the new recruits for gymnastics and cooking. In the evening, they dined with friends to the tunes from a new record player. And Marilyn, daytimes, seldom ventured far. It was a revelation of the trouble she'd had since early in her teens. She was just too beautiful. As one friend put it, "She can't help that men's wives look at her and get so jealous they want to throw rocks!"

All this time Marilyn's constant companion was Muggay, a mutt collie dog. She had him groomed, taught him tricks. For those four delightful months they were inseparable when Jim was not at home. (I mention this because old Muggay played an important part in her life —and almost saved her marriage.)

Then came the day that Jim had to ship out. That weekend, Marilyn came to visit. I asked her not to drive her car; she was afraid of the thought of the endless lonely hours of inactivity. She couldn't find words of her own to explain to Jim, so in one of her first letters to him she simply copied the words of the song, "I Walk Alone..."

And Marilyn meant every word of it. More than one man at Radio Plane wanted to date her. She was simply too lusciously feminine. But before long the word got around that Marilyn was walking alone—for keeps—until her man got home. And she found that was working and making money to save for Jim in their future together.

I remember Mom bawling her out for working in the paint shop. "Honey," she said, "you have beautiful hair... and all those fumes—it's just not good for your health."

But Marilyn persisted, even though she came home looking a wreck, until Mom finally settled the matter by going quietly to an official of the company, who arranged a transfer.

I'm much regretted that she knew what had happened, but the first thing we knew, she announced that she'd taken a modeling job. I asked her whether she'd told Jim about this. She replied simply, "Of course. I tell Jim everything."

About this time Radio Plane was planning the first company picnic, and the young marrieds were gone. Marilyn became the crowned queen of the event. Marilyn was too preoccupied to enter into the event, but the men in her department took over for her. I'll never forget the day. When the ceremony of crowning the queen was over, Marilyn was so thrilled and touched at what her coworkers had done for her. Then, as they were recovering her composure, she relaxed her almost chilly attitude toward the men with
Give FATIMA
in the Beautiful Christmas Carton

DISTINCTIVE—with a truly different flavor and aroma—extra-mild FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-size cigarette smokers everywhere.

The Difference is QUALITY
whom she'd been working and danced with every one of them.  

"Gosh," a fellow named Bill exclaimed to me, after he'd been cut out, "what a girl! I know," I replied. "Isn't it too bad she's married?"

"Yeah," he grinned ruefully. "All she talks about is wait until Jim gets home!"

And when Jim did come home, Marilyn promptly introduced him to the whole gang at the next company dance. She made the complete rounds. "Joe, this is my husband, Jim."

Then she'd stand, completely at a loss for a silent adoration of human. After awhile, this routine began to embarrass Jim. He said to her, "Honey, after you introduce me, for Pete's sake start a conversation or something. Just don't keep looking at me with those big eyes. People just don't understand!"

In those highly emotional days many hearts were broken. Marilyn was home to find their wives and sweethearted no longer belonged to them. When I read somewhere, a few months ago, that Marilyn had sent Jim a Deed of Gift while he was overseas, I was furious. Marilyn never wrote such a letter then.

Today, Jim has remarried. He has a lovely wife, three children, and is completely happy. His mistake, I think, Marilyn did not crack up in jealousy and lack of faith to each other during war time.

Naturally, Marilyn was aware that other wives and sweethearts dated while their men were away, but she never did. Furthermore, she never gossiped about those husbands. You see, she could not bring herself to gossip. Her whole life was wrapped up in her love for her husband.

The trouble that was brewing between them was a long way from the surface. When Jim came home, they had their own secret places to go together. Marilyn was lost to all her friends until Jim shipped out again. They were so completely happy that nobody else noticed.

The rest of the world, however, was beginning to need Marilyn. From the publicity that came from her being crowned Radio's Sweetheart of the Year and Modeling jobs were forthcoming. Most of the time she could do these while Jim was away, but on one occasion Marilyn had somehow managed to get a day off from the grind and Jim went along and bussed himself elsewhere while she was working. On the way home he kidded her about feeling like being married to a movie star.

Marilyn was subdued when they came back to the house and went immediately to her room and closed the door. None of us thought anything about it, except my son, Westy, rushed downstairs exclaiming, "Uncle Jim—Uncle Jim—Auntie is upstairs crying!"

Jim took the stairs two at a time. When he came down, he was pale. He told me he had found out the reason for her hysteria. She had lost her engagement ring at the ranch and was completely heartbroken. This, and Jim's kidding had brought it all to a head. In Westy she has the tears were soon gone. Being a Christian Scientist, Marilyn firmly believed they would find the ring. Imagine being certain of such things as a diamond in a field of several thousand turkeys. We all tried to convince her it was a lost cause, looking for the ring was a waste of time. Marilyn, however, knew before any of us realized what was happening, they had separated. I like to think, sometimes, if the war had not intervened in the middle of this lovely story, an outstanding actor, and Marilyn, his wife, could then have pursued the same profession. But then, that's just a sentimental sister, dreaming.

Floyd Packard found a built-up nose to look for romance in Sudden Fear with Joan Crawford.

Just back from Las Vegas, Marilyn went to Los Angeles, and when she returned we saw and heard very little of her. I know why. She blamed a great deal of this to her own age. Jim was temporarily living at home the night the telephone rang. It was Marilyn. She was crying so hard I couldn't find out what the trouble was. She wanted to talk to me and it was a question of herHysteria. No woman frantically calls a man she has just divorced. It was horridly.

The next day I learned that Mugsy, their ancient and lovely collie, was dead. That moment when they faced each other in common grief, I believe, is the death of their. Subsequent emotions must have opened wide again to review for them their first pledge to love each other forever. But, if she cried her heart out in Jim's arms and he appeared once more to her, and he refused, I'll never known.

For when Jim returned home he never mentioned what had happened and, knowing him I wouldn't have dared to ask.

All this happened a little more than six years ago. For Jim's part, he found what he was looking for. He fell in love again. And everyone was wanted. It may be hard for Hollywood to understand the fact that he became a policeman and a darned good one. That he is, to the best of the facts I have, is true. That he is a good father to the three children he loves so well, everyone knows. As his sister I can say that I am more than ordinarily proud of him. You see, it was a man and a woman to find new happiness after a first great love has failed. There is no reflection to be cast on either of these young people—Jim or Marilyn. They succeeded in being happy, in spite of their personal problems.

Marilyn and Jim married; a young people to be proud of, even though they walk in widely separate paths—paths which have crossed only once to my knowledge since the final separation. That was when Marilyn was made to go back to the set. And as she did, a worker staring at "Mia Monroe" in her abbreviated costume. Like the nifty little girl in the childhood, the fellow made smutty remark. He must have been the most frightened man of the hour, because he was suddenly jerked off his feet in Jim's eyes.

"Listen, you" policeman Jim Doughty growled, "watch your language!"

"Take it easy, officer," the terrified girl gasped, "I didn't mean anything. Beside what's it to you?"

"Nothing," Jim snapped. "Except you better learn never to make cracks like that to a lady. And that girl's a lady who carried to her for four years, and know!"

That's the whole story. Perhaps if you told it to a movie producer he'd say, wouldn't he, it was a pious plot. But, no matter who she may marry—Joe DiMaggio or a man she may meet tomorrow, Marilyn Monroe has lived through some of the most romantic dramas as well as ever star in.

As for me, her ex-sister-in-law, Ely Nelson of Anaheim, California, a life housewife, I'd like to write an affair thing before—much less a screen play—call the story, "Her One True Love."

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Niagara.)
"we're not mad at anybody"

(Continued from page 49) Draw from it some conclusions, to wit:

That Jean Simmons is a girl who packs some surprises.
That she is a lady of spunk and spirit.
That she can take care of herself.
That she's intimidated by no man.
Check—and that includes her husband.

But, of course, is contrary to a fairy tale cherished by a town which special-izes in such, going something like this: Demure Jean Simmons is a beautiful damsel in distress, held in durance vile by a tyrannical ogre named Stewart Granger in a sort of Bluebeard's Castle high in the Bel-Air hills. Throughout the past two years a great many things have conspired to kick this fascinating fable along. But maybe right now is as good a time as any to kick it straight out the door.

Stewart Granger is no ogre, but a most attractive and fascinating man, deeply in love with his wife who, in her way, runs him as much as he runs her. Their house is no Bluebeard's Castle, but a beautiful Italian-style villa, too big for two, so they've moved to a smaller one. As for Jean Simmons, she is indeed a beautiful damsel, but not necessarily demure and certainly in no distress. She's crazy about her husband and, at long last, about her Hollywood career. In fact, Jack Dempsey had something there about those mis-directed boxing gloves. Until lately the big punch in the Granger family has been swashbuckling Stewart while Jean, due to a protracted series of studio hassles, has remained under wraps without one released picture to her name. But 1953 is her year, and she's coming out slugging.

Jean shook herself loose as of last May 10. From then until August 15, working nights, Sundays and holidays, she estab-lished an all-time Hollywood record for marathon movie making. Jean finished three pictures in as many months. She collapsed from sheer exhaustion in the middle. But after 16 hours' sleep, bounced right back to work. As a result, Beautiful But Dangerous, The Murder, and Breakup are set to come at you—one, two, three—not to mention Androcles And The Lion, which she started two years ago February. And, if like most of the American public, you are still prone to picture Jean Simmons as a fragile Ophelia with weeping willow leaves in her hair, you're due for some surprises. You'll see her as a gay comedienne, psychopathic killer, and sophisticated glamour gal. In Androcles she plays the classic Shaw comedy so sexily that her leading man, Vic Mature, was moved to blurt out one day as she strolled on the set in a gossamer gown, "Here comes the Barbara Payton of the Old Vic!"

It is true that Jean has handled both Shakespeare and Shaw with the greatest of ease before she'd turned 20, and collected four international film awards in the process. But she has also acquired a delightfully sexy face and figure, and a warm personality full of nerve and good sportsmanship.

Starting Beautiful But Dangerous for instance, Jean spent all one chill day being thrown into the icy mountain waters of the San Gabrielle River. Beginning The Murder, she got her face slapped by Bob Mitchum's big paw all morning, and afternoon, for a bruised jaw but no complaints. And pushing off on Breakup she tumbled backward from a ladder, the toughest stunt of all movie fails—scoring a double. It's a small wonder that when Jean departed from RKO a few weeks ago a hard bitten crew trio named "Army," "Sarge" and "Neal" sniffled like babies to see her go, thereby earning the tag of "The Mildew

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not an oily cream...Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather...needs no special rinse!

Wonderfully mild and gentle...does not dry or irritate!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

Leaves hair soft, manageable...shining with colorful natural highlights.

Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!
Sisters.” But the tribute they paid Jean Simons was even more sharp. There hasn’t been a gal like her around here, they swore, “since Carole Lombard. As any studio worker knows, that’s the supreme compliment in Hollywood.

Of course, once a Hollywood star or pair of stars gets stuck with a legend any happenstance within sight or sound can be twisted to fan it along. It’s been the trend that the day before the wedding, and even before, misinterpreted situations and events have unreeled to picture Jean Simons as a pretty innocent tender trapemon. Now, this weekend, for example, when Jean Simons showed for work her eyes were red and puffy, obviously from weeping. The same morning her leading man, a different one than he used to be for a closed set. Closed set, puffed eyes—the gossips caught that quick. That evening the Grangers, in their surprise, “Jean’s way too young for her husband the night before that she cried all day through her scenes.” That she had. But crying scenes happened only the other day and the day before Jean is not the kind of actress who weeps glycerin tears.

There was the time after Jean’s last birthday when Stewart bought her a small silver locket for her roadmap and then, because she hadn’t driven in Los Angeles’ murderous traffic, he stuck at the wheel himself until Jean got her confidence. That’s the Stewarts. Grangers who lobbed Simons smashed up Stewart Granger’s car and now he won’t let her drive hers. Actually, Stewart sold his car to buy Jean’s. It wasn’t smashed by his wife or anybody.

If they go to Mocacmo, don’t hold hands, don’t kiss, don’t smuggle in a dance—which they’d never do in public—then: “The Grangers are laughing and sullen.” Or when they enter LaRue and Stewart steers his wife to a table with a pat on the back, it’s: “Stewart Granger’s a gentleman in every way.” That’s not Charles Vidor’s specialty for Aly Khan, when Jean danced with Rita’s prince for a long time, it was reported that: “Stewart Granger watched jealously every move they made. His wife wept and hovered, it’s true, but it wasn’t jealousy, just pure fascination and as far as he could see there weren’t many ways.

He can’t understand why people say he can dance long and still not cover more than two yards of floor-space!” Even as personal and sentimental a pledge as an engagement ring was good for headlines the Grangers. Stewart gave Jean her enormous diamond in New York where she was appearing with Trio. When she sailed back to England, customs imported it gratis, which, unless she wanted to pay a fabulous duty. Nothing could be more normal for a foreign bought bauble brought to any land—but the way the reports rang, you’d think the Grangers was trying to smuggle in gems on his fiancée’s fingers.

The child-aging Lechivar stories are just as silly. The reason for it all has been that Jean Simons met Stewart Granger when she was a tender 16. But at that age she was already pretty mature. She had already been acting for two years, in one picture. In fact, that she lived through the big London blitz to boot. She didn’t marry Granger until four years later, during which time they carried on a correspondence which he finds very joyous by both families. Girls get married at 20 and earlier everyday in America. And, while an age-gap of 15 years between marriage partners is not ideal, things often work out very well—as they have with the Grangers, and incidentally with their best friends, Michael Wilding and Elizabeth Taylor.

Their wedding in Tucson, Arizona, two years ago this December, was intriguingly hush-hush—but again through no fault of Stewart or Jean. That was arr

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

From the HOLMES & EDWARDS Collection
OF STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE

NEW! ROMANCE

SPRING GARDEN

LOVELY LADY

MAY QUEEN

DANISH PRINCESS

Now! Silverplate with the look and feel of sterling!

You'll find in the Holmes & Edwards Collection of Sterling Inlaid Silverplate the artistry of design, depth of detail, feeling of weight, and superb finish you have usually come to associate with fine sterling.

...YET COSTS $200 LESS!

For only $74.95 you begin with a 92-piece service for 8 that includes chest and 4 serving pieces. A comparable service of sterling would cost about $200 more! This low price coupled with your dealer's Club Plan terms makes Holmes & Edwards really a budget buy. . . . you start with enough for eight people . . . pay for it as you use it.

And remember: Holmes & Edwards is Sterling Inlaid Silverplate. Most used parts and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the points where they rest on the table.

Get "Silver Sense"—a booklet to guide you in your purchase and use of silverware. Send 10c to Dept. MS1a, Holmes & Edwards Division The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

© 1952. ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U.S.A.
regret. A guy like that is seldom narrow or mean.

Jean Simmons, as a close friend says, overhears a lot. But their relationship, instead of being austere, is easy, humorous and bantering, in which Stewart delights to play an indulgent big brother role and in which she follows. "Her sister," he says, "you can be sure that I'm pretty sore at her. If it's 'you impossible little brat' we're having a wonderful time. "Pottery patient," she calls him, come along for the Grangers, of course, as with another pair who feel strongly about each other and therefore don't agree on everything. Stewart's wife insists that they will kill you if you feel that marriage is two of the hardest parts ever played." But Jean plays it according to her natural character which, as another friend describes it, is that of a compulsive collector. Stewart plays his also naturally, as a love-protector; if sometimes he makes mildly like a guardian too, that's also natural with any husband who has lived a few more years than has his wife.

Not long ago Jean lost one of a pair of diamond—and-pearl earrings. A week or so without the memberm, everyone was on the alert to report it to Stewart. "Give me the other," he said, "and I'll put in the insurance claim." She looked around. By then she'd lost it too. But if Stewart expressed any astonishment at that girlfie careless lack of the point of dealing her a shot on her head, consider the way he gave the earrings and a few other pretty items, including a gold watch, bracelet, etc., last Christmas time.

He'd collected the gifts and hidden them for the usual Christmas morning surprise. But on the day of the surprise, his home was invaded from the studio "pot-faced" and miserable because of the confused state of affairs in her contract mixup. Stewart thought of the surprise up in his dressing room, then got dressed, and went out to cut the blues. Then next day he had to hustle out and get some more for the 25th.

So if that wick Mr. Granger sometimes treats his wife like a little girl, it's because he loves her and is perpetually plotting to make her tawny eyes bulge. But nevertheless, he can be charged up to Stewart Granger, since he married Jean, was inspired by just such a warm desire. That is the Bel-Air house that Stewart bought from her. She doesn't like it, even though Stewart suspects cheerfully he will lose a small fortune in the deal.

Moreover, he's been written about the Granger mansion and Jean's lonely days in what is usually pictured as a cross between Xanadu and the House of Usher. Actually, the Grangers' house is surrounded by the hundreds which surround it—some 12 rooms on two-and-a-half acres. Except for the fact that it could stand an elevator down to the pool, it's a perfectly ordinary home.

Stewart bought that ranchy (and paid plenty) to surprise and delight his bride. It was all furnished and apple-pie when he carried Jean in two years ago. But the surprise didn't work. Jean has never felt the place fitted her or felt at home there. The decor and furnishings weren't hers. The maid and other servants who were too hard to keep, and she doesn't like servants anyway. Besides, about the minute they moved in, her career troubles began. So in her house of a lonely first, really overdoing it to a ridiculous degree.

It's true that a few weeks after they moved in "Jiminy" began calling them, left on location and then flew off to Italy for The Light Touch, but at that point Jean was busy preparing for Androcles And The Lion. Too, she had as house guests Feodor Chaliapin and Glenn Smith, three of Stewart's visiting British biddles, to keep her company, besides the Grangers' circle of Hollywood-settled London pals, Deborah Kerr, Tony Byrd, and Noela Mason, and others. "If you can be lonesome with three handsome young men as houseguests, I have no sympathy," Stewart Granger kidded Jean. "When the matter of fact the houseguests did come in handy. Jean put them all to work cleaning rugs, polishing floors and washing windows for Jimmy's return.

The Grangers' new house is tiny compared to the first one, only two bedrooms, but just the two of them found it by poking around and peeping in windows until the nervous owners were practically forced to sell to get rid of the Grangers whom, by the way, she and Jimmy adored. Of and about Jean and Stewart like.

It sits atop a small mountain peak at the head of Coldwater Canyon with a circular view of the Hollywood Hills. Built by the famous architect, Byrd, it's a modern ranchhouse with big glass windows for the view and a large enough living room to hold 30 guests. Augustus John Smith paintings, the Tang horses and the Rodin and Epstein sculptures they've collected. Already Stewart has added a round swimming pool and a tennis court. "We're trying hard to hustle around buying the expensive Robertsjohn Gibbins modern furniture, choosing the drapes and such, which Jean, being busy as a bee, lets him handle because she's artful and loves that sort of thing anyway. "He picks them, I just criticize," she says, but Stewart has a different view. "If Jean doesn't like my selection, I try to 'convinced' her. I take them back." Right now, everything's perfectly appointed except the bedrooms. They've got army cots in those.

The new place is even more isolated than the old one and the Grangers will live there minus the servants—in about the same pleasant manner that they also have lived for 10 years with Stewart in placks and T-shirt and Jean in blouse and jeans—and both of them usually padding barefooted about the place. Some nights they'll play cards where they watch TV and hit the road early. "Just as dull as we're supposed to be,' grins Stewart. Others, they'll roll down the hill in the Jaguar to the movies, some sport a gait, or to the ocean Park Pier while Stewart tries to talk her out of just one more ride—she's a fiend for the things. On some week ends Stewart will offer the children a swim in the ocean waters and Jean will do nothing whatever. On others there'll be pool parties where 'The Chums'—almost all the British colony and a few familiar Hollywooders—will grill and fry clothes while Stewart hustles the barbecue food, because Jean can still barely fry an egg successfully. There'll be very, very full dress Hollywood parties and practicaly no one. "If Stewart can help it, although sometimes just to keep Jean happy, he'll shuffle around a floor.

Really, if there's one valid criticism of the Grangers' house in Hollywood it's that they stick too close to their British friends. Outside of Sam Zimbalist and Mary Taylor, the Sidney Frankes and few intimates who don't hail from home. But both Stewart and Jean are far from being snobby. Red Coats looking down their British noses on their colonial cousins. In fact, to both of them America is a dream come true, a fascinating, if often bewildering land of milk and honey. Just as it must be for the London girl who spent much of her youth diving under a bil- liard table as the buzz-bombs crashed, and who still gets the chills and jingles every time she spied a banana until she was grown up and went to the Fiji Islands to make Blue Lagoon, Jean still has to pinch herself occasionally to be sure the abundance around her is real.

The fabulous Farmer's Market is still the Grangers' favorite place to shop. It flies stocked it, right after their marriage, they went a little wild, piled up a cart with butter, eggs, tea, coffee, and things that are still rationed in Britain, or what they are in the shops, if ever and then had to give it all away. Jean still goes on perfume and soap binges, feeling guilty every time, and eats her morning toast dipped in bacon grease, from longevity habits.

Just the same, it will seem good to return to England for Christmas, a dream the Grangers cherish at present, and may or may not make. The Young Bells, picture MGM held for Jean two and a half years, will be shooting right up until then and they may not have time to shave off Jimmy before they've a chance to be together.

That's the first Granger family film duel in Hollywood, and Jean plays the role she's wanted all the rest: young Queen Elizabeth, the former Miss Tom SATTERY, who loses his head, both figuratively and literally, over her queen. "I'm the love of her youth, but not her young lover," he points out, "He's older only in real life.

So, with her contract squabbles settled at last, her American debut set, doing a movie with the man she loves, she's a little thriller nervous but with other exciting events blossoming around her—such as a pregnant noodle and a red-headed hairdo—life assumes a rosy outlook at last for Jean Stewart.

In fact, there's no reason at all why her second wedding anniversary, this December 20, shouldn't be a banner event—if only somebody would build that Riding-in-the-Sea-Big-Wolf story into the wastebasket where it belongs. Both Jean and Stewart Granger have families in England for whom they're homesick, and though his is only one, too. And those things, hammered out in Holly- wood long enough, get belied back home. Only the other day Stewart's mother wrote asking him. "What's happening to you children over there, any- way? Is something the matter?"

There's something the matter. After all, the Grangers have broken no laws, flouted no traditions, landed in no jail, not got drunk, nor insulted anyone's mother. On the contrary, they've worked hard, made movies, even knitting keep out of private scandal. If they are individualistic, free-wheeling, and independent—well, that's what America stands for, isn't it?" Jean and Stewart Granger being English are not the kind who will ever transmit their deepest feelings to anyone but each other. But for one thing, they simply don't mad at anyone one—including each other."

So right about now, since all is calm and all is bright for Jean Stewart, the little peace of earth and good will to the Grangers might be in order around Hollywood. It's the time of the year.
... and everything goes crazy!

(Continued from page 39) need any more magazines here."

"N-no," he agreed, hurrying down the hall. "I can see that you won't..."

After the door closed, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis sank back to the floor and howled. Then Tony had an awful thought. "You know, Jan," he said, "we've got to watch ourselves. I'll bet that guy goes right out and tells everyone he meets that Tony Curtis is stark, staring, and out of his mind!"

"Well?" asked his wife, "aren't you?"

Despite his reasonable fears, to date no one has tabbed Tony Curtis for the looney-bin—although the Curtises have been recklessly routed to the divorce courts, lavish apartments and maternity hospitals by various weirdly dreamed up reports. Now after a year-and-a-half's experience as Hollywood's most spotlighted couple, sometimes Tony and Janet are inclined to think a nice, quiet padded cell might be a cozy and peaceful retreat.

"It started off crazy," says Tony, "—this marriage of ours, and it's still that way. But," he adds, "Janet and I are a little crazy, too. Maybe that's why we're still happy though married in Hollywood."

It was just 18 months ago this December that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh jittered nervously around Greenwich, Connecticut, waiting two hours for their nuptial ceremony, because Jerry Lewis had taken a sleeping pill and couldn't wake up in time. Then, after a jet-propelled three-day honeymoon in Manhattan, Tony had to run away on a picture junket with another girl, Piper Laurie. Janet traveled all by her lonesome home to Hollywood where there wasn't a home. When the lovebirds finally located a nest there wasn't anything to feather it with until Marge and Gower Champion came to their rescue with an emergency shower one Sunday afternoon. They grabbed the loot—towels, blankets, pillowcases and sheets—and used them that night when they moved in, whether Emily Post approved of their indecent haste or not.

Since that hectic start, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis have collected—besides household necessities—a varigated assortment of worldly goods. One .22 rifle, two sets of German electric trains, one model submarine, two sets of golf clubs, four cameras, a brace of fencing foils, pair of boxing gloves, two French painting outfits, a piano, a TV-phonograph combo, two '51 Buicks, a toy French poodle, a king-sized bed and, as Tony puts it, "a very low bank account." They've also assembled a total of nine hit pictures between them—six for Janet and three for Tony—a case of shingles (for Janet) and hives (for Tony). But most memorable of all, and peculiarly precious to the Curtises, are the dizzy days that have piled up in those 550-odd they've lived as man and wife. And they seem to get dizzier and dizzier as time goes by.

Take the other morning, for instance. Janet awoke with the birds, gave a motherly pat to Miss Curtis's crinkled noggin, dug deep and dreamless in the pillow, stepped out of bed and slipped on her pink chenille robe. Patterning carefully to the door for the morning paper, she pulled it open, gasped, "Oh!" and bounced back in surprise.

A disheveled 15-year-old girl with red-rimmed eyes and an unpressed sheet. "Here's your paper, Mrs. Curtis," she said.

"Now can I have your autograph, please?"

"What are you d-doing here?" stuttered Janet and then recovered. "It's rather early, don't you think?" she said as she scribbled her name.

Th-a-a-a-ts LOVABLE!

$2

A, B cups
White, Pink
Blue, Mauve
Seafoam
Navy, Black

Ringlet for Holiday glamour

Win the prize for prettiness this party season in Lovable's ringlet. Single-needle stitching whirls you to a new, firm, flattering silhouette. Superb embroidered nylon in seven festive morn-to-midnight shades.

A gift to yourself... or others... only $2.

Ringlet in acetate satin, brocclad, Dacron, $1.50

It costs so little to look Lovable!

At your favorite store, or write The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. DIW-12, 180 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16
"I want your husband’s, too," stated the girl.  

"Sh-h-h-h-h," cautioned Mrs. C. "My husband’s asleep."

After Janet cooked her breakfast, she tip-toed out past the girl who had curled up in the hall and was now fast asleep. Should she wake and warning Tony? No! He liked to knock in, she was late for work at MGM, and the girl would probably soon wake and drift off. A few hours later, they were back at the hotel and showered Tony opened the door. He looked down, and froze.

"A body!" he gasped. With visions of cops, detectives, and headlines Tony bent down and looked again. She was breathing, and in her hand was the tell-tale autograph pad. Reassured, he lightly hurried the sleeping form and set it on his lap and waited for the start.

On her way into the studio, Janet encountered a bunch of fans who swarmed over her gushing. "Oh, Janet—we just know you’re going to have the prettiest baby ever. When is it due?"

"What baby?" asked Janet.

They giggled, "Oh, you know." It could have been Janet, just a little sore. "I wish I did."

Tony had his own problems. First, he should open the stinky joint to get himself a permanent wave for this Houdini thing. A second blow to his nerves, but he assured himself it was all for art’s sake. At the studio they sealed him in a packing box, proposed him into a brimming tank of water. After they dredged him up he wobbled dripping to the phone to call Janet about a family matter. He told her they were planning to move to Hollywood, but bigger apartment had been turned down. He considered this was just as well because they had expenses enough already.

But tonight, at a party at the home of a popular columnist, where Janet lifted the receiver, eager ears heard her explodes dramatically, "But Tony—I want to live in luxury! I’m a Hollywood star, aren’t I? Think of my public. What? Who thousand dollars? It’s only money isn’t it?"

And at Paramount’s end of the wire Tony cried, "You’re so right, darling! Let us live recklessly, expensively, dangerously. I’ll write the check even if it bounces."

What that conversation really said of course, was, "Okay, let’s skip it and stay where we are."

But then a new gossip column carried the news that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were "really on the lot these days. They’re moving into the swank, expensive Shoreham." Another queried, "Have Tony and Janet at last gone Hollywood?" Before the publicity offices closed, four magazines had put in requests for layouts of the Curtis’s in their new home.

They got together for dinner that evening at Chasen’s and overing over a cocktail waiting for the lamb chops Janet lit a cigarette and confided that she had snarled Tony with his best Svengali leer.

"I’ll smoke if I want to! —and drop that drink!" "You beast, you fiend! I’m going home to Mother."

Jenet dabbed her eyes tragically. "I’ve had a beastly time."

"Hello, Tony," said a columnist. "I’m printing tomorrow that you and Janet are splitting up. I thought it would be the nice thing to do to let you confirm it—"

"Gee, thanks," said Tony, "sweet of you—what? Splitting up? Get out here! And how do you suppose," he asked Janet with a gap of amazement, "people get crazy impressions like that?"

"Well, you were routed, only to be routed out at midnight by a sleepy—joeéd miss on a scavenger hunt. They gave her a celery stalk. At three a.m. Jerry Lewis called from the east saying he couldn’t rouse Patti. I worry of that and called him back. Things were really very peaceful until about 8:52 when Janet awoke with the house rocking, the rocking, the rocking, rocking right against the wall. She dived for Tony, "Earthquake!" she screamed. He only yawned and mumbled, "Just a settling shock, honey—maybe—just a bigger rumor about the Chasen round.

The above saga is a fairly accurate sample of a 24-hour-span in the married life of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. And, if you think it’s confused and crazy you’re only agreeing with Tony. But when Tony says "crazy" he usually means "serious."

That’s why today it is with "Tona-là" and "Tzcz-a-là," as they call each other when nobody’s around.

Those are private endearment terms. Answer, "What’s your "schtick-lok" meaning those crazy bits of business which Tony and Janet swing into at the slightest provocation, or even without any provocation at all?"

The Strait-jacket scene was a schtick-lok, and so was the phone talk, and that Svengali scene at Chasens, too. They’re seizures of impromptu nonsense at the Curtis’s. Crazies are high-humored, volatile characters, because both need a constant escape valve for the steam that their double movie marriages have built up. The truth is, the Curtises can’t resist schtick-locks any more than a kid can pass up candy, although they know that because of them a lot of those crazy marriage romours which swirl about the Curtis heads are nobody’s fault but their own.

But behind all the funny-business there’s a mutually devoted marriage as solid as anyone’s, as blissful, as close, perhaps, as quite as serene. In fact, if you level down sensibly with Tony and Janet on the subject of romors, and the more general subject of their love, not so much for each other but for the entire Hollywood, Tony Curtis will shake his handsome head and grin, "Sure, I’m having trouble with my wife. But," he’ll add, "she’s having trouble with me, too. And you know why? Because we’re both so marvellous!"

If you think that’s a cockeyed contradiction, Janet Leigh doesn’t. She backs him right up, because neither member of that duet of two of the world’s greatest Marvells has to think of the other. The reason is, they have serious disputes of their own, and they have their own problems. And that’s not Tony’s and mine!"

It certainly isn’t. Around last Valen- tines Day, Tony and Janet started taking in some fancy clothes through the clothes in Tony’s closet, which as anyone knows, is extremely risky business for any wife. But Patti Lewis had asked her to go horseback riding and she was all for it, and she went off to some dinner and Tony crept in and strolled in and picked up some pretty silk vests (he collects them) and pretty soon Janet picked just the right one. As she said, it out and started to try it on, she felt an object in the pocket. Eve had trouble with curiosity and Mrs. Curtis is one of her daughters. She pulled it out, uncovered the tissue—and there was a beautiful lady’s cigarette lighter engraved on the top."

"H-m-m-m-m," said Janet, puckering her brow. All afternoon she wondered. It was completely unreasonable, of course, but any psychologist will tell you that a cigarette lighter is an integral part of love. That night when Tony breezed in he could tell right away something was wrong.

"You’re in trouble," he asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it is."

Then Janet blurted it out: "Who did you buy that lighter for?"

"You know why—"
The guy was stunned. Then light broke and he exploded.

"You beautiful, you dumb, you darling, you stupid, you impossible dame! I don’t to sneak through everything I own! And you’ve got to pick the one safest hiding place in this house—a vest I haven’t worn for two years! Who is it?"

"It’s for that—just for that you’re not gonna get it." She didn’t either, not until enough days had passed for Tony to get certain alterations made in the engraving, which testified beyond any doubt to whom the cigarette lighter was for nobody but his wife, Janet Leigh.

That’s the kind of date a symptom that is the story teller named O. Honig would have made something out of. So is what happened in Paris last year, where Tony and Janet celebrated Christmas on their first wedding anniversary. They had ten wonderful days in Paree poking around for paintings on the Left Bank, sipping vermouths in sidewalk cafes, and exercising Tony’s "fractured French" on the taxi drivers. One of the best times they had was when they insisted on an artist’s apartment, they strolled through the old Seine section and in a tiny jeweler’s window Tony spied a pair of diamond earrings. They were made for her, they were made for him, which drove him out of his mind. But the place was closed. Janet made mental notes of landmarks and counted her steps. Next day she had them spotted peacefully, she slipped out of the room, hailed a fiacre, jumped out at the landmark and paced off the steps until she arrived at the obscure little shop, bargained and bought them. She was pushing noon before she got back and Tony was pacing the hotel room. He demanded to know just where the blue blazes she’d been.

"Out for a stroll," lied Janet, "getting some air."

"You’re out getting air when we’ve got a million things to do!" blaw up at four A.M. and got.

"Christmas shopping and Lord knows what—all. Heaven help me, I have married an idiot!"

But Janet didn’t mind. She had her secret. Christmas morning when Tony discovered it—he could have cut out his tongue.

If Tony and Janet Curtis live to celebrate their Golden Wedding Day they will undoubtedly attribute it to the fact that those because two deeply devoted, emotional characters like them will never change. But meanwhile the marital ad- justments of two attractive opposites go on day by day, settling their union more securely, but with little after-shocks as Tony chuckles, "just like that earthquake."

If you think that’s just a big, healthy slob doing what I liked. I got hungry, I ate; if I got sleepy, I slept. If I wanted to get up at four A.M. and go swimming, I went. If I had a buck, I spent it. No rules, no order, nobody else to consider in my habits. That doesn’t
work when you're married," he grins. That's why sometimes we seem a little crazy—even to each other."

That's the truet talk from Tony Curtis. Because these differences in Janet and Tony stem straight from the contradictory slants you'd get as a free-wheeling, self-reliant tough kid roaming the Bronx—and a small town, Stockton, California, girl with set social patterns of ordered life. On top of that, Tony went through a war in the Navy to make him even more footloose-minded while Janet has undoubtedly accent her yearnings for stability because her first marriage was so unstable and better skelter. But strangely enough, some of Tony and Janet's other early problems have been actually the same, although what they've reaped from encountering them are two totally different outlooks. Take money, which is an important item in any home. I remember talking that over with them one day.

"It's funny," said Janet thoughtfully, "how not having any money has affected Tony and me in completely different ways. Because I never had any I'm cautious, careful and thifty about it. I worry about the bank balance. I want to pay my bills by return mail. Mrs. Cash-and-Carry, that's me. I'm Scotch, you know; maybe I'm tight. Anyway, I got in debt from a business venture with my first husband and it took me two years to pay off. That scared me. The other day, I saw a woman working hard at a small job right in this studio. Once, she was a star making $2,500 a week, in the silent movie days too when you could pile it up and keep it. But she didn't save and now—"

"There you go," shrugged Tony, "a 25-year-old girl thinking like a 55-year-old woman. Now it's different with me. I was brought up to value myself, not a buck. I have no money vices. I don't gamble or throw it away. I hardly even carry any of the stuff with me. But if I want a new suit and it's a $150 and I want to pay $50 a month to get it, why not? I'm not conscience-stricken. If I get a $30 pair of shoes and I want them, I buy them, I deserve them. I work hard for my money and so does Janet. Why shouldn't she buy that new Adrian dinner gown if she likes it and can use it?"

"Because," Janet answered him, "we can't afford it and I don't have a right to it. We could trade in our cars, too, and get a Cadillac—but we don't rate a Cadil-

"Why not?" countered Tony, tossing his hands in the air. "Now, I don't need a Cadillac and I don't want one. But if I did there's nothing in the world to keep us from getting one if we can swing it. I'm not afraid of debts, because I'm banking on myself. I owe money now. Owe some to Janet I borrowed when my dad was sick. Owe some more for a $50,000 contract suit I settled for $4,000. But what? I'm not worried, I'm young and healthy, and so's my gal!"

Actually Tony and Janet Curtis have no real money worries. They make enough, Janet at present more than Tony. They have formidable expenses and responsibilities, both of them, but they're getting along. Actually, too, Tony's no more a spendthrift than Janet's a miser. On a lot of things, in fact, he's closer with a buck than she is. The other day when a model submarine he bought and launched in Jerry Lewis' swimming pool sank to the bottom, Tony was outraged. He wrote the manufacturer demanding his money back or a new sub. It had cost all of $13. As for Janet Leigh's Scotch blood—you should see the watches, rings, cufflinks, tie clasps and things with which she's gifted the man she loves.

There is still no predicting events at "the Boarding House" it's true, but as Tony says, "we're simmering down slowly to a rational life," and Janet sighs, "at least we have meals to eat at specified hours and a maid to cook them." In fact, since starting Houdini together, with the same working hours, they feel like solid, respectable citizens.

... There are still six keys out to their apartment. "All of them to me, not one girl, darn it," Tony complains. Among the men are Jerry Lewis, Danny Arnold, his funny-business writer, and Jerry Gershwin, the MCA representative who keeps track of The Monster. That pack of clowns, aided and abetted by some others, including one named Curtis, are likely to turn the Curtis menage into a three-ring circus at any hour of the day or night.

Coming home from a movie the other evening, Janet and Tony found Jerry Gershwin and his girl sitting on the floor watching television while Danny Arnold bounced on the sofa acting out some insanity gags he'd dreamed up for Jerry over the phone to New York, "Are we intrud-

"Would we be awfully in the way if we came in?"

"Please don't worry your pretty heads about it," they were assureing. "You kids are always welcome. We like you. Make yourself at home. Use anything you want."

Janet really adores such mad surprises and the individuals who create them, be-cause she owns an oversized funny-bone herself and is happiest when the zany chums swoop down and charge up the joint. But even when she's there with only Tony, Janet Leigh is conditioned by now to all sorts of rather rugged mo-

A SONG ON YOUR LIPS—NEW "Rhapsody In Pink" BY TANGEE—
THE ONLY LANOLIN-BASE, COLOR-TRUE, NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK!

A New Note in Color! So young, so flattering. "Rhapsody in Pink" is pink as pink should be—rosy-deep, radiant, fashion-right.

A New Note in "Non-Smear" Quality! Thanks to Permachrome, "Rhapsody in Pink" looks dewy-fresh, even when you eat, bite your lips, smoke, or—kiss!

A New Note in Youthful Sheen! "Rhapsody in Pink" applies smoothly, evenly—does not look caked or lifeless. The rich lanolin-base keeps lips soft!

A New Note in Safety! "Rhapsody in Pink" contains no harsh chemicals. Won't dry, burn or irritate lips.

YOU'LL LOVE "Rhapsody In Pink" BY TANGEE
WITH PERMACHROME
LANOLIN-BASE COLOR-TRUE NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK!

LIPS LOOK BEAUTIFUL WEARING "RHAPSODY IN PINK," TANGEE'S NEW RADIANT PINK! AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS.
ments as the loving wife of a guy who gets lost in his screen jobs to the point of schizophrenia.

For many years, The Prince Who Was A Thief and throughout Son Of Ali Baba, words, sabres and scimitars whistled around their small apartment at the risk of life, limb, and career. Then Tony turned into a ring puncher making Flesh And Fury. He shadow boxed, skipped rope, taped his hands, batted his nose and trotted up and down Wilshire Boulevard doing road work in a pair of gym trunks. Since this Houdini business began—with both of them mixed up in the magic—Janet's had so many hoops passed over her body that she feels like a beautiful barrel.

Sometimes Janet thought she'd go off her rocker too if she had to play "ring card," who, she's already picked at last forty-million. But the truth is she's really as wrapped up in Tony's interests, career and otherwise, as he is, and if he wants to call her in a coffin and drop her over Niagara Falls, that's Jake with her.

The real hassles of the Curtis married life are much less spectacular—just the tiny clashes of daily living habits which any married man and maid who has progressed to the honeymoon stage will recognize at once.

Janet, for example, is convinced that Tony is undernourished and living off a diet designed for professional boxers. When she scents away before he does she leaves notes by the breakfast table: "Eat this and eat all of it—or don't come home tonight.

"Man, it's murder!" grumbles Tony, "to Janet a lunch isn't a lunch unless it's at noon; and a dinner isn't a dinner unless it's at seven—no matter how much I eat in between. She's like any funny breakfast, I can't eat eggs that early—and so I'm headed for rickets!"

There's the sleeping business—Janet's a six-hour girl, Tony, a twelve, so they hung hay. Just as he's sinking into a cozy comas, she hears a rooster crow and gets up, soft footing it around but making enough noise to wake up Tony's sleepy head. "Sometimes I could heave a shoe at her," Tony will grin, "but I haven't yet. Just maybe a slipper."

And there's the fact that Janet doesn't dig the light fantastic on a crowded floor. And movies—Tony likes swashbucklers, fight pictures and murder mysteries; Janet goes for romances. You like coffee and I like tea. Janet's tidies Tony's not . . .

The other afternoon Tony was reading. "Honey," he called, "can I have a glass of water?"

"Sure," said Janet, and brought him one. He took a sip and set it down, read on a while and reached for the glass: It wasn't there.

"Hey," yelped Curtis, "where's my glass?"

"Why, it's washed and put in the cupboard where it belongs," announced his wife.

"It doesn't belong there when I'm still drinking out of it!" reasoned Tony.

The next night he hung up his sport shirt on a chairback by the bed. Next morning he reached his hand over for it. No shirt. "Where's my shirt?" he cried.

"In the laundry, of course," he was told. That progressive, the laundry. He's getting trained. "And I really don't mind," Tony confesses, "I cause her no woe. Why, I even fill the cigarette lighters and put them in all kinds of things. Maybe I let a butt linger a minute or two in the ashtrays but honest," he laughs, "once we get our own house Janet won't fuss about it. It's too much to do so she won't have time. To right now I let her revel in her household chores, let her get carried away with 'em. If it makes Janet happy."

Actually, both Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh know they couldn't live at this point without each other. If any doubts about that ever hung around they vanished up in the last breath of the last wedding anniversary one day last June.

Janet was making The Naked Sparrow near Des Moines, and thus Tony, who was free, traveled there to celebrate the sentimental milestone with her bride. One day, when Janet rolled away with the picture company, Curtis, who had his bus along with his trout rod. They arranged to meet at the same place in the evening, when the company came home.

Tony was something of a truant driver let her off at the appointed spot saying, "Go on, I'll walk in with Tony." Only after she'd looked around—there wasn't any Tony.

"They can't wait, the sun was sinking. The shadows stretched and the dark pines whispered. Something slithered in the grass, something moved behind a bush, something howled. Janet was scared.

She clambered down the cliff to the trumbling stream and stumbled along the boulders crying, "Tony! Tony!" and called and she felt a little hysterical. All kinds of horrible speculations raced through her head.

Then she finally saw him—a tiny figure in the distance, standing on a rock in the middle of rushing rapids. She got there somehow, wet and dripping, her shins scratched raw and bloody, but she didn't feel that or care. She climbed frantically up on the rock and, crying and laughing at the same time, grabbed her guy.

"S-h--h-h--h Jan!" Tony cautioned. "You'll scare him. He's right under this rock!"

"I don't care what happens," she shouted, "I want what's on it!"

"That's me, all right," admitted her mate, "but I just crawled out from under this rock myself."

So, in tender moments it's sometimes a little crazy with the Tony Curtises. But it's also pretty wonderful. That's the way it has been for almost two years now, and I suspect it will always be that, along with plenty of wonderful love and troublesome, too.

the men in my life

(Continued from page 47) to be the type they'd call a man's man, no question.

Not that I'm any prize haul myself. I have a temper to go with the color of my hair, and a lot of other faults which I won't enumerate because there isn't that much space. But when people want to know why I haven't found The Man, I can give them a lot of reasons.

The first date I ever had was a crunchy evening of on-the-town cocktails. He managed, when I asked Mom if he could take me to a movie she said yes. We were awfully young, but there wasn't any argument about that. All of the families were very friendly. He and I had gone to Sunday School together ever since we were old enough to know the truth about Santa Claus. It was a real date all right; he called for me and even paid my admission into the theater, but we'd no sooner sat down than he wanted to hold my hand. I thought it was pretty silly—just a year ago we'd been breaking baseball bats over each other's heads—and with all the dignity I could muster, removed both hands from his grasp and put one on my own. This trophy room was purely mental, except perhaps for the little book in which these unsuspecting males got themselves recorded. And it's just about the only one I bought it and painstakingly inscribed on the first page, 'The Men In My Life.'

Half the 'men' were under 16, and I ran out of pages by the time I reached high school. These were the days when I hadn't yet entered the world of Hollywood, and my dates were always my classmates. In general continued in the same pattern.

There was one I was madly in love with. I used to walk out of my way in order to stop and talk to him, but he never acknowledged me, and sometimes he joined me. My strategy was particularly necessary because between his house and the school there lived a girl who had also set her cap for him, and I figured a two-block start on her was an outflanking maneuver. After I'd almost given up trying to win his admiration he finally asked me for a date. What happened? He brought his dog along. "Where I go," he said, "my dog goes." This was all right with me—I love dogs—but before the evening was over the dog had run away.

Willie was one I didn't have to scheme for. He rode the same bus to junior high school, and he always stood up and gave me a big grin. At dusk she had the habit of pining for him, and one day stopped in my tracks and turned to face him. "Is there something I can do for you?" I said. He turned scarlet. "Well, I'd like another apple was bobbing up and down like a yo-yo. "Why don't you come over to my house on Sunday afternoon?" I said. We became fast friends, and he became an acceptance, and on Sunday showed up in a starched collar, his new suit and a pair of bright orange shoes that squeaked dismally when he walked. He didn't walk much; just sat in a straight, high-backed chair, and Mother and I spent two hours trying to draw some conversation out of him and make him feel at ease.
Hi! You certainly don't have to ask "What's My Line?" because one look tells you. It was really wonderful when Modern Screen asked me to help with your Christmas shopping because if there is anything I like better than Christmas, it's Christmas shopping. It always reminds me of the time when I had a little gift shop of my own in New York. I loved finding those small accessories with such charm and individuality, they seemed to say "for someone special." Now that I'm Mrs. Martin Gabel, wife and mother, I resurrect the "Gift Shop" at the Yuletide Season and scout the town for unusual things for my family and friends.

This year on my treasure hunt, I discovered some truly wonderful jewelry and to make the presents even more attractive, I am using some lovely Christmas wrappings and trimmings from Dennisons of New York.

To avoid the last minute hustle and bustle, I started shopping early, combing the town to help you find gifts for your family and friends. Peter became so curious when I arrived home laden with bundles, that hiding them from him was quite a problem. After he was tucked in bed, I gave Martin a "sneak preview" of my booty and he was surprised that such beautiful gifts could be purchased for so little.

I know your friends will be as excited as mine if they should discover one of these charming gifts under their Christmas tree. Just order directly from the store mentioned below each picture—Merry Christmas and happy shopping!

Arlene Francis appears each Sunday night on "What's My Line?" over CBS-TV.

RING HIM NOW FOR CHRISTMAS with the wide sterling silver friendship ring and he'll reciprocate with its stunning, narrow matching twin... or surprise him and buy both, each with your own individual initials. In beautiful sterling silver, chased to give a smart link effect. Tiny price includes 3 initials, tax. His ring $3.30, Yours $2.50. Send ring sizes, initials. Hyde's, Inc., Dept. MS-12, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing 43, N.Y.C.

CAPTIVATING CHRISTMAS BALL EARRINGS. You'll be gayer than the tree itself on Christmas morn, all fanned up in these adorable danglers. These ball earrings are miniature copies of actual traditional tree decorations. They're festive and completely fascinating. Choose from four dazzling colors to go with your party pretties—gold, green, aqua, red. Order a pair in each wild shade, $1.00 pair. World Ideas, Dept. H-1 21-20 33rd Ave., Long Island City 6, N.Y.

NEW COCKTAIL RING... PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! This triple treat is the most versatile sparkle around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. $3.95 (tax included), Sanlys, Dept. MS-12, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

RING RINGS! PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! NEW COCKTAIL RING... PRESTO, IT'S 3 RINGS! This triple treat is the most versatile sparkle around town. Closed it's a smart, cocktail ring, detach the simple clasp and you have three fine bands that can be worn as guard rings or singly. Center band has finely cut simulated rubies, sapphires, diamonds or emeralds mounted in sterling. The two guard rings set with simulated diamonds. $3.95 (tax included), Sanlys, Dept. MS-12, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

HOOPS ARE THE RAGE THIS YEAR and here is an unusual ensemble of bracelet and earrings. The very latest in costume jewelry from Fifth Avenue. Available in either silver, rhodium finish or gold plate.

The bracele is of graduated hoops, $3.60 postpaid—large earrings, $2.50 postpaid—small earrings, $2.00 postpaid, matching necklace $7.30; all prices including tax. Order directly from Sanlys, MS-12, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

FOR ALL ABSENT-MINDED MEN (and aren't they all) I think this dapper dachshund is a natural. Made for over-night parking (or even dead storage) my pet Roter 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. $2.75. Max Schieng Seedsmen, Inc., 620 Madison Avenue, New York 22.
I've gone out with a lot of men who aren't actors, but among the ones you'd know are Roddy McDowall, Tony Curtis, Vic Damone, Nicky Hilton, Ronnie Reagan, Dick Long, Scott Brady, Dick Anderson, an actor at MOM, and Jerry Paris, New York actor. There's been Dick Contino and Jerome Courtland and Rock Hudson and Leonard Goldstein, the producer. The Army teased me about describing photographs and also Dick Contino and Vic Damone, who's just recently been released. Marriage took Jerome Courtland, Tony Curtis, and Ronnie Reagan. Dick and Rock have a forty-two-year friendship, and fun to be with, but my dates with them have been mostly on suggestion from the publicity department, at premières and so forth. They're fine people, and there's been no thought of romance.

I still date Dick Anderson and Leonard Goldstein, and since the latter left Universal—over a year ago, I find it less easy about dating him because it used to be that every time I got a good role people thought it was because of his influence at the studio, and now, he's only made a few pictures, and my reputation is no longer suspect.

Some actors have a habit of talking shop from the time they call for a girl until they deliver her on her doorstep, and while they're out of the industry and its careers, I'd like a change of subject once in a while. Then there's Bill Thomas, a designer at the studio, and while he also sale from his brand of shop talk, which is clothes, I can't help but get the feeling that he's sizing up and criticizing my clothes.

I was a little taken aback the first time I size him him up almost unconsciously as potential husband material. I think it's just instinct in every girl, and any female instinct, I suppose, is a first-rate funeral. Anyway I start summoning them up, and then invariably there comes a hitch.

I recently met a man who was most attractive, and very forceful personality and right away I thought, "Here's somebody who's a real man and not a mouse!" Well, I went out with him about three times, and each time until the last. I felt the need of definite statements and then pounding on the table to emphasize the point that he was right, even if he was trying to prove that grass was greener somewhere else. I'd say, "I think this is the way it should be, and therefore this is the way it is."

Then I know a man who's the home-loving type. He's a kind of man, including my mother, who is always charmed by any man who tends to stay by the hearth. She's entitled to her own opinion, but if I ever marry this man, he would be choosing the wallpaper and arranging the furniture without even consulting me. And when I get married I hope to think he'll be able to arrange the flowers and buy the face towels without any coaching.

Three years ago I went out with a man who was a film editor in very way. But he used to add up 74 every dinner bill presented to him and usually argued with the waiter. He would figure the tip percentage down to the nickel, and once he gave the boy at the Mocambo parking lot a dollar, and when he found that he have been forgivable there he on his financial voters, but he was far from it. Now I don't approve of throwing money around carelessly, but he was dismissed by unimportant stiffness.

Not too long ago I was asked for a date by a man who had received a great deal of publicity around town. Through the window of his car he had certain of his faults, but then he had his reputed good points, too, so I went out with him. It was the dulls evening I have ever spent. He said two things to me: (a) how much money he had and (b) the kind of drinks he liked. The rest of the chattering was devoted to a strange brand of small talk which was even less than unimportant. We were with a group of his friends, and when I turned to them for something interesting it developed that they talked like him. They all went on in one way or another, they just uttered strange and senseless noises, that's all.

Nothing made any sense, and although much of it might have had to do with their own mental health, but it seemed to me that they don't had on the other side of a six-foot wall. I didn't know whether to call it up to rudeness or stupidity or both, but needless to say I didn't go out with him again.

SOMETIMES girls dream they'll jump into Mr. Right. When a man, and not just a man, starts talking about a blind date will develop into the big romance. Me, I'd rather know who I'm going out with before I accept an invitation. A girl in movies gets a lot of nonsense about men, that she has never met. They see her on the screen, and if they happen to know someone who knows her personally they get her address or phone number. They live in Abercorn, Alaska. Sometimes it's embarrassing to turn them down, particularly when many friends are involved, but if a girl doesn't accept the way of you find the type Wolf. For months I received long-distance phone calls from a man, then he came to Hollywood on business and phoned again, told him I was married. But then when he learned I was scheduled to appear in his city during a tour, he grew even more persistent. To put an end to it, I made a statement: "I'm a very busy man, I told him, and could almost hear him drooling over the phone. When he arrived in the lobby I was waiting for him, surrounded by a beady-eyed mob who proceeded to spend the evening with us. His perpetual expression was of a man who had just been stabbed.

I was giving an advertisement by a garter company which claimed that a woman wouldn't marry a man whose socks wrinkled around his ankles. Only an infanly objection, but then a man who isn't well groomed in one respect is apt to be sloppy in others as well. I notice immediately whether a man is neat or not by his suit and his shirt clean. I don't mean to be fussy about details, but if I figure if I spend a good hour grooming myself for him, he can do the same for me. I guess I'm imperfect, and I'm certainly incomprehensible when it comes to things I like about a man. I do a complete switch when it comes to him on time myself. I appreciate that a man on time for an appointment is showing consideration for the other fellow, but my definition of perfect is being on time myself. I suppose my obsession is a hangover from one man I used to date who was as correct as a Swiss-made watch. If he was to call for me at seven, the doorbell used to ring just as the radio announcer was reading the time, and when that point was reached that I was usually bare of the tub. That's why I liked dating in Mexico. They get so sunstruck down there that life moves slower, and I'm not one of those who's life I've been ready for an escort, who invariably arrived at least an hour late. I like men who are honest, even honest to get another man tell me my new hat is a horror, if he thinks so, than lie to be polite about it. Several times I've dated a Hollywood actor who's a very amusing guy, but—he's right on time with his opinions and sometimes offends people because of his frankness. I've never been offended, simply because I like his sincerity.

Sense of humor is one of the first things I notice about a man, and it has to be pretty weird to match my own. I suppose I wouldn't admit it, but I'm always the first to laugh when somebody falls down. It's a corny kind of humor but I can't help it, and unless people hurt themselves, I'm likely to go into hysterics. I like men who make jokes, and I remember one swain who went down a few notches in my estimation when I found that he couldn't. He had brought home after a long evening was, to come straight to, and I told him, and I didn't think it was at all amusing.

Another thing that impresses me is a degree of the way a man reacts to animals. I don't expect him to get down on the floor and have a wrestling match with my dogs, but I do like to see him show some attention. It was last time I went out with one man—we spent about 15 minutes in the living room before we left the house, and although my dogs were sitting on his lap, he didn't show any polite for attention, he didn't so much as look at them. Manners make a big difference, too. Of course, it's okay sometimes when a date would often sit outside the house and honk the horn when he arived. (I just let him sit there and honk him until he finally gave up and went home.) I go out with older men now, men who are established in life and mannerly as a matter of course. I don't mind somebody using the wrong fork, I probably do that myself sometimes, but I do dislike rudeness to others.

IN MY early teen years I used to "indulge" the married life of a novel book, and it's fun to look through it now and see why I liked a boy or why I disliked him. It's surprising, too, how closely I still hew to the same ideas and ideals. I'm always aware of what I like and want. I remember the first boy who asked if he could kiss me. I was in junior high school, and I was so embarrassed I finally managed to say I thought we were both too young, an astute observation if ever there was one. These days I'm a lot more sure of myself. With the difficult situations and sure of what I want in a husband. Maybe I'm asking for the perfect man, and maybe I'll end up with somebody who's very good, like Paul Bunyan, and never smiles.

But then I'm a woman and have my prerogative and I can change my mind about these ideas, and think he's the perfect man.

(Piper Laurie will soon be seen in Universal-International's Mississippi Gambler.)
a report on Lana and love

(Continued from page 30) making of plans and promises. In her room across the lake there was a newspaper. And in the paper there was a story with a Las Vegas, Nevada, dateline which said that Mrs. Fernando Lamas had been granted a divorce from her actor husband, and that Lamas was now free to marry the girl of his choice, Lana Turner, the MGM movie star. Lana sat in the boat and thought about it. All she had to do was row to the shore, walk into a Nevada court, ask for a divorce from her husband, Bob Topping, and then find a justice of the peace and say "I do" with Lamas, the man she was admittedly in love with. That would be the end of a story that had been in the papers a long time, ever since she had started making a film called The Merry Widow with Lamas more than a year before.

That was all it would take—but it was a bigger step than the world knew. And Lana had to think about it—all alone. Away from all disturbances and influences, Lana Turner was making up her mind—and they say she made up her mind to be smart this time. She was in love, but she was going to be smart.

In general appearance Lana Turner is not much different than she was 15 years ago when she made her first movie at Warner Brothers. Her figure, with the help of a little dieting in the past few years, is still as curvy and exciting as it was then. Her face is still the tantalizing thing it used to be, with large dark eyes and a sultry expression, a full mouth and that overall appearance of a pout. In personality she is more reserved, not nearly as vivacious, but she laughs like she used to and cries when she is unhappy. Only in her mind is she really different. A lot has happened. Lana has learned that happiness and success do not walk hand in hand and that love, true love, doesn't always come to a girl just because she is the toast of the most fabulous town in the world.

Lana learned about men—and love—the Hollywood high-pressure way. Rather reserved, she was not the busiest girl at Hollywood high school in the evenings. As a classmate of hers put it: "She was so doggone beautiful that none of the fellows dared ask her for a date. She had that cool attitude even then—and the guys didn't know how to cope with her." Even though one or two lads got close enough to discover there was warmth beneath the chill, Lana never had the warm, hand-holding awakening to romance that is every teen-ager's birthright. Instead she was plucked from a soda fountain stool, poured into a sweater, and projected life-size on a Hollywood screen.

Every man who watched that screen edged forward in his seat. From the back row came a resounding "WOW!" In a couple of hours the word had spread that the sexiest blonde in town was toiling at Warners—and the chase was on. And these hounds could cope . . . reserve or no reserve.

Any of the fellows who took her out in those early days will tell you that Lana was naive. She dated indiscriminately. She wasn't interested in the men, but in the places they took her and the times she was having. So she went out with anyone who promised something exciting and different in the way of entertainment. She was to be seen almost nightly at the Tropicana and the other fashionable night spots. One night it would be with a lad who could hardly dig up the price of the evening—and the next it might be a chap old enough to be her father. Lana was a gay one but certainly not romantic.

ARTIE SHAW was undoubtedly the first real love she ever had. Shaw was, at that time, the king of hot music. He was handsome and easy to be with. He was very literate. At any rate, a date with the clarinet player was filled with the promise of romance and intelligence—and Lana was no different from any other young girl of her age, she wanted Shaw, too. If you ask her today why she married him she will have difficulty explaining it to you, but at the time it seemed to be the thing she wanted most. She eloped on the spur of the moment and when the world woke up to its morning papers, Lana Turner was all over the front pages as the gal who got Shaw.

The marriage didn't last long. When it broke up as casually as it started, Lana Turner vowed she would never marry again; have more sense if she ever did; and stated that she had learned a lesson about love. Perhaps she thought she had.

As a grass widow Lana Turner lived her role to the hilt. She developed an expression of a mixture of complete concentration and adoration—and she seemed to turn it on every man she met. Her suitors flocked around by the score. There were tall ones, short ones, fat ones and old ones and they changed with the regularity of nightfall. It appeared that Lana was really earnest about staying away from love—except for casual explorations.

The newspapers, though, didn't believe her. Seldom a week passed by that her name wasn't linked romantically with one of the eligibles of the movies in the columns. Victor Mature was head man for awhile. This began at first as a publicity romance. Vic was coming ahead fast in the pictures and Lana was in the midst of

I love beauty...

I live in Seamprufe

I simply adore Seamprufe's wondrous fit and flattery... every exciting fashion so softly feminine, beautifully made and carefully detailed... everything luxurious, except the price!

SLIPS • GOWNS • PETTICOATS • PANTIES • STOCKINGS
Seamprufe, Inc. • 412 Fifth Avenue • New York, N.Y.
a big sex build-up by MGM. Soon, though, Lana became more than a prop in the affair. She took a sincere liking to Tyr and then, when the war was over, one night, after a particularly bitter quarrel, she took off for San Francisco. Next morning Mature read headlines in the papers that stated: "Lana Turner To Marry Tony Martin."

Although this marriage never came off, Tony Martin was also one of Lana's sincere loves. She was completely taken in by his charm, his black velvet suit, his beard, his beauty and the way he crooned a love song. It is said that she was more jealous of Tony Martin than any man she ever loved. And she certainly made his good right, and every opportunity.

Steve Crane, a Hollywood restaurant owner and erstwhile actor, was Lana Turner's second husband. She showed up in Hollywood one day and they gave her a beautiful house and were always in public. People began to notice that Lana appeared restless. Steve was taken into the army shortly afterwards and absence didn't make Lana's heart grow fonder. At one point Steve, who had lived on Hollywood Boulevard with her, went off to war and Lana became his second divorce.

Unlike the more mature Artie Shaw, Steve Crane took the separation from his wife badly. He had no interest in trying to reconcile himself to Steve, at least not in the way that Lana had handled the affair. He was of the impression that when he came home he had better invest his time in keeping his end up. Therefore, Lana moved out to her own home. In a way, Steve was the kind of man that Lana seemed to want to marry: handsome. She had been waiting for him for a long time and they were married the same day.

Lana's third husband, came into the picture at that time. Topping is famous for being a playboy. However his vast interests kept him busy away from Lana. He tried his hand at different kind of a man as far as Lana Turner was concerned. She was terribly interested. Bob's courtship was along eastern lines. He had no glamour of property settlement with Topping. It seems he is bargaining to trade the jewelry he gave his wife (heirlooms, they say) for the title to the home they lived in. In the meantime Lana has been sitting on a divorce application at Lake Tahoe. She has been there long enough. Now all it will take is a few minutes before a judge to get her freedom back.

In the period, Lana has been trying to find Bob Topping, hoping to serve him with a summons that will bring him under the jurisdiction of the Nevada courts. It is said that after 15 years in the movies she is practically broke—and that all she wants from her former husband is the money she paid to maintain his home. Whatever it may be, does not make him available to her lawyers, or sign a settlement that is approved by the Nevada courts, Lana will have to walk away from a roof that she can call her own. That is the reason for the delay.

Fernando Lamas is unlike any man that Lana Turner has ever been in love with before. He is violently Latin. He is more handsome than any of her men—and is, like most Latins, much more attentive than any of the others. However, since she had been living with a man is not quite on a par with a man in marriage, there is some speculation that he might revert to his native type once the knot is tied. The reasons are the things that Lana Turner has to think about.

At 32, Lana is a changed woman. She is much more proper than she used to be and seems to have taken the life to her. In the past she has been the constant companion of Lamas for nearly a year, they have not been seen in public more than a dozen times. And never in the same place. It seems true that this time Lana really intends to live a sedate life, with home and fire and slippers after a day's work. She hasn't lost all of her naiveté. She says she is just as much fun as ever on the set, but not as zany.

Lana is a mature man, too. He is not much older than Lana but he has an adult approach to life's problems and is not a playboy or a free spender. Although he has been married, he has not been married under the marriage law. When he met Lana he had not shown any interest in the Hollywood girls. So fidelity can be chalked up to his credit. He is anxious, they say, to marry the girl he is still anxious about. No wonder he keeps away from the temptations that make Hollywood marriages such hazardous enterprises.

Lana Turner has thought of so many of these things that she is putting away for being sure. Browned and healthy from weeks in the open, she has a clear mind and a hopeful heart. She's had time to go over the mistakes she has made and to look successfully into the reasons why it didn't work with Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Bob Topping and why it hadn't come up marriage with Greg Bautzer, Vic Mature, Robert Hutton or the other men she had been in love with.

Yes, it was a day for thinking and meditation on life and love. No longer in that carefree mood that had slapped the top of the water as they bounced to the rhythm of the chop on the lake. The sun was bright and the wind fresh and the chill in the air so satisfying.

When Lana Turner reached for the oars and pointed her boat toward the shore and the cabin in the trees, she had it all figured out. Nothing was going to make it this time. She was too old for it. She'd let experience make her an expert at keeping a man happy—and at being happy herself.
the quiet man

(Continued from page 35) or ten people we really love to be with.

"You like people, Bill," Brenda said. "I'm not talking about the people I work with. I'm talking about our social life. Isn't it true that it's better to confine ourselves to the people we really love, to know them better, than to dissipate all this time on parties?"

So the parties—the big, lavish, meaningless parties—are out so far as the Holdens are concerned. And it's been a tough fight. Because in turning down invitations one is apt to hear, "Who does Bill Holden think he is?" Or, "Why, I remember him when he came back from the Army without a dime." Or, "I guess his success has gone to his head."

Well, who does Bill Holden think he is? Let's find out. Let's examine your "dreamboat" and discover what makes him tick. Bill Holden is a most complicated young man. There were no show people in the Beedle family (William Beedle is his real name). There was not even a maiden aunt who longed to go on the stage. Bill's father was a chemist with a business of his own and he wanted Bill, the oldest son, to go into partnership with him. But Bill knew from the time he knew anything that he had to be an actor. "I felt by being an actor I could express myself better than in any other way. I like to see people amused and entertained and educated. I have a great yen for self-expression. Who knows why it was acting that seemed most right for me. Something in my childhood? Maybe. I don't know what it could have been. Why acting rather than writing or painting? All I know is that this is what I wanted. This, it seemed to me, was the only thing that could satisfy me."

He began to act at the Pasadena Community Theater when he was 19 and he never thought about the money such a career might bring nor the personal glory. He has never made a splash, hired a personal press agent, anything like that.

He had the burning drive for acting, the aspiration. So it was surprising that when he married Brenda Marshall, a very good actress, he could counterbalance her retirement. The only thing you could suppose was that Brenda—or Ardis, which is her real name, and that's what Bill calls her—did not have the big drive.

"But that's not true," Bill says. "Why, just think of her. A kid from Texas who wanted to be an actress so much that she went to New York, lived in those wretched brownstone flats on 21 dollars a week, when she could make 21 dollars a week, studied like a fiend with that great teacher Ouspenskaya. Oh yes, here was a girl with the burn for acting. I think what happened was that she simply found something that was more important to her—our home and the kids."

Being married to Bill Holden is not the easiest job there is. He is extremely high-strung. Small things annoy him. Stupidities annoy him. If the soup comes on the label luke-warm, he's apt to blow up. (He doesn't like anything lukewarm.) But Brenda understands him and he understands her. He knows, for example, when she gets the itch for acting. Despite the fact that she struggle along with his belief that, "if you aren't with your children during the formative years, you suffer an emotional loss," she becomes restless every now and again and wants to stand in front of that camera.

In 1947, when Bill was making a movie at Columbia, Brenda played opposite Alan Ladd in Whispering Smith. The picture was filmed at Paramount, Bill's home lot, and Brenda used his comfortable dressing room. It seemed like a very good arrangement. But when the picture was finished Brenda said, "Never again. I didn't realize how much I missed the kids."

But in 1949 she got the itch again and made a film with George Montgomery and once more she said, "Never again." During the past year she has done several radio shows with Bill.

There is no friction between these two because of Brenda's giving up her career. When they were in Europe recently it made them both laugh when people would crowd around calling, "Bren-da Mar-shall, Bren-da Mar-shall." They knew her much better than William Hol-den. To the European, Bill was an upstart newcomer in films and Brenda, whose pictures they were still seeing, was an established star.

Bill's biggest dream is "to make a picture with Ardis. "I think," he says, "we would work well together." Brenda would like this too. Although the marriage is a solid one, their working on the screen together would give them both a kind of security. And security is vitally important to Bill Holden.

His earliest memory is of the peaceful security of his home. The Beedle family lived in a small town in Illinois. At the back of the comfortable house there was a farmyard. This was not "the farm," which was out of town. This was merely a place where there were chickens and a couple of cows and a little white dog. Bill remembers being put out in this yard to take a sun bath, and watching the chickens and the cows and the dog. That's all. It merely shows that his first memory was a happy one.

But he knew insecurity a little while later and this was the most impressive mo-

Amazing Clay Pack Treatment Helps Preserve Skin Beauty!

Famous Beauties Stay Lovelier For Years This Way

Great beauty then, great beauty now! And Hopper White Clay Pack is the wonderful treatment she uses to help her skin stay clear, supple and youthful-looking.

Faithful use of White Clay Pack can help you through the years with thrilling success. You'll see why the first time you use it. Pat on this pleasant cream—leave it on ten minutes. You actually feel its firming, tightening astringent action. Then rinse off with cold water.

White Clay Pack leaves your skin amazingly refreshed, noticeably smoother and firmer. It clears pore openings, loosens even stubborn blackheads, and removes excess oils to take away that "shine." Yes—

You'll Look More Beautiful Tonight—
And Ten Years From Tonight!

HOPPER
White Clay Pack

0.60 and 1.00 plus tax
travel size also available
ment of Bill's impressionable childhood.

Bill's father went to California and was out there for a year. Although Bill's mother did not tell the boy why the father had gone, he was sensitive enough to know that something was wrong. All the other kids had fathers in the house. And now for a year there was just the mother, Bill and the baby. Bill now knows that his father was away for financial reasons.

Although he was only four years old at the time, he can still recall the emotion he felt there in the Los Angeles railroad station when he saw his father again and knew that the family was to be a family once more. The mother, the father, the boy, the baby. It was the happiest moment of his life when the father opened the door of the home he had made for them in California.

Since his earliest memory is of a pleasant barnyard and his most impressive memory has a happy rather than a frustrating ending you might assume that this is a completely calm, completely controlled young man, but none of the outstanding characteristics is his quick and violent temper which lashes out at human frailties. He has no time for a person who makes the same mistake twice. But there is one thing about Billy's temper. You always know exactly where you stand with him. He is not expert at concealing his emotions. If he thinks you're wrong, you'll know it right away. By the same token if you please him, he is quick to show his appreciation.

Most people have been disillusioned.

Especially actors who run into their share of fair-weather friends, people who pretend to be charming and pull the dirty deal. But this is how Bill Holden feels. "I am too much of a cynic basically to be disillusioned. Not because of any lack of faith in people or situations. A cynic can never be disillusioned because he does not expect perfection. It can anger him when he does not find it, but it can't disillusion him. You see, I fail somewhere between the optimist and the pessimist. I have always tried to see both the good and the bad points of every situation. I think I am more down to earth than either the optimist or the pessimist because I look both ways."

If you ask his friends who Bill Holden thinks he is, you'll hear one thing again and again. "Bill is a hypochondriac. He's always imagining that he's sick." And, "Bill is the worry-wart of all time. Golly, that boy just makes up things to worry about."

So you ask Bill about this. Is he or isn't he? And this is the answer you'll get.

"Perhaps I am a worrier," he'll say, "but how do you define the word and the degree so that you can say, 'This person is a worrier' or 'This person is not a worrier'? We'd all be fools if we didn't worry some. I've always believed that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that vitamind that was first put in the Frisco in commercial form I took them. They made me feel good. I don't think this makes me a notorious pill-swallow, and I don't know whose business it is if I want to take vitamins. I'm not a hypochondriac and I've never had anything the matter with me."

Ask him what he fears and you will hear him don't do it to himself and his regrets? For he is human enough to have a profound and passionate regret.

He lost his brother in World War II. That was the baby who was a part of the family. Of the only holding that he had the boy failed. The boy wanted a picture of Ardis and Bill and the kids, and Bill, who did not know he was going overseas so soon, neglected to send it to him. "Did I fail him?" Bill asked. "I didn't fail him. I failed myself."

There was the time they could have met Texas. Both boys were in the service. Both boys had leaves. Bill could have met his brother whom he had not seen for quite awhile. Instead Bill spent his leave doing a radio show to promote the sale of war bonds. "But," Bill says, "you cannot live your life with these regrets. It is selfish. If my brother had lived, it would not have occurred to me that I had failed him by not seeing the last days that he had left. I have learned to live with the regret at least. I would not change it."

For Bill Holden has a profound dedication to life. He wants to know him very well and learns it from life, because, as he says, it sounds so corny. But if you really want to know who Bill Holden thinks he is you have to know his secret wish. It is simply this: He wants everything to be better. "And if that's corny make the most of it," he says. "Personally I think wanting everything—and it's everything, mind you—to be better is the divine way."

Bill went on. "I like to see people enjoy themselves—and I don't necessarily mean in night clubs and other so-called places of recreation. I mean like the people participating in a project—making a movie, for example, the crew working together as a unit, the cast and the director seeing eye to eye, enjoying the work. Or people together in a community project or together in family life. That's how I think people really enjoy themselves."

Beside this, Bill has two ways of enjoying himself. He has recently put into a swimming pool at his and Brenda's home and it thrills him to "see the kids develop, watch the little bodies grow stronger day by day, then to turn out to be real good swimmers." And then there is the pleasure he knows during "time spent in good conversation with good friends."

Although Bill Holden is a young man, he is intellectually and emotionally an adult. He grew up when he got out...
of service. Then he found himself, as he says, "artistically and financially bankrupt." He was an actor without a job. He was a husband and the father of three children without money. In any man's language this is a situation, but Bill knew what he must do.

He had to grow up and grow up fast. Was he to get a job, any job to make some money to support his family? What could he do? Except for one summer when he was going to school and had worked at his father's chemical plant he had never done anything but act. How was he equipped to earn a living? Yet he was "artistically and financially bankrupt." He put art first. He knew he had to put his artistic house in order or he would be unable to survive.

He saw that there was a kind of renaissance in the art world. Everything was more factual. Films were nodding to the documentary. Television was able to report an event while it occurred. Bill knew he must ride with the change in his world. What he had known about acting before he went into Service was now old-fashioned. So he studied to change his entire approach to his job. And by bettering himself artistically "the financial thing," as he says, "took care of itself."

He did not fly off in all directions. He knew he was an actor. To make himself a better actor would, he felt, assure financial success. At least he knew that he had to give it a go thoughtfully and soberly. But he says, "Nobody does a job with bootstraps along. You need help along the way. I got that help. Willy Wilder, that fine director, asked for me in his pictures and contributed immeasurably to what success I have. Others helped too. For no man is an island and without the sincere help of others there can be no real success." Bill loves people. He likes to work with people as part of a unit. He is not a rugged individualist.

But the funny thing about Bill is that for all his lofty feeling for art the thing that makes him really laugh is slapstick comedy. He roars at The Three Stooges and the beatings they take. And Martin and Lewis. Wow! Once, shortly after he got out of the Army when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, he went into a variety show in downtown Los Angeles. A couple of knockabout comics were on the stage. Bill laughed so much that an usher tapped him on the shoulder and asked him to pipe down. Others in the audience couldn't hear what was being said on the stage. He came out of the theatre happy and refreshed.

Although Bill knows and understands classical music, he is crazy about New Orleans jazz. He has a huge record collection of this type of music, and when he was in New Orleans not too long ago he bought himself some bones. Brenda says one of the funniest sights of all time was Bill learning to rattle those bones. He would get off in a corner of the house and, his brow furrowed, concentrate on the bones as if he were studying nothing less than the Einstein theory.

He rattles the bones very well indeed because he has perfect rhythm. Just watch him move and you realize his sense of rhythm.

But Bill does not impose his talent for bone playing on his friends. He is no exhibitionist. When he comes into a room full of people he has no desire to be a "character." If, however, he likes the people in the room and the feeling is warm and friendly and he remembers a story he thinks will amuse, he can be the funniest guy in the world. He tells a story very well and can set his friends off into howls of laughter when he feels like it.
cowpuncher's castle

(Continued from page 46) decided upon is early California in style—thick adobe brick walls, exposed beams, great stone fireplaces, wide balconies, and red-tile roofs. From the terrace you can see, to take a good many liberties with the traditional California-Spanish design, because for one thing Gene insists upon rooms that are square. If you are a native of the northeastern United States you can imagine a house designed with interior garden rooms, an entrance hall, and a staircase landing for a grand entrance, but Gene would be appalled at the thought. He says, “It was one of the best days of my life,” and he has learned that you cannot miss a day of life because life is something to explore, to search out, to experience and to know thoroughly. And who knows? It may be that some day, after he has spent a lifetime in the company of his Western friends, he may decide to build a ranch in the mountains of California.

There are no actrizh trappings about Bill. It took him forever to make up his mind to build a ranch. He bought the car and a good motor but it seemed so ostentatious. It’s not that he cares what people think of him, but he cares what he thinks of himself. For there is absolutely and positively nothing phony about him. The way he has managed to become a real father to his stepdaughter, Virginia, brings a lump to the throat. Since he feels that the girl needs strong and wise guidance, he has given the child to his ex-wife. He is a good father, a busy father but a good friendly parent.

Not so long ago Virginia wanted to do something that Bill felt she would regret later. She came to him, and his answer was, “Be reasonable, my child. Not many years ago we made up our minds not to make the minors make any financial decisions. So much money is involved in the world today.”

In selecting color schemes for the house, Mrs. Autry had the help of an experienced decorator, Mrs. Everett Sebring. She confided to Sebring that she wasn’t at all timid or conservative about colors. “I want plenty of yellows and reds and greens,” she said, “but I want them balanced sympathetically, then made the sound suggestion that she choose her color tones from the surrounding foliage. She agreed. The yellow in the kitchen and dining room is the faded, mustard yellow of Asclepias blossoms. The greens are grey-greens identical with the color of the dusty leaves on the liveoaks; and the reds are strong and as bright as a geranium. The reds, greens and yellows of this combination made up the color scheme for the ranch house.

Once a color was established in a room, that same shade was repeated in other places throughout the house. In the way of art, one color spot to another, and there is a flowing color continuity. Ina Autry also explained to her decorator that the house furniture was not to be choice. Her furniture was comfortable furniture-makers in California to design some simple but distinguished furniture for them.

The Autrys’ bed, their dining room set, their heavy oak pieces in the library and bar—all these are custom built and cost a pretty penny. Gene is extremely proud of his wife’s worktable, and while he does, even in his own home, this is especially difficult since the Autry house boasts one of the best-equipped kitchens in California. There’s a service porch with a Spanish tile sink especially constructed for setting up flower arrangements. There’s a pantry complete with an extra refrigerator, shelves well stocked with party-size copper chafing dishes, coffee urns which hold two gallons and more, and loads of barbecue equipment. The kitchen proper consists of a large stainless-steel stove, one electric, yards of counter-work space, and an island of free-standing sink which allows two cooks to work simultaneously in one kitchen or one cook to do two simultaneous tasks.

When Gene is at home which isn’t often he likes best to have 20 or 30 friends in for a barbecue supper. At these parties he shows off his New York cut of beef which weighs between eight and ten pounds. Along with the meat go corn pudding, potatoes au grain, green beans and cheddar, a salad mold, and ice cream. And everyone is expected to have seconds.

At one such party recently, an old friend of Gene’s, who remembered him as “the original cotton-chopping farm boy” and later as a freight handler on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad in Oklahoma, saw to Mrs. Autry. “How’s the family, Autry?” he asked. “Well,” she replied, “we haven’t got a job as a cowhand. How come after all these years, he winds up with a beautiful home like this and all the money he needs to look after his wife and her husband. She saw an actor-singer-composer—rodeo-star—and-business tycoon, whose yearly calendar calls for six full-length radio shows, 20 TV films, weekly a radio show, composing 15 songs, recording another two dozen for Columbia Records, three nation-wide personal appearances tours and personal appearances to such places as the Hollywood Bowl. She counted up his purely tangible assets which include a chain of Texas movie theatres, a flying school, three western radio stations, ranches, and more than one million publishing houses. She remembered him as she’d met the shy young man in 1932. She mumbled the old cow-hand’s question over for a few seconds.

I’ll tell you,” finally said, “Gene owes his success to his cats. You’ll find that if you’re listed to a record he’s really sleeping for two or three minutes. He even dozes off when the conversation lags or when a telephone rings or when a friend kisses him on the cheek and stays for two or three minutes, he dreams of some money-making idea. That’s how we come own this house.”

The Autrys’ looks at Mrs. Autry with aozical eye. "Don’t rightly know, Ina Mae," he said, "whether I believe you. I been sleepin’ fer wawl nigh onto 60 years, and I ain’t earned a plug nickel yet.”

End.
(Continued from page 12) photographer about it, but explained to your correspondent that the reason she won't let her three-year-old Benjy pose for photos is because she doesn't want him to grow up just being "Olivia DeHavilland's son". Katie Hepburn didn't need any help from another of her clients, Rock Hudson, in Europe. The climax of the party came when John stripped down to his swimming trunks in front of his guests (including Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, Marie Wilson and Bob Fallon, Susan Zanuck and Artie, Jr., G.W. Howard and Katy Jurado, and Donald O'Connor) and jumped into the pool, whereupon Corinne placed a cake that was a replica of the Ile de France on John's hands. He swam from one end of the pool to the other underwater, bringing the "ship" safely to port at Henry's feet. Jan Sterling and Willard Parker got along beautifully while making Rock Grayson's Woman at Paramount, in spite of the fact that Willard's married to Virginia Field, who once was married to Jan's Paul Douglas!

Everyone's been complaining about how FAT Shelley looked in My Man And I. Only consolation is that she looks fat in the picture, which might be her excuse... Aggie Moorehead tinted her hair to match exactly the carrot color of fiancé Bob Geist's crowning glory. Sounds like a new His &- Her fad!... While co-starring with Marilyn Monroe in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Jane Russell expects to enlist Miss M. in her Sunday School classes... Tony Curtis learned how to saw his Janet in half for their roles in Howlin'. He also learned how to wriggle out of a strait-jacket in 22 seconds flat for his part as a magician... A bootleg long-play recording of Judy Garland's 45 minutes onstage at New York's Palace Theater is floating around Hollywood. There must be a joke in this somewhere: Betty Hutton will take a vacation in Ireland after she plays a vaudeville date at the London Palladium. Two of the towns she will visit on the Emerald Isle are called Dippy and Looney!

FUNNIES:
Cathy Crosby, Bob's daughter, asked her daddy to take her to see Rock Hudson. Said Bob, "What part of the country do we visit to dig up THAT species?"... Pinky Lee calls Weepin' Johnnie Ray's fans "sobby"... Simone: "I'm an unorganized as a handful of clothes hangers... Jane Wyman received a letter from a fan in Sing Sing prison: "I loved your performance in The Blue Veil. It's the best thing I've seen in three years, three months and eight days"... When an actor "blows up" on one of his lines in a television movie, the director seldom orders a re-take but for reasons of economy moves in the camera and picks up the line from a new angle. So when Guy Madison fluffs his dialogue on the Wild Bill Hickok set, Andy Devine shouts, "There goes Guy, stumping himself into a closeup again!"

LONG HUNCH DEPT:
It will be many a moon before Alan Ladd recovers the cruel, beastly person who poisoned Alan's favorite dog, Zezebel. Here's what happened: Just before he left for Europe Alan's horse was being haunted by a crackpot fan who wanted one last look at the star before he sailed. Zezebel chased the fan off the grounds. A few days later, after Alan had left, the fan came back and dropped some poisoned meat on the grounds. Alan's prize boxer ate it and died... Incidentally, keep your eye on Carol Lee Ladd and young Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans, whose brother is married to Colleen Townsend. This is the most hush-hush romance of the year, but one of the most serious. Bill rushed all the way back from his African missionary chores to meet Carol Lee before she sailed with Alan and Sue.

MGM's prize bait to lure Deanna Durbin back to Hollywood: the starring role in Kiss Me, Kate... There would never be any dissension in the Donald O'Connor household. Believe me, if somebody would recognize the acting talents of Gwen, his wife, and make her a star too. This is a familiar plaint, isn't it? I think it's called Careeritis... Warners went all-out to get the Topsy And Eva script after Betty Hutton bowed out of her Paramount contract rather than co-star in it with Ginger Rogers. Warner decided they would like the same property, which is the biography of the fabulous blonde Duncan Sisters, for Doris Day and Virginia Mayo.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:
Esther Williams donated a complete king-size swimming pool, specially equipped for training blind children to swim, to the Los Angeles School for Visually Handicapped Children... Dick Contino, with 16 weeks of basic training under his belt, spent 21 days on furlough in Glendale and Hollywood before shipping out... Cary Grant arrived for his first day's work with Deborah Kerr in Dream Wife at MGM nervous and shaking. The usually suave, sophisticated Cary seemed out of character. I asked him what was wrong. He explained he has ALWAYS been that way at the start of every picture! In fact, for this one he couldn't eat his dinner the night before and couldn't sleep a wink all night!... Guess what Joan Crawford, Ruth Hussey and Claire Trevor talked about while dunking their lily-white shapes into the Alisal Ranch swimming pool? Pediatricians, allergies and diets, in that order. Sounds more like the Champaign-Urbana Faculty Wives' Club than Hollywood, doesn't it?... Roy Rogers put up the financing for a religious film being produced by the Reverend Mal Boyd.
what really happened to mario lanza

(Continued from page 29) behavior could be traced to the fact that he and his pregnant wife Betty, had separated. The morning that particular item broke in Los Angeles, Betty was serving Mario his breakfast coffee—Lanza drinks breakfast coffee at noon—in bed.

Still other columnists insisted that Mario had left his wife and children and was living with his parents, Antonio and Maria Coccossa, in the $27,500 house he had bought for them in the Pacific Palisades.

At the time this particular rumor was gaining currency, Mario and Betty Lanza were trying to work out a deal with Nancy Sinatra for the purchase of her large home. The Lanzas detest the French chateau-type house they currently occupy in Beverly Hills—and were anxious to buy the estate which Frank Sinatra in the more halcyon days, had purchased for his Nancy.

Nancy sees no sense in maintaining a large overhead—after all, it is only reason-able to assume that Sinatra’s alimony payments will soon approach the minimum—so Nancy has been trying to sell the large house and move to smaller quarters.

She asked Betty and Mario $175,000 for her home with the furnishings. Certainly Sinatra can do more for the setup, approximately $250,000—and while Mario was willing to close the deal at that price, Betty refused.

"If I’m going to pay $175,000 for a house," she said, "I’d just as soon have one built, and get everything the way I want it."

"But it takes so long to build," Mario insisted. "Why don’t we buy this and get it over with?"

"I’m sorry," Betty said—she’s a very practical girl, Mario’s Betty—"I think it’s too much money—not only the original cost but how about the upkeep? We’ll be supporting gardeners for life."

Mario, who usually has his way about most things, finally agreed that under the circumstances, he and Betty would better off renting a place.

The following day Betty and Lloyd Shearer, a writer friend of the Lanzas, were spotted riding around Beverly Hills, Bel-Air and Brentwood, inspecting various houses for rent.

While this was going on, Mario, who hates house-hunting, was relaxing out at Chatsworth in the San Fernando Valley, at John Carroll’s ranch. Lanza is an inveterate horse-lover and can spend hours each day riding, feeding, and just fooling around with horses.

Mario spoke with Carroll about his suspension by the studio, filling him in on contract details. Carroll advised Mario to return to the MGM fold. Betty then phoned Mario to tell him that Shearer, too, felt strongly that Mario should settle his differences with the studio immediately. Before it was too late.

Mario said he was coming home in a few hours and had definitely made up his mind. He was going to make The Student Prince.

The following afternoon he drove to MGM, called on Eddie Mannix, the general manager, and Dore Schary, vice-president in charge of production—and overnight there was a complete change in the publicity.

Lanza was no longer nuts. Lanza was no longer flying to New York to see Nick Schenec, president of Loew’s. Lanza was no longer leaving his wife. In fact discussions were under way and it looked very much as if Mario and The Student Prince would roll by the end of September. That night the 24-hour detective-watch at Lanza’s home was removed.

Who hired detectives to trail Lanza during his studio dispute, no one is saying—but there undoubtedly was a careful watching of his every move.

Anyway, Mario promised the studio executives that he would return in a week for the final solution of all problems.

What were these problems? In con-trast to Because You’re Mine, his previous film, the story-line and dialogue of which he had vociferously decried, claiming they were juvenile—Mario had praised practically everything about the advance preparation of The Student Prince. He had recorded the musical selections which he himself termed: "Some of the best I’ve ever done."

Of the script, he said, "I love it. I think it’s great." Of Ann Blyth, his leading lady borrowed from Universal at a loan-out price of $50,000, he had said: "Ann is a great trouper. I’m lucky to have her."

What then was wrong?

Lanza will not come right out and say it, and neither will the studio—but it is no secret that Mario and Curtis Bernhardt, the man scheduled to direct The Student Prince, saw eye to eye on practically nothing with regard to the film.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After seeing the world premiere of Two Guys From Texas, I attempted to get two guys’ autographs. I easily got Jack Carson’s, but just as Dennis Morgan put away his fountain pen and began to write, his car started up. "Maybe next time, Texas," he said. To this day I wonder if Dennis Morgan still has his fountain pen.

Sandy Kahn
Denton, Texas

Bernhardt allegedly had certain definite ideas of how and where Mario’s singin’ should fit into the script.

Mario reportedly felt that Bernhardt should be dictating, that he saw some other picture perhaps a drama, that a musical was little beyond his ken, even though Bernhardt was an European of considerable knowledge and musical background, as had directed that famous musical comedy The Merry Widow.

There are some who say that the studio was planning to trade Mario for another production—after all, stars have had directors removed willy-nilly from their pictures for years—in fact, many stars refuse to sign a film unless they have approval of the director they advance—but apparently even the suggested removal of Bernhardt from the production didn’t seem to satisfy Mario.

Anyway, Mario feels that for some strange reason Mario was afraid to go ahead with The Student Prince. Bernhardt was just an excuse.

The story spread that the only anomaly for Mario’s attack of stage fright or carefree or pre-production nervousness was money. He wanted a big fat bonus from his studio, various sources intimating that the tenor from Philadelphia was really broke, having lost half a million in oil and mining speculation.
This happens to be pure baloney. Lanza is not broke. As Sam Weiler, the business manager who broke with him several months ago said on his return to Beverly Hills recently, "Mario has a nice six-figure bank balance. In addition, his recording royalties continue to flow in."

Mario had told the studio executives that he would be back in one week's time to settle all the details and to guarantee unconditionally his good conduct in the future. He was scheduled to show up on a Tuesday.

Came Tuesday and no Lanza. Was he sick? Not so indisposed that he couldn't go out and plunk down $6,000 for a high speed racing car, a violet-colored custom-made Muntz Jet that hits 160 miles per hour on the open road, was off his mind.

Came Wednesday and no Lanza. Was he indisposed? Not so indisposed that he couldn't trade the old family Cadillac for a 1952 model, costing $3,200.

The story is, executives sent messages. Mario still refused to come in and discuss the final details of his reformation.

A high echelon meeting was called, and the entire case was reviewed before the studio decided to file suit against Mario.

It was recalled that after Mario had finished recording the songs for The Student Prince—this was in August—he was both tired and upset—tired of working long and arduous hours, and upset because his friendship with Sam Weiler, his patron and business manager, had come to an end.

In fact, Mama and Papa Coccoza, who have been accused of spoiling Mario in his youth, called upon Don Schary. "Mr. Schary," said Papa Coccoza, "you have been very kind to Mario, and we're grateful, but the boy is very tired. He needs a few days' rest before the picture starts. Is this possible for you to arrange?"

Schary, who is basically a kind and generous man, flushed one of his toothy grins at Mama and Papa Coccoza. "Of course, it's possible," he said. "How much time does he need?"

"One week would be perfect," said Papa Coccoza.

Schary got up. "I'll tell you what," he said to Mario's parents. "You tell Mario I want him to take two weeks. How's that?"

Mama and Papa were overjoyed. They thanked Schary profusely. What an understanding man. What a wonderful executive! They raced to Mario's house and told him the good news. Mr. Schary was giving him two weeks off—he should rest, take it easy, start the picture relaxed and refreshed. Mario was beaming and happy. When he's happy he eats.

The two weeks passed. Mario was notified that The Student Prince would roll on August 23rd. Mario refused to appear. The studio threatened to ban him from his radio show since they controlled his radio rights. Mario showed up at the wardrobe department on a Thursday. His broadcast went on the air Friday. It was his last broadcast. The studio put its corporate foot down, Mario became $5,200 poorer each Friday. That's how much his radio program brought in.

Two weeks passed—two weeks in which the studio announced the possible cancellation of the film; the gossipmongers insisted Lanza was off his rocker, fighting with his wife, living in New York, living with his parents, eloping with a new girl, and all sorts of ridiculous and incredible stories. These bad guesses faded into nothingness when Mario and the studio agreed to kiss and make up by way of talking about the possibility of getting a new director and amending...
certain clauses in Mario's basic employment contract. If he worked more than the six months it calls for in 1952, the overtime would be deducted in 1953.

But once again the incredible Mario refused to show up at the studio to discuss these problems. Nor would he send word. He just didn't feel like it, didn't feel up to it.

Friends who talked to his parents were told that Mario had suffered from these "bad-boy spells" before, but never had they lasted this long. Mama and Papa Cocozza were genuinely worried. They spoke to their beloved boy. Mario was adamant. He wasn't going into the studio until he felt the time was ripe, and the time wasn't now.

In the meanwhile by the process of osmosis the studio came around to the belief that Mario's behavior was completely unreasonable. It ordered the law firm of Loeb & Loeb to draw up the necessary legal papers. The accounting department would tell the last exactly how much Metro had spent in preparing The Student Prince.

While the legal bagels were getting ready to throw the book at Mario, an announcement wafted over from London that Mario's last film, Because You're Mine, had been chosen for the royal command performance. When Mario heard this he beamed. "It's the most marvelous thing that ever happened to me," he said, whereupon he called up the girls in his office on South Beverly Boulevard and issued an urgent command: Stand by to close the office. Mario was thinking of taking his whole family, his whole office stuff to London for the command performance.

Less than 24 hours later, the owners of MGM, Loew's Inc., filed a $1,955,888 breach of contract against Alfred Arnold Cocozza (Mario's real name) charging him with refusal to sing in The Student Prince, and demanding that the court issue an injunction preventing Mario from performing for any other person or company pending settlement of his contractual difficulties with the studio.

The complaint specifically asked $865,888 in damages, claiming that amount as the cost for the film's preparation and $4,500,000 in general damages for the loss of prospective profits.

At the time Lanza heard the news of this legal suit, he was skipping a fruit punch in the Bel-Air Hotel suite of Freddie Matsuo, one of his Hawaiian friends, who a few years previously had booked the Lanza concerts when Mario sang in Honolulu.

Mario laughed when he heard the news. After all, he pointed out, he was insured for more than $5,000,000. In his mind, however, he debated several possible courses of action to take.

He could move his whole family to England. That would be a little tough, however, because Betty is expecting a third child in December and wants to have it in the U.S.

He could give up making motion pictures which, after all, brings him a good deal less revenue than his concerts and recordings.

He could make peace with the studio and start The Student Prince all over again.

He could fight the studio in a long drawn-out legal battle; maybe win; maybe lose. In any event it was doubtful if any court in the country would issue an injunction to prevent him from making a living.

Or he could go to see a doctor and find out what was really bothering him.

As we go to press, Mario has not as yet made up his mind.

END

happy talk

(Continued from page 55) they will do when they get to Hollywood, Doris and her husband, George Weidler, parked a trailer in a vacant lot in the San Fernando Valley. When they put out feelers for work, they were often told that they need lawyers in their party. So after practicing in the back of a trailer, they finally found a place where they could hang up the white tent and start a law practice.

Doris, of course, had that famous smile and charm. She was so popular with the white shoes was a trademark, and she was able to flash it on no matter what the situation. But if you had known her then, you'd have seen that in repose the smile seldom appeared. And as the weeks went by and no sign of even a night club date appeared, let alone the movies, the smile appeared less and less often.

A few months after she had been in California, a crisis suddenly confronted Doris. Her marriage to George, which was her second try at wedlock, was no go. Nothing went right. George was not staying with her as much as he should have. They were too poor, even for the relatively early budgets they had set up for themselves. So one night Doris walked away from the trailer, and took a small room in a low-priced Hollywood hotel.

The chance had been waiting for peace that evening when a doorbell call came from her agent, a fellow by the name of Al Levy who obviously had a faith in her talent that he shared with no one else. He called her at the hotel when she was at her lowest ebb, almost at the bottom.

"Meet me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning," he said. "We're going out to Warner Brothers Studio today. Doris was facing a mirror as she took the call. She saw reflected a tall, rather plain girl with corn silk hair, a nose too small, and worst of all a face covered with freckles. Eventually she didn't think it was a glamorous picture.

"Warner Brothers?" She said. "What for?"

"We're going to make a test, Dope," said Levy.

"A test?" said Doris. "You sure you've got the right girl?"

"Just be ready," said Levy, and hung up.

The next morning Al Levy swung Doris Day through the front gate of the Warner Brothers Studio and she felt like a fool. She was making a big mistake she thought, walking into an obvious insult. Who would hire a girl like her for the movies?

The test was made by Michael Curtiz, the director who at that time was the toast of the town for his recent picture, Casablanca. He put Doris through her paces. In spite of his consideration and tact she was sure he hated her and was just too polite to offend her. She admitted later that she thought for a time that there was no film in the camera. Why wasn't she soaring for somebody who was quite visually not the type.

Doris left the studio with a sigh of relief and vowed she'd never set foot in another. She tried to get the whole thing out of her mind and went back to the daily grind of trying to line up a deal.


with a band, or get solo singing engagements. She was truly astonished a few days later when Levy telephoned her again and said they were wanted at the studio.

“Horrors,” she thought, “they probably want to make me pay for the money they spent on the test.” Levy took her straight to Curtiz’ office. The director sat behind his desk and looked at her a long time without speaking.

“Have you ever had any dramatic experience?” he asked finally.

“No, sir,” said Doris.

“Hmmm,” said Curtiz. “Very good. Have you ever taken lessons in acting?”

“No, sir,” said Doris.

“Good. Good,” said Curtiz, turning to the agent. “People,” he said, “are going to say that I am crazy, but I will sign this girl to a personal contract and give her the leading role opposite Jack Carson in the picture I am preparing.”

Doris sat ash-en-faced and listened. She was sure she was not hearing right. Then she got up from the chair and walked from the studio in a daze. When she got home, she sat alone in her room for hours, not even answering the phone, trying to figure out what strange trick life was getting ready to play on her now.

Now, this is not a story about how Doris Day became a star in pictures. That has been told many times. But it is proper to repeat that while she was a smash hit from the beginning, and that after awhile Warner Brothers bought her contract from Curtiz for a pretty penny knowing their top star ever since. But all of the time the smile was a prop, the cheery attitude a fake. Doris Day was not really happy deep down in her heart.

If you’ll remember back to those days, you’ll recall that Doris was pretty much a play girl. She spent most of her time with Jack Carson, a fellow who likes nothing better than an evening out in the night clubs and with gay companions. When they weren’t working, they rested up during the day and made the rounds at night. In that they could have been called excessive drinkers or dissipators in any form, but they lived a gay existence.

Although the whole town thought they were in love and would some day marry, they themselves never thought they were even mildly in love.

By the time Doris Day was ready for happiness she had had everything else she wanted. She was a big star, and to the adulation and the big money. She realized confidence that it would go on forever. But inwardly she was filled with doubts. She was like a person attending a costume party in a get-up that she really didn’t belong in. Accepted, but knowing that the whole thing was a gag. When she was alone at night, before she went to sleep, Doris used to ask herself about her blessings and evaluate her shortcomings. It was in those hours that she grew frightened and dreaded the future.

One difficulty facing fiction writers is naming their characters. They can never be certain that someone will not claim that his name has been used for an unpleasant character and threaten a lawsuit. One Hollywood studio soldier solved the problem. Its carpenter, Frank W. Josephson, has, for the last 14 years, rented his name to the company so that should Frank Josephson cannot bring an action. His name appears in screen divorce suits, tagged to dead bodies and unavory characters.

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

---

**CHEW “SPECIAL FORMULA” CHEWING GUM!**

**CHEWING GUM! Reduce To 5 lbs. Week with DOCTOR'S PLAN**

Take pounds and inches off the way doctors recommend — without missing a single meal. Now — at last — a new special idea. With Special Formula you can lose as much weight as you wish — or you DON'T PAY A PENNY! NO STARVATION, NO DRUGS, LAXATIVES OR EXERCISE. The wonderful parts is that it is simple . . . so very easy and safe. With those fancy bulges. Each week you lose pounds safely until you reach your most becoming. Here's the new modern way to reduce . . . to acquire an improved figure and the slimmer, exciting, more graceful silhouette you’ve dreamed about. Simply chew Special Formula Chewing Gum and follow the Doctor's Plan. This tasty wholesome Chewing Gum possesses Sorbitol, is sugar-free, and reduces appetite. Sorbitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Just chew this delicious gum and reduce with the Doctor's Plan. Try it for 10 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. START TODAY.

**FREE!** A full 12-day supply package will be given FREE with any order of 24-day supply for $2.00.

**100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

Let your scale prove you can lose weight and acquire a slimmer attractive figure. A 10-day trial must convince you OR NO COST.

**DOCTOR'S PLAN, Dept. B-811**

P.O. BOX 787, NEWARK 1, N. J.
thought of what tomorrow would bring. The salvation of the old Doris Day, and the birth of the new, came about in a strange way. She hadn't seen her husband for quite a while. They were divorced, held no grudges, but neither did they share confidences. One day he called, and said he had a couple of things they ought to talk over. Doris agreed to meet him.

Doris has said since then that seeing the true nature of the woman in George Weidler's version of the big shocks of her life. George, the fellow who lived for the kicks of today, the lad with the often sad and worried look, the boy with no taste for responsibility and who looked like a stranger. He stood erect and sure of himself. His face was serene and purpose was in his eyes. When he spoke, he didn't need to say much. Just what he meant. And his kindness in dealing with the mutual problem they faced was as surprising as his changed appearance.

Their business concluded, George was about to go, but Doris wouldn't let him. "Something's happened to you," she said. "I don't know what it is, George, but something's happened to you that I wish could happen to me. You're a stronger person than I always thought I was the strong one."

George smiled and sat down again. "Would you like me to tell you about it?" he asked.

"Please tell me," Doris begged. They sat and talked for a long time. George had discovered a religious science—that wasn't altogether a religion or a science, but a way of life. He had found it when he needed it most, and it had made him happy for the first time that he could remember. Doris wanted to know about it and he told her, told her how to approach it, where to read about it and what it would do for her. She walked away from that meeting determined to get off the Hollywood merry-go-round and look for some of the peace she had thought she'd find if she ever got financial security.

A number of things that happened to Doris after that seemed to impel her toward a state of peace. Small things at first, but all part of a pattern that was to change her life completely.

Then she received a blow where it hurt most. She developed a bad throat, and she even doubted for a while whether or not she could make the opening for the picture. She went to a doctor and had an examination. There was nothing very dangerous about her condition, he told her, but she would have to stay off for a while, and come back later on an operation might be required.

In the cold light of day, when Doris left the doctor's office, she took stock of her situation. She was at the peak of her career, and the only one who had ever disagreed with the diagnosis and curtail her work—was the only thing she really loved about her life—she would fight it out within herself. She trembled a little as she lit a cigarette, and picked up the phone with a sudden decision. She had never smoked a cigarette before, and without anyone's having hopped the trouble with her throat, and it has never returned.

The same thing happened with liquor. While she was not a very heavy drinker, Doris Day was like most people in Hollywood, a slave to the cocktail habit. Cocktails before lunch, and a cocktail before dinner. This was a regular requirement late in the afternoon, it was, naturally, for cocktails. As she began to find peace easier through her study of the new way of life she had discovered, Doris came to the conclusion that the cocktail was an enemy of the calm she wanted. She decided to avoid cocktail parties altogether, after looking at what was happening to the rest of the people there, to put down her glass and she has never, to this day, lifted another.

The third thing that happened to Doris Day during her search for peace was a man. She had long before stopped making the gray suits with claws and in. And, to tell the truth, she was lonely. Although she had always dealt exclusively with Al Levy in her agent's office, she had met and knew only the other side of him, and in her office, by the name of Melcher. Melcher was a tall, rather esthetic type of fellow, quiet and not too friendly. One day Levy was away on a trip and he asked Melcher to escort Doris to a radio program she was booked for.

After the show Doris and Marty went out to a restaurant for a bite to eat. They sat and ate their food in contentment, and Doris was quite taken with the quiet manner of the man. And Marty was a bit more cordial than usual. They both wanted to meet a second time, so they did the day after. That was really when they had their first serious conversation. Doris told Marty about the new thing she was finding in life. And he told her that he had been in a very unhappy state because of a separation from his wife and was seeking the same refuge.

It might have been decided that night, that Doris Day and Marty Melcher would be together forever, but, of course, neither of them knew it. They did know, though, that they thought alike and were kindred souls in a strange environment. They met again and again. Soon the gossips were saying they were in love. If they were, they didn't know it, but they did know that they had a common purpose, to achieve the serenity they knew possible in their spiritual life.

A lot of things has happened under the bridge since that day. Now Doris and Marty are married, after one of the most casual courtships known in Hollywood. There was never any of the mad chasing that is so common in Hollywood when a man is after a girl. They just sort of drifted toward one another. They found not only comfort but solace in one another. For Doris needed someone to help them. They were the staunch confidants of practically all the other girls in Hollywood.

Those visitors to the set of that Warner Brothers musical they thought they were seeing a great example of control when they were actually seeing a work—a day experience that had everyone else in the company tearing at their hair. But they really were not. They were just watching as Doris Day, who had found peace, a true, deep, abiding peace.

Doris Day will go longer way than she ever thought she could. You see she knows herself completely, and she knows exactly where she going.

(End)

(Doris Day will soon be seen in Warner Brothers' April in Paris.)
hedda hopper spikes those betty grable rumors

(Continued from page 33) turned down pictures, like practically all our stars do, but had never gone public about it.
Six years ago, I remember, she bowed out of No Wedding Ring without arousing the ire of the studio. However, refusing to do a picture was not enough for Betty that I visited her in her Coldwater Canyon home just to ask what gave with the girl. Betty was anything but uncooperative. Technically she was still on the job. The heartening thing about it was that she decided to wander through the house seeking backgrounds for more pictures. A poodle bounded around with little Victoria.
Betty herself was busier than ever. She was doing a very verbal, one-armed paper hanger with the itch. She was answering questions, posing for camera boys, and keeping a weather eye on Vicky all at the same time. She was christening this part of her job, and was glad to do it.
“Betty,” I said, “practically every comic wants to play Hamlet. Every song and dance girl would love to play a straight dramatic role. Why did you turn down the opportunity?”
“For a very simple reason,” she replied, with a laugh. She asked me, after her hands, learning how to sing and dance. I know musicals better than any phase of show business. My exhibitors want them; my fans expect to see me in them. I have no ambition to go on hard—praise be! So I want to stick to musicals.”

That made sense to me, and evidently to the studio also. Betty wasn’t punished. But time passed; conditions changed. Last year Betty balked at doing The Girl Next Door. This time, to the surprise of all of us, the studio decided to suspend, which means she was taken off salary.
I was out of town at the time; and one of my staff members, thinking the incident routine, did not tell Betty what had happened. She explained that she’d just finished a film on Tuesday and was scheduled to start the new one the following Monday.
“I did not refuse to do the picture, because I hadn’t even read the script,” she added. “I’d been on call at the studio for 18 straight months. I needed a rest and asked for time off before starting back to work. I was told I could have the vacation, but that I’d be suspended if I took it. After being at 20th for 11 years, I was hurt by the studio’s attitude. Then I was asked to promise to do another picture four months later. My reply was: As long as I’m being taken off salary, I’m not promising anything.
When that appeared in my column, the studio blew its top. I didn’t know it at the time, but 20th was right on the verge of making dramatic stars do nothing but salaries. The lot was as jumpy as a fox in a forest fire. June Haver took over the picture; but she was injured while making it. The film hasn’t been finished yet.
Learning the furor that Betty’s statement had caused, I asked Darryl Zanuck for the studio’s side of the story. He was right, by the way. The studio had been good to Betty. She was kept on full salary while she had both of her babies. Usually when a studio learns that a star is expecting, she goes automatically on layoff until after the baby is born.
With theaters closing, I also had to agree with Darryl that the movie industry was in a state of emergency; we were fighting for our professional lives. And it behooves everybody in the industry to chip in and do their part.
Betty, however, stuck to her guns. She remained on suspension for a year and got a big kick out of her vacation. She and Harry indulged in their favorite pastime; following the races. And strangely enough during this period their horses hit a winning streak, which meant more to Betty than an Oscar.
She was taken off suspension to do The Farmer Takes A Wife, with Dale Robertson. “I had a wonderful time making that one,” Betty said. Then she came out with a picture, Blaze Of Glory, which was supposed to star Richard Widmark and Shelley Winters. But before a camera could get near the girl, she had been cast as a grey lady. It’s a tremendous picture, being directed by a rough and ready guy, Sam Fuller, who believes in a lot of close-ups and the use of no doubles. The girl gets pushed around through the whole story; and in one sequence takes a terrific beating. Sam wasn’t going to take a chance of having Shell injured. Betty Grable replaced her. This time she definitely refused to make the picture and was again put on suspension. Jean Peters replaced her. “It’s the greatest part I ever had,” she told me. “I play a sexy moron who falls in love with a picpocket.” This is a healthy as a young colt, can take anything dished out to her in the way of physical punishment.

Now the rumors began to fly. Betty Grable was tired of picture making; didn’t care about her career; had gone templemental. Zanuck was going to lower the boom on her, but good thing. Marilyn Monroe had been brought in as a threat to the blonde queen of the lot; Betty was pretty because Gentlemen Prefer Blondes had been a man rather than to her; Grable had figured that she’d grown so powerful she could do as she pleased; she was still afraid to take a straight dramatic role. She had been just a few of the conjectures that floated around town. Seeking the truth, I went directly to Betty. She was not bitter over the suspension; had expected it when she turned down the part.
“T think I’ve last in this business by not doing pictures that are not good for me,” she said. “My fans expect to see me in a good film and I try never to let them down. In Blaze Of Glory, I was to play a B-girl who picks up men in bars and works for a fellow traveler. Can you see me doing that? I don’t think my fans would want to see me in that kind of role. I’ve never played a character on the screen that I would be ashamed for my own children to see—or the children of any other mother either. Then, too, the picture was made in black and white; so many of mine are in color that I may have become spoiled.”
“You weren’t afraid to tackle a straight dramatic role?” I asked.
“No,” she said. Then she pondered the question. “No, I’m really not, though two of my most dismal failures were pictures in which I played dramatic roles. And, of course, my biggest successes have been musicals. Let’s face it, Hedda Very...
Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slow-down of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some persons feel ill, condition such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up at night or frequent micturition. Don’t neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Dean’s Pills—a million users successfully for over 50 years. It’s amazing how many times Dean’s give happy relief from these discomforts—helps millions of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dean’s Pills today!

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS WASTE

AND just what makes this gold mine click? That’s the question that has long puzzled us. She’s quietly skipped most of the usual formulas for movie success. Betty, while highly respected for her fans, does not cater to them like Joan Crawford, for instance. She has her fan clubs, however, and a surprisingly great number of “odd fellows.” Girls who wrote to Betty in their teens grow up, marry, and become mothers; but they still correspond with Grable. “The reason women like her,” one of her friends says, “is that she’s a square shrewder. She’s the kind of girl with whom about any woman would trust her husband. You couldn’t say that about Marilyn Monroe. Yet Betty’s popular picture, she’s all business. But away from the studio she likes to be just Mrs. Harry James. She used to accompany Harry on his band tours; but fans usually are more alone. She wanted to be simply another wife. But if she didn’t make a personal appearance, get up and take a bow or sing, people got up and sang. In order not to offend them, she decided to skip those tours with Harry.

Betty’s no glamor girl when you compare her to Marlene Dietrich or Rita Hayworth. She’s dressed down the last 20 years. When she goes out, she wears no make-up except a little powder, mascara and lipstik. I’ve known Betty for many years; and she keeps trim. Her figure has remained exactly the same for 12 years. The one piece suit she uses for rehearsals has never had to be altered a fraction of an inch. Yet she’s new. When she’s rehearsing, she eats like a famished horse—particularly candy. Betty keeps her skin fresh, firm, and unwrinkled by frequent applications of ordinary witch hazel. George has told her studio make-up man, says she presents only one minor problem. Her nose was once broken, leaving a tiny bone slightly projected. For that part of her body, high-lighted, the nose-bone requires special make-up.

Betty doesn’t consider herself a real beauty. Nor do I. In the last two years, I’ve received two million requests for pin-up pictures of her from servicemen. I know, because my office was constantly flooded with letters from GI’s wanting Grable’s picture. Somehow she meant home to the lonely men in foreign lands, because she’s the standard concept of the all-American girl. She’s also the "beautiful, strong, all men dream and which most women envy. Yet she’d never win a “Miss America” contest. Hollywood is loaded with girls more beautiful than she, but when you get a big musical number is being shot; and you’ll find dozens of them. They’re playing extras. Her looks help, but that is not the answer to Betty Grable’s appeal. And she’d be the first to admit that she’s no great shakes as an actress. When the Harvard Lampoon picked her as one of the ten best actresses of the year, she wired the magazine, “You’re right.” She can be a show-stopper with her warm vitality, but putting her in a picture with a Greta Garbo, she’d be absolutely overshadowed. Dan Dailey has done several pictures with Betty, and I asked him what the girl had that kept her so popular.

“Warmth,” he said. “You know, in real life Betty’s shy and doesn’t reveal her true personality. I’ve always felt that what we see on the screen is not the actress, but Betty Grable herself. She has this ability to convey that feeling that I’ve ever found in a woman; but she’s never fully developed it. The same applies to her acting. You know why? Making motion pictures is business. She likes the money and does enough on the sound stages to get by in a big way. But her chief interest lies in buying the family groceries and washing the faces of her children.”


“Lack of confidence!” I echoed in disbelief. “You’ve been with bands and on the stage.”

“Of course I was, but that was long ago,” she said. “If I had to walk out on a stage now, I’d be terrified. I’ve been blamed for not playing benefits, and that’s the reason. I don’t want to have to be as good as I am on the screen; and I wouldn’t be. I don’t want to disappoint anybody. As for being a homebody, Betty certainly is. At present she’s married, has a secretarial job, nurse, cook and chauffeur. She does have an agent, who takes care of her fan mail, and a man to handle her taxes. "I learned to manage things when I was young and I still like to be independent," she explained. Marie Brasser (mother of film star Keefe) has been Betty’s hairdresser for many years. Betty is so intimate as anyone outside her family. "She doesn’t want anybody to wait on her," says Marie. "She won’t even let me cook her a meal. Betty doesn’t like to be waited on. If she looks especially good, I tell her so. But she’d hate for anybody to tell her that every day."

Betty is stern with her children. They must do certain things, and that’s the way she was brought up. "I don’t want them to become models of behavior. When not working, she takes care of them herself," Betty prepares their breakfast. They have saluted her and at night mother and daughters dine out.

The Jameses do little entertaining. The, both loathe the night clubs. Betty got her fill of them as a vaudeville star; and she doesn’t want to work in them. Occasionally, they do a night spot to catch the show or a pal like Joe L. Lewis. “With two children, we have enough entertainment at home. Betty. Many movie stars feel that they must be seen in public gatherings to remain popular. Betty defies the idea. About the only place you
see them regularly in public are race
tracks. They bring local stories, as do six
racers and four brood mares of their
own.
The nicest present Harry ever gave
me, says Betty, was a three-in-one
affair—a mother's ring with a second colt
trotting by her side.
I'm surprised at the number of men
who don't consider Betty sexy; but I
can understand their viewpoint. Sultry,
languid, lazy Marilyn Monroe can get
more sex in the shrug of her shoulder
than Grable could in a hula dance. Yet
when the current storm over Marilyn is
over, I'll still have shivered up at Betty.
Some psychological factor in the public
mind makes it accept or reject a movie
star. Bob Mitchum served a term in
jail and came out to find his career un-
affected. John Hodiak decided on the
same thing and practically wrecked his.
Their deeds may be perfectly innocent
as, for instance, getting married. Betty's
movie career is over. And that gives her
a reputation for temperament is that she
believes in punctuality. She likes to get
to work on time and quit on time so she
can get home to her family. Directors
often wish to stay out to finish a
particular shot. Betty doesn't like the
idea; so she blows up. "Temperament,
I say people working with. "The great
Girls. Who does she think she is?"

BETTY thinks no such thing. At six o'clock
in the morning she ceases being an
actress and becomes a mother. So there
you have her. Of herself she says, "I'm
a good, dull girl." As an actress and
singer she's but mediocre as talent goes.
She's not the best in the business; nor
is she the most beautiful girl. Her
private life is far from glamorous. But
she's one of the greatest boxoffice stars
due to her success out of the business.
Why? You'll have to ask her secret. She started studying
dancing at the age of five and began working
professionally at 11. She knows show busi-
ness and how to dish it out. That's it!

Shelley's greatest secret

(Continued from page 7)

months ahead of him. Victoria for her part,
was in love with Elizabeth and Michael the
other evening. She looks wonderful. The boys talked
European theater and we talked babies.
I can't get the name zipped up any
more and Elizabeth assured me where to get
maternity clothes. But I don't know. I'll
wait. We had a lot of laughs.
The executive from the studio smiled
appreciatively and turned to his secre-
tary, who was passing through, nodded
pleasantly to everyone and headed for
the room tentatively designated as the
nursery. The nursery was a nursery. Mrs.
Rose Farrell brought her a cup of tea and
warned, "It's hot." Naturally, Shelley took a
sip anyway and winced. She always has to
find out things for herself that much she
can't handle. "It's hot," she agreed.
That day, for instance, nothing had
seemed to work out right about the
apartment, including the Japanese
gardener who ran the car in the rain,
and nobody was to molest the plants
while their protests. ("Why does he have to sneeze on
them in the dark," Shelley asked.)
And then there was the problem of
modemizing, the heater had made
ominous noises, the shower leaked. ("How
do you fix a washer?"
She had phoned
the plumber for the plumbers of the hot air
heating system needed cleaning, all by the
plumber.) Shelley wondered. A man came to
de-
ter two bags of fertilizer nobody could
remember ordering. Someone else bought
venetian blinds which didn't fit; and
a neighbor who knew Shelley dropped in
told her the other neighbors on the
street thought her husband was crazy.

Through all this Shelley remained serene,
only mildly interested about the house-
hold disruption involved and just casually
amused about the neighbors.
"Vittorio only sounds crazy," she said.
"He is rehearsing for his plays in Italy
and he has to get back his old voice power
because they don't use microphones
any more, he says, when they play in those old
AMP theatre audiences of 50,000
people. He does vocal exercises every
day in the wintertime. Rattle on the street
there is a neurologist, and every time he
hears Vittorio he grabs his surgical kit in
the hope I'll call him over to operate. He
thinks Vittorio will make a fascinating
case.

"Doesn't it bother you?" she was asked.
"Uh-uh," Shelley replied. "The only
thing that bothers either one of us is
the dog. He goes again and again working
at his study plays. He yells at him, and
I pour oil all over the hinges, but there
is always a little squeak I miss."

"What's happened to you, then?" I came
another question. "Where is the good old
Winters temperament? I heard you didn't
even get angry when 20th Century-Fox
phoned you in Mexico that the picture
you were to do with Richard Widmark
had been cancelled. And that, they tell
me, was before you even knew yourself
you were going to have a baby.
Shelley smiled blissfully. "It's physiological, the doctor says," she replied. "The glands pour something into the blood and then you don't care what the score is. It's a good thing the studio can't hold on to the stuff. I didn't know the baby was on the way in Mexico, but it was. That's why 30th's notification didn't bother me. I mean, you know, I have been not so far away from it ever since I was 12 years old and I love it. I even take naps now. Me! I never even sit down before the day. And nothing else. I mean, you know, the first vacation I have been able to take in all these years. Now Vittorio has to hit me on the head to keep me up after dinner. He should dare to try!"

"Well, after the baby is born you'll be your old self again," her friend ventured.

Shelley thought a while. "I don't know. I've got ideas now I don't think I'll forget afterwards—a brand new way of seeing things. I'm beginning to feel that a career is not all of life. If you keep dwelling on it it becomes everything, but that kind of everything can be pretty empty."

That's how it is with Shelley. Her personality adjustment to approaching motherhood is intriguing everyone, including Shelley herself. She is proud of the fact that she knows that she wants to stick with her baby. She got a new picture and was able to turn them down without the least personal discomfort and without automatically carrying them over to half of her friends for advice. She was tempted by one of the offers, a chance to play opposite Dick Basehart in a independent production entitled, Cry Tough.

"If you make it now and start the picture you will have to finish it, and in your condition this might prove difficult," Vittorio warned.

"I've got to face the facts of life," she asked.

When he nodded she decided, "Okay, life wins ... I won't even start."

Shelley's new mood seems to embrace Vittorio as well, so that he is surrounded by a aura of gentle reasonableness. This helps wet down the dust of any conflict that does arise. One arose about their travel plans. Vittorio had his heart set on Shelley accompanying him to Italy in October when he returned for a five-months engagement with his company. Shelley to stage school musical productions through Christmas and then return to Hollywood so that the baby could be born in the United States. Vittorio was to follow in April when his show closed, bringing his mother in-law. She had asked Shelley not to attempt the trip until November, and when she reported this to Vittorio he couldn't understand it.

"Why?" he asked on a plane, "and then you are in Rome."

"The doctor says it's wise not to travel until the fifth month," she told him.

Vittorio, grasping the situation. "Italian girls who are going to be mothers must be tougher," he declared. "They go anywhere anytime."

Shelley just nodded agreeably. Then Vittorio demanded to know whether she was going to do what he said or what the doctor said.

"What the doctor said," she replied. Nothing more. He felt his mouth dry, as if to pronounce some ultimatum and then incipient fatherhood must have taken control of him. "Good girl," he said. "We have no problems."

There was also the question of Shelley holding to some sort of diet. Her doctor didn't want her to put on more than 20 or 30 pounds during pregnancy, and she had already gained 10 by the beginning of the third month. Vittorio, however, claimed that in Italy mothers-to-be: are gained up to 90 pounds and nobody cared.

He produced a pencil and paper and did some figuring. "You think not?" he asked. "If by the third month you have already gained ten pounds, and you are having a baby..."

"Yes," argued Shelley, pretending she didn't know what he was leading up to. "I am afraid you are having this baby on the Italian plan," he said.

The mysterious ailments which sometimes affect expectant fathers as well as mothers had not bypassed Vittorio before his marriage. For one thing, he suffered from indigestion, something new for him, and he claimed it was a sympathetic reaction to Shelley's condition. He began to complain when he noticed that his habit of popping something from bed right to the kitchen the first thing every morning. It's like a track race every morning with you," he said. "Why?"

"I thought your doctor had advised you to eat a good breakfast immediately after arising to settle her stomach and prevent nausea. Vittorio smote his chest. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Me too. I have been having heartburn ever since we found out about the baby." The next morning he beat her to the kitchen. The day after that, when she went to take some vitamin pills her doctor had prescribed, Vittorio followed right behind. He flipped a whole handful of the pills into his mouth before she could stop them. They're not for heartburn, she told him.

"That's all right," he said. "I am interested in American medicine generally."

Their original idea of buying the duplex apartment in the ground floor and renting the upstairs apartment for income. But right from the first Vittorio began to discourage possible tenants. "Shall I tell them that you reminded her that his mother would be with them. "It will be a good place for mother to live and a good place for the baby," he said.

"But won't you want the baby to be downstairs with us?" she asked.

Vittorio looked as if he couldn't understand her. "What for?" he asked. "There is nothing you can say to a baby until he is five years old."

Shelley laughs this off, of course. Baby is going to stay very close to mama and papa and she sees the parental program. What has bothered her is the probability of the child's speaking Italian.

"If this is the case, you won't be able to talk with her. But unless you learn Italian, Vittorio has teased. Shelley is taking no chances. She is studying hard. She has also obtained a subscription to the "Great Books of the Western World," in 54 volumes, and intends to read every one of them.

"Anything my kid wants to know, from Homer to Shakespeare, Williams, I'm going to be able to tell him," she says.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One afternoon as we were playing baseball, we noticed a pretty brunette watching us. Only after talking to her for a while did we discover that her friendly person was Jane Russell, who was living in Columbus while her husband was stationed at Fort Benning.
what's the trouble esther? (Continued from page 41) broke into a wide grin, and said, "There's no truth to it at all. Ben and I have never been happier. Maybe we quarrel once in a while, but that's time to fight. We're both too old for that." Ben, who was once a radio announcer and consequently talks with great fluency, was a little more detailed in his denial. "Esther and I," he explained, "have read a great deal about marriage, and we both know that the only way we can keep our love, if we involve ourselves, they don't bother us anymore. You know why they print this stuff, don't you? They've run out of things to write about." You're dating the front page of your newspaper. You don't read anything about Mr. and Mrs. Glutz celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. That's not news. You read scandal about divorces, law suits, murders—those are the things that sell newspapers—not happiness.

"Esther and I happen to be happily married," he went on, "and I'll say as well as any couple in town. Is that worth any kind of a story? You know the answer. Of course not. But run something like Esther Williams and Ben Gage are breaking up—right away it's hot stuff.

"If there was anything wrong with our marriage, I mean seriously wrong—if it was going on the rocks—I'm the kind of guy who jumps to conclusions. And it isn't Ask Esther. Ask her mother. Ask anyone. The trouble is that these columnists have done all the stories they can think of about a happy marriage. Now they've gotta concentrate and dig up a little dirt."

Ben's explanation sounded rational. "Only," he added, "I can't understand why they pick on you and Esther. Why don't they pick on someone say, like Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, or Bob and Dolores Hope? Is it possible that many members of the Press don't like Esther? A year or so ago the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted her the most uncooperative actress of the year. Are these stories of your breakup examples of wishful thinking?"

Ben thought for a moment. "I honestly think, he said, "if you asked the membership to vote for membership in the Press Club if they'd made a mistake about Esther, they'd say yes. Quite a few of those girls resigned after that wacky nomination. Esther is as cooperative with the Press as circumstances permit. Don't take my word for it. Just ask about to tug a few of your sleeves."

I did exactly that, and from what I can gather, the Press feels that Esther Williams is a pretty good scout. "She'll give you both too many as she can handle," one reporter confidence, "but she has the most important thing in her family, especially her two kids. Her one regret in life is that she can't spend more time than she does with them. She's never seen a child before. And she can be as compassionate as a woman."

"I think you can say this about Esther. The newspapermen genuinely like her. The newspaper women, however—I think they've got green eyes."

"The one trouble with Esther is that she's a success. It's a national hobby, married to a movie star, and it's not a secret, especially when the girl had nothing to begin with. Esther's story is one of those rags-to-riches stories. No one criticizes the son of J. P. Morgan. Such a kid is born to the purple and no one ever accuses him of being money-mad, aggressive, selfish, egotistical, and inconsistent."

"Let someone like Esther come along, as if he was up in the extra buck as a child, and right away a lot of other girls resent her success."

A Hollywood newspaper girl who's been covering the goings-on in movietown for more than six years had a different explanation for the oft-repeated rumors concerning the eventual unhappy denouement of Esther's second marriage. "Look," she said, "let's start on the premise that all single girls are jealous of married girls, and all women insanely jealous of actresses. Let's take that premise aside and concentrate on Esther. I've done quite a bit of research on Esther, and I've come to the conclusion that she's a pretty dominating sort of a girl."

"I don't think there's anything necessarily wrong in a girl being dominant. After all, we're just the result of our inheritance of the first born."

"I remember asking Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thou- sand thousands of physicians and dentists recommend Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast.
people in Inglewood, where Esther was raised, about her family. They all told me the same thing. Esther's mother was the driving force. Her father was a poor sign-painter who found it tough, but not impossible. He regarded his mother, his wife, as his guide and his idol, and he was successful, I am sure, in large part, because of the influence of his wife. Esther inherited her mother's drive, her mother's forcefulness. She's a plain-speaking, hardworking girl who calls a spade a spade.

It's her industry, her moments, her earnings, her career which in large part is responsible for the family holdings. For example, Esther and Ben own the Trails, a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. It's done so well that Esther and Ben are expanding it into a drive-in. They also own a metal fabrication shop, have bought houses in the desert, which Esther built in the first place so that her asthmatic brother would have something to look after, another house in Acapulco which they rent out, and I guess some sort of royalty deal with a bathing suit manufacturer. At one time they also owned a filling station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica. I'll never forget the night they opened that station. They had searchlights and Keenan Wynn on his bicycle and they were giving away tanks of free gas to other Hollywood stars. It happened in front of another filling station in the neighborhood, and the youngster who was running it was choked with bitterness. That Esther Williams is a woman, I'll tell you. She makes $100,000 a year, but she's gotta open up a filling station and take away my business. I know it's a free country. Anyone can open anything. Of course, I, I just resent it, I just resent it, 'cause I know she doesn't need the money. It's just another sideline to her, while to me it's my whole living.

"Esther" and Ben gave up the filling station, but my whole point in telling you about their holdings is this: Esther is the dominant wage-earner in her family. That's a fact absorbed by various interests. He had a small run as a singer on the radio, and as an emcee on television, but he abandoned show-business. It may be unfair but he is regarded more as Esther Williams' husband than as Ben Gage. He knew this was bound to happen when he married Esther. He knew she wasn't going to care about her career. He became the family bread-winner. He went into the setup with his eyes open.

I maintain that eventually he is going to be under 'Esther' show-business. After all, he's tall, he's handsome, he's got a lot of sex appeal. If he were willing to struggle a little, who could tell what heights he could have reached. But give him whatever chance he had in show business to look after the joint family holdings. These may expand to include 5,000 different restaurants and gas stations, the power behind the throne. Eventually, and you know, this is my own personal opinion, I think Ben's man vanities will assert themselves, and I think he will resent Esther for depriving him of the chance he himself failed to take in show business. Do I make myself clear?

I MULLED over my informant's opinion for a good while. "You don't mean to say," I questioned, "that on the basis of this you consider Esther Williams faulty? How faulty have you been running breakup stories about the Gages?"

The newspaper girl looked at me and sadly shook her head. "It's very simple," she explained. "History repeats itself. I've yet to see a happy marriage out here where the wife was infinitely more successful in her career than her husband.

In those marriages that do last, either the wife or the husband must abandon one career. Lots of times a man will marry an actress and become her manager in which event he not only manages his wife's employee. Sid Luft and Judy Garland are a case in point. Rosalind Russell also has a husband who helps produce many of her pictures. Paul Muni even helped produce a television company which will star his wife Loretta Young.

I maintain that the matrimonial ego may be less injurious to the individual role and that eventually it will revolve—maybe not in all cases—after all, a question of character is concerned—but in most cases. The reason many goings on keep the marriage of Esther Williams' marriage is a simple one. Through her ambition and industry she is more successful than her husband. "How can I, I say, it's dangerous. Why don't you talk to someone who knew Esther when she was first married to that struggling young doctor?

I searched around Los Angeles and had no trouble in finding several persons who knew Esther when she was the young doctor's wife. Mrs. Josephine J. Bixby, who runs the Spade Hotel, was another house in Acapulco which he rents out, and I guess some sort of royalty deal with a bathing suit manufacturer. At one time they also owned a filling station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica. I'll never forget the night they opened that station. They had searchlights and Keenan Wynn on his bicycle and they were giving away tanks of free gas to other Hollywood stars. It happened in front of another filling station in the neighborhood, and the youngster who was running it was choked with bitterness. That Esther Williams is a woman, I'll tell you. She makes $100,000 a year, but she's gotta open up a filling station and take away my business. I know it's a free country. Anyone can open anything. Of course, I just resent it, I just resent it, 'cause I know she doesn't need the money. It's just another sideline to her, while to me it's my whole living.

"Esther" and Ben gave up the filling station, but my whole point in telling you about their holdings is this: Esther is the dominant wage-earner in her family. That's a fact absorbed by various interests. He had a small run as a singer on the radio, and as an emcee on television, but he abandoned show-business. It may be unfair but he is regarded more as Esther Williams' husband than as Ben Gage. He knew this was bound to happen when he married Esther. He knew she wasn't going to care about her career. He became the family bread-winner. He went into the setup with his eyes open.

I maintain that eventually he is going to be under 'Esther' show-business. After all, he's tall, he's handsome, he's got a lot of sex appeal. If he were willing to struggle a little, who could tell what heights he could have reached. But give him whatever chance he had in show business to look after the joint family holdings. These may expand to include 5,000 different restaurants and gas stations, the power behind the throne. Eventually, and you know, this is my own personal opinion, I think Ben's man vanities will assert themselves, and I think he will resent Esther for depriving him of the chance he himself failed to take in show business. Do I make myself clear?

I MULLED over my informant's opinion for a good while. "You don't mean to say," I questioned, "that on the basis of this you consider Esther Williams faulty? How faulty have you been running breakup stories about the Gages?"

The newspaper girl looked at me and sadly shook her head. "It's very simple," she explained. "History repeats itself. I've yet to see a happy marriage out here where the wife was infinitely more successful in her career than her husband. In those marriages that do last, either the wife or the husband must abandon one career. Lots of times a man will marry an actress and become her manager in which event he not only manages his wife's employee. Sid Luft and Judy Garland are a case in point. Rosalind Russell also has a husband who helps produce many of her pictures. Paul Muni even helped produce a television company which will star his wife Loretta Young.

I maintain that the matrimonial ego may be less injurious to the individual role and that eventually it will revolve—maybe not in all cases—after all, a question of character is concerned—but in most cases. The reason many goings on keep the marriage of Esther Williams' marriage is a simple one. Through her ambition and industry she is more successful than her husband. "How can I, I say, it's dangerous. Why don't you talk to someone who knew Esther when she was first married to that struggling young doctor?

I searched around Los Angeles and had no trouble in finding several persons who knew Esther when she was the young doctor's wife. Mrs. Josephine J. Bixby, who runs the Spade Hotel, was another house in Acapulco which he rents out, and I guess some sort of royalty deal with a bathing suit manufacturer. At one time they also owned a filling station at 18th and Montana in Santa Monica. I'll never forget the night they opened that station. They had searchlights and Keenan Wynn on his bicycle and they were giving away tanks of free gas to other Hollywood stars. It happened in front of another filling station in the neighborhood, and the youngster who was running it was choked with bitterness. That Esther Williams is a woman, I'll tell you. She makes $100,000 a year, but she's gotta open up a filling station and take away my business. I know it's a free country. Anyone can open anything. Of course, I just resent it, I just resent it, 'cause I know she doesn't need the money. It's just another sideline to her, while to me it's my whole living.

"Esther" and Ben gave up the filling station, but my whole point in telling you about their holdings is this: Esther is the dominant wage-earner in her family. That's a fact absorbed by various interests. He had a small run as a singer on the radio, and as an emcee on television, but he abandoned show-business. It may be unfair but he is regarded more as Esther Williams' husband than as Ben Gage. He knew this was bound to happen when he married Esther. He knew she wasn't going to care about her career. He became the family bread-winner. He went into the setup with his eyes open.

I maintain that eventually he is going to be under 'Esther' show-business. After all, he's tall, he's handsome, he's got a lot of sex appeal. If he were willing to struggle a little, who could tell what heights he could have reached. But give him whatever chance he had in show business to look after the joint family holdings. These may expand to include 5,000 different restaurants and gas stations, the power behind the throne. Eventually, and you know, this is my own personal opinion, I think Ben's man vanities will assert themselves, and I think he will resent Esther for depriving him of the chance he himself failed to take in show business. Do I make myself clear?

I MULLED over my informant's opinion for a good while. "You don't mean to say," I questioned, "that on the basis of this you consider Esther Williams faulty? How faulty have you been running breakup stories about the Gages?"

The newspaper girl looked at me and sadly shook her head. "It's very simple," she explained. "History repeats itself. I've yet to see a happy marriage out here where the wife was infinitely more successful in her career than her husband. In those marriages that do last, either the wife or the husband must abandon one career. Lots of times a man will marry an actress and become her manager in which event he not only manages his wife's employee. Sid Luft and Judy Garland are a case in point. Rosalind Russell also has a husband who helps produce many of her pictures. Paul Muni even helped produce a television company which will star his wife Loretta Young.

A Hollywood screenwriter was outlining a story about Esther here's a story treatment he had about the 7th Cavalry. Goldwyn frequently seems absorbed in something other than that which is on his mind. I, trying to recapture the producer's attention, said, "Of course, you're familiar with the details of Custer's Last Stand?" "Sure," Goldwyn replied, "Custer lost."

Leonard Lyons in *The New York Post*
New Beauty Miracle for Younger-Looking Hair!

New Prell leaves hair Radiantly Alive!

... actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

Here’s proof... that marvelous New Prell leaves hair “radiantly alive”! In radiance “comparison tests,” New Prell won over all leading cream and soap shampoos! Why, the first time you try New Prell, there’ll be a difference—no matter what cream or soap shampoo you may have been using. Your hair will shine with glorious radiance... will look so “radiantly alive,” and will be softer, younger looking, more glamorous. Not a cream, not a liquid—Prell is different. It’s the unique shampoo in a tube that’s such a joy to use—no slip, no break, no spill. Get a tube of New Prell today—you’ll love it!
for you who love to flirt with fire...
who dare to skate on thin ice...

Revolon’s ‘Fire and Ice

for lips and matching fingertips. A lush-and-passionate scar!

...like flaming diamonds dancing on the moon!

“Indelible-Creme” Lipstick... Regular Lipstick... Frosted Nail Enamel... Improved-Formula Nail Enamel...
FOR AVA:
EARTBREAK AHEAD
Actual tests prove that New Prell leaves hair more radiant than leading cream or soap shampoos—and you can prove it, too! Try New Prell just once, and your hair will sparkle with radiance—look "radiantly alive"—no matter what cream or soap shampoo you've been using... no matter if your hair has seemed dull and "lifeless" before. And your hair will be so exquisitely soft after a Prell shampoo—smooth as silk, younger looking, glamorously lovely. You'll love the wonderful form of Prell, too—easy-to-spread shampoo in the handy tube... no spill, no waste. Get a tube today!

New Prell — for hair that's 'Radiantly Alive'... softer, smoother, younger looking!
Her lips had to be bought with a Southland kingdom... and he handed it to her on the blade of his Bowie knife!
modern screen

stories

TOO YOUNG FOR MARRIAGE (Dale Robertson) .................................................. by Richard Dexter 20
LOVE COMES TO MARLON BRANDO ......................................................... by Jim Newton 29
SO IN LOVE (Rita Hayworth) ................................................................. by Giselle La Falaise 30
HIS KIND OF MAN (Robert Mitchum) ...................................................... by Jack Wade 32
HONOLULU LOONY (Jerry Lewis) ....................................................... by Jim Henaghan 34
THE END OF THE AFFAIR (Lana Turner) ................................................ by Imogene Collins 36
DADDY IS A CHARACTER (John Derek) .................................................. by Alice Hoffman 38
RED HOT MAMA (Jeanne Crain) ............................................................... by Jane Wilkie 40
HE WZ MOBBED! (Gene Nelson) .......................................................... by Caroline Brooks 42
LIVING WITH LUCY (Lucille Ball-Dessi Arnaz) ...................................... by Marva Peterson 44
NO TEARS FOR MITZI (Mitty Gaylor) ...................................................... by Susan Trent 47
THE CHRISTMAS THEY COULDN'T SEE (Esther Williams) ............... by Mike Connolly 48
COOP REBUILDS HIS LIFE (Gary Cooper) ............................................. by Steve Cronin 50
HEARTBREAK AHEAD (Ava Gardner-Frank Sinatra) ......................... by Marsha Saunders 52
24 DAYS OF DAISY (Bette Davis) ......................................................... by Katherine Albert 54
THE MALE ANIMAL (Charlton Heston) ................................................ by Pamela Morgan 57
I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE .............................................................. by Pier Angeli 58

features

THE INSIDE STORY ....................................................................................... 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS .......................................................... 6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT ............................................... 12

departments

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ................................................................. by Ann Blyth, star columnist for January 24
MOVIE REVIEWS ........................................................................................... 26
SWEET AND HOT ...................................................................................... 23

ON THE COVER: MGM's Ava Gardner, Modern Screen staff photo
Other picture credits on page 69

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor
DURBAN HORNER
executive editor
CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

SUZANNE EPES, story editor
LIZ SMITH, associate editor
CAROL PLAINES, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXTOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing a possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 46, No. 2, January 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and Smith Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices: 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office: 221 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delaporte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delaporte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominions of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 30c. Subscriptions in U. S. A.: $2.00 one year; $3.50 two years; $5.00 three years, Canadian Subscriptions one year, $5.00 two years, $4.00 three years, $6.00 four years. Entered as second class matter September 16, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional stories are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
"Yes, I love you... but...
a secret mission
is a secret. A secret
from your wife.
A secret from
the world!"

HOW MUCH CAN
A WOMAN TAKE...?
The personal story
of pretty Lucey Tibbets
who had the hard
luck to fall in love
with a hero!

M-G-M presents the love story
behind the billion-dollar
secret!

ABOVE AND BEYOND

ROBERT TAYLOR
ELEANOR PARKER

JAMES WHITMORE
MARILYN ERSKINE

Screen
Play by
MELVYN FRANK, NORMAN PANAMA and BEIRNE LAY, JR.
Story by
Produced and
MELVYN FRANK and NORMAN PANAMA *AN M-G-M PICTURE
Directed by
BEIRNE LAY, JR.
NEW MUM

CAREM DEODORANT
A Product of Bristol-Myers

New MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• Protects better, longer. New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn’t give underarm odor a chance to start!

• Creamier new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• The only leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

• Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.

THE INSIDE STORY

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, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe wears nothing underneath?
   — J. Y., Sea Girt, N. J.

A. Most of the time it’s true.

Q. Who is the newest man in Joan Crawford’s life? Can’t she find a husband?
   — R. E., Urbana, Ill.

A. Director Nick Ray; husbands in Hollywood are difficult to find.

Q. What is the relationship between Howard Keel and Lisa Farraday?
   — H. Y., New York, N. Y.

A. They are warm friends.

Q. Is there anything to the romance between Kirk Douglas and Pier Angeli?
   — E. R., Memphis, Tenn.

A. It’s a publicity stunt!

Q. Whatever happened to Margaret O’Brien?
   — D. E., Hyde Park, Ill.

A. She’s in Japan making a film.

Q. Ginger Rogers had a third husband named Jack Briggs, much younger than Ginger. Is he still in pictures?
   — S. K., Elkhart, Ind.

A. He works as a liquor salesman in a Hollywood supermarket.

Q. I read in another magazine that John Wayne is a Catholic. Is that true?
   — B. B., Ely, Nev.

A. No.

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married, and how many wives and children does he support?
   — C. D., Little Rock, Ark.

A. Powell has been married three times, pays alimony to two ex-wives, supports four children and his present wife Jane Albyson.

Q. I understand that the Mario Lanzas recently bought Frank Sinatra’s old house. How much did they pay for it?
   — G. H., Hoboken, N. J.

A. The deal fell through; the Lanzas have rented another house.

Q. I’ve been told that Mickey Rooney is crazy about tall girls. Is this true? If so, why?
   — W. R., Baltimore, Md.

A. It’s true—tall girls serve him as a psychological compensation for his own small height.

Q. Can you tell me how many times the novel, “Les Miserables,” has been made into a movie?

A. Seven times.

Q. Were Lana Turner and Betty Grable born blondes or brunettes?
   — D. G., Desoto, Miss.

A. Brunettes.

Q. Is Jeff Chandler really half-Indian? He certainly looks it. Was he born on the Cherokee Reservation?
   — C. H., Tulsa, Okla.

A. Chandler is all white, comes from Brooklyn.

Q. Didn’t Anne Baxter quit 20th Century-Fox because Marilyn Monroe was given the lead in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?

A. That was a contributory cause.

Q. Does Dale Robertson dislike being interviewed by newspaperwomen?
   — S. Y., Billings, Mont.

A. He just doesn’t like to be interviewed.

Q. Would you say that Cary Grant is a millionaire?
   — V. V., Bristol, England

A. Yes.

Q. I’ve been told that Bob Hope isn’t liked very much by his gag-writers. Is that on the level?
   — A. S., Dallas, Tex.

A. No comic is a hero to the men who prepare his material.

Q. Why won’t Jane Russell pose for pictures with her adopted children?
   — H. E., Van Nuys, Cal.

(Continued on page 26)
THE STORY OF RUBY GENTRY, WHO WRECKED A WHOLE TOWN--

MAN BY MAN
...SIN BY SIN!

"Ruby Gentry...!"

so dangerous... destructive... deadly... to love!

BERNHARD - VIDOR PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

JENNIFER JONES
CHARLTON HESTON
KARL MALDEN

with TOM TULLY • BERNARD PHILLIPS • JAMES ANDERSON
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • PHYLLIS AVERY • HERBERT HEYES
PRODUCED BY
JOSEPH BERNHARD & KING VIDOR
DIRECTED BY
SCREENPLAY BY
KING VIDOR • SILVIA RICHARDS
Story by ARTHUR FITZ-RICHARD • Released by 20th Century-Fox
So many things happened at Marion Davies’ fabulous party that all things seem to date from that night.

Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas had the big battle which ended their romance that evening. There have been varying stories given out as to the reason for the fight, but I happen to know that Lana said to Lex Barker, “Why don’t you ask me to dance?” He danced with her not once but twice. Fernando cut in on them the second time round, and told Lana everything was over.

This soirée, which has probably never been equaled in Hollywood, or in many other places for that matter, was the first affair Marion has given since she became Mrs. Horace Brown. There were 500 guests invited but closer to a 1,000 came. Cars were driven right into a cellophane tent, which covered a great section of garden and a fish pond, so there was no way of checking who were the invited guests and who weren’t. Champagne flowed as if it were a nickel a bottle. The party is said to have cost $25,000 but it wouldn’t surprise me if it actually came to double that amount.

Wherever you looked there were bars, gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall and in full bloom, and orchid corsages for each feminine guest. On the vast buffet tables, there was every kind of food. Three rooms in the house were turned into reproductions of New York nightclubs—the “Stork,” “21” and “El Morocco.” Three orchestra played continually. To try to enumerate the guests is impossible, but you can take it from me that everyone who was invited accepted and many brought along a couple of friends.

The most resplendent of the jewels worn were those adorning the Queen Mother of Egypt. Her necklace is one of the most costly in the world, out-Hoping the Hope diamond.

I almost forgot to say the guests of honor were Marilyn and Johnnie “Cry” Ray, the newlyweds. Charles Morrison, the papa-in-law, and owner of the Mocombo, planned the party and believe me, he spared no expense.

Ava Gardner, who has become very friendly with Lana Turner, was much in evidence, though she came unescorted. That was before Ava had her battle with Frankie, which was to end in a temporary reconciliation. In one of the “nightclubs” Red Skelton put on what amounted to a one-man show. In another, Johnnie Ray sang, of course—and, as dawn came, it was really out of this world, seeing the newcomers like Debbie Reynolds and Piper Laurie staring fascinated at the old-timers like Joe E. Brown—and vice versa.

(Continued on next page)
THE NEW ANNIE BAXTER'S NOT WHAT SHE USED TO BE!

GOOD NEWS

Recently Marion Davies gave a party for some neighbors, the Rays. It cost $25,000, all of Hollywood was there, and . . . wonder of all wonders . . . Marian and hubby (left) found time to greet guests of honor Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Ray.

Debra Paget got into the act at the annual Mosquers Ball held at the RKO Pantages Theater in Hollywood. She came as a typical showgirl to the extravaganza.

Judy Garland and Van Johnson met Fred Brisson at supper at the Marion Davies party. Judy, Sid Luft and Van were among the 500 invited guests (almost 1,000 showed up). Gardenia and orchid trees, ten feet tall, made a background.

Rita Hayworth and an unidentified escort had a gay old time in a restaurant on the Champs-Elysees in Paris. Rita refused to give the gentleman's name. A new romance?

Rhonda Fleming was fascinated by the tiny little orchid all the lady guests received at a recent Hollywood party. Rhonda attended with her husband, Dr. Lew Morrell.
In my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now. She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play Hamlet. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor. This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

Jacques Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence. "How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth." I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

All Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack. Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous

In my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now. She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play Hamlet. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor. This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

Jacques Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence. "How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth." I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

All Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack. Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous

In my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now. She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play Hamlet. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor. This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

Jacques Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence. "How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth." I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

All Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack. Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous

In my time I've taken some digs at Shelley Winters, which I felt she deserved. But I must say I have never felt so sorry for any girl in my whole life as I do for Shelley right now. She is madly in love with Vittorio Gassman, but he had to return to Rome for a six-months' previous engagement to play Hamlet. Meanwhile, Shelley's having a very hard time. She's had a number of blood transfusions. Her baby won't be born until March, and it is imperative that she have her own American doctor. This means Vittorio can't be with her when the baby arrives, though the plan now is to send his mother here. He is booked in Rome to May.

Jacques Bergerac, who landed himself on Leo the Lion's dotted line via Ginger Rogers, was sued for beating up a man in Paris and received a suspended sentence. "How about it?" someone at MGM asked him.

Jacques, handsome, 25-year-old Frenchman, said, "I had a lady friend and when I wanted to break off our romance she hired someone to beat me. I got in the first punch and knocked out his teeth." I must say the young man certainly was frank. Ginger doesn't mind the girls in his past life—she's got him now, and I'll be surprised if they don't marry.

All Hollywood was shocked, and I lost a very dear personal friend, in the sudden death of lovely Pam Lang, wife of Jennings Lang, from a heart attack. Pam's death was doubly tragic because she and Jennings, whom she stood by so staunchly in his time of great trouble, had found new happiness together and were making wonderful plans for the future for themselves and their two small children. Jennings, you remember, was shot by Walter Wanger in a jealous
By MARY MARATHON

Fans, if you’re in the mood to “get away from it all,” I’m the gal who can tell you how to do it! It doesn’t have to cost you more than the price of a movie theatre ticket, a ticket that’ll take you to exotic, mysterious India when you see “Thunder in the East”—and to the lush and colorful banana country when you see “Tropic Zone.”

Just in time for that January pick-up, you’ll be able to magic-carpet-yourself via “Thunder in the East” to a fabulously-decorated Maharajah’s palace to the teeming market-places of Ghandahar where evil and good rub shoulders, and where the man Alan Ladd portrays is right at home, living the kind of exciting adventures he had in “Saigon,” “China” and “Calcutta.”

Ladd’s a gun-runner in “Thunder in the East,” and while he mixes with some pretty rough characters, star-wise he’s in real solid company. Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer and Corinne Calvet share top billing with him. With two irresistible lovelies like Deborah and Corinne in the same picture, Ladd doesn’t stand a chance of avoiding romantic entanglement, not that he’d want to. But I’m going on record to action-lovers that there’s action in the field of romance, too!

The story centers around Ladd’s efforts to sell a plane-load of guns and ammun-
tition to the Maharajah of Ghandahar, who is momentarily expecting attack by outlaw tribesmen. Ladd didn’t figure on Charles Boyer, who portrays the Maharajah’s peace loving secretary and who insists the only way to meet force is with love and kindness. Boyer locks the guns away and when trouble starts, the small British colony is really up against it. There’s a lot of edge-of-the-seat excitement in “Thunder in the East” that typifies adventure in far-away places, and I know it will give you the feeling of being right in the middle of one of today’s hottest action spots.

For a different—and torrid!—change of scene, make a note to catch “Tropic Zone” where the action (and there’s plenty of it!) takes place on a banana plantation in Puerto Barrancas. And if the name of that town doesn’t sound like a cruise-stop, then I’ve been wasting my time reading travel-folders.

“Tropic Zone” is photographed in gorgeous Technicolor and stars rugged Ronald Reagan, lovely red-head Rhonda Fleming, and fiery singer-dancer Estela. It has to do with the struggle between the independent banana-growers and the crooked shipping head who has designs on Rhonda’s plantation. Reagan, involved with the wrong side, falls in love with Rhonda. Their romance sparks some flaming action both between the lovers and between the rival banana-growers.

Before long, I’m going to be singing you the praises of “The Stars Are Singing”...a music-loaded Technicolor dandy that brings you a terrific new screen personality—none other than the original “Come-On-A-My-House” girl, Rosemary Clooney! The millions of records she’s sold are nothing compared with the box-office records that gal’s gonna break! What a singin’ team Rosemary, Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchiorn make! But more about that later.

Goodbye for now, fans, and happy movie-going!
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

rage over Lang's supposed attentions to Joan Bennett. Ironically, at the time of Pam's death, Wanger had just been released from the prison farm where he served a four months' sentence for the shooting of Lang.

A s a lesson in how not to get married Ted Braskin, Betty Hutton's ex, takes his booby prize. Ted, who has never failed to telephone me ever since his and Betty's final parting, to say that he was romancing this or that glamor girl, finally got married again. But I must say I was a little surprised when he telephoned at four A.M. to say that he and Joan Dixon had eloped! You see, it was their very first date. Joan arrived in Las Vegas without even a coat, and in a low-cut, short-sleeved dress. They had no luggage, not even a toothbrush, and I'd say that it sounds as if it followed a hilarious session in the nightclubs only it so happens that Ted doesn't drink. Well, I hope they'll be happy!

I just hated to print the news about the Dale Robertson separation. I'd kept hearing the news that they were battling, but like

Frankie and Ava. I hoped it would blow over. What makes it particularly sad in this case is that there is a three-month-old baby involved.

I like Dale very much but I am sure he is a difficult boy to live with. He's extremely moody. He seems to have some kind of a vague chip on his shoulder. He has a pose that he merely acts for the money in it, but I don't believe anything of the sort. He wouldn't be as good an actor as he always proves himself to be, if that were true.

So far, they are calling it a "trial separation". I hope they soon replace that for a permanent get-together.

W e don't get much rain in Hollywood, but believe me, socially we do get showers—and this month the original one was given by Spike Jones—for two expectant fathers, Michael Wilding, Mr. Elizabeth Taylor to you, and Geary Stefan, Mr. Jane Powell to me.

My friend Spike, who is incapable of doing anything that isn't hilarious, served liquid refreshments in nursing bottles. All the guests had gone through the throes of fatherhood, including Fernando Lamas, Stewart Granger, Joseph Cotten, Gene Nelson, Ricardo Montalban, and Tony Martin, who sang lullabies that it is wiser not to print. The wives, meanwhile, went to a movie, which I call downright sensible of them.

Is the marriage of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra headed for the rocks? No one knows, but as I write this, the future looks black indeed.

Ava has tried very hard to hold this marriage together, but their fights have been increasing, both in number and in bitterness. Recently Frankie went to their Palm Springs home, and Ava followed him there. Another fight started when Frankie ordered her to take her clothes and get out and leave him alone, and when she didn't do it, he called for the police.

This isn't like Frankie, and no one can understand what is making him behave in such a way. Whether he is hurt that his own career hasn't kept pace with Ava's, I wouldn't know; but I am very sorry to see these things happen because Frankie really is a likable boy.

I do wish that such an intelligent, well-behaved girl as Anne Baxter would stop giving out her recent silly statements and committing goofy acts. I can't believe that parting company with 20th Century-Fox after 11 mutually happy years can be really upsetting to Anne's values—but something surely is.

First, Anne goes about asking, "Where can I get intelligent conversation in this town?" Then she takes up smoking cigars. She turned herself into a blonde which on her was no more becoming than it was on Ava Gardner, but Johnodiak quickly mixed that.

I'd like to say to Anne that in all my years of Hollywood I've never known any personality to win by deliberately trying to tack a "new" tag on herself. The "new" Veronica Lake, with two eyes and practically no hair, for instance, was soon a forgotten Veronica Lake. When a girl actually evolves into another facet of personality, as Ava has, or Janie Wyman, or Joan Crawford, that's something else again and very stimulating. But this comes from the inside out, and has nothing to do with smoking cigars, believe you me.

If Christmas shopping left you flatter than a pancake, here's a quick and easy way to start replenishing your bank account. All you have to do is read all the stories in this January issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully, then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

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.

[ ] The Inside Story
[ ] Louella Parsons' Good News
[ ] Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
[ ] Take My Word For It by Ann Byth
[ ] Too Young For Marriage (Dale Robertson)
[ ] Love Comes To Morton Brando
[ ] So In Love (Rito Hayworth)
[ ] His Kind Of Man (Robert Mitchum)
[ ] Honolulu Loony (Jerry Lewis)
[ ] The End Of The Affair (Lana Turner)
[ ] Daddy Is A Character (John Derek)
[ ] Red Hot Mama (Jeanne Crain)
[ ] He Wuz Mobbed (Gene Nelson)
[ ] Living With Lucy (Lucille Ball)
[ ] No Tears For Miti (Miti Goyan)
[ ] The Christmas They Couldn't See (Esther Williams)
[ ] Coop Rebuilds His Life (Gary Cooper)
[ ] Heartbreak Ahead (Ava Gardner)
[ ] Twenty-Four Days Of Dovis (Bette Dovis)
[ ] The Mole Animal (Charlton Heston)
[ ] I'm Wondering About Love (Pier Angeli)
[ ] Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

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 3 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__________________________Zone__________

State__________________________I am ______ yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

T HINKING OUT LOUDS . . . I expect Lana Turner's current romantic crush on Louis Calhern, the handsome Mexican bullfighter, to last just about as long as it takes to get this in print. . . . It must be hard on a beautiful but-lonely girl like Ursula Thiess to read the stories about Robert Taylor holding hands with Barbara Stanwyck in nightclubs, even though Bob says, and I believe, it was purely platonic. . . . I think the cutest gift of the month was Gordon MacRae's to his wife, Sheila. Sheila is always late, so Gordon gave her a magnificent watch, on the back of which he'd engraved, "Now, maybe!" The nicest pair, as far as being grateful to their public is concerned, are Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—they'd do anything for their fans, which is not only kind of them but plenty smart. I don't know why that dating of Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner doesn't ring true to me but it doesn't. . . . It's provable, however, that Peggy Ann Garner has grown up into a raving, tearing beauty with much more allure, as witnessed by Charles W. Jr., Pat Neary (Mona Freeman's ex) and numerous others who keep her telephone constantly busy. . . . If I hear tomorrow that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been married for some
"A horse remodeled our home!"

"There isn't a more generous husband on earth than Michael O'Shea," Virginia Mayo explains. "But he gave more than he realized when he presented me with my first horse. Now we practically make our home in the stables!"

"It's fun - but hard work. Grooming - cleaning saddles and bridles - is harder on my hands than a complete housecleaning. But Jergens Lotion soon softens them again."

"Keeping the stables spic and span is my job, too. That's another reason I'm so grateful for Jergens Lotion - it soothes my hands so fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . ."

"Apply any ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with oily cares."

"Come evening, my hands are smooth for close-ups with Mike." No wonder Jergens is used by more women than any other hand care in the world!

Jergens Lotion is effective - it doesn't just coat the skin. Jergens penetrates the upper layer and gives it softening moisture. 10¢ to $.1, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you care for your hands!
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

time I won't be surprised enough to lift even one eyebrow. . . . I'm getting bored with Steve Cochran's always losing his parrot, and I think Gary Merrill has reached the utter end in his "distinctive" dressing, which in his case means the beechamet act of non-shaving, non-preserving-and usually no shoes. . . . If I were Betty Grable, I'd worry over Debra Paget being such a musical comedy cutie in Stars And Stripes Forever and I'd throw a horse blanket over her, and then over Marilyn Monroe in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and sprint toward a hit.

THE LETTER BOX: To Barbara Frisino of Burbank, California: I'd be delighted to write about Gloria Swanson whenever there is any news of her. Unfortunately there isn't at the moment, either in her career or her personal life. If I write more about Lana Turner and Liz Taylor it is because both these beauties manage to be continually exciting and provocative.

To Masao Manabe of Osaka, Japan: I'm delighted to get a letter from a fan in your country. The address for Joan Evans' fan club is c/o Miss Joan Pitts, president, 308 Mason Street, Newark, New York. John Derek's fan club is c/o Lyle Barroerg, president, 223 So. Figueroa, Los Angeles, California.

To Sherry Simert of Urbana, Illinois: I certainly agree with you that Gloria Grahame and Charlton Heston are very, talented. I saw Gloria the other night, incidentally, in The Bad And The Beautiful and thought she just about stole the picture. As for Charlton, I know that when this year's Paramount films, now planned for him, are released he will really hit the top.

PFC George Perkins, 45th Inf. Division, overseas: What a nice boy you are, judging by your letter. Write Jean Peters in care of 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California. Maybe your first letter won't astray, and write the editor of Modern Screen, if you want him to run more stuff on Jean. I'm sure you have more influence with him than I have because all of us want to give young patriots like you everything we possibly can.

Cpl. Mel Kampmann, somewhere in Korea: I'm glad to pass along the word to the other boys, as you request, to let them know that Doris Day does really answer her fan mail and photographic requests. Hurrah for Doris, and hurrah for you, too.

To Don Cooper and your two pals! I can see that you gentlemen prefer Ava Gardner blonde or otherwise, and I must say I don't blame you. And if you promise not to tell on me, I'll confess that I prefer comedies, too.

To Mary Burton, Franklinville, New York: Mary, are you sure that maybe you're not just a little jealous of Marilyn Monroe? I'll admit that sometimes Marilyn does err a little as regards conservative good taste—but I can't regard that as a major crime, particularly when weighed against Marilyn's personal warmth and generosity.

Joann Collins, Fredonia, New York: Joann, I hate to tell you you are not alone in climbing on the Tab Hunter bandwagon. In all my years, I've seldom seen any boy zoom up faster than this young chap after one single picture. Tab is six-feet-one, blond, with hazel eyes, and he is not only unmarried but heart whole and fancy free.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report
by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

ODDS BODKINS:

Everybody has given up on Ava and Frankie Sinatra. Whether they'll stay together or not is the big question, of course—but how CAN they when she is spending 18 months in Europe. She will make three pictures over there, the first being Mogambo with Clark Gable. . . . Did you know that before Ava accepted that flashy role opposite Gregory Peck in Snows Of Kilimanjaro it was turned down by Hedy Lamar? . . . And that Susan Hayward wouldn't have played the part of the other woman opposite Peck if she had known Ava would be in the picture? It's the truth, and 20th accomplished it by shooting Ava's sequences after they had Susie's in the can! . . . The one gal I see at EVERY Hollywood party: Jeannie Crain. . . . This makes Ty Power sound a trifle on the conceited side but it's a fact nonetheless: he and his Linda tossed a party to unveil some murals painted by Karin and Ernst van Leyden depicting the life of Ty! . . . Betty Hutton got a lot of attention from the British press because of the gigantic pearl-and-emerald choker she wore upon her arrival there. But when she told reporters it was fake, they accused her of bad taste.

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It sounds like something right out of an old-fashioned melodrama but I'm convinced Dale and Jackie Robertson wouldn't have had THEIR bust-up if Jackie had borne Dale a son instead of a daughter! He had his heart set on a son—indeed, he'd had the nursery painted blue. . . . Outside of kidding about who gets custody of the Robertsons' police dog (Dale's very attached to his pet!), everybody in Hollywood was doing the raised eyebrows routine over the way Dale went crying to John Carroll. As a matter of fact, he stayed with John for a few days. . . . All of which was merely a repetition of what happened when Mario Lanza left his Betty. Mario stayed with John too. . . . And the bitter punchline to the whole story is that John is in no position to give advice to EITHER Dale or Mario, since his own marriage to MGM talent coach Lucille Ryman is another one of those on-again-off-again things!

A big studio executive is responsible for the broken engagement of Mitzi Gaynor and Dick Coyle. . . . Shelley Winters will be mighty mad at Sir Stork if he arrives before her husband gets back from Rome. . . . It happened at the "Out Of This World" baseball game. Harry James, Betty Grable's present spouse, had some kind of an argument with Jackie Coogan, Betty's ex-spouse, and yelled, "Look, Coogan, if you're not careful I'll give you back your old lady!". . . . Peggy Rutledge, Liz Taylor's secretary, and the butler Mike Wilding brought from London didn't get along. So at press time it looked like Mike would have to let the butler go. . . . Walter Wanger couldn't attend the Los Angeles opening of Joan Bennett's play, Bell, Book And Candle, but another of Joan's ex-husbands—Gene Markey—showed up!

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Joanne Dru has a new deal with the barber at 20th. He gives her a wholesale price for haircuts for her (and John Ireland's) five kids if she brings them all in at the same time. Crooner Eddie Fisher got back (Continued on page 14)
HE RAVISHED THE PIRATE PORT OF MADAGASCAR TO STEAL THE LOVE OF ITS CORSAIR QUEEN!

From adventure's golden age comes its most exciting tale!

Universal International presents

ERROL FLYNN
MAUREEN O'HARA
AGAINST ALL FLAGS
COLOR BY Technicolor

with
ANTHONY QUINN
ALICE KELLEY - MILDRED NATWICK

Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN • Screenplay by AENEAS MacKENZIE and JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by HOWARD CHRISTIE
from his Korean Army duty with two ribbons and a battle star. Remember when Eddie used to date Marion Morrison, who married Johnnie Ray when Eddie was away? . . . Doris Day acted as stand-in for her stand-in! The gal, one of Doris’ best friends, is expecting a baby. . . . Mala Powers, who has been very ill, is expected back before the cameras and completely recovered by the time you read this. Despite his reservations, Carol Lee Ladd and Bill Evans, son of the Rev. Louis Evans (Bill’s brother Lou married Collen Townsend) are planning on getting married. Sue Ladd fears that Bill’s ministerial background and Carol Lee’s show business background are definitely NOT hand-in-glove. And Sue’ll be sore at me for saying this but it’s gospel! . . . AAB, by the way, was prostrated for three days in England by the news that Jezebel, his favorite dog, had died of poisoning. . . . Ursula Thiess went to Ciro’s by her lonesome one Wednesday night and sat in the same booth occupied the previous night by the once-married Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. “Twas Bob’s first night away from Ursula, his new amour. . . . Idle thought: Debbie Reynolds talks too much in movie houses. . . . And somebody should tell Debra Paget that 9:30 A.M. is MUCH too early to go strolling in Beverly Hills in a taffeta cocktail dress cut down to HERE, a mink stole—and barefoot!

QUICK QUOTES:

Jimmy Stewart walked up to Ray Milland after a screening of The Thief and said, “Ray, if I could only act like you!” . . . I told Shirley Booth she deserved an Oscar for her active in Come Back, Little Sheba. She replied, “It was such a pleasant experience working in California, it would only seem like gilding the lily to have an Oscar for it.” . . . Olivia deHavilland asked Carol Reed how she thought Olivia’s starring role in My Cousin Rachel ought to be played. Cobina replied, “Play it like the kind of woman we all know, dearest Olivia—the kind who can attend the same party with her lover without another soul there knowing the two of them. Yippee!” Rock Hudson writes from England, where he’s reported feuding with his Toilers Of The Sea co-star, Yvonne De Carlo: “As yet I haven’t found a girl who is attractive enough to make me lose my head.”

FUNNIES:

“Eavesdropped in Schwab’s: ‘I refuse to believe that dollar bills carry germs. A germ couldn’t live on a dollar today!’” . . . Scott Brady says he knows a tobacco outfit that wants to sponsor Bishop Fulton Sheen’s television show and advertise a cigarette called Holy Smoke. . . . Oldest sight of the month: Macdonald Carey standing in horrified silence while the priest baptized his fourth child—using the wrong 14 name! . . . David Selznick buries his head in a pillow and mumbles into it while interviewing secretarial applicants. The gal who hears him best gets the job. . . . James Wong Howe, the ace cameraman, was getting ready to shoot Tallulah Bankhead in her first movie in years, Main Street To Broadway. Tittered Tallulah, “Throw away that gauze you were going to shoot me through, Johnny. Anyhow, you can cover up my wrinkles is by shooting me through linoleum!”

Rocky Cooper went to the Marion Davies party for Johnnie and Marilyn Ray with Gary but almost wound up solo when Dusty Miller caught Cooper’s ear while he was en route to the washroom . . . Chata Wayne staggered to the same parties in her overcoat, who the very next day su ed Cornelius Vanderbilt for divorce . . . Some sideline observers think that the thing that broke up Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker was the news leak that Ralph is only 29, compared to Babs’ 39 . . . Before Rita Hayworth left for Paris she promised Aly Kahn she would try to guide her life, not his. Rita knew all along she could never control the latter . . . Dorothy Arnold DiMaggio, Joe’s ex-wife, had some photos taken by Tom Kelley, the photographer who shot that famous calendar photo of Marilyn Monroe.

SEX APPEAL:

Jane Wyman displayed the prettiest legs in town at the Masquers Revels, a benefit for the Motion Picture Country Home and Hospital. Janie danced and sang the part of a burlesque cutie . . . When will glamorous movie stars learn that glamorous movie stars don’t sit at drugstore counters in Hollywood eating tuna fish sandwiches—and I’m not naming names! . . . Lex Barker is happier making Westerns than he is in the Tarzan pictures, because in the latter he doesn’t even have to shave his chest. . . . And leave it to Lex, Dale Robertson and Tab Hunter to cop all the beefcake honors posing in abbreviated swimsuits poolside at the opening of the new Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas.

Terry Garson on the always interesting subject of Marilyn Monroe: “Marilyn is a very smart girl. Of course, she doesn’t like to wear clothes—but neither do I! The big difference, I guess, is that I like to conform” . . . A fan offered Virginia Mayo a new car. A press agent asked Virginia, “Would you take it from a stranger?” Virginia answered, “Anybody who offers me a car automatically becomes an old friend!” . . . Groucho Marx asked his five-year-old Melinda, “What do you do at school?” And Melinda replied, “We paint and go to the little girls’ room.”

LONG HUNCH DEPT’:

Hollywood’s topmost glamour gals have been put on the defensive—and will continue that way, believe me!—by Marilyn Monroe, the likes of whose publicity hasn’t been seen in this town for months. Among those who are going all-out for sex publicity buildups, as a result, and de-emphasizing their home ties are Greer Garson, Jeanne Crain, Anne Baxter, Sally Forrest, and Virginia Bruce. Why, do you know the first gal Tallulah Bankhead, an old pal of mine, asked to meet when she arrived here from the East? Marilyn! . . . Vera Ellen knit a sweater for Dean Miller but this is one romance that’ll never knit! In fact, I have a feeling Vera will never wed as long as her mother is with her.

In preparation for her marriage to Dick Egan, watch for Ann Sothern to embrace the Catholic faith. Her daughter Patricia has also been taking instructions. . . . Janet Leigh has been studying Christian Science. . . . And a number of writers at Paramount have been attending services at another church in the Valley. . . . Don’t let anybody tell you it doesn’t pay to be good in this town. Ann Blyth has held onto stardom without one hint of scandal. . . . John Agar, bound and determined he’ll be a singer in addition to acting, is studying vocalizing. His first professional song stunt was a duet of “Don’t Fence Me In” for the Radio’s Sam Talbot. . . . Mercedes McCambridge, who lost her baby, told me she has turned down one film role after another—“because my agents keep offering me scripts in which I would play ’Sadie Burke,’ the same character in All The King’s Men for which I won an Oscar. I don’t want to play ’Sadie Burke’ anymore, even under any other characters,” she said. . . . If I were anywhere else in this town, I might have any other part, preferably sympathetic, that I could play?” Well, aren’t there?

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Irene Dunne and Loretta Young are putting $250,000 into a new clubhouse and other improvements for their jointly owned Ojai Valley Inn . . . Dennis Day uses his own name, Dennis McNulty, when making business deals outside his own singing and acting profession. He says it prevents his being billed by salespeople and others who always hike the prices when they know they’re dealing with a movie star. . . . Louis Hayward has gone into milinery as a sideline. He’s now a partner of Kenneth Hopkins, the hat designer . . . John Wayne paid Chata $1,000 a month pending the divorce, which makes her claim that she has to do her own housework seem rather silly. . . . Incidentally, Wayne paid his first wife, Josie, the princely sum of $60,000 alimony last year.

While making a personal appearance in connection with the opening of The Lusty Man in Oklahoma City, Marilyn Maxwell opened the Gideon Bible in her hotel room and found four $20 bills. This sounds like a press agent gag! . . . John Wayne Cary, Marilyn swears he’s Tab Hunter, who got $250 a week (before taxes) from David Rose for co-starring with Linda Darnell in Island Of Desire, is now dragging down $1,100 a week for new picture assignments . . . Randy Scott gets $10,000 a week when he works on his two-picture-a-year contract for Warners . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor ended her friendship with daughter, Francesca Hilton, in Mrs. James Mason’s nursery school—but Zsa Zsa and Mrs. Mason, as you probably know, are not exactly devoted to each other! . . . Ginger Rogers was lurking in the shadows of the Los Angeles airport when Jacques Bergerac arrived here from Paris. Ginger’s agent, Dore Schary, as he got off the plane and brought him to Ginger’s royal presence — Dick Powell and June Allyson bought a $500,000 property, including a lake, in Mandeville Canyon.
What
TONY MARTIN
learned from
CYD CHARISSSE

"WHEN HER STOCKINGS SHINE,
A WOMAN DOESN'T!"

That's why Hollywood stars choose
Leg-O-Genic BUR-MIL CAMEO
with exclusive Face Powder Finish

"Since I've been married to Cyd Charisse,
I've been learning a good many feminine
secrets," says Tony Martin. "And one is
that a woman doesn't shine when her
stockings do."

That's why—to be truly Leg-O-Genic—
Cyd Charisse and dozens of M-G-M
stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons
with exclusive Face Powder Finish,
on the screen and off. Not even
glaring Kleig lights cast a single
gleam on Cameo's permanently
soft, misty-dull finish.

Wear Leg-O-Genic Bur-Mil
Cameo nylons. And you'll get

...up to 40%
longer wear
by actual test!

"'SOMBRERO,' my new
Technicolor picture for M-G-M,
was filmed in Mexico," says
Cyd Charisse. "And the tropi-
cal sun was even brighter than
Hollywood Kleig lights." But
not even that tropical sun can
cast an ugly highlight on
Cameo's Face Powder Finish!

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
With Exclusive
Face Powder Finish

From $1.5 to $1.65

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER FINISH AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.) OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION
"Doc" (Burt Lancaster) and Lola (Shirley Booth) married out of necessity. It has ruined his career and her personal pride. They try, however, to make the best of it.

"Doc," witnessing a scene between Marie, the Delaneys' boarder (Terry Moore), and the University "He-Man" (Richard Jaeckel), once more loses his faith in youth.

Lola suspects "Doc" has fallen off the wagon, but pathetically carries on the dinner she had painstakingly arranged for Marie and her hometown boyfriend.

Returning violently drunk, "Doc" goes berserk. His Alcoholic Anonymous co-workers arrive just in time to save Lola's life. They both resolve once more to try to reform.

**COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA**

Midway in her performance as Lola Delaney, slovenly, prattling wife of an aging chiropractor, Shirley Booth trudges out on the front porch of the decayed Victorian house in which they live and calls plaintively, as is her habit, for her missing dog Sheba. The symbolism of the title thus becomes apparent; it mirrors the picture's tragic theme. This is the story of everyone who evokes the nostalgic past and all that it might have offered; who refuses to face and accept an unpleasant present and all that the future may bring. Specifically it is the story of "Doc" Delaney, a onetime medical student who is a failure, and of Lola, who is a failure as his wife. A reformed drunkard and a member of Alcoholic Anonymous, "Doc" married her years before out of sheer necessity; this forced him to give up his schooling, and under his well-bred restraint he has never forgiven or forgotten. Nor can Lola forget she was once the most popular girl at the prom. Her dreams of a lifetime romance having faded, she has taken refuge in memories as "Doc" once took refuge in drink. Then, suddenly, the Delaneys are shocked out of their longtime compromise with their fate. They take in a college girl as boarder, and she appears to be making all their own mistakes. "Fast" but healthily modern in a sense foreign to the cloistered older couple, she is able to take care of herself. "Doc," however, mistakes her actions and her motives, and turmoil comes to the Delaney household again. The ending is different from the stage play's, and so is the emphasis, but both versions are equally believable. Burt Lancaster may be too young for the part of "Doc," but he manages to bluff it out without the benefit of inordinate make-up. The girl and her boy friend are honestly played by Terry Moore and Richard Jaeckel; Daniel Mann's direction is, if anything, even more tellingly detailed than it was in the original. But it is William Inge's script and Shirley Booth's playing of it that matter most, and both seem to benefit by the increased importance of her part, for Lola, indeed, is the crux of the whole problem. *Come Back, Little Sheba,* like its subject, is painfully real. No light night's entertainment, it offers what in the long run is likely to prove far more satisfactory: a moving, brooding view of one of man's basic predicaments and in Miss Booth's performance a portrait that few will ever forget.—*Paramount*
BECAUSE OF YOU

An old-fashioned tear-jerker, slickly scripted and slickly played, Because Of You is about an innocent young dance-ball girl who goes to the big house because her boy friend deals in dope. He never got around to telling her, it seems, what the white stuff was used for. Prison clears her mind, educates her and sends her on a high mission as a nurse. In a hospital she meets a wealthy but unhealthy airman (Jeff Chandler), so tentatively adjusted to the world that he can't be told about her prison past. With a stiff upper lip she keeps her silence and marries him. They have a baby daughter. And then her former fiancé comes back to haunt her and the truth comes out. Her husband has the marriage annulled and takes custody of the little girl. Years pass, and she can stand the separation no longer. Masquerading as "Miss Marvel, the Magic Lady," she takes a job as governess in her husband's home while he is abroad. It's a lucky thing, too, for her child is showing alarming symptoms of lack of mother love. Naturally, the inevitable confrontation scene occurs when the father unexpectedly returns. This sort of thing used to be called a woman's picture. There appears to be no reason in this emancipated age why any woman would accept its illogical promises and falsely emotional plot any more readily than would a man.

Cast: Lorelei Young, Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol.—Universal.

WAY OF A GAUCHO

Made entirely in Argentina, this film about the gauchos, or cowboys, of the last century captures the full flavor of the colorful pampas country, the Argentinian plains. More particularly, it catches the untamed spirit of the hard-riding horsemen whose lean hordes of cattle made the unfenced stretches of green pampas grass their free domain. As Martin, gaucho among gauchos, Rory Calhoun personifies these people—proud, passionate, recognizing no law but their own. Martin kills a man who has insulted his patron. By gaucho custom, this is a fair fight and an honorable one, but under new laws formulated by city folk he is arrested and sentenced to service with the militia. This fans his resentment against the remorseless march of civilization that means roads and railways, cultivation and fences and an end to the gaucho's ways. Bred in the undisciplined democracy of the pampas lands, Martin finds Army rules and regulations more than he can take. He deserts and wins leadership of other outlaws who have taken refuge in the hills behind the plains. Behind him he leaves Teresa (Gene Tierney), a wealthy young woman whom he once saved from Indian raiders and whom he has learned, in spite of the difference in their backgrounds, to love deeply. The rest of the film tells a double story, of the gaucho's fight with the authorities and of Martin's desperate attempts to make Teresa his wife. The separate strands of narrative are tied effectively to the scenario's main theme: the age-old struggle of the past against giving way to the present. And although one's sympathy is directed to Martin and his kind, even they recognize that the battle is a hopeless one. This gives the story of high adventure a tragic overtone that makes it more than just an historical "Western," south-of-the-equator style.


Dial Soap keeps complexities clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada
Are your hats always chic... dresses just right... accessories well matched?

No?

Then you need the new 1000 HINTS FASHION MAGAZINE

the unique fashion magazine that’ll help you to learn more about your face, figure, looks, and individual style. 1000 Hints Fashion brings you the accumulated knowledge of dozens of fashion experts. You’ll be able to tell which of the clothes you have are right for you... which ones you’ll need for the perfect and yet inexpensive wardrobe.

Let 1000 Hints FASHION make you the best dressed girl in town.

**THE PRISONER OF ZENDA**

In the critical terms of the trade, the question, “How was the production?” is likely to mean how much did it cost and how was the money spent. In this case the answer is very much and very well. For the story of The Prisoner Of Zenda is a pretty timeworn tale, and it’s a wonder anyone thought of remodeling it. It’s a greater wonder that they remade it so successfully. Fast-moving and full of Technicolor fantasies, it feasts the eye with fabulous swordplay and the ear with verbal repose, so that a story so essentially old-fashioned suddenly doesn’t seem quite as silly any more. The Prisoner Of Zenda is about the visit of a late 19th century Englishman (Stewart Granger) to one of those mythical middle European nations, just before a new king is crowned; how the king-to-be (Granger again) is incapacitated at the last moment and the proper Britisher, who happens to be his double, is persuaded to take over for the coronation ceremony. Naturally the hero falls headlong into a romance with his look-alike fiancée (Deborah Kerr) and there is as much heart-bleeding as blood-letting in the film thereafter. Not unexpectedly, there are a number of villains on the scene; the worst of those (James Mason) has the gift of charming blather, and in his relaxedly worn-out mood he is allowed to comment on the action and set an arched-eyebrow pace for the production. The Prisoner Of Zenda is not to be taken seriously, but not to be entirely discounted either. For everyone concerned it’s something of a lark.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Robert Douglas, Jane Greer.—NMG.

**PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE**

Plymouth Adventure concerns the first little band of settlers who crossed the Atlantic on the Mayflower seeking freedom to work, think and pray in their own individual fashion. From any point of view a film like this is an enormous undertaking. It is basic history, deeply rooted in the American mind and emotion. Those, after all, were the “founding fathers.” It is also an epic tale of heroism and hardship so complex in what led up to it and so complicated in what came out of it that perhaps the subject is too wide even for the length of an extended feature film. Wisely, therefore, the story has been held to the actual sea voyage. Some of the scenes of ocean storm are among the most vivid ever made, dramatic in their picturization of wind, wave and battered vessel, of starving, thirsty humans crowded like cattle below deck on a wooden ship. These mass effects make for moving moments, and these portions of the picture come alive. Less can be said for the love story that rears its ugly, all-too-expected head. Evidently feeling their picture needed a personal focus, the script writers have created in skipper Christopher Jones a gaunt and guilt-ridden man who hates all passengers until his sight falls on Mrs. William Bradford, wife of a Puritan leader. Played by Spencer Tracy and Gene Tierney with all the dignity they can muster, these characters never are quite realized. And so, after all, the film as a whole lacks the focus that is supplied fitfully by the fine character performers (Leo Genn and Barry Jones, in particular) and forcibly, when the occasion arises, by storm and sea.

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson, Barry Jones.—NMG.

**SPRINGFIELD RIFLE**

A better-than-average melodrama about a man of action who is also a man of conscience, Springfield Rifle features Gary Cooper in the type of role you expect to see him in. It’s a part that fits him like the green buckskin jacket he wears through much of the film, and he plays it with his usual moody sensitivity, and the scriptwriters have given him plenty to do. In this case it’s a double job: setting up the U. S. Army’s first counterespionage outfit, and trying out the Springfield, first weapon in the esteem of the cavalryman and footsoldier for so long. The story is set in a Midwestern fort, held by the Union forces, in the midst of the Civil War. Cooper is Major Lex Kearny, unit commander making a daring and final try to bring a much-needed column of horses and pack mules over snowbound and rocky country to the fort, so that the North can mount a spring offensive. Everybody knows that spies are forewarning Southern sympathizers of such trips, but when Kearny spots a raiding crew, figures himself outnumbered and tries to escape with his men unscathed, he is cashiered from the Army for his pains. The rest of the movie turns of his efforts to reestablish fortunes with his country and his wife (Phyllis Thaxter), who doesn’t understand because she can’t be told. The way the scriptwriters manage it, it’s pretty exciting stuff, with Kearny becoming a secret agent so he can discover who the spies really are. In this average-length movie, he has time to find out, for there are none of the fancy furbelows of side-plots that mar and interrupt so many otherwise intelligent melodramas. And perhaps because there are no side-plots to dissipate interest, Springfield Rifle holds that interest to the end.

Cast: Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, Paul Kelly, Philip Carey.—Warners.

**THE IRON MISTRESS**

The “iron mistress” of the title turns out to be nothing more than a bowie knife. But if some may be misled by the variety or excitement the movie has to offer, excitement it provides aplenty, for this is the violent history of James Bowie (Alan Ladd), the knife’s inventor. The year is 1825. Young Bowie, a backwoodsman from the Louisiana bayou country, wins a hard-fought fight with his two brothers by a well-aimed blow with a blade. This is just frontier roughhouse, it becomes clear, with the price a much sought-for trip to New Orleans to sell some lumber from the family saw-mill. When Bowie gets to the city his knife-work takes on a far more serious complexion. His business duties fade before the vision of a hard-bitten beauty named Judalon (Virginia Mayo), and he fights a duel over her—first in a long and complicated series of fights and feuds he is due to engage in. Judalon is the direct or indirect cause of them all, and she turns out not to be worth all the trouble. This is the stuff that spectacles are made of—a romantic mixture of fact and fiction, full of the clash of steel on glinting steel, of colorful Crockett costumes, fraught with death, flight and destruction. It is not, however, the stuff the acting feeds on. Ladd & Co. are kept so busy dashing about the rapidly changing scenes that they have little time to act as more than puppets. There’s hardly a dull moment and hardly a logical, believable one.

**THE STOOGE**

If The Stooge is seldom as hilarious as the funnier portions of some past Martin-Lewis pictures, taken as a whole it is a far more enjoyable film. Slapstick humor can be pretty stultifying, once all the practical variations of pratfalls are played. The Stooge has more to offer: an endearing characterization.

In this case Jerry Lewis, whose comic ability has long been obvious and sometimes too evident, has been persuaded to tone his performance down so that all can see there is a human side to the talented young man. The little demon has turned into an artful and often touching urchin—an unauty, not too intelligent but not unattractive boy with a very good heart and an unholy ability to get himself into impossible situations. The situation in this case consists of acting as a stooge to a performer (effectively played by Dean Martin) whose ego is larger than his job as singer in oldtime vaudeville houses. Naturally, Jerry takes over the act. Although allowed no billing and paid but a pitance, he makes it a smashing success. The plot pits the self-conscious pride of the vaudeville-skilled song-and-dance man against the innate modesty of his simple second man. Bumbling and fumbling through his adolescence on "the road," Jerry becomes a man (he meets a girl named Frecklehead) and, admiring Martin's kind and beautiful wife (Polly Bergen), tries to make a man of his partner. The Stooge holds hope that Lewis may yet develop into a topnotch comic actor.

**Cast:** Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Polly Bergen, Marion Marshall—Paramount.

---

**THE STEEL TRAP**

The only question anent The Steel Trap is the one about why nobody ever made a picture on the subject before. Make no mistake about it, this is a beautifully conceived and executed suspense film: in fact, a natural. There is a lot of virtue—and a lot of suspense—in sheer simplicity. The trap of the title is a big bank vault. Joseph Cotten, as a junior executive at the Los Angeles City Bank, has worked in and around it for 11 years. And yet it is all in one moment that temptation comes and makes him forget everything that has seemed important to him before: his standing as an up-and-coming businessman in the community, as a husband to his lovely wife (Teresa Wright) and as a proud father. He sees his chance and he takes it; he begins to make plans to steal $1,000,000. First Cotten has to decide how to get away with the loot; he learns there are no extradition agreements between the U.S. and Brazil. Then there is the problem of passports; visas are hurried for no man. This leads to the first of a thousand frightening delays. But by now he has the money; it is a week-end, and the embarrassment won't be discovered until the bank reopens on Monday. As the hours pass and Saturday slips into Sunday, the suspense grows greater, gradually reaching such steel-tautness as to be almost unbearable. Will the ob-scending banker get away with his crime and if he does will he ever sleep soundly again? Cotten and Miss Wright make the couple they play as real as the couple next door. This is a portrait of a man on the lam, not a picture about how he got that way. But within its smaller sphere it carries the agony of real pity, captured in the man's loneliness, the wife's despair, the shocked suspicion of outsiders.

**Cast:** Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright.—20th Century-Fox.

---

**Something wonderful happens when you see**

Samuel Goldwyn's
new musical wonderfilm

**"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"**

Something wonderful happens because out of the romantic life of the greatest storyteller of them all . . . and from the fabulous and unforgettable tales he told . . . Samuel Goldwyn has created something more than a motion picture . . . something off the beaten path of entertainment as we know it . . . a multi-million dollar Technicolor musical that's all song and dance and love and joy!

Yes, something wonderful happens—and it happens to you—when you see

"Hans Christian Andersen"!

8 WONDERFUL SONG HITS!
"No Two People", "Anywhere I Wander", "Thumbelina", "Wonderful Copenhagen" . . . and more
Even in Hollywood, it's a shock when a couple with a three-month-old baby break up. The Dale Robertsons, back together again, are trying hard to prove they're not...

too young for marriage

BY RICHARD DEXTER

A week before their separation, Dale and Jackie attended the gala Hotel Sahara opening in Las Vegas. No one noticed anything wrong between them. The suddenness of the split came as a surprise to most of the movie industry.

Suddenly one day, after a little more than a year of marriage, and three months after the birth of his baby daughter, Rochelle, Dale Robertson got up from his favorite chair in his Reseda home and calmly announced to his wife, Jackie, that he had come to the conclusion their marriage had been a mistake. Then he slipped on a jacket and walked out of the house.

This report is being written a week after that happened, and this writer has just finished talking to Mrs. Robertson on the telephone. Right now, tonight, Dale is back home—and the daily newspapers tomorrow will carry the stories of the reconciliation. But it really isn't a reconciliation, because this is the way my conversation with Mrs. Robertson ended:

"Then Dale is back home," I said.
"Temporarily," said Jackie Robertson. "What does that mean?" I asked.
"Well," she said, "Dale is home now and we are trying to talk things out."
"Then may I tell the readers of Modern Screen that you are back together again temporarily?"
"Yes, you can," said Jackie. "That's the way it is right now—and neither one of us knows if it will be any more than that later."

This was pretty honest talk for Hollywood, very unusual, indeed. Although she has been reported to be seriously broken up by the separation, Jackie Robertson is facing the facts and will not kid herself or anyone else. She is by no means casual about the matter, either. She feels deeply that somewhere she or her husband failed, and she will not make light of the situation by denying that it is a tragedy, nor will she cover her sorrow with a masquerade of lies.

According to their friends, the people who have known (Continued on page 21)
I SAW IT HAPPEN

One late afternoon during World War II I was making a hurried trip to town in a not-too-clean one-and-a-half ton "G.I." truck from Walla Walla Army Air Base where I was a chauffeur. Riding with me was a sergeant who was in charge of the supplies I was to pick up in town.

As we were leaving the base, we saw a corporal standing waiting for a bus to town. "Shall we give him a ride?" I asked. "It's O.K. with me, but he rides in the back!" growled the sarge.

We pulled up and I yelled, "Want a ride, corporal?" The soldier grinned and climbed nimbly into the back where he had to stand during the noisy windy ride to town. Once there he jumped out, said, "Thanks a lot," and gave me what is now a very famous smile.

I have often wondered what Alan Ladd thought of that wild ride.

Mrs. Elaine Denton Everett, Washington

NOW! The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
ANNOUNCES

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"

in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

SAME WRAPPER—SAME LOW PRICE!

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"*

is what makes Palmolive Green!

Now! For Your Complexion . . . Palmolive Coral Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

THE "CHLOROPHYLL GREEN" SOAP WITH THE PURE WHITE LATHER!
him, calling him such nice things as another Gable. It would have to be a pretty stoody type of guy that wouldn't change just a little bit. Particularly, as Dale did, if a man had spent several years bucking adversity to reach his goal.

We have heard it said often that he had gone high—that no longer talked to people on the lot who were once his pals. Well, they say that about every new star at one time or another. The point to remember is that when he was a nobody, no one would have noticed if he hadn't spoken or returned a greeting. They do when a man becomes a star—and the root of most accusations of this sort generally is in the accuser's mind.

We would say, after a careful analysis of the matter, that the reasons for the separation lie somewhere in the middle of these facts and suppositions. There is some truth in all of the charges, but in no one of them enough power to break up a marriage. And there are other things.

For instance, outside interests. For more than a year Dale has had a baseball club, composed of friends at the studio and in his neighborhood. The team plays on a diamond in the San Fernando Valley at least three times a week, at night. For the first few months after they were married Jackie attended all the games. But later on, as the weather grew cooler, she began to stay home once in a while. Then, after she became pregnant, she stopped going altogether. Well, that meant that Dale was out three nights a week playing ball—and possibly another night or two on business or at one of his other hobbies, like horses. Jackie, then, was home a good deal alone—and any woman, no matter how valid her husband's reason, gets a little sick of that. Another contributing cause, we believe, was that Dale is so crazy about golf that whenever he isn't working, he will spend every day chasing a little white ball around a course.

Now let's look at some of Jackie's problems. The most important thing is that she has a complex about Dale not liking her cooking. When she was married, like so many other brides, she knew absolutely nothing about cooking. She couldn't even make coffee. But she wanted to run her own kitchen, so she decided to learn. Well, a tough thing to ground is a husband's stomach—and it may be that Dale didn't feel he deserved this and consequently ate home as little as he could. One of Jackie's friends said that she would prefer a fancy dinner and Dale would nibble a bite or two and then push his plate away, claiming he was full. And Jackie is reported to have stormed once that she didn't think he was sneaking off with another woman—but she did think he was sneaking his meals someplace, because a big guy like him had to eat more than Dale did to stay alive.

Another friend of Jackie told us that she thought Jackie was too young for a successful marriage. True, she was only 19, but many, many girls marry at that age and it lasts a lifetime. But Jackie was a bit younger than her years. She had been indulged by her parents to the point that many people claimed she was spoiled. She had never had to get out and earn her own living. She modeled a little after getting out of school and worked in one picture at 20th Century-Fox. That was all. Maybe she was a little inexperienced for the job of coping with the butcher and baker and running a home.

Yes, the little things sometimes pile up and smash a marriage. For instance there was the time a few months ago that Jackie took Dale's favorite dog, a German shepherd named Blaze, to the golf club across from the studio where Daves works. Somehow the animal got out of the car and was hit by a passing auto and killed. Dale was inconsolable for a long time—and they say he blamed Jackie for the pet's death.

This writer had a chance to observe Dale and his wife together for a few days in Las Vegas, Nevada, a week before they broke up. It was at the opening of the fabulous Sahara Hotel and everyone was having a gay time. At the time we didn't honestly pay much attention, never suspecting anything was wrong. But now that we look back on it everyone seemed to be having a lot of fun but Dale and Jackie. Sure they sat together at dinner and went to the shows together, but something was lacking. As we look back they did not appear to be delighted with each other's company.

There is one place in a studio where all the gossip is known, and all the situations cooking on the lot are evaluated and conclusions, more often right than wrong, are reached. That place is the make-up room. Here the studio messengers congregate and cover the entire studio many times a day making their rounds with letters and messages. We checked a good source in the 20th Century-Fox mail room for an opinion—a consensus on whether or not Dale and Jackie Robertson would work their problem out and continue with their marriage.

The consensus was that they would not. This is a pretty inaccurate forecast, we hope, because it is an unhappy one. But we are inclined to go along with it. We have the feeling that Dale and Jackie right now just don't want to iron things out—or are not ready to face the fact that somebody is going to have to make some concessions—one or the other.

When we spoke to Jackie she didn't have a hopeful ring in her voice, not at all the kind of ring you'd expect to hear from a girl whose husband had just come home after a parting that looked like the end. She admitted that they were going to make a stab at it again, but she seemed to have little enthusiasm for it—maybe because she believes herself that it won't work.

Dale Robertson will be around a long time. He's got the movies by the tail—and he's hanging on. But he's not going to be a happy man for a long while if his current oscillation doesn't take. Dale is the kind of fellow who calls women "Ma'm." He takes just about everything seriously, certainly something as big in his life as marriage. Even if he doesn't really know what the matter is now, he will someday—and then it might be too late.

(Dale Robertson will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Farmer Takes A Wife.)

start the new year right with the
February issue of
modern screen
on sale January 6
with Elizabeth Taylor
on the cover
more exciting than ever
FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—Lee-Ah-Loo; You Do Something To Me, by Mario Lanza [Victor].

RCA Victor just signed the temperamental tenor to a new contract after a big fight about terms. If his latest shenanigans haven't cost him too many fans, the sides should do very nicely, though some of us still can't share the general enthusiasm for his vocal style.

BIG SKY—When I Dream by Bob Eberly* [Capitol].

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS—title song by Billy Eckstine* [MGM]; Roger Coleman (Decca).

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Anywhere I Wander by Frank Warren [MGM].

By the time you read this, MGM will have some new versions out of several songs from this picture, sung by Mr. & Mrs. Frank Loesser—he's the talented tunsmith who wrote the score.

JUMPING JACKS—I Know A Dream When I See One by Dean Martin* [Capitol].

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST—Rosemary Clooney & Harry James** [Columbia].

Hollywood's Best is not the title of a movie. It's the name of a new LP record on which Rosemary Clooney sings, and Harry James and his orchestra play, eight evergreen songs that won the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. An ideal gift.

The Continental [from The Gay Divorcee], 1934.

Sweet Leilani [from Waikiki Wedding], 1937.

Over The Rainbow [from The Wizard Of Oz], 1939.

When You Wish Upon A Star [from Pinocchio], 1940.

You'll Never Know [from Hello, Frisco, Hello], 1943.

It Might As Well Be Spring [from State Fair], 1945.

On The Atchison, Topeka & The Santa Fe [from The Harvey Girls], 1946.

In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening [from Here Comes The Groom], 1951.

Altogether, these songs make a delightful set and offer some of the best work ever waxed by Rosemary and Harry.

POPULAR

ALAN DALE—Laugh, Clown, Laugh** [Coral].

ALAN DEAN—Give Me Your Lips** [MGM].

Apologies to the two Alans. Last month we credited Dean's Let's Call It A Day to Dale. Incidentally, Give Me Your Lips is from the new picture, April In Paris, 1949.

RICHARD HAYES—Forgetting You? [Mercury].

FRANK SINATRA—The Birth Of The Blues* [Columbia].

MEL TORME—Casually* [Capitol].

JAZZ

GUDDY DE FRANCO—King Of The Clarinet album** [MGM].

ERIC DICKENSON—Tenderly (Blue Note).
"Why don't I stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake, I keep asking myself," says Ann Blyth. Here's the ninth in Modern Screen's new series on the art of living, written by Hollywood's top stars.

Take my word for it
by ANN BLYTH; star columnist for January

GOING UP? I'm awfully glad that the custom of men tipping their hats when a lady enters an elevator is fading out. On a crowded elevator it was hard to keep from laughing—all the men seemed so awfully short-armed as they scrooshed their heads down and were just about able to wiggle their forearms up.

I was rather surprised the other day to hear the traditional explanation of why a man takes to the outside when walking with a lady—something about the gutters being full of mud in the old days and the necessity of protecting her from getting splashed by horses galloping past. Piffle! From the time I was a little girl I had my own reason and I still like it better—the girl is on the inside because it is easier for her to see the store windows!

Suggested new custom for riding an escalator with a lady: the man should not stand on the upper step—it makes the girl feel so awfully little looking up to him. Let her have it and she can feel like a queen riding on a magic carpet—if only for a minute.

TIP TO HOLLYWOOD (and anyone else interested):
Save the big parties for an extra special occasion. People have so much more fun in small groups. Actually, even at a big party, the guests work into small gatherings anyway. How many people can you really talk to at a time . . . and be actually warm with and gay? Not ten, I bet. They would have to be your ten oldest and closest friends . . . then certainly not 20, or 30! The bigger the party the less the intimacy; the less the intimacy the colder the party. (Besides—if you happen to know a funny story and tell it at a big affair there is sure to be someone else who has heard it before. At a small affair you at least have a fighting chance of putting it over!) Add constant interruptions as new guests arrive and further introductions have to be made—and whole batches of strangers find themselves looking at each other with baffled eyes!

Actress named Blyth overheard talking to herself: "Why don't you try for pictures in which you can sing more? Why don't you try for comedies—parts like the one you had with Robert Montgomery in Once More, My Darling? Why don't you see about doing a play again . . . and get that gratifying feeling of really being an actress when you walk out in front of a new audience every night? Why don't you get married? Why don't you . . . oh, why don't you stop being so career-minded and go home and bake a cake or take a long and languorous bath or set your hair or something?"

Which reminds me of baths and kitchens and things like that:

BATHS I LIKE, but showers I don't. Yet when I finally talk myself into taking a shower I feel wonderful afterwards. Of course, with a bath I not only feel wonderful afterward, I feel wonderful during. Kitchens—could it be possible for designers of kitchens and the things that belong to kitchens to make them look less like clinics? All that spotless white and chrome—you feel like you are about to operate rather than cook a meal. It's a wonder someone hasn't yet written a movie scene in a kitchen in which the cook calls out her orders like a surgeon—"Paring knife! Mixer! Spatula! Pot! . . ."

To me the kitchen is the foundation of the house. It should be a friendly, warm place, maybe in reds and browns, with wood and brick; a place where the kettle sings and there are chairs and a table and that's where you want to be . . . not where you go to "perform" with food.

When I got home from school as a child I used to go straight to the kitchen . . . to sit at the table for a snack . . . and chatter, chatter, mother about the day's adventures (Which reminds me of the afternoon when I really had an adventure to tell her about—the traditional one. I was about seven and this man drove up in a shiny black car and asked me if I liked candy and said he would drive me to the store and get me some if I got in the car!) I can still see myself at the table, with a sandwich in one hand and a big glass of milk in the other, feeling so important as I told my mother all about this . . !

I LEARNED TO COOK EARLY and still love to cook. But do today's kitchens pull at little girls like this . . . these scrupulously white chambers where you are disgraced if you happen to drop something, or, perish forbid, get a spot on anything?

There is a stage kitchen I will always remember . . . the one in the play, The Watch On The Rhine, in which I had the role of Babette during its Broadway run. I was 13 then, and

(Continued on page 69)
19 wonderful ways to make it a Silver Christmas...

These Holmes & Edwards serving pieces are as lovely as they are useful. Choose your gifts in any of these distinguished patterns from $1.65 for an always-welcome serving piece to a gleaming 52-piece service for 8 at $74.95.

WONDERFUL GIFTS FROM $1.65

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pie Server, hollow handle</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gravy Ladle</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pickle Fork</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Round Server</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cold Meat Fork</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Other pieces not shown:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Butter Knife</td>
<td>1.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar Spoon</td>
<td>2.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving Spoon</td>
<td>2.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierced Vegetable Server</td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jelly Server</td>
<td>3.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Server</td>
<td>4.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar Tongs</td>
<td>4.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheese Server, hollow handle</td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soup Ladle, hollow handle</td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Punch Ladle, hollow handle</td>
<td>3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierced Tablespoon</td>
<td>14.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carving Set, roast</td>
<td>9.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carving Set, game</td>
<td>12.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carving Set, steak</td>
<td>14.75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The most wonderful gift of all!

A 52-piece service for 8 in Holmes & Edwards—the silverplate with the look and feel of sterling—is only $74.95. Comparable service in sterling would be $200 more! Your dealer's Club Plan makes it available immediately for only a small down payment.

From the HOLMES & EDWARDS Collection.
Sandpaper Hands feel
**Caressable in 10 Seconds!**

Cashmere Bouquet

**Hand Lotion**

Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . "Sandpaper Hands" are softened and softened to lovely "Caressable Hands" with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

---

**NEW! Cashmere Bouquet**

French Type: Non-Smear Lipstick!

Stays Moist!

**Stays Bright!**

**Stays On!**

25¢ and 43¢

---

A. Her studio has requested her not to publicize them.

**Q.** Can you tell me if Esther Williams is near-sighted and has to wear contact lenses? —B. G., Elmira, N. Y.

A. Yes.

**Q.** How many children does Rhonda Fleming have? Is she really a Mormon? —J. J., Richfield, Utah

A. Rhonda has one son of her own; she is of the Mormon faith.

**Q.** I understand that Bing Crosby’s wig costs more than $500. How come a wig is so expensive? —D. Y., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. Crosby owns no wig, wears one in films bought and paid for by Paramount Studios; average cost is $85.

**Q.** Does Jack Benny’s daughter Joan plan to marry Vic Damone? —I. F., Palo Alto, Cal.

A. No.

**Q.** If I recall correctly Ava Gardner used to date Fernando Lamas, and Lana Turner used to date Frank Sinatra. In view of this how come Ava and Lana are such good friends? —B. Y., New York, N. Y.

A. Misery loves company.

**Q.** Does Lex Barker pay alimony to his two ex-wives? —G. U., Port Chester, N. Y.

A. He supports his children by a previous marriage; Arlene Dahl, wife number two, receives no alimony.

**Q.** Are John Hodiak and Anne Baxter breaking up their marriage? —O. G., Portland, Ore.

A. Just having career trouble.

**Q.** Now that they’ve divorced whom do Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney go out with? —E. R., Pelham, N. Y.

A. Pat dates Peggy Ann Garner; Mona occasionally sees Howard Hughes.

**Q.** Will Bob Taylor marry Ursula Thiess? Doesn’t she have four children by a previous husband in Germany? —E. R., Atlanta, Ga.

A. Miss Thiess has two children in Germany; Taylor has not as yet declared his intentions.

**Q.** Is it all over between Gary Cooper and Pat Neal? Is that why Pat went East? —N. G., Elkton, Md.

A. Yes on both counts.

**Q.** Haven’t Piper Laurie and producer...
Leonard Goldstein been secretly married for eight months? — D. R., Danville, Va.

Q. Why does Olivia DeHavilland hire a private detective to watch her son in Beverly Hills? Has she received a kidnap threat? — Y. T., York, Pa.

A. No.

Q. Just a protective measure. There have been no kidnap threats.

Q. Who are the most uncooperative actors in Hollywood as regards interviews, also actresses?


Q. Who earns more money, Dinah Shore or her husband, George Montgomery?

A. Dinah.

Q. Is it true that Bob Mitchum's brother and Gloria Grahame's sister have been married for years?

— V. T., Phoenix, Ariz.

A. Yes.

Q. Why can't Larry Parks get a job in Hollywood?

— T. R., Des Moines, Iowa

A. Producers are fearful of hiring him because of his much discussed, highly publicized political past.

Q. What broke up the Fernando Lamas-Lana Turner romance?

— E. F., Chicago, Ill.

A. At the Marion Davies party Lamas had one drink too many, resented vulgarly Lana's dancing with Lex Barker; later had a violent argument with the actress at her home.

Q. What is the status of the Glenn Ford—Eleanor Powell marriage?


A. Excellent.

Q. Is Bette Davis finished in Hollywood? Does she plan to remain in New York doing stage shows?

— B. D., Columbus, Ohio

A. After one show in New York, Bette returns to Hollywood.

Q. Did Jane Wyman really paint that Christmas Card with her signature I have seen on sale?

— G. N., Altoona, Pa.

A. She really did. The original oil painting was a gift to Lew Ayres three years ago.

Q. Can you tell me who are generally considered the three most beautiful actresses in Hollywood?

— L. K., Belmar, N. J.

A. Ava Gardner, Maureen O'Hara, Greer Garbo.

Q. Will 20th Century-Fox send me one of those nude Marilyn Monroe calendars if I write in?

— J. G., New York, N. Y.

A. No.
That Ivory Look
Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Baby beauties have it... so can you!

Wish you could buy a complexion as fresh and clear as baby Melissa's? Then why not spend a few minutes a day with her pure, mild Ivory Soap! That's the best beauty investment any girl can make! For more doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.

Model beauties have it... so can you!

"I've found," says lovely magazine cover girl, Ann Moore, "that the models with the baby-fine complexions go in for baby-gentle care—pure, mild Ivory care! I know I wouldn't trust my complexion to any other soap." Should you?

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

Do you really know how lovely you can look? It's easy to find out! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. In just 7 days your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking! You'll have That Ivory Look!
love comes to marlon brando

Just a little more than a year ago, Marlon Brando was on his way from Hollywood to New York after completing his work in the 20th Century-Fox picture, Viva Zapata. Although a young man who dislikes encumbrances thoroughly, he had suddenly discovered he had two of them. One was an animal, a raccoon, which had been given to him by his mother. The other was a woman, a woman known by the single name of Movita, whom he had acquired in the usual manner: courtship.

Marlon doesn't like to face problems much, either, but he had to face one then. Should he leave the raccoon in the warm sunshine of California? Should he leave Movita in the warm sunshine of California? Or should he take one or both of them back to the frigid caverns of New York? He thought it over very carefully and made a decision. There were plenty of women in New York, but few raccoons, so he decided to leave Movita in her native state—and take the pet back home with him.

Well, he had a little difficulty on both counts. Actually, the raccoon didn't care much, although Movita did. She had been Marlon's only date for weeks and was in love with him—and she felt, as all good women do in such a circumstance, that she should be invited to go wherever he went. Love wasn't something to be balked by mileage. Marlon, after giving it some serious thought, didn't quite agree—and there was what is called in some circles a scene. In the matter of the raccoon, the railway people didn't see eye to eye with Marlon. They told him that it would be impossible for his animal to share a drawing room with him even if he did buy another (Continued on page 78)
Rita wants a husband to call her own. Aly wants a wife to call on now and then. The only thing they agree on is love—but not with each other.

BY GISELLE LA FALAISE

PARIS—The game of love along the frothier byways of European society is a devious one. As far as its Parisian members are concerned, Rita Hayworth has had two chances to score in her marriage with Aly Khan and has fluffed both times—because she doesn’t know the rules. This isn’t Rita’s version of what has happened, of course. From everything she has done, and the little she has said, it appears that the more she catches on to the rules the less she likes the game. The trouble is—and this is typical of Rita—she can leave Aly but she can’t forget him. It’s even more complicated than this. Aly is devoted to her—in his way.

At a dinner party one evening which he attended without her (perfectly routine behavior for the champagne set), he was teased about Rita by an attractive table partner. This girl pretended his gallantry was being overwhelming and she threatened to tell Rita about it. The round, calf-like eyes of Monsieur le Prince Aly Khan grew serious and he turned to her squarely. “Don’t do that please, ever,” he begged. “I couldn’t bear to hurt anyone who has never been anything but sweet to me.”

Aly meant it. And this is the enigma of Rita’s marriage to him. Aly is by nature a kind man. He is generous, so generous to others as well as to himself that he is occasionally strapped for cash—as Rita has reportedly (and repeatedly) complained. He is a wonderful host and has a widespread friendship for which his (Continued on page 82)
his kind of MAN

He's a success by Hollywood standards, but Bob Mitchum couldn't care less. Wild geese keep calling, and for him—that's life!

BY JACK WADE

Bob and Chris watch TV in their favorite get-ups—Levis and checked hunting shirts.

One evening last August an odd looking contraption rolled into a small Idaho mountain town and parked in a puff of dust near a small all-nite café. Outside, the strange heap resembled a sawed off Quonset hut mounted on a Ford truck. Inside was crammed a stove, icebox, collapsible canvas boat and outboard motor, six fishing outfits, a rifle, arbolette spear, four sleeping bags, four mattresses, two built-in beds and a cot on which a couple of towheads, nine and eleven, named Chris and Jim, were deep in dreamland.

From the cab descended a pair of huskies in wool shirts and Levis, dog-tired, grimed with rock dust, and damp with salmon stream water. They shook loose the kinks from their long legs and strolled inside the café for coffee. They'd hardly dumped in the sugar when a shrill gust of feminine screams and the clatter of high heels swept up like a minor tornado outside.

The bigger sportsman, Bob Mitchum, swiveled his rocky profile around, hep right away to the furor. “Oh, oh,” he grunted to his pal, Tim Wallace. “Lose this!” They jumped off their stools and shot out the door, started down the street. But it was too late. A dozen girls had them boxed in. They chased Bob down the sidewalk, tackled his churning knees. One clamped on his neck and screamed, (Continued on page 76)
It’s not family-life that makes Bob restless—he loves to take them along. Here, with Chris, Dorothy, Petrina (eight months old) and Jimmy, at home.

Bob helped build the “Oochapop” (a Cajun word for practically anything) on the RKO lot when production was dull. It cost him plenty, but, as a symbol of freedom, was worth it to Bob. He keeps it ready to roll.

The Mitchum men return from a successful deer-hunt. When they’re not off in the wilds, Bob is RKO’s movie-making mainstay; Chris goes to Santa Monica Canyon School; and Jimmy’s at military academy.
"Here's mud in your eye," says Jer. "Talk to me like that once more, and it'll come up bubbles," Dares Patty

"You can't make me go in..."

"O.K., Patty, let's cake..."

"You're twisting my arm..."
Quickern’n you can say
“Aloha,” Jerry Lewis packed
and flew a gang of friends
to Hawaii—where it soon
became obvious that
all the nuts weren’t coconuts!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

One evening a few weeks ago, a native bell boy at
the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, answering a
call for ice water in one of the better suites, tapped
gently on the door and stood silently waiting for it to
open. Nothing happened, so he tapped again, louder. In
a moment he was convinced he either had the wrong room
or the occupant had changed his mind about ice water.
Just to make sure, he tried the door handle, found it
worked and stepped into the living room. It was dark,
so he walked toward the terrace and deposited his tray
on a table and turned to leave. Then he wished he’d
never been born.

Behind the door to the terrace stood a tall, stooped
figure. It wore a deerstalker cap, with the peaks flopping
over the ears. It had long black hair that hung in ratty
strands and partially covered the face. And that face! The
eyes were squinted into evil slits. The nose was
long, curved and quivered like a rabbit’s. A long, silky
moustache was on the upper lip, hanging almost to the
apparition’s black-clad shoulders, and the mouth was
pinched and lewd and pursed about half a dozen un-
symmetrical teeth that jutted straight out—as though
anxious to bite and carve a tic-tac-toe on a soft throat
with a single nip.

The bell boy stood his ground for a terrible instant,
and then with a hoarse cry shot from the suite like a
meteor with good legs. He didn’t stop for a breath until
he reached the desk, where he began a tale of horror
that had the clerk’s hair on end. The man at the desk
quickly went to the file and looked up the tenant of the
suite. Then he went back to the bell boy and told him
to take the rest of the night off and try to get some
sleep. And when the boy had staggered away, he had the
operator get the guest on the phone.

“Is this Mister Jerry Lewis?” he asked when the
ringing telephone was answered. (Continued on page 62)
This first-hand account, special to MODERN SCREEN, tells what really called a halt to the sizzling love affair between Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

It happened at the Marion Davies extravaganza where there were 600 guests, 20 serenading violinists, a Greek sarcophagus filled with countless magnums of champagne, and more photographers and their relatives than you could shake a stick at.

This is how it happened: Ava Gardner had no escort because her Frankie was playing the Hotel Chase in St. Louis and, besides, she was as mad as a wet hen at him. She called Lana and asked if it would be okay if she accompanied her and Fernando Lamas to the Marion Davies shindig.

Lana said it would be swell. She and Ava are great friends because they have had so much in common. Lana was married to Artie Shaw and so was Ava. Lana, for a short tempestuous period, saw no one but Frank Sinatra, and so did Ava. Gardner, however, carried the affair a step further. She married Frankie.

Anyway, on this fateful night in October, Lana, Ava, and Fernando Lamas drove up to the 25-room mansion of Miss Davies on Beverly Drive. Within a few minutes they were all partaking of the liquid refreshments therein offered. They danced, gabbed, had their pictures taken. (Continued on page 68)
Derek's present passion is bull-fighting. He practices exhaustively with cape; muleta, or short cape; and sword. His teacher, an expert matador, simulates the bull.
John Derek is a hobby hunter. He plays at sculpting. He wrestles. He waxes drift-wood. But John's son Russ likes it best when Pop sticks to being a punching bag for baby!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

Russell Derek, who will be three years old in April, has little conception of the fact that his father is famous, that his father is strikingly handsome, or that a good portion of the female population of the United States regard his hilltop home in Encino as the nearest thing to heaven. Russell regards his father only with the critical and loving eye of a small boy.

He can remember the days when John used to come in the nursery and look thoughtfully down at him. There was a pride in John's eyes that told Russell he was something special, and yet once in a while, particularly when Pati wasn't in the room, the senior Derek would shrug his shoulders. When, he wondered, would this small lump leave his bed and become a human being who could handle a catcher's mitt? Russ obliged in his own good time by following the course of nature and finally, in the last year, has developed into the bouncing, bursting, bombastic boy that John had pictured all along. As a matter of fact, Russ has exceeded all his father's expectations.

Ordinarily, John takes the roughhouse as a matter of course, but when he's had a long day at the studio and (Continued on page 71)
The phrase “mother-of-four” usually conjures up a mental picture that is pretty dreary. It summons an image of a creature characterized by slumping shoulders and tired eyes, whose stockings are slightly wrinkled and whose world has narrowed to the point where she is concerned solely with getting splinters out of fingers, beans out of ears and bugs out of beds.

Jeanne Crain has a quartet under six years of age and yet always manages to look like a breath of spring. Although she has servants in the house and a nurse to care for the children, a mother is still a mother and must necessarily worry through illnesses and injuries; must see to mental and spiritual development; and must take care lest she step on the sprout who is currently trying to insert a marble in her shoe. The point is that Jeanne Crain leads a life that is crammed with activity and interests, so many of them that, were she childless, her days would still be fuller than those of the average woman. Yet she comes through (Continued on page 81)
Last winter a streamlined train puffed its way along the cobweb of tracks leading into Chicago's Dearborn Station. The aisles were lined with passengers impatient to alight after the long trip from Los Angeles. Not so Gene Nelson. He still sat in his compartment, his lap strewn with papers, a pencil poised in mid-air. He gazed unseeing at the foot locker under the bed. "You know," he said, "I think I ought to do the soft shoe number before the patter about making musicals. It would give the routine a better change of pace."

His wife Miriam picked up her hat. "You know," she said, "I think you ought to collect yourself. We're coming into Chicago."

Startled, he looked out the window and saw the city's crowded skyline. "But I haven't decided yet about half the act." He ran his hand nervously through his hair. "Brother, I wish this train would just keep on going."

Chicago was Gene's first stop on a ten-week vaudeville tour. It was the first time he had been out of Hollywood in years, and it would be the first time he had been on a stage since Lend An Ear in 1949. He was as unstrung as a politician on election day and stayed that way until his first performance was finished.

Then he knew everything was all right. The theater had been filled to capacity and people had stood three abreast in the side aisles. The audience was with him—he could feel it—a warm feeling that rolled up over the stage in invisible waves, and the final ovation was deafening. Backstage, he pulled Miriam to him. "It's almost like a miracle," he said.

It was the first time Gene had any inkling of his popularity. Back in Hollywood he had gone on making picture after picture, and although fan mail had come in to the studio by the truckload, he had little idea of the rising tide of affection felt for him by thousands of movie goers. Nobody told him; he didn't think to ask; and if he had, any answer given by a single person in the impersonal surroundings of a business office would not have carried much weight. Taken out of Hollywood, where the citizens are rather blasé about movie stars, and plunged into the bright lights of other cities, he got the surprise of his life.

When he and Miriam left the theater in Chicago that night they were caught up in an exultant mob. Gene's immediate reaction was fright, for it is a terrifying thing to be caught in such a milling crowd. He was lifted off his feet and backed into a brick wall. He looked for Miriam, couldn't find her. Looking into the young faces before him, he realized that he was dealing with a mob of teen-agers. He recalled all the things he had read about these kids, how they went on rampages; tore up theater seats; ripped clothes from their idols, and generally behaved like escaped lunatics. He began to feel annoyed, and then one little girl directly in front of him looked up apologetically. "I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, I can't help pushing—it's the people in back of me."

To his left, another piped up, "Where's Miriam—is she all right?"

(Continued on page 66)
By the end of the afternoon there was only one word to describe the condition of the carpet-soft lawn behind Lucy and Desi Arnaz's home. That word was "havoc." Strewn with crumpled tissue paper, balloon fragments, and other party drippings, the grass had also been rutted by dozens of baby-strollers and perambulators, while the rock garden had been gradually relocated by a half-dozen two-year-olds.

The reason for this mayhem was simple. The half-pint set of upper-crust Northridge society had gathered at the Arnaz ranch to celebrate the first birthday of Lucie Desiree.

"Honey," cried Desi as one of the grim realities of fatherhood suddenly dawned on him, "do we do this every year?"

"Of course," said Lucille heartlessly. "Quick Desi, the camera. Dee Dee's going towards the cake."

Armed with an 8mm. camera and grim determination the Ricky Ricardo of TV fame converged on his cute dumpling (Continued on next page)
Bright red carpeting and bold cabbage-rose wallpaper give the living room a homey, comfortable look, without sacrificing the abundance of color Lucy wanted. Her antique furniture, bought years ago, is very much in vogue now.

A magnificent silver tea service graces the dining area of the living room, but Lucille and Desi have given up trying to live up to it. The cranberry glass lamp over the table is a real antique.

Yellow and gray is Lucy's favorite color combination; she used it in her bedroom, when they moved into the house, and nothing has been changed since, except to reorder the dotted Swiss. The red chair is a note of contrast.

The fabulous nursery, done in the same yellow and grey color scheme as Lucy's bedroom, was planned as a continuation of Lucy's room. It's cost came to more than the cost of the house!
of a daughter. To make things easier for him some one had lifted little Desiree onto the table. She reached for a fistful of cake. As she turned to offer some to her Daddy, her year-old legs failed her. She tottered, lost her balance and sat smack on the gooey layer cake.

The party crowd roared. Parents laughed until tears came. The kids cooed and applauded for more.

"I must say things have changed a heap around here," one of Lucille's oldest friends said to Grandmother Ball.

Mrs. Ball mused for a moment. "Yes," she agreed, "and then again, no."

The newest factors in the lives of Lucille Ball and her Latin lover Desi are of course their new-found fame as TV stars and their new-found happiness, after years and years of trying, as parents.

When Lucille, after 11 years of marriage, discovered herself pregnant one afternoon, she quickly ordered the addition of a nursery wing to her house. The construction of which turned out to be a little less elaborate than the remodel of the White House. What started out to be an added room and bath soon grew into a project of PWA proportions.

Contractors pointed out to Lucy and Desi that local building codes prohibited the addition of a room that would have to be entered through an existing bathroom, an ordinance which prevented Lucy from having the baby's headquarters set on the other side of her own dressing-room-bath.

"It was murder," Lucille recalls. "For years I'd been hoping and praying for a child. Now that it was on the way I didn't care how the architect planned the nursery. All I knew was that I wanted to be able to step from my gray and yellow room into the matching gray and yellow room of my baby. It was the dream of my life. I didn't realize it would have to develop into a Federal case."

That, of course, is exactly what happened.

"Only thing to do," said the architect, "is build an addition in the shape of an inverted L."

"Okay," said Lucille. "Build it."

Then Desi came home that evening. Among other things he's a frustrated architect.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.


Desi looked at the blue-prints. "All wrong," he said at length. "It'll take a year for the nurse to go from our kitchen to the baby's room with a warm bottle. What we need near the nursery is a kitchen." So they included an apartment-size kitchen in the new wing—also a separate heating unit, a new plumbing system, and new cabinets.

When it was all finished, Desi totaled up the cost. "Comes to $20,000," (Continued on page 65)
Breaking her engagement didn’t break Mitzi’s heart. She’s got a date with Fame and Fortune and she doesn’t intend to stand those boys up!

BY SUSAN TRENT

It was a sweltering 11 o’clock under the blazing klieg lights on the 20th Century-Fox set of Take Care Of My Little Girl. The director reached for the microphone to say, “Try it again, everybody, please.” But somebody beat him to it.

“Lunch everybody!” rang out a clear soprano.

Before the director could recover himself he was caught in a stampede of extras and bit-players bee-lining it for the commissary. When the dust cleared he could just make out Miss Prankster herself, Mitzi Gaynor, waving him a cheerful good-bye.

Director Jean Negulesco shrugged his shoulders. That’s what he could expect from a sassy, bubbling, merry (Continued on page 73)
the
christmas
they
couldn't
see
by Mike Connolly

It is Christmas-time in Hollywood as it is all over the world. Christmas trees are alight with the sparkling red, green and silver of Yuletide, and tinsel gleams brightly, aglow with the Christmas message of faith and good cheer. The very air seems to proclaim, “The Christ Child is born again.” And all mankind rejoices anew.

I am a happy person this pre-Christmas Day. But a sad one, too—because of what I have seen. It was the sort of thing you usually don’t associate with Hollywood—gay, glamorous Hollywood—and least of all during this joyous season.

I have been a guest of Esther Williams at a party—a Christmas party—and what I saw at this party made it different from all the others I’ve ever attended. Why was it different? There were the usual Holiday decorations, the usual bewhiskered Santa Claus, paunchy and playful in his red velvet suit trimmed with white fur, the usual distribution of gifts in their gay wrappings, the usual red-and-white striped peppermint candy canes and the open lace-work stockings ready-stuffed from the dime store—(Continued on page 80)
MARRIED 17 YEARS TO THE SAME WOMAN, IN LOVE BRIEFLY WITH ANOTHER—NOW GARY COOPER
COOP REBUILDS HIS LIFE

A tall, handsome, hollow-cheeked cartoonist named Frank James Cooper was ambling along Hollywood Boulevard one June morning, about 25 years ago. Dressed in his only suit, a worn grey tweed, he was hungry and depressed because no one would give him work as an artist. As he stopped outside a bakery to savor the sweet warm odor of freshly-baked bread, two pals he'd known back home in Helena, Montana happened along.

"How you doin', Frank?" one of them asked. "Still drawin' them funny pitchas?"

Cooper grinned wanly. "I'm selling advertising on a theater curtain," he admitted. "Know anyone who wants to buy some?"

His friends shook their heads.

"Look, Frank," the older of the two said, "that ain't no way of makin' a livin' here in Hollywood. Jess and I—we come along a good thing. We double for those big-shot movie cowboys who don't know how to ride. Why'n you do the same?"

It took Frank Cooper all of 20 minutes to sprint from Hollywood Boulevard and Gower to the old Fox lot on Western Avenue. If there was one thing he'd learned on the Montana ranches, it was horseback-riding. Luck was with the lean, lanky youth, and he was hired as an extra at $10 a day.

In the many years that have elapsed since that moment, which to him is still unforgettable, Gary Cooper has become recognized as one of the greatest box-office attractions in the history of the American cinema.

He has played (Continued on page 70)
Ava is trying to save her marriage by running away from Hollywood. What she hasn’t learned yet is, you can’t run away from yourself.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

HEARTBREAK AHEAD

Ava Gardner, as Modern Screen predicted six months ago, has left Hollywood. She will probably not return until May 1954.

Her salary for that year-and-a-half overseas, according to her new contract, will approximate $220,000 on which she will pay no federal income tax. This is, even for Hollywood pocketbooks, not hay.

But neither is it the reason Ava’s on her way East. She is clutching at the straw that will take her away from Hollywood, and, she hopes, the troubles which she believes stem from there.

Ava doesn’t particularly like Hollywood. She never liked it to begin with, and since her marriage to Sinatra it’s become a downright phobia with her. She feels that Hollywood is basically an atypical community in which marriages perennially hover above the precipice of disaster.

From time to time she has looked at the list of Metro contract stars, those women whom she admires and with whom she works so closely. Practically all the top-notch actresses with the exception of Jane Powell, have been divorced: Lana Turner, Cyd Charisse, Janet Leigh, Esther Williams. And it’s the same at other studios.

There are so many temptations in the movie colony; so many designing and beautiful females that a marriage must have a rock-firm foundation in order to survive. Ava’s hasn’t.

Ever since she and Frank returned from Philadelphia, married, and tried to settle down in Hollywood, Ava has had the (Continued on page 74)
"I've been trailing Bette Davis around for a month, on the set, at her home, everywhere. I'm beat! Miss Davis? Fresh as a daisy, of course," reports Katherine Albert.

Dear Mr. Saxon:

This "news note" has turned into a biography. I have a strange new life—my life with Bette Davis.

Here's what happened. I was minding my own business, but my husband, Dale Eunson, wanted me to write a screenplay with him. It is called The Star and naturally we wanted Bette Davis to play it.

All writers want Bette Davis to play in all their stories.

So we sent her the script and the next thing I know we are driving up in front of a big, rambling, old-fashioned house in Hollywood. This is a switch in itself, for Hollywood stars just don't live in Hollywood any more. They wouldn't be caught dead outside the three B's—Brentwood, Beverly Hills and Bel Air.

Miss Davis' costume was as unusual as her neighborhood. Stars have a costume for everything—"Costume in which to be interviewed," "Costume for going to the studio," "Costume for story conferences."

Bette in an old (Continued on page 56)
24 days of Davis

(Continued from page 55) shirt of Gary Mitchell and in the hall hanging out over purely utility shorts. And no makeup at all. Not even lipstick. She looked great. After a cordial welcome, Bette flitted into a big room where Gary Mitchell was positioning the set with his hand, and said, "This script is great. Just great." End of story conference. As Dale and I pinched our ears to make sure we had heard right, a pretty young man with a child came into the room. This was B-D (Barbara Davis. Her father is Betty's third husband—William Grant Sherry). But you would never have thought B-D alone on the streets of Cairo. "She's like me in every way," Bette said when we commented on the obvious physical likeness. "It's frightening." I Gary asks that she means. B-D often came on the set to visit her mother. She liked pretty houses and lovely clothes well enough, but most of all she wondered at the way she came in a real jolt where her mother was behind bars. Dealing heavily in the chicé department I asked her if she was going to be an actress. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm going to be an actress and be in jail and everything." The next time we saw Bette Davis was in producer Bert Friedlob's office with the director, Stuart Heisler, and Sterling Hayden. Ernest Laszlo had actually photographed her. And we had not written for her. She was trying us on for size.

The story is movieland who already portrays herself by her determination to keep at the top, by her desire for power. She eventually learns that it is more important to be "just a woman" than a "career." In discussing the character Stu made a rather unfortunate remark. "Let's face it," he said, "this is a silly woman." I His was not so bad. "She is not silly, and we must get it settled right now, or, we will never see eye to eye. She is not silly. She's sick." Stu explained that what he meant to say was the character sometimes behaved in a foolish way, everything was okay. It could have been a crisis, for Bette must understand the concept of the character she plays before she can begin to act.

She has to understand for she couldn't be more unlike this particular woman. Bette is superbly identified with her family and her home. When she's not actually at work Bette gives Gary and her children her undivided attention. She is quite a family person. Marjorie, her mother, who is almost two, and Michael Woodman Merrill, who is still a baby. Bette and Gary adopted these two after they were married in 1930. I possess all the kids. It thrills Bette to watch him with her older daughter. He and the girl are as close as they could be if Gary were B-D's own father. Closer, perhaps.

Their parties are wonderful. Bette is the kind of person who, when she has a big English clambake, serves clams baked under cornhusks on the sand. You scoop out the juicy meat and throw the shells into the sea. She is a realist in life as well as on the screen. Gary knows that in being married to Bette Davis he has a problem. He asked a friend, "What can you do for her? I can't buy her a Cadillac—just like Bette Davis.

He found the perfect answer himself. All sorts of small, unique gifts. On the set one day he came in with a pair of unusual pictures, charmingly framed, of a New England scene, and the hanging pots and pans were miniature rounds of real copper. She was more delighted with this present than if it had been a Cadillac.

Everyone was nervous the first day of shooting because you can hear anything about Bette Davis. "They" know how to abuse Bette, "They" will tell you she is the witch of the world. And "they" will quote their own scripture to prove it. Now, maybe if she has a script that doesn't lend itself to the worst sort of contempt you respect a bitch, but all I can tell you is my own experience. She has been nothing but reasonable. She has not once clung or tried to be a bornie. When someone suggests an idea, or a piece of business: she can be enthusiastic about it. More so even, than if it were her own. When I say "reasonable" I mean Bette Davis. For example, a scene was to take place on a sail boat. She did not tell anyone that she has a nervous fear of small boats, which goes back to her childhood. She thinks it began when she was 12 years old. A bunch of kids her age were out on a sailboat in Cape Cod. She became so frightened that, rather than sail farther out, she jumped off the boat and swam to land. She thought she'd overcome that fear when she arrived in San Pedro with the rest of the company to do the scene.

There was an additional comedy of errors. She was called out on the boat long before she was needed. There was a stiff wind and a heavy ground swell, and the only man aboard was a man named Sterling Hayden. He could not give it his undivided attention because he was playing scenes with Bette and Natalie Wood, who is Bette's daughter. The boat was crossed by actors and crew. It was enough to make anyone nervous. Bette did the only thing to do. Call for the water taxi and go back to land. Under these circumstances Bette can overcome Bette's sense of responsibility. The next day she was on the boat swallowing fear and salt spray, and when you see that scene on the screen you realize that she was scared stiff. When it was over she said to me, "Where do fears like that come from? I'm trying to raise my kids and not worry about my nerves like that." Most actors prepare for an emotional scene by "getting into the mood," and cannot help but hold the mood long after the scene is over. But Miss Davis didn't. Perhaps Bette has a file of emotion deep inside her to call upon when it is needed. Perhaps it's because she's a great artist. Anyway, this is a type of thing on the set talking to Bert Friedlob. She had a reasonable, legiti-

Actress told a not-too-respected columnist: "Sometimes when you write about me as long as you spell my name wrongly!" 

Mike Connolly

her childhood. She thinks it began when she was 12 years old. A bunch of kids her age were out on a sailboat in Cape Cod. She became so frightened that, rather than sail farther out, she jumped off the boat and swam to land. She thought she'd overcome that fear when she arrived in San Pedro with the rest of the company to do the scene.

There was an additional comedy of errors. She was called out on the boat long before she was needed. There was a stiff wind and a heavy ground swell, and the only man aboard was a man named Sterling Hayden. He could not give it his undivided attention because he was playing scenes with Bette and Natalie Wood, who is Bette's daughter. The boat was crossed by actors and crew. It was enough to make anyone nervous. Bette did the only thing to do. Call for the water taxi and go back to land. Under these circumstances Bette can overcome Bette's sense of responsibility. The next day she was on the boat swallowing fear and salt spray, and when you see that scene on the screen you realize that she was scared stiff. When it was over she said to me, "Where do fears like that come from? I'm trying to raise my kids and not worry about my nerves like that." Most actors prepare for an emotional scene by "getting into the mood," and cannot help but hold the mood long after the scene is over. But Miss Davis didn't. Perhaps Bette has a file of emotion deep inside her to call upon when it is needed. Perhaps it's because she's a great artist. Anyway, this is a type of thing on the set talking to Bert Friedlob. She had a reasonable, legiti-

People get a delayed reaction from her. A director introduces an actor—"Miss Davis, Mr. Irish,"—and they go into an intimate scene. The scene will be made, the director will say, "Print it," which is the same as a director who has done the scene starts shaking. "Golly," he'll say. "It just hit me. I did a scene with Bette Davis. Her craft is so big that it hits the actor afterward, because he immediately puts him at his ease.

Although Bette is not a superstitious girl she does believe that "everything good happens to me in the middle of the night." It had been three days and, as you know, it never rains in California in the summer. But on this particular morning there were great splashes of water flowing into the window of the studio. When puntual Bette arrived, there was a call for her from Gary. He told her the happy news that she had won her income tax hassle with the government—had been reducing fire in the courts for 11 years. The winning of the case means no money for Bette, but if she had lost it she would have been very much poorer. When she had won she screamed as only Bette Davis can scream. She said, "I think I'm going to faint, but her voice was so strong that no fainting was accomplished. But there were more reasons than one why she was so happy about winning the lawsuit. Her New England stubbornness and sense of fair play enabled her to decide to "settle." She had been told that "Nobody can win against the government." But Bette knew that she was right, that this was a proper entrance of all contributers would be helped. It would have been much easier to make a settlement out of court. For one gruelling day she thought it over; "No," she said, "I can't settle." She put through all kinds of cross questioning on the stand. Four days of it And then the waiting. And now the reward. She had not won more she had won, paying the way for others to win.

It would be wrong to give the idea that Bette is a saint. That she is not. As an example, a co-actor told this story: "I knew Bette when she was a kid. She was just getting a toe-hold in the theater. In Cape Cod she was full of beans, big-eyed—just the way she is now, a great worker.

The director of the stock company was a woman who didn't like young girls very much and she gave Bette a rough time. A really rough time.

Years passed. Bette became the first lady of Hollywood. She was queen of her studio when the actress was brought out to make a test for a part in a film. Bette just appeared on the set the morning the manager was letting her know that she had remembered those rough days. And I love Bette for it. I thought (Continued on page 6
The Birmingham England Stocking factory hasn't settled down yet. The lady employees still happily remember the day a dozen of them had visiting Charlton Heston pinned to the wall. "Coo-ee," they sigh. "Wot a ruddy 'unk of man!"

The "'unk" in question doesn't understand this attitude at all. But his wife Lydia does. Though she proudly agrees, she's also a little amused. After nine years of marriage she's used to the routine. She's even inured to the eager females who bombard her with queries about the man in her life. She thinks nothing of it when a nurse, taking her case history in a hospital, asks starchily, "What was the cause of the death of your grandparents, Mrs. Heston?" then melts out of control and adds without taking a breath, "Oh, Mrs. Heston, I think your husband is so wonderful. So masterful! So—so male!"

Lydia knows the reason (Continued on page 83)
"If tomorrow, I met the one man whose true love could mean my whole life’s happiness, how would I know? He himself might not even know. I can only pray to be lucky."

I'M WONDERING ABOUT LOVE

When I made my first trip back to Italy, my meetings with my old friends always made me sad and worried. Each time I would run to them, crying out in delight, "Hello, Niccolo! Hello, Maria!" because they might be boys or girls I had grown up with, and I knew their hearts were full of fun and we had had so much fun together. But each time they would be as if on guard against something. They would smile, only so much, and they would respond very quietly, not like they used to at all. And then they would sit talking, strange and stiff with me. In their minds, I knew, they were thinking, "Oh, she has gained great success and she is not one of us now." And in my mind I soon started thinking, "Yes, I have gained much. But why do I feel as if I have lost something... something terribly important?"

I know now. It was not only that I had been cut off from the past, it was that in this past, when I was nobody, the eyes of my friends had to be honest. They saw just me, because I was just me, nobody special. If they then liked me I could depend on it as a true liking. But now it is not so simple. If tomorrow I met the one man whose true love could mean my whole life’s happiness, how would I know? He himself might not even know. He might think that he loved what I was as a woman and person, and yet come to find out it was who I was as an actress and professional personality. "It is not enough that you have to find a good man," I say to myself now. "You have also to be very, very lucky!"

Like all Italian mothers, my mother thinks that when I marry it should be someone she considers suitable. She, like any other mother, wants security for her daughters. She speaks to me of this often, but I do not agree. My answer is a very simple one. I have to marry him, not she. I have to live with him, not she. She is hurt and thinks I should take her word for it that I will be happy. How can I do this when what I am gambling is my whole future life? And also, when from all that I hear, and from what little
No wonder Pier’s got men head-over-heels about her. She’s always been shown as a demure child, never as the highly-appealing young woman she actually is!

“...I'm wondering about love...” Pier thinks to herself, as she gazes up at the trapeze while resting between practice sessions. Her wrists are taped to strengthen them.

Sitting in mid-air, Pier follows instructions of coach Harold Voise, who is teaching her how to fly through the air on a trapeze for her latest movie, MGM’s ‘The Story Of Three Loves.’ Pier used to study ballet.

experience I have had, I am convinced the odds for meeting the one man who can mean happiness must be less than even.

It is true, I have had proof. The first boy I knew in Hollywood I liked so much. He had a charming manner, he talked with intelligence and I enjoyed being with him. Like a girl will, I would try to imagine how it would be if he were my husband, and the pictures I got of us together were very pleasing. It was like this for several months. Gradually, however, with more time, something not good began to show through in places. He seemed to adjust his personality automatically to the importance of the people he met. For little people he didn’t give much of himself; for big people he had lots to give and could be very warm. I couldn’t help wondering how he would have treated the Pier Angeli I used to be before I stumbled into the movies. Which of his many kinds of smiles would he have for her? And I knew. It would be one of his small ones, one of his tiny, quick ones, with his eyes looking over my head to see if anyone else more interesting wasn’t around. He went out of my dreams very quickly after that.

With others it does not take so long to see through them. The most common of these are the boys or men who seem to think that the first thing to do when they meet a girl they like is make a big impression. Some of the things that then happen are almost crazy. One man, not in the movies, tried to present a white Jaguar to me. My mother nearly went out of her head thinking (Continued on next page)
I might accept it. There was no danger.

And then there are some boys who get
the idea that, since I am a newcomer to
Hollywood, they might be able to take ad-
vantage of my ignorance. One of these
drove me home from a friend's swimming
party one afternoon. As he stopped the
car, he turned to me and, without even a
word tried to kiss me. I pulled back and
he acted as if he was surprised. So it was
I who asked, "Did I do something wrong?
Is this supposed to happen?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "A boy always kisses
a girl good-night. They think nothing of
it."

"You mean any boy, with any girl?" I
asked. "She doesn't have to feel that he
likes only her?"

"Sure, that's how it is here," he said. "It
doesn't mean anything."

"Oh!" I said. "I don't believe it. But if
that is true, I don't think I'll bother.
Let's go in."

He opened his mouth to argue and then
closed it and looked annoyed. He took
me to the door in silence.

Later on my girl friend told me he was
trying to pull "a fast one." But they didn't
need to tell me. I knew. With all that a
kind can mean, most girls don't go around
making no more of it than if they were
saying "Hello" or "Goodbye." This is a
boy's game, and women everywhere are
smarter than that.

In Italy a girl cannot marry without her
parents' consent, can not sign any contract,
in fact, until she is 21 years old. She
is completely in her parents' hands as far
as her personal life is concerned. I say
this is in Italy. For me, it is also true in
the United States. My mother cannot
change her beliefs just because we are in
another country. This I understand, but
sometimes it's a little hard when we talk
about what I can and cannot do. It isn't
that I think it is a bad custom. It has al-
ways been my feeling that if you bottle up
a girl until she is 21, she does not over-
night acquire great brains and control just
because the law says she is now legally re-
 sponsible for herself. I say to my mother
that a girl has to start meeting boys when
she is younger, be with them, get used to
them, so she can build up poise for later
when she has to deal with men. After all,
if a girl has high morals, boys are not so
hard to handle. But to start right off
dealing with men can be frightening.

But when I say that I should be per-
mitted to go out with boys, my mother
always has proof that I shouldn't—a news-
paper clipping. She reads the story to me.
It says I am holding hands with this one,
or going places with that one, or deeply in
love with another. Once, soon after we got
to Hollywood, my mother came to me with
a columnist's guess that said I was already
secretly married to a Brazilian boy.
"People talk when they see this kind of
thing," she said. "It is not nice. That is
why I do not want you to go out alone with
boys."

"People will talk anyway," I said. "It is
always like that." Many times I have
talked of this, my mother saying my reputa-
tion will not be good. I try to make her
understand that a girl must get used to
being a woman, not shut out like from a
cannon when she is 21...but she cannot
appreciate this and I do not want to make
her unhappy. I know she is not afraid that
maybe I am in love with someone. She
knows that when it really happens I will
tell the whole world. I won't have to tell.
My feet will dance out with the truth.

My friends who know my mother say
that I am becoming Americanized and my
mother is still an Italian. But this is not
too true. She has eyes to see what is going
on in this country, and even if she is
against the freedom girls have in going out

New! Ever-fresh powder puffs with Co-ets—quilted cotton squares.
Protect your complexion: apply make-up this always-clean way with fresh Co-ets each time. Made of finest cotton, Co-ets are so soft and
smooth...so dainty! Buy a box at your nearest drug or cosmetic counter.

Co-ets
Quilted cotton squares
so handy in beauty care!

Perfect for rouge, applying astrigents; the "professional touch" for manicures and home permanents. So handy
for baby-care, too. Get your new beauty booklet, "Head-to-toe Tips on Your Good Looks." Send one Co-ets box
top to Box C31, Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

19c and 35c per box

Introducing
2 new
fashion shades:
- CELEBRITY RED, brilliant red red.
- ROMEO RED, vivid bluish red.

Flame-Glo now gives you one lipstick for two way use!
(1) For "come-hither" brilliance, apply usual way.
(2) For long-lasting indelible sheen, blot with tissue.
Flame-Glo seals the color to your lips, without dryness.

ASK FOR FLAME-GLO AT ALL VARIETY STORE COSMETIC COUNTERS

It's smart to Keep Kissable with Flame-Glo Lipstick
on dates, she likes the greater rights American wives have. In Italy the husband is the boss. The men are more possessive and, as husbands, it is not that they are a different kind of men, I feel that they have been brought up that way. Someone once said to me that maybe I would be happier if I married an Italian boy. I said, "No!" right away... not because I would not like or want to be married to an Italian. I would... only it would not work out. After all, I could no longer accept the position in society that an Italian wife must. It would cause trouble that would really not be his fault but mine.

Because of the nature of being the boss, Italian parents seem to leave the whole job of teaching a girl about life to him. They do not tell their daughters the things that parents in our country often tell their children about what is good and tell their children about what is wrong and what is evil. Oh, most children find out, from friends, from elders whose words they listen to with big ears, but not the right things. The right husband a girl must look for is the one who is really honest and knows all about the man—will you have a man with such a submissive attitude?

Since it is an accepted thing in Italy that the parents will bestow what a girl should or should not do, there are not many issues about marrying.

Even to this day my mother has never sat down quietly with me to talk over my problems... and I have just become 20! At times I have tried to convince her patiently that I must have the freedom and liberty. And a tiny bit I have won. Some boys, a few whom my mother has met and approved, are permitted now to take me out... that is, not to discuss, but to a dance. But even my mother knows about... But to know a boy, to have him call up and take me where he has planned—that I cannot do. When I am 21 I shall gain this right... and I am trying to curb my impatience.

One boy, who is a trusted friend as far as my mother is concerned, is John Barrymore, Jr. In this group of standing people, I think that if I give something fine to him and if he really comes to know that the whole world will know it some day. It is funny, because before I met him I had heard unusual things about him. This day at our parents' birthday dill, and when my sister and I sat arguing with each other just to pass the time, this tall boy with black hair was introduced to me and I liked him immediately. I knew that my father has increased. There came another day when he touched my heart to tears. He dropped over and said he had heard I was going to take a picture for a picture story, to bring you some money... for luck," he said. "I knew it will bring you luck.

And he gave me... a treasure, his father's old cell phone kit! If you know how kind of a compliment this can be to a young actress, what it could mean! I tried to tell Johny, and that's when I cried. But I didn't have to tell him. He knew.

When I went to Mexico on location for my picture Sombrero I thought that perhaps, there away from Hollywood, my mother would understand. But I did not turn out this way. My father's first impression of Mexico was a frightening one... quite another later when she realized to like the country. We were taken to a bull fight in Mexico City by Miguel Alman, son of the President of the country. When my mother saw what was happening in the arena, she was horrified. To the poor bull, Miguel turned to her in some alarm and cautioned her. "You must not say that," he said. "The people here do not feel this way about the bull and with the recent revolution it is true that there are too many stories in the newspapers about Hollywood romances and that they do give a bad impression. On that trip to Italy I went to see my old director, Leonide. He acted hurt.

Then, "How could you have become so engrossed in Hollywood?" he wanted to know. "Poor! Just like that! And was it wise? All of us. We would have done something different letting me know, so that I wouldn't have to read about it in the papers."

It wasn't so. Of course I had read the fact that I had become engaged to Arthur Loew, Jr., who is a great friend, but to whom I have never been engaged. But Leonide had been worried that I had made some sudden move, without sufficient consideration without real thought.

Because I was so young when I started in movies in Italy, most of the men I worked with were sure I knew very little about life (which was not far wrong) and sought to protect me with the best advice. This thought when they didn't, they, too, had read all the items about supposed romances in Hollywood, they were annoyed with me. "We will adopt you, and any boys you go with will have to come and talk to you to be warned."

No, I am grateful to have a mother who has my welfare at heart, even if we do not always agree how it shall be done. I am grateful for them to call over me and give me advice. But that I still really is set what every young person needs, and this I practiced every night. I pray that in my prayers I don't see the Cadillac at the door, the mink coat and the house busy with servants. I don't want to complicate my Chanid. When talking about dreaming about, is just love... true, lasting love.

**honolulu loony**

(Continued from page 35) "That it is," said Jerry Lewis. The clerk's voice took on a pleading tone. "Please, Mr. Lewis," he said. "We've got to have some type of plan the other guests. We can't have that sort of thing here you know," "All I did," said Jerry, leaning back on a lounge and leaning into the clerk, "was try to be friendly when the man delivered the ice."

The boy claims he saw the Devil standing on your terrace," the clerk said indignantly.

"He did, eh?" asked Jerry thoughtfully. "Tell you what. Ask that man from the joke store to come back here right away—and there has been some more ice water around half-an-hour."

The clerk groaned, hung up the phone and quickly swallowed another aspirin.

It was just a simple incident in the life of Jerry Lewis, a testing moment while on his vacation, but to the Hawaiian citizens involved, it was another terrifying experience—one of many odd and uncomfortable experiences that has been happening ever since Jerry Lewis and his group had descended on the Hawaiian Islands.

Not even a Jerry Lewis vacation is orthodox. They plan their holidays, check the travel folders, consult the ticket agents, pack carefully and with restraint. They plot itineraries with an eye to making the most of each port and when it is all done they shuffle off to rest and play rest some more and store up energy and memories to last for the balance of the workday year. Not Jerry Lewis.

The Honolulu vacation we are speaking

mass of luggage, Jerry just stood back and sneered at his superiority at his four companions—who had said couldn't be done.

The 11-hour trip across the ocean was uneventful only barked once Jerry Lewis, who can't stand still five minutes on the ground, immediately falls asleep when he gets on a plane and doesn't open his eyes until he is sound asleep. The hostess was told to tell him to fasten his safety belt for a landing. But when he did open his eyes it was to greet a sight he says he will never forget. A small chimney in the blue cloth, the islandly lay below. Fringed in white froth, where the breakers caressed the beaches, they looked like nothing real that anyone in the party had ever seen.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when the ship skimmed in for a landing at the Honolulu Airport. A little storm was falling, although it was so light no one appeared to notice it but as the plane flew through the moisture-laden air dozens of small rainbows were created and passed through and hit the ship. It was next to curving curtains of spray seemed to the passengers that they had landed on a field of sparkling jewels. The ship was taxi'd to the doors were opened a group of dancing girls met the disembarking passengers and piled leis around their necks, a traditional welcome to a visit.

The first night at the Royal Hawaiian was unforgettable for more than one reason. The first was that the excellence of Honolulu was breath taking, and another that Jerry never let his wife and friends forget that the whole thing—the transport from the common world of California to this tropical fairyland was the
result of his own active little mind. They thought he was insufferable in his smug demand for credit, like some pompous magician who had pulled several good sized rabbits from the same hat.

They had dinner in the four-room Lanai suite shared by the Lewises and the Kellers, and with the French doors wide open, ate to the soft swish of the surf washing the beach below them. The others very nearly threw Jerry from the balcony when he cocked a concerned eye at Dr. Levy and remarked:

"You look a little tired to me, Doc. You better get a bit of rest in the next few days."

The good Doctor, who had packed, made arrangements to have his practice looked after by an associate, and spent the night before going over the conditions of his patients with his replacement just to please Jerry, wanted, at that moment, to prescribe a stomach ache for the comedian.

The first day in Honolulu was devoted to a visit to the United States Naval Base and a pilgrimage to Pearl Harbor. The Navy men heard Jerry was in town and asked him to drop by the base for a morale-building chat. And Jerry, with Captain Cross, a veteran escort, spent the early part of the day touring the ships and land establishments of the fleet and meeting the men. Then, late in the afternoon, the party was taken to the graveyard of the mighty ships that were sunk on December 7, 1941—a sacred place that is also the last home of the hundreds of men of the Navy who died in the first furious hour of the late war.

This was the only time during their stay in Honolulu that Jerry Lewis was serious. He took Patty by the hand and led her to the wooden platform that has been erected over the wreckage of the battle ship Arizona. They stood silently and read a bronze plaque commemorating the men who had gone down with her that said: "May God make his face to shine upon them and grant them peace." And then they threw ginger leis upon the silent water and watched them carried out to sea—and they spoke a silent prayer.

Well, when the group finally got around to checking the luggage that night they got quite a shock. It was figured roughly that they had carried about 300 pounds of excess baggage, including eight bags of golf clubs, sufficient, Jerry had thought in his own evaluation, to last them for a week of golfing. And it seemed, everyone had plenty of clothes for sitting on the beach, but hardly anything to walk around the town in. Among the five of them there was one pair of slippers—and Jerry ruined them the next morning when, in an effort to get them away from Keller, he chased his press agent right into the ocean while wearing them.

The clothes problem became acute the second day. Jerry and Jack were scheduled to drop in for a cocktail with a group of GI's stationed in the city. Because it was hot, they slipped into a cocktail lounge in the hotel for a couple of beers, but the barman refused to serve them because they were not in tuxedo whites. And they also found to their consternation, that they would not be allowed into the hotel dining room for dinner without formal attire.

"Well, what are you going to do," said Jerry philosophically, "we'll eat in the room."

"I didn't," said Keller indignantly, "fly across the Pacific Ocean to eat in a hotel room. This trip should have been planned."

"It was planned," said Jerry innocently, "We're here, aren't we?"

That Keller couldn't deny, so he shook

---

**TIRED? TENSE?**

*Relax with a Dell Crossword Puzzle Magazine*

You don't have to be a walking encyclopedia to enjoy Dell's crossword puzzle magazines. They're designed for everyone—from beginner to expert.

The great variety and novelty of the puzzles, anagrams, mysteries and quizzes in these Dell Magazines make them the first choice of puzzle fans everywhere. Don't delay—become a Dell crossword puzzle fan today!

On sale at all newsstands
24 days of Davis

(Continued from page 56) it was a very just desert.

Bette is uncompromising and she can be unforgiving — but she is not a fool of herself. For example, it is well known that Bette has fought with many of her directors. And when Bette fights she doesn’t level only at the man who has Miss Davis declare, “I always get along with my directors.” In the scene was a fine actor, Minor Watson. During rehearsal he for other reasons — not merely because of his looks and style. It was a show called Two’s Company. She sings in several sketches — she has a low, throaty voice. “I’m really a bass,” she says — and she still wears up a lot of the music from all over the world she never heard before. She needed fre.

She has so much confidence one would think she could never be scared professionally. Yet she was frightened of the musical revue she is doing on the stage. It is a show called Two’s Company. She sings in several sketches — she has a low, throaty voice. “I’m really a bass,” she says — and she still wears up a lot of the music from all over the world she never heard before. She needed fre.

Sometimes when I start to scene all of a sudden the lines will go. I know them perfectly but I don’t think of a word. That’s Bette says her line. All of a sudden there is mine. Her confidence transfers itself to me and I am able to give it back to her. Does that make sense? I know Bette, that makes good sense.

She is completely without affectation. We were talking one day about a scene in which I must make like a big movie star, coming on the set in the grand manner, patronizing the crew with fatuous “thank-yous” for any small service rendered. Bette said, “I couldn’t do it myself. I’d get so bored with all that nonsense.” Yet she tells a story on herself about once when she, with some other celebrities, was at a banquet. Everyone was taking bows. The master of ceremonies made a juicy introduction of a great artist, a first lady of society. After she had been given all set and was in a half-crouch ready to spring up to take the bow, when the M. C. with a flourish said, “I give you Miss Laurette Taylor.” Bette really said to accept an accolade. “I just don’t know where to look.” Yet she is the first to give credit where credit is due. She is fascinated with actors who do this and she will come away from a scene saying, “Now that’s a real actor.”

Before we began the picture the only question in the producer’s mind was Bette’s ability to work hard enough to complete the picture in 24 days, the schedule necessary to complete the picture. New York in time to start rehearsals on her Broadway show. Since she is in almost every scene this would be a prodigious chore. Also three-fourths of the shooting was done from the studio to take advantage of live backgrounds — a shipyard in San Pedro, a coffee shop in Los Angeles, a real auction gallery, and no time to change of costume in between. Friedlob’s problem has been keeping up with her. Just watching her is so exhausting that when I come to rest I’m too tired to do anything but fall into bed and feel ashamed, knowing that Bette is at home learning lines for her next day.

And for Bette there will never be the 24 days — which seems a lifetime, but good — I spent with Bette Davis.

Best always,

Katherine Albert
living with lucy

(Continued from page 46) he announced.

"Just for the new wing?" Luella shouted.

Desi nodded happily. Lucille nervously ran a hand through her carrot-colored hair. "It's two longish," she said, "and it's very expensive." "Who cares about money?" Desi cried. "We're gonna become parents." Right now the only regret Luci and Desi have about the new wing is that they didn't build it larger. As all their fans know, come January, the nursery will have another resident.

When Lucy and Desi first laid eyes on the Desilu Ranch it was a forlorn bit of property with a partly-furnished house set in the middle of five acres of seedling citrus trees. Time has lent improvements. The grove of 350 trees is now so thick you can hardly see the white frame house and the odor of orange blossoms is overpoweringly sweet. Not satisfied with raising oranges alone, Desi has planted avocados, peaches and an arbor of grapes. To remind him of the plantation he'd been raised on in Santiago, Cuba, he's also built a rustic pool with a waterfall at one end. Today when people ask Lucille what kind of a home she lives in she says, "Oh, just a little ranch-house, overhanging these trees, a nursery and a rock-edged pool."

Lucy and Desi bought their ranch when it was a part of the Sessions Oil Estates. It was located on picturesque, uncrowded land in the San Fernando Valley removed from Hollywood. For years friends have urged them to sell the ranch and move to a more convenient neighborhood. Now that she's back on television she's skyrocketed their income, they are advised to live up to their position and buy a home in one of the more fashionable sections like Bel-Air, Brentwood or Holmby Hills. So far they've resisted all pressures.

"We're people of fixed habits and true love," Lucille explains. "Besides when the new road gets finished, we'll be able to make it to the studio in 20 minutes."

Inside the house Lucille has replaced one set of organdy and one set of dotted Swiss curtains. Otherwise the furnishings are the same as they were 12 years ago. "Early Northbridge," Lucille styles them, laughingly.

If you probe the decor more deeply, the comedienne tells you quite frankly that she furnished her home with antiques. When she and Desi were first married they couldn't afford priceless Early American pieces so she settled for a slightly later period in American design. She concentrated on buying 19th century antiques. She picked them up at antique shops and second-hand stores for a song. These items were easy to come by before 1941, because most of the people who'd settled in the San Fernando Valley were farmers from the Middle West. As these families prospered they began selling or giving away their heirloom furniture in favor of new things. They flooded the Valley furniture shops with Morris chairs, Victorian love seats, and old wicker rockers.

Lucille selected the things she needed— a couch for the living room, two fireside chairs, an old wood box, a chaise longue for her bedroom, a quaint dressing table, and lots of oil burning lamps. She had most of her things recovered and re-finished to fit into her bright new color schemes. When the job was done she stopped her antique shopping completely, never giving the subject another thought until a year ago when she found she needed a rocker and a few tables for the new

WAS HER HEART CRYING FOR LOVE...
or were her caresses meant to trick this man into reckless battle for ...

THE PHANTOM EMPEROR

by Neil H. Swanson

Guerdon Warrener's mission was to spy on Maurine's father, Philip Dufresne, the man whose ambition was to become emperor of America. When Warrener met Dufresne, he found him maddened by a terrible grievance against his native land, similar to the one that inflamed his own heart. And when he met Maurine... her beauty stirred him to wonder whether he might not help the man he was told to destroy. Would Warrener have the nerve to forsake his allegiance to the United States? Dared he stake his life and career for the love of this woman?... Here's a dramatically different story based on true documents. You'll enjoy every page of it.

When you get this outstanding new Dell Book, be sure to ask for these best-sellers too.

UNTAMED by Helga Moray

Katie Kildare was a magnificent female, half angel and half devil. Wanted by many men, she loved only one—a blond giant who wouldn't marry her until he could tame her. Between the tempestuous beauty and the man of iron flamed an explosive love—too strong to obey convention—so powerful that it threatened to destroy them both.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

by Philip Wyile and Edwin Balmer

Faced by the unbelievable end of the world—clocked by scientists to the inevitable hour—what could men do? Some planned a daring space-ship escape. Others were going to get the most out of life until the bitter end. There was madness and chaos everywhere. Here is the exciting account of how men and women, faced by certain destruction of the earth within a matter of months, might sink into depravity or rise to new heights of courage.

Be sure to ask your newsdealer for these DELL BOOKS today!
rooms. Once more she began frequenting the shops along Ventura Boulevard. Much to her amazement she discovered that her period pieces are now very scarce and just as valuable as the older antiques. It could only happen to Lucille Ball," says her friend Eve Arden, whose own home is full of the expensive Paul Revere type antiques. "One night, for some reason all her own years and later it turns out to be a big craze. Right now all the decorators in town are trying to lay their hands on Victorian items. The same style was pulled into television. We thought she was nuts making the move when she did. But look at 'I Love Lucy' now. That's why the rest of us are following. She's an smart and independent cookie, that one." 

In spite of Eve's wholesale approval of Lucille's behavior, some of the Arnazes' more conservative friends have urged Lucille to stand up for herself and suggest that Lucille should re-do her house if only for a change. These hints take the form of gifts: French lamps, contemporary statuary, modern paintings. Lucille has been known to show a day out and ear out the other. She politely thanks the donors for their gifts and promptly stores the stuff in her rocky playhouse. She is more interested in look of her surroundings than the spelling of her own name. A few minutes in the homy atmosphere of her living room and it's obvious why she and Desi were married. Their living room is so warm and inviting, any change would have to be for the worse. In furnishing the living room Lucy used a bright red carpet and reupholstered the walls. In living rooms this combination would be garish; in theirs it's cheerful and invigorating, just right for them. The room is also full of unusual furniture pieces that mark it with individuality. An old clock face mounted on legs, for example, serves as an end table. The cranberry glass lamp over the dining table is authentic and very rare. When it's lighted the crimson on the table seem to glow with a rosy hue. Over the fireplace hangs a Kramer primitive and in one corner a snowy scene by Balz. For those other art collector Balz is the signature of artist Lucille Ball. Several years ago when she and Desi were vacationing in Florida, the tall carrot-top decided that he could use oils. There they picked out either that or go deep sea fishing with Desi. I got such a kick out of seeing color and form come alive on canvass that now I paint whenever I have a couple of free hours. Lucille's technique is to sketch her subject matter in charcoal on the spot. She then takes the sketch home and works it by night in the kitchen table. Occasionally she'll work in the glass-enclosed porch which boasts a lino- tile-floor and rattan furniture. This light, open room is ideal for parties, and Lucille uses it a good deal when she's home during the day. She happens to be a conscientious keeper and gets things done. Any three afternoon will find her down on the floor surrounded by clipings, piste, and scissors. The large master bedroom at the Desilu Ranch is the prettiest room in the house. It has a clean, freshly starched look that seems to suit Lucille. The colors of yellow and gray are her favorites and all the furniture is comfortably old. One wall of the swallow consists of nothing but mirrored wardrobe closets. Lucille has a weakness for clothes so she took over the closets some time ago. What won't fit behind doors, like hats and gloves, have been allowed to one corner of the room. They make a novel decorating touch even if they aren't Victorian headgear.

DES's surrs have long since had to be hung in the one guest-room closet which is a good reason why the Arnazes don't have many house guests. The other reason is that the house was not ready when they moved into their home. Everybody stayed very late and one couple spent the night. The couple got up the next morning and, finding the wine of the house, picked up their child and came back to Lucy and Desi's guest room. They stayed nine months. "Of course we had a lot of laughs," Lucy said. "But mostly for temptation. We took the twin beds out of the guest room and left one narrow couch. We call it the mother-in-law bed, and it's made for her mother or Lolita, Desi's mother. They're welcome any time. As for other overnight guests, that's out. Desi and I planned a home for us and our families and that's what we got."

"How about your children?" I asked. "When they grow up and start inviting their friends to spend the night—what will you do then?""

Lucille wrinkled her brow. "Never thought of that," she said. And then a bright gleam came into her eyes. "I know what," she suggested, "we'll build a new wing, especially for them."

END

he wuz mobbed!

(Continued from page 67) Suddenly he realized that he was surrounded by fans who had come to see him, but were caught up in the madness of the moment. He smiled. "If you can give me room I'll stand here and sign autographs if it takes me all night."

During this and a subsequent tour, Gene spent countless hours signing autographs. He began to know them for the first time. At home he hadn't come in contact with teen-agers, had no idea how to talk to them. His friends had children, chiefly two or three children, and Gene's life was so empty of people in the 12-to-16 bracket that he wasn't acquainted with their way of thinking. Once he took his teen-age friends to visit some family friends he hadn't seen in years. Their 14-year-old daughter had been five the last time she saw her, and he still thought of her as a little girl. It was until his car was parked and he got into the car that he learned he'd been sitting in the same room with an avid fan. "You ought to know," his mother said, "that Charlotte spent all last day getting ready to visit tonight."

In Toronto, Canada, he received phone calls at the theater from three girls, each of whom wanted to talk to him. He made it a point to know them for him. He invited the oldest to come backstage and suggested they pool their efforts, wherever one asked if he could come to her house for a coke party between shows. He went back in the car and gave them his card and usual instructions consisted of a nap until the next showtime. But he couldn't resist the girl's pleas, and took a cab to her home and stayed all night. There were coffee, cocktails and cakes, and two freshly baked cakes. The house was crammed with teen-agers and half the neighborhood found some excuse to stop by during that show. Gene found an opportunity to corner the mother. "You've gone to see too much trouble," he said. "I certainly appreciate it, but I hope this hasn't put you out too much."

He looked at him wide-eyed. "Why, of course not. I'm happy to do it. The children get so much pleasure out of seeing you. If I make them feel well, I can't think of any pastime that would make them happier, or keep them out of trouble better."

In Chicago one morning, Gene received a letter signed by two girls. "We saw your opening and stayed to see two shows. We'll be back on Saturday and try to get to see you right through the first show. We'll be sitting in the front row and wearing roses."

He spotted them during the first show and noticed they were there through the whole thing. After the third show he told Miriam, "Those kids are still out there. They must be getting hungry." They slept through the movie that interested him all the more because of the shuffle between performances, frantically held onto their seats. By this time everybody backstage knew about them. When Gene came in at the last show, he grinned. "Those kids are still down there!"

Gene shoved a hand in his pocket. "Here honey, go and probably a couple of ham and eggs for you?" he said to Miriam.

He had the conductor put the sandwiches on the bandstand, and after the last show. Gene said the only opening number he ever saw. "The boxes. I go any further, ladies and gentlemen, there are two girls here who've been in the front row for every show today. I can't do anything but keep up. I know they've had something to eat."

The grip threw a spotlight on them as they stood up to eat. "But they're Greek, Gene went on with his act. Afterward, backstage, he went out the stage door and found them waiting bleary-eyed, but blissful, for him. "Hi," he said. "How were the sandwiches?"

"Oh, we didn't eat them," said one. The other said, "Eat 'em! We're going to frame them!"

Pittsburgh, a girl about 15 asked Miriam if she could talk to Gene for about ten minutes. It seemed she had problems at home: a father who was in jail often, a mother who drank. There were four children younger than herself and she wanted to know what she should do.

"Have you asked anybody else about this?" Gene asked.

"Oh, no! I'm too ashamed!"

"But why do you come to me?"

"Well, you see," said the girl, "I've been everywhere and read about you in magazines, and it seems to me that you lead a nice kind of life, and are wise, and might know about these things. I feel she stands a chance of being like you were my big brother."

Some of it was funny and some of it was sad, but again there was the same quirk of wistfulness that goes with hero worship. "Looking for the reason for this adulation of teen-agers, Gene had to go back into his own life. He remem-bered following his long chami-ionship of Laurel and Hardy, a whole year of his life was taken up almost excl-usive with the desire to become a fan of the Mickey McGuire-two reel comedies, featur-Mickey Rooney as a Bowery-type charac-who were a derby-wearing Mickey Rooney was to appear at the Wilshire Theater in Santa Monica and distribute a basketful of derbies with split crowns, Gene paid his admission early and waited for the big
moment in high anticipation. When he went home without a hat, it was a new low in his life. Remembering these things, he understood how today's teenage fan and willingly gave him for his autograph, or advice, if they wanted it.

They wanted all sorts of things. They wanted to know what Gordon MacRae is really like. They wanted to know how to get into show business, or the name of a good dancing teacher. They wanted him to autograph their hands, their arms, and in one city they asked for his cigarettes.

Jane Wyman, commenting on a certain actor, said, "I know he's a gentleman. I saw him go through a door that said so!"—Sidney Sheldon in Hollywood Is My Best Friend.

as souvenirs. After he'd given away a few packs somebody hit the idea of autographing the cigarettes. They wanted his clothes, too, and Gene was always apprehensive that, in a crowd, if one fan started the ripping procedure the idea would catch on. He found them very fortunately, very polite about it. They always asked first, “Would you give me your autograph?” Then Miriam would come to the rescue. “I did give it to him on our anniversary.”

He didn't go through too many cities without bungling into occasional trouble. There were times when he had two suits. Once he was pinched against a plate glass window and felt it give in back of him. Another time he called for police when he spotted one girl beginning to faint. Still another day, a woman burst in by her arms was caught in a crush, and Gene maneuvered her so that he could brace himself against the mob in order to protect her. Being chased by a crowd isn't an enjoyable experience, and yet he remembered that it is the crowd itself that's objectionable, not the individuals who comprise it. He began to feel bound to the waiting fans and once he tried to break out a side door to grab a bite to eat and was confronted by a solid line of people waiting to see him, he actually felt embarrassed.

In one city Gene had finished his last show and faced the ordeal of leaving the theater laden with two boxes of shoes, his musical boots, and his ties filled with costumes. Getting through a crowd with that kind of baggage was impossible and he knew it, so he and Miriam left through a side door and made their way to the street. They saw the crowd packed solid to the curb, and when Gene spied a cab across the street he began to run for it. Everybody saw him and the cry went up, "There's Gene and 300 people moved as one to the other side of the street. That was the night Gene felt his only temptation to slug a female. She grabbed the cab door open so that he could get his luggage safely inside. He pleaded politely with her, and glared, but she wouldn't budge, and eventually she grew weary. "Now, look," he said. "If you don't want any trouble, let go of me. Let's be adult about this. I'm sure you won't stop acting like a stupid idiot." He appealed, "You can get just my things inside the cab I'll be glad to sign autographs for you.

Just then a gentleman slightly in his cups hove onto the cab and yelled, "Come on, Romeo. Let me through, everybody! Make way for the press!" Whadya say yer name was, bud?"

I T S times like these that make movie stars wish they'd taken up plumbing instead, but such an uninviting bunch has been Gene's experience. He learned after a while how to handle such situations and found that humor usually eased the tension. If he appealed to their intelligence and threw in a joke or two it almost always nipped hysteria in the bud. When that didn't work he ducked our discipline. Like the theater in Chicago. It was bitter cold during the engagement, and because Gene sweats like a stevedore when he finishes his act he didn't go out side but chose instead to talk to them from the window of a small room facing the alley. He sat on the window sill and had signed autographs when he noticed he was signing over and over again for the same people. The fans were shoving to such an extent that those closest Gene were almost boosted in through the window.

"Some of you are cheating," he said. "I'm going upstairs and if you want me to sign more you'll have to line up in an orderly manner." He grinned when he told them about it. "I must have sounded like old Father Hubbard telling off his kids.""There were no professional hecklers in audiences too, but Gene's fans usually took care of them quickly and efficiently. If not, Gene took over himself. One obstreperous young man, wearing a leather jacket and boots, was standing in the front row and kept up a running commentary to his date. Gene ignored it until the time he was changing his shoes while announcing his next number was "Hey, bud! " hollered the heckler. " Gimme a shoe. Throw it to me!"

You sure you can fill it?" said Gene. The heckler's teen-age date howled with glee. "That's telling him, Gene," she yelled.

On the whole, Gene found his fans to be pretty nice people. There were slight exceptions, but in general it was a worldliness common to the teen-age, and he figured if he'd once spent five hours waiting to be presented with a, buried derby he was in no position to criticize. He learned that today's teen-ager is a new brand of fan and thinks them much better mannered than the hysterical type that used to batter celebrities and overturn cars. "Maybe they still do those things, I don't know," he says. "But I was lucky. The kids I saw and talked with were sincerely and genuinely. I got the feeling they were real friends.

He was particularly impressed by the respect with which they treated Miriam. They included her in all their functions, inviting her to their strolls and homes, and Gene says she was asked for almost as many autographs as he was.

Gene feels that hero worship is common to everyone. We all go through the phase and gradually outgrow it, but at the time it is a deeply serious thing. Only a minority remember for the rest, these are those who turn inevitably at the appearance of any celebrity, the ones who collect autographs or pocket handwriting or are content to go home simply having had their eyes on the particular hero or heroine.

There are few stars in Hollywood who are without a fan club comprised of their loyal followers. Unfortunately, many of these stars know nothing about the activities of their fans for the simple reason they don't care. There are a few, such as Joan Crawford and Alan Ladd, who so appreciate the efforts in their behalf that they have kept their fans as friends during the years. You can add Gene Nelson's name to that short list of those grateful stars. He should care, and he does. END

(Gene Nelson will soon be seen in Warner's She's Back On Broadway.)
Sitting in his chair sulking, was Fernando Lamas, the man Lana had termed "my bull of the Pampas." This I saw of Lex and Lana the anger he grew. He kept his anger secret. In fact it was downright vociferous, so vocal that Brad Dexter and his college roommate, Bill Williams, had rushed up to Barker and said, "Lamas is getting awfully mad. We think he's looking for trouble."

Lex Barker realized that Lamas and Lana were united in their desire to have been going steadily for months, that Lamas was just waiting for the financial settlement from Bob Topping before she tripped to the altar with her handsome Argentinian, and as he himself says, "I didn't want any trouble. Fights for a guy like me are no good. Whatever happens I have to be in the wrong. If someone else, with more class to him, I'm a big bully. If I don't I'm yellow. I lose either way."

So Lex brought Lana back to Fernando who by this time was completely free of inhibitions. "Look," Fernando said, "if you want to make love to her, make love to her." That is exactly what Fernando ordered. Of course, he embellished his verbal outrage with more colorful language, in fact it was so colorful that Lana was half dead from embarrassment when she got to his place. "Sit down, change your clothes and let Lex Barker look around for his own date," Susan Morrow, I thought you were my friend," Fernando continued. "Now I see what you've been doing. The rest of Lana's party could see what was coming, and they intervened."

"Why pick on Barker?" Ben Gage said to Lamas. "Pick on me. I can lick you."

"Go away, Lamas said. "Not only that," Ben added. "Even Esther can lick you."

Lana, of course, was outraged and indignant at the behavior of her Latin lover. He took her home that night, and while neither of them will tell what happened, apparently a battle royal ensued.

Next morning, let it be known that insofar as she was concerned, Fernando Lamas was a thing of the past, a transient romance of yesteryear; she would sooner marry a passerby on the sidewalk than a man who couldn't hold his temper.

One columnist called MGM and asked if, because of this widely-publicized fight, the studio would abandon the production of Latin Love in a B film. It was under way with Lana and Fernando in the starring roles. The studio said the picture would roll according to plan, but intimates of Lana confided that she would ask for a new leading man.

Lanas, when questioned about the film, said, "There is no reason why Miss Turner and I should have to be the picture. Our professional ones; or they shouldn't have."

Several columnists meanwhile reported that Lamas would not have gotten the lead opposite Lana in The Merry Widow if Turner hadn't sponsored him. Another quickly answered them by pointing out that nothing to foster the Lamas career. Fernando had been discovered by John Carroll who had called him to the attention of his wife, Lucille, and she recommended him to the talent department. Lucille had recommended Lamas to the consideration of L. B. Mayer. L.B. had listened to Lana sing and had signed him on the basis of this recommendation. In fact it was during the shooting of The Merry Widow—she could have monopolized all the closeups as Betty Hutton did with Ralph Meeker in Somebody Loves Me. Lamas was a thoroughly unselfish actress in Hollywood. One of the basic tenets of the philosophy she lives by is "to harm no one," and she scrupulously adheres to that. In the film her character includes Lamas, can point the finger at Lana and say, "She did me wrong."

Lana likes to show that she has a lot of fight, lots of stamina, that adversity never gets her down for any considerable length of time. When Ty Power flew out of her life, for example, and married Linda Christian in the middle of the film, Lana herself went on top with Bob Topping on the rebound.

When Topping packed his bags and moved out of Lana's Holmby Hills mansion, and admitted to her leading man, Fernando Lamas. When the Lamas love affair blew up, Lana determined to show how little affected she had been by the break up. She dined with Ava and Frank Sinatra on the following weekend to take in the bullfights. After the corrida, she dined Luis Solano, the Mexican matador. They spent a portion of the night dancing in the various Tijuana hotspots.

Lana, however, was feeling no one. Her heart had been broken again, and everyone knew it, quite recovery not. Here are some people who say that Fernando Lamas never had the slightest intention of marrying Lana Turner. Certainly when you ask them to reflect, they do. The reason is the marital possibilities of their love affair. At one time he said he couldn't possibly marry Lana since she was still officially married to Bob Topping. He was still officially married to Lydia Lamas.

But then Lydia after receiving a financial settlement and assuring herself that Fernando would support her in the event of their union, a delightful little girl, Alexandra, agreed to give Fernando his freedom "for whatever purpose he chooses to use it."

Lydia Lamas is a sweet and beautiful woman. She was Fernando's second wife, and her one desire was to see that the actor remained happy. When her constant worry—she was惟一 a person—caused her distress, she agreed upon a separation. When he asked her to divorce, she agreed to that, too. She went to Nevada, and in six weeks Fernando was legally free to marry again.

A friend who knows Lana well, says, "This guy himself got in a prettypickle. My own opinion is that in going for six months he decided that she wouldn't be the right wife for him—infact, he didn't want to get married to anyone. He saw that Lamas was a girl with nothing wrong with her. The guy, in McCarthy, that it was just a question of time before she also got her freedom from Topping. He would then be in the awkward position of her having to make up her mind. He was publicly expected to. My analysis may be completely wrong, but I think he suspected that position which is why he acted up at the Marion Davies party, and the whole affair with Lana went up into thin smoke."

Whether subconsciously Fernando Lamas was seeking this rupture, or whether it was an immediate instinct, circumstances makes no difference. The important point is that once again in her choice of lovers Lana Turner has struck out.

At this point her "bull of the Pampas" is dating Arlene Dahl. It may well be that Lamas thinks he is getting even with Lex Barker by dating Arlene, but if the latter is the case, it is quite mistaken. Lamas doesn't give a hoot with whom Arlene goes out. She began her freedom by dating the lawyer who had procured her divorce from Bob Topping. She graduated to Lamas. She claimed in court that Barker had once referred to her as "a hick from Minnesota," a name which she contends caused her great pain. But Lamas is pure baloney, of course. Arlene and Lex broke up because of career trouble. Arlene has no intention of abandoning her career and settling down into domesticity.

"Lydia Lamas has_guzzled wrong. The price for her erroneous judgment has been heartache."

She was quite taken with Fernando Lamas, largely because of his affection for her, and she fell in love. Ordinarily Lamas falls for a man like a ton of bricks, the swooning sudden, violent, and impetuous. With Lamas, it is rather different. She first fell in love, then legally married him. She was the actual wife of Fernando Lamas when she was married in the film, of course, but the marriage was a legal fiction.

Lana has come to the somewhat belated conclusion that it was a bit too late to want a good marriage. It takes mutual respect. In this case it was thought she was lacking, at least on Fernando's part.

She is shedding no tears over his loss, however, for now she has regarded men in much the same light as she regards taxi-cabs. "A new one comes along every few minutes," she says, "and I'm sure Lamas will have to take off her rose-colored glasses, and forget that love is blind, if she ever wants to pick herself a winner."

END
what I remember particularly is the second act when I was supposed to run onstage and cook some potato pancakes (really flat bran muffins) for Lucille Watson. One night I was so busy chatting with someone offstage that I missed my cue and Miss Watson had to improvise. She walked right to the stage entrance where I was dreaming and said, “Where is Babette? Oh, there you are! (looking at me so sharply that I woke up and realized what I had done). I was wondering where my potato pancakes were!” I ran onstage with them. But when the act was over I burst into tears that lasted all through the intermission and I’m still embarrassed about it.

SMALL GIRL TO BIG GIRL STUFF: I always liked jewelry as a small girl and, what do you know, I still do! But I used to see myself in sleek black satin, slinking around as a Dragon Lady type femme fatale, and with this conception I parted in late ’teem. Black satin is stunning as part of a dress now, a cocktail dress, say, but not fashionable slinky.

I was one of two children in our family, but my mother was one of ten children and I always longed for a large family.

It was at 15 that I got my first party dress and my first perfume, both as presents from my mother. The dress was pink and so today pink is one of my favorite colors; pink was the dress, with a blue ribbon, blue sash and cut with a full skirt. The perfume was Blue Grass, dare I wear a whole quart of it there must have been as I remember the size of the bottle, and the first place I put a spot of perfume was behind one ear as per what the grown-up ladies were doing. I now have a variety of perfume and I can think of no more pleasant confusion than standing between them all, trying to decide which will best fit the mood I want to be in for the occasion I am dressing for. You might not think I was enjoying myself if you judged by the serious expression that I know comes over my face at such times—but I am.

DO YOU LIKE BETTY BLYTH better than Ann Blyth as a name? Or Barbara Blyth or Babette Blyth, or Beverly, Beatrice, Bertha, Blanche, Bernice, Bella or Bess? I just wondered because that’s what the studio had me wondering about when I first came to Hollywood. They thought it would be more euphonious and catchy—if my first name started with the same letter as my last name, and the above were some of the suggestions. I didn’t like any of them. I wanted to stay Ann. For months I kept worrying that a change would be made, but nobody ever got around to making a definite decision and I kept my “Ann. Thank goodness!

PLAYMATE OF MINE got so mad when another boy wrote her name on a telephone pole that she got a hatchet from home and started to try to chop the pole down! Why don’t I like browns (except for some lively shades of it), or marching waterfall. Why don’t I like sugar on my grapefruit and why was it that the first coffee I ever drank happened to be black, without cream or sugar, and I have loved it that way ever since. Why I like the outside, well-done cut when it comes to roast beef but also enjoy hamburgers “cannibal-style” as long as my aunt gets a chance to “taste it up” with her pet salt. Why I keep things like spoons in my pocketbooks and cooking recipes in my books and scripts. Why I always carry two mirrors—both exactly the same—you think one of them is my favorite and that I can tell which one it is. Why I never hopped on a bicycle and joined the wheeling traffic on the streets of Dublin—when I visited there as I was fairly aching to do—and never to the Blarney Stone, on the same visit—as it would have done me no harm at all to do, at all, at all!

PSYCHIATRIC NOTES: I like all the elements except wind—the hurly, burly of it makes me feel the same way. I love rain (either when I am inside in front of a fire, or when walking out in it and feeling it splash on my face). I like quiet, assured people. I have a compulsion to fix things I notice wrong about people’s dress—a collar awry, a dress zipper not closed all the way; a button not securely caught. I want to tell them about it—but I’d want to be told if there was something wrong. I think I could be a good public inspector of a new kind—standing on a street corner and calling people’s attention to necessary wardrobe adjustments. Would you like such a service? Just draw up a petition and have a half-million of your neighbors sign it.

Ann Blyth

Editor’s Note: You may want to correspond with Ann Blyth personally. Simply write to her, c/o Modern Screen, 1646 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don’t forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.


Abbreviations: Bot., Botom; Con., Center; Exc., Except; Left., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

THINGS I DON’T KNOW WHY: Why my uncle Pat tells you he is going to play a record of one of my songs and picks “Lazy Bones” as I sang it over WJZ in New York when I was eight. Why I rooted for Brooklyn to win my childhood World Series even though I was raised in Yankee territory (Manhattan). Why the little boy who used to play in my pigtails in the inkwell never would pay any attention to me any other time! Why a
Coop rebuilds his life

(Continued from page 51) in 75 films, which have grossed more than $15,000,-
000. He has starred opposite every actress you can think of with the exception of Greta Garbo. He has earned over $900,000, an admirable profit on his profits.

And despite these tremendous accomplishments, he remains today modest and in-
credibly unspoiled.

Henry Morgan, the featured player who acted with Gary in High Noon, Cooper's latest picture out this month, says, "When a guy gets to be as famous as Coop, you expect him to put on airs, but Gary has an air of unassuming every two minutes. But not this guy. He's easy to work with. He never bothers anyone, and he's all for giving newcomers a big break. He never objects when a director uses him to introduce an unknown actress. Fact is, he considers it an honor."

The public, of course, has always re-
garded Gary Cooper as a simple, basic man of action. In their eyes he is a combi-
nation of all the great roles he's played.
He's Longfellow Deeds, John Doe, Sen-
gent Ben Cartwright, and Lou Geh-
rig. He is the kind of man all little girls
want to grow up to marry, or as the late
Robert Benchley once so pitifully described him, "Coop gives the impression of being a last remaining virgin in Hollywood."

Actually, there is a good deal of differ-
ence between the Gary Cooper the movie fans feel they know so well and the real
Gary Cooper.

Take, for example, the questions of de-
meanor, manner, and attitude. The pop-
ular impression of Cooper is that he's a
haughty little fellow who talks haltingly in a slow mountain drawl, and who finds great difficulty in choosing the right words to express his thoughts.

That is not how Cooper's voice is soft
and seems to lack resonance, but it is a
well-bred voice, and his enunciation leaves little to be desired.

It doesn't happen to fit the Gary Cooper myth, but Coop is a mild-mannered, well-
educated gentleman—a far cry from the
reticent, cow-punching heroes he some-
times depicts. "He may give the appear-
ance of being superior," says Cecil B. DeMille, "but don't kid yourself. Cooper is as sharp as a razor. Lots of people think all he does is play himself in front of a camera. I directed the man, and I can tell you that he has a lot of bunk. His under-
playing is part of his technique. There's nothing natural about it. The man is a great actor, so great, in fact, that he's come
vindicated half the world that he's the same
off-screen as he is on."

The depth of his understanding and feeling is evident in the answer he recently gave a reporter what sort of a child his daughter Maria was.

"It is difficult for me to be objective about my own daughter," Coop began, "but the one that seems to me the most perceptive and angelic little girls I've ever seen anywhere. I take her out, you know, to restaurants like Chasen's and Romanoff's, but she has never hauled along. Her conversation is intelligent. Her ideas are provocative. Her mother has done a superb job in raising Maria, and she showed me the individuality growing from the wonderful and versatile woman her mother is."

Cooper was born in Helena, Montana.
When he was nine, his father, a former
British high court judge and an associ-
ate justice of the Montana Supreme
Court, sent him to school in Bedfordshire,
England.
Young Cooper remained abroad for
70 years.

B A B Y, I T ' S W A R M I N G I N S I D E !

At Camp Mo-
ther, a mountain resort for
women in Montana, the
nights are quite cold. Everyone is
warned to bring plenty of
blan-kets, but sometimes they
forget, and then they pay the
price. But—in one cabin, there is no
sound of chattering teeth—only the
sound of chuckles! On the wall is written:
"Ava Gardner slept here!"
Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, California

Coop was 13 when he returned
to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman
High School. Here he spent most of his
time drawing cartoons. He also broke his
boy to know. I like the chap but if any-
thing happened it was always to his credit. He knew that one day he would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

Coop was 13 when he returned
to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman
High School. Here he spent most of his
time drawing cartoons. He also broke his
boy to know. I like the chap but if any-
thing happened it was always to his credit. He knew that one day he would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

Coop was 13 when he returned
to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman
High School. Here he spent most of his
time drawing cartoons. He also broke his
boy to know. I like the chap but if any-
thing happened it was always to his credit. He knew that one day he would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

Coop was 13 when he returned
to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman
High School. Here he spent most of his
time drawing cartoons. He also broke his
boy to know. I like the chap but if any-
thing happened it was always to his credit. He knew that one day he would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"

Coop was 13 when he returned
to Montana and enrolled in Bozeman
High School. Here he spent most of his
time drawing cartoons. He also broke his
boy to know. I like the chap but if any-
thing happened it was always to his credit. He knew that one day he would become a cinema player, I should have said, 'Nonsense!'"
duced to his host's niece, a girl called Rocky, named Veronica Balfe, who had appeared in a few pictures under the name of Sandra Shaw. They were married a year later, and in 1937, Rocky gave birth to a daughter, Maria.

For 17 long years Gary Cooper was a model husband, and his marriage was one of the most successful in the motion picture colony. He taught Rocky how to shop, and in 1938 she won the California Women's Skeet Championship. She, in turn, taught him how to ski, and they bought a ski lodge in Aspen, Colorado. They moved into a white Georgian home in Brentwood that covers three-and-a-half acres and is beautifully landscaped with gardens, terraces, and a swimming pool.

DADDY IS A CHARACTER

(Continued from page 39) comes home dead tired—is it another matter. The minute he gets out of his car the two dogs, both of which weigh in at around eighty pounds each, land on him with a thud. In about ten minutes later when John has beaten his way to the door, he finds a more formidable foe. Russ is standing there with a King-size cigar in his old man's lap. He asks from the ceiling for 30 seconds before he collapses.

Naturally Russell has no idea of the importance of a studio or the meaning of the fact that Daddy is an actor. He does take it for granted that his father's picture will be in every magazine he picks up and takes great glee in leafing through each one and marking the particular ones that have spotted John's face. Any magazine without a picture of Pop isn't worth its salt. What he does understand is that when Daddy is working, he must keep his fingernails and toenails polished, and his breeches away from John's face. He learned this the hard way one night when he had been twisting John's ear and his nails left a long scratch across his father's cheek. You might think he had set the house on fire. John jumped up and ran to a mirror, and Patti went over to Russ and explained to him that when Daddy is working he can't get marks on his face because the camera picks them up the next day. This information ran through Russ like a sieve, but he does cooperate to the extent that he now asks if John is working before he clouts him on the nose.

The reference to his father's working in a picture was the one that stopped him. The only pictures he had ever seen were those in magazines or those that John had painted. John used to set up his easel and do canvases in the patio, and pretty soon Russ would spot him and crawl under the canvas and stand there watching his father and/or for a chance to get his fingers in the paint. So after a while John gave up painting.

As a matter of fact John is always starting something he doesn't finish. He used to do a lot of sculpting and Russ is fascinated by the stirred up dirt around the house. A few have bodies without heads, a few have heads without bodies, and the only completed project is part of an apron. After that, John was bitten by the photography bug, and cameras and flash bulbs littered the house for weeks. Then one day two men came to their house. They were from Mexico and John told them they were bull fighters and then proceeded to learn all about bull fighting. He read a couple of books and practiced around the house with the cape the Bull Fighters had left for him as a souvenir. He got the dogs in the act and put Russ to work with a dish towel, explaining that Russ was to swing out of the
way when the dogs ran for the towel. He would have probably been a cinch for Russell, but his old man had got technical. Bull fighters, said John, stand with their feet together. So he stood on his side and the head of the old man needed in that position was the wind from the dogs going by. He fell flat on his face and then looked up at his father with an expression clearly said to him that a boy of four and a half can't balance with his feet close together.

Another day when Russ spoke of John, he was swinging the caption of the room he figured to give his old man a good time. "I'm tired," said Russ, who has a faculty of picking up new words.

John beamed. "Okay," he said, "you change it, buy this book for me and put it on my night table."

Inertia took him right into it and he got a whack on the nose he'll never forget. He looked up at John pretty ruefully but kept his counsel, and since then, John has never again had a bull game.

Russ knows anyway it's due to fade any day now. John has met Rito Romero the wrestler and now whenever Russ goes hunting for his father, he usually finds him in the patio with a couple of muscle men who are tossing each other all over the place. When John gets tired of that he comes into the living room and chisels out a big piece of driftwood in the living room. This is a project which John hopes to make into a coffee table one of these days. He knows it's going to be because it's been quite a few of them now. John chisels and chisels until it's going to be a flat top, and then he puts wax on the holes and terrible stuff on it and rubs and rubs it. If he's ever satisfied with the way it looks, then he'll have to figure out some way to put legs under it.

Russ ignores his father when work is in progress on the driftwood. It's no fun at all unless he can get into the wax, and that's taboo. He also ignores his feet ends and has them cut up in a serious discussion. If they're happy and gay he's sure to break it up by shooting everybody involved with his assortment of pranks, but if they're unhappy, he talks a lot, however, J ohn sits down and plays quietly, waiting for it to blow over so that he can get a laugh out of them.

This is only where Russ shines. He's a regular comedian and never fluffs a chance to get a laugh. The first time John and Patti took him to a drive-in theatre he leaned out of the window and said to the neighbors that he was Russell Derek. "How do you do?" he said. "I'm Russell Derek. Russell Derek's my name."

"What a ham!" said John, but he and Patti laughed, so now Russ never forgets to do this when they go to a drive-in movie.

For a long time he had his hands in the whole pile of them, but now the majority of which are so big that they come down over his face. The gag was foolproof until the day John noticed that Pats were pushing on his head, and then he was making them eat it. And now when Russ puts on a hat he has to keep it way on top of his head. He can't understand all this fuss about a couple of years.

No, he has no comprehension about the stew over the gate that bars the way out of the patio. John never bothered to open it—just leapt over it, and kept on telling him he was going to set Russell a bad example, that pretty soon the boy would try to climb over it. So John took to opening and closing it with the dignity of a prime minister when having them supervised by a couple of Arizona Indians.

After they had finished their task, Grainger went up and told them firmly what he'd do if they did their job they did.

"Oh, there was nothing to it," one of the Indians rejoined. "We learned how to do it from the movies."
no tears for mitzi

(Continued from page 47) madcap with an irrepressible sense of humor and a pixie personality, and more talent than many a long-faced drabrah queen.

He forgave her for the moment in fact at the end of the production, Negulesco formally presented her with a tin lunch box. But her reputation as a practical joker was so firmly established at this point that the publicity department had little to do but embellish it from time to time with more samples of Gaynor gags that may or may not have happened.

And here's where the real practical joke sets in. It's a strange thing, but occasionally an actress is given a build-up which seemingly fits her personality. Then a crisis occurs in her private life, and the build-up looms false, incongruous, out of character. So it was with Mitzi Gaynor. Coincidental with the establishment of Mitzi Gaynor's official reputation, came the announcement that this delightful, dancing pixie was ecstatically in love with a handsome, prematurely gray young lawyer named Richard Coyle.

This love affair, which was Mitzi's first, began when she was 16. It lasted five years. It was supposed to culminate in marriage on September 4th, 1932 when Mitzi was 21. It was a shock to many in Hollywood. A few weeks ago Mitzi and Dick Coyle had one of those momentous heart-to-heart talks which usually prefaces the breakup of any temporary relationship.

The talk took place in the old-fashioned Hollywood Hills home where Mitzi and her mother lived on the second floor and Dick and his mother lived on the first. Mitzi had made her decision the week before, and because she is honest and straightforward and has always respected herself even in her private life and integrity, she made it publicly known.

"I'm sorry," she said, removing the diamond engagement ring. "I can't wear this any longer."

Dick Coyle said nothing for a moment, just stood there gulping, looking into the sad brown eyes of the talented beauty who had been christened Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Chastenay.

A few days later the Coyles, mother and son, moved out of the home they had jointly occupied with the Gerbers, mother and daughter. Thus finis was written to a Cinderella romance, for Mitzi of Hollywood Hills and Richard Coyle of Beverly Hills had accorded the destiny of a happy ending.

A free five long years of loving, hoping, working, waiting, and planning, why did Mitzi Gaynor break her engagement to Richard Coyle? The 31-year-old attorney when asked to comment on the breakup, merely said, "It's a personal thing, and I don't want to talk about it."

Mitzi says in her usual, jaunty, bouncing style, "These things happen. A girl just decides that marriage to a certain man wouldn't be right for her; so she just doesn't marry that certain man."

Mrs. Pauline Gerber, Mitzi's mother, who knows something about heartache—she left her husband back in Detroit when she and her only child came west to try their luck of the world—is best to forget about that affair. There's no need to re-hash it. Mitzi is only 21. She has yet to reach the peak of her career, and there's plenty of time for marriage.

All of these quotations are Mitzi's own. None of them answers it. According to intimates the reason Mitzi Gaynor isn't married to Richard Coyle today is that she has fallen for a famous studio executive. Whether Mitzi Gaynor cares deeply for this man, more than twice her age, whether anything, professional or non professional, emerges from this acquaintance, it definitely proves one thing: When Mitzi Gaynor tells the world that she is a "one-man-girl" and that "I have found the man in life for me," it may be regarded as the delightfully romantic, but often false notion of any young girl, immature and tender of heart. Mitzi is old enough to realize she wants her fling. She isn't ready to settle down with any one young man no matter how brilliant, amusing, or educated.

When Mitzi Gaynor was 16 she was dancing in Naughty Marietta at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. One night backstage she caught glimpse of a tall, handsome young man talking to Edward Everett Horton. The tall young man caught a glimpse of her, too. The glimpse became a friendship.

"A funny thing," Mitzi has said. "I knew I just had to meet him. I asked Horton to introduce me. As a gag he wouldn't, but he did tell me that the fellow's name was Richard Coyle and that he was a fraternity brother of his, and that he'd just graduated from law school at Northwestern.

That's how it started, with a strong rapport of physical attraction between Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle.

People have since wondered how a mature, quiet, well-educated young man like Coyle could fall for a scatterbrain like Mitzi.

The truth is that there is little logic or reasonableness in love. Coyle recognized great potential in Mitzi, who reached her 17th birthday—they had met and dated several times previously—he gave her a gold band, a ring she prefers to call a "friendship ring.

The important factor to remember in this love affair was the relative obscurity of the participants. Practically no one had ever heard of Richard Coyle in California, and Mitzi Gerber (the name she went by before Fox changed it) was, in the year 1947, a dancer who had worked in several shows put on by Edgar Lester: The Fortune Teller, Song Of Norway, Louisiana Purchase, and Naughty Marietta. This was no love affair between a star-struck youth and a well-known dancer.

Dick and Mitzi had a pair of kids in love, so much in love that one night Mitzi came to her mother and said, "Dick and I want to get married."

Looking back on it now Mitzi says, "Mother didn't exactly, approve her. She's too much too sensible for that. But she pointed out other entertainers who had married at an early age, Shirley Temple, Lana Turner, Judy Garland. Dick and I had happened to their first marriages, so when she suggested that we wait until I reached 21, I objected of course, but in my heart I felt it was right.

"After all, I wasn't anywhere yet in my career and neither was Dick. He was just starting out as a lawyer. How would we support ourselves? When you're very young and very much in love, I guess you worry about such down-to-earth things."

Mitzi's big break came not long after she had graduated from the School for Professional Children run by Mala Powers' mother. George Jessel, the dance teacher who still refers to her as "Morris," caught Mitzi playing the part of a gold-digging ballerina in The Great Waltz. It was during this period that the idea of a stage presence. While she was dancing her character's coat slipped down. Very casually Mitzi stepped out of it and continued waltzing with Walter.

George Jessel says now, "When I first caught Morris up there on the stage, I said..."
to myself, "This kid is worth a test," and asked her to come out to the studio and sing "This Is Love" with a "Glamorous Guy" while the camera rolled. I thought she was singing the song for me, but now she says it was this guy Coyle she had in mind. Whatever it was, she did a great job. We signed a 10-day picture deal at a grand a week. When Zanuck saw the rushes he gave her the usual seven-year contract at the same figure. He decided to change her name into something pretty glamorous, but she insisted on keeping the Mitzi and the same last initial, so we came up with Gaynor.

What was her fiancé Richard Coyle doing while Mitzi was earning her $1,000 a week? Working in a downtown insurance office during the day and studying for his bar exams during the night. He was preparing to launch a bid for the position of auburn lawyer. He decided to change his name into something pretty glamorous, but she insisted on keeping the Mitzi and the same last initial, so we came up with Gaynor.

... Mitzi thought that her fiancé was the only reason she was being offered a better-paying job.

Starring in musicals is the hardest picture-making. Mitzi found that out when she reported for work on the set of My Blue Heaven—but the months of arduous study and rehearsal were good for the slant-eyed maiden, who had been raised by a working-class mother and so welcomed the opportunity to work around. She tried to move in. It wouldn't have helped them at all.

"I'm a one-man gal," Mitzi used to say, "and I've been single since I met Richard. Maybe it's corny to believe in love at first sight, but that's what happened to me."

When Richard returned from Chicago he and his mother moved into a little studio in Hollywood, where Mitzi and her cat were living, and none of the local wolves tried to move in. It wouldn't have helped them at all.

(Continued from page 52) feeling that everyone has been waiting for her third marriage to blow sky-high. And it's true. No one expects the Gardner-Sinatra marriage to last. Even as you read these very lines, it may be finished either temporarily or for good.

However, for Ava it won't be all play. If everything going according to her planned schedule the actress will remain outside the U.S. at least 18 months. She will do Mogambo, a remake of the original Cecil DeMille Harlow film, in Harrow last, and following that, she'll go to Africa. The picture will be finished by March, 1953.

They will then fly to Paris or London to star in a film tentatively titled The House On The Strand. Ava will portray a night club singer in Paris who falls temptuously in love with a young American who is preparing for the priesthood. This production should be finished by the end of 1953.

The second Mrs. Sinatra will then make a third picture abroad; neither she nor the studio knows which will be the last. After a dozen years in the movie colony of spasmotic work at salaries ranging from $250 to $1,250 a week, Ava, because of taxes and mounting expenses and the same, is in the same way. Moreover, she has been 74exceedingly unhappy in her relationship with MGM—L. B. Mayer, former production chief at the studio, was furious with her for going around with Frank Sinatra—and she was determined not to re-sign with that organization.

When she was offered 18 months' $250 a week, a fat boost in salary, and a chance to keep most of it, she forgot her "mad" and signed a new deal. It was not only the pot of gold that made Ava Gardner decide to try reaching the other end of the rainbow. This "change of scene" may be just another part of her projectedفياتة through the 20th century. Her union with Frank is unhealthy. It's heading toward an early demise. The symptoms are all there, everybody recognizes them.

Everybody discusses them.

AVA knows this and it nettles her. In the year that she and Frank have just been married, they have quarreled all over the town. Generally Ava is an honest, frank-talking girl, but when reporters questioned her about these fights she denied them and, on one occasion, the husband of the best writer friends she has in Hollywood because he printed a truthful approximation of her marital status with Frank.

When you quarrel in public, when your husband goes on location with you as Frank did with Ava, and they are hero in a picture, it is physically impossible to keep these battles a secret. People see and people will talk.

Why do Ava and Frank fight so much? Some people say that Ava is basically a shy, insecure, fear-ridden, intelligent young woman who knows that for many years the man to whom she is now married was regarded as a 20th century. Having spent a good deal of time with Artie Shaw, Ava knows what life is like for a crooner like Frank on the road. She knows that whenever she goes to New York, a large number of females thrives in that town any member of which would love to get her lips on her man. She knows that Sinatra, has, when he marries someone, it gets a chance to be as good natured. In the mood, Frank can charm the fangs out of a snake.

As a singer, he may have passed his prime, but as a man he is still virile, attractive and particularly appealing to the type of girl who follows bands and singers. Jealousy has frequently been defined as an-together with a wife that intangible fire that husband is out late. Ava is not particularly jealous—it is impossible for anyone to have been married to such bands as Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw without losing an awareness of the fables inherent in man—it is rather that...

heartbreak ahead?

End
When Frank is away from her, and in the year of their marriage he’s been working out of town in New York, Lake Tahoe, New Jersey, Chicago until he picked up a buck—Ava has been bedeviled by thoughts which give her no peace. She wonders what Frank is doing when he isn’t working. Imagination begins to play tricks on her, and she cannot sleep.

It is no exaggeration to say that at the time she left for Africa she had developed a beautiful case of insomnia for herself. She couldn’t sleep when exhausted or worried, but at 4:00 or 4:30 in the morning; and she would sleep a restless, troubled sleep until 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon. Finally her appetite fell off, and she became so thin that she could not fill her formal functions as the Marion Davies party she could not afford to wear a strapless gown. The same old story had the wherewithal to hold it up.

Whether Ava has had any grounds to worry about Frank is beside the point. The fact is that she thinks she has, and for a year she’s worried herself sick. In September when Frank was playing the Riviera in Jersey, Ava came to New York and stayed with him at the Hampshire House. One evening there was a long dragged-out verbal battle in which she accused the thin man of behavior not on par with her expectations, Ava returned to their suite. Frank had gone to Jersey, and inwardly she was seething. She took her diamond ring, wrote him a short but blistering farewell note, left the ring over which they both had taken their marriage vows, on top of the note, tucked her bags, and returned to the Coldwater Canyon home they used to rent in Beverly Hills.

When Frank got back to the hotel the following morning he was flabbergasted. Regardless of his behavior Ava had more than ever given him the feeling that she had lost love for him, to the note, it seemed to him as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. How could he do this,” he kept saying to himself.

His first impulse was to race to La Guardia, catch a plane, and follow Ava home. Then he was booked into the Hotel Chase in St. Louis for a week, and if he canceled out he would be sued for the small fortune he doesn’t have.

He put the marriage ring Ava had left him into his pocket. The next day, his plane then placed a long distance phone call to Beverly Hills. Eventually Ava came to the phone. The newlyweds spoke and quarreled. The telephone was cut.

“Do you promise? Yes, I promise, I have heard that one before . . . and on ad infinitum.

Presently Frank discovered that he had lost Ava’s wedding ring. He ordered a duplicate. In Hollywood, however, Ava confided to friends that she and Frank were approaching the end of the trail. She couldn’t care less, she didn’t have any plans to accompany her to Africa and Europe. She was taking her inoculations for scarlet fever, cholera, smallpox, and a flock of tropical diseases, and she didn’t care what he did. Of this course was more than enough for the spleen. Ava cared a good deal. She drove down to the Palm Springs hotel, then phoned the Sinatra really own, and when Frank phoned from St. Louis, she was a little more amenable to his proposals for a truce.

Frank said he’d be home in a week or two, and Ava phoned the Marion Davies party with Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas. A few days later, she added, she and Lana were going down to Tijuana to fight. Carlos Arruza, the great Mexican dancer, was fighting, and she didn’t want to miss him.

Frank allowed as how he might be able to make the bullfights with her. This was the peace pledge.

When he was finished with his Hotel Chase engagement, the crooner flew home. A day later he and Ava had made up. Frank had been reinstated in his wife’s good graces. She told friends about the fight. Lana and Lamas had engaged in at the Davies party and explained that Lana would attend the bullfights with Benny Cole.

Benny is a former business manager for Artie Shaw who now works as a business manager for two of Artie’s ex-wives, Lana and Ava. He is a very indolent young man and specializes in what he calls “sensational” service. He runs errands for his clients, accompanies Lana to Lake Tahoe, carries messages for the girls to and from MGM, even acts as their escort when the escorts are scarce.

When the bullfights at Tijuana were over on October 12th, and some 5,000 people in the audience had seen Frank squeezed like a sadine between Ava and Lana, the news was quickly flashed that Ava and Frank had effected another reconciliation—a new one, or cared exactly which reconciliation this was, the tenth, or the twentieth—and that both of them would leave for Africa together.

A few days later I ran into them at Frascati’s, a restaurant in Beverly Hills.

“You going overseas with Ava?” I asked the singer.

“You bet,” he said. “I’m going to do any work over there.”

“I think so,” Frank said. He explained that there were many theaters in Africa, particularly in South Africa where he might entertain, but that more than anything, he left his beloved far away from Ava. That’s what most of their trouble had been about in this country, being separated because of the circumstances of their respective careers.

Ava pointed out that some of Mogambo would be shot in England and that Frank had always been extremely popular at the Palladium in London and could undoubtedly find bookings there. They both seemed as happy as I’ve ever seen them.

Just how long that happiness will last I don’t know. I do know, however, that Ava was more than happy to go away from Hollywood. This town has given her another strange kind of guilt complex.

I remember a few months ago when Ava was singing at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. She had auburn hair, a blond, and used to come to the hotel for the first show to give her man every possible support on his comeback trail. Midway through his show, Frank would turn to the audience and ask for requests.

One night a particularly obnoxious red head jumped to his feet. When Frank offered any of the many songs she’d made famous, this “beau” shouted, “Sing ‘Nancy’! Sing ‘Nancy’! We want ‘Nancy’!” (“Nancy” is the title of a love ballad dedicated to Frank’s first wife.)

At that moment, lookers were in the room at Ava. She was sitting with Frank’s manager, Hank Sanicola. Her white complexion was an uncomfortably unbecoming shade of red.

Verses Ava Gardner Sinatra is sure such embarrassments won’t occur. She hopes she’ll say goodbye to this kind of heartache. Which he is, and he’s glad she went. The other, and much more important, is the money. Money has never been the prime consideration in Ava Gardner’s life, but it was hers, and when she once said, “and I don’t expect I’ll have any at the end.”

The last thing she wants to do in the end is get the same thing of happiness with Frank Sinatra.
Batchelor was running away from Hollywood—shaking the glamour-dust from his kicks as he's done before when it got too thick for comfort. At a certain point, he didn't want to be reminded of a status which, for reasons peculiar to Robert Charles Mitchum, he is forced periodically to assure himself and every one close to him personally—so—even though it so obviously is.

"This Hollywood stuff—it's still not for real. I'm just in on a pass. I'm like a guest in the house—believe me. I'm not a big Hollywood star, and I'm not terribly interested in being one. I haven't enhanced my position much socially or financially. Sure, I've got a handsome wife and three wonderful kids, a '48 Buick and this knockout heap. But I get little benefit or satisfaction out of being a freak I've been more years than I care to remember. Ten years is long enough for a guy to stick at any job, isn't it? I'm just sweating out the next two years on my contract and hoping to do one good job. Then, I'll be through.

You just don't make it in the home-again blues. Or the get-away blues. Or the Mitchum melancholies. Whatever the tag, they're what seizes Bob Mitchum whenever he thinks of the outside world. Hollywood, the pressure builds up and heitches to be on his way. It's a chronic affliction with as misunder­stood a characteristic as any I can visualize. But Hollywood's golden shores, but who found the elusive gold he's juggling there not the kind of stuff he was chasing at the end of the rainbow.

Right now Robert Mitchum's salary is $200,000 a year. He's the mainstay of the work horse, too, of RKO studios, the boy they call "sicilian Lou." 20th Century-Fox is head­quarters for the picture he is doing away from Hollywood—over Colorado's Rockies and across Oklahoma's plains. Through the piney woods of Arkansas, the criss cross swamps and along the bayou of Mississippi, off into the west. The gear inside Bob's ramble wagon got a thorough workout as Mitch and his boys stopped and camped where they pleased. Fished, hunted, swam, explored and chinned with the characters they met.

I'm New Orleans, his wife, Dorothy, joined the gang and they headed off with the film. For Mitchum's hotel in the Old Quarter of the Mitchums' favorite city, where time goes back a hundred of years. They roamed up and down the narrow streets with their frilly leg balloons, with moccasins and bandanas, with the Old Absinthe House, the Vieux Carre, the Famous Door, the Lafitte Bar. When that palled, the Mitchums rolled along the Gulf Coast. During a break in the shooting, the boat chugged out on the Gulf, ran into a line squall that almost wheels which is built on a Ford truck.

Before that, the Oochapap rolled on—farther and farther away from Hollywood—over Colorado's Rockies and across Oklahoma's plains. Through the piney woods of Arkansas, the criss cross swamps and along the bayou of Mississippi, off into the west. The gear inside Bob's ramble wagon got a thorough workout as Mitch and his boys stopped and camped where they pleased. Fished, hunted, swam, explored and chinned with the characters they met.

*HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND*

- One movie director—Arch Oboler of radio fame—likes to refer to himself in third person. Production was lagging but Oboler insisted on doing a scene over. "I don't believe Oboler likes that scene the way it is now," he said.

Disgusted, his unhappy producer remarked, "When he comes in, I'll tell him."

from the book by Andrew Hech}

You'd have never guessed, witnessing that crazy domestic scene, that Bob Mitchum could ever want or need anything more than what was already his. That is, until you get him out of the chair, burst through the door and start up at the sky. A thin, wavering line in V-formation was heading south. Geez How Bob hated that sound. It reminded him of the family noises, I'll never know unless his ears are tuned that way.

"I'm just a bum at heart," allowed Bob cheerfully. "I'm through with rainbows all my life and suppose I always will. People who try to make me a solid citizen today, he grinned. "are just 20. I've been too many years, always had it."

"Not," he added, "that I don't appreciate the luck I've had. Not many guys have such a break; mighty few are privileged to experience Hollywood. It's great. But it can't be forever."

"People," he continued, "are always saying to me, 'Watch it, boy. Play it, stranger.' Be careful! But that's the fun of it. What for? Be that's not living—not that's for the cemetery. But saying 'What's next?' is. I've never really had a rough moment in all my life—not one. And you can't pull up again with a knife and a rope in my ribs, slugged it out on top a hi-balling freight where it was the other guy or me.
— and it wasn’t me. I’ve scampered away in the night like a rabbit. I’ve been hungry and cold and busted flat. I’ve been in clover somewhere, but I’ve loved every minute of it. Some people aren’t cut out for this thing. They can’t stay away from trouble. I’ve got to be away from trouble,” Bob said, “I can’t understand that.

They certainly can’t. A town that collects larcenies piling up annuities and worrying about a secure old age can’t really understand a life—lusty guy like Bob Mitchum banking only on his crowded pocket book. They imagined him a bum, a wild Indian, by accepted lights, a screwball and a crazy character — and Bob would be the last one to say they are错了. He knew that was the best all the cheap conversations involved in this adventure could convince anybody anyway; and he doesn’t need to convince the people who count with Mitch, which includes himself, his wife, his family, and every scattered friend who likes him for what he is. And what Bob Mitchum is — bone, body, blood, heart and spirit — stems far away from Hollywood and goes back a good many years. In fact, back 150 years.

It was in the 1640’s that a rugged band of settlers named Mitchum came to the Santee River swamplands in South Carolina with land from the King of England. They were among the very first Carolinians, right along with the Davises, Gamble and Dukes. Only they weren’t such a solid citizen body as the Davises. Mitchum had a curious habit of wanting to know what was over the next hill. So a lot of them pushed on to the wilderness of Ohio, and across the Alleghenies. Bob the one who was out of the Coast a Jersey beyond. A couple of the more adventurous traveled with Lewis and Clark on the great Expedition to the Northwest. Mitchum right back Blackfoot Indian horses, a shaker in those days to the local settlers. They got socially ostracized more or less for that, but they weren’t concerned. So it didn’t bother them too much. From that branch descended Robert Mitchum — that’s his right name — and he’s one of the breeds, an Indian Blackfoot himself. ‘’I’m from the low-down Mitchum stock, in Bob’s will, ‘but I’m kind of proud of it. They didn’t believe in rules, my ancestors, and they didn’t give a damn. And every one of them could take care of himself wherever he went, which was often a pretty far piece.”

Bob himself grew up mainly around Bridgeport, Connecticut, but he spent a lot of time on the farm of his grandnephew (who died just this year) down in Delaware, and from the start he was a Mitchum, through and through. Where he was only four years old he tore off alone, the sights for to see. They caught him, but he’d traveled 15 miles to Milford before they did. When he was 15 years old, the cops got sick and tired of dragging him home. Sometimes he’d land in the pokey as he did when he was only 12 on a vagrancy charge. But he became the vanguard muse in the boy Mitchum erudited with this fragmentary poem, expressing his rainbow chasing urge, his frustrations, and his kid’s answer: “Oh, I wrote it and his mother, who worked for the Bridgeport Post, got it printed, because it sounded like her boy, Bob: “I seek adventure and I find it too much penned Bob.”

“Oh if I were only rich! I’d not be in this terrible ‘dutch.’”

Bob Mitchum’s struggle all his life has been to keep out of ditches — some people all them ruts — and the struggle undoubtedly has landed him in various ditches. Whether being rich would have helped much is questionable, and Bob himself knows that. He’s never been a nickel- nurer and never will be. I asked him once what big charge he’d get out of important mony now ever did find himself rolling in the stuff. “Give me a lousy five grand would be my kick,” he replied promptly.

Bob sees his Hollywood colleagues all around him, earning no more money than himself, collecting garish and business blocks and piling up estates from the pro- bate courts some day. He doesn’t dig it. If the oil wells walked right into his front yard, he’d be hale, but he’s not hold- ing his breath until they do. “I’m a loser with dough, not a winner,” he believes. “I’ve never made a profit on anything in my life. But that never made a wrinkle.”

Bob has a soft spot for the toughest touches in Hollywood. People take ad- vantage of him, out fox him in business, tap him like a beer barrel. He knows it. He and Dorothy, he with Hollywood career, he figures he’s been knocked over for around $80,000. “Which sometimes dims my faith in my fellow man,” he chuckles, “but not for very long.”

Really, faith and interest in his fellow man is the meat and drink of Bob Mitchum’s soul. Mitch likes people— not just the rich people, all kinds of people. Humanity has been his prime hobby ever since he could knock around among people and learn what made them tick. Without much in Bob’s life saga. I might point out that in his early check- ered career he’s bummed through all the 48 states in the Union as a hobo, railroaded a carnival roustabout. He’s a sax, a postal worker, a boxer, a in- written night club skit, sold shoes, worked in service stations, factories, stores and on amusement pikes. He’s dug ditches, ped- ded house-to-house. He’s been the steward of a hotel, he’s been a mailman in the U.S. Mail, he’s been a newspaper, collected more than $80,000. “Which sometimes dims my faith in my fellow man,” he chuckles, “but not for very long.”

How Christmas Seals help save lives

Successful methods of treatment make it more important than ever to find the 150,000 “unknown” cases of tuberculosis and to find them early.

Mass mailing campaigns to find TB in time are part of the work your Christmas Seal dollars help support. Remember, no one can be “cured” until treated . . . and no one can be treated until the disease is discovered.

Send in your contribution today.

Buy Christmas Seals
love comes to marlon brando

(Continued from page 29) ticket for it as he said he would. They said he could cage it and put it in the baggage car, it would not cost anything, so they put it in the car with the baggage. Marlon’s answer was that any man who would co-op a raccoon up for four days was not human, so he went over and bought a ticket on an airplane that was more comfortable for animals.

And so, when the plane was leaving, Movita stood tearfully as Marlon and the raccoon boarded the plane, as it took off. He had been riddled bitterly on the chill superiority of men and raccoons.

That was just a little more than a year ago. A month ago, a Hollywood columnist, writing in one of the papers, found a read by all film and came up with this sparkling item. “It must be love for Marlon Brando,” the gossip writer wrote. He has given up his raccoon for Marlon.”

For more than a year these two incidents much happened, much that restored Movita’s faith in the human race, and much that taught Marlon how to be and the way he was being treated as a toy. Movita had been the toast of the unmarred theatrical set for several years, the lad who had treated even the greatest ladies among his admirers as his территории. He would not go to the point where he gave up his most precious companion for the lady of his heart.

Marlon Brando met Movita, who’s true name was Movita that Sunday afternoon, when Jack Doyle, actor, had begun shooting Viva Zapata. It was in Texas, on a location down by the Rio Grande River, and Movita was one of the supporting gals and had no interest in the Hollywood end of the film. During the evening, after the day’s work was done, the company stayed pretty close together and it was only natural that a few people would like the weather and life with Movita was introduced to the dark-eyed beauty and started to work on those subjects. But after a while he discovered that Movita was capable of enjoying a good deal more. As a matter of fact, Marlon was himself quite an authority on a lot of things for he is an avid hunter and when he reeled out about his good land and pasture. That’s what I have when I get the dough. I figure I could cash in right now for maybe $100,000. But that’s not enough. I want a good place and I want to build it up in stock and it must produce.

When Viva Zapata was finished, Movita was asked to stick around Hollywood for a couple of weeks until it was decided what their future was to be. This happens after most pictures and generally Marlon’s agent, MCA, dreaded these days. When a day’s shooting is scheduled it is generally chosen, and only once in a while does Movita tell Marlon out for at least a couple of days. But this time it was different. Then it was just where Movita and him were together. That was where Movita was. It was pleasant for the studio, to say the least.

But then, of course, came the inevitable day when the studio spoke, and the story told that he’d go home and he had to make his difficult decision. It is a testament to his beliefs that he would never seriously fall in love or marry any woman. It was a move to left the movie scene for the last time.

MOVITA DOYLE is not just an ordinary woman, she’s had to be pointed out here. She came to Hollywood in 1934 and was promptly signed by MGM to play the role of Clark Gable’s Polygamous wife in Mutiny On The Bounty. All Hollywood raved about her. She was the toast of the MGM lot, but she just seemed to be almost unnoticed. It was thought the cards were stacked against her, but although she made a few other pictures, none of them were big enough or good enough to follow Mutiny and she slowly fell from prominence.

In the meantime, in another part of the world, a young Irishman named Jack Doyle began making a name for himself. He was in the British Army and was a fighter pilot. Later he became an amateur artist. Sensing the war, the young stars, Jack Doyle was one of the first people every having a character in line as Marlon Brando was in the acting profession today. He was never credited with being a great fighter, but he was certainly colorful, both in the field and in private life.

Any time Jack Doyle was fighting, the patrons could be sure something unexpected would happen, like somebody being shot down and somebody slugging the referee. Consequently, he was a big draw and became rich and famous in the British Isles. Jack Doyle and Movita were married. The young married couple met at a London night club and shortly afterwards moved to London and went to live in Ireland.

Before and during the war they were quite famous as it was at one time. In London night clubs they were as famous over there as the spats of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller were over here—and as colorful. Movita was also famous because of the movie and the war, Jack Doyle was a great fighter. He was married and could have had almost any of the eligible bachelors around for the nodding of her pretty head.

This was the case with woman Marlon Brando left waiting at the Los Angeles International Airport in 1951. And sure
she must have known as she walked slowly to her car that one day she'd be back, or that he'd ask her to come to him. Not even Marlon could escape the Movita charm.

Marlon held out in New York for about two weeks, during which time he telephoned a few times "just to say hello." Then he and Movita married in Manhattan the third week of June, whereupon the public learned the truth. Life was dull in Manhattan without her. He missed all the rough-house fun they had and the conversations. Wouldn't she come away with him and play a bit? Well, she did—and there is no record in the gossip columns of his dating any other girl since. Marlon is not a cafe society man. He likes to put the erotic tone of entertainers off the beaten track. Among the many of the Gotham reporters saw him with Movita. Not enough anyway to start the rumor of a serious romance.

But there it was serious. They were together constantly at parties and just visiting at the apartments of friends. And just before spring in 1952 the woman who had been to marry movita was going to marry the star. It has come about that he did marry her but no proof of this has ever been found—and neither one of them is ever likely to admit it.

Another parting loomed early in 1952 when Marlon had to go to Europe to talk over some picture deals. But this time he didn't feel as if she was tagged along. All summer long they toured the continent, had gay times in Paris and visited out of the way places together. Movita was a bit of a credit, too, for she had been to most of the places he wanted to see before—and could speak most of the European languages.

Some Mitzi friends say that one of the reasons Marlon returned to Hollywood to try Marc Antony in Julius Caesar is that Movita said she just had to go home and visit her family and Marlon didn't want to be alone, any rate, they arrived together—and stayed together all during the shooting of the picture.

Marlon's desire to be close to Movita all times is illustrated in an amusing story that came off the set of Julius Caesar. It seems that Movita played a small role in the film and was down in the crowd that milled about the set between shots at the palace. Marlon disappeared and when the scene was finished the assistant directors began looking for him. He was nowhere to be found until he opened the big gate to look down in the milling mob and saw Movita sitting on a stone bench talking to Movita. He had, without anyone being aware of it, been playing an extra in the picture in which he was supposed to be.

If you are not familiar with Marlon Brando you would never guess from seeing him and his private party that they were in love. Most men meet a girl, stick close to her and hold her hand, or once in a while slip over and give her an affectionate peck on the cheek. Marlon shows his affection by a glance. He will look across a room at Movita—and then make a charge and a flying tackle, reaching for her to the ground where he will plant a full exultant kiss, right on the top of her nose. Or he will pick her up, when they are leaving, and carry her in the car—or home if it is not too far on his back. He is a very considerate man. But if there is any spark of the male and female nonsense between them it is as different as Jekyll is from Hyde. He becomes terribly disinterested, then bored and finally, when the romance is in high gear, downright hostile to the girl. Shelley Winters, who was here she met her present husband and found happiness, was one of the women who made the mistake of letting Movita know she liked him. But they are known to get more bachelors in Hollywood by dinner date and aangeshangterchief, got nothing but rebuffs from the fellow—and when he did give her the pleasure of his company she had to fol- low after him and not lead the way. At one time many of her friends wanted to see his nose—thinking he was doing her wrong—but it was just Marlon's way of handling girls.

Then there was Marilyn Monroe who has always been on him at one time. Nothing much ever has happened and probably because Marilyn was too popular for the kind of treatment. But if you had seen them together, you would have suspected that Marlon and Roberta Haynes, the girl who just co-starred with Gary Cooper in Return To Paradise, was another in love with Marlon. She admitted to friends that she day can't understand why she treated her as though she were his maid.

Marlon Brando, then, has to be capable of hanging his love out on a limb. And Movita is that kind of a girl. On the few occasions he has reverted to type, once their firm relationship was established, she has put him in his place but fast. Their friends say that on the smallest hint a laugh from him she will hit him over the head with the handiest blunt object. And if he seems to be getting out of line, such as flirting with another girl, she's just as liable as not to toss him on her shoulder and carry him to the car, or home if it is not too far away.

What is to finally become of the Brando Movita relationship only time can tell. As we said before, it is whispered that they are already married, but not confirmed. As has been pointed out, no one here knows very much about them or their plans. They keep well away from sources of information to the press—and when they go off some place together their have no brass band announcing their intentions as some stars do. But there is one thing the pails they do have will assure you of—and that is that they think they will always be together. The kind of love and friendship that makes up his mind about it and acts irrevocably. He finally called Movita on the phone.

"Why don't you come on over tonight," he asked. "Maybe we can have dinner together.

Movita agreed. She was just about to call him. Marlon met her at the door and asked her to come in while he finished combing his hair. Movita walked into the flat, waited. But for a moment, then noticed something strange.

"Hey," she called into the other room.

"Where's the baby?" she asked Marlon casually. "I had him cradled up and sent back to my mother at the farm. I guess you were right. He'll be happier there."

What's that was ever said about it. But they both knew a sacrifice had been made for love. And when Marlon went back to New York a few weeks later, he had no problems. And his girl wasn't left waiting at the airport, either.
the christmas they couldn’t see

(Continued from page 49) and there were the children, bless them, laughing and bubbling with excitement and happiness, ecstatic with the sheer joy of living.

Ah yes, the children. A whole world of difference. Half the name, at casual glance, as your children and mine—pretty and sweet, happy and gay, in love with life and with a party.

But there’s a difference. You see these three- and four-year-olds attending Esther’s party, are blind. They cannot see color and form. They cannot be lovely, willowy Esther. These grace-fully amble, leaving a hug here, a kiss there. They cannot see Jolly Old Santa Claus, or the lights on the tree, or the silver tinsel, or the red and green stripes of the Christmas tree. These children are blind—totally, irrevocably. This is, in truth, a Christmas they cannot see.

Where does Esther Williams find all this? Why has she devoted so much of her energy and limited time to these blind tykes at the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children? She has two wonderful boys, Benjy and Kim, that is true, but neither Kim and three-year-old Benjy are normal youngsters physically and mentally, who take up a good deal of Esther’s time. She does not give these other children, these visually handicapped boys and girls, often to the point of exhaustion.

I asked her. The familiar, warm Esther Williams smiled, encircled me as silly as a reply, I’m glad you asked, Mike, because I’ve been wanting to tell you. I want the whole world to know about these children.

It all happened three years ago, Esther explained, when she was asked to model at the Harold Lloyd benefit party for the Nursery School. "I did a strip tease," she recalled, "and Daddy bought the dress. When we went, an Adrian original, and sent it to me afterwards as a gift. Ted Bris- kirk bought the bathing suit underneath. I was very much afraid. I was afraid to go into a group of people and in detail what it was all about. My heart went out to these blind babies. They’re born that way, I found out, most of them premature. They work at the nursery school. Their first started in 1933, many blind children aged three or four were brought in in pathetic condition, and it was a question as to whether they ever would be able to enter the first grade.

They told me about Sally, who didn’t walk or talk, was rigid, tense, and proclaimed an imbecile. They had had in their little Bob, who had been held and cuddled so much that his arms and legs were like gelatin. With little Sally, I’m happy to say, constant training proved the diagnosis wrong. She made remarkable progress in fact, and the superior mental capacity! With Bob, proper stimulus soon developed a normal body.

Shortly after the benefit party, Esther said, she was carrying her first baby, and since she was unable to continue with her motion picture work during those months, she had a lot of time on her hands concerning the Nursery School. She visited the Adams Street school to see what it was like.

"I love children," Esther said, "and when I learned that this type of children face is the worst form of childhood, and that the Nursery School had facilities for only eight, I was determined to study and work hard in order to learn how to teach handicapped children such as these to adjust themselves in this world of ours.

Just think, there were only five such schools in the entire country, and this one 80 had a waiting list of 200 children. Many of them came in during the day and had to go home again at night. I felt I had to help them!"

Although, as Esther explained, she could do nothing immediately to earn funds for the School since she was pregnant, she was able to teach the children to swim. These boys and girls couldn’t run or play games where sight was necessary, but they could swim. People with normal sight missed. This, Esther said, she could and would teach them to do.

She took the children to a heated pool regularly three times a week and to this day she taught Benjy was born. She recalls that even when she was very tired and it was a terrible burden to keep on with the swimming lessons, she experienced the joy in going to ahead with the work. “A still, small voice inside me seemed to ask, ‘Why do you feel this urgency, this drive, why do you keep going?’ and when it would be so easy to plead illness?"

The swimming lessons, she thought, was a live answer to the question. “I’m going to have a blind baby,” she said. It was like a pressure. It was driving me mad. I answered myself that you’ll be a better mother as a result of all this study and teaching. And you’ll be prepared, if the worst happens, to be the mother of a blind child!”

In desperation, Esther recalls, she finally turned to her “favorite companion,” her mother, a child psychologist and founder of the Southwest Counseling Service in Los Angeles. She explained the fears and the doubts that had been tormenting her.

“Mother, as usual, set me straight,” Esther said. “She put her arms around me and said, ‘Darling, maybe you’re doing this so you won’t have a blind baby. Did you ever think of that? Maybe you’re earning your own perfect little child.”

And in the middle of all this she was worried whether she was so right. You see, I had lost baby prematurely—my first—before Benjy was born, and subconsciously I had been della attempt to meet the need that might be missing is a reason why she might not be properly formed, as is the case with those children I had been teaching to swim. I was trying to ease this worry asked her, ‘Doesn’t it break your heart to work with blind children? No, no,’ Esther replied. “And I regard it as a privilege to be able to help. I want to help in every way. How wonderful it is if I can, in my small way, help them to live their lives as useful citizens. After all, they’re not happy children. They are progress for me in their first experimenting experience as she watched the teachers at the school in order to learn how to handle the children. ‘I watched a baby just learning to walk, head straight, arms on her waist. I stood by and watched him run right into it and hurt himself. It seemed heartless, but she said it was for the good of his mother. She taught him in his blindness, and sometimes even hurt themselves. It’s the only way they can learn to be aware of ob- stacles.”

Two years ago, as a Christmas gift, Esther and her husband, Ben Gage, presented the school with a special swimming pool, and Esther trained the teachers in instructing the children to swim. The heated pool is four feet deep all the way around, with steps side rails on all four steps, to guide the children up the steps.

The children were frightened of the water at first, Esther said. Once they’re in the water, they don’t have the one security they depended upon before—a firm floor. The water is, at first, a strange, terrifying, new, dark world and their only support is gone. They have to be won over to it, and then when they become used to it. Light and laughter and enjoyment is just like that of any normal child.

“One day,” Esther recalled, "little Thav- er got water splashing in her eyes. Of course, it frightened me and I asked one of the instructors whether or not it was possible for the water to injure the children’s eyes in any way. She explained that the water was clean and pure and that it was not harmful or otherwise, and that sometimes they actually lean on their hands to gain sympathy—which is, after all, a very normal human reaction.

I was never using her handicap as an excuse not to concentrate on her swim- ming lesson. I said, ‘We won’t let you play with the other children until you learn to swim.’" She said, ‘But the water hurts my eyes when they splash me!’ So I said, ‘Hey, the water doesn’t hurt your eyes and you know it!’ We made a game of it and she won afterwards and said, ‘I’m sorry. I was fooling you. It didn’t hurt my eyes. I don’t have any eyes, Aunt Esther, so how can I hurt myself?’"

The teaching approach is honest and straightforward. The children must accept the fact that they were born without eyes and enumerate other people do. They must learn to think, ‘I won’t get to work and something to make up for it!”

And Esther tells this poignant story. "One day little Bob told Barbara, who’s a little girl, ‘What’s your color?’

“You have no idea how regularly we all say ‘Look, You’ll see,’ or ‘I’ll show you’ until you work with the blind. And I said, ‘I can’t tell you because you’ve never seen colors.’"

“She said, ‘But I think maybe you can tell me! Is it sun color?’

“I said, ‘No, because the dress was yellow and had white trim. Then I walked over to the superintendent and asked if Barbara had ever been able to see. She said, ‘Yes, she lost them the day she was born. I’m remembering the colors she had seen up to the time she was two!’ I walked back to Barbara and said, ‘Dar- ling, tell me something. Do you know what a sun color is?” She said, ‘It’s the color of a dandelion.” ‘And the trim is white,’ I added. She exclaimed, ‘Oh, like when a dandelion goes puff! See, Aunt Esther, I remember all the old things!’"

S t r u n g e n s y Esther remembered she was hostess at a gay Christmas party for 17 lovely, lively children, and watching their heart move around among them it was age it had been. These boys and girls no longer appeared handi- capped, no longer objects for pity and sympathy. They were children, I told them. They moved around with sight. They like to romp and wrestle. They shriek and laugh with delight when they are happy. They shed tears when they are sad. They like to be with ice cream and cake to “see” loneliness with their fingers and ears, and yes—they like to swim. And they weren’t loving or enjoyable. Ever Williams, mother of six, agreed. They appeared, as she had, as a warm-hearted friend only, because, remember they had never seen and will never see a moon or a picture. It was a Christmas party the children couldn’t have been no denying that—but oh, how they could feel it!

(Esther Williams will soon be seen in MGM’s Million-Dollar Mermaid.)
red hot mama

(Continued from page 40) each day looking as though she hadn’t the slightest idea how to apply three-cornered pants.

In the nine cases, she is Secretary-Treasurer of the Brinkman Manufacturing Company, a firm which turns out precision aircraft parts. The President and owner is her husband, Paul Brinkman. At first, or even then, there was a type to understand cams, grommets or sumps, and indeed she does not. She describes her husband’s firm as one which “makes parts and makes motors go.” On the other hand, she understands and takes a keen interest in the business itself. To Jeanne, the business world is a deeply fascinating thing, and she is one of those who read widely in the “Business” section in news magazines.

She was appointed Secretary-Treasurer solely because of the legal aspect of owning a business. What this is a fascinating affair, and admittedly has little to do with making decisions. More or less as a gag, Paul had a box of business cards printed, including his name and title, and while Jeanne isn’t quite sure how to do with them—”I’ll drop them places”—she takes a whimsical pride in their existence.

Occasionally she will put in her star, such as finding a new plant, changed the name of the firm from the ABC Die and Engineering Company to The Brinkman Manufacturing Company. The Secretary-Treasurer gave this due consideration and then asked, “Don’t you think it’s rather unusual to use our name in the title?”

The President promptly overruled her objection. “Look at the Ford Motor Company—and Firestone—and Westinghouse,” he said. “These are owners’ names.”

“Yes, sir,” says Secretary-Treasurer.

She attends business meetings regularly and takes active interest in the proceedings. On these occasions she wears business-type suit and modifies her hair-do and make-up for the occasion. “I feel like Roz Russell in a movie role,” she says.

When Paul brings business associates home for dinner, if he pulls a switch, and being now the hostess, Jeanne, the businesswoman, blossoms out in decolleté evening clothes that shimmer in the candlelight. She is attitve to conversations that are not of interest, and retains the femininity so important to wives of successful young businessmen.

This is itself is perhaps the secret of Jeanne’s glamour, for she does have that. She is perpetually feminine, in her gestures, her thought, her walk and her clothes, as well as whether she is discussing a new role for one of the actresses in Paul’s film, or drawing bead on a duck in flight, she is always completely so.

Paul is a sportsman—he likes to fish and sail and hunt, and this is the first that Jeanne would share his enthusiasm.

As a new bridegroom his first Christmas gifts to her were a skeet rifle, a Western costume, and a cartridge case. Mrs. Brinkman did not take the hint and tried her hand at shooting. It turned out like everything else. Jeanne has the inclination, but not the talent. She is a fair golfer, a fair tennis player, so-so at bridge, and a typical beginners’ slope when skiing, and didn’t swim well until her own pool was in.

It is a frustration with her, this urge to be physical. “I am not skilled enough in most things to make a good companion for Paul,” she has found that where there is a will there isn’t always a way.

On ice skates she is a competent dream; it is the only sport in which she is adept.

In other things she is merely a dream, not only because she looks well in the clothes required by each sport, but also because she has gone to the country, visiting women who visit Mount Rose near Reno, Nevada, may sit on the porch of the lodge modeling their skiing ski clothes, but Jeanne is always out on the fun, working like a heaver, going up the hill, which she must learn to control of the ski. As she puts it, “I love the snow, and the clothes, and the chance, the fun, at the resorts—but I can’t ski.”

She goes hunting with Paul, but while she shrinks at the thought of the big brown eyes of the deer, she knows Paul is a true sportsman and refrains from spoiling his fun but, instead,幫 his qualms.

When ducks are in season, she climbs out of bed at 2:30 in the morning, dresses in warm clothes, grabs her hip boot and goes out to the little on the four-hour drive to the duck country.

No matter what Jeanne does she always looks like a magazine cover, and the display of her odor is heightened by intelligent interest. For her husband, she is the perfect companion because while she plays a good game, she never wins.

She is also feminine in that she is an incurable shopper. At Palm Springs she will drag on Paul’s arm as they pass a shop window. “Please, I want to look at those purses.”

“How many purses do you have now?” he says.

“About a dozen, I guess.”

“Then, why do you want to look at them? You don’t need any more.”

“Because I want to look,” says Jeanne with feminine logic.

They don’t stay away from home often. Paul is at his plant most mornings by seven and doesn’t get home until six the evening; and in between babies Jeanne has appeared in a continual stream of mov- ies. The brief interval, however, for within a few hours’ drive from Los Angeles are the mountains at Lake Arrowhead, the surf at Laguna Beach, the desert at the Palm Springs, the ranches near Victorville, or Mexico to the south. These short trips, even if they happen but once every six weeks, make the Brinkman marriage a pleasant haven. Jeanne feels that “getting away from it all” is a very necessary thing in anyone’s life; that it gives renewed vigor and bounce. In the months she was making one picture after another, her expression seemed the only thing in her life, and while she loves movie work, Jeanne is a many faceted person and requires a variety of interests.

At home, she has enough time for the things she wants to do. She is a calm person, and her friends often remark about the fact that Jeanne never seems rushed. She also manages to keep pressures or emer- gencies may arise. At home, one is not harried, continually shuffling problems that bewilder her, seldom carries the aura of glamour, and Jeanne escapes this tense atmosphere. This type of marriage, she says, to ever ready with quick decisions. She has a positive approach to everything, and through her own career has learned how many things have been sur- rounded with the ‘petty’ problems that go hand-in-hand with a large household. As a result she shields Paul from the minorities by periodotally blow through their home: the typewriter, the machine, the rash on Mike’s arm, the gopher under the azalea bed and the cook to quit without notice. “I don’t think a man should have that in his way of life,” she says. Then adds with a wise little smile, “Maybe women give a little bit more than men in a marriage, but I think they should get up and keep up with me in traffic,” she says. “So I nonchalantly adjust the mirror on the side of the car until I’m sure they’ve seen my wedding ring.” She feels she can’t be too annoyed because once, eight years ago having given up the fluffy productions, the things that have to be zipped or buttoned at myriad points. She shows up for breakfast every morning with a scrubbed face and shining hair and a fresh morning coat, and stays that way until it’s time to bathe and dress for Paul’s homecoming. Being well groomed for the evening does not appear to be an afterthought, and dinner hour is important with her, and she has found that it had to be made a habit. Otherwise, the unexpected sometimes happened and she failed to be ready to meet him at the door. In a notice things like that,” she says, “no matter what their age.” The added thought refers to her trio of sons, who bow with delight when she comes home from work “dressed up.”

The brighter the colors the better, and Jeanne thinks this goes for the adult male, as well. When she turns out in red the two-year-old Timothy croons happily and remarks “Da doll!” a pet name origi- nated for his small sister and lately applied to all likely looking females.

Jeanne is always on the prowl for new fashion ideas, and when she comes home after a fashion show her program is covered with scribbles. Displayed, are they are reminders to try a pin here or a pin there, or a novel way to wear a scarf, a belt, or a necklace, or to see if she has any hat that would take a wide rib- bon like that pillbox number at the show. Jeanne isn’t what is termed a pace setter in fashions, but she does give her wardrobe considerable thought and pays attention, despite the fact that more often than not she is “helped” in getting dressed by her offspring. The boys drag out their respective clothing—suit cases, bags, and handbags—and Jeanne calmly puts them back where they belong and goes on with her original plans.

Shall her own dryer at home and has devoted one corner of her dressing room to what she likes to think of as her own beauty parlor. She shampoos and sets her own hair at least once a week, and performs the operation herself. Paul is not at home.

Jeanne loves to draw a pleasing assortment of wolf whistles around town. Like many wives of stars, she is well known in Beverly Hills, where the citizens are usually respectful, but away from the neighbor- hood she has been known to snarl traffic. To the harried, harried, lonely, lone- lone women drivers have a tough subject in Jeanne Crain, but also a fairly considerate one. I don’t like to see the poor men driving long hours and trying to keep up with me in traffic,” she says. "So I nonchalantly adjust the mirror on the side of the car until I’m sure they’ve seen my wedding ring.” She feels she can’t be too annoyed because once, eight years ago

IT HAPPENED TO ME

I had just bought a copy of "Screen, and was standing in the drugstore at Selma and Vine Streets, in Hollywood, looking at some antique magazine, when a girl walked up and said to me, "Excuse me."

"Imagine my surprise when I looked up and saw the star of the story, Gordon MacRae, looking at some antique magazine, when a girl walked up and said to me, "Excuse me."

Nancy Streeb

Hollywood, California
so in love

(Continued from page 30) warm personality is directly accountable. He married Rita because he loves her and he says he wants to stay married to her because he loves her and he says he loves her. Yet, by the standards of the western world, he is utterly incomprehensible as a husband. For some 1,500 years in the known history of his family its members have lived in a place—where much more love than what it has always meant. To their wives, secluded in harems, this may or may not have been always acceptable, but tradition and love go hand in hand. Perhaps like Rita Hayworth, born not only beautiful, but free, it has been something else—something she has tried to live with only to find it, again and again, too much.

That’s why Attorney Bartley Crum reportedly flew to Europe in late October, to finalize the divorce and arrange a settlement of reportedly a million and a half dollars. She left almost before the court where there is love there is hope—and Rita has always listened to love. She came back. And the fact that she has again run off, causing her to label her flight an exigency, is the most human thing about Rita in the opinion of her friends, if not Aly’s. She tried. She may even try again. And with a husband who is a political prisoner somewhere again—but if that isn’t love, what is? As she herself said to reporters in Spain, “My leaving is exclusively a very intimate matter of the heart.”

“What’s she thinking about?” her critics ask. “How does she justify such behavior?” Can she make up her mind?” The answer is always the same: she is a wife in a quandary. Any woman who has been in love, any wife who has faced a similar problem, knows the answer. Do they always use logic? Rarely do. Isn’t any woman do what she can... fight?

Despite the fact that Aly made no promises when he came to Beverly Hills to get her, and that she returned on his 82 terms to speak, there was every indication that he was prepared to curb his self-indulgences for the good of life more serious. They both knew (and it is still true) that he cannot afford more scandal. As the heir of the Aga Khan (who if he lives until 1954, when he’ll be 70, will be taken to his grave, and when his sons, who have skipped the marriage, may decide to take him to the marriage, and when his eldest son, the Aga Khan, will not be married to him at a time, to join her in her leisure hours. Each has his own smock and equipment.

Otherwise, its security is inviolate, and there’s no one to complain about its dishevelment. It’s bound to be that way, too, for Jeanne is an inveterate scrapbooker, having one on home furnishing ideas, one on fashion, one on entertaining, a big book of family pictures, all her publicity clippings, and then a guest book with autographs with pictures of friends as well as their autographs. None of them are ever up to date, naturally. The one drawback of having the little studio is that there is nowhere to put them there.

Next to the Lady of Guadalupu medal, it is her most treasured gift from Paul. The medal, incidentally, was a gift on that fiftieth Anniversary of the Grand Prix de France to the Aga Khan for the race was set around the rim, and three rubies in the center, representing the boys. Recently Paul has added an emerald in honor of the Red Cross. Jeanne’s hobby is ornament above all other material things in her life.

It is not only for the sentiment, but also for the beauty, for by now, having gear through the years, pure-blooded Lhaso and motherhood and career, Jeanne is back in the old glamor grove. In the first flush of her marriage and the resultant dip into divorce, Aly worked a thing or two, getting going that was not as new as the dish-washer, the new stove, the carpeting of the house. She recalls that when they went on the big adventure to buy an inn, it turned out that they bought a huge model in a soft shade of green to blend with the pepper tree.

“Things have changed,” says Jeanne with a laugh, recalling that in those days “I rather have a small diamond that is not a large washing machine.”

Rita’s story is very simple. After being married to Aly for more than three years, she thought they had agreed to stay down—and found they had nothing to settle down to. To begin an adventure while the first time, there is a conviction among the women that another woman was to blame. This girl, who wanted very much to succeed Rita in the social life, the reporter tried to talk about Rita he countered with a characteristic Aly response the offer to buy her a drink.

Was he being a Pagliacci and suffering the least book of her life and under a smiling mask... or was he unaffected by what had happened? As far as his friends were concerned it didn’t matter... the important thing was post-divorce-plaguing aristocrat should not be allowing such a thing to happen as to reveal emotional turmoil to them. To both the men and women in this circle, this was more than simply "What does this girl (meaning Rita) want?"

But when Rita, with this episode for given, returned to Paris she began to her gossip involving the "famed Dubonnet family. That she began to think of Lauren as Aly’s light of love all during her absence is more than a probability. As distance was, there were even more entertaining developments. She was
There is small the boy not Winnetka his S French diplomatic the being and period, of u villa no inches. This, his agamst he doesn't have with himself if nothing. His French, which she says is "pretty good" and the French say is "poorly." Small mundane was directly when she left France but adoption of her estranged and appointed a "spokesman" who talked to an English reporter from the London Mail. "Rita and Aly dis-agreed over the extent of the independance each would retain in resuming their married life together," said the spokesman (who might well be Rita herself). "Both have public roles and they hoped to find a way of life that would take that into account, allowing each to keep their necessary independence and yet remain harmonious and loyal. At present the position is vague, and it is impossible to say what decision will be taken. The couple was sincere in their desire for a reconciliation, but it was also clear that they did not want to proceed with a divorce."

The same story ran in the Mail, also said that Aly had seen a very tersely and extensively about business connected with his racing stable but also to discuss the marriage of his lovers, or part合 couples, run to their home and the night of trouble, it is usually a sign of a fight to the finish. A woman who knows Aly well summed up Rita's chances for happiness as follows: "It's a sad thing to think that poor girl trying to relate terms to someone as powerful and clever as Aly and his family, because believe me, she hasn't a prayer."

This is probably true, if you believe general opinion here. But this doesn't mean Rita's future by any means. It may be lightening right now. Of Mr. Bob Scott, a former lieutenant colonel in the American Air Force and now New York cafe singer, has been reported. It was known in Paris that he sought Rita out in the hills where he met her, and it was only because a reconciliation between her and Aly seemed imminent that he retired from the scene. Aly himself later confirmed that report and said that Aly had broken off his affair in Europe.

But perhaps the best analysis of Rita's decision not to stay with Aly was given by an American writer familiar with the story. "I think every woman in the world ought to bless her for it," he said. "She could have won a lot of money, and I do believe she was making a lot of money. But she wanted her beauty, her inspiration, and she wanted to put a lot of hours on the hours of winning at the hands of her husband and daughter. Aly wanted to walk out in all honesty. Aly wanted her beauty, all right, but not one at his side... just in the convenient background. Aly wanted her beauty, her inspiration, to just grace her household. Aly wanted the respectability of marriage being necessary for him politically and, if you were to write a book about the responsibility. A lot of women come to this realization about their husbands and do nothing about it. Rita, at 34, if not before, knew that this was what she wanted. She sensed that in the enlightened portions of the world a wife who does not fight to maintain the marital emancipation is not won by all of them. Being Rita, she wouldn't, so she couldn't, stand for it."

(End)

(Rita Hayworth will soon be seen in Columbia's Salome.)

the male animal

(Continued from page 57) and history behind her husband. Heston didn't always give the impression of power. As a boy he was a runt, and he was underdeveloped, featherweight, and stayed that way until his late twenties. He grew eight inches in two years, then gained weight during his stint with the army, the college. He grew up in the wilds of Michigan, and there was almost an inheritance, for his grandfather had owned thousands of acres of timberland. The family, although well educated, had spent years in the remote life of the woodman, and Heston was born in 1923 to follow a while in the footsteps of his predecessors. Until the family moved to Chicago in 1933, his boyhood was the mostctl tranquil experienced. He swam in the rivers, fished in the lakes, and hunted in the forests, and before he was knee-high to his father he was fairly expert with his gun and rod and axe and all the tools by which outdoor men live. To this day he hunts only to eat, and pioneer-like, disdains the act of hunting for sport of it, feeling that hunting is the only reason strong enough for the act of killing.

As the area where he lived had few ranchers and was populated mostly by lumberjacks, Heston's boyhood was part of his life like a small lone wolf, few companions of his own age. There was no one with whom to pretend, and a early use of his imagination, creating his own world of strange and imaginary characters. Sundown would be the small boys, his chors at home and school, filled with stories of cowboys, robbers, indians that no one but himself could see.
Walden, the show's producer, and great talent in the new actor and
henceforth gave him plush leading roles in many distinguished productions, in-
cluding Jane Eyre, Of Human Bondage and Shadow of a Gunman. Audience re-
sultion was immediate, and fan mail began flooding the studio. Macbeth drew an
astonishing number of letters, a fact which Heston, while on which Shakespeare's tragic drama, felt quite warmly.

"The most likelyest people wrote, people from
tiny little towns—people whom you
wouldn't suspect of being interested in
Shakespeare."

The interest spread to Hollywood, and
producer Hal Wallis was the most con-
scious in trying to get Heston to contract
and got him some nice nibbles from Hollywood
prior to Wallis' offer and Chuck, with
three mediums already conquered, gave
it much serious thought before he the
commitment to be near the stage and
the television center, yet he came to the
conclusion that it's impossible for a
actor to get beyond a certain point with
out doing something. After all, of fact, he says, "I suppose you could say that there
hasn't been a star made in the last dozen years who hasn't made at least one pic-
ture."

The couple moved to Hollywood and
rented a two-and-a-half-room apartment,
"bigger than our place in New York."
The place in New York is a cold water flat,
which they still maintain, because Heston is
one of the few Hollywood actors having
studio permission to work also in tele-
vision. They live from coast to coast, still
picking up typing irons and traveling
clocks collected during their marriage,
and in each apartment Chuck jumps into
the walls at every turn. He likes big rooms
but has learned to adjust to small spaces.

"When we buy our house," he says,
"the first thing on the purchase list is an
eight-by-eight bedroom."

He and Lydia came to Hollywood and
rented a two-and-a-half-room apartment,
"bigger than our place in New York."

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n

W h i l e i n
Wonderful... the way Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness!

Your First Cake of Camay will clear away the shadows of drab, dull skin, bring you a far brighter, fresher complexion!

The shower of rose petals and rice may never fall, the joyous song of wedding bells never ring out for a girl whose complexion is drab and dreary, dull and overcast by shadows.

Never let your beauty be clouded or masked! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll discover that your first cake of Camay makes a wonderful difference in your complexion, leaves it so much fresher, clearer.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay! You'll marvel at Camay's mild and gentle ways, at the frothy abundance of its creamy-rich lather. Start today to take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New loveliness for every inch of you
Rid all your skin of shadows—legs, arms, and back—with a daily Camay Beauty Bath. It's so delightfully fragrant! Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size of Camay for more lather, more luxury, more economy!
New! a shampoo that silkens your hair!

"OH, how wonderful!" you'll say, "a new shampoo that leaves my hair shining like silk!"

It is wonderful to see your hair shining with this silky blaze...silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's new lightning lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its lightning lather...its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. You have a new experience coming!

A NEW EXPERIENCE—to see, to feel how this new lightning lather, milder than castile, silkens your hair! And no other shampoo lather is so thick, yet so quick!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!

New
Drene
A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE
MODERN SCREEN

FEB.
20c

JAN-7 1953

LOUELLA PARSONS:
Singing Crosby's future

HEDDA HOPPER:
What Lana does to men

elizabeth taylor
That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Lovely models have it... So can you!

As clear, as sparkling as a frosty morning, Anne Viggers' complexion is one that any girl might envy. Her secret? "Pure, mild Ivory is my only beauty aid," says this stunning model. "I think gentle care with Ivory is a magic formula for any girl's complexion!"

99.5% pure... it floats

Lovely babies have it... so can you!

Imagine you with a complexion as baby-fine as little Justine's! Like the idea? Then surely it makes sense to share her beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.

You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!

Yes, there's new loveliness in store for you if you do just one simple thing: Change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. That's all! Then, in 7 short days, you'll see your complexion softer, smoother, younger-looking. Yes—you'll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
Your mouth tastes fresher...teeth and breath stay cleaner...you reduce decay better...with the NEW IPANA

NEW FLAVOR! NEW FOAMING! KIDS LOVE IT!

Famous Ipana now gives you two new scientific cleansing agents.

Yes, Ipana Tooth Paste is now better than ever. It gives you all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene. And it tastes wonderfully refreshing, can never stain.

Ipana’s two new scientific cleansing, purifying agents actually clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. They penetrate where even water cannot reach...help keep your whole mouth healthier.

What’s more, you’ve never tasted anything so fresh and peppy as Ipana’s new, improved flavor. And you have never felt anything like the way it bursts instantly into twice as much cleansing foam. You’ll notice the difference.

New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay.

Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. That’s just what you get when you brush your teeth after meals with creamy new Ipana.

First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

Second, brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to common gum troubles. Taking care of gums this way is important for children and grown-ups alike.

For teeth and gums—as well as breath—get new Ipana in the yellow and red carton, wherever fine drug products are sold.

NOW IT'S BETTER THAN EVER!

NOW IT'S BETTER THAN EVER!

Product of Bristol-Myers
modern screen

stories

MODERN SCREEN'S PARTY OF THE YEAR

Beginning on page 44 are the story and 35 photographs of the most exciting Hollywood event of the year—the award presentations to the most popular stars of 1952 as decided by you, the 4,500,000 readers of Modern Screen. Your responses to the questionnaire (see page 98) determine the winners each year, and all Hollywood turns out to show its appreciation of your judgment. Full evidence of the respect Hollywood has for your decisions will be seen in the forthcoming choices of the final movieland bosses—the casting directors. Thank you.

THE EDITORS

IT'S A GIRL (Jane Powell) by Pamela Morgan 24
CINDERELLA'S TIRED (Rita Hayworth) by Sheila Graham 29
IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE (Fernando Lamas-Arlene Dahl) by Imogene Collins 30
BING CROSBY'S FUTURE by Louella Parsons 33
HE RAN AWAY WITH HER HEART (Jane Wyman) by Jane Wilkie 35
FULL HOUSE—FULL HEARTS (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) by Jack Wade 36
WHAT LANA DOES TO MEN (Lana Turner) by Hedda Hopper 38
MAKE ME HONEST (Jane Russell) by Jim Henaghan 40
LOVE STORY—NINE YEARS YOUNG (Burt Lancaster) by Ruth Waterbury 43
DAILY DOUBLE (Bette Hutton) by Brenda Heiser 48
JUNE ALLYSON GOES COUNTRY by Marva Peterson 50
SHE CAME A LONG WAY (Rosemary Clooney) by Jim Burton 53
REAL GONE AND STRAIGHT UP (Bob Wagner) by John Maynard 54
D IS FOR DADDY (Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding) by Arthur L. Charles 56
THE HOUSE I LOVE by Dean Martin 60

departments

THE INSIDE STORY
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS
MOVIE REVIEWS by Jonathan Kilbourn 14
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT 20
SWEET AND HOT by Leonard Feather 25
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS 69
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT... by Ava Gardner, star columnist for February 78

Notice to subscribers

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

Postmaster: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Modern Screen, 25 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

America's Greatest Movie Magazine

February 1953
M-G-M presents

LANA TURNER • KIRK DOUGLAS
WALTER PIDGEON • DICK POWELL

NO HOLDS BARRED...
in this story of A BLONDE who wanted
to go places...and A BIG SHOT who got her there...the hard way!

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

FORECAST: So powerful, so wonderful, it's headed for the year's '70 BEST LIST!*

co-starring BARRY SULLIVAN • GLORIA GRAHAME
GILBERT ROLAND • with LEO G. CARROLL
 VANESSA BROWN • Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE

Based on a Story by George Bradshaw • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • 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, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Can you tell me please how many times Dale Robertson has been married? —J. J., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
A. Twice.

Q. Isn't the Dean Martin marriage going to pieces? —D. E., AKRON, OHIO.
A. No.

Q. Can you find out how much money Gary Cooper will make from High Noon? —E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Cooper's salary is $100,000 and 20% of the net profits. His take from High Noon will approximate $350,000.

Q. Will Dan Dailey reconcile with his former wife?—H. Y., NASHVILLE, TENN.
A. It is doubtful.

Q. Is there any possibility that Bing Crosby will now marry Ann Blyth, especially since they are both Catholics? —D. U., NEW YORK, N.Y.
A. A rumor in bad taste and without foundation.

Q. I understand Bob Hope is worth four million dollars. If this is true, why does he want to buy oil wells, TV stations, and other enterprises? —H. Y., TOLEDO, OHIO.
A. That is his approximate worth. His youth was so poverty-ridden that one of his great passions in life has always been the acquisition of money; another is giving thousands to charity.

Q. Is it true that Betty Grable refuses to speak to Marilyn Monroe because of jealousy? —T. E., SANTA FE, N.M.
A. Grable and Monroe are on speaking terms.

Q. I've been told that Rock Hudson is being given a big build-up by Universal because the studio is sore at Tony Curtis. Is that true?—C. E., MOLINE, ILL.
A. It was at one point, is no longer.

Q. What is Marilyn Monroe's salary and how much does 20th Century-Fox get for her on a loanout? —L. Y., DENNIS, MASS.
A. Marilyn's salary is $750 per week; 20th currently is not loaning her out.

If they did the asking price would be $100,000 per picture.

Q. Wasn't the John Wayne divorce proceeding soft-pedaled because of all the dirty linen in the case? —B. Y., ITHACA, N.Y.
A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that ever since that riotous Marion Davies party in which she fought with Fernando Lamas, Lana Turner has been referred to by her friends as "the human punching bag." Is this true?
A. A few of Miss Turner's friends have described her thusly.

Q. I understand that Doris Day has refused to act in any more pictures with Danny Thomas. Has Danny become stuck-up?—E. R., TOLEDO, OHIO.
A. Just convinced of his potential as a dramatic star.

Q. Isn't the Ty Power-Linda Christian marriage finished to all intents and purposes? —D. W., DENVER, COLO.
A. Both sophisticated partners have an understanding which should keep the marriage going.

Q. Wasn't Bob Wagner a dish-washer at the Bel-Air Hotel rather than a rich man's son as his publicity makes him out to be? —T. E., DALLAS, TEXAS.
A. Wagner worked one Summer at the Bel-Air Hotel as a dish-washer; his parents, however, are well off.

Q. Does Jeanne Crain's mother still think her daughter is the wrong wife for Paul Brinkman? —E. E., SANTA FE, N.M.
A. In view of the fact that Jeanne's marriage has lasted seven years and has produced four children, Jeanne's mother feels now she was wrong in doubting Brinkman as a husband.

Q. Of all the actors in Hollywood which one has success changed the most? —E. M., HARTFORD, CONN.
A. Some say Kirk Douglas.

Q. Now that MGM has dropped Peter (Continued on page 26)
DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS

Are Back With
Lots Of Laughs!
Lots Of Heart-tugs!
Lots Of Songs!
Lots Of Babes!

in HAL WALLIS' Production
THE STOOGE

Directed by
NORMAN TAUROG • FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE and MARTIN RACKIN

Screenplay by
ELWOOD ULLMAN • From a story by
Fred F. Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • A Paramount Picture
A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all—bit belated but not the less heartfelt. This is the time of the year I usually make a few predictions of things to come in Hollywood—and so let’s tee-off with a few:

I doubt if Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas will marry despite the heat they’re generating romantically at the present time. I have Lamas down in my book as not a marryin’ man.

The Gregory Pecks won’t part no matter how strong the rumors from Europe that they are quarreling.

Two Academy Award nominees for the “best Actress” Oscar will be Shirley Booth (Come Back, Little Sheba) and Julie Harris (Member Of The Wedding).

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner WONT make up their quarrel.

Newcomers to shine the brightest in 1953—Rosemary Clooney, Peggy Lee, Audrey Hepburn, Jeff Hunter, Aldo Ray, Dewey Martin and Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Gossip writers persistently trying to tie up Bing Crosby in romances which he won’t be having.

East Of Eden the most discussed and cussed picture since casting Gone With The Wind.

Marilyn Monroe’s jump in salary from $500 per week to an eventual $6000 per week (which isn’t a prediction—the new deal is coming up ‘or Marilyn’).

No marriage for Lana Turner.

IT’S also a little late to be talking about Christmas presents, but I know I’m always interested in who gets what—and perhaps you haven’t heard about these:

Lana Turner gave little Cheryl a small “set chair”—a duplicate of the one Lana uses when she’s working.

Deborah Kerr gave her family the order for a swimming pool and the family gave Deborah three beautiful Suzy sports outfits.

Ava Gardner sent beautiful ivory gifts from Africa to her Hollywood pals.

The Gene Kellys loaded their friends with French perfume.

Another swimming pool gift—Lisa Taylor and Mike Wilding gave each other the pool for their new home.

Van Johnson gave Evie an oil painting of their daughter Schuyler—a lovely picture by artist John Morris.

Ricardo Montalban’s gift to Georghianna—an exquisite antique bracelet encrusted in semi-precious stones.

And, perhaps, the nicest surprise of all—George Hormel surprised Leslie Caron by bringing her parents, the Claude Carons, here from Paris to spend the holidays with their daughter.

MY phone rang at a very late hour and a nasal, muffled voice said softly:

“This is Marlon Brando. I’ve just married Movita. I’m drunk—but I wanted you to know the news!”

Ordinarily, I’d have been on the telephone immediately to my paper with this “scoop”—but I haven’t been in the “scoops” business all these years without developing a sixth sense about these things.

I’m glad I listened to my feminine intuition. Sure enough, my midnight caller turned out to be an impostor pretending to be Brando and trying to get me to fall for this phony story.

Marlon, highly indignant, knows who this man is—and if he dares to repeat the hoax, will take police action.

FERNANDO LAMAS’ little habit of letting ladies pick up the check at cafes and nightclubs has the town gasping. A South American habit, maybe? (Continued on page 8)


Janet Leigh’s leggy figure was shown off to advantage in the costume she wore to the annual Masquer’s Ball in Hollywood recently.

And Jan Sterling was a close rival for honors in the gorgeous gam department, at the same gala Ball. Jan came with hubby Paul Douglas.

Mike O’Shea ran the danger of being tickled to death if he got too close to his featherbeddecked wife, Virginia Mayo, that night.
Marilyn Monroe... Marriage has changed Jane Wyman... Mickey Rooney’s honeymoon behavior...

Cecilia Paget’s mother is never far behind when her beautiful daughter is stepping. Debra’s the gal who’s never been kissed, except on the cheek, and she wants to keep it that way (for a while, at least).

Charming new bride Jane Wyman wore a demure checked gingham bonnet and skirt to the Masquer’s Ball... but her skirt stopped short way above the knee, and Janie held her own with the rest of the glamor girls.
GEARY STEFFEN GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF HIS NEW BABY!

Jane Powell's new baby daughter, Suzanne Steffen, sleeps right through first meeting with Daddy.

The Steffens' first child, Geary Steffen III, 16 months old, is just as pleased as his parents are that the new baby turned out to be a girl.

Here's a close-up of Suzanne, who arrived ahead of schedule. She wasn't due till December. For complete story of her birth, see page 24.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

One of his friends explains that, of course, Fernie permits his date to pick up the tariff ONLY when he has been invited. When he does the inviting, he pays.

Anyway, it looks awful.

Sight and Sound in the Night: Ursula Thiess, parked in Bob Taylor's car outside the Mocambo, weeping quietly to herself.

But when he swung in behind the wheel, she had the powder puff out, drying the traces.

A honeymoon story to end all honeymoon stories is that when Mickey Rooney and his bride, Elaine Mahaken, checked into the El Rancho Hotel a few hours after their elopement to Las Vegas, they asked for SLEEPING PILLS! ? ? ? ?

AVA GARDNER and Frank Sinatra spent their first wedding anniversary 18,000 feet up in the air and 10,000 miles from home winging their way to Nairobi where Ava was due to start Mogambo.

"We felt kinda sorry for ourselves" Frankie reports. "But we exchanged our gifts and opened a not-too-chilled bottle of champagne to toast our first milestone."

His gift to Ava was a huge globe-shaped ring studded with diamond chips. She gave him a thin platinum wrist watch.

When they arrived in Nairobi the night of their anniversary, it was pleasant to be met at the plane by Clark Gable and director John Ford and the rest of the Hollywood troupe.

They were surprised when Clark told them to dress for dinner. "It's the custom at the new Stanley Hotel here," Clark said.

And, it wasn't until they entered the dining room that night, and the African orchestra struck up the chords of "The Anniversary Waltz", that Frankie and Ava realized that their wedding date had not been forgotten and that they were guests of honor at a big party hosted by Gable.

Ava got very sentimental and cried and told Clark she didn't think anyone would think to celebrate their anniversary (even if he knew about it), because they'd had so many bottles during their short marriage nobody would know whether they'd be speaking or not.

Ten days later, Frankie had to fly back to Hollywood to rest for From Here To Eternity and it will be a long time before he sees Ava again.

But, he'll never forget Clark Gable's gesture of friendship and the happiness that shone in the eyes of his bride when she realized their anniversary hadn't been forgotten—and good friends made it gay and warm and memorable for both of them with all the trimmings, including a cake.

THE night the William Goetzos gave a dinner honoring Gene Markey and his charming bride (the former Mrs. Lucille Wright, owner of the Calumet racing stable) was the evening Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger elected to elope, so I spent most of my time at the telephone waiting for their call.

However, it was a very gay party. Jimmy Stewart was at the piano singing some of his favorite tunes; Loretta Young did a dance; George Burns, who will sing at the drop of a hint, gave with number after number in his
When they sing... your heart dances!
When they dance... your heart sings!

April in Paris
WITH CLAUDE DAUPHIN
IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
WITH 10 SUNSHINY SONG HITS!

WRITTEN BY JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY FREDERICK
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS • DAVID BUTLER
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

off-key style. And, Deborah Kerr, the most ladylike girl in Hollywood, seemed to be having the best time of all just sitting quietly on the sidelines and looking on.

Jack Benny's toast to the guests of honor was very amusing and ditto for Bill Goetz to Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, also newlyweds.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I'm fed up with the feeding of C ashome Up and Zsa Zsa Gabor. How about you? . . . . His friends are worried about Red Skelton, who isn't taking the best care of his career, his marriage or his health. Nothing is worse getting the shakings about, Red. . . . I just wonder if Ginger Rogers will be as happy (if she marries 24-year-old Jacques du Borgeac) as she thinks she will? . . . Isn't blonde, doll-faced Jane Powell well on her way to being a baby Betty Greene of Hollywood? She already owns two eighteen-unit apartment buildings in the San Fernando Valley, has an interest in a cleaning establishment and has bought acreage to subdivide for small homes . . . .

Hedy Lamarr should grab herself a movie job—but quickly. She's turning down every script offered to her—and some of them are good. If she isn't careful, she'll "neurotize" herself right out of a career. . . . If any actor's wife pays more for her clothes than Mrs. Van Johnson, will she please hold up her hand and be counted. Rumor has it that some of Evie's Rounton gowns cost as much as $1500.

Who'd Dale Robertson think he was kidding when he said he and his wife had never been separated. What does he call moving out of his home, refusing to answer Mrs. R's telephone calls, and staying away for two weeks . . . . Isn't the real reason Debbie Reynolds called off her romance with Bob Winger was because of all the publicity he received dating Barbara Stanwyck. Me thinks so.

THE big social events of the month have been charity dinners and the wonderful tribute paid Louis B. Mayer by the Producers Guild at a whopping banquet in the Biltmore Bowl.

I can't remember seeing more beautiful gowns at any event. Our beauties were really done to the teeth.

Jeanne Crain looked like something right out of heaven in an apple green bouffant satin with a slightly deeper shade of green tulle scarf billowing to the floor.

I overheard Betty Furness (a looker herself) say, when she spotted Jeanne, "If I looked like Jeanne Crain I'd stay home all day and just look at myself in different mirrors"! You're welcome, Jeanne.

Ann Blyth (she was Harriet Parsons' guest and sat at our table) wore daintily beaded pink satin, the new above-the-knee-length for formals, and she, too, was encircled by a pink tulle stole.

Gracie Allen's gown was made of baby lace and white net, yards and yards of it, with enormous puff sleeves.

A sheath of "water white" satin was chosen by Esther Williams and it fit her as tightly as one of her swimming suits. Why not—if you've got a shape like Esther's?

One of the few black gowns (most of the gals went pastel satin with a vengeance) was worn by Norma Shearer, the only woman sitting on the dais. The former star wore black velvet with pearls and when she put on her glasses to read parts of her speech, I jotted down a fashion note for gals who wear glasses:

Norma's glass-rims were studded with pearls and brilliants—very becoming.

My Janie Wyman said, "Darling, we can't come to the City of Hope dinner with you Sunday night, because Freddie is playing a date in Pasadena that evening—and I'm sit-ting home waiting for him."

This, mind you, from the former "going-out" gal in our town, the belle who just couldn't stay home, even when she was dead tired, and who sought out her favorite five artists almost nightly!

What a change in Jane! And how very well her sudden and surprising (even to her best friends) marriage to bondleeder Freddie Karger is working out.

Recently, I danced past Freddie's bandstand when he was playing the Jimmy McHugh Polio Foundation costume party in Palm Springs. "Where's your bride?" I asked Karger as I danced by.

"Home with the children," he laughed, "mine and hers."

What Freddie meant is that his 11-year-old daughter, Terry, is with Jane and her two. Maureen and Michael. "Terry and Maureen are just two years separated," Freddie said. "They are already close friends—and of course, Terry loves Jane." He added proudly, "Who's going to change?"

There's no problem about Terry's spending much time with her glamorous new stepmother and her father. Freddie's former wife is a successful woman lawyer, very busy, and she is glad that the little girl has found such a wonderful "ready made" family to visit when she isn't with her real mother.

JEAN SIMMONS got the giggles something awful, playing the first love scene with her swashbuckler-husband, Stewart Granger, in Young Bess.

She broke Granger up, too, and finally, when she got around to making an embarrassed explanation to the more or less irritated members of the cast and crew, Jean said:

"There are a couple of lines in the dialogue that strike us funny because they have a very private meaning to us as married people. We're sorry. Let's do the scene over."

Many fans have the idea that Young Bess is the first picture Jean and Stewart have ever made together. Taint so.

Several years ago they did Adam and Evelyn together in London. "But we weren't married then," explained Jean.

"It isn't easy to work with your real-life husband," she sighed. "Having people on the set watching you as though, on a quiet evening at home together, we left the shades up!"

INTIMATE Tidbits About That Delectable Dish, Marilyn Monroe: She would rather eat hor d'oeuvres than dinner—her favorite being tiny shrimp stuffed with cream cheese and caviar . . .

Unless she's actually in front of a camera her hair never looks well combed. It's fine and it snarls and it hurts her to comb it . . .

She used to say, "Between you and I" and is grateful that someone corrected her that it is right to say "Between you and me." Now.
If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

I am always amazed at some women. They spend hours nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered... and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you... you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, Penaten! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin. While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury penetrates — so quickly — five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine I recommend:

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off!

Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. The results are priceless.

Jane Russell's advice to a fan

Dear Rosalind,
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio Picture "Montana Belle".
Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient—Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore openings—loosens every trace of make-up. And I believe it does! I've used the most expensive face creams and nothing's ever made my skin so fresh and smooth as Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it!

Kindest regards,
Jane Russell

penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

Woodbury
Cold Cream
25¢ to 97¢ plus tax
Surprised, Van thought. Black, vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Assures HOURS of CONTINUOUS Action!

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Assures HOURS of CONTINUOUS Action!

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Assures HOURS of CONTINUOUS Action!

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Assures HOURS of CONTINUOUS Action!

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Assures HOURS of CONTINUOUS Action!

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They offer a far more modern, convenient and powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. They are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to spread a protective deodorizing coating. And they continue to do so for hours. They do not quickly melt away. Yet their presence is never felt.

Carry in Your Purse Zonitors completely deodorize, help prevent infection and are so powerfully effective that they instantly kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors do kill every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors' extra protection at small cost.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
☑ Individually foil-wrapped, or
☑ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMD-10, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Louella Parsons' good news

She says "Between you and me" quite frequently and looks around quickly to see if anybody's noticed how correctly she is speaking.

She was for Adlai Stevenson and cried when he lost.

A pal, playing a gag on her, called after the election and said he was Adlai Stevenson. Without batting a surprised eyelash, our girl said, "I'm sorry you lost, Mr. Stevenson, real sorry".

When she isn't made-up she says she hasn't got her face on.

Arlene Dahl is her idea of a beauty with or without her face on.

Recently, 20th gave her a personal maid—the first she has ever had. She calls the maid "Honey" and waits on her.

She's delighted that she has recently dropped 12 pounds—but her studio isn't nor her male fans.

She thinks black velvet is the sexiest thing a girl can wear and has many evening gowns, cocktail dresses, hostess robes and slacks of this material.

Sometimes when she is upset, she talks to herself.

The Letter Box: A while ago I said I would print the names and addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond with movie stars and/or movie fans. There was so much response from this, both from the boys and from fans eager to write to them that I am using most of the letter-box space this month to give you a few names and addresses of GIs who are lonely:


Pvt. Kent Hurley, now in hospital in Japan and soon scheduled for return to active duty in Korea, can be reached via the following address: RA-13412723, 154th Transport Co., APO 59 c/o PM, San Francisco, California.

Also:

A/3c Robert W. Thurber AF 11232274 581st Repro. Sg. APO-74 c/o P.M., San Francisco, California.

A/1c Ralph Zimmerman AF 15431537 200 1st AACS SQN, APO 729 c/o PM, Seattle, Washington.

I think this is about all we will have room for this month—but this department will carry more in the future. See you next month.
MEET THE FABULOUS MARK FALLON!

the lusty...loving
gambling man!

Tempting lips whisper his name from St. Louis to New Orleans...as he rides his luck down the wide, rolling river...to win the silk-laced vixen who forever lures him on!

Tyrone Power
Piper Laurie • Julia Adams
in The Mississippi Gambler
COLOR BY Technicolor

With John McIntire • William Reynolds • Director by Rudolph Mate • Story and screenplay by Seton I. Miller • Produced by Ted Richmond • A Universal-International Picture
APRIL IN PARIS

A gay and original story idea, just the right light touch in the direction and the lightning feet and lanky frame of Ray Bolger make a fine prescription for a movie musical. Add a dash of Gallic whimsy in the person of Claude Dauphin and a part tailored to the talents of Doris Day, and you have just what the play-doctor ordered: an offbeat song-and-dance show that seldom takes itself seriously. How could it, with Bolger playing an assistant secretary to the secretary to the Under-secretary of State? The story gets off to a hilarious start when Bolger lovingly plans an international festival of the arts in Paris, a project he feels sure will spread the fame of the U.S.—and the name of Bolger—throughout the world. But he makes one frightful error. Misaddressing a letter intended to invite Ethel Barrymore to be an American representative at the fete, he sends it instead to one Ethel (Dynamite) Jackson, a Broadway chorus cutie played by Miss Day, who accepts. There is a lot of explaining to do. Dynamite naturally explodes and Bolger's problems multiply. Unexpectedly the selection of a chorus girl to represent the U.S. in Paris is hailed by press and public alike as a stroke of sheer genius. But now Dynamite is adamant in her refusal to go, and all Bolger's powers of persuasion are called upon in his efforts to make her board the ship. She falls for his sales talk, and he falls for her. The rest of the action takes place mostly on shipboard and features some comical contrasts between the entertainer's honesty and the State Department staff's stuffiness. In addition, there is a spur-of-the-moment, midnight marriage for Doris and Ray, but unbeknownst to them it is not binding (a thieving busboy, stealing liquor from the captain's cabin, assumes the latter's identity and pretends to perform the ceremony). From here on in, April in Paris substitutes farce for satire and loses some of its champagne sparkle, though by no means all of its punch. The sophisticated effect grows thin at the finish, but to the end the film is good fun and the singing and dancing top-notch.—Warners

(Continued on page 18)
"I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions...that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath.

"Then he admitted all the sanding and scraping was worth while. But, oh, what it did to my hands! And what a relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing Jergens Lotion!"

"We worked like beavers getting settled and unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens. It works so fast! See for yourself why; Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."

"Apply ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as it will with an oily care.

"My hands are always smooth and soft for close-ups with my favorite leading man." No wonder Jergens Lotion is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1!

Use Jergens Lotion to keep your hands lovely, too. See why it's the hand care used by more women than any other in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!
ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Although the story is about a group of Christian martyrs-to-be in the time of Caesar, Androcles And The Lion is one of George Bernard Shaw's gentlest jests. There is a lot of bite to some of its lines but little to his lion. The real violence is all off stage. Shaw purposely bypasses the legitimately tragic scenes the period would permit him, for his purpose is high comedy rather than historical drama, and the ultimate, rather than the historical truth. Androcles (Alan Young), a devoutly Christian tailor, flees to the hills from Rome to avoid being sacrificed in the Colosseum. Androcles' flight is hardly escape, for his ever-nagging wife is with him. But real freedom comes when Androcles meets a lion king and removes a thorn from the paw of the thankful beast—an animal he is fated to meet again. Fear flattering her wife's disapproval, the wife disappears. That means that Androcles can be captured quietly by Roman soldiers who have been searching for him and is executed in the Christian creature of his fellow runaways. This little fairy tales to set the scene: a group of psalm-singing martyrs on their way to death in the arena at Rome. One of Androcles' new friends is Ferrovius (Robert Newton), an ill-tempered giant who has discovered peace in abundance, and who, tests his self-restraint by almost breaking people's back. Another is Lavinia (Jean Simmons), a lovely, lonely aristocrat who has found in simple-hearted faith an answer to all her doubts and fears. She tests herself by almost breaking a Roman captain's heart. The captain (Victor Mature) loves Lavinia and cares for her with her but philosophically but always seems to know he cannot win. And so it goes: Nobody can win but Shaw himself and, in this particular example of his whimsy, the most docilely humble of human creatures. All this is Shaw in his most deliciously playful mood, but Androcles demands delicately balanced screen adapting, playing and direction. The film version is sorely lacking in these elements. Some of Shaw's best lines have been cut, truncated or completely reshaped. Thus Shaw leads up to his points but is never allowed really to make them. Worse still, the actors make points the playwright surely never had in mind. In styles of acting they run the gamut from Young's very quiet, very American kind of comedy (so effectively shy but not sly enough for Shaw) to Evans' very posturing, very British way of throwing away some of Shaw's best lines. In between—and much more effective—are the sweet but sharp delivery of Victor Mature and the frantic but mutesome portrayal of Mature. But only Alan Mowbray really makes the most of his role. Playing one of those Shavian commentators that actors delight in, he limns a memorable man: half happy in his lines, half cynical Shaw, deriding them.

Cast: Joan Simmons, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Alan Young, Maurice Evans, Alan Mowbray.—RKO.

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID

Esther Williams was born to play Annette Kellerman, the famed Australian swimmer and feminist, and finally she has. In justice to Miss Kellerman, however, it is necessary to point out that this film biography doesn't quite fill the bill. This is not Miss Williams' fault. No performer and part were ever better fitted for one another, for Annette was the Esther of her day, and the latter fills the role as well as the former's famous one-piece bathing suit. But Annette's story was one of fight, fight, fight for her rights, and in the present script no human being emerges from her suit to justify this attitude. Except in the picture's opening sequence (in which Donna Corcoran effectively acts the role of the 10-year-old Annette, whose amaciated legs are les than iron braces but whose spirit soars above them), the swimmer is shown as a gentlewoman of charm, breeding and retiring nature, not the girl from Down Under with iron determination. According to Million Dollar Mermaid, financial troubles cause the Kellerman family, consisting of Annette and her music-teacher father (Walter Pidgeon), to emigrate to England. On the boat they meet a smooth promoter (Victor Mature), who promises them the sky. When things don't work out for them in the old country, they have to ask him for it. He tells them it's in America. There, Annette's single-piece bathing costume becomes the scandal of an avant-garde scene, then easily scandalized Boston. But notoriety skyrockets her to fame and leaves her boy friend far behind. Determined to make good on his own, he disappears. Rapidly the screen story scans the Kellermans' life: She becomes the N. Y. Hippodrome's biggest hit, her father the orchestra conductor there, and always there is the pull at the heart, the thought of the true love behind all those promotion stunts. So Annette seeks her man out and wins him back when, through a tragedy, her high-water days are ended. Fans may find Million Dollar Mermaid as entertaining as most Esther Williams shows. The swimming and diving are phenomenal, the film is photographically fine. Since this is, in a sense, however, Esther Williams' story as well as Miss Kellerman's, it's sad that it doesn't have more point, more portraiture. In its screening, the power behind the Australian crawl has been lost.

Cast: Esther Williams, Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon.—MGM.

THUNDER IN THE EAST

This exotic item features two really fine performances: by Charles Boyer as the thoughtful, Nehru-like prime minister of an Indian border state, and Deborah Kerr, as a beautiful blind British colonist. Fewer compliments can be paid the rest of the cast, and none the story. It tells how Alan Ladd, as a brush American mutations runner, arrives at the tiny mountain principality, his plane stocked with guns to sell to the government, which is threatened by a horde of savage rebels who have been sacking the countryside. Ladd finds, however, that Boyer, the state's real ruler (its weak, wealthy maharajah soon flees with his fortune), is an advocate of non-violence. Boyer impounds his guns. Intimated, Ladd sees how he can make a few bucks after all. He proposes to fly the British colony out of the embattled city, but at a price. Enraged again when Miss Kerr, with whom he is in love, accuses him of trying to make money out of others' misery, he tries to take off by himself, but airfield is in the hands of the rebels. Ladd makes his plans anew and finally arranges for another plane to arrive from Bombay and take all the women away. Miss Kerr, however, won't go, and at the final moment Ladd decides he would rather stay and die by her side than leave her to her fate. In the final scene, Boyer, Ladd and Miss Kerr, together with a little band of British diehards, attempt to defend the maharajah's defense of the palace against the encroaching horde. It is a comment on the picture's improbability that the prime minister, who has adhered to the doctrine of non-violence all his life, finally takes up a man-machine gun and starts shooting at his insurgent subjects with it.

Cast: Charles Boyer, Deborah Kerr, Alan Ladd, Corinne Calvet.—Paramount.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

The job of dropping the fatal A-Bomb on Hiroshima was, indeed, "above and beyond" the call of duty. Beyond and before this fearful task lay another, equally shattering to the individuals involved—one of long and wearying preparation and planning, of stringent training and military security necessarily so tight as to seem almost totalitarian. It is with the story of this story-behind-the-story and Col. Paul Tibbets, the man who commanded the top-secret A-Bomb unit, that Above And Beyond is primarily concerned. From the time he is recalled to the U.S. from the war in North Africa to embark on a mysterious mission. Col. Tibbets (Robert Taylor) finds that even his personal life is no longer his own. He can spend only a half-hour in the Washington airport with his wife (Eleonora Parker) before setting off again, for Wichita and the beginning of "Operation Silver-
Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?

Rough, flaky skin: "I use Noxzema twice a day," says Cindy Wood of Springfield, Pa. "It helps my rough skin look smoother, softer."

Dry skin: "'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin and helps it look much fresher and smoother!" says Marjorie Weir, Huntington, L.I.

Blemishes*: "Noxzema helped heal my minor blemishes* fast!" says ski patrol of New Orleans, La. "My skin looks so much softer and smoother."

How you, too, can

Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!

Famous doctor’s new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your complexion—here’s the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin doctor has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine. It helps your complexion look fresher, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

Different! This new sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. It’s greaseless, too—actually washes off in water—and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off make-up and dirt.

Quick! Easy! Women all over America are thrilled with this sensible, inexpensive skin care. Their letters praise Noxzema’s quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes. Wouldn’t you like to help your problem skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. Cleanse thoroughly by ‘cream-washing’ with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after ‘cream-washing’!

   No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast!)

   The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look; you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It’s greaseless! No smeary face!

3. Make-up base. In the morning, ‘cream-wash’; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

   No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. This greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula;

   that’s one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That’s why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems—in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

   It works or money back!

   Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

   *externally-caused

Look lovelier offer! 40c NOXZEMA for only 29c plus tax

Limited time only!

At drug or cosmetic counters
plate." The enormity of his responsibility is heavy on Tibbets' shoulders, and he works day and night, a lonely man. Even when his wife at last is allowed to join him, he cannot tell her his troubles. This unhappy situation gradually develops into marital discord. Misunderstanding his stoic suffering for pomposity and ambition, his wife threatens to leave him. Finally Tibbets' security officer (James Whitmore), fearing the consequences of Mrs. Tibbets' growing hysteria, tells the colonel to force her to leave. This, the screenplay would have it, is the somber background from which Col. Tibbets went forward to pilot a B-29, the "Enola Gay," through the murky mist to Japan on that historical day now known as Hiroshima.

Much of the colonel's personal tragedy—the frustration of his wife, his own nightmares—seem all too real. But the ring of the whole is wrong. Sometimes, more often than the picture shows, there must have been for the chosen colonel the thrill of a job well done, the tinkered-with plane that turned out right, the well-drilled crew that could be counted on. This exciting, over-all story of the important mission neglected as the film focuses on the Tibbets' increasing marital discord. Thus Above And Beyond becomes a depressing domestic drama rather than the thrilling documentary it could have been about this incident in our country's history.

Cost: Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, James Whitmore.—MMO.

MY PAL GUS

The common, everyday story of parents and their children and their trouble in bringing one another up is personally never touched on in the movies, although so close to all moviegoers—in fact, to most of the human kind. Because it tackles these problems with considerable honesty and, initially at least, with shocking effect, My Pal Gus is an unusual film. Richard Widmark is the father—a least likely nomination for this kind of role, perhaps, but he plays it with all the restrained feeling at his command. George Winslow, that remarkable youngster with the basso voice, is his unhappy hellion of a kindergarten son. One of those self-made millionaires, Widmark is willing to pay plenty to have the neurotic kid, whose mother left him, placed in a school when times and paycheck were bad, put on the right track. The progressive school of lovely Joanne Dru seems just the place, but the trouble is, neither the boy nor the principal will cooperate. He continues to raise hell, and she says his father's loving presence is necessary (her theory, not so modern after all, is that parents should have as much to do with child-rearing as the teachers). This brings a new parent-teacher association into rapid—though convincing being. Widmark, the blustering man of business, is subconsciously on the make for marital as well as parental happiness. This is when the screenplay goes astray. Suddenly, from nowhere except the dens where big-time operators have been keeping her, comes Audrey Totter, as the original wife and mother. Not malevolent but moneywise, she knows a good thing when she sees it, and when her former husband refuses to pay off, sends him into a scandalous court custody fight that almost ruins him and his hopes. None of this is overly melodramatic or unbelievable; actually, it paints a memorable portrait of that pristine American, the self-made man, with a whim of iron, the kind of man who fights to the end for the right, even if in yielding he could save something more important to him than face.

Cost: Richard Widmark, Joanne Dru, George Winslow, Audrey Totter.—20th Century-Fox.

BABES IN BAGDAD

The magic of the Arabian nights is nowhere evident in this tale of old Bagdad. Featuring as complicated a story as was ever plotted by a team of tired scriptwriters, the film is more often off-color than colorful. In the maze of plots and counterplots, it is, however, possible to find one novel idea: In ancient times the son (Richard Ney) of a Persian caliph fought for equal rights for women. His eye caught by fiesty Paulette Goddard, latest hoot to be added to the harem of Bagdad's Kadi (John Boles), Ney plots with the Kadi's old-time favorite, a fiesty type too, named Gypsy Rose Lee, who wants to hold her man. Ney, on the other hand, wants to free the new girl from her forthcoming marriage vows so she can marry him. The plans that Ney and his two girl friends evolve include the tortuous tunneling of a secret passageway between his villa and the Kadi's palace by a band of blind men. But that's nothing to what follows—fights, festivities, magic potions and even a water ballet. All this seems so to confound the old caliph that he readily admits his son is right: Women can prove the equal of men, as Paulette Goddard proves in her choice. Practiced showgirls both, the Misses Goddard and Lee play their parts with all the dignity of the stars of an old-time burlesque review. And in this show, that is as it should be.

Feel it on your fingertips!
Rub it into the palms of your hands!
You can feel that Shasta Shampoo is right for your hair!

From the second you open the jar, you can feel that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.
Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.
No other shampoo is so femininely right for your hair. So when it's important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!
P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.
SPECIAL AT-HOME TREATMENT FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Now—you don't have to let nature rob you of a nice skin. And it's so true. When a girl needs a pretty complexion, nature seems bent on spoiling it. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the every-day accumulation of dead-skin cells. When these tiny, decd flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings—there's a trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, blackheads. It's quick, easy!

Remarkable

one-minute facial
clears off... softens...
brightens "young skin"

Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead-skin cells—dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:
Use a thin film of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It took the annual Modern Screen party—a big, beautiful, bustling blowout that proved to be the year's best brawl—to bring a lot of things out into the open. Frinistance—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas showed up on one of their first dates... But Lana Turner, who had just broken up with Fernando and hadn't yet gotten around to dating Arlene's ex, Lex Barker, got the 'flu and couldn't make the party... Dale Robertson was there with his Jackie at the very time their break-up was still Page One news. "Reckon Jackie and I had just a minor misunderstanding," said Dale. "What's all the frettin' and stewin' about?"... Marilyn Monroe catted, "I've loved seeing Ginger Rogers in movies ever since I was a little girl!"... Johnnie Ray crashed the party, which was held in the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned out to be a regular little old celebrity seeker. Johnnie was all over the place gawking at Arlene, Dale, Marilyn, Janie Powell, Aldo Ray, Ava Gardner—you name 'em and Mine Host, Mr. George Delacorte, had 'em at his swellgent shindig!

It was shortly after this party that Ava, Lana and Lana's business manager, Ben Cole, who were visiting the Sinatra home in Palm Springs, got tossed out on their cars by Frankie. Apparently he's as jealous of the way Ava spends her time away from him as she is of him... And, when you stop to think that Ava's marriages have lasted an average of a year apiece, mebbe Frank has reasons!... The MGM publicity boys were the happiest in town when Marlon Brando checked off the lot after finishing Caesar. He refused to talk to press. But who knows—maybe the day will come when the lads who write for a living won't be asking questions about Marlon!

TIME TABLES:

Bouncing Patricia Anne was welcomed five weeks prematurely by Ronnie and Nancy Reagan... Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw expect their baby about May 1, although Pete couldn't be sure about the exact date when I called to check. Said he, "It'll probably arrive the first rainy night that the car won't start!"... Jeff Hunter couldn't get back to his ever-lovin' Barbara Rush and the heartside in time for Christmas because Sailor Of The King ran into all sorts of production delays abroad. Poor Jeff hadn't seen his child since it was a week old! Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker broke up, whereupon she started seeing young Bobby Wagner, of all people, and Ralph resumed with an old flame, Nina Foch... They're calling Tab Hunter, who'll pose for a beefcake picture at the pop of a flashbulb, "the male Marilyn Monroe"... As a matter of fact, Tab, who was trying to ease in on Joe DiMaggio's territory and date Marilyn, finally did meet her, and this is what he said: "Believe me when I say this, you're the only girl I know who can wear Levis!" And Marilyn just smiled enigmatically... Clark Gable has been doing Italy with an old friend of his, the Countess Dorothy DiFrasso... Geary Steffen ordered a pair of baby skis for the new Powell-Steffen image a month before the child arrived. Geary believes in starting 'em young.

LONG HUNCH DEPT:

Celeste Holm phoned, very upset, to say that gossip columnists who have linked her romantically with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, who is, as you all know, Bergman's...
ex-husband, are doing it maliciously. Celeste says it's a plot to ruin the doctor's reputation and thus get daughter Flea away from him and back to Ingrid, but I've got a strong notion it won't work... Funny, isn't it, how Ethel Barrymore has managed to stay at the top of her profession all these years without sensational publicity. But the younger Bar- morees can't seem to become top stars even with it! Dick Coyle, his romance with Mitzi Gaynor broken up, has started dating a new gal—a brunette whose name I didn't get—and she's much nearer Dick's own age than Mitzi... Wait'll you see Jennifer Jones in Ruby Gentry, sliding through the mud. It's the most realistic kind of acting we've seen since Bette Davis used to make herself look so ugly.

Humphrey Bogart made a bet of $50 with his agent, Irving Lazar, that Judy Garland's baby would be a boy... You won't be finding two happier people than the newly-wed Joan Fontaine and Collier Young—even though sister Olivia de Havilland didn't attend the wedding!—once Joan realizes her dream of regaining custody of daughter Deborah. Both Collie and Joan love children, as witness the fact that Collie was Godfather for the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby, Bridget, and bought the infant's christening gown himself in Paris... Walter de Havilland, the 85-year-old father of Olivia and Joan, was visiting Olivia in Hollywood on his first visit here at the very moment Joan and Collie were getting married. Pop wasn't invited to the wedding either... Just as Liz Taylor was expecting her baby, spouse Mike Wilding got knocked off the payroll at MGM for turning down the role of a heel in Latin Lovers, the Turner-Montalban starrer. Can't say I blame him—but baby does need shoes!

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Death always seems to strike in three's in Hollywood—as witness the passing of Dixie Crosby, Hattie McDaniel and Pamela Lang, all within a few days of each other... Saddest, to me, was Dixie's death, because I think she knew it was coming many, many months before. Remember when she threw that birthday party for Bing last spring and invited none but their oldest, closest friends? It was as though she wanted one last look at the old gang together... The four Crosby boys sat inside the pew at the funeral Mass in Beverly Hills, while Bing sat in the aisle seat, looking wan and thin and tired, praying with his head bowed and hands folded under his chin alongside the white-gardenia-and-orchid-blanketed casket. Mostly he knelt motionless, his face drawn with grief, except that now and then his index finger came up out of the church-and-steeple formed by his folded hands and scratched the side of his nose or brushed away a tear... The fans behaved surprisingly well outside the church at the funeral but some of the newspaper photographers got over-excited. They kept poking their cameras into Bing's limousine, and, at the cemetery, Bing refused to alight from his car until one photog, who was bound he would

ONLY with SHADOW WAVE patented 1-step lotion

NO NEUTRALIZER

NO TIMING NEW CURLERS

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED

WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.

   The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!

2. Apply lotion—no rinsing just let dry.

   The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.

3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.

   When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.

$2.25

Complete Kit including curlers... Plus Fed. Tax

$1.50

Refill Plus Fed. Tax

SHADOW WAVE HOME PERMANENT
harry made his marriage. “Separate beds?” boomed Bankhead. “You mean separate towns!”

A guy named Stanley Balokowski called me and giggled that he’d like to marry Phyllis Kirk but—“I don’t want to give her a bad name”... Barbara Peyton, who never seems to be able to stay out of Page One scandals, tells us: “I’d rather live in Hollywood than any place else in the world but I’m treated badly here. In London and on the Continent they treat me like a lady. And I am a lady!”... Sign on bulletin board of a church in Hollywood: “If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If not, come in and tell us how you do it.”

**ODDS BODKINS:**

In Hollywood, where movie stars are a dime a dozen, it wasn’t surprising that nobody lined up along the line of march for the Junior Chamber of Commerce parade in which Ann Blyth sat atop the back seat of the first open car in the parade. The citizens of Hollywood are just too blase—and, watching the parade, I couldn’t help but think how the fans back East would have rushed at this opportunity to catch a closeup of one of their favorite stars... Did you know that June Haver still wears her wedding ring, after all these years of separation?... And that Errol Flynn still receives more fan mail than any other star at Warners—more than Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson, Steve Cochran or any of the other newcomers? You fans are REALLY loyal!... Lunching with Shelley Winters at Romanoff’s, I learned that her Vittorio was insisting that their baby be born in Rome and not Hollywood. But Shelley was holding out for Hollywood!... Afterwards, out in front of Romanoff’s, we ran into Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, and I introduced Shelley to them. Said she, “Gosh, after all these years I finally get to meet Cary Grant, and I’m pregnant!”... And Cary gave me this definition of a leading man: “An actor lucky enough to keep his hair and teeth.”

**FUNNIES:**

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac went to the Mocambo, and sitting nearby we listened to them talking about everything except what the columnists say they talk about: politics, the weather, economic conditions in France and Germany, acting, and life in general... And, if this ISN’T love, the handsome Bergerac makes an Oscar for giving a great performance of a man hopelessly in love!... Jane Russell is acting as agent and publicity gal for brothers Wally and Jamie. But, as an observer points out, while the brothers have the socko Russell personality, charm and good looks, they just CAN’T come up to Jane’s measurements!

**QUICK QUOTES:**

Mike Romanoff’s secret of success: “My profound mistrust of human beings has stood me in good stead throughout the years.”... Once upon a time a Beverly Hills hostess bragged to another BH hostess: “Prince Aly Khan is coming to stay at my house!” Snapped the second: “I wouldn’t dream of having a Mohammedan in my house!”... Somebody asked Tallulah Bankhead if she thought separate beds were conducive to a happy marriage. 

**SEX APPEAL:**

Fans who attended the Steak For Connie preview in Westwood were wondering just how tight Janet Leigh could wear her clothes and not faint dead away through lack of oxygen... There are those who claim that Marilyn Monroe’s success has put the nose of her fellow 20th contractee, Betty Grable, out of joint—especially after Marilyn got the starring role in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and Betty lost it. But it’s not true. Betty Grable doesn’t have a jealous bone in her body... Joan Crawford picked 50 dresses and 36 pairs of shoes into her trunk for a weekend visit in Dallas and Fort Worth, but stayed for weeks and weeks and weeks! It’s love, kids! My eyelashes were popping out of their sockets over the lowest-cut dress I’ve ever seen Marie Wilson wearing—ill she came over to my table at LaRue and explained, “I sent this dress to the cleaners and when it came back I couldn’t get into it”... Mike O’Shea gave Virginia Mayo a black lace nightgown with “I Love You” embroidered thereon. No special occasion. He says he just loves the gal.

**FINANCIAL PAGE:**

Before she married George Sanders, Zsa Zsa Gabor summed up a certain suitor this way: “But how could I be bored by him, dolling, when he’s worth $2,000,000?”... Zsa Zsa, by the way, went to James Mason in the MGM commissary and pouted, “Your wife spends most of her time spreading vicious stories about people and I wish she would stop.”... And James snapped back, “She just repeats what you tell her!”... Peggy Dow’s baby will get a $1,000,000 trust fund from its fond daddy, Walt Helmerich... This is John Wayne’s deal for making a picture at Warners: The studio hands him $750,000 to make the complete picture, including salary for himself, the rest of the cast and crew, etc. Then after you have forked over a total of $750,000 to pay for the actual cost of the picture at the boxoffice, Warners and Wayne split the rest of the money taken in 50/50. Quite a deal for a star, but John’s just the biggest in the business so they figure he’s worth it... Irene Dunne isn’t doing badly either. She got $48,000 for three weeks’ work in television’s Schiltt Playhouse.

**When you travel by TRAILWAYS THRU-LINER**

TRAILWAYS PIONEERED THRU-BUSES... buses that travel long distances over various parts of the system so there’s no change en route and you can keep the same seat straight through. Today Trailways operates thru-buses to all sections of America!

New "Limousine" Comfort. Custom engineered spring suspension and sound-proofing give a ride as smooth and silent as in the finest motor cars. Other Trailways “plus” comfort features are reclining, foam-rubber seats scientifically designed for greater comfort, greater leg room; individual reading lights and extra large scenery-view windows with tinted “eye-ease” glass. And a separate air-conditioning system!

Trailways the route of the Thru-Liners

77 ALL-EXPENSE TOURS
Send coupon for information

TRAILWAYS, Dept. SM 23, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
am interested in a □ Trip □ Expense Paid Tour (check one)
from:

□ to:

LEAVING DATE:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY STATE

Page 22
HE WENT THATAWAY:

If Bob Mitchum isn't hard at work knock- ing off the panna he displayed so lackadaisically in The Lusty Men, he should be! The fans don't like fat heroes, Bob ... Whip Wilson, once a big Western star, quit the movies and is now in the steel construction business here in Los Angeles ... A fan wrote to Guy Madison as follows: "How come you've given up acting? I see you in the Wild Bill Hickok television shows—but why aren't you acting any more?" Now what do you suppose that fan meant?

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Monty Clift's brother is working as a floor manager for NBC ... Louis B. Mayer tossed a dinner party to celebrate being named chairman of the board of the new Cine rama company, and Janie Wyman sang and sang and sang for hours for the guests and her new bandleader hus- band, Freddie Karger. But not for Louis B., who was having trouble with his teeth and couldn't come downstairs to join the fun ... The daily papers said that this is Jane's sec ond wedding. Isn't it her fourth? ...

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Abigail Adams and Georgie Jessel had their umptehnth fight in the eight years they've been dating. After neighbors called the police, Abigail told me, "Georgie and I won't split up. We couldn't find anyone else who could put up with either of us, so we HAVE to stick together!" But while Abigail was telling me this, Georgie was catching the first plane for New York! ... Gene Tierney threatened to smash the camera of a Paris photographer who snapped the wedding of Aly Khan ... And, in Salome, Rita Hayworth never does get to lose that seventh veil. At the critical moment there's an interruption—the head of John the Baptist arrives on a plate!

Nobody thought Bette Davis would ever get her stage musical, Two's Company, on Broadway. While they were trying it out on the road every light she had with other cast members was reported in the New York papers as though the brawls were happening right there on Broadway ... Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter, turned down a chance to make a picture—"because the role in that picture is a cheap imitation of my mother"—Wanna know the REAL reason Mario Lanza didn't want to make The Stu dent Prince? It required him to do some real acting, for a change—starting as a silly play boy prince and developing into a noble king —and Mario didn't think he was ready for it. He was just plain SCARED!
SEND UP THE ROCKETS . . . RING THE BELLS. THERE'S A NEW BABY AT JANIE POWELL'S HOUSE. • BY PAMELA MORGAN

The shout went ringing down the hospital corridor—bounced back as an echo from countless doorways. A woman awakened, looked at her clock with the luminous dial. It was just 20 minutes past one o'clock in the morning. She smiled. Moonlight filtered into the hospital room. It seemed so cozy and warm in her neat white bed. She yawned sleepily. Oh yes, what was that noise that had disturbed her? Now she remembered. The same thing had happened the night before. Her husband had also been excited when he had been told he was a father. That was it. The noise she had heard was a man’s voice, proclaiming the arrival of another baby. She yawned once more. She was completely relaxed and happy. It was quiet once again. She fell asleep immediately.

The exultant voice belonged to a proud man—a new father. It was the voice of Geary Steffen, whose wife, Jane Powell, had just given birth to a baby girl.

Geary put his hand over his mouth after realizing that it was the wee hours of the morning and that he was in a hospital. Then he laughed at himself and started walking more sedately down the corridor to the happy people waiting for him. Thoughts tumbled through his mind. What a day this had been! He stopped. “Let me taste every moment, just as it happened.”

It began quite early the day before—Thursday, November 20, 1952.

Jane Powell awakened at 7:00 A. M. A (Continued on page 96)
"Soaping" dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo does not dry... does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion
Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!

NEW! Cashmere Bouquet—French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!
Stays Moist! Stays Bright! Stays On!

25¢ and 43¢

Lawford, is there any possibility of his marrying Rocky Cooper?
—B. B., GREAT NECK, N.Y.

A. No. Rocky Cooper is still married to Garry. Lawford asked for his release.

Q. How long did Jane Wyman go with Freddie Karger before they were married?
—C. R., DANBURY, CT.

A. They had half-a-dozen dates.

Q. Did Olivia DeHavilland pay her husband one-third of her bank balance before he agreed to a divorce?
—H. G., SEA GIRT, N.J.

A. No, but there was a settlement.

Q. Is it true that 45-year-old Barbara Stanwyck has been going around with 23-year-old Robert Wagner?
—L. O., SALEM, OR.

A. It’s true.

Q. What is Debra Paget’s salary at this moment?
—D. E., GLENDALE, CA.

A. $500 per week.

Q. Was Fernando Lamas ever an Argentine gaucho?
—V. H., BUTTE, MT.

A. No; he was an Argentine radio announcer.

Q. Why does Sam Goldwyn suspend Farley Granger so often?
—S. A., DURANGO, CO.

A. Granger declines to exploit the Goldwyn product.

Q. How old is Rita Hayworth? Will she marry Dominguez, the Spanish bullfighter?
—R. L., STEVENSON, KY.

A. Hayworth is 34; has no intention of marrying Dominguez.

Q. I’ve been told that Gene Kelly and Jimmy Stewart are the two Hollywood stars who refuse to employ press agents. Is this true?
—V. N., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

A. No.

Q. What is the relationship between Richard Greene’s ex-wife, Patricia Medina, and director John Farrow?
—F. Y., BANGOR, ME.

A. Good friends.

Q. Does Lana Turner hope to marry again after her sad experience with men?
—C. R., AKRON, OHIO.

A. Certainly.

Q. Will Betty Grable divorce Harry James in order to marry jockey Ralph Neves?
—P. R., PROVIDENCE, RI.

A. No.
Q. I'm always reading about how sick Cary Grant is. What's wrong with him, anyway? —J. U., CORNING, N. Y.
A. Grant suffers from recurrent attacks of yellow jaundice.

Q. Is it true that Lena Basquette, who was once married to one of the Warner Brothers, is really Marge Champion's mother? —T. R., TUGUEGA, CAL.
A. Marge Champion and Lena Basquette are half-sisters.

Q. Does Anne Baxter really like to smoke cigars or is this a publicity act she puts on? —C. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
A. Publicity.

Q. Who has the larger bust measurement, Jane Russell or Marilyn Monroe? —C. W., NORFOLK, VA.
A. Russell.

Q. What kept Gregory Peck out of World War II? —A. D., LA JOLLA, CAL.
A. A bad back.

Q. Is Spencer Tracy retiring from movies? —B. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A. In another two years.

Q. Are Lana Turner and producer Joe Pasternak dating these days? Doesn't Pasternak send Lana one rose each morning? —H. D., DANVERS, MASS.
A. Pasternak sends a rose, but he and Lana are not a romantic item.

Q. Why was Mike Wilding suspended by MGM when his wife is pregnant? —O. P., NEWARK, N. J.
A. Wilding refused a role in Latin Lovers.

Q. Is Cornel Wilde's popularity declining? Why don't we see him in more pictures? —H. H., HARRISBURG, PA.
A. You soon will. There are big plans afoot for him.

Q. Is June Haver still planning to become a nun, or has she found a new sweetheart? —V. V., TROY, N. Y.
A. Has a new sweetheart.

Q. In the history of motion pictures which movie has earned the most money, been seen by the most people? —F. J., JONESBORO, N. C.
A. Gone With The Wind; it has grossed $35,000,000; been seen by 100,000,000.

Q. Does Lana Turner wear caps over her teeth when making a movie? —G. T., BOSTON, MASS.
A. Yes.

Q. What is Ray Milland's real name, and why does he shy away from posing with his family? —S. A., RY, N. Y.
A. Reginald Truscott-Jones, A Welshman, Milland doesn't particularly like to involve his family in what he considers purely professional exploitation.

Beauty is my business

says stunning cover girl

BUNNY COOPER

and

SweetHeart

is my Beauty Soap

Bunny says: "Making my living as a model often requires that I pose in evening gowns; that's why I always use gentle SweetHeart Soap for my baths...it leaves my skin soft and smooth all over. And regular SweetHeart Care really helps prevent chapping!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Help your family prevent red, chapped skin! Get SweetHeart, in the big bath size, for daily baths—and see; just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, all over!

Beauty is my business, too!

Dear little Susie Galvin is a model at just 13 months. Her mother guards her exquisite skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Susie's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the big bath size today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin
New! a shampoo that silkins your hair!

New lightning lather — milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's new lightning lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its lightning lather... its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. You have a new experience coming!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkins your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!
There's been a lot of printed and unprintable gossip about Rita and Aly. But here's the absolutely last word—by someone who should know.

Cinderella's tired

by Sheila Graham

It's over. Finished. Kaput. It's the End. Rita Hayworth, the Beautiful Movie Star and Aly Khan, the handsome trillionaire Moslem Prince. No more weeping. No more wooing. Just cold dollars and cents to seal for all time the Great Romance. Because it is over. Even Rita, the ever hopeful, knows it now. Aly knew it before she went over that last time for the Big Reconciliation that turned into the Big Flop. And right here and now I'm putting the blame—not on Mame—but fairly and squarely on Aly. Because if it takes two to make a quarrel, it certainly takes two to make up. And Aly was asleep at the switch when he should have been awake at the controls. Whether it was deliberate or not makes no difference now. And unless there is an unforeseeable last-second change of mind, Rita will complete the long-pending divorce in Nevada just as soon as Miss Sadie Thompson is in the can at Columbia.

Of course, they never should have tied the knot in the first place. (Continued on page 65)
Just one of those things, they said about Fernando's love for Lana. Is his new romance with Arlene so hot it's got to cool down, also?

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

Fernando wanted Lana badly. He divorced his wife for her, made no secret of his great amour. But now they're not even on speaking terms.

Arlene Dahl's the girl for him, at present. Since the Davies party they're seldom seen apart. But how long will this romance last, everyone's asking.

There are some actors in Hollywood whose love-lives resemble nothing so much as a high-staked relay race.

For the most part, these are emotionally immature men who date a different girl each night, preferably a big-name actress, and then revel in the luxury of reading about themselves in the gossip columns next morning.

Occasionally, however, an actor comes along who refuses to use women, who dedicates himself to one female at a time with such intensity, such passion, such fidelity and concentration that he is recognized at once as the Greatest Lover; in fact, the greatest lover Hollywood has known in two decades: Fernando Lamas.

At 37, tapering and tall, wavy-haired and sensuous-looking, Fernando is completely, tempestuously, envelopingly in love with Arlene Dahl, a fragile, willowy stalk of auburn-tressed loveliness who is tinder that will touch any red-blooded male to flame.

Not that Senor Lamas has bought any commercial spot announcements on radio or TV to advertise his new love. In true Latin tradition, he is a lover who retains his ardor for the privacy of the boudoir. But he tips his heart so easily. His feelings are so evident in his single-minded devotion to Arlene.

Since the 15th of October last he has dated no other woman but Dahl. He dines with her each night after work. You can see them in such picturesque restaurants as Frascati's or the Villanova, in the two Hollywood night clubs, Ciro's. (Continued on page 64)
Bing, his head bowed with grief, leaves the Church of the Good Shepherd after the Requiem Mass for Dixie. His arm is around his youngest son, Lindsay. Philip is at the right, while Gary and Dennis (not pictured) walk behind.

This is the Palm Springs house that Dixie Lee Crosby yearned for, planned, decorated, and furnished, but never lived to see. Bing, knowing Dixie was doomed to die shortly, went ahead with plans for the house nevertheless, knowing it would make her happy.
Let's get this question out of the way—right away:

**There Will Be No Second Marriage for Bing Crosby.**

I am no fortuneteller, but I feel I can say from knowledge based on a long friendship and what I believe is a real understanding of one of the best-known least-known men in the world, that he can never accept or even look for a substitute for the great love Dixie bore him.

It wouldn't be good enough.

Yes, I know that whether he wishes it or not he has fallen heir to the title of the world's most eligible marriageable man since the Duke of Windsor was a bachelor. And he will be pursued and lured and tempted by the most beautiful and talented women, and just hopeful ones, too, wherever he goes.

I still say that it all will be futile and that Bing will retire into a man's world of his four rapidly growing sons and his intimate, closed circle of men friends who have been for years his inseparable companions. One of these is his writer Bill Morrow. Another is his songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen.

Bing is a man's man—no matter how many women swoon over his love songs—and already there are strong indications that he will slip more and more deeply into the quiet, easy, retiring solace of male companionship particularly involving the raising of his sons.

Now that Dixie is gone, many things can be told which could not be revealed while she still clung to life—never knowing that she was the victim of incurable cancer.

As a strong indication as to where the future points, let us go back to the immediate past, to just a few hours following an operation performed on Dixie last summer.

The scene is St. John's Hospital and two men are standing apart from the others talking. One is Dr. Arnold Stevens, the fine Los Angeles surgeon. The other is Bing.

Stevens' arm is around Bing's shoulder. He has just told him that Dixie is hopelessly the victim of cancer; that even he and his consultants (Continued on page 85)
Jane had known Columbia's Fred Karger casually for years, but fell in love after working for three happy months under his smooth musical supervision.

A surprised crew had a wedding cake ready when Jane and Fred reported to work after their weekend wedding. Music is their great love in common.
For a long time, Jane Wyman's been warbling and Fred Karger's been a music man. But Hollywood never suspected they'd end up making beautiful music together.

A great many movie stars, when planning to be married, have bent over backward to keep the wedding plans a secret. This is understandable, in view of the fact that their average days have the privacy of life in a zoo cage, and they strive to keep anything so personal as a wedding free of the press, curiosity seekers, and flashbulbs. Few of them have made the grade so effectively as Jane Wyman in her recent marriage to musician Fred Karger.

So tightly was the secret kept that four days before the marriage ceremony studio publicists, unaware of the romance, fluffed an opportunity for a picture of Miss Wyman and Mr. Karger together. Fred Karger, in his position as musical supervisor at Columbia Studios, rehearses those stars who have musical routines in their pictures, and in preparation for Great While It Lasted, had been working for weeks with Miss Wyman. The publicists decided to take a picture of Jane standing by the piano, and asked Mr. Karger to turn his face away from the camera so that they would not have to go through the complication of identifying him and his work in the picture's caption. Instead of feeling miffed about the incident, both Jane and Fred were highly amused, because it was proof positive that no one suspected their plans.

The romance had begun only a few weeks before, when Jane reported at Columbia for Great While It Lasted. It turned out, from the beginning, to be a real love song for Jane. Five years had gone by since her final divorce decree from Ronald Reagan, and during that time her name was continually coupled with assorted men. Columnists reported that she was in love again, with one man after another, but Jane herself denied romantic interest with any of them. Her career had shot to new heights, and while she was not averse to the idea of marrying again, there was not only no time for romance, but more important, there was no one to capture her heart... no one until the day she reported for rehearsal and began working with, and getting to know, Fred Karger. A skilled musician, Karger comes from a show business family. His father, now deceased, was a Director General of the Metro Picture (Continued on page 93)
Roy and Dale sit for an informal portrait with their newly-enlarged family. Dusty and his adopted kid brother share their father's lap; Cheryl

"I'm a real cowboy now," grins Sandy, who loves to dress in full Western regalia, just like Roy and Dusty. The Rogers' adopted Sandy practically on sight.

FULL HOUSE—FULL HEARTS

by Susan Trent
Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' two new adopted babies have flooded their hearts, as well as their home, with sunshine and love.

Dusty Rogers was getting a little worried about things. Here it was his sixth birthday at last, but the day of days was slipping fast away and Daddy and Mommy still weren't home. For understandable reasons and certain unforgotten promises, Dusty gazed anxiously at the setting sun in one direction and more anxiously at the purple mountains in the other, as he pressed his nose into a shapeless bump against the airport gate. Back of him his big sisters, Cheryl and Linda, stood on one foot and then the other.

But at last the sky speck appeared and grew and the loud speaker blared, "Flight Number 14 arriving from Dallas." Dusty clamped his fingers on the wire and tugged excitedly as the plane swooped down like a big, silver stork, taxied and rolled to a stop. He was shouting "Hey, Dad—Hey!" long before the steps were fastened and the belly door swung open. Sure enough, there was the familiar cream colored stetson and the round, grinning face he was waiting for. Roy Rogers waved to his waiting brood and (Continued on page 58)
With a roving eye and a fickle heart, Lana’s no shrinking violet when it comes to picking the man she wants!

Lana takes one look at a man . . . and he’s hers! But she’s as quick to leave him flat as she is to pick him up! says this outstanding Hollywood reporter.

The year was 1947. A newspaper headline read: "Ty Gives Up Lana For Fight On Reds." A wag commented: "That’s logical enough. How could one expect a guy to have enough energy to fight Communism all day and pay court to Lana Turner every night?" The fellow in question was, of course, Tyrone Power. Just a little over three months before, he and Lana had parted lovers. They had tossed a tender farewell dinner at which the goblets bore the etchings of their names entwined with hearts and flowers. With dry-eyed grief, Lana had gone to the airport to see her current lover fly off into the wild blue yonder on another "goodwill tour" of Africa and Europe.

There were plans to meet in Casablanca; but they never came off. Ty cabled briefly that the rendezvous was impractical. He failed to explain that he had met a bewitching woman in Rome named Linda Christian. When he returned here, he expressed his alarm over the rising tides of Communism abroad and admitted that his romance with Lana was over. Hence the misleading headline. The two subjects had nothing to do with each other. Frankly I was among the befooled. I had known Ty since his youth, and his father before him. He (Continued on page 81)
"I don't give a hang what a writer says about me... as long as it's the truth."

That's Jane Russell talking, and she means what she says. Here's the proof.

Dear Jane:

You got me in a peck of trouble. You and that smile and that laugh. The trouble with you is that you put your feet up on a chair and whenever anybody asks you a straight-forward question, you laugh and give them a straight-forward answer. Movie stars are not supposed to do this.

I was sitting up in the Modern Screen Hollywood office and the editor was pacing up and down chewing his finger nails and dripping executive ability all over the rug. Every once in a while he would stop and look at me with what I suspect was an expression of loathing.

"You've got to get on the ball, Henaghan," he kept saying. "Younger men are getting into this business, you know, and none of us (meaning me, of course) are too secure these days."

"I do my level best, sir," I said. "I try very hard."

"Sometimes that's not enough, old man" (meaning me), he said. "Sometimes we have to extend ourselves. Get the old noodle to grinding."

"I've got the old noodle grinding this very minute," I said. "I'm right on the old ball this morning."

"And what have we come up with that will please our readers?" he said.

Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Russell, the old noodle was grinding all right, but it wasn't coming up with anything, if you please. Then I (Continued on page 94)
On location in the Fiji Islands, Burt and Horst Graff suggested Norma pose for "tea art." Here, she laughingly obliges!

Norma loves to dance, so Burt occasionally twirled around the floor with her while they were on Fiji. Norma and the kids loved "roughing it" on location.

Surrounded by bushy-haired Fiji Islanders, extras in His Majesty O'Keefe, little Jimmy and his pop strum a ukulele.

Norma and Susabet wear authentic mother-and-daughter Island costumes, while Billy is clad Tarzan style. Burt's proud of his handsome, healthy family.

THE LANCASTER MARRIAGE IS A FAIRY TALE THAT WILL

LOVE STORY-

Nine years young
NEVER END. IT GETS YOUNGER AS THEY GROW OLDER, SAY BURT AND WIFE NORMA • BY RUTH WATERBURY

He's tall and he's moody and he moves like a leopard—and you really can't understand Burt Lancaster fully, unless you know four very special things about him.

The names of those four extra special things are Jimmy and Billy and Susan Elizabeth and Joanna Lancaster, all blond, all beautiful. Jimmy's just six-and-a-half. Joanna won't be two until next July. Billy and Susabet are neatly spaced in between. Up until now Burt has always refused to talk about them, or let them be photographed for publication. His general attitude has been that his domestic life was one thing, his career another. He never has intended to let anything upset either.

Along about the time that Burt clicked big in his first picture, The Killers, a certain glamor girl found this out subtly, as you find out all things about him. You might not expect that a big, strong guy who has been a professional athlete and circus acrobat would be subtle, but Burt is.

Nobody knew him when Miss Glamor-puss took out after him. He'd come to Hollywood, an ex-G.I. with one Broadway flop behind him, and no dough. But even then he had those broad shoulders, slim hips, penetrating eyes and the habit he still has, of talking like crazy about everything under (Continued on page 87)
modern screen's party of the year

Mrs. Lydia Lomas (Fernando’s ex) came to Modern Screen’s annual popularity poll party with Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgiana Young.

Fernando showed up with his latest flame, Arlene Dahl, in tow. Lana Turner, for whom he divorced his wife, didn’t come to the party.

G. T. Delacorte presents a beautiful silver tray to fancy-steppers Marge and Gower Champion, who were dubbed 1952’s top co-starring discoveries.

Modern Screen editor Charles Saxon entrusted Jeff Hunter’s award to Jeff’s wife Barbara Rush. Jeff was away in Europe.

Jane Powell beams happily as she accepts the silver trophy Mr. Delacorte hands her while Geary Steffen and Louella Parsons look on. Jane copped the “Most Popular Female Star” award this year.

John Wayne, voted the “Most Popular Male Star” of 1952 by Modern Screen readers, accepts his award from editor Saxon, while Sheilah Graham gets all ready to congratulate the bashful winner.
Mrs. Bryce Holland and her father, Modern Screen's publisher, George T. Delacorte greet Janie and Paul Brinkman.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and Dell man Dove Irwin discuss Dell's new Rex Allen comic book, one of the thousands of Dell's magazines and books displayed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Agar among the hundreds of guests: as were Celeste Holm, Tony Dexter, Buddy Boer, Jimmy McHugh, Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn.

Mrs. Bryce Holland and her father, Modern Screen's publisher, George T. Delacorte greet Janie and Paul Brinkman.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and Dell man Dove Irwin discuss Dell's new Rex Allen comic book, one of the thousands of Dell's magazines and books displayed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Agar among the hundreds of guests: as were Celeste Holm, Tony Dexter, Buddy Boer, Jimmy McHugh, Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn.

Award winner Ursula Thiess signs the guest book at the gala party held in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Here's the Party That Lasts All Year—Modern Screen's Tribute to Hollywood's Top Stars

"Having a baby doesn't guarantee a girl that she'll win Modern Screen's annual popularity award, but it certainly helps!"

The author of that statement is Jane Powell, the Hollywood Glamor Mother of the Year. Janie, who arrived at our elegant shindig at the Beverly Hills Hotel in an off-the-shoulder white taffeta maternity evening gown with jeweled unattached collar, had this to add: "Any resemblance between my statement and the truth is strictly not coincidental, because it was just a year ago that I watched June Allyson accept her award. Filled to the brim with envy, I asked, 'How did you manage it?' And Junie, who was expecting at the time, retorted, 'Just become an expectant mother and your popularity will go zooming.'"

"Well, I laughed at the time, but that's exactly what happened! And it goes without saying that winning Modern Screen's beautiful cup is the high point of my career!"

Janie's "bubbling over" established the exciting keynote for the annual awards party. Her enthusiasm seemed to light up the entire Rodeo Room to provide a fitting entrance for Mr. John Wayne, her co-winner as the most popular male star for the second straight year. It is no secret that John Wayne seldom goes to parties. Matter of fact, he shied like a wild colt when the editors told him he'd won the silver cup. "Golly," he exclaimed, "does that mean that I have to go and have speeches made at me?"

Assured that this was not the case; that anyone making a big fat speech at a Modern Screen party is certain to get the old beave-ho, "The Duke" arrived early and stayed late, towering over the other males at the party and having the time of his life.

When Publisher George T. Delacorte presented him with his award over a nationwide radio broadcast, John spent two-and-a-half minutes giving credit (Continued on page 67)
modern screen's party of the year

1. Publisher George T. Delacorte congratulates Aldo Ray on winning a "most promising star" award.

2. Ann Blyth came to the party with Palmer Lee, a new acting discovery. A new romance, also?

3. Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, who recently patched up their serious rift, came to the party together.

4. Denise Darcel and Bryon Palmer wouldn't share their private joke with anyone. Must've been very funny.

5. Jean MacDonald (Peter Lawford's old flame), who's now an MGM press aide, came with Bob Horton.

6. Charlton Heston (left) ribs Paul Douglas while Mrs. Heston and Mrs. Douglas (lovely Jan Sterling) look on.

7. Katie Robinson, Modern Screen's West Coast Editor, chats with Virginia Gibson and her escort.

8. Bob Mitchum and George Delacorte renew acquaintance. They met at last year's Popularity Poll party.

9. Lucy Knack, who's on Red Skelton's television show, and her husband, Lucy's a promising Modern Screen Golden Key girl.

10. Old-timer Johnny Mack Brown, and Rex Allen, both top cowboy stars, say hello to Piper Laurie.

11. Modern Screen editor Charles Saxon and award winner Bob Wagner joke with Johnnie Ray about his crashing the party.


14. Jane Russell came alone to the party. Here she signs the guest register while Chuck Saxon steadies the book for her.

15. Peter Lawford and Modern Screen columnist Mike Connolly, plunk themselves down in a quiet corner.

16. Mrs. Bryce Holland and Marilyn Monroe find another quiet corner for a girl-to-girl talk.

17. Tony and Janet sign in, with Fatti Lewis sandwiched between them. Jerry and Dean couldn't come.

18. When Jerry and Dean got back from their p.a. tour, Bill Holden presented them with their awards.

19. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson, Marge and Gower Champion, and Joyce McKenzie, had fun at the party.

20. Ricardo Montalban shakes hands with Eileen Christie's husband. Eileen is another Golden Key Girl.
Dear Mr. Saxon:

I first met Betty Hutton back in her dressing room at the London Palladium. She was wringing wet, clutching one of the many bouquets that surrounded her, and sobbing with joy and relief. She looked like a newly-crowned Olympic swimming champion, even to the traditional terry-cloth bathrobe and damp curly locks clinging to her shiny forehead.

Calming down a little and breathing more or less evenly after the “walking out” Charlie O’Curran had just given her, she submitted to a rub down as her husband muttered, “Mustn’t let my filly catch cold.” To complete the sporty-like atmosphere in the greasepaint-scented room, he draped a towel over her head, boxer fashion.

“This sure is a better way to recuperate fast,” said Betty, “than floppin’ down on the floor like some dancer as soon as the curtain’s down. This way you get your wind back naturally. Right, Porkchop?”

“I said so, didn’t I?”

“Then that’s enough for me!” and Hutton popped up to bug O’Curran.

“Save your energy. You’re on again in an hour and a half,” her man said as he disentangled himself.

“What’s two little shows (Continued on page 75)
DAILY DOUBLE

With a high-flyin' filly
like Hutton, and a running-mate
like O'Curran, it's a
sucker bet that doesn't say
they'll win in a walk.

BY BRENDA HELSER
June and Dick are a couple of hicks who live in the sticks and love it! The Powell family's rambling fieldstone farmhouse is something they've been yearning for a long time.

In the Powell household this was one of those rare, incredible, delightful days. June Allyson had a day off before she was scheduled to start Remains To Be Seen, her eighth picture with Van Johnson. Dick Powell had just finished what he considers his best acting role in films, the portrayal of the writer in The Bad And The Beautiful. The children were nowhere about, and the afternoon stretched before June and Dick like some glorious private holiday.

After lunch they strolled around their Bel-Air gardens. First they examined the peach trees Junie had planted three years ago. Then they got down on all fours to measure the bulb sprouts. From time to time they talked busily about nothing in particular.

Presently, Dick said, "Where are the kids, darling?" He never can keep quite up to date on Ricky and Pam's schedule. (Continued on page 52)
A room within a room is this fireplace alcove. Its low-beamed ceiling is scaled for family enjoyment. The halfway point in a tremendous 40-foot living room, when just the Powells gather on the hearth, it's a cozy, intimate place.

The roomy farm kitchen is the sort that lingers in your memory as the farm Grandmother had. Its brick oven, pine cabinets, and beamed ceiling will provide many happy memories for the Powell children.

Modern and traditional mix happily in the new house as modern plate glass frames an old Colonial door.

The original owners installed a $40,000 theater-sized projection booth behind this living room wall.
"Hi, there. Glad to see you. Come on out back. Got my chores to do, but I can always use a hand," grins cordial Farmerette Allyson Mandeville.

"Look at me! No caps, no traffic... no license." But she’s really only holding the wheel till Richard the tractor-man comes.

"First you mow it down (above); then you rake it up (below). This farm work just never stops... but, gee, it’s fun."

"Maybe you pull it instead." Cute as a button making a molehill out of a mountain, she’ll never replace the old fashioned bulldozer.

"Eggs-actly the way I’ve always wanted it," sighs happy Mrs. Powell, who has a home, a farm, a private lake, and a world full of love.

"Last you mow it down (above); then you rake it up (below). This farm work just never stops... but, gee, it’s fun."

"Eggs-actly the way I’ve always wanted it," sighs happy Mrs. Powell, who has a home, a farm, a private lake, and a world full of love.

"Taking a nap," Junie answered. "Richard, don't you think this poodle cut of mine is simply awful? I didn't want to do it, you know. The studio made me, for this picture. Really, I..."

"Stop worrying about your old poodle cut," Dick joshed. "Why don't we ride around a little and look at houses?"

"I'd love to," Junie said. At this point house-hunting had become a fascinating new interest with her. She and Dick had both decided that they would build a house altogether different than the Tudor mansion they were currently occupying.

They piled into June’s powder-blue Hillman Minx, Dick’s last birthday present to her, and with the top down, leisurely drove out along Sunset Boulevard. At the juncture of Sunset and Mandeville Canyon, Dick turned right, up past the homes of Esther Williams, Don DeFore, Richard Widmark, Diana Lynn and many of the other film celebrities who prefer the quiet rural life.

Junie tossed her head back and breathed a whiff of canyon air. "Gosh! It smells good, Richard."

Richard grinned and continued driving, humming the first eight bars of a tune called, "Wish You Were Here." They drove for several miles beyond the last house in the canyon before June spoke up. "We might as well turn around at the next wide place in the road," she said. "I don’t think there's anything beyond this."

"Let's see where this lane leads," Dick suggested, turning off onto a side road. Deftly he maneuvered the little car between a couple of fence posts and up a steep, winding incline to the hills above the canyon.

Junie was impressed. "Gosh!" she muttered. "What a view, Richard! A lake, too!"

And sure enough, as the car turned a bend in the road, a small tree-fringed lake appeared at their right. The car rattled over a wooden bridge, and Dick turned off the ignition in front of a (Continued on page 62)
"Never get me in pictures," chuckled Rosemary Clooney. "I'm an Ugly Duckling." But Hollywood had other plans for the heppiest chick ever.

**BY JIM BURTON**

One cheerless, smog-stricken morning about a year-and-a-half ago, a giant silver bird (that's what travelogue narrators call an air-liner) settled down a runway at the Los Angeles International Airport and lumbered over to an awkward stop before one of the unloading enclosures. The motors whimpered to a stop, steps were pushed to the side of the plane, the doors were opened and the passengers, quickly emptied from the ship, were swallowed up by the usual crowd that welcomes all public carriers.

Several moments later a lone girl appeared in the doorway of the plane and stepped gingerly on to the platform at the top of the steps. Her eyelids were heavy with recent sleep. Her suit, natty in cut, was wrinkled and her hat seemed to be fiddling with the idea of falling off. She wrinkled her nose and smelled of the fume-laden air and her brow furrowed into an expression that seemed to cry: "How did we wind up in Pittsburgh?"

She squinted her eyes and surveyed the charging trucks and luggage dollies scuttling about below her, and she swung about from right to left checking the buildings and flat, barren fields that flanked the runways.

Her expression changed to one that said: "This is (Continued on page 91)"
"She's goner than I am, and I went two years ago," says Bob Wagner about Debbie Reynolds. For the lowdown on the other up-beats in his life, read on . . .

BY JOHN MAYNARD

REAL GONE
AND STRAIGHT UP!

There were three of us at lunch in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, a barn of a place featuring murals having to do with the motion picture industry. The other two were a publicist named Julian and Robert Wagner, Fox's 22-year-old wunderkind. Wagner, who had spent the morning vaulting into a lifeboat from the deck of a reasonable facsimile of the ill-fated Titanic, was late and making efforts to catch up on the scoffing. In the Wagner vocabulary, somewhat inflected with bop, scoffing is eating.

"Look," he said to the waitress, "may I see the executives' menu?"

She handed him a small slip with four entrees listed on it; no more, but each a trifle fancier than what was being offered the proletariat. He settled for corned beef and cabbage.

"Some days," he said, "that menu's real gone. They got real crazy items on it. Shrimp new- burg. Lord, I hate shrimp newburg."

"Bob," said Julian, "you know what this is about?"

"What what's about?"

"This story."

"No. What's it about?"

"Your romances. The girls you date. Are you in a hurry to get married? Stuff like that." Julian tossed it off as if I weren't holding my breath. (Continued on page 89)
High above the hills of Beverly, much higher than any other hill in the area, there stands a house that is in the process of being made into a home. It is not a very large house, although it rambles about a bit and therefore takes up most of the space on the small mesa on which it stands. In the main living quarters there is a combination living and dining room, sort of L-shaped, that at this time is furnished only with a dining table and a curving sofa beside a flagstone fireplace. Beyond this is a kitchen with gleaming white new equipment.

Through a door in an ash-panelled wall that runs the length of the house there are two bedrooms and two baths. One of the bedrooms is occupied by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding, and it is furnished with a huge, low bed, a pair of dressers and a television set. The other room is empty, except for a large, canopied baby's bed. The walls of this room are bright yellow and the floor is as yet uncarpeted. This room is unoccupied at the moment, but it is about this chamber that the rest of the house is being planned, for it is here that the first child of Michael and Elizabeth Wilding will spend his or her first years.

At the time of this writing, the preparations for the coming of the infant are lumbering along. From early in the morning until the sun sinks into the sea beyond the last distant mountain, Michael and Elizabeth 'putter about the place hanging drapes, matching wood, stretching carpet and coaxing green things into life on the grounds outside. And when darkness has fallen they knock off. Sometimes they just collapse and have their dinner lounging on the huge bed while (Continued on page 74)
full house—full hearts

(Continued from page 37) then helped a little boy down the steps, a boy who tottered uncomfortably in shiny new cowboy boots. Roy—who was that kind—bore him home. Dale Evans, step out. She too waved with one arm, but in the other—Dusty really pucked his brow—what was she holding—a baby! Dale started to go down the steps carefully, gingerly, as if she were carrying the most precious package in all the world.

“Okay,” grunted the guard, sliding open the gate. In a sec Dusty Rogers had tackled his doggie and was up right—parched and was shinnying up his leg. Roy grabbed him and swung him up with one arm—and with the other hoisted the little stranger on his shoulder.

“Told you we’d be home for your birthday,” he chuckled. “And here we are!”

“Bring me a present?” Dusty wanted to know pronto.

“Sure did,” grinned Roy happily. “Here’s your birthday present, Son. A brand new brother! Dusty, this is Sandy. He’s come to our house to stay.”

There was a forward moment of silence as the two tow-heads sized up each other. Then Sandy cracked his shy face in a wide grin. He stuck out a small hand tentatively. “Hiyah, podner!” he said.

“Howdy,” said Dusty slowly, cocking his thumbs. “Reach for the sky, Stranger!”

Roy eased his two boys to the ground and watched them race away. Then he looked back at Dusty. Sure enough, that bundle was the center of a loving melee. “Our baby! Our baby!”—Linda shrieked.

“No—me, me! I’m older. I know how!” cried Cheryl.

“Careful, careful,” warned their mother.

“Shes just a little girl, just seven months old. Our Little Doe. There, gently now.

Roy Rogers caught the eyes of his wife. They were full, just like her heart. He took her hand and pressed it softly. He couldn’t see so well himself just then. But he could feel her pressed to the bracketing, excited heads below him—all five of them. “Git along, little dogies,” he laughed. “We’re goin’ home now. And we’re gonna have a party there even tonight—with all the ice cream and cake everybody can eat!”

Ordinarily, you wouldn’t associate a blessed event with an airport. But that happened, the homecoming of Roy and Dale Rogers with their new children, Sandy and Little Doe, on an afternoon last fall was a blessed event in all that that overworked phrase implies. For Roy and Dale it was even more than that. It was a miracle, because only six weeks before Roy and Dale had flown away from that very airport and left their little girl, Newborn to the wings of the DC-6. They had left because they had to carry on in their demanding show business lives; because they had engagements in the East that could not be cancelled. It was a heart-wrenching take-off, a desolate, pain-ful time for Roy and Dale to leave their home and children. Only a few days before the children had been born, little girl, Robin Elizabeth, had sickened suddenly and died, two days before her second birthday. On that birthday, they had buried her.

“Poor—and Dale’s grief was no less consum- ing and their loss no less poignant because that tragedy had long threatened. From her birth on August 26, 1944, little Robin had been the shadow of the dark angel’s wings, because she was born with a congenital heart defect that could not be re- paired.

Such handicapped babies, Dale Evans now firmly believes, are messengers from God, and she has written a book on that theme, in little Robin’s words, reporting to her Maker about her stay on earth and His message which she delivered to the Rogers family. Although she had written nothing before in her life, it came in easily flowing text. She finished it in three weeks, even though this little girl published this much early.

Dale started writing it the day after Robin was laid to rest. Roy watched the girl he loved anxiously in the days after little Robin was laid to rest. He saw her plunge industri-
It was in Cincinnati, the last city of their one night stand, that a telephone call came. A woman who kept orphans for the welfare of the city was in Covington, Kentucky, across the Ohio River, looking for Sandy, little girl, a liitle girl stricken with cerebral palsy, who had read about Roy's
appearances on television. She was about Penny's only 
change and, on the advice of an old friend of 
Roy. Rogers. She wondered if she could bring 
her over to meet him. It would mean so little 
now of a miracle. Miracles, they come new, could happen. The first already 
and before many days had passed the 

I was quizzing her steps; she couldn’t walk fast enough. She knew, now, that it was the hand of God which had delivered her, and that there was a 

life in her, that she was resurrection. “I want her,” Dale told the nurse kindly. “I love her. I need her. Can I have her?”

She replied caressing her hand. “We’ll see what we can do,” she was promised, “but, of course, this is very sudden—no superintendent’s away on vacation. We won’t be allowing her to come to us today. And you say you’re leaving to-morrow. Why don’t you keep in touch with us?”

Then followed the days of suspense. Roy and Dale went on to Jackson, Mississippi, to visit her brother, Hillman, and his family. She called the adoption home the 

night they got in. The superintendent was still away. “Please, please, can you help me, Mary for me, I asked first.” She wired the same plea almost every night from 

New York. But for long days there was no reply. And in those days Dale felt the reins on her emotions fraying thin. She went on with the tour—the stage at Madison Square 

Garden, even though each night, walking from her room to the dressing room, she clenched her fists until her nails cut the 

dress, trying to control herself. The trouble 

she had been through was telling on her face. She felt as though she was about to burst. Then one night the phone came from the 

Home. “The baby’s yours,” the 

superintendent said. “Won’t you pick her up on your next home from the tour?”

Dale jumped from the phone and landed in Roy’s arms. The King of the Cowboys let out a “Ki-yippee” that pierced Broadway’s 

soar, and from then on Dale would keep that baby. But there was another sign soon to come. In fact, it was that very night that Roy, in 

his happiness at Dale’s recovery and the 

arrival of their new daughter, came out with it: “Now,” he said, “let’s find our 

boy, too.”

It seemed a rash, impossible project. But after all, to find a new girl for the nursery 

was left, in hardly more than a month after she went away, was some kind of a miracle. Miracles, they come, could happen. The first already 

and before many days had passed the 


June Havens has been in the movies for seven years, yet has never been seen in a black-and-white film.

Right of her 12 shows have been 

musicals.  

Life Magazine  

ving for them in Dallas. And if they wanted this 

little, undersized, underprivileged boy, they would have to make up their minds that night. They were leaving at ten 

e’clock in the morning.

Roy and Dale skipped them. They went to the Newab, ordered some warm milk, cheese and crackers. They were all 

over, and there was a lot to talk about. True, there was much they didn’t know about this little wail on such short 

acquaintance. But the little boy was bucking 

though. After all, he was a child of the Lord, just like their own. If he had needs, they would supply them. If he was weak, they would make him strong. That would be the joy of it, that was what clinched the decision in 

Roy’s mind. It was past midnight when he spoke his mind.

“Let’s take him. Anybody in this world would take a strong, healthy boy. But we can help a little fellow without a chance 

g et a decent start in life—then we’re doing something important. I just wouldn’t feel right about thinking otherwise.”

It was one o’clock when they called the 

welfare officer and got him out of bed to 

make the hurry-up arrangements. Next morning, at eight, it was all over, across the river and—in one short hour—had com-

pleted the papers, picked up Sandy—their new name for him—rolled back and out. By ten they were off on their bus, and Sandy Rogers, Roy Rogers—excited he 
couldn’t hold the lunch he ate, was sick all the miles to Muncie, where they stopped the night. But Sandy said he made up for it. “I can chop wood,” he told Roy 

eagerly. “I can feed the chickens. I can 

lock the gate so the cow won’t get out on your ranch.”

You see how?” grins Roy. The min-

ute we get home you can show your stuff.”

By now Sandy and Dodie Rogers are as 

at home on the Double-R as if they had been born there. By now “Mommy” and “Dad” come as easy to Sandy’s lips as if they were the first words he learned. 

By now Dusty Rogers has kicked the kid brother and revealed the wonders of the 

ranch. They’ve climbed the big oak tree, 

played Indians in the cornfield, snitched a grape, figs next to the wild geese, ducks, 17 dogs, uncounted cats and a 

full crew of real cow horses. Why, even “Trig-

g” comes when Sandy calls him, and the 

day he takes over, lifted him right up into the silvered saddle—how close to 

Paradise can a boy get?

Already Sandy has sprouted up like a jimson weed, filled out and toughened up with 

fun and fun and fun in his new home. Dale took him for walks on the 

first thing. “Nothing wrong with this 

boy that good care and family love won’t cure yet.” Well, that the 

Rogers’ have in abundance. With the 

doe pronounced both a rave and a 

swallow. “You picked a real prize this time,” he said Dale. “But don’t put her in a picture—she’s too nice a chance.”

Since the arrival of Sandy and Little 

Doe, whom they call “Little Princess” most 

of the time, life has taken on a new mean-

ing and tempo for Roy and Dale with a 

hum that underlines their happiness. “I always wanted at least five 

children,” says Dale, who comes from a small 

two-child-family herself. “And now—look 

what we have!” When Dale counts them, of course, she counts only 12, a long brood 

(his son, Tom Fox, is now 22), but little Robin, too, who though gone, will al-

ways be with her in the way, she is now 

sure, she was intended to be from the start.

For to Roy and Dale Rogers there is no 

essential difference between heaven and earth, life and the spirit—and especially to Roy. For his way since their sudden 

badness has been been made to 

happiness. Their religion is an inseparable part of their lives, as the crowned car with Roy 

the wheel and the four Rogers kids 

behind him. It is the Hollywood School each week plainly reveals. As Roy and Dale’s 

earnest participation in the Hollywood 

Christian Group also testifies and as, daily, their words and actions prove.

But it is not entirely the future good 

good of their souls that Dale and Roy Rogers 

want their house to ring with the shouts and 

happy-laughter of children, paradoxically, this has been a sad season, too. “Both 

Roy and I have had five days when we’re crowded with responsibilities,” 

Dale will tell you. “We don’t have time to think about the others then, and people who 

never think of themselves, never worry, nothing fears.”

In Hollywood, which is notably different with both worries and fears, Roy and Dale seem to 

have found their best prescription for happiness—and it’s an open prescription that requires no doctor’s order to fill.

But to use it successfully, you need a heart strong in faith and with many 

welcoming chambers. It is a big country in 

Hollywood far greater in size than the one 

which Dale and Roy Rogers occupy. But there 

are mighty few hearts that hold as much as do; Right and Dale and Roy’s 

house is full to bursting—and they’re very 

happy. And that, they both know, is their 

miracle.
It is not only like a religion, this house which I love but am not in; it is like my religion, my own church which I love but am not in.

After dinner evenings you can always find me sitting on the front steps of the house. I have always liked to do it—now more so than ever. I was brought up in Steubenville, Ohio. Like a lot of kids from that part of the country, I used to tell myself that someday I would own a white-pillared, Colonial mansion like the kind the rich folks in town lived in. But when a time came, years later, to buy a home in Hollywood, things didn’t work out so I could get such a place. Not to live in. But the reason I bought the home I did, which cost a young fortune, was because right across the street from it stood my dream-mansion, handsome and stately with its white pillars and green gables, which cost nothing to look at.

Night after night I sat and looked at it, and one night my wife said, “You know, it’s like a religion with you . . . that house.” And she didn’t know how symbolically right she was. (Continued on page 98)
with a truly different flavor and aroma—extra-mild FATIMA continues to grow in favor among King-Size cigarette smokers everywhere.

YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke—plus the added protection of FATIMA QUALITY
June allyson goes country

(Continued from page 32) large, rambling, fieldstone farmhouse.

"How would you like to live in a place like this?" asked Dick. "There's so much land."

"I think so," Dick said. "Some real estate agent told me it's up for sale."

They entered the pleasant old farmhouse and what June saw made her feel good and warm and pleasant. The golden tones of the pine-paneled living room, the expanse of sunlight streaming through the windows, the scented air of a fire, the aroma of a cup of coffee, all made her feel as relaxed and happy as a kitten. She liked the unpretentiousness of the simple stone fireplace, the big square window, the doors to the outside, the feeling of a really emotional woman and as she walked from room to room eyeing the grandmotherly bedroom, the fireplace, the glass-paned windows, in all the light, she fell in love with the place. Everything about this house was warmer, more intimate, more home-like than the rather austere environment of the English manor house that she had known for years.

"Oh! Richard! If we could only buy this house, we'd never have to build another one—ever!"

Dick shook his head to one side, "You really like it that much?"

"Yes, Richard. I think it's just fine."

"I'm glad, darling, because we own it."

He threw the line away, underplaying the scene deliberately.

June couldn't believe it, wouldn't believe it. Dick had to show her the bill of sale and explain that, "I traded our old house and quite a lot of dough for this farm and 56 acres of land."

That evening, June insisted that Dick go over the purchasing of "The Farm" step by step. "I was like a little girl," she says, "willing to listen to her favorite story over and over again."

According to Dick, his interest in the property had its origin in the late 1920's. In those days he was a farmboy from Mountain View, Arkansas, who'd been brought west by Warner Brothers, that great major of the 20's and 30's, after two or three years on the road in a singer and emcee.

"Those were the days," he recalls, "when the stars and the movie moguls really used to live it up out here. And boy! How we bounced around. I knew all of some of those early Warner musicals, and because screen success and social success usually go hand in hand, I was invited to a number of parties and social, fun, de luxe affairs."

"Of all the homes I saw, the one that left a lasting impression was a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse owned by Bernie Hyman. He was Irving Thalberg's assistant, and I don't know how much dough he spent on the house. But it was plenty. Back then the hills in the Mandeville section were wild and undeveloped, and the 56 acres were filled with a wide variety of animals, cows, not to mention the deer and jack rabbits.

Bernie had plenty of money at the time, and he'd spent a big part of his salary on the house. For example, the movie projection system in the living room cost him $40,000. His kitchen had a walk-in refrigerator as large as a swimming pool, and there was a dumb-waiter that ran to the second floor. There was also a separate guest house for relatives and friends.

"I remember saying to myself first time I went through the house, 'If you ever get any dough, this is the house you must buy.' But I knew I'd have to wait."

Eventually the house and land were purchased by Kay Thompson, the well-known concert singer. When June and Dick were married seven years ago, Dick made another attempt to buy "The Farm." It failed. "In a way," he says, "it's a good thing, because what could a pair of newlyweds do with a 12-room house and 56 acres of land?"

In the years they've been married, June has "tried how to run a large household with adequate competence. She is no longer the frightened, bewildered little city girl who came to Hollywood with a great big dream in her eye. She's got herself a big mortgage, money and fame have all contributed to a bolstering of her ego. And Dick has recognized this fact."

"In the past couple of weeks," he told his wife. "I heard that the Thomas place was on the market. I acted on a hunch. I offered them the house in trade, because you know yourself how people hate to give up what they once loved. But to my great surprise, Thomas liked my offer, but I was afraid to talk to you about it, because there were a lot of hitches, and I thought that maybe the deal and I had signed are large enough to get her over the hump."

Dick's wife had her way and led her down the way to Dick's arms to kiss him. "I'm glad you kept it a secret. It's the most beautiful surprise since Ricky."

As this article goes to press, the Powells have been living in their new home only five weeks. They plan to make many changes in the new place, but after three years in the kitchen, "The Farm" will be their dream house. Dick's wife, June, has been busy making the place her own, and the new owners are already planning their future here. Dick has still other plans for the house, too. He's been planning to sell his farm to buy his wife the farm, and he's looking for just the right place to do it.

"Whatever Powell touches," one of his friends points out, "it's sure to turn to gold. This guy has more financial brains than any I know. He has made all the big investments for their family, and pretty darn good ones, too. June doesn't know about it, but some of her money has been invested in oil leases in Texas, Oklahoma, California and Russian oil. Dick has also organized a television company, 'The Four-Star Playhouse' with Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Joel McCrea and himself. They have already produced a dozen programs, and they've already sold it to the Singer Sewing Machine people. Another is the 'My Hero' series, starring Bob Cummings."

"I'm telling you, she's a frustrated businesswoman, and I think June recognizes that fact, too. That's why she was so happy when he finally landed his first job as a director. He's directing Split Second for RKO soon, and he's got a great agent, Jan Sterling, and Dore Schary is willing to give him a chance to direct at Metro. Maybe I should say that Dick Powell is a frustrated creative businessman, because 'creative' is certainly the key word in his makeup."

If "creative" best describes Dick Powell, then 'adaptive' is probably the key adjective to describe the Powells."

When June looked at the farmhouse Dick had bought for their family, she said very quickly, "I don't think we'll have to buy any new furniture at all. I think everything we have will fit. What doesn't we'll adapt."

June was right. Outside of a few gifts, the grandfather clock in the hall given to them by decorator William Gibb, the coffee table in its own niche near the fireplace, June as yet hasn't had to buy one new stick of furniture.

"Positively amazing," says Granard. "We took over these two previous houses, and they look better in this background than they've ever looked before. The heavy oak tables, the braided rugs, the English chintz, they all go beautifully with the natural wood finishes of the rooms downstairs."

There are changes to come, of course, but like most good wives, June hopes to bring them in the "comfortable" time this year. She says, "I'm going to change my pink bedroom to all green and white. I think I've kind of outgrown that little-girl pink."

June has outgrown many other things, too—her desire to retire from movies, her fear of large crowds, her basic insecurity, and her effi- ciency as a wife, mother, and actress. And all this is relatively new."

"I believe," says a middle-aged lady who once worked as her housekeeper, "that it is working out for her. Dick has done one of the smartest things in his life. He's given June a place where she really feels at home."

END
**Be Lux-lovely in gorgeous mink...**

**This MINK COAT can be yours!**

$150,000 MINK PRIZES
in Four Weekly Contests
20 MINK COATS
Hundreds of rich Mink Stoles and magnificent Mink Scarves

This is your opportunity to own and wear gorgeous Mink! Every week for four weeks, Lux will award 5 first prizes—each a luxurious mink coat! Plus 10 second prizes—each a dramatic mink stole! And 75 third prizes—each a perfectly matched scarf! These furs are of the most prized quality... because they were created by nationally famous Annis Furs, distinguished furriers since 1887. Hurry—enter this week's contest now. It's easier than you think to win a precious mink—for your very own!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

**Hints to win!**

Hollywood stars depend on gentle Lux facials for quick new beauty.

Lux Soap care has Skin-Tonic Action... makes skin look smoother, fresher, younger.

Try Lux today! Here's how easy it is to write a winning entry: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because it's the complexion care of famous screen stars. I find the Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care really works... makes my skin softer, dewy-fresh."

Here's all you need to do to enter:
1. Use 25 additional words or less, complete the statement: "I use Lux Toilet Soap because..." Use entry blank below or plain paper. Print or write plainly and include your name and address. With each entry enclose two wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap. Send as many entries as you wish in each contest. Mail to: Lux Contest, Box 152, New York 46, New York. Use adequate postage.
2. There are four weekly contests, closing January 25th, February 1st, February 8th, February 15th. All entries received on or before January 25th will be judged in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in each week's contest, as received. Entries for final contest must be postmarked not later than February 25, 1953.

**Rhonda Fleming**
co-starring in
"TROPIC ZONE"

A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

**ENTER EACH WEEK FOR EXTRA OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN!**
Complete this statement in 25 additional words or less... "I use Lux Toilet Soap because..."

Mail to LUX CONTEST, Box 152, New York 46, N. Y.

Name........................................Address...........................................

City........................................State...........................................

With each entry enclose two wrappers from any size Lux Toilet Soap.
it’s love! love! love!

(Continued from page 30) and Mocamo, at social functions of friends. Always they are together, oblivious to the world.

Not too long ago, for example, they came to the Mocamo for Gloria De Haven’s opening. Gloria has that kind of face that gives the Lamas inferiority complexes and leaves men too breathless to whistle. But did Lamas focus on this gorgeous eyeful? He was politely attentive, casting Gloria a sly glance or two, but his eyes feasted on Arlene with unsated hunger; his strong, thin fingers curled themselves around her arm. Here was a study of a man who knew what he wanted and what he saw.

A few nights later at Chuck Walters’ party, Lamas was again in action. The living room was filled with screams, voices, and music. The house was filled with females. But for the son of Maria and Emilio Lamas that night, all the women in the world were non-existent except for Arlene. "Each time I look at you," he whispered into her hair, "I’re falling more in love with you heart.

Arlene turned and smiled. Her hand entwined itself in his in an unspoken echo.

Dolores del Rio, one of the world’s most beautiful women, who played opposite Lamas in the Argentine version of Lady Windermere’s Fan, in 1948, was once abed with a young Arlene on his and her own in the Aires. "Fernando," she says, "has the most soulful eyes I have ever seen. When he was playing a tender love scene, you couldn’t help believing him because he has the kind of eyes that are irresistible to most women."

Lamas is the type of lover who is always playing love scenes with or without the benefit of a motion picture camera. As Arlene Dahl says, "as if the whole world was bathed in sunshine and goodness."

Elizabeth Taylor, who is so recently finished a scene with Fernando, when told of Arlene’s statement, said, "I agree with her completely. Fernando is really wonderful."

Even Esther Williams, whose entire interest in men seems to be caught up in the colossal proportions of her husband, Ben Gage, has been impressed by the Lamas charm. "We did Dangerous When Wet a few weeks ago," Esther recalls, "and Lamas is danger-ous wet or dry.

Similarly enthusiastic about the Latin lover is Denise Darel. "How can you de-scribe Fernando?" she asks. "He has the heart of Casanova, the dreams of Juan, the profile of John Barrymore. I know the words in French, but in English it is very difficult for me to express. He is all jammed up with what you would call an-ex appeal."

Chronicles of the Hollywood scene may consider the sources of such quotations surprising. Only a few short months ago Fernando had been stalked out, surveyed, and mortgaged to Lana Turner. There is only one man in my life that counts," Lana said at that point, "and that is Fernando Armando Lamas.

You remember, I’m sure, how rumors of their imminent marriage abounded in every screenland salon and salon. It just wouldn’t quit. It was all over the town before Lana divorced Bob Topping and took unto herself this troubadour tender. Although more circumspect than usual, Lana made it clear to the hordes that she hadn’t given up her heart to Fernando, that she regarded him as the one great love in her life, that here at last was the end-filliment of all her hopes and dreams. 

I must, too, made no secret of his love for Lana. "I cannot discuss mar riage," he truthfully told reporters, "when I am not yet divorced from my wife; so

please don’t ask me when I am going to marry Miss Turner." But, then, Lydia Lamas, the beautiful and intelligent Scotch-Italian girl, who had married Fernando Montenegro last April, moved to Los Angeles and returned with a divorce. This time the reporters descended on Fernando again and said, "Okay, you’re free now. When are you and Lana going to make it legal?"

Fernando, who is liked very much by the Hollywood press corps, merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "I am free—yes, he agreed, only Miss Turner is not.

What Fernando did not say at that particular time, however, was that the great love he and Lana had kindled between them was no longer blazing brightly. In fact its intensity had begun to diminish even before the celebrated quarrel at the Marion Davies party.

There are many who, in circulation as to how big a fracas the rupture in the Lana-Fernando relationship. One would have you believe that Lamas grew insane with jealousy when he saw his lovely wife dancing with Cary Baker. Another canard is that Lamas, for many years one of the great amateur boxers in Argentina, so lost his temper that night that he not only swung a Lex, but jabbed Lana with a fast left.

All of this is ridiculous, of course. There is no doubt but what Fernando and Lana quarreled during and after the Marion Davies party and I heard them. But let’s face it— it takes more than one quarrel, no matter how violent, to dissolve a year-long love affair.

The actual cause of this love affair was dying. Had Lana Turner agreed to divorce Bop Topping immediately after he

For my dough, Ava Gardner is one of the nicest gals in town. Also a very top actress. Doesn’t ever sell her short; she’s long on talent.

Clark Gable

strayed from the true and narrow path; had she secured her freedom quickly instead of trying to wrangle at a fair and get a financial settlement, she might be Mrs. Fernando Lamas today. For make no mistake about it, this past summer Lana had her Latin boy grogging.

Which he did, with love and in Zephyr Cove, Ne-vada, with her daughter, Cheryl, for a va-cation, Fernando, despite the fact that he was working six days a week, would fly up there to see her.

It was at this time, as a matter of fact, that he entered into divorce discussions with his estranged Lydia.

He had chosen Lydia. Each night after he finished work on the set, he would phone her, tell all that he did that day, exchange small endearments—nothing im-portant was said, but the phone calls were spiritually at peace— temporally, at least.

It is a sad truth, but as regards Fernando Lamas and marriage, Lana Turner missed the boat. She should have struck while the iron was hot, passion was seething, desire knew no reason.

In true Hollywood style, starry-eyed in her life she let love come last. She relegated it to a subsidiary position, placing it after her daughter’s welfare, her career, and money—and damn the consequences, it did. For all the women Lamas has known in his life, Lana is the only one who, at this juncture, is not his friend. His two former wives, for example,peak. It’s all for you, Arizona Miss, his first, once told a La Prensa reporter, "Fernando is a young man of character and integrity, and mark my word, he will make a place for himself in the world in the not too distant future. Talent and

power—will. He is a good husband to me."

Lydia Babaccei Lamas, who lives in Beverly Hills and has custody of their daughter, last month, said, "If we had married, Fernando and I are very good friends. He is not working. We were separated by circumstances, and I grew very nervous, it is all over with now, but any woman would look long and far before overlooking someone with looks like Fernando."

He is of Spanish descent, you know; and he has all the fire of those people.

With Lana Turner irrevocably lost—although there is a large school of Holly-wood masterminds who believes that if they were to knock on Turner’s front door today, she would come scurrying in—last October, began to wonder about whom he would take to the Modern Screen party. This is one of the outstanding so-cial functions of the year in Hollywood. Most of the actors and actresses are awarded sterling silver platters, bowls, cups, scrolls, certificates and other tributes and acknowledgments their popularity.

When Fernando was told that he was scheduled to receive an award as one of the year’s most up-and-coming players, he phoned Arlene Dahl and asked if she would accept.

Why Arlene Dahl? The vicious gossip says it was because he wanted to wreak his vengeance on Lena Baran, from whom he had just secured a divorce. But that’s only gossip.

"Why did I call Arlene?" Lamas asks. "Very simple. A few years ago when first reported to MGM, I thought I would hard-ly speak another word to her. The studio gave me marvelous instructions, Gertrude Fogle. In a few months I was ready to make screen test in English. To play oppo-site me in this test, George Gersh in was great a re-actor—he asked Arlene Dahl. Now, Arlene did not have to do it. After all, I was a nobody and making tests is not much fun. But you know that Arlene said. She said, ‘I’ll do it, love, to do it.’ She was so gracious, so feminine; she was so helpful to me, perfect stranger, that my heart went out to her in gratitude.

I’ve been very kind during the test. She saw that I had the benefit of her wisdom and experience. And she is such a beau-ty—not only in the face but in the soul. And she came to me and said, ‘Fernando, here is one girl you will never forget. ’ And I didn’t.

When I phoned and asked her if she would like to go with me to the Modern Screen party, she said, ‘of course, I’ve been going with her ever since. I do not want to speak of love or affection or anything like that—but to Arlene Dahl is a woman in ever sense of the word, the one who I would call classically feminine.

What does Arlene Dahl think of her re-love? ‘I’m extremely fond of Fernando and I live with him each other quite frequently. As a matter of fact, he practically the only one I’ve seen. Don’t get any wrong impressions. I’ve been working on Here Come the Girls. It’s a ten-week play, and it’s a very good one. I think I have a day off; so that I don’t real have too much time for a hectic social life.

I’m not denying, however, that I’m seeing. The type of boys I see is always—well, you’ll come to it if you don’t know. My divorced won’t be final until next year. In the mean-while, he’s a lot of fun to be with, more for the time being. He’s a very good man: he’s good at baseball; he’s very handsome; and dances divinely.

There are some cynics who say that Fernando and Arlene are using each oth-
that they both came along at the right time, that one needed a man and the other a woman. Others claim that this is merely a case in point of a double rebound, Fernando and Arlene might easily have their pick. Aly, after her divorce, is reported to have taken up with Bautzer, the world’s champion escort of wealthy women, but that lasted for only two dates. Once Lamas came into the picture, Bautzer was shunted into the showers.

Lamas admits that he was interested in someone like Rita Dahl. The reason for this is essentially psychological and has its roots in his background. His father died of pneumonia when he was one; and his mother of peritonitis when he was four. As a youngster he was raised by two 70-year-old grandmothers who shared his custodial. He has no brothers, no sisters, and in his youth there was a conspicuous lack of young feminine beauty. There is a possibility that Aly’s current approach to one beautiful woman at a time is to compensate for his motherless childhood.

Whatever the reason, whatever the motive, it remains that Fernando Lamas is one of the few up-and-comers in the world today. A make-up man at MGM, when he heard recently that Lamas had been replaced by Ricardo Montalban to star opposite Lana Turner in the little Lovers, said sadly, “Montalban’s a good performer—he’ll do fine in the picture—but not so well by Lana personally. Just imagine Lana Turner in a film with that Lamas. Maybe she hates his guts; maybe she can’t stand the sight of him, but the scene calls for them to make passionate love. He takes her in his arms, her antagonistic smile falls away, gradually they melt into a kiss. I’m telling you they’d be back together in a month. And the picture would gross ten million bucks. I don’t know what quality. She belongs to a guy like Lamas. Not that I have anything against his new girl friend, Arlene Dahl. It’s just that somebody’s gotta make a love scene real, downright passion. She should be going with some Greek god like Apollo. But who knows? Maybe Lamas can warm her up to the right thing in the right generator.”

**cinderella’s tired**

(Continued from page 29) I don’t know another man and woman with less in common. Aly the playboy, Rita the retiring one the extrovert. The other tongue-tied and shy. Aly is an expert at gambling and women, in that order. He’s impulsive, a night-clubber, cannot bear to be alone. Rita is none of these things. But it was easy to make her appear so. Peasant, to quote her third husband. It didn’t help at all, though the only thing she’s interested in is putting on her slippers and sitting by the fire. She ignores night life and is not interested in social life. "She’s a homebody.”

Since when is it wrong to want to live quietly with the man you love, to build an unpretentious home, to have companionship away from the glitter of the phonograph ball, to build a home for children in which the parents stay? This was Rita’s long-standing dream. And to make it materialize with Aly, she was willing to make a million-dollar movie career, to live in his country, to put him first in all her plans. And for this she’s called a peasant and immature. At 33 she’s more mature than the 40-plus Aly will ever be. I tip my hat to her. She tried. If she’d been 29—and done the slippers-by-the-fire routine, that would have been another story. At 29 she didn’t. She loved nightclubs, and nothing but. If the evening of beaus took her dancing—from Tony Martin to Vidal Matteau. In fact, one reason she paid alimony to Ed Judson was reportedly because of the presence of dancing partners to Rita’s lawyer and threatening ‘em on the front pages. Now Rita and Ed are friends again, but I don’t think she’ll ever forgive him. And I don’t think she’ll forgive Aly for the present humiliation.

There are so many conflicting stories. His friends tell me he was very generous with Rita, Aly her lover. Now let’s study his and hers. Hers: He gave her an engagement ring that cost between $50,000 and $100,000. And a diamond bracelet and earrings to match. Bought her racehorses. Opened charge accounts with world-famous Parisian couturiers. And when he was in Hollywood that last time, he gave her the 33,500 to buy the most expensive make of Cadillac.

Hers: When Rita first left Aly, I asked her, “Did you bring back a lot of jewelry?” “Nothing that I didn’t have before,” she replied—”except a ring.” And she showed me a gold St. Christopher medal that had a dozen very small diamonds on the edge. "But what happened to the flawless engagement ring?” I wanted to know. "She had to sell the ring to help pay Aly’s debts," I was told.

This is for sure. When she returned to her movie career she was too broke to buy a house, and her agent had to advance cash for everyday living. And one of these days I’ll ask Rita what happened to the $55,000 that Aly’s business associate here collected for the sale of the Brentwood home. Her pals insist she gave it to Aly. And she corroborated it in October when she claimed—"He’s a playboy who spends his time and money at race-tracks and casinos while I slave making X-rays.”

They call Rita money-mad because she held out for a huge settlement for Yasmin. She isn’t mercenary, she’s obstinate. And you don’t need a psychologist to see the workings of her mind. If Aly has told her his previous marriage can get a three-million-dollar trust fund each from then, their divorce is surely worth just as much. Okay, so Montalban is a daughter’s hot. Rita’s American, and girls in this country rate as much as boys.

It’s a secret how much money and mother Aly were worth to work. Lose for the little girl, but you bet your life there was a check that was signed by Aly’s aged father, who wanted the divorce settled and Aly as just as much as he wanted the marriage in the first place. When there was the scandal of their world-wide wanderings, Aly, now to keep their marital shenanigans from continuing to shock his Moslem followers, who paid him in the style in which he couldn’t live without.

There are also two schools of thought as to exactly how much money Aly can call his own. Her friends insist he has made a dime except the expense account he gets from Pop, that is he always broke, that he got $70,000, to the little Casino in Monte Carlo for a year and that’s why he has to gamble in the big Casino.

But Aly’s buddies reveal that in the horse department alone, in which the partner in 50 percent of the Aga Khan, he could get $10,000,000.00 to the little Casino in Monte Carlo for a year and that’s why he has to gamble in the big Casino.

I was critical of Rita when she didn’t take her daughter to Europe to be with her father. I saw Aly, I saw one thing for Rita to take a chance with Aly. Now I seen it was certain in her own mind it could not work out, she wouldn’t drag a couple of kids back to Europe ahead the across the Atlantic in winter. She didn’t want, she refused to be alone. A few days later she turned up and made a big thing of the reunion, charging in all the photographers to witness the loving poses “with my wife.”

That’s another thing Rita will never fathom. How can Aly don a mantle of piety with the ease of pressing a button, when all he lives for in Europe is fun. Fun, FUN? In Europe she accused him of hypocrisy. She could not be right, although an intimate of Aly’s tells me he had a lunch date with Aly at the Ritz not long ago, but Aly arrived at the last hour, explaining he had to fly to London for the Elizabethan Ambassador. When asked “Why?” he replied, "I’m trying to get Swedish steel for more followers in Africa."

Even in picture strength when you put it through fire. And even if Europe’s flame for Aly ever grows again, which could happen but I doubt it, it’ll be a flicker, not a blaze. But you previously, Rita can never revolutionize or outdo anyone there she could live on champagne for breakfast—for Aly, water is something you wash in only—and he’s broke for supper. And that brings us to the woman in his life.

This last time, even while he was telephoning Rita with the news he was on his way to her in Hollywood, he was also writing letters to Yvonne De Carlo making a
It will live in your heart forever

Only Walt Disney could unlock all the robust adventure and hilarious laughter of James M. Barrie’s *Peter Pan*. It sweeps you away to a land beyond imagination where adventure never ends—the Never Land of Captain Hook’s pirates, of pixie Tinker Bell, Indian braves and fabulous mermaid lagoons.

**Walt Disney’s**

**PETER PAN**

**A New Achievement in Cartoon Entertainment**

Here is everyone’s Great Adventure of all time. To see it—to know Peter Pan—is to keep youth in your heart forever.

**COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR**

With Bobby Driscoll as the voice of Peter Pan

date for a whirlwind weekend in New York! And while supposedly shat tered with grief when Rita took off, without notice, to America, while he was hymn-singing in Nairobi, he drowned his disappointment in the fascinating company of pert Greek star Irene Pappas. He even found time between tears to introduce her to Mack Sennett, because she thought he was still a big wheel in the picture business and could bring her to Hollywood.

Those Katharine Dunham rumors just about the time Rita was expecting their baby. His Deauville dates with Joan Fontaine? They might have meant something, they probably meant nothing. Let us never forget that in Muslim tradition a woman counts for nothing except to bear sons for the glory of Allah. You can bet that Rita will rear Yasmin for the glory of the little girl’s happiness whatever the religion. She’s a good mother in spite of her frenzied and pathetic non-stop search for the perfect romance, which has in the past taken her away from her children very frequently when she’d rather be with them.

When Glenn Ford, who has worked so much with Rita, talks about her, which he only rarely does, there’s a great sympathy and a touch of tragedy in his voice. He seems apprehensive for her happiness. And actually, with the shedding of her once Prince Charming, what does the future promise for Rita?

She won’t lack money—although she asked none for herself from Aly. She’s expected to collect at least half-a-million dollars from her last two pictures—Affair in Trinidad, and Salome—capital gains too—for her own Beckwith Corporation. And I don’t see how she can miss with Miss Sadie Thompson, the Somerset Maugham play, Rain, that has brought fame and acclaim to everyone who plays the leading lady.

Rita isn’t careful or particularly clever with money. She lives quietly, doesn’t spend money on parties or pretties, and she can stash enough away to retire one day on her own terms. Money could never spell happiness for Rita. I’m not sure anything can. But a reasonable facsimile will have to look like a Man. She’ll fall in love again—and again again. The woods are full of men willing to leap on the Hayworth love wagon. Publicity seekers like Bob Savage, who trumpeted about some kisses and called a columnist with the world-shaking news that he was off to Spain to marry her—and she didn’t know who he was from Hades.

Rita, the girl without formal education, has an innate instinct for the right thing to do. She’s always a lady when she busts up with her beau, even when she marries them—and except for explaining that she couldn’t live with a genius—Orson Wells—invariably says, “No comment,” before and after the romance of the moment.

She said, “No comment,” when asked if she planned to marry Spanish Count José María Villa-Fadeuera when she divorces Aly. Although she was seen everywhere with the Count in Madrid when she left Aly’s mansion in Paris—the Spaniard’s a horse breeder, too, and I’d bet she won’t play second fiddle to the nags again. (Rita’s unpredictable so I won’t bet too much!)

Casting a cold eye over the Hollywood product, your favorite guess is as good as mine. Dick Greene was a favorite when she left. But she might be married to someone else when you read this. She raised her sights when she raised her hairline, 15, 16 years ago. Now Rita wants to revert to the kind of life that was possible when she answered to Marguerite Cansino. Cinderella is tired. The glass shoe pinched. We can only hope her fairy godmother has another trick up her wand. P. S. It’s pumpkins to Princess the old gal has.
“You know what I think, Mr. Delacorte?” Bob Mitchum asked, answering the question himself. “I think you ought to sell tickets to this party every year for producers who are searching for new talent.” He arched a brow at the unknown blonde who practically swooned in her tracks. “There are enough stars of tomorrow here to cast every picture for the next two years.”

Mr. Mitchum never said it better, and he’s said many a mouthful in his time, for if you don’t think actors are rugged, genuine people, try looking Paul Douglas in it. Or risk a handshake with Buddy Baer.

That’s is why actors. We happen to like the endless gang who were at the party. Like David Wayne, who spills over with charm. Like Glenn Ford, who is a cinch to land on the Ten Most Popular list in 1953. (Our authority: the editors’ wives.) Like the cowboy contingent, long-hair Ricardo Montalban and Rex Allen. Like Pete Lawford.

Now there’s a Modern Screen favorite, just beginning to get his big breaks so long deserved. John’s lovely wife told us that his new role is for a young Rudolph Valentino to be My Dad, J. R., Edward Arnold’s son.

This joint—pardon this place—is like Grand Central Station, Academy Award winners, Don Howard, John Wayne, Bob Taylor, followers, who can’t believe the arm carried her magnificent new mink coat and her delightful face was framed in a hat that just wouldn’t stop. (Hedda Hopper, “I couldn’t stop my eyes from following that chapeau when Ann is there.”) Jeannie Crain, in a white beaded dress with a feathered picture hat. She stopped the party, for at least a minute and a half, and caused some young girls to throw off their eyes away from the ever-charming Mrs. I. C. enough to exclam, “I don’t believe it!” (If we misquote you, Don, see you next year and we’ll straighten it out.)

So the band played on, flowing like champagne, right up to the several wonderful climaxes of the evening, one of which occurred when John Lenthall and Tony Curtis, both among the “big boys,” the Johnnie Grant Favorites of the year, showed up to accept the All-Time Comedy Favorites Award for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who were famous for their comic hysterial on a personal appearance tour.

“Aha!” Janet exclaimed into the radio microphone, “this is a great opportunity. We’ll grab those guys right now.”

“Sure thing,” Tony agreed. “This is a good time as a any to grab a few spots. I want to tell the world about our co-starring picture, Houdini. But they didn’t do that. Instead, Mr. Grant said, so many good things about America’s favorite real hoop, that there isn’t room to print them here. (And speaking of idols, Tony was limping from an accident received on the set. Some columnists say that Johnnie Grant, in a private plane, was kicked under the table. No truth to this, though.)

Well, that’s rumor for you. Rumor usually starts with beautiful women. Perhaps the only reason Marilyn appeared alone at the party, private idols that there isn’t room to print them here. (And speaking of idols, Tony was limping from an accident received on the set. Some columnists say that Johnnie Grant, in a private plane, was kicked under the table. No truth to this, though.)

Marilyn, however, made plenty of splash on her own. When she was interviewed on the air by Jim McCulla, she sniffed her nose and said, “I’m the Most Popular New Star Award. And because the party has to end somewhere, we conclude this report with Jim asking Marilyn, “Do gentlemen get any breaks?”

Marilyn staggered the commentator with her famous look and replied, lazily, “Gosh, Jim, I HOPE SO!”
ANNE BAXTER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than 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! Never was hair care easier or more rewarding. In hardest water, Lustre-Creme Shampoo foams into lavish, deep-cleansing lather that "shines" as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright, free of loose dandruff.

Will not dry hair! Wonderful Lustre-Creme doesn't dry or dull your hair—even if you want to shampoo every day! Lustre-Creme is blessed with Natural Lanolin to make up for loss of protective oils... bring out glorious sheen and highlights in 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 joy to manage. Even flyaway locks respond to the lightest touch of brush or comb. No special after-rinses!

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.
The *enchanted silhouette*—
dream of all, a reality for
movie stars, yours within reach!
Above right, Anne Baxter,
star of *My Wife’s Best Friend*
for 20th and right, beautiful
Janice Rule, young film star
and ballerina pose in clothes
from their personal wardrobes—
their costumes the more
glamorous because of the
enchanted silhouette! On the
left, the Playtex fabric lined
girdle—like a second skin,
without a single seam, stitch or
bone. Playtex girdles are
perforated so that they breathe
like the pores of the skin,
they wash and pat dry in
seconds. Playtex—glamor
foundation for all types of
clothes!
Beauty, glamor, practicality—a complete bra wardrobe—all for $4!

Above, nylon wonder bra with circle-stitched cups lined in the under-sections—peek-a-boo front for sharper accentuation. About $1. Above right, deep-plunging bra of acetate satin edged with embroidered nylon-sheer—full elasticized bottom band. About $1. Right, alluring strapless bra. Circle-stitched acetate satin and embroidered nylon-sheer cups, wired around sides and top for perfect fit—low-cut lastex back. About $2. All three bras in white (strapless in black also)—all three by Lovable. Jewelry by Richelieu.

YOUR HEART'S DESIRE

THESE LOVABLE BRAS AND RICHELIEU JEWELRY ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.
PRETTY
AS A
PICTURE

Nancy Olson, appearing in the Wayne-Fellows production Big Jim McLain released by Warner Brothers, co-starring John Wayne, poses in a lovely all-nylon Luxite nitie of tricot, net and lace. Luxite makes a matching slip petticoat and pantie—all are available in white or pink—nitie also available in blue. Nitie, 32 to 42, about $7. Slip, 32 to 42, about $5. Petticoat, small, medium or large, about $3.50. Pantie, 4 to 7, about $1.75

THIS LUXITE LINGERIE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 73; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
“STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT…”

Brilliant star Joanne Druc co-starring with Richard Widmark in 20th's *My Pal Gus* and next to be seen in U-I's *Thunder Bay* co-starring with Jimmy Stewart—in a Stardust gown of plissé cotton crepe, dramatically styled and trimmed with embroidered nylon sheer and nylon net. Gown (and shortie gown, not shown) in pink, maize, blue or white. Gown, sizes 32 to 40 (shortie gown, S.M.L.). About $2.98 each. Companion Stardust slip, camisole and petticoat (not shown)—in white only. Slip, sizes 32 to 44. Camisole and petticoat, S.M.L. About $1.98 each. Stardust lingerie guaranteed for one year—no ironing necessary.

STARDUST LINGERIE MAY BE PURCHASED FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 73; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
the dress of the month

February is Aquarius
Sign of Love

Love that silken look?
Love that blush of soft pastels?
Love that dress which does wonders for your figure, your wardrobe, your morale? Then you'll love your RITE-FIT Dress of the Month selections for February. As always RITE-FIT reaches for the stars to give you the remarkable value, the most outstanding fashions for the lovely-to-look-at price of each dress, about $9

Above — Shimmering watercolor print of acetate and nylon has a lovely silken touch. Collar stands up with a flip of the hand. Rhinestone buttons gleam like sunlight on water. Aqua/pink, rose/blue, grey/violet.
Sizes: 14½ to 22½.
Bur-nail Fabric Printed by United Piece Dye Works.


MAX WIESEN & SONS CO., INC. 463 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18

Comfort plus glamour is the big news in casual outwear! Above, Ah-Footsie slippers with thick omy foamex rubber sole, made of corduroy with contrast trim—hand washable, Red, yellow, blue, white or green. Sizes: S. M. L. or XL. About $9.80. Available at leading department stores throughout the country.

where to buy
modern screen's fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 651 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

LUXITE LINGERIE—Pg. 71
Berkeley, Calif.—J. F. Hink & Son
Chicago, Ill.—W. Boldt's
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Evanston, Ill.—Lord's
Fl. Smith, Ark.—Hunt Dry Goods Co.
Hazelton, Pa.—C. D. Tincher Sons
Houston, Texas—Kuyper & Twitty
Jacksonville, Fla.—Levy's
Lincoln, Neb.—Gold & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Lowenstein
New Bedford, Mass.—Cherry & Co.
New Orleans, La.—Labiche
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Cuppwell Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Rothschuld's
Omaha, Neb.—J. L. Brandel's
Orlando, Fla.—Dickson & Ives
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel's
Plainsfield, N. J.—Rosenbaum
Portland, Oregon—Mier & Frank
Racing, Wis.—Zahn's
San Francisco, Calif.—Joseph Magnin
San Diego, Calif.—Walker's
Seattle, Wash.—Rhode's
South Bend, Ind.—George Wyman & Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
Tucson, Ariz.—Jacome's
Tulsa, Okla.—Street's
Washington, D. C.—Whelan's

STARDUST LINGERIE—Pg. 72
Akron, Ohio—J. Polchky
Boston, Mass.—Conrad Co.
Brooklyn, New York—Abraham & Straus
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollmans
Dallas, Texas—Kitchin Goozinger Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Warburgs Co.
Jamaica, Long Island—B. Gert's
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's
New York, N. Y.—Saks 5th Street
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Halliburton's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Litt Bros.
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
St. Petersburg, Fla.—Maas Bros.
The Beverly Hills Police Department has been alerted and has agreed to provide an escort, complete with sirens to terrify all non-expecting bystanders out of the area. With this assistance Michael figures he can get Elizabeth into the maternity quarters almost as fast as if he lived next door. The method of summoning the police officers will probably have to be by telephone, although there is the hazard there of wrong numbers, fingers stuck in dials and operators who, in emergencies, can't speak English. A flare might do it. It mght be more to the point to have the police on the lookout at the Beverly Hills Police station, would be required to keep their eyes peeled for the north sky all during the month of January.

Elizabeth made a suggestion during the briefing that they drive singly down the mountain and pick up the escort at the Beverly Hills Hotel. This may be added.

Another thing that Michael Widing is cognizant of is that babies born in hospitals sometimes get mixed up. He remembers reading somewhere that it has happened right in Los Angeles about 1956. “A man takes an awful chance,” he said. “They put a lot of them in back of that glassed-in pen in little cribs, and the Louisiana parents of whom and to whom they belong to. No sense in taking a chance on that, is there?”

In order to avoid this possibility, the Wodings have already engaged two rooms at the hospital, with a nurse between, so that either Michael or Elizabeth can keep an eye on the tot from the time it is delivered until they take it home. He has been assured by his wife’s doctors that the hands of this obstetrician are like the hands of wise and experienced. They are sure that the babies are footprinted immediately after birth, tagged with identification beads and never out of sight of a wary nurse until the parent arrives and takes possession of the one marked crib. But he doesn’t trust the system. And he and Elizabeth both excuse the other room and the special nurses required on the grounds that in this way they will be able to see their first born at any time, and that Michael will not have to observe regular visiting hours and press his nose against a pane of glass to get a peek at his offspring.

Bye ushers Elizabeth through the hospital doors and into a room where she will be in competent hands. Michael has a long ride ahead of him. He feels that what has been done by the Department of Poor has already been done by. His only obligation from that point forward will be to hold on tightly and be alert to the dangers of the nursery and aware of the importance of the occasion, and that the nurses remember they are disciples of Florence Nightingale and spare Elizabeth all possible discomfort.

No one has had the heart, apparently, to tell him about the hours of waiting. He has not been briefed on the Fathers Room and probably has been leaving him, I can tell him about that.
daily double
Continued from page 48) a day. We did
not have dinner in New York.
"No, I don't think so, you didn't," he
looked at her. "So eat that steak, drink that
orange juice and glucose, and as soon as
it's all down you lie down and get some
sleep, and we'll talk about it, or,"
Betty did as she was told.

Down the street, in a pub near the
Palladium, two casually dressed
gentlemen of the press decided to have
another pint of bitter each, and have another
talk about it.
"Whatever can we say, old man?" asked
the deadline sprinter of the other.
"I don't know, but at least it was wonderful, of
course." That was all they had to say.
"Can't say that, it's meaningless. We've
died it about 'Star Turns' before. They
were wonderful, but Betty Hutton is
worth talking about.
"Superb is no good; sounds as if we
were reviewing Dame Sybil Thorndyke."
"But what can we write? She thrilled
me, you know, but no one else will ever
believe that we actually mean to say that.
"One thing is, and that's the
performance to believe that a variety turn
can be so emotional an experience."
The first newcomer reluctantly put down
his pint. "We'll ask the other—"
I don't know what to do."
"I saw the show, and I saw
the emotion there."

What they really saw was the look on
Betty Hutton's face, which she
brought it on, for they'd just
seen a show that went like this:
"After more than a hour of singing
and hot, dancing straight and
for the overhead of a trouper
with talent, high gloss of professionalism, guts, pathos,
humor and beauty.
What this means is that Betty, by
succeeding in vaudeville, which she
considers the real barometer of
success, has finally won her spurs. From now
on she is a star in its fullest meaning.
Before the big leap, neither she nor Charlie
O'Connell was sure of what would happen,
but they had the courage to make a
try.
If you remember, the stakes were for all or
nothing. Happily the decision is in,
and on all their side. They won hands
down.
"It wasn't so hard with Genius at my
side," says the blonde, hugging her
groom.

There's no need now to worry about
losing the one thing in the world she
really owned, her house. No need for
Charlie to worry if he did right in
giving up his contract at Paramount. No sir.
No need to worry about anything but their
health.
This last point is, however, one to
consider seriously. Having had one breakdown
since the opening of this show, he
wonders if Charlie watches Betty like a combination
doctor, coach, and mother hen.
They arrived in England scarcely two
months before her last throat operation,
and she was not, needless to say, as
very strong. She actually looked a bit
peaked, but since time is money now that they're
free-lancers, they had to get the show on the road. A true, exciting,
demanding show it is.

Even a completely healthy girl might
understandably feel dizzy from such
physical exertion; it was almost to be expected
that one so recently under the surgeon's
knife would reel and sway and nearly fall.
This is exactly what happened one
performance. When the lights went up,
that the crowd, knowing then about the stunt fall,
thought it was part of the act, and took it
as such until Betty was helped down and stepped forward to apologize in a weak little voice.

The doctor called it flu and ordered her to bed where she stayed for only one day. She'd missed the first performance of her life and she didn't like it. Frankie Laine, who had bought tickets to see her, filled in for her in her place.

"He was swell, and I'm grateful to him, but the people expect to see me, don't they," she croaked from her bed. So bad she had a nasty wobble. "And they're going to see it all."

In addition to orders from her doctor, pleadings from her husband, her mother and even the government, telegrams all to the same effect. "Cut the trapeze. It isn't worth the risk," they said. As the head of an official delegation, the president of her foundation, the producer, and most of the cast were going to be there, they hoped it would be all right.

The show was good enough; and that the members did not want to lose their star, so please stick to singing and dancing. Betty's answer typewritten in one sentence was: "It's very sweet, and I appreciate it. But I'm not promisin' anything except that I'm 'arin' to go."

That day she returned to the act, no one, possibly not even Betty herself, knew what she intended doing about the finale. It was a real-life enactment of the crucial scene from any number of the pictures she had seen as a child or in her own direct way she stepped to the edge of the blazing stage.

"I have an apology to make to you people," she said, peering out into the blackness. "I haven't been tellin' the truth. I might have to flyin' run into the wings... and if that happens I hope you will forgive me. I want to give you a great show, but I might make mistakes. So, listen, will you?"

And then, making the atom bomb look like the convalescent, she proceeded to give them the best show yet. At one point, she put her foot on the piano and sure enough, finished with the trapeze.

A new set of reviews blossomed next day. Her "return" was greeted with the enthusiasm usually reserved for a star's start. And every newspaper had to say especially difficult bout with the enemy. Betty and her trapeze have become nearly as important as the changing of the guards.

The courage impressed the British that when ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee pulled an unusually daring political feat a few days later, the headlines referred to it as "A Betty Hutton."

A new expression for something brave and risky has passed into the Queen's English.

Two things favored a reception warmer than her last. Firstly, Londoners, no matter how many times they had been to see her, are always cautious at the first time. Not that—indeed, in 1948 Betty was a pretty strange pill for them to swallow. "An acquired taste, like mushrooms," someone said. But she is much more than that, but she failed to touch their hearts as had, for instance, Danny Kaye.

But this year, she didn't just "come" to London. She "came back"... a vast difference.

Even better, she was greatly subdued and infinitely more charming and appealing. Also there is that love light in her eyes, and her voice, which takes on that sort of thing as well as any Latin just doesn't know England.

Soon after their fabulous opening the O'Currians invited a few people up to celebrate. Someone asked Charlie if he found living with a girl who daily breaks through the sound barrier more than somewhat nerve-wracking.

"Oh no, 'cause when I tell her to pipe down, she pipes down!" He pounded the arm of the chair he was sitting in, with his bride on his lap. "No, sir. Life with the Lambs isn't all slam, bang, scream, and yell. The operation gave me a spell of peace. Only thing is that now she can holler twice as effectively."

But somehow, then added, "But I won't unless absolutely necessary. We must conserve our professional resources, so you do the hollering for me." She squeezed his arm and snuggled a little closer into his lap. "You know, my guy is awfully active. I can hardly keep up with him."

Her eyes dropped sleepy and Charlie had to prop her to her feet so she could say good night.

Mr. O'Curran rates high with Lindsay and Candice, too. At least such would be the case judging by what they said to their father recently when he asked if they loved him. "Yes, Daddy, we love you; but we love Charlie, too."

Betty was supposed to have been pretty good in her previous marriage. She is supposed to have refused to let Ted Briskin have even a small part of the say that Charlie gets. A friend explains this way: Briskin was the new interest, the show business. He just wanted to boss, with no special aim in view. So rather than let him get everything hopelessly tangled up, Betty put her foot in the way, in particular, that you that means everything to her to be able to have someone constantly around with whom she can talk show business. She loves it and needs to have a husband who loves it, too.

Betty agrees very willingly with this diagnosis. "Ted was a nice guy, all right, but he made camerashots, and I don't know what camerashots are used to be pretty stuck for conversation."

So it wasn't true that Betty had to run things for the sake of being boss. Nor was it true that Betty was a very good producer. Unless all this present success is only a happy blunder.

The new Mrs. O' C. had long talked of Charlie's abilities and procedures. To one who has never even think it they would take her very seriously, if at all. When she told Para- mount she'd stand with them only if they made him a full director, they thought him crazy. Betty is less prompt.

Unless on the basis of the team's first ventures, even a Paramount executive has to admit that O'Curran has what it takes. After New York handed them its favorable verdict Betty screamed to all the world, "What'd I tell you? My man! My boss! From her own point of view she'd think, that is, unless someone else says so. Then maybe a tiny touch of ham in her shows with a pink flush around the hairline and a small pucker between the eyes."

Strictly from a production point of view, the slide-rule perfect show is his all right. For example, there is one place in it where Betty takes, as a rule, a long time to apply, and a longer time to remove. Since she has to make seven costume changes in full view of the audience, a less exacting would have decided to save the number. But not our Charles. He up and invented a chocolate-colored gelatine slide and his wife is lighted into black face and out of it with the smallest of movements.

Telling of their courtship Betty inadvertently admits that solid respect is at the base of her love for her husband; and in interrupting the telling, he reveals the same thing lies at the bottom of his love for her.

"Yeah," she chuckles, "I guess you could call it smug. Look what I got. He's not higher up than me, but he weighs 168, and that's not petite. Another thing, he's not prepared to take a walk, and he'll never hire another director."

She was harkning to her famous remark made in the hopeless despair of ever finding a man who could handle, come with, her, love and look down on her.

"I never would have guessed he was for me when I first met him on the set. For a week or so I just sort of noticed him around. And then, I cas- ually asked, 'How'd I do?' Pretty bad, dreamboat,' he said. Now, nobody jokes with me when I'm concentratin' on a picture. So I went straight to see a dance director, and fire him quick! They calmed me down and I shut up for a while.

"Then a few weeks later, something was wrong with one of my exits, and he kept buttin' in, sayin', 'Miss Hutton, if you would just try startin' off with your right foot.' I hated him deeply, and I kept bawlin' him out with my voice, but you can imagine how that exit a hundred times. Then I accidentally started off with the right foot, like he said, and it clicked."

"The reel which," injects O'Curran, "Betty stepped forward in front of about 200 people on the lot and said, 'Folks, O'Curran has been right since nine this morning, and I want to apologize to him and myself. I know you will understand. I realized she was 100% woman, and I loved her very much.'"

That's how they started dating.

"He would try to smoke the car," she recalls with a giggle, "and I would say, 'Please, Mr. O'Curran, please. Our relationship is strictly business, and in any case, I insist you get rid of that mustache a little longer (of the mustache)." So, she goes on, "I went to Korea and missed him something awful. There were a lot of guys out there. Handsome guys with medals, and I asked her her real name."

Unless all this present success is only a happy blunder.

The new Mrs. O' C. had long talked of Charlie's abilities and procedures. To one who has never even think it they would take her very seriously, if at all. When she told Para- market she'd stand with them only if they made him a full director, they thought him crazy. Betty is less prompt.

"But I've got something to kidnap him," says Mrs. O'Curran, wearing her sheriff pipe light. "First I called up my secretary and told her to get two tickets to Nevada. She called back and said she didn't have any tickets but if she had that was so special and then hit me. O'Curran was the only man with sex appeal who could make me laugh. They just didn't appeal to me, and I asked her if she could do it."

Amen," says Charlie, looking like a mighty happy kidnap victim.

Somewhere about that time the steady change between the two was the beginning. It came to full flower with the overwhelming confirmation of the righteousness of the marriage, her change, their flight from preconceived commitments, their marriage "in the Palladium. Starting when she made her decision about Charlie out there in Korea, she has grown daily greater as a woman, and as a per-
former. This leads only to the conclusion that O’Curran is the best thing that has ever happened to Hutton.

Most of the changes in her life are directly or indirectly due to him. While she had long felt the studio was increasingly dictatorial, and didn’t know what to do about it, he gave her the courage and moral support to break away, and something to fall back on if she failed. Neither claims the ownership of the notion to end the tie, but they say they came to the conclusion together, and it suddenly seemed so ridiculously simple. Just up and leave. They still wonder why it hadn’t occurred to them before.

Those who have loved Betty Hutton for years needn’t worry, though. She hasn’t really changed, but rather seems to have grown to her best advantage. It was all there before, it’s just been developed. For instance, Betty has always had excellent clothes sense, but she didn’t stand still long enough for anyone to notice. Now they do. London particularly has noted with “approval Betty’s good.queue suits worn with simple accessories for morning appearances; her dignified but beautiful afternoon clothes; and the downright gracious evening costumes she wears so charmingly. She launched a rad there for fake pearls all over everything, and quite in spite of herself has become a rival with Princess Margaret for pace-setting hats. A London lady must now choose between a blue-bagging Princess hat, or an about-to-fall-off Betty sort of thing.

Although years of mistreating her voice made what she calls “an operation for corns on the vocal chords” necessary, it may well have been Charlie’s common sense that led her to take the first singing lessons in her life. Or it may have been a good scare too.

“Oh, my voice wasn’t right for the Me,” she smiles, “but it was my bread and butter, and for a while after the operation there wasn’t any voice at all. I don’t mind tellin’ you I was scared. People thought I was savin’ it, but I tell you that for a few days it didn’t even exist. Then it started to come back, like a little baby’s at first, but it was there. I was so grateful I got down on my knees, and promised to take care of it always.”

In typical Hutton fashion she had been dramatizing every phase of the telling, down to the Jolson finish. Then brightly, she added an epilogue, “It’s a better voice, already. I can sing a little higher and a little lower . . . sorta sexier.”

“She means she used to be a whisky tenor, and now she’s a pink gin soprano,” laughed her husband.

That’s how things looked in London, and they kept on looking rosy. They took off for a “provincial tour,” Betty bundled up in a pair of pink fur slippers Charlie had bought her for a present. “Pink for a girl and fur because it’s going to be cold.”

When last heard from her press agent reported something like this: “The tour is wonderful. They’re as big a success out of town as here in London. Her health is better every day. Work is just a tonic to her. The marriage is perfect, a sock hit. After the tour they’ll head for America and the biggest Hutton-O’Curran production. . . . the baby. Betty’s scheduled to do the Sophie Tucker story, but figuring she can make it come out fine . . . She has to be paddled to play Sophie in the last scenes anyway.”

Which should answer once and for all the question of marriage versus career. At least for Betty Hutton O’Curran, they’re practically one and the very same thing.

Best Wishes,

Brenda

---

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

**QUICK HOME FACIAL**

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!

Now . . . follow Lady Esther’s super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth **Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** up your neck and face. Don’t rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads . . . relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don’t need astrigents. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second “rinse” of **Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream**. Remove with towel. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your “face.” Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You’re really pretty always.

So easy. Just think . . . with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself **Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** cleans, softens, tones and satinsizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

---

**Lady Esther**

4-Purpose FACE CREAM

**Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up**

All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twoosome for flawless, radiant skin.
Heady Excitement

in just 3 minutes with Marchand's Hair Rinse

Why let drab, dull hair make you just one of the crowd—when you can stand out so easily, turn heads with eye-catching color!

After your next shampoo, add a vibrant accent or a subtle highlight with Marchand's! No fuss... if you like, you can pour on glamorous new color, wash it out!

So safe! Brightest blonde to brunette, all 12 shades use Gov't-approved colors.

6 rinses 25¢ ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ......
tell her to keep it. But what's the use... I hate scenes. I paid and left.

Why do people do that to other people? I'm just asking. I'm not mad... now. It's even quite possible for me to imagine myself having lived a different life so that I could be the salesgirl and I would do the overcharging. In that case the question would be just as pertinent—why would I do it? The only answer I know is that people are that way, that's all. People are all sorts of ways they shouldn't be, and you either become indulgent of this and get along or you can fretter yourself to pieces.

A friend of mine plays golf weekends with a pathologist I shall call Dr. X. Dr. X is considered an honorable man in his profession and a leader in his branch of medicine—properly, so, too. And he is a generous man. He is the first to reach for the lunch check, the first to contribute to a good cause. But the fact is that Dr. X is also a cheat. He cheats at golf for a dime a hole! Everybody who has played with him has caught him at it... yet they know the doctor doesn't think so. Some sort of mental block stands between him and the realization that he has a habit of overlooking penalties, strokes and most of the rules of the game. The odd thing about it, the nice thing about it, is that all his friends in turn not only overlook this peculiarity, they have become fond of him for it! A bit confusing... but warm.

DO YOU PUZZLE ANYONE? There is a man in our circle of acquaintances who is normal in every way except one—and that causes me to do just a bit of haww-knitting if we invite him to a dinner. He doesn't like pale looking food. It has to have a definite, warm color. He hasn't eaten a piece of fish in his life. To me, who can eat anything, this is beyond comprehension. But I have to admit, it is a fact. At that, I do have a little food fetish of my own. When I order iced tea in a restaurant I want it fresh—that is, the tea steeped and then cooled after I order it—and know I really get it that way. Not being the type who can send something back after ordering it, I have lately taken to stratagem. I order hot tea plus ice and then make my own iced tea on the table. If you like iced tea you are welcome to this idea. The tea tastes better and, besides this, the fact that you make it yourself satisfies that

(Continued on page 80)
Before your youngsters see Walt Disney's fabulous new movie, Peter Pan, you'll want to treat them to these wonderful Dell Comics ... everyone of them based on exciting episodes from the Disney hit. Boys will love Peter Pan's thrilling battles with rascally Captain Hook and the adventures with the Indians. Girls will really enjoy Wendy's trips through Pixieland and the story of Neverland's mermaids. Yes indeed, there's fun for everyone in these Dell Comics, especially in Peter Pan Treasure Chest (a giant Dell 50c Comic) which is chock full of extra features, puzzles, cutouts, tricks and games.

Surprise your youngsters today. Take home—

WALT DISNEY'S PETER PAN COMICS

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Take my word for it

urge to cook which is supposed to be in every woman—at least it takes care of as much urge to slave over a hot stove as I ever get!

LET'S GO BACK earlier in my life ... when I was going to high school in Newport News, Virginia. There was a boy who caught my eye — and he held it for two years during which time I did absolutely nothing about getting to meet him (let's not pretend that girls ordinarily don't try to meet boys they want to know). I'd see him the whole alone and pine to be alongside him. I'd see him with other girls and suffer. I must not have suffered in silence because I can remember these words from a schoolmate: "It's perfectly silly! You can get to meet him. Sandman knows him, and I'll get her to introduce me and then I'll introduce you!"

But I wouldn't agree and, to this day, I don't know why. There was another boy I saw in that period. He showed up as a singer with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. They played, he sang, I moaned, and then there were long years that passed. But one day in New York he made up his mind to invite me for a drive ... which is how Frankie and Ava finally met. Did I know this would happen back in Newport News? Is that why I was content not to circulate more? Sometimes young girls have instincts like this. I can't say that this describes me. I don't have to have reasons for what I don't do ... or do.

It has just occurred to me that there is a reason why I talk so much about people— for some time I have been trying to become a better example myself. If I had to start being Ava Gardner all over again I'd hope, of course, that I'd be just as lucky as I have been. Getting a chance to get into the movies was luck, and there is no point in calling it anything else. But aside from that there was something I failed to do until just lately, and that something I would now start at from the very beginning. That something is to work towards becoming a fully developed person. It was a great shock to me some years ago to realize an odd aspect about myself. I heard success on the screen. I was in a position now to get all I could possibly want from the world ... but I couldn't use it! Yes, yes, I could put clothes on my back and surround myself with fine things in my home ... but I felt there must be something fuller to life than just being a doll in a doll's house.

WHAT DID I KNOW? A little about acting, a little about dancing, a smidgen about music ... that was me. About people—and you have to live your whole life with and around people—I was, as I still am, just puzzled. Since this included myself I didn't know how to really come alive, to express myself, to test my more serious capabilities and give myself a closer identification with my time in history and thus an inner satisfaction with my part in it.

Let me tell you how all this started ... because it may happen to you ... it should happen to all of us, I think! Some years ago I had to spend a Sunday in a strange town. There were no theatres or movies open, no events of any kind, and I didn't know a soul. I found myself terribly bored and couldn't wait until

I WOlf GO INTO EVERY STEP I took from that point on. Suppose I just skip to the results:

Who would suspect that achieving, not necessarily a knowledge, but just an appreciation for books, for music, for art in all its interesting forms, would help give a girl poise? I mean, maybe you would know this ... but I didn't. And that was only one of the surprising results. I still haven't figured out just what the process is, but a little I know. The very fact that I can sit down and enjoy fine thoughts in a book or staring musical themes and artistry at a concert must give you the one trait of character you can't get without earning it—a true sense of humility and, curiously enough, with that a true self-respect. I still don't understand how these two can be so closely related, but I know it is so. It must also be that the fine thoughts (and good thinking) which you get from literature, and the inspiration you get from music or a fine painting, are not stimulations which leave you unchanged. You grow a little each time in a good way. Maybe it causes you to expect something better from yourself, and thus automatically elevates your thoughts. Whatever it is, your attitude is finer and the people you meet know it and, as has been my experience, respond, in kind.

continued from page 79

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Ava Gardner personally. Simply write to her, c/o Monday Screen, 144 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self- addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

Ava Gardner
what lana does to men

(Continued from page 38) was an earnest young man bent on making good in his chosen profession. He was well-balanced and seemingly devoid of the flightiness of many actors.

I had also known Lana for a long time. She and my son, Bill, had tested for parts in her first picture. Bill lost; Lana won. The film was titled "They Won't Forget," and apparently the public didn't forget. Lana had scarcely more than a walk-on part; but she wore one of those tight sweaters that made her famous. Even then, though still in her teens, she was evoking wolf whistles. The men ogled but kept hands off, Young Lana was regarded as beautiful jail-bait. But she was a headstrong, independent girl. It was her misfortune that this young actress, who turned practically overnight into a screen butterfly,

Lana, who had been denied much in the impoverished days of her youth and carried in her veins the blood of her gambling father, loved it all: the glamour, the excitement, even the uncertainty of the show world. It meant soars of men panting for a date with her, night clubs, dancing, music, and a prospect that could end only in glory. How many young girls have had this dream? Lana was the all-American blonde who flies through the minds of most males. To women she was the girl from across the tracks who beat the rap and made good. Pleasure-seeking Lana didn't work too hard for stardom. The adoring public and some high-powered press agents thrust it upon her. If she lacked a talent for acting, she had a genius for making mistakes. She was a young girl of 20 giddy on the wine of success, and not very receptive to the advice of older, wiser people.

That's how I viewed Lana when Tyrone Power became romantically entangled with her, and I told him so. "But you don't know the real Lana Turner," he said. "Let me bring her to your home. I want you to see Lana as I do." Now these old eyes had seen countless, hectic, short-lived romances among show people; but they still skeptically sought for the miracle—Until death us do part. So I asked Ty to bring her for a visit.

We spent an evening together; and I thought, at long weary last, I had found the miracle. Lana was dressed simply and as demure as a girl fresh from the farmlands, could talk of nothing but Ty. And his chief subject was Turner. It was hard to see in her the brash young lass who had bought her clothes to match the fire-engine red of her first automobile and even tried to have her hair dyed the same color. Curled upon a sofa like a kitten and looking like the little girl next door, she hung on every word Ty spoke. The arrangement showed itself in my face. Ty noticed it and grinned, "See—what did I tell you, honey?"

If she was putting on an act, it was better than anything she's ever done on the screen. I kept thinking of what a handsome couple they made; and of what beautiful children they could bring into the world. Later when she held in her hands only the ashes of a broken romance, Lana said she never really loved Ty; nor he her. They were simply good companions.

That I will never believe. While in the midst of making Green Dolphin Street, she slipped off to Mexico to visit Ty, risking the wrath of her studio, even suspension, when bad weather delayed her return to Hollywood two days. I'll admit that "good companionship" is not the most common commodity in Hollywood; but it's not that scarce, especially when your ab-

Look Out . . .

GARGLE Listerine Antiseptic as soon as you can. Prompt germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

When you're overheated and go out into the cold night air, you may be letting yourself in for a troublesome cold, a nasty sore throat due to a cold...or worse.

Germs Invade Tissue

You see, fatigue and sudden changes of temperature may often lower body resistance. Then potentially troublesome germs called the "secondary invaders" can stage a mass invasion of the tissue. They can set up an infection, or aggravate one that is already started.

Then, if ever, Nature can use a helping hand to go after such threatening germs...to help guard against such a mass invasion...to help head off a cold before it gets entrenched. That is why, when you get home, it is wise to gargle with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Attacks "Secondary Invaders"

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders" that many doctors hold responsible for so much of a cold's misery.

Actual tests have shown that the Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling, and up to 80% one hour after.

Always at the First Sniffle

Whenever you have sniffles, your throat is raw because of an oncoming cold, or you feel chilly or under par, start the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may thus spare yourself a nasty siege of trouble.

Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Mo.

for Colds and Sore Throat!

GARGLE Listerine Antiseptic QUICK!

to kill germs like these

with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic repeatedly.

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7% and that within one hour afterward as much as 80%. Among them were the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's course when they invade the body through throat tissue.

SOME OF THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Staphylococcus pyr. 

Every week on Radio and Television Enjoy—

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station.
Monthly Distress relieved FAST with CHI-CHESTERS

- OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Now you can get faster, longer lasting relief from monthly distress, simple headache, neuralgia, cramps, backache. In clinical tests 8 out of 10 women found relief with the new Formula Chi-Chesters. Perfectly safe to take as directed. Get the 50¢ Purse Pak from your druggist. Economy sizes at $1.15 and $2.25. Will mail direct if druggist does not stock.


AMERICA'S

FAMOUS FASHION GUIDE

Aldens Big Catalog

560 pages ... 136 in glorious color

- See newest '53 fashions-
- Spring's newest colors
- The changing silhouette
- Miracle fabrics galore
- Gobbs belts, tiny wists
- New "polished" cottons
- All-the-rage cold dresses
- Sheath 'n cape ensembles

ABSOLUTELY FREE ... a world of thrilling new 1953 fashions for you. Over 30,000 selections, lowest-priced by Aldens, America's style price-passer since 1889! Fashion-firsts by top designers of two continents ... everything, top to toe, for a lovelier you—gracious lady, junior, miss or teen! Fashions for family, home, too.

Get your FREE Aldens catalog NOW ... enjoy better, living at lower cost. Money-back satisfaction guaranteed. ALDENS, Chicago 80, Illinois.

MAIL NOW — PASTE TO POST CARD —

ALDENS, Dept. 203

Box 8340A, Chicago 80, Ill.

Please rush my FREE Aldens Spring & Summer Catalog.

Print NAME

Print ADDRESS or R.F.D. No.

Print POST OFFICE (Town) STATE

sence from the sound stages may mean idleness on the part of dozens of work- men. I say love is the only emotion strong enough to induce a girl into doing such a foolish act.

Later I visited her in her dressing room when she was making Cass Timberlane. Still the talk was all Ty. They wanted to make a picture together. He adored her. Mere Chiches-

ter had been a divorce when ever he wished it; but it's not on record that he was in high haste to get that little decree so he could marry Lana.

When the romance exploded, I told Lana and told her she should regret it. "So do I," she sighed, "but I've had a wonderful year. Ty's a great guy. From now on I'll carry my chin a little higher and I won't have to hear those words before it. It seems that everybody is a "great guy" or "great girl" when the end comes.

It is more than passing irony that Lana in her new picture, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, is used by a man to further his own ambitions but rejects her love when she is no longer useful to him. This cannot be any other way. He never used Lana. During their romance he was as big a name as she. But I cannot say that about all the men in her life.

LET's flash back to the early days when Victor Mature, Turhan Bey, Tony Martin, and Bob Hutton were among her frequent escorts. They were all actors struggling toward big time in the movies; and being seen with glamorous Lana hurt them not one whit. Indeed, it was sufficient to get their pictures spread all over the papers. Lana was not the big star she is today, but she was a beautiful girl and the photographers' delight. It seems a long time ago but maybe you can remember what a striking couple blonde Turner and dish- ing, dark Mature made. Then there was Turhan Bey, who set feminine hearts aflutter with his suave, elegant continental manners. Just recently he reminded me that I had once said, "You look wicked, but you aren't." So he decided to do something about it. "I had great fun," he added, "but it certainly put a crimp in my bank account."

Greg Bautzer was her first great love; and this was unfortunate. He's one of the most eligible but most elusive bachelors in our town. Greg's a fine actor, but to take him seriously romantically is to invite heartache. Greg is a man who just naturally likes to have his arm decorated by a pretty girl swinging his Hand Grenade virile, well-mannered, and prosperous, he's the dreamboat whom all girls think they can land until they turn around and sud- denly he isn't there. Greg's more the marrying kind. But when he's with a girl, he's most attentive; so you think the latest gal on his arm is the love of his life.

Lana Turner, who describes Greg as "an escape from a different. Like the other girls she took a headlong fling at the determined bachelor and got bounced off for her pains. Though he didn't have his arm decorated in a faithful, helpful friend to Lana through her stormy life. In some instances, however, he was indirectly responsible for her grief.

IT began on her 19th birthday. Greg made a date to take Lana and her mother out for the evening, but at the last minute he begged off, claiming illness. Lana, at that moment engaged to Baut- zer, blew her top. Then the phone rang; and answering it was one of the biggest mistakes the girl ever made. On the other end of the wire was Artie Shaw with a line as smooth as silk. He didn't have to exhaust his extensive vocabulary to con- vince the furious girl that she should go out and winner with him. She didn't show but Bautzer that a lady didn't have to sit home evenings awaiting the whims of the lord and master.

Now Artie was not among Lana's favor- ite people. They had met when making a picture, *Dancing Co- ed.* To put it mildly there were no heart throbs between the two. Artie can be classified as an intel- ligent, smooth talker.

No night clubs with music, dancing, champagne for Artie. That would have caused distraction; and he couldn't hear himself talk. He drove Lana down to the sea in his first night made for love, with a full moon turning the surging tides gold. Tumultuous Lana was still burning over the Bautzer slight; Artie turned on the famous "Honeymoon Pilot," Paul Mantz, flew to Las Vegas and got married. For the ceremony, Artie pulled a ring off his finger for Lana. She had a very good ring in her handbag—the one Greg Bautzer gave her to seal their engagement. About this time Lana figured she ought to notify her mother about the event. She simply wired her that she had got married, but failed to state to whom. Her mother asked if it is true that there is a touch of madness in every actress, Marlene Dietrich said, "Of course. That's what makes us what we are. We should accept it—instead of going to analysts to be rid of it."

—General Essay to The New York Post

thought it had to be to Greg Bautzer. She was in for a dismal disillusionment.

So was Lana. Artie lost no time in start- ing to improve his bride—a matter that's become a habit with him. He wanted her to be everything from a cook to a philoso- pher. The case was hopeless. Lana tried, but the lessons didn't take. After four months of being brow-beaten, she locked Artie out of the house; called up Greg Bautzer and told him. She asked him to get her out of her marriage.

You would have thought that "education" would have included a lesson on men for Lana. But it didn't. For a little while it centered on her career; and her efforts proved her capability for acting in Ziegfeld Girl. But she went on a real night club kick, and the rounds were cleaned; and she was roasted for eligible men.

When it comes to romance, she's a law unto herself. She usurps the preroga- tives of most men, who, when they see a pretty girl say, "That's the dish for me," simply move right in. Well, Lana does the same. I've seen her in action. At a party we both attended, she eased the room, picked up a young gentleman, chatted over, balled out her hand, and said, "I'm Lana Turner, are you?"

Her men are like new dress or to be dinned over for pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she's like a child looking at a new doll. It's got to belong to her. And like a child, she can knock the stuffing out of the doll in a week. So she discards it, and pick up a new one. Of a trusting nature, she seldom pauses to differentiate between heels and haloes.

While night-clubbing one night, destitute brought Steve Crane into her life. He came over to her table and greeted Lana
by reminding her of his name. She remembered him as somebody she had met somewhere and invited him to join her party. They danced, and Lana promptly fell in love with him. That suited Steve fine. A reputed "tobacco heir," he was actually out here to make his fortune. Lana was a big name and could help him on his way. After a brief and passionate courtship, they were married.

A pall was quickly cast over that lovely affair by a girl named Carol Kurtz. She happened to be Steve's wife. They had separated but no divorce had become final. When angry Lana confronted him with the news, he readily tried to explain that he thought he'd been divorced. What a slip of memory. Lana, who was obviously weary of the boy by this time, quickly had her marriage annulled.

Steve got into the headlines by running his car off a cliff near Lana's home. It is said that he'd gone there to plead for a reconciliation. The girl wavered; then decided, for a change, not to marry the man. It was rumored that Steve, crushed with grief, had taken a sleeping potion and attempted to end his life in a car wreck. This has never been proven; but I went to the site, examined the auto tracks; and it certainly looked like no ordinary accident to me.

Life was getting complicated indeed for the gorgeous blonde; but there was more to come. Lana, now legally a single girl who had never been legally married to Steve, discovered she was going to have a baby. Steve's divorce was now final. They went to Tijuana and got married again. There was nothing else to do. When the baby was six months old, she divorced Steve. Steve's still in Hollywood, happily making the rounds.

Lana got one thing out of her marriage to him—a daughter to whom she's devoted. And in fairness to Lana, I must point out a tragedy that may be responsible for her jumping from man to man. She's always wanted a large family; but an RH factor in her blood makes child-bearing extremely difficult for her. She lost two babies by miscarriages; and little Cheryl herself has had a tough fight for survival.

It was after her break-up with Crane that Lana latched onto Ty Power. When he stepped out of her life, Bob Topping moved in. It was her old pal Greg Bautzer who suggested to Lana that Bob might make a good mate. He was a well-known playboy, thrice married; but he had a fine family background and heir to a fortune. The only catch was that he was still legally wed to Arline Judge. Lana wanted no part of him. But Bob was persistent. He flooded her with flowers and telephone calls, Still Lana wouldn't yield. It remained for that old matchmaker, Johnny Meyers, to get them together. It happened in New York.

Lana was not greatly impressed by meeting the gentleman in the flesh. But she had to attend a premiere and had no escort. So she called up Bob and asked if he'd escort her to the theater. Would he? That guy was absolutely delighted. In fact, he was so delighted that on the way to the theater he slipped a couple of baubles in her purse—earrings set with huge diamonds. But Bob didn't believe that diamonds should be a girl's best friend. He continued his pursuit of Lana by inviting her to spend a white Christmas on the family estate in Connecticut. He went all the way by asking her to bring her daughter and mother along. It would be one big happy gathering. The girl gave in.

She was impressed by the culture of the Topping family. Her own background had been rough and rugged. The Toppings were unlike the newly rich she had known

How lovely can you be?
ACCENT YOUR EYES
AND SEE!

It takes just a few accents of Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Shadow to make your eyes more beautiful. Instantly they give your face more life and expression. So, of course, when your eyes look lovelier, you look lovelier, too.
Try it—you'll see!

Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

MASCARA • EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL

Learn DENTAL NURSING
Prepare now for a well-paid career. Learn chairside and reception technique, X-ray, lab, personality development. Simplified, personal Instruction. If you are between 17 and 25, you can begin in spare time at home and shorten classwork. Write today for FREE booklet.

WAYNE SCHOOL
D-15
3521 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, III.

If it's MONEY you want
Sell CREATIVE Greeting Cards!
Show samples to friends in spare time—make up to 150% cash profit plus valuable Bonus Gifts. Choose from 100 leading values: new 21-card $1 Everyday Assortment, Name-in-Gold Cards, and other Personalized Stationery, Gift Items.
No experience needed, a sample box sent on approval! Stationery FREE. Write today:
Creative Card Co., 2505 Garmak, DesE. 172-D, Chicago 8, Ill.

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?

How lovely can you be?
UNWANTED HAIR?
IT’S OFF before IT’S OUT
Quick as a wink, superfluous hair eliminated.
Completely removes hair from FACE, arms and legs.
Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.

Like magic, Milady’s skin becomes adorable. For the finest down or the heaviest growth. Suits men, women or children.
but our 39 years experience proves it is the scientifically correct way. Obsolete. Safe. Harmless. Simple. To Try. Superior to ordinary hair remover. For 15 years ZIPI Epilator was $3.50. NOW ONLY $1.10. Same superior formula, same size. Good stores by mail $1.10 or C.O.D. No Fed. tax. Above guaranteed, money-back.

JOE DÉE INC. Box 6-20, SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

You Are Invited To Earn
EXTRA MONEY EASILY

With CARDINAL Greeting Cards
4 in DIE CUT Perfect for Any Occasion
4 in SQUARE Perfect for Any Occasion
1 in SHAPE Perfect for Any Occasion

When you mail 21 cards $1.50 Everytime
For the whole family, for neighbors, for churches, for clubs, for school, for(Requested Envelope). Name and Address. Request Free Cards Catalog

TOMBSTONES
DIRECT TO YOU
Genuine Beautiful Rockdale Monuments, Markers, Satisfactory. MONEY BACK or Free Return. Freight paid. Write for our FREE Catalog and Samples.
ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.
Dept. 530 JOLIET, ILLINOIS

SHORTHAND
IN 6 WEEKS

LOW COST
AT HOME

Write 120 words per minute. Age no obstacle.
Female Speedwriters \& the Last, \& the First, No symbols, no machines: uses ABC’s. Largest to learn and rapid, do their own work, send their papers, nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service Exams. Shorthand students, 150 words per minute. 50% Faster than Civil Service requirements. Over $100,000 taught by mail. The very low cost will surprise you. Also type. 1st Year. Schools in over 500 cities. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO:

Speedwriting
Dept. 802-3, 539 W. 42D St., N. Y., N. Y.

Here’s Why. . . . Anocin® is like a doctor’s prescription. That is, Anocin contains nothing but one of the many of medicinally proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anocin gives FAST, LONG-LASTING relief. Don’t wait. Buy Anocin today.

RELIEVES PAIN OF
HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

Lana's previous marriages had been elopements; and her one to Bob was, she insisted, to be the real thing with all the trappings. There would be dignity about it that dogged Lana still at her heels. The marriage rites blew up into a farce. The setting was gorgeous with flowers, food, and champagne at the home of Bob's mother, who had discovered pictures as she sat sipping a soda at a drug store fountain. Twelve guests and one lone reporter were invited to the actual ceremony. But at the reception following, many, many people, including 63 photographers, showed up and turned the celebration into a maelstrom. Under the impact, Lana felt she had to have sweeties; but she later denied that. Even the minister was rebuked by his church for tying the knot.

They began their honeymoon in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. To get a story which I'd been assigned, I dropped right in on them. It was mid-afternoon, but I remember they were still in their dressing gowns, and a pair of old bedroom slippers as a concession to comfort. After their disastrous brush with the press at the wedding reception, they suddenly developed a phobia against people with press in their rooms and cameras with flashlight bulbs.

Fearing they would be hounded by the press, they had canceled a honeymoon in Palm Springs and decided to go to Italy to Europe. We had a nice conversation, however, and I warned them that they might as well go along with the press in London and Paris. You would be the only way they could expect to be treated kindly by the boys and girls whose job it is to get stories and pictures of famous people.

My advice went unheeded. In London, a press conference was set up. Lana arrived late, keeping reporters waiting. When she did show up, she flipped off the reporters with a few choice words. Of course, they were written up in a scathing manner, which made them angrier than ever at the press.

They went to Scotland. Then, the East; and then became virtual hermits in a $90,000 house in Holmby Hills. But they kept contact with the world through the aid of television sets. They were first to have one, and the home had so many aerie it looked like something descended from Mars. Hollywood was amazed at the Toppings' retirement, because if there ever were a playboy and a playgirl, that was Lana and Bob.

During this period, Lana dropped by my house for an interview. Getting a story out of her was rugged. She was too close to her husband to have any object whatever that would make news; and I must say she looked it. She had become nearly domesticated, and who was interested in reading about that?

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, one of the pair had murmured, "This is forever." There were two schools of thought on this. Some claim Bob made the statement; others claim Lana that she did. But after the tragic loss of her two babies, reports that the Toppings were having serious arguments became more and more frequent. Finally Bob went to Oregon on a fishing trip, presumably "to think it over," and neglected to come back home.

Now officially separated again, Lana began to hear details about her and they sat on Latin Lover Fernando Lamas. They were co-starring in The Merry Widow; and I believed the romance was a publicity stunt. But it began, "But the affair turned into love. And for film fans it made exciting news: The Latin Lover and the Blonde Beauty. Lana went to Nevada and divorced Topping. A week later she married her former costar to wed Lamas. I didn't. In the middle of the romance, Lamas had whispered to me, "I don't think we'll ever marry. She's too demanding."

The explosion was sudden and final. Fernando took both Lana and Ava Gardner to Marion Davies' party for the Johnnie Paulette in Long Beach. But Lamas was moving again. This time it fell on Tarzan—Lex Barker. Being out of town, I wasn't present at the affair, but was told that when Lex arrived, he found Lamas had bled Fernando's blood over and we soon were notified that the romance between Turner and Lamas had gone kaput.

"It's true," Fernando told me cautiously. "But I hope we can always be friends and make a good picture out of Latin Lovers." In this they were scheduled to co-star; but within a few days, Fernando was dropped, and Lamas was replaced by Ricardo Montalban.

You could see the way the wind was blowing. Stories emanating from Leo was the new Hollywood light. The general tenor of the story was that poor Lana had helped Fernando get his studio contract; and now he showed his gratitude by treating her badly. Lana was nothing to do with his movie contract.

The reason, I believe, that he was dropped in Latin Lovers is that the studio figured that instead of coming out loving, they'd come out with their dukes up. Even if the picture was made without Mayhem, the public would believe the story of the busted romance. Either Lamas or Turner had to go; and she was more important. So Fernando got the axe.

He didn't carry a torch for Lana, but quickly latched on to Arlene Dahl. As for Lana, she's still casting those baby blues around and alighting on no man of particular value to her. The bottom dollar isn't too long. The pattern will be repeated. I daresay she'll have plenty of romances and more marriages—that is, if she enjoys the spate of attention she gets from most women. But life with Lana has become so full, so repetitious, so enriched with material possessions that I don't believe any love or marriage would, in the end, last her until the end of her days.

PHOTO CREDITS
Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

bing crosby’s future

(Continued from page 33) were amazed beyond words that the malignancy had gone so far that there was nothing to be done to help her.

“It is in matter of hours, days, weeks—and we’ll keep trying. But it is hope less,” said the doctor who is also one of Bing’s closest friends.

For a moment it seemed that Bing, who had never suspected that his beautiful, diminutive wife was ill, would collapse. Then that aura of impenetrable dignity, that seems to color his personality at all times, came to his rescue.

“Dixie isn’t to be told,” he whispered, “but the boys must know.”

Weep for him in that hour of agony when he gathered his four sons before him at home and told them the truth about their mother.

More than that, he told them, that as hard as it might seem, as impossible, they must play a part, and acting. That they must appear to be gay and happy though their hearts were breaking.

He told them Dixie was being sent home from the hospital within a few days because there was nothing more that could be done for her. And she was never to suspect from their faces or words or actions that she was soon to leave them.

He asked his sons to pretend to their mother that they were all right, that she was well on the road to recovery and that they wanted to return to their vacation in Elko and that they expected her to join them as soon as she was able to travel after surgery.

And—on the day Dixie came home—Bing had a peculiar welcome awaiting her.

Her bedroom was littered with blueprints and plans for a house in Palm Springs, a place long contemplated by the whole family, Dixie in particular, but never realized.

“We’ll spend a lot of time there, honey,” he told Dixie. “It will be just a little place, no chi-chi, no big house like this one. We won’t have an inch bigger than we need to hold the six of us.”

“Now here, Wilma,” he said, using the family name to kid her, “you get busy and start looking around for the things you like best. And—no loading! Start selecting the carpets and drapes and color schemes, and get things ready in a hurry. Maybe you can spend Christmas there—and New Year’s if you get it at it.

“Nancy,” he went on swallowing a big lump in his throat, “you’re coming along so well. I’m going ahead with making Little Boy Lost in Europe. I’ll be gone about three weeks. When I get back don’t let me find you haven’t started our house in Palm Springs.”

And, so, Dixie lay in bed and started directing every nail and stone to get into that little home she had wanted for so long—and which she was never to see.

The gleam of happiness came back to her eyes as she pictured her home, on the edge of the new golf course. Naturally—Bing would be happiest living near a golf course, Dixie told her doctors and nurses.

Her plans for the happiness of her Bing and the boys seemed to be making a new woman of her. A miracle was happening—unbelievably, was able to leave her bed.

In an incredibly short time, she was up and around and driving herself to the hospital for a series of treatments to which she was making responsive beyond the most prayerful hopes of her doctors.

Best of all, she was able to meet daily with Harold Grieve, the decorator, about the part that was the most fun—the color schemes, the drapes and carpets, pictures and pots and pans, the part of homemaking so dear to every woman’s heart.

“Remember, nothing fancy,” she would remind Grieve, “just something my five boys will like.”

And so the house was built, and the gray-and-beige carpets were down and the desert-pink drapes were up when, with shocking suddenness of pain, suffering and then blessed coma, the curtain mercifully lowered for the last time.

The reason I tell you about this little house in Palm Springs in such minute detail is that it will be Bing’s real home in the future.

When he originally acquired the property...
EAR NOISES? If you suffer from these miserable ear noises and are Hard-of-Hearing due to catarrh of the head, write us NOW for our practical and painless home treatment. NOTHING TO WEAR. Many past patients have reported after using our simple home treatment. NOTHING TO WEAR. Many past patients have reported after using our simple home treatment. SEND NOW FOR PROOF AND 30 DAYS TRIAL OFFER.

THE ELMO COMPANY
DEPT. 3DG2, DAVENPORT, IOWA

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimply broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderful Mosco Pimple Pads tonight—check results next morning after just one application! Persimmon contains all 9 ingredients well known toskin specialists—works faster, more effectivley than to help you to a finer complexion. Apply it after washing skin with non-abrasive Soap. At druggists everywhere—costs little.

WALLET SIZE PHOTOS YOUR CHOICE BEAUTIFUL! For the first time—seemingly in years in LARGE WALLET glass photo of TWO DOZEN mirrors—FREE! 25c. Send address.ESTABLISHED 1912

DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 514 Box 947, Church St., New York, N. Y.

THERE'S GOLD IN YOUR FUTURE! \(23\) CARAT GOLD FOR EXTRA EARRINGS! MOST personalized additions in gold set at singularly reasonable prices. \(22\) KARAT TO \(10\) FOR 25C! OFFERS. EVERYDAY SAVINGS for every purpose. PLUS \($0.25\) FOR MONEY-MAKERS for efficient men and men, young and old!—he imprints them the very order—Gold tone, silver tone, colored, etc. Card accordions of approval. FREE PARTY INVITATIONS, startfiring list today! CHAS. S. SCHWER CO., 278 Elm St. Westfield, Mass.

CORN'S REMOVED BY MOSCO Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Mosco Company, Rochester, N.Y.

LEARN AT HOME
- to be a Nurse's Aide or Practical Nurse
- or Infant Nurse

Prepare in spare time for a fascinating, high-pay career.
Thousands of men and women, ages 14-40, are graduates of this physiciandirected course. An H.S. degree required. Full payment: 32 monthly payments of 50c each.

FREE 
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 232, 41 East Pearson St., Chicago 11, Ill.
Please send me your free booklet and 16 valuable lesson pages.

Name __________________________
Address ________________________
City ____________________________
State __________________________

END

Bill is a wonderful buffer for Bing. He has such a delightful way of turning down hostesses, continental or homeloved, that the champagne bottle and now they have been bypassed in favor of a stroll down Champs Elysees or a bachelor dinner "stag" in London.

It isn't often easy, this job of "getting Bing off the hook" because the people who know Bing and admire him as ardently as the wildest sidewalk fan, often reach into the upper echelon of European society, diplomacy and royalty.

One cause which particularly appealed to Bing and which he was eager to do was the golf tournament just outside London in which he was teamed with his old friend, Bob Hope, against two top British comedians.

The reason Bing agreed to play the exhibition match was because proceeds were to go to the Playing Fields Fund, favorite charity of the Duke of Edinburgh, and dedicated to raising money for play-grounds and athletic endeavors to the homeless, bonded out and orphaned chil-dren of England.

The result? Bing and Bob lost to the Britishes. But he never will regret hav-ing made that appearance even in the pouring rain. A lot of money was raised for the kids.

The next day, at his hotel, a letter was delivered to Bing. It was from the popular and beloved Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, who, in his own handwriting, thanked the American star for what he had done for England by asking him to accept, in the grateful spirit in which it was given, one of the Duke's "school ties"—one of the greatest tributes an Englishman can pay a friend! (And Bing didn't get that story from Bing who will die when he reads it here!)

Nor will he be happy that I tell you that one of the first telegrams to arrive live at that hotel was from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President-elect of our United States, who, with millions throughout the nation and abroad, expressed heartfelt sympathy over Bing's death.

Famous or unknown—I happen to know that Bing read all the letters and telegrams to him and they did much to help him bear up in his time of deep bereavement.

Perhaps it was the greatest thing in the world—standing up in the middle of a dark picture when his loss came. Although his studio, Paramount, and his producer, William Perlberg, would have given him days, weeks, even an indefinite postponement, Bing chose to goon back to work the day after Bing's funeral.

To his producer, director, co-workers and the crew, it was an ironically cruel but effective reminder that to be shot were those of an ex-GI, re-turning to France who has just learned that the French girl he married and who bore him a son he has never seen, is dead.

Most of the workers on a movie set are pretty calloused. In Hollywood, they have worked through more than their normal share of happenings. But strong men couldn't stand this.

Bing could—and did. "And if these scenes don't earn this week's pay," said Bing's academy distributing agent, William Perlberg later told me, "they should never gold-leaf another stat- uette. Just a crooner? He's a great actor."

Yes, Bing will go on. Bing will work ahead, cherishing those young ones near and dear to him; sharing his friendship with his cronies; being humble and dignified when honored. Strong and proud when honor comes to those he loves.

But, he will go on-alone.
IT HAPPENED TO ME

About ten years ago, my family and I went to the country. While at White Lake in Monticello, New York, a beautiful young girl took one of the rooms in the hotel.

I had completely forgotten about this girl until many years later when I went to this hotel. There was a screen in the lobby, and the sign said, "This is the room of the country, Norma Winters." Ina Joyce Fisherman, Brooklyn, New York

He can laugh at himself now for the way he acted that evening. "I hate to dance," he confesses, "but that night I was in high spirits. I danced with Norma and we had a wonderful time."

The colonel didn't know, but eagerly urged, he said he could find out.

"Find out if he's married," Norma said. The colonel was a gentleman, as well as Cupid's messenger. He soon came back with the fellow's name, his married status, and the fact that he set up a blind date for that night after the show.

The only trouble with that was that Mr. Lancaster nearly didn't keep the date. He had got into a poker game, early evening, and was busily losing his shirt. He hated to be defeated at anything and never is until he drops in his tracks, so that evening, he stayed in the game until he won back his shirt and all the other guys' shirts, too. Then he went over to the girl with her USO troupe was glittering that time. He took one look at Norma and was a gone goose.
off to Montecatini and what happened to him wasn't a honeymoon.

They didn't see one another again until Labor Day, in New York, but by now the war was over, and Burt was about to be out of uniform. He didn't know what he wanted to do in civilian life but Norma said to take this job, she said he would be right. So right then Burt was discovered by a theatrical producer, in an elevator, and Norma discovered — Jimmy was on the way — and you knew the rest.

That is, you know the rest except how much each of his children has changed Burt's character. He came out of the war like no other. He had felt the war and he had felt it. He knew he had to do what he said he would do. He was poor. He felt much of life was all wrong, and he wanted to do something about that. He wanted to reform things and he wanted to make some one pay. At the moment that Hal Wallis offered him a Hollywood contract, as the result of his appearance in a single play, The Sound Of Hunting, he owned only one suit and couldn't have paid the rent on their flat if it hadn't been for Norma's earnings. But he made Wallis pay. He thought then money was the answer to most all.

Now it's a standard Hollywood compliment to say of a fellow that he can spot phonies at 60 paces and hate them. But this attitude is not new to Burt. He certainly isn't one of the phonies — but he has a perfectly open admiration of them, if they are getting away with theirphoniness. Jimmy began the change in him. The name Burt became so much more like his father than the other three, for Burt's father—but their hearts shook when they first saw him. Because he was a child.

Burt had loved his wife very much until then, but after that, he shifted almost to admiration. Because she took the situation with absolute courage. Let's be as maudlin as we have to until we find the one who can cure the baby.

By the time Jimmy was cured—he's the sturdiest, healthiest kid imaginable to-day—Burt had known a little more about human kindness. Though his contract belonged to Wallis, the first Lancaster producer was Mark Hellinger, a deep, sentimental, completely cynical man. Actually Mark wanted Wayne Morris for The Killers but Wayne had been on the Warner payroll all during the war and so when Warners— who had to charge all that money against the production, Mark got Lancaster simply because he was big and he was cheap.

Together they made Cardboard Cavalry and Brass For A Foe and they suited another one's mood because they were both hard-boiled New Yorkers. The two pictures were hits. Burt was an overnight star, but I'll always remember Mark saying of him at that time, "This is only a sky rocket, not a star. He'll tumble because already he's arguing with everybody." Alas he was right. The only thing that Burt, I think, has for direction is what he knows about production, he thinks he knows about writing. In another year or so, he'll be unendurable.

I looked like a confirmation of Mark's theory when Burt promoted enough money to buy half his contract away from Wallis in order to get the bitter truth in All My Sons. It was a flop. Burt didn't alibi. He went quietly back to Wallis and made another picture. Then on his own, he bought key scenes from The Blood Of My Hands, which you may remember was just as jolly as the title and flopped horribly, too.

Contrast those titles with The Flame And The Arrow which was all fun and action, 88 and made a fortune. Or with The Crimson Pirate, which did the same, and was ditto. This was the evidence of the soften-up influence of Jimmy and Billy Lancaster on their father, and of the sound sense of Norma. Of course, Burt still thought he knew a lot about production, direction and writing. He still thinks that — and you knew the rest.

The sum of all this is what makes him so often moody and hard to understand. He hasn't only a dual nature, but a triple one. One part of him is all artist. When he is acting a scene he is completely lost to anything outside of him. Come Back Little Sheba is complete miscasting for him. He went into it knowing the whole story. Shirley Booth. Nevertheless, he was as excited as his kids with their Christmas joys over the challenge of playing the off-beat role of a drunk who is a fugitive from AA. The part called for him to look middle-aged, defeated. Just the same he gave his finest screen performance and somehow he subdued that vigorous body of his into looking thoroughly spent.

The business man in him is what makes him get such a boot out of his personal productions, which are called "Norma production disposal and all the mixing, grinding and liquefying gadgets. Also it has what Burt calls 'a real family table.' This is hard wood and no amount of childish spilling or mug-banging could hurt it. It can easily seat ten about its great circle in the children's situation. He has it off the kitchen. There is the children's playroom, which opens right out on the lawns where the kids' athletic equipment is set up.

There is nothing here that can be damaged or lost, either. There's a TV set there, and radios, blackboards, toys, and all the furniture is sealed down to kid size. Good practical linoleum is little feet, or the tracks that the two Boxer puppies or the four kittens bring in as they wander casually in and out through the two big sliding glass doors both ends of the room, and the whole side of the room, don't mean a thing.

The Lancasters do have a tremendous, very beautiful living room, complete with a projection booth for showing movies. They also have a formal dining room. They don't go in either room more than once a week.

That's because they live entirely for and with the children. They have a cleaning woman who comes in by the day. They have the place mended as if they decided long ago they didn't want a cook. This was because Burt felt, with his work, the only time he would see a lot of his kids was evenings during Shawn's formative cook, and so is this. There is another little thing he learned in Italy and he can make the best fettucini, or spaghetti you ever tasted.

The family comes home from the studio, he heads toward the kitchen or the kids' playroom. The children literally crawl all over him, and he often has Jim sitting on his lap, all simultaneously, Susie, for no known reason, is fascinated by his teeth and it's the right way to keep water away from the sick. So the big man sitting in the old-fashioned rocker he bought for the kitchen, holding his mouth wide-open while a very small girl carefully counts the hundreds of time, how many teeth he has.

Thus the third side of his nature is this "Daddy" side—and it is this side that he loves the most. It has made him reject The Naked And The Dead and want to do amusing, escape pictures like The Flame And The Arrow and his newest one. It's exciting living, and because he now believes that if you give people happiness you give them the most important of all things. And it is the side of him that has given the lie to a favorite formula of affairs: that a man can never be happy with what he has.

Besides, Burt's discovered the "kind" side of people. He found out the day Billy was stricken with polio and had instant warm-up production on Jim Thorpe so he could be by his boy's side. He found it out through the doctors and therapists who worked with Billy that a man can feel so well. He humbled him enough that he quietly goes to PTA meetings with Norma, and school board meetings and the like.

He is a little kid still blows his top over what he thinks are stupidities or social inequalities. He's still madly high-brow about music (going for Bach and Richard Strauss with a cold and wet nose about prizefights and other athletic contests. He still hasn't "any little courtinesses" at all—like opening car doors or lighting cigarettes for people. But he has a heart, and he's getting close to being all heart, and nothing would surprise me less than to have the world discover him as a very great human being.

end
real gone and straight up!

(Continued from page 55) Wagner put down a fork he'd been stabbing the table with and stopped looking at Jane Russell, who was sitting next door with her mother, Robert Mitchum and three unidentified spear-carriers.

“No, I'm not,” he said. “No hurry at all. No hurry. I have three against women. For Pete's sake, don't print that. I love women. But the way I figure it, I got time.”

He was wearing a box-back coat, a choker collar, a string necktie, and the sort of bucolic, semi-banged hair-comb that suggested he might have been on his way out of a burning building—or off a burning deck. It was stringy out of character. Away from the screen, dresses habitually as though having barely had time to escape a holocaust of some really dire nature. Now, he explained with considerable precision that his part in this picture—Neater My God To Thee—was that of a Purdue University tennis player of reasonably prominent talents who got a young lady off the sinking ship but didn't make out very well himself.

“But about this marriage business,” he said. “I'm 22. Young. What could I offer a wife? I'm not in the big money, don't let this movie actor business fool you. Maybe in a few years—but that's besides the point. Maybe in a few years I'll be out on my own and back where I started. Then again, how do I know how I'm going to feel later? So I'm crazy about a girl when I'm 22, so when I'm 30 I'm not. Wouldn't be any use to her, wouldn't be fair to her. And like I was saying, what could I offer her anyway? A second-hand car and a house not big enough to—”

“—swing a cat by the tail.”

“Well, you have to get yourself another hobby. No, what I was thinking, just not big enough to live in. These small houses can be murder.”

The corned beef and cabbage came—Fox must use pressure cookers—and Wagner stared at it suspiciously. "Executive fare," he said. "You rate around here."

“Oh, no. Anybody can—" An arrested look of horror crossed his face. He got the waitress back. "Look, isn't anybody allowed to look for the executives' menu?"

The waitress didn't say yes and she didn't say no.

"Holy cow," said Wagner. "I do it every day. I just thought anybody—Look, have I been seen around here?"

The waitress and Julian laughed. Apparently it didn't amount to breach of contract.

"Let's skip my romances," Wagner said after a while and two slices of beef, "mainly because I haven't got any romances. Dates though."

Melinda Markay.

"Sure, Melinda Markay. Wonderful. Wonderful girl. They're all wonderful. I mean, why would you date what you didn't like? Melinda I've known—" He made a gesture covering a period dating from the arrival in Hollywood of Cecil B. DeMille. "She's a girl who has fun at anything. Indoor, outdoor, picnic, dancing. She's the kind of girl that you name it, she loves it. How lucky can you be?"

"You or her?"

"Her for being the way she is, me for getting away with it. One thing, I don't mean to sound too touchy about it, but I can't take in a girl is this tired business. You know, bored? All this is a child—"

"Maybe she'd rather be home with a good book?"

No, that can't be who they think they're tired? Well, they are in a period. You know what I mean? Really tired. But not Melinda. One time we got into a lecture by mistake. No kidding. He thought it was a bop session. It was something, I don't know, trends in Elizabethan literature. I'm not sure. Maybe worse than that, with the way down front and couldn't very well leave after the guy had started. So we stayed, and she liked it. Anyway, she made like she was interested, which is even better."


Wasn't there a Babs Darrow, like Miss Markay—a daughter of the Gene Markeys when Mrs. Gene Markey was Joan Bennett—innoculating actress?

"Oh, very definitely, there is a Babs Darrow. Very, very definitely. And you know what? She is what I would describe as the ideal party girl."

In the respect—now let's not let this floor you—that you can walk away from her as soon as you get to the party. Just walk right away. That's what I call wonderful."

An extension of remarks seemed to be called for.

"Oh, not for that reason, nothing of the kind. But because you know she can take care of herself, that's why I mean? Take five steps toward the ice cream, and she's surrounded by the loyal opposition. She's beautiful, girl, you know. Beautiful? Words fail me. Words absolutely fail me."

"Do your girls have to be beautiful?"

Wagner polished off his plate, finished his coffee and reached for a cigarette. "Nooo— I wouldn't say that. Or I mean? You threw me a curve then. Let me stop and think about it. He stopped and thought about it. It came ultimately to this: If a girl looks beautiful to me, then she's beautiful. In my eyes, you know what I mean? In other words, almost all girls are beautiful because almost all girls have a man who thinks so. Maybe I should go in for philosophy. Maybe I'm wasting my time around here."

So what was his criterion for beauty? "I don't know. The girl next door, I guess. I'm not. I sort of like them to look like the girl next door. I mean, I do unless I get to thinking about it real hard, and then I figure, well, if the girl next door's all you can say then and stop beating your brains out all over town. I don't know, maybe girls next door are a dime a dozen. Maybe that's a bad step. It's funny, but just when I've convinced myself that's the type for I see Marlene Dietrich somewhere and flip my lid. I mean, I imagine she lives next door to someone but it sure isn't me or anyone I know. And anyway, we don't think Marlene Dietrich's a beautiful woman is on his way to the rockin' chair. It's a tough deal to figure."

Well and good. "Okay. Let's hit the list then?"

"Well, not a list exactly. I just distance girls and they date me, and they date other guys, too. I date Debbie Reynolds quite a lot, once in a while. She's the kind of girl—well, I tell you the kind of girl she is. You go skating and she doesn't wait for you to tie her skates. She ties them herself, and it sure sound like a lot but believe me, it is. There are many girls who wouldn't think of doing it, have to wait around until you've been Sid Galahad, or Ralph, or whoever it is. And I'm exactly the kind of guy who wouldn't think of doing it for them until it's too late, and they've decided to get themselves a self-covered jerk with no manners."

"Debbie and I are both sort of in—" you'd call the bop element, too. She's got her and I, and we went two years. We like the same things. And—don't know, it's just like I was saying, she's a
Wonderful, happy girl, a very happy girl, and I'm crazy about happy girls, all life and no phonies!"

Julian, the publicist, made soft noises at this point that sounded like "keep it on the lot." Miss Reynolds is employed by another reason.

"Oh, sure," said Wagner. "Well, there's Charlotte Austin who works here at Fox, she's another sort of person, the writings, but I'm always glad she could know you because she's glad to see me. That's important. I don't mean for my ego or anything like that, but you can strictly tire of these girls you meet with this round of Hello-Bob-sit-down-and-listen-to-what's-happening-to-me. Charlotte's one of the warmest people I ever met, and I swear, sheบทc came, and then he turned like a man-sized, wonderful, and Charlotte says."

"Wagner, I've never met a girl like that I feel like. Not that I'm the most fascinating conversationalist in the world or my biography's anything much, but it makes you feel real nice to be approached like that! Am I talking too much?"

Hardly. It's your interview.

"All right. Then there's—or pardon me, here she is."

The boss then entered the room and sat down with the Russell-Mitchum retinue. There is a Darrell Zanuck and a, somewhat younger, Susan Zanuck. This was a sultry blonde.

Said, "You know what I mean. But that's not all. She's been a real help and a friend right from the start of this acting business, besides giving it all up for me at the time when I was. She's been close to the industry all her life, you know, and you can't fool her. I'd known Darrell before and that was how I got to know Susan. We met a few weeks ago. We let her be completely honest. When I made my first test there, she took the trouble to come over to me one day and tell me she'd liked it. Then a few weeks later, and we let the test, and we met the lot. I saw you test the other day," she said. I got ready to take a bow. 'It was no good,' she said. ‘You’d better try again.' It was so right, too. Couldn’t have been righter."

Parenthetically, quite a few people below the implied eminence of Susan Zanuck are in Wagner's corner—and a few above it, such as the boss. After the 20th Century-Fox Corporation as a whole. In fact, a sympathetic grip once begged a Wagner director to give Bob another shot at a scene he had not handled too well. Reason that yet not explained, complicated, with the result that Wagner showed amazing improvement.

Best wishes have also come from un-Darrellian quarters. Wagner's first conspicuous hit was as the delicate-fibre dreamer in What Price Glory?, and before the first day's shooting a stage hands—between songs. Wagner and that group and gave Wagner a few unsolicited words of encouragement, explaining to him that the part could do a lot for him and expressing the hope that he would give the idea and then know how to do with success, if and when it came. The extra's feelings became clearer when he explained that his name was Barry Newman and that he had played the same role in the last previous version of the film, in support of Victor McLagen and Edmund Lowe.

Wagner was at once impressed and shaken by the incident. Later, when more and more stars of another decade shabbily turned up as members of background crews, he took grave note of the fragility of fame.

"There's no use fooling ourselves," he said over the second cup of coffee. "At the most we can do, you see, is to keep on pretending."

You were talking about marriage. Still like maybe some day to have $100,000.

With that much, I'd feel free to take the risk. But I haven't got anything like it now. Right this moment, the way I feel is, I won't marry at least until I'm 30. Probably you should know, because I know that way these things work, and as soon as a player says he will or won't do this or that, and one of the magazines prints it, he right off gets the opposite side's left holdi-in bag. For all I know, I'll go clean off the dock for some girl a month from now, and I don't want Mozek Saracen packing a knife at my back. But that's what I feel now, today. And my father's given me a lot of the same advice, too. My father—there's somebody you ought to know. He's quite a guy."

The time had inevitably come to press Junior on what he sought mainly in a wife, and here a man-sized snare had reached. Wagner had met a school and made some motions with his hands.

Finally he said in an oddly measured way: "There's one thing I know: The girl I marry has to want to be haled deeply. 'Man, that's complicated,"

"Sorry," said the man, "you see, he works in pictures, you have to check with his agent first."

H. W. Kellick

Recently Irene Dunne went to a pet shop at the Farmers' Market in search of a bird to play the part in the Beverly Hills Hotel, of which she is a part owner. Miss Dunne was fascinated by a talking parrot. She held a lengthy conversation with the bird, taking it to hand to her. "It's just what is needed for the lobby of the hotel." Turning to the man behind the counter, who evidently owned the bird, Miss Dunne said that she'd like to buy the parrot.

"Sorry," the man, "you see, he works in pictures, you have to check with his agent first."

Wagner, who a fan magazine recently decided was the second hottest bet for future stardom in Hollywood (Dale Robertson second), seems to be described as born with a silver spoon which he subsequently removed from his mouth only to dip into ice cream—bur- that, as indicated, fairly well. He had the other hand, enjoyed from birth the degree of economic security that has spared him the neuroses that drive other actors to communism, sulphuric metaphysicalism, or eccentric conduct. If Wagner does in fact wind up with the girl next door or her prototype, they will have no difficulty understanding each other's intentions.

Wagner's associates and peers consider him an actor with genuine talent who is getting better all the time. There seems no reasonable doubt that his shrewdness and willingness to learn are genuine, and so long as that continues he is in no immediate danger of taking a dive.

The startling degree of personal adulation that Cheap My God To Thee are Barbara Stanwyck and Cliff顿 Webb. They are two of the most proficient craftsmen in the business and learn it.

"You know, you get to thinking of your future wife, the girl you'll love some time, in terms of an older woman, the ones with that wonderful mane of hair, and I don't know whether I could fail to settle for a person like Miss Stanwyck. She's kind, she thinks about you, she goes out of her way to help you, there seems to be nothing she wouldn't do. And as an actress—I'd like to know, how good can you get?"

"She told me the other day that if you're satisfied with where you are and what you've done—at that moment, you start slipping backward. At my age, you can't buy advice like that. Either you are, or you don't get it."

"I have scenes with both of them that I guess they could take over if they really wanted to. But all the time I'm playing a character, I play, they give to me—and sometimes, I think, a little more besides. It makes you stop believing the crummy things you hear once in a while about big stars. These two are doing something."

After a while, Wagner leaped to the sloping deck of the ship and was told to make his way down the side, the hand over hand down the ropes suspended from the davits. He listened to the instructions hanging from the rope, supporting himself with one arm. It definitely was not a double, it was Wagner.

Oddly, there is in the make-up young Mr. Wagner's pronounced physical or facial characteristic on which a profilist can readily put his finger. Off-hand, he is slender, rather unremarkable youth who could be described as anything but a great physical type. If you wanted to take the easy way. In the compulsory this day, he was more staring than stared at, and he became at one point as briskly interested as any fireman when a howdah was placed on the deck and disappeared in what may have been, but likely wasn't, the kitchen. His comment, a restrained, "Like anything of the near-campus genre, he combs his hair forward, either with a comb or an eggbeater, and his voice is soft to the point of being indistinguishable."

"The man, you see, he works in pictures, you have to check with his agent first."

Wagner, the second hottest bet for future stardom in Hollywood, was described as being born with a silver spoon. He is the first one to dip into ice cream—but no, that, as indicated, fairly well. He has the other hand, enjoyed from birth the degree of economic security that has spared him the neuroses that drive other actors to communism, sulphuric metaphysicalism, or eccentric conduct. If Wagner does in fact wind up with the girl next door or her prototype, they will have no difficulty understanding each other's intentions.
He was something of a man-around-campus at Santa Monica High School, or enough so to be elected president of his senior class, and when he backed off stage there, he went quick like a bunny and en-listed in the Marine reserves.

The genies may or may not have a place for him. He punctured an ear drum not long ago while water skiing, and not even the last persnickety army likes to buy those.

Wagner's idea of an extremely funny piece of business is to rehearse set dialogue with friends and then astound other friends by reciting it in unison without a break in timing. His idea of quiet fossil is to build miniature trains, and his idea of serious food is steaks—but on paper plates, absolutely. You want to wash a dish?

He's a calisthenic nut, a good expertly on arising, and a fair journeyman cook. He sleeps habitually in a crossword, which probably will give him the croup sooner or later. And recently, when Miss Reynolds got him started, it's true, but it seems also there was going to be a part for a tap-dancer, or an actor who could tap dance, in an upcoming Fox picture titled There's No Business Like Show Business.

In short, our young man of many dates, no urge to marry, no spiralling promis- ence as a film player, is no a citizen fellow. In the immemorial parting words of Hollywood school year books all over the land, including Santa Monica: We're sure he will be a success.
Bette Clooney enjoyed during their childhood came from campaigning for Grandad. It was their pleasure to provide the entertainment for his political rallies. They would step atop the wooden platforms before the audience and back again at the crowd's morale with renditions of such prideful tunes as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain." Like a lot of small-town kids, they learned and nervously, they stumped Maysville incessantly, walling their slender repertoire, and proving to the constituents that Hizzonor the third power of the Gloves, among others, he'd had the Andrews Sisters.

It was thus that Rosemary Clooney started to sing. Milk in those days was selling at the counter of the store in the old Fruit and Vegetable Quarter. Andy Clooney often got no more than four dollars for painting a kitchen, so vocal lessons for Rosey and Bette were out of the question. But they studied harmonies on the way to the drug store, and by the time a show was mounted they were employed at a nominal fee. But they were on their way.

This change-over years from little girl-shy to shaky adolescence were spent in an atmosphere of perilous hope. Sometimes there was sufficient of everything to go around—and at others there was no hope. Each person's dream and they demanded little more of life than a fair start at a chance, so it was a happy childhood for Rosemary and Bette. You can see that today in the smiles and laughter which you can hear in their laughter. They had become pretty famous locally and very popular. WLW was their home and something of a permanent place.

Rosemary was 18 and Bette was 15 when Tony Pastor's orchestra came to Cincinnati and Pastor heard them on the radio. He had been looking for 'em, he told his Chap named Charles Trota, go over and audition them. Trota said he'd had in mind picking one of the girls, but he was so enchanted by their songs and antics as a group that he hired them both. Because they were minors, an uncle, George Gilfoy, was pressed into service as a guardian—and the Clooney girls were forever after known about the world beyond the fields of bluegrass; and to charm the foreigners of the North and the East and the West just as they had Grandpa's.

You can imagine anything about a singer travelling with a band and you've heard them all. It's a staggering series of night bus rides, sleeping to the back-room curtains and the muffled sounds of wheels on pavement. It's an endless chain of dance halls with old dressing rooms and shaky ironing boards on which to press the uniform, and the very essence of an evening gone wrong. It's boredom and hell and goodbye so fast you feel that life is moving faster than it has a right to. It's new towns that are all the same. It's cities, always being you to hurry up; and every night oceans of men and women babbling about before you like lunatic puppets, not to music so much as to the music. How she knows that she lives in a strange carrousel world where the only pay-off is to stand in a spotlight and sing for her reward, the applause that fol-

lows her once in a while as she walks back to her chair to wait for her next turn to sing. It's rough—but if you want to be a singer or an actress there's no other way.

It was just about that age that Rose-
mary Clooney decided she ought to gradu-
ate. It was a big decision for her because no one had come forward and announced that he would stop her. This meant that she would have to start cold as a single act. Bette elected to stick with bands, so the team broke up. Rosie found a friend and advisor in the person of Charles Trota's partner, Joe. Joe was even more enthusiastic about the move than Rosemary was. He said that he would personally get her launched in the picture game, and promised that she wouldn't starve to death in New York that winter.

There began a slow process of evolution. Shirban arranged for a small contract with Columbia Records, with a harpsichord. WLW to a radio station, and they were employment was promised to "The Kid's A Dreamer" and "I Only Saw Him Once," disks that soon became the talk of the record-collecting set but didn't make a security of the sinking ship on top of the head. She made kiddie records and became quite a smash with the young ones, but you can't get rich catering to buyers who have to outbid the old man out of half a buck to make a purchase.

You'd be bewildered, bemused and bemazed at: Mike Romanoff's cuff-links of gold, enormous imperial crowns . . . Mrs. L. Here's my six-fingered komboio in tubs on her front porch, encrusted with unbelievable pink flowers, quite the atmosphere. Hapalene Cas-

sider! One of the last and most fan-

tastic of kibbile upholstered in black and white zebras . . . Betty Grable's fan mail. Still No. 1 star for eight straight years. We've found the key to the routing: "What is the cubic content of your legs? . . . Will you please send me a plaster paris cast of your legs?" . . . The long-tuba headed pipe from freshly smoked half-pint extrovert Mickey Rooney.

Rosemary Clooney's first sizable contribu-
tion to modern music sales was with an oldie called "Beautiful Brown Eyes." Even today people ask for it at music counters, but it couldn't have been made without the help of the estimable Patty Paige—a wall called "The Tennessee Waltz"—and failed to make Rosemary a star. The song did, however, make the reputation of a man who picks the records for Columbia, and he set about finding a tune that would put Rose-
mary up where she belonged. When he found it, Clooney had lost his balance. It was an idiotic chant written by a couple of Armenian amateurs, Ross Bagdasarian and his novelist-writing cousin, William Saryan.

Rosemary Clooney will frankly admit when any-
one asks her, that she most certainly did not want to record. One time, when she was concerned, it was something a Turk would shout down a well if he was drunk—and definitely nothing that a nice-looking young man with with a nice-looking young man can handle and cry himself to sleep with. And the music was all wrong. Instead of lots of fiddles and muted French horns, Miller had a plot to back another one of his hard-pressed, played lo sound like a piano, made from a packing case and baling wire. She said no; she said maybe; and then, possibly because the singer in question looked frightfully cruel to a Kentucky-bred gal so she said yes. Well, it was a knee-slapper, a barn-burner! Normally same the million sellers. Debutantes requested string quartets to try it at musicals. The nation began jabbering in dialect—and Rosemary Clooney was swept up on a whirlwind. It is almost as if the music world has seldom seen. Theaters that once offered her $200 a week tried to book her at $4,000. Television producers who just a few months ago would ask for her on shows for the experience and a case of shaving cream asked her to stop by and make out her own check. It was almost worth all that bus riding. Even her record publishers, and her subsequent platters began selling like candy-apples at a county fair, Rose-
mary Clooney never thought about motion pictures. Although she proudly told her friends that she would make a male tear his eyes away from a winning hand in a poker game, and a face that would win the heart of the King of the Leper Colony, she was afraid of the plain. When her friends had told her differently and spoke of Holly-
wood, Rosemary would lift her upper lip and expose a single tooth that had great strain of the south. "That spells my face," she would chortle. And then she'd chuckle, "But they can't see it on records." When she was ready to return to California. After a day or so of Columbia sales meetings on her first trip to Hollywood, she went to Las Vegas and played a date at the Thunderbird Hotel. On the opening night, they broke into song and introduced himself as Milton Lewis, talent scout for Paramount Pictures. If he asked if Rosemary was interested in the movie. When they asked her about the south, she wouldn't go away. He made her promise that when she came to Hollywood again she would let him make a test. Still tapping the table as a warning, Ross Bagdasarian again chared of "Come On-A My House." When the lights went up there was a thrill of secret in the room. Movie-makers seldom give an opportunity to someone else, but this time everyone in the room wanted to be put down on the record as stating that Rosemary Clooney was going to be a star. And she wouldn't want to rush back to their offices and get a contract drawn up. Rosemary was the calmest. I guess she figured Hollywood was just another town on the circuit.

All you have to do is take a look at Rosemary Clooney in repose and you'll know she believes in Lady Luck. She's used to living without a break, but when her second big break came, she knew it was Luck—and accepted it from the fickle woman. She had just finished shooting her first movie, when Betty Hutton tore up her contract and walked off the Paramount lot. Suddenly the studio heads looked around and realized that they had an exceptionally gifted contract who could sing, act, dance, and stand and dance and get away with making-believe love to a leading man. No one, that is, except for Rosey, and the Ol' Dreadnought was half as considerate of Pythias as that front office became of Rosey. She was not only talented and lovely—they needed her. She had to go out on a short term, and Paramount followed her with letters and telegrams telling of the wonderful plans they had for her. It's all part of the business, but they feel they have the expense. By this time Rosemary liked the work. And she'd had that tooth fixed.
Romantically, Rosemary Clooney is riding a tiger. Her romance with Jose Ferrer has been much publicized and it hardly had time to do more than turn kindle before they were separated more than a week. It has been said, by both of them, that Ferrer was to divorce his wife and marry Rosemary, and those close to her expect that this will happen eventually. It might be true, because they respect one another both as artists and people.

Socially, Rosemary Clooney has a small clique of friends to whom she is devoted. They include Joe Shribman, her manager, and her best friend, confidante and travelling companion, one or two others. Beyond this small group the world is made up of nice people—but there are so many of them and so little time to get to know them all well enough to be able to call them by their first names. It's a far piece, as they say in Kentucky, from Maysville. But Rosemary remembers everyone, and everyone remembers her. They named a street after her last year. And Andy Clooney's proudest painter (house, that is) is the South. And once in a while Rosemary puts down the book she's reading and stares off into space and thinks of Grandpa, and the weddings and the Negro churches, and the spirituals that taught her to sing, and WLW, and the back rap of the bus motors, and the oceans of bobbing heads, and the snowstorm of baseness, and cold, hungry New York and that crooked stick that she goes upstairs and gets her mink out of the closet and blows on it to see if it's real. Sometimes she's almost sure it is.

END

“Hi, Freddie,” and suggest a song—maybe “My Man” or “Someone Loves Me.” Jane reported for work at Columbia almost two months before the start of the movies, and is customary with musicals. The song and dance routines were mapped out far in advance of the actual shooting. It was then that she and Fred really came to know each other for the first time, and it's paradoxical that, in her heart, Fred is the wedding bells every time Jane had so much as spoken with a man, yet now, with love, in bloom, no one had an inkling. If they dated, Jane won't say about it. They frequently dined together after work, but rather than one of the brighter spots in town they chose a small Italian restaurant across the street from the studio. Anyone who would suppose it a natural result of their work together in preparation for the movie.

After two months of such daily contact, Fred popped the question, but neither he nor Jane will tell the press the details of the proposal. As we said before, Jane kept the wedding secret until the last minute, and even now is insisting on keeping her privilege of keeping the more treasured moments for herself.

Director Richard Quine, one of Fred's closest friends, was one of the few people admitted to the secret circle, and it was he who made all the arrangements for the wedding. Both Jane and Fred were working 12 hours a day on the picture, and had literally not one minute free to attend to details.

Dick earned his position as the best man at the wedding. First he phoned the County Clerk up in Santa Barbara, which is one of the few towns that will hold a clerk after working hours, asking them to issue a license. He also engaged a minister to be prepared to marry the couple on Saturday night, November 1st. Dick did not say what couple; for obvious reasons he gave fictitious names. He also ordered the wedding cake to be taken to Santa Barbara on Saturday night.

Meanwhile, Louella Parsons caught wind somehow of the impending wedding, and on Friday, as she led Jane to ask if it was true. After Jane admitted it was, Louella's Saturday morning column carried the news of the betrothal, omitting details. Fred was very much the hysterical that day. It is their job to be the very best news happens, but although they called everyone they could think of, no one knew the date of their marriage until Jane was to become Mrs. Karger. While the AP and UP were running up their telephone bills, Jane and Fred were working as usual, at Columbia office left the studio a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, and equipped with nothing except two

he ran away with her heart

(Continued from page 35)

company in New York, in the sixties before it became the present MGM set, in vaudeville, as were his aunt and uncle, and even today his family gets together to do their old acts. They are a well-educated, cultured group, and one that enriches its life with nostalgic memories of the old days in show business.

Fred has earned considerable respect from those in the profession. He is basically a pianist and singer, and will undoubtedly one day head an entire music department. Although he, too, was married before, he had been divorced almost six years, and has been living with and loving his sister since. He lives in his own home with his mother and 11-year-old daughter, Terry.

In his position at Columbia he presented a fair target for the distaff side of the industry's roster. Good-looking, intelligent and eligible, he was exposed to some of the most glamorous names in the business, but if any of the actresses evinced interest in Mr. Karger, he refused to return the compliment. Quiet, soft-spoken and even-tempered, he went about his job in an impressive and pleasant manner, with everyone and winning the goodwill of all associates. Employees at the studio affectionately called him Freddie, and none of them can recall ever seeing him irritated or upset about anything. They'll tell you that the immediate impression he makes is one of quiet strength.

Jane Wyman reacted the same way that first day, and into his office. She had seen him around too many times, chiefly in connection with his orchestra. Karger had organized the band some years ago for the purpose of playing at a few winter parties. These were mostly society shindigs, many of them given by staid Pennsylvania citizens. The band was also on hand for the more elegant Hollywood parties, including Marian Davies' recent soirees, as well as many evenings at the tennis club in Palm Springs. While Jane's recent movie roles have depicted her as a demure and delicate maiden, she has not changed the vivaciousness and personal life. She is now, as always, a gay and amusing girl, and is famous for the parties, at parties, she can't resist belt- ing a ballad or two. She has a remarkable gift. Because of this penchant for warp- bling whenever an occasion presents itself, she sang a few times with Fred's band. It was always a purely casual sort of thing; when guests demanded she sing the Jane would go up to the podium and say, “Hi, Freddie,” and suggest a song—maybe
wedding rings, joined Dick Quine and his wife, and the wedding cake for the drive to Santa Barbara. By this time the children had been told about the wedding plans, and also, as they had been Jane's hairdresser and close friend. It was necessary for Betty Lou to know because she was to be Jane's attendant, and after she squeezed into the car they were off. Dick Quine, the amiable clerk recognized Jane and issued a marriage license. The minister was even more surprised. Not ten minutes before the wedding party showed up he had been telephoned by one of the wire services. "Was she planning to marry Jane Wyman to F. Karger?" "Indeed not," said the minister, and when minute Dick Quine was lecturing Jane Wyman walk to the episcopal conscience began working overtime. They were married in a brief and simple service after which the five of them celebrated at a sumptuous dinner, topped off with the wedding cake. And then, not a reporter nor a camera having shown before, they went to the San Ysidro Hotel for the night.

The next day, Sunday, they had breakfast and returned to Hollywood. At Jane's home they found the trio of children who would just like to establish that you are sick of the whole chess bit—and then drop it. Maybe we can even get them to run a picture of you in an overcoat, which would be something of a novelty.

Then I would like to take up the matter of your career. I want to say, Jane, that you descended on the movie industry like a comet, when Hughes, after you were first startled everyone with The Outlaw. Now anybody who has seen an Outlaw billboard has the impression that it's a sex movie, in which a guy chases a girl over hills and dales and finally hooks her in a hay barn. However, those who have seen the movie know this is not true. It has been considered by quite a number of top critics as a sexless melodrama, and you, yourself, were credited with bringing a completely new characterization to the screen. When people in this country saw you, who had a great sense of humor, generally cried, "Woweeee!" That was the only comment. And yet in England, where it made a lot of money, it was known as a children's picture, billed that way as a cake, and a hat. But with you it's different. I would like to quote you as saying that it has been great, that you are very grateful for the opportunity of getting a "Weegee" look. I think it would be silly to have them knock it off. I would like to tell them that you're getting so sick of being the girl who looks at a man through slits of eyes and slithers for miles and miles and gets on you might scream any day now. And tell them that you're sick of producers who keep doing switches on the hay barn by making it funny and touching for moralists all the time, they, you and the audience know it's really the hay barn.

When we talked, you seemed a little bit bored, not getting to do a different kind of role. Let me say that. Let me tell them that you're tired of playing Jane Russell, that you'd like to have a second role. I know that might sound kind of stilting, because almost everybody in this town, when they are being interviewed, says they'd like to do something else. I'd like to point out that you've been an actress for more years than most of the stars in this town, and that you've learned your trade well. There you know your business and want a chance to prove it.

I would like to point out, Jane, that you have a right to these things because right now, with salaries way down, you're one of the highest paid actresses in Hollywood. Studios pay $200,000 for a picture of you name and services. Maybe you don't get all that money, but the point is it is paid and there are lots of taking in it in your get.

Another thing I'd like to point out is your loyalty. I don't want to get sticky about it, but loyalty to your friends and to your actress her is pretty rare in Hollywood. I read a quote from you in a column the other day and you said of Howard Hughes, that whenever he was in a contract, "I want to sign another contract with him, because when somebody puts you on the right track, you like him to be there when the home comes in. The way it generally happens is that a producer plucks a girl from behind a hat rack, makes her rich and famous, and then, when her original deal has expired, he will not set her up with another telephone number. And I'd like to point out that the loyalty is mutual, because when Hughes sold RKO the only thing he wanted to keep was your contract.

Another thing I'd like to straighten out is the religion thing. Every time any one mentions the chapel you yawn, and your friends and everybody is sure to say: "You mean this kid goes to church?" Maybe it is because of the movie ads that always have you looking like the faithful woman. Maybe it's just that people can't get used to a sexy movie actress having a private life that includes a faith. Even Hollywood doesn't understand and respect a sex and a faith. But I don't know what kind of a religion that is, but I was near the chapel when they were all in there the other day and they looked like it was a weenie-lake." I'd like to try and explain that it was like a weenie-lake. That you and your friends worship with joy; that you need a place to express love of God. And that during the services, which are conducted by your mother, those privileged to be present are encouraged to consider the meeting as much pleasure as a party.
I think something ought to be said about your home life. Actually, maybe I ought to dramatize that a bit, because it is altogether too folksy around your shack. Nobody is going to understand, for instance, that you seldom have movie stars over, or that you don't throw fancy wing-dings regularly like the other stars do. If I were to tell them that your friends are not in other, unglimmering lines of work, I might not believe me. Who would believe that some of your best friends drive trucks and run guns? And who would believe that your husband couldn't call a camera boom from a whistle-tree? Maybe we ought to jazz up this part of the story and say that he is not particularly interested in football, but plans to go to Italy and make a series of pictures with you and Rossellini. That would be better than trying to make people believe that he's the star quarterback with next Sunday's game on his mind most of the time—and he doesn't want any chatter around the house about the movies when he's thinking.
it's a girl

(Continued from page 24) feeling of naussea swept over her. "I don't feel good," she thought. Geary was still sleeping. She asked him. "Honey! Wake up, dear! I feel sort of—well, you know. Not too good." Geary jumped out of bed and looked at her. "I don't think we want you to do all that. Shouldn't you be feeling better? The hospital? Do you want me to get something for you?"

Janie laughed. "Stop it, darling. You're so funny. I'm not going to have the baby until at least the end of the month. Don't you remember?"

"I know, but if you don't feel good, we'd still better call the doctor."

"All right, Geary. Call him. But let's wait a little while. I'll stay in bed a bit longer."

"That's a good idea, darling. You'll feel better. And I'll get ready to go to work." Geary got up. Janie could hear her husband moving about the bathroom quietly. She began to feel better. Wasn't she a lucky girl? She was thinking about her wonder-ful full life. She breathed a silent prayer. "Dear God. Thank you for all the goodness you have shown me. Thank you for a devoted husband and a fine, beautiful baby and the promise of another baby soon." (Geary Steffen III is just 16 months old.)

Geary prepared breakfast. Janie couldn't eat bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. "Thanks, dear, but I just don't like eating."

It was nine o'clock when Geary called Doctor Blake Watson. "Janie felt a bit under the weather when she awoke this morning."

"Drop by the hospital with her about 11 o'clock. Dr. Watson liked the Steffens. He thought they were a nice young couple. He always enjoyed seeing them. He would be looking forward to their appointment later in the morning."

Jane and Geary were on time. It wasn't quite 11 when they reached St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. Dr. Watson was pleased. "Well, you're both looking fine. You'll take care of the baby. Janie, as for Geary, I'd say that he doesn't need any attention at all."

After the examination, Dr. Watson held a small conference with the Steffens. "Now, I hope Jane to get a lot of rest. It's possible that the baby might be a little early. That being the case, we must be more careful from now on."

"I am trying to have it early. As a matter of fact, the sooner it happens, the better I'll like it." Dr. Watson smiled. "Have it as soon as you like—but there's one thing I want you to promise," his smile widened. "Don't have the baby on Saturday. I have two tickets for the UCLA-USC game. And they're right on the 50-yard line, too! Jane and Geary laughed. Then Jane solemnly promised not to ruin the doctor's enjoyment of the big game."

Then they went to see Sister John Marie, the obstetrical supervisor. Then they went home.

O

ver Geary's loneliness, Jane prepared lunch. "After all, Geary, you have a business appointment—and besides, you made breakfast this morning while I was being lazy."

"Dinner, darling, Geary kissed his wife. "Darling, you're the most wonderful thing that could ever have happened to a man. Now, I'm going to run along, but I'll be back later. Don't work too hard with Earl this afternoon."

It was late in the afternoon before Jane had completed her work with song writer and coach, Earl Ebelin. They had spent several hours practicing songs Jane is preparing for her forthcoming appearance at Copa City in Florida sometime in February.

Earl was just getting ready to leave when Geary returned. He said, "Geary, I've never seen a girl like Jane before. I'm practically worn out, and she's still ready to sing another song. I tried to get her to take it easy, but she wants everything to be perfect for her engagement in Florida."

Janie explained, "Well, it's going to be my first big appearance in a long time, and I just have to go through it."

Geary said, "Earl, why don't you join us for dinner this evening? We're taking my mother with us, and then afterwards, the Dunneys and I are going. We're going to see you at the Copa at the Wilshire-Ebelin."

"Well, that sounds like a good idea. Then Jane and I can do a little more talking about Copa City."

It was wonderful at Chasen's. Janie hadn't felt better in a long time. She ate a huge shrimp cocktail, Caesar salad, large sirloin steak. "But this isn't enough. I'm a big girl like Jane. Let's eat, let's have a little of your Chicken Tetra- zini."

Janie still wasn't satisfied. "That was a pretty good sample of your cooking, darling. I'll never be able to finish up your roast beef. Do you want me to help you?"

Geary proposed a toast, "To Jane and the baby we'll soon have."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll have a little des-ert," continued her wife.

The "little desert" was a Snowball . . . huge ball of ice cream covered with coconut and chocolate syrup. The happy group was still talking in hushed admiration of Janie's appetite, when Dorothy and Richard Dunney walked in.

"Come on, we're all ready to go—and it's not much after eight," urged Geary.

Earl said, "I know you'll have a marvelous evening. Sorry I can't join you out there's more work for me to do. You're lucky, Janie. You can loaf now. Have fun!"

Jane, Geary, Mrs. Steffen, Dorothy and Richard Dunney took their seats at the Wilshire-Ebelin just as the curtain began to rise. The pulsating music of Spain filled the air.

Big Janie sat forward in her seat. Her lips parted, and she lost herself in the electrifying excitement of the color and sound of Jose Greco's dynamic presentation. Her every thought was of a dancer who could almost see herself dancing with the group of talented performers. Music bubbled through her mind. Then she began to feel a rush of warmth—and adoration. She felt happy.

The dancers swirled faster and faster. She sat back and closed her eyes. Geary looked at her. "Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, dear. I feel just fine."

She smiled, but Geary thought it looked a little weak. He watched her as the curt-ain came down on the first act. She seemed to be all right again.

I

n the middle of the second act, Janie touched Geary's arm. "Honey, I feel terri-ribly warm. Maybe I'd better go out for a glass of water."

Geary was worried. "Come on, dear, I'll take you out."

In the lobby, Geary ordered a glass of water for her, and after a few minutes, Janie said, "This feels better. I'd like to see the rest of the show."

The performance ended with tumultuous applause. As Jane rose to get a wave of dizziness, Geary said, "Geary, I don't feel well. Get in the car. Please hurry!"

Dorothy Dunney spoke up. "Yes, Geary, hurry! I think we should go to the hospital immediately. Dick, you called the doctor and tell him to meet us at the hospital."

The car was two blocks away, but Geary ran every step. He was still breathless when he wheeled the car to a quick stop in front of the theatre. Two of their friends, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, had witnessed the flurry of activity. Ricky was excited. "Are you going to the hospital?"

Geary had just time to say, "You bet," before he pointed the car toward Santa Monica.

Geary drove very carefully. It was al-most 11:30 P.M. By the time they reached St. John's Hospital, Janie was once again in high spirits.

"Gee, I'll bet I scared you—and without a good reason, either. Just imagine. Get-ting Dr. Watson to meet us this time of night," Janie giggled. "He'll probably laugh at me and tell me to drop back some time next month."

J

ust before midnight, Dr. Watson met a smiling, happy group at the hospital. Jane and Geary had 16 tickets for the UCLA-USC game. And "But I don't think we should really have bothered you at all tonight."
Sleepy-voiced Elizabeth Taylor answered the sharp ringing of her telephone. Geary shouted, "Liz, we have a baby girl!"

By now, Michael Wilding, Liz's husband, was wide awake. "Tell him we're on our way to the hospital."

Geary tried to tell the Wildings it was too late for them to drive all the way to Santa Monica, but they insisted.

It was close to 3:00 AM when Liz and Mike rushed to the hospital. Beautiful Liz Taylor was so happy, there were tears in her eyes as she embraced the happy father, "Geary, may we see the baby—and Janie?"

A quick meeting was held. Several staff nurses decided that it would be all right. After all, Liz Taylor had come all that way, and she herself would be having a baby in another hospital. The father would be all right. Liz was still crying when she saw the lovely infant.

Jane was still a little incoherent when the Wildings went into the room. "Hi, kids," she greeted them. She tried to collect her thoughts. "It's so sweet of you to have come here this time of night. It is night, isn't it?"

They all laughed at that, and then they left Janie to sleep and rest.

Mike, Liz and Geary went to the hospital chapel. There they bowed their heads in a prayer of thanks.

Like three overgrown children they bopped out to the Wildings' car. Even Liz had forgotten for a moment that she, too, would soon become a mother.

She was happy, but she had gone no more than a few blocks when, suddenly, the car sputtered and stopped dead in the middle of Santa Monica Boulevard.

The men waved handkerchiefs while Liz blinked her lights at oncoming cars. Cars would slow down and then speed rapidly around her.

Finally, Liz suggested, "You boys blink the lights. I'll do the handkerchief waving."

This proved to be eminently successful, for the first car stopped and gave them help.

Liz grinned. "You see, even in my condition, I can still stop a car."

After eating a snack, Geary finally returned to the car about 5:00 AM. He tumbled into bed with a happy smile on his face. At 8:00 AM, he was wide awake. He telephoned Janie. "How are you, darling?"

Janie was just fine. She said, "I guess I must have been out of my head when you came into my room. But I know all about everything now. I'm so happy. And isn't it wonderful that we have a little girl now. Liz will make a great mother."

They talked a long time, and then Geary said, "Guess I'll have to come back to New York."

The telephone rang several times, and then Geary left for New York, where Liz and Janie would meet him in a few weeks. At 9:30 AM, Liz was at the hospital with Janie, and they would be home in a few days.

Geary and Liz would be back in Santa Monica in a few days, and they would bring Janie and the baby to see their new little girl. They would have a wonderful time together, and they would never forget the joy of having a baby girl.

---

French motion pictures are better than ever. Russians are redder.

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

down the hall. He hugged his mother, Dorothy and Dick, too.

Suddenly, a strange thought struck Geary. "Hey, look, I've never even given you a chance to worry. What good is a father— if he can't spend hours pacing the floor and looking out countless cigarettes. I should have unde..."

Geary was cut short by a sort of perspiration that should have coursed down my face. I should have been almost out on my feet when the doctor told me the child was a girl. I was almost weak when he burst out laughing. "Now I can tell a secret. Janie and I wanted a girl. But we didn't say a word about it. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Come on, we'll go to the nursery. I'm sure they'll let us see the baby."

Geary asked if he could see his wife. The doctor said it would be a very good idea.

Geary walked quickly into his little wife's nursery. She was looking very much like Janie. "Darn it, sticky, darling, we have a beautiful baby girl!"

Janie was still under the influence of the sedatives. "Oh, hello, Geary. Did you find the cats? When can we get home?"

The doctor thought the baby would be early. I'll bet it's next week for sure.

Geary tried to explain, but Janie was still chatting about other matters. He said, "Look, honey, you think about this for a while and I'll be back. We have a girl!"

Geary hurried to the telephone. He had promised Janie that he would call as many of their friends as possible. And they had many friends; from these he called...
the house I love

(Continued from page 60) It is not only like a religion, this house which I love but am not in; it is like my religion, my own church, which I love but am not in.

This is the way it has to be, and a man must either be honest or wish I could say I was a good Catholic. My divorce, my second marriage, rules out any possibility of such a claim. But I am a believer. I will live and die with the church, may some day get closer to my religion than the house I long for—but in my heart it is mine.

You know, kids get started out in ways long before they do any thinking of where they are going. It happened that I angled out early and sharp from the good life. I played hookey so often I never got to know the names of the other kids in class. When I walked into the corner candy store it was not for candy but for cigarettes—and not to buy them if I could swipe them. I did this so often that eventually I looked for ways to get away from the habit rather than a crime. If I ever said a prayer in those days, it never amounted to more than the hope that I wouldn’t turn coward and swallow fright and flight. For I got older I didn’t like to keep pretty neat, but that, you might say, was one of the effects girls had on me. If, at my parents’ insistence, I went to church, I would sneak out before the service was over. If I didn’t go when my folks sent me, I’d lie that I did; on a Palm Sunday, for instance, I’d grab some palms somewhere, off another church, and carry them home to make my mom feel good. For the short sessions I would be in church I can never recall listening to the priest; I think I would fall asleep; but I don’t know what was going on as far as I sat there. And long before I was 20 I showed a fine talent for card-dealing, working a crap table and running a little gambling game that may have helped to encourage my church to make me feel good. For the short sessions I would be in church I can never recall listening to the priest; I think I would fall asleep; but I don’t know what was going on as far as I sat there. And long before I was 20 I showed a fine talent for card-dealing, working a crap table and running a little gambling game that may have helped to encourage my church to make me feel good.

The best answer I have is that my par-ents knew what they were doing when they gave me my mother church. I was even though I balked, and ducked out, and was never active. Every Sunday was a new Sunday as far as they were concerned. And yet I had to study men—at their worst, usually, with greed in their eyes but despair in their hearts. I handled thousands of dollars, and I learned how to find my way into my pocket. But I wasn’t happy. The truth was I became troubled.

Try as I would, I couldn’t very well hide the fact that the money which found its way to me was money somebody else had to lose. I tried to, but what would bring it home was the fact that many of the people I knew, and some of them good friends. I get all twisted inside seeing someone I liked very much standing in front of me and losing money he couldn’t afford to lose, and I would throw such fellows the “sleepers” on the table money that other fellas had won without realizing it.

I would keep telling myself that what I was doing was gambling, but I was never able to convince myself completely about this. One night, on my way home, I stopped in at the church and put some money in the basket and dropped a few pennies the basket would hold. But it didn’t work. The thing was that I was beginning to visualize myself as a man, perhaps married, and I just couldn’t think of telling my children that their pop was a wheel-dealer.

All this time, of course, my school marks were making nobody happy and my moth-er prayed for me. I never forget her lecture to me one night when she saw my marks for algebra—something closer to zero than 100 percent.

"Well, I’ll tell you, Mom," I replied, "for the rest of my life I won’t need to know anything about algebra." "What do you want to do?" she asked. "I haven’t got that figured out yet but I won’t be in the algebra book," I said.

Mom wanted both her brother, Bill, and me to go to college. But I chose that very same night to kill that idea, too. "I’m going to leave the education in this family," Bill said. "I won’t go to high school.

"Do you think you’ll be happier that way?" she asked.

"I’m sure of it," I answered. "You’re old enough to know for your- self. Let neither of us hear any regrets about it." It’s many, but once that was decided I was a better boy in school. It was much as if I wanted to make the best of my last days in it. I don’t mean I was a better student—just in conduct. Before, I had 100 and 90 and 80 and 70, and now I had 50 and 60 and 60 and 60, of them involving ways of diverting the teacher’s attention or provoking arguments that would kill school time. I used to ask my math instructor if a man had to know algebra, but why should he be innocent enough but open up opportunities for argument that the whole class could join. For instance, one afternoon I asked our math instructor if a man had to know algebra that was the last the we had to go to later that day I turned the page of a math book and asked him to explain it. "Of course," he answered, not thinking anyone was out to trap him.

"Then the president of the country has to know all about algebra," I followed up.

"Oh, no," he had to reply. "There is a comptroller who does that, and accountants in the treasury and tax departments.

"Then an executive doesn’t have to know all the stuff," I declared triumphantly.

He went into a long explanation, but every time he stopped I would pretend to be dumb and stubbornly insist that, just as I was a smart s clerk, I was a smart a clerk. I was just thinking about how to lose his temper. It isn’t any wonder that one day he went to my mother and asked her help to get me to stop disrupting my classes.

I left school, but my brother Bill kept on and eventually went to Boston Uni- versity, where he graduated as a civil engineer. Me, I went into show business and started starving for a while. Not long, but long enough, if you understand what I mean. Then I thought I might be a good singer, and a guy who does that and has any sort of voice is liable to find himself lined up with an orchestra the first thing he knows. The only problem was that with my inner turmoil about my gambling I was willing to take a chance at getting away from it. I had no great urge to be a singer. I just wanted to be inside—inside, not just inside, but to be able to sit in church and not feel so much like a pretender.

It was a bit of a sacrifice to leave the card and roulette tables; I didn’t get the same thrill out of them as I would have. In an example is what happened in Chicago. I had a room, one suit and enough money for the next couple of meals. That wasn’t bad, but it was a bit of a drop to be down to the last dollar. I sat down and wrote a letter to my father. He and Mom still kid me about it. I wrote, "Dear Pop, I wonder if you still get those letters from Honolulu. I don’t like the kind they sell in Chicago."

As you can see, I had pride. But I also had a dream.

Once I was singing in Columbus, Ohio, and my mother came to see me. From the kind of letters she had been sending I had an idea she was going to talk me into coming back home. I didn’t want to do that because I felt I would fall into my old ways. To make her feel more secure about me I bought a religious record, which I could play in her room, I made sure that she was wearing it.
She made no comment, but her eyes told me how pleased she was, and not a word came about giving up my singing. After she had left I took off the medal, but while I still held it in my hand, I began to look at it. It had done a good little job, I realized—for both my mother and myself. That was its function. Thinking about this, there was only one thing left to do. I hung it back around my neck. It is still there to this day.

It may be that the church is responsible for the fact that I am less a worrier than I have ever been... certainly far less, apparently, than most people I meet. Everyone that I know, Jerry Lewis, is a bundle of nerves.

Before we have to go on stage he is as nervous as a cat and I have tried many times to talk him into a calmer mood.

"What are you afraid of?" I asked. "There is nobody out there with a gun, you know. And in a few minutes it's over and we are off again."

"Quiet!" he will yelp. "I'm still laying six to five you're going to end up in the hot seat."

In this Jerry agrees with my old Aunt Mary, as you can see. But if I ever were actually an easy to the electric chair, the warden of the prison where I was being held would have a tough time. Jerry would be all over his neck accusing him of break-

The man who worries about what's going to happen to him in this world is wasting brainpower and heart strength.

Any thinking can happen. The other day while driving on a mountain road I hit an unmarked curve and barely made it around on two wheels. For a second there I hung right above a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. I might have gone either way and there was nothing I could do about it. The motors of a plane have stopped while I was a passenger, and, once, a good-sized section of a stone ledge fell off a roof and nearly made a grease spot out of me. About this, about what happens to the flesh, there is little a man can do. He is left with only one option about himself—to choose his spiritual future.

At least, this is how I boil it down, this is what's in my mind when I go out evenings to sit on the front steps. Across from me the pillars of my dream—mansion gleam white in the street light, the house sits back square and true... a place of hope and comfort, and talking to me somehow about God and His plans for me. No wonder I listen. And somehow, in the quiet of the night, I am able to hear Him with my eyes and my heart.

(Dean Martin will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' The Stooge.)

Some say the sweeter music is the jangle, jangle, jingle of pennies in your purse. Here's a way to play a pretty tune. All you have to do is read all the stories in this February issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from.

So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

**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.**

- The Inside Story
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- Take My Word For It by Ava Gardner
- It's a Girl! (Jane Powell)
- Cinderella's Tired (Rita Hayworth)
- It's Love, Love, Love (Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas)
- Bing Crosby's Future
- He Ran Away With Her Heart (June Allyson)
- Full House—Full Hearts (Roy Rogers—Dale Evans)
- Daily Double (Betty Hutton)
- Make Me Honest (Jane Russell)
- Love Story—Nine Years Young (Burt Lancaster)
- Modern Screen Party Of The Year
- What Lana Does To Men (Lana Turner)
- June Allyson Goes Country
- She Came A Long Way (Rosemary Clooney)
- Real Gone and Straight Up (Bob Wagner)
- D Is For Daddy (Elizabeth Taylor—Michael Wilding)
- The House I Love (Dean Martin)
- Modern Screen Fashions
- Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

- 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 MALE star do you like least?
- Which 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.
- Which FEMALE star do you like least?

**ADDRESS TO:** POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

**EARN A DIPLOMA**

If you are one of America's 20 million women who work, finish high school and earn more. Earn diploma in 15 to 24 months. Less if you have some schooling. College prep. Books supplied. Write for free book, "COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. H12-2 1400 Greenleaf Avenue • Chicago 26, Illinois"
ANY THREE of these Big New Best-Sellers
Up to $6.40 Value IN PUBLISHER'S EDITION yours for only $1

A Sensational "Get-Acquainted" Offer to Readers Who Join the Dollar Book Club Now!
WHAT a bargain! Choose any three of these great books for only $1.00! New hit novels—de luxe volumes—all full library size, in handsome, permanent bindings. Total value of any three up to $16.40 in publishers' editions. A big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings offered by this Club! Send no money—just mail the coupon below to accept this wonderful offer!

THE GOWN OF GLORY—Agnes Sligh Turnbull

THE CANE MUTINY—Herman Wouk
Pulitzer Prize Winner! America's most read, most talked about novel! The exciting story of Willie Keith, who learned about love from a woman he couldn't marry, and the meaning of manhood in desperate action at sea. Pub. ed. $3.95.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY—H.G. Wells
New, enlarged third edition. The whole story of man from earliest times through World War II. More than 400 maps and illustrations. One of the most acclaimed books of the twentieth century—a necessity in every home library. Pub. ed. $4.95.

Mail This Coupon

Double-Day One Dollar Book Club
Dept. ZDBG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and tell me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

THE CANE MUTINY

THE GOWN OF GLORY

THE MODERN FAMILY COOK BOOK

Meta Givon

New revised edition—the most helpful most practical cook book published! Packed with delicious recipes! Plans your meals, guides your shopping, makes meals preparation a pleasure! 500 pages, hundreds of pictures! Pub. ed. $4.95.

Mail This Coupon

THE STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES

473 big pages, nearly 600 vivid pictures! Spreads the whole thrilling story of our country before your eyes. Its discovery and early struggles, its leaders and accomplishments, right through World War II, Korea and the selection of our new President. An exciting volume for young and old! Publisher's ed. $7.50.

SINDE NO MONEY—Just Mail the Coupon!

When you see your 3 introductory books—and realize the values you will continue to receive from the Club for only $1 each—you will be delighted to have become a member! If not, return all books and your membership will be cancelled, without further obligation! Mail coupon now.

The great story ever told: Fulton Oursler

"Forby's Best
By Fortune/Chicago Tribune
Another desperate journey to save men and their families from the hands of the devil. Your inspiring telling for all the family—endorsed by leaders of all faiths. Publisher's ed. $2.55.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

H. G. Wells

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY

New, enlarged third edition. Brought up to date. The whole story of man through World War II. More than 400 maps and Illustrations. One of the most acclaimed books of the twentieth century—a necessity in every home library. Pub. ed. $4.95.

THE CANE MUTINY

                                    100
Ladies—here's your chance to get a whole new wardrobe given to you as a bonus—WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST TO YOU! This amazing new plan offers your choice of over 150 smart street dresses, afternoon frocks, tailored suits, and even includes charming "mother & daughter" matching styles. Besides getting these gorgeous clothes, you can make up to $100 in a month just by wearing and showing them to your friends! It's just like getting paid for being the "best dressed" woman in your neighborhood! Just imagine that!

ANY DRESS-SIZE CAN "MODEL" A FASHION FROCK
You do not need any previous "experience." It doesn't matter what your dress size is—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts—you can qualify for this thrilling chance to make big money just by wearing original Fashion Frocks! You know, yourself, when you meet your friends, the talk is bound to get around to "clothes" sooner or later. And it will be sooner when they actually see you wearing these beautiful new Fashion Frocks! Your friends will want to know where you got them—if they, too, can get flattering new styles like yours. And when you tell them about the magnificent fabrics, colors, patterns and weaves—(from which you chose your own dresses)—you'll be helping spread the good news about Fashion Frocks. It's our way of advertising!

NO OBLIGATION OF ANY KIND!
It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this unusual fashion offer...to learn how you can add to your income and receive stylish new dresses as a bonus. All without door-to-door canvassing or taking more than a few spare hours now and then. The coupon below will bring you full details—without obligation of any kind.

DON'T WAIT! OPENINGS LIMITED
This NEW plan is so sensational that openings are limited. So hurry! Fill out the coupon and send it in before the quota is filled. There is no obligation, not a penny to pay!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-2054  Cincinnati 25, Ohio
in Canada, NORTH AMERICAN FASHION FROCKS, LTD. 2163 Parthenais, Dept. L-2054, Montreal, P. Q.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. L-2054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
YES, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligating me, please send everything I need WITHOUT COST.

Name
City   Zone   State
Address
Age   Dress Size

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenais, Montreal, P. Q.
THERE MUST BE A REASON WHY MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS!

Why did you change to CAMELS, Alan Ladd?

When I tried Camels for 30 days and compared them with other brands, I knew they were for me!

For steady smoking, you can't beat Camels. They're Mild and Flavorful—pack after pack!

Like Alan Ladd, test Camels for 30 days...

Find out for yourself the reason why Camel leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes per year! Do it this simple, sensible way:

Make your own 30-day Camel mildness test. Smoke Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days. See how you keep enjoying Camel's rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness—pack after pack, week after week. See how much more smoking pleasure you get from Camels than from any other cigarette! There is a reason why—

MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette!
older wives—young husbands

special!

IT'S LOVE FOR ANN BLYTH!

rita hayworth
Now An Exciting New Camay Fragrance
yours for added loveliness... only in Camay!

Fresh, Fragrant
as a Flower!
The new Camay fragrance is enchanting! And it's yours only in this one wonderful beauty soap!
Change to Camay today. Enjoy its exquisite fragrance! Then see how quickly Camay care can bring new loveliness to your complexion, to every inch of you!

...and a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion is yours with your first cake of Camay!

There's never been a beauty soap like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more radiantly lovely complexion—the Camay Complexion. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. You'll find your skin clearer, fresher—far more radiant with your very first cake. And you'll love that new Camay fragrance—just as you'll love Camay's mild and gentle ways, its rich, creamy lather. So change to Camay tonight. Tonight, tomorrow, years from now, you'll be thankful that you did!

Such fragrant glamor for your bath!
There's just nothing like a Camay Beauty Bath to leave you feeling so fresh, so fragrant... to give you extra assurance of personal loveliness. Buy the big Beauty-Bath Size for economy and glamor.

THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE, Mrs. Cye Perkins, says, "The change to Camay and regular care made a world of difference in my complexion. It's far fresher and clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is enchanting! Camay is more wonderful than ever!"

CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women
For cleaner teeth... fresher breath... fewer cavities... better taste...

use the New Ipana®

Families like this made new Ipana their 2 to 1 choice when they tried it at home. Yes, little children, big children—grown-ups, too—really go for Ipana’s new, refreshing flavor and the way it gives twice as much lively foam.

Famous Ipana now gives you two new, scientific, cleansing agents.

Now get all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene in a creamy-white, non-staining tooth paste... the new Ipana.

Ipana’s two new, scientific, cleansing agents clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. Its active, cleansing foam penetrates where even water cannot reach.

And new Ipana tastes better, too. It really refreshes your mouth.

New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay

Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. So use the new Ipana Tooth Paste regularly after eating.

First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

Second, brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

For teeth and gums—as well as breath—get new Ipana in the yellow-and-red carton.

Now better than ever!

Product of Bristol-Myers
modern screen

stories

ALDO'S DREAM (Aldo Ray) ........................................... by Alice Hoffman 16
RETURN ENGAGEMENT (Mario Lanza) .................................. by Arthur L. Charles 27
RITA'S NEW LOVE (Rita Hayworth) .................................... by Marshal Saunders 28
OLDER WIVES—YOUNG HUSBANDS ..................................... by Thelma McGill 30
BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA (Rock Hudson) ......................... by Lou Pollock 32
IT'S LOVE FOR ANN BLYTH ........................................ by Jim Newton 34
THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN (Scott Brady) .............................. by Jack Wade 36
YESTERDAY'S MAGIC (Loretta Young) ............................... by Marva Peterson 38
I SING FOR ST. JUDE ................................................ by Danny Thomas 41
"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LOVE" (Lana Turner) ............... by Jim Henaghan 43
HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS (Farley Granger) ....................... by Mike Connolly 45
FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS (Leslie Caron) .......................... by Susan Trent 47
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD .......................... by Consuelo Anderson 51

departments

THE INSIDE STORY .................................................. 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS .................................... 6
MOVIE REVIEWS ....................................................... by Florence Epstein 20
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT .............................. 24
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ............................................. by Piper Laurie, star columnist for March 80

introducing an intimate new feature!

TV TALK ................................................................. by Paul Denis 88

On the Cover: Color Picture of Rita Hayworth by Columbia
Other picture credits on page 66

Charles D. Saxon
editor
DurbIn horner
executive editor
Carl Schreeder
western manager

suZanne eppes, story editor
Carol plains, associate editor
Katie robinson, western editor
Fernando Textidor, art director
Bill weinberger, art editor
Bob BeerMan, staff photographer
Bert PARRY, staff photographer
Marcia C. silver, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing 15c if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice to Form 3578 and copies returned under
Label Form 3578 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York
MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 46, No. 4, March, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 291 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George J. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Published simultaneously in the Dominions of Canada, International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Single copy price 20c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $9.00 one year, $14.50 two years, $23.00 three years. Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.00, two years, $3.50, three years. Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.00, two years, $3.00, three years, $6.00. Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 16, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
MGM's Marvelous Made-in-Mexico Musical!

Sultry beauties... Latin lovers... fiestas and fandangos... flaming feuds... tropic magic!
Grab your sombrero and let's go.

Sombrero

Color by Technicolor

Ricardo Montalban, Angeli Gassman
Charisse de Carlo, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne de Carlo

Richard Nina Kurt Walter Thomas José

Josefina Niggli and Norman Foster

Screenplay by Josefina Niggli
Based on the novel "A Mexican Village" by Josefina Niggli

Directed by Norman Foster, Produced by Jack Cummings

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. Is it true that Bill Lundigan’s wife, Rena, is the daughter of the late singer, Helen Morgan?—B. S., JACKSON, MISS.
A. False.

Q. I’ve been told by people who were in Africa with him that as a big-game hunter Stewart Granger cannot hit the red side of a barn. Is this true?—B. Y., BIRMINGHAM, ENG.
A. According to several professional guides in Nairobi, Granger is not a particularly good shot.

Q. Does Lana Turner plan to quit the movies and live in Europe?—R. Y., HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
A. Lana hopes to make movies in Europe after she finishes Latin Lovers.

Q. What was the real relationship between Johnny Hyde of the William Morris Agency and Marilyn Monroe?—T. E., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
A. Hyde was her agent and sponsor, Marilyn his client and protegee.

Q. What is the inside story of the feud between Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe in the filming of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?—T. I., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.
A. There was no feud.

Q. I’ve been advised by a Hollywood friend that Farley Granger who hates publicity has hired a press agent. Is this true?—B. T., ELKINS, W. Va.
A. Yes.

Q. Now that Jane Russell is no longer under contract to RKO, can she pose for pictures with her two adopted children?—G. T., SILVER CREEK, GA.
A. Jane is still under contract to Howard Hughes who does not condone such family portraits.

Q. Doesn’t Ginger Rogers’ third husband, Jack Briggs, work as a television announcer in California, and not as a liquor salesman?—A. A., SAN DIEGO, CAL.
A. Yes. Briggs is one of the top announcers at KFMB-TV, San Diego.

Q. Why at the end of every program does Jimmy Durante say, “Goodnight, Mrs. Kalabash, wherever you may be”?—J. F., FRACKVILLE, PA.
A. A remembrance to his departed wife whom he jokingly called that name.

Q. Is it true that Debbie Reynolds broke her engagement to Bob Wagner because she caught him in the back seat of his car with an older woman? If not what is the real reason?—B. E., BURLINGTON, N. C.
A. Bob Wagner wants to play the field; he was never engaged to Debbie Reynolds.

Q. Can you tell me approximately how much money Elizabeth Taylor has earned during her motion picture career?—C. G., BURLINGTON, IOWA
A. Approximately $450,000.

Q. What is Sterling Hayden’s real name? Didn’t he have four children by actress Madeleine Carroll?—A. S., MR. HOLLY, N. C.
A. Hayden’s real name is John Hamilton. He had no children by Miss Carroll; four by his second wife, Betty De Noor.

Q. Has Shelley Winters been dating other men while her husband works in Italy?—V. F., MONROE, LA.
A. No dating, just dining.

Q. Is it true that Mogambo with Ava Gardner and Clark Gable is a remake of Red Dust with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable? When did Gable star in the original, and who wrote the new version?—H. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Mogambo is a remake of Red Dust in which Gable starred in 1932. John Lee Mahin is the author of both old and new versions.

Q. Is it true that Charlton Heston recently had his nose re-modeled?—O. F., URBANA, ILL.
A. Not Heston—his wife.
By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney’s vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of “Come On-A My House” and “Botch-A Me,” records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focussed the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing “The Stars Are Singing,” Rosemary’s first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She’s a treat for your ears and she’s very easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in “Here Comes The Groom,” won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she’s gay, too. In “The Stars Are Singing,” it’s a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of “Papa Poldi,” a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we’ve come to expect. And he’s in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there’s one character in this show that doesn’t have much of a speaking part, but he’ll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world’s laziest and funniest—dog!

For good measure, there’s a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say “no can do”... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when “The Stars Are Singing” comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I’ve another fun picture to report on—“Pleasure Island.” Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on “Pleasure Island”—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It’s a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

* * *

Next month I’ll be ready to give you the details on “Pony Express,” starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It’s a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation’s history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon,
LOUELLA PARSONS’ GOOD

ANN BLYTH’S MARRIAGE PLANS . . . PARTY-OF-THE-MONTH: ETHEL MERMAN’S FAREWELL FLING . . . THE

WASHINGTON Post, May 11, 1957

WILE Ann Blyth has officially made no
wedding plans to marry Dr. James
McNulty, they’ll marry after she finishes Rose
Marie, her first picture at MGM on her new
and wonderful contract.

I talked to Ann the day after she sent word
to me of her coming marriage, and I’ve never
heard a girl sound so radically happy.

I had suspected that she and Dr. Jim were
in love, and said that nothing would surprise
me less than if they got married.

We were together at the Screen Producers’
Guild party, and I saw Dr. Jim surreptitiously
take her hand and Ann blushed to the roots
of her hair.

At that time I whispered to her, “Are you
generated?” She said, “He hasn’t asked me
yet.” It was a month later that Dr. Jim slipped
a diamond engagement ring on her finger,
and Ann told me her happy news.

Ann has gone out on dates with boys, of
course, as any young girl does, but she has
never been silly or gaga. In fact, when Dr.

Jim put his arm over the back of her chair,
and held her hand, I knew this was it. Ann
who has always had the reputation of being
very standoffish, was beaming.

The marriage of these two young people
is so wonderful, because both are of the same
faith, and they start off in the right way, with
a religious ceremony.

Dr. Jim, who is a successful young ob-
sterician, is the brother of Dennis Day.

THE many stars who turned out for the
“farewell!” party agent George Rosenberg
gave honoring Ethel Merman at Romanoff’s
proved as much as anything just how popular
zestful Ethel is with the movie crowd.

The Queen of Broadway musicals was a
“doll” all during the making of Call Me
Madame at 20th and had everybody singing
her praises. That isn’t always the case with
these Broadway imports, either.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, ablaze with jewels, plus
George Sanders, sat at our table. When
someone said he was surprised that Zsa Zsa
would set foot in Romanoff’s after his Imperial
Highness, Mike, had called her a “phoney,”
she said:

“I don’t care what Mike calls me—I’ll still
love him.” Pretty nice for a girl who’s sus-
pended to be a firecracker.

Ethel, the one and only Merman, was done
the teeth in red (seems to be the favorite
color this season). Of course, everyone in-
isted that she give with a few numbers and
she did.

She asked Gordon MacRae to sing “You’re
Just In Love” with her—and poor Gordon was
game; even though he didn’t know the num-
ber, he tried. Van Johnson, who knows it back-
wards and forwards, was left sitting on the
sidelines.

This party officially ended the long-lasting
feud between sisters Joan Fontaine and
Olivia de Havilland. Just as Joan arrived at
the party, escorted by Collier Young, she met
Olivia leaving the outside dining room at
Romanoff’s. The two girls clasped hands, and
the next Sunday, Olivia took her son Benjy to
Joan’s house, and they had a nice talk.

While perhaps they’ll never be as close as
some sisters, at least they’ve started on the
way to soothe the hurt that had been in each
of their hearts for so long.

Getting back to Ethel’s party—Joan Craw-
ford attracted attention, as usual, for an
unusual reason: Her hair was almost “crew-
cut” short, uncurled, and slicked straight
back from her face. Joan can get away with
anything, of course, but I really do like her
with a more becoming and softer coiffure.

Another oddity: Richard Greene came
“stag”—an awful waste of escort when there
are so many dateless gals in this town.

After everything had more or less calmed
down with Mario Lanza, Mrs. Lanza got
in a face-slapping incident with a parking
lot boy. The boy came to me with a long tale
of woe about how Mrs. Lanza slapped him
and got him discharged.

As I suspected—there were two sides to the
story. There always are.

Mario’s wife admitted that she was highly
nervous (it was just a few days before the
birth of the Lanza son), but she said the boy
was very rude and taunting and kept talking
about “rich movie stars who drive Cadillacs.”

The manager of the parking lot says that
the incident with Mrs. Lanza was NOT
responsible for the boy’s losing his job. Says
he had many complaints from others—and this
was just the final straw

Be that as it may, Mario, himself, is in a
very fine humor. He is delighted over the
birth of his first son, Mario, Jr. (they have two
little girls).

He’s still at odds with MGM as this is writ-
ten—but I think it won’t be too long before
even that long-drawn-out hassle is settled
and Mario is back making movies at the
home studio.

The worried look on young Carleton Car-
penter’s face had all of his friends
wondering.

The reason back of the whole thing was
that he had taken a suspension, and he feared
that he might never get a good part on the
MGM lot again. He also thought Doble Gillis
would go to some other actor, and he wanted
it badly.

But young Carb reckoned without his
popularity and the esteem in which he’s held
by his studio. He was taken off suspension
as suddenly as he was put on, and given this
job he wanted so much.

The teenage cuties are gnashing their
Teeth because Bob Wagner continues to date
Barbara Stanwyck.

One movie starlet who would like very
much to be dating Bob herself, said: “What-
ever does he see in HER? She’s been natur-
ally gray-headed for years!”

WHEN Ava Gardner was so ill with dys-
tenancy in a London hospital, after pick-
ing up a germ in Africa, she cabled Frank
Sinatra, “HAVE LOST TEN POUNDS IN TEN
DAYS. WHAT’S LEFT OF ME LOVES YOU.”
NEWS

FONTAINE-DE-HAVILLAND FEUD ENDS

I like Liz Taylor, and I know she didn't mean it the way it sounded, but I wish she hadn't said when she went to court to pick up the $45,000 saved out of her salary during the years she was a minor: "The bonds have been ready to pick up for two years, but I've been so busy I haven't had time to come downtown to get them."

Oh, Liz—that's a lot of money to be TOO BUSY to collect.

RED SKELTON had been reading about Christine Jorgenson (the GI who had his sex changed from male to female via operation and hormones), just before he was wheeled in for his own "upside-down stomach" surgery at St. John's Hospital. Cracked red-headed Red, "If I come out of this Arlene Dahl, tell Fernando Lamas first."

That Red could wisecrack at all is a wonder. He had just weathered the unhappiest week of his life. On the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork, he had gone off the deep end, left home and Georgia and the children, and called newspapermen that he was divorcing Georgia.

Among a blast of statements I am sure he is sorry he ever made, Red said that Georgia locked him out of her room and the children's rooms and that she didn't want to be in love with him any longer. "I am so in love it's pitiful," he wailed from the hotel room he had taken. Georgia was deeply hurt—but she proved what a fine wife she is by being the first at his bedside when he was stricken ill on the set of The Great Diamond Robbery and rushed to the hospital. I hope, and so do all Red's friends, that this enforced rest will be just what he needs to get his health back and to once again be the good father and devoted husband he always is—when he is himself.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: I know Shelley Winters is miserably unhappy, lonely, frequently ill and down in the dumps about being separated from Vittorio Gassman while awaiting the birth of her baby. But, honestly, Shell shouldn't go around in public wearing faded blue jeans (which she keeps fastened in front with a safety pin) and Hawaiian print blouses. On second thought, I feel awfully sorry for Shelley no matter what she wears. . . .

I doubt if Ava Gardner will ever stick out those necessary 18 months in Europe for tax reduction purposes. She's too homesick. . . .

No one, not even the press agents, will convince me that Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell are palsy-walsy and dear chums.

Thanks for the Memory

- Next time you hear old ski-nose take a chorus of his theme song, try to remember the first time you heard it. It was introduced and sung by a new face on your screen, The Big Broadcast Of 1938 marked Bob Hope's debut. In 15 years it has echoed all over the world, in Army camps, hospitals, on battlefronts—anywhere Bob's infectious good humor could make tired men and women laugh a little. Few entertainers have given so much of themselves to help others, few have become world-wide institutions in the process. In recognition of Bob Hope's 15 years of growing greatness, the Entertainment World has given over the week of February 22 as Bob Hope Week, to be topped on February 27 with a testimonial dinner for Bob at the Friars' Club. Celebrities everywhere join the little people to say, "Thanks, Bob—thanks for the memory!"

Bob's face, now a landmark, first appeared in Paramount's Big Broadcast Of 1938. He sang "Thanks for the Memory" with Shirley Ross.

In 15 years, Bob's never turned down a worthy cause. Has played hundreds of benefits. Pals like Lamour and Colonna often join him.

During World War II, Bob was never too busy to tour army hospitals or entertain at the front. GI's all over the world thank and love him.

Good-natured rivalry between Bing Crosby, Pittsburgh Pirate, and Cleveland Indian Bob is part of their deep and lasting friendship.

A crowning moment for Bob was returning to his native England for a Command Performance in 1947 and presentation to the Queen.

A broken arm can't stop Bob from signing autographs, or anything he can for the fans who, he maintains, have done so much for him.
The New Landmark in Motion Picture

WARNER BROS.' JUBILANT PRODUCTION OF

THE JAZZ SINGER

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Entertainment!

"This is a mother's best present — you're home from Korea!"

"I can't be the same as you, Pop — my singing is in my heart!"

"You made it Jerry — we always knew you would!"

Starring

DANNY THOMAS

PEGGY LEE

MILDRED DUNNOCK • EDUARD FRANZ

Screen play by FRANK DAVIS & LEONARD STERN and LEWIS MELTZER

Based on the play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON • PRODUCED BY LOUIS F. EDELMAN

Musical numbers staged and directed by LE ROY PRINZ

Musical direction by RAY MEINDORF

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinsing needed. Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
The Screen Achievement of 1953...

Columbia Pictures presents

RITA HAYWORTH STEWART GRANGER

in

SALOME

COLOR BY Technicolor

CO-STARRING

CHARLES LAUGHTON

with

JUDITH ANDERSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BASIL SYDNEY • MAURICE SCHWARTZ
ARNOLD MOSS • ALAN BADEL
AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS

Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A BECKWORTH Corporation Production
Are you in the know?

When a girl changes schools, what's a good move?
- Try talking to the stages
- Pick yourself a pal

As "the new girl," you'll be noticed—but don't expect a brass band greeting. (Your new classmates may be shy, too!) Why not ask one gal to share a Shurp Special at the local fizzle palace? Bimeby, you'll be buddies. Getting okayed by the ladies first—leads to meeting the boy-people. Same as the confidence you need, on certain days, begins with the comfort you get with Kotex. This napkin (so absorbent!) has softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft for hours and hours!

What to do about the Spaniel Type?
- Rush away screaming
- Linger and learn

Adoring Egbert—always underfoot! A good kid, but you don't get his message; you're too busy torching for frost-hearted Ted. Should you ditch Egbert? Better linger. You'll learn how to charm other gents. And at trying times, learn about poise from Kotex and that safety center (your extra protection). In all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.

Which "look" is best for lasses with glasses?
- Uncluttered
- Dramatic
- Coquette

If you've got specs before your eyes, choose headgear becoming to your face type. Dodge severe or frilly-filly effects. Keep your brow uncluttered. A soft, simple hairdo plus a small or medium brimmed chapeau should suit you. For a smooth look on calendar days, let Kotex keep you outline-free. You'll see—those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—now nicer than ever! Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding. It's luxuriously soft and absorbent—like Kleenex* tissues. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Overworked Red Skelton split with wife Georgia, and left his children Valentina and Richard before his stomach operation. But all's mending now.

the question and they took over the Bel-Air Country Club lock, stock and bar!
WHAT a party!
The decorations throughout carried out the holiday spirit of red and green and I'm sure it wasn't an accident that Gloria's beautiful gown was in vivid red. She looked so lovely and so healthy—and if she seemed unusually attentive to two doctors present, Dr. Mark Rubwin and Dr. Leon Krohn, it is because they saved her life when she was so desperately ill following the birth of the Stewart twins.

Jimmy was a wonderful host and danced with all the gals—even me!

Joan Crawford came with director Nick Ray who used to be married to Gloria Grahame. Gloria isn't Joan's favorite actress, and vice versa, I might add.

I dined with the William Goetzes and Jack and Mary Benny, people I like very, very much. What a darling that Jack is.

June Allyson, who never looks more than 18, looked even younger with what I am sure is the shortest haircut in town. She and Dick Powell came to our table and talked a long, long time.

Among other guests having a très gay time were Gracie Allen, Janet Gaynor, Adrian, and Loretta Young who wore sombre black lace.

WILL Robert Taylor EVER marry again?
I think these quotes, direct from Bob, will be of great interest to Ursula Thiess and several other beauties he's been dating recently.

Says Bob, "Sure, I'd like to get married. I'd hate to think I was going to keep on NOT being married. That's a grim future to face. But take a look around at the available girls in town."

"Most of them I've known a number of years. Some are not my type. I know I'm not theirs. They seem to think I'm in training to become a permanent rolling stone!"

"Besides, by and large, they are career girls. That comes first. So where do I find the girl?"

How about someone outside the industry, a non-professional?

"That's a good thought," he smiled, "but how do I meet one? As you know, any time I'm not in Hollywood, I like to hunt and fish—and there are very few girls around hunting and fishing."

Of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, for 11 years regarded as one of Hollywood's finest, he says, "It was one of those things. Who's to know who's to blame. I'm sorry it broke up. Barbara and I see each other occasionally, maybe dinner once a month or so.

"I have nothing against women, bless 'em.
"I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

"Several scenes in 'I Confess' called for rain," Anne Baxter explained. "But the weather was so lovely, we had to make our own rain. After being drenched by the studio hose, I prayed for some 'gentle rain from heaven'!

"When it finally rained, I worked outdoors in sopping wet clothes for days! My skin just couldn't take it without soothing Jergens Lotion. It kept my face and hands beautifully soft.

"Making these windy ferry-boat scenes chapped my skin raw, but Jergens Lotion rescued me again—and so quickly—cause it's absorbed instantly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens...

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other hand. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the 'Jergens hand' as it will over a lazy, oily skin care.

"For close-ups, my skin was always soft and properly romantic, thanks to Jergens Lotion! No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!

Use Jergens regularly on your skin. You'll see why more women buy Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!
Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial’s AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap.

It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s bland beauty-cream lather gently removes dirt and makeup, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news continued

Rubbernecks Aly Khan and Gene Tierney toured over Europe together this fall, saw the film festival in Venice. Far news of Rita see page 28.

I just haven’t found the right one for me.”
Dost think the gentleman don’t protest too much?????

At the end of their marriage Anne Baxter and John Hodick released this statement to me: “Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word divorce. Above everything else we wanted our marriage to be a success. We have denied the many rumors in the past month, both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our difficulties to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heart-tick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts and understanding, basic incompatibilities have made our life together impossible.”

The Letter Box: T/Sgt. William M. Fuhmann, A-F 12250762, 3537th Maintenance Sqn., Box 207, Mother Field, Calif., writes: What’s the matter, Louella? Don’t you like lanbeth Scott? You never mention her name.” Oh, yes, I do, Bill—whenever Liz is newsworthy. It’s obvious YOU like her, and I think it would be nice if she wrote to you.

Sonny Lou Milligan, Bethlehem, Pa., says, “Girls who pan Marilyn Monroe are just jealous of her—I know because I’m a girl. But I don’t suppose Marilyn cares whether women like her or not.” Oh, yes, she does.

Marilyn very much wants to have women friends and fans.

Here are some boys in the service who would like to correspond with American girls:
Cpl. John F. Wright, 12118106, Hq. “Co” 1st Bn. 224th Infantry Regiment, 40th Infantry Division, APO 6, % Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Some boys with the Forward Observers Team, who can be reached at the following address: HEM, 3rd Bn.—11th Marines, First Marine Division, FMO, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif.:

Sgt. John Larsen
Cpl. Edward B. Menchen
Sgt. Robert Lyman
Pfc. Willie Williams
Cpl. Thomas Percy Fitzgerald
Cpl. Richard Norton
Cpl. Charles Marcel
Cpl. Ken Wagner
Cpl. Herbert Tucker
Cpl. Cecil Ditsworth

Good luck, boys. I hope you all get some mail. And that’s all for now. See you next month.
How You Can Lose Weight
-and Eat All You Want!

"It happened to me," says

Zsa Zsa Gabor

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 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. Ayds is guaranteed pure.
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.

Slim the Way the Stars Slim
“...If you are overweight,
Ayds can do wonderful things
for your figure.”

Zsa Zsa Gabor

Ayds helps Zsa Zsa to keep that lovely
figure. “Ayds helps you to reduce,” says
Zsa Zsa. “I know, it happened to me!”

Zsa Zsa with daughter Francesca. “I rec-
ommend Ayds to any woman who wants
to keep looking youthful,” she says

Ayds has helped many famous Holly-
wood stars to a lovelier figure. It can
do the same for you!
At last it can be told—the story of the Hollywood “find” who lost his love and now quietly searches for happiness.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

ALDO’S DREAM

Up in Crockett, California last November, a small, brown-haired girl looked up at the blond giant who stood before her.

“Hello, Aldo,” she said, and her voice was gentle. “Are you happy down there? Have you found what you’re looking for?”

He smiled down at her. “I’m still searching,” he said. Then he put a big hand on her shoulder and said, “You’re very sweet.”

It was a scene that would have answered a lot of questions that had been buzzing around Hollywood for a year—in fact, ever since Aldo Ray hit town. People knew he was divorced, or to be more explicit, sitting out the year’s interlocutory period which is necessary by California law before a divorce becomes final.

The average Hollywoodites who sue or are sued for divorce follow a well-worn pattern. They announce the divorce decision to the studio and the press on Monday, and on Tuesday night are seen around town with somebody new. This inevitably starts a chain reaction of dates, all of which are suspected of being serious romances, and none of which mean very much. There seems to be a compulsion to be a gay divorcée, and Hollywood has come to look upon such shenanigans as accepted behavior.

It also (Continued on page 18)
once I had blonde hair...
then I turned drab and mousey...

now-Richard Hudnut
Light and Bright has brought back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix
"It's simpler than setting your hair!"

by RICHARD HUDNUT is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, 1.50 plus tax.

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue
AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick!

Among the "Secondary Invaders" are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

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

It Can Help Head Off Trouble or Lessen Its Severity

Yes, used thoroughly and often, Listerine Antiseptic can actually help head off a cold or sore throat due to a cold, or lessen their severity.

It fights infections as an infection should be fought...with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (See panel above). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

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

So, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands...why not you? Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

aldo's dream

(Continued from page 16) condones the practice of the separated couple talking about each other in carefully couched phrases. Things like, "I wouldn't want to say it was her fault," or, "Well, I tried, but he wouldn't cooperate."

Aldo Ray was different. He didn't talk to anyone about his marriage. He simply said that he had married a girl from his home town when they were both quite young, that they hadn't made a go of it, and that now it was all over. He refused to make further comment, and he also declined to mention her name. The simple fact of the matter is that Aldo was behaving like a gentleman. He felt that his estranged wife was entitled to live her own life and to be spared the fuss and bother of publicity that would have showered her had he divulged the story in more detail.

It took more than a little courage to do this, for in his position Aldo was wide open to the pat criticism of actors who hit the big time and are then divorced from their childhood sweethearts. It was natural for people to suppose that his head had grown in proportion to his income and that he no longer felt the marriage was a suitable one. These things were whispered as a matter of course. They were even taken for granted, as are many of the similar cases in Hollywood. This is unfortunate, for a great number of such divorces are the result of a schism that had come long before success. This was the case with Aldo Ray.

He wasn't seen very much at the bright spots. He rented a little house in Malibu, facing the ocean, and he hibernated there for more than six months, making the long drive every day into Columbia Studio. When he did stay in town for an evening he was either stag or with a group of friends. There wasn't much for the press to bite into, and they were puzzled. Aldo's actions are easily explainable. His divorce was not final until November 16th of last year, and he felt that until that time he had no right to be seen publicly with another girl.

This story will tell, for the first time, the things about which Hollywood has wondered for so long.

Aldo grew up in a big boisterous, warm-hearted family. His parents, Silvio and Maria DaRe, were born in Italy but came to America before they started their family of six sons and one daughter. It was a good home for a boy to grow in, and despite the unhappiness of the elder DaRes and the love that poured from them over their children, Aldo was a typical boy in that he regarded females as creatures to be left simmering over their dolls while he went out and kicked a football.

He was 15 when he first kissed a girl, and still remembers the shock with which he realized that he wanted to kiss her. He gave her a hasty smack and then turned and fled down the street. It set off the chemical reaction which catapulted him into a string of average, schoolboy puppy loves. The school at Crockett was unlined with that of Rodeo, a town four miles away. As it happened during Aldo's high school year, the Crockett school was predominantly male and the Rodeo school mostly female, with the result that the Crockett boys could be seen any afternoon after school driving their jalopies the four-mile stretch to Rodeo.

The girls of both Rodeo and Crockett were crestfallen when Aldo, after graduating from high school, joined the Navy and volunteered as a
How often have you been depressed at the sight of rough flakes on your skin? Skin that holds make-up in grainy blotches...looks dull and adds years to your face!

Gloom won't chase dry skin away. But, here's how you can put a fresh glow on your face, no matter how dry your skin is now! For as little as twenty-five cents, you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

And, here's why I recommend Woodbury Dry Skin Cream: While most dry skin creams contain lanolin and other softening ingredients, some creams simply deposit them on the surface of your skin. But, Woodbury contains Penaten, a penetrating ingredient that carries the rich, softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin.

Penaten helps these oils penetrate so quickly, five minutes' care is all you need! But use it every day! You'll be rewarded, with a fresh, youthful bloom you never dreamed possible.

Here's a simple routine to follow:

With fingertips, smooth the cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes...tissue off...and look in your mirror. I promise you the loveliest surprise you've seen in years. Try it tonight. Woodbury Dry Skin Cream comes in sizes from 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.
Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily...shiny?
Are pore openings becoming larger...blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets sluggish—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick...and it works.

Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens dead skin cells—dissolves them off! Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how fresh your skin feels! How much softer and clearer it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

In New Orleans in the 1850's life was cheap and reckless. Gents dropped like flies on the field of honor and ladies eloped with anyone just to spite their lovers. Universal goes to town on these dime novel emotions. They've put Ty Power in Technicolor, given him all the nobler virtues and made him a gambler—the only honest gambler on the Mississippi. And they've cast two lovely blossoms at his feet, namely, Piper Laurie and Julia Adams. The plot gets thicker than the river bottom. Ty comes to New Orleans to build a fancy casino. One look and he's smitten with Piper, a southern belle who'd gladly run a letter opener through his heart. He gambles with Piper's brother (John Baer) who pays off with her diamond necklace. (When Ty tries to give back the necklace Piper rears like a thoroughbred.) He gambles with Julia Adams' brother who pays off with his company's funds and regrettably shoots himself. Meanwhile the romantic triangles pile up. Julia loves Ty, Ty loves Piper, Piper's brother loves Julia, etc. A couple of duels are arranged to straighten things out, but they only make things worse. Piper runs off to marry a banker who shortly runs off with the bank, and Ty's left with gentle Julia. A lot more happens before the final clinch, but see it for yourself.

Cast: Tyrone Power, Piper Laurie, Julia Adams—Universal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

First thing to remember is, this is not the life of Hans Christian Andersen. It's the story of his faith in people and because, as the main character, he is a simple, humble teller of tales, the story itself is fragile. Hans (Danny Kaye) is a cobbler who doesn't work very hard. He likes to gather children around him and tell them fairy tales. The children forget to go to school and Hans becomes something of a nuisance. So he hires to Copenhagen, the big city, with his apprentice (Joey Walsh). There he falls in love with a ballerina (Jeanmaire) who is married to the ballet director (Farley Granger), Hans writes a fairytale for her. It's really a love letter. She turns it into a ballet called "The Little Mermaid." and soon Hans becomes famous. That's all. Except for the delicate colors, the beautiful scenery, the stories Hans tells and the ballets which have a wonderful dream-like quality about them.

Cast: Danny Kaye, Joey Walsh, Jeanmaire, Farley Granger, Roland Petit, Erik Bruhn—Samuel Goldwyn.

THE LAWSLESS BREED

Nobody ever shot more people dead than Rock Hudson. But he sweats he did it all in self-defense. You see, he had an unhappy childhood. Dad used to beat him for playing with guns. Rock left home to make enough money to buy a ranch for Mary Castle. Too bad he has to get into a poker game and kill Gus Hanley. (Gus drew first.) That does it. Mary Castle gets it, too—from a pose that's hunting Rock down. Julia Adams, a girl he met in a saloon, helps him make a get-away in a buckboard. After many a year they settle down on an honest-to-goodness farm. Too bad the Texas Rangers are onto him at last, since he's made peace with himself and all. But they haul him away for 16 long years. That gives a person pause. Changes a person. He sure doesn't want his son to lead the life he led. So when Rock gets home first thing he does is stop Junior from shooting a man. Guess you can call that a happy ending.

Cast: Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Mary Castle, John McIntyre, Race Gentry—Universal. (Continued on page 22)
"In my business you have to be fast. I'm not a movie star or a high-fashion camera model with a make-up man and an hour to fix my hair before every appearance. I'm a Seventh Avenue dress model, always changing clothes, always in a rush. But each time I appear, I must be as calm as a duchess, groomed to perfection.

"With my hair, that was a problem! It not only looked like straw, it acted like straw in the wind.

"Then, flash!—came news of Formula 9 and the 1 Minute Miracle! One minute is all I ever have, so I tried it. And the miracle happened! In 60 seconds my hair became soft, silky, instantly manageable with more natural curl than I had ever had in my life! Now after a fast change, a mere flick of the comb and it's as smooth as an ad in Harper's Bazaar.

"Do men notice the difference? Notice it? They love Formula 9—for the well-groomed look it gives them!"

Ladies, if you too have a hair problem—whether it's dry hair, cracked and splitting ends, hair breaking off, dandruff or dull looking unmanageable hair—you'll find there is only one thing that can make your hair healthier-looking, more beautiful and instantly manageable, and that is lanolin.

For unlike vegetable and mineral oils which merely cling to the hair surface and do no good at all, lanolin is actually absorbed by the hair and penetrates the scalp. Lanolin is a natural organic oil that comes from hair—the hair of a sheep. It is nature's hair conditioner. And only Charles Antell in famous Formula 9 has mastered the secret of refining and compounding lanolin so it is absorbed in sufficient quantity to make your hair lustrous, youthful looking, shimmering with highlights, instantly manageable—yet vanishes as you apply it. It's marvelous what it does!

That's why we say to you now, try Formula 9. Get it at any drug or cosmetic counter. We guarantee you'll have healthier-looking, more beautiful hair or it costs you nothing.
Now...follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads...relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astrigent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're really pretty always.

So easy. Just think...with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream cleans, softens, tones and satinizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING
This was a beautiful novel, a wonderful play and now—an excellent movie. It is the story of a 12-year-old girl who feels she doesn't belong. Everyone has someone else to love and to share life with, but not Frankie. Until now. Now her brother, a soldier, is going to be married and Frankie falls in love with the idea of the wedding. She decides that she will belong to the newlyweds who'll take her with them on their honeymoon and keep her ever after. Her two best (and only) friends—younger cousin John Henry, and a warm-hearted and wise Negro maid can't control Frankie's emotional carryings-on. But they try to: they try to understand her, and in the trying the whole turbulent world of this girl on the edge of growing up is revealed. All its wild, tender, sweet and frantic feelings rush out to grip and hold you entranced. The maid, Berenice, is played to perfection by Ethel Waters. Twenty-six-year-old Julie Harris is astonishingly convincing as 12-year-old Frankie, And Brandon De Wilde (as John Henry) holds his own in this movie which never strays far from the original conception of novelist Carson McCullers.

Cast: Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, Brandon De Wilde, James Edwards, Harry Borden.—Columbia.

ROAD TO BALI
All the "Roads" Crosby and Hope ever take lead to a shadow filled with Lamour. Only this time it's in Technicolor. That's the picture—who needs a plot? Well, Bing and Bob are a couple of girl-crazy hooters proposing marriage to everyone in Australia. When everyone accepts it's time to get out of town. They go by train—Bing inside, Bob on the rods. Pretty soon they jump off the train and roll into a herd of sheep. "We're poor little lambs who have lost our way," the boys sing. "Baa-baa-baa" sing the sheep. Next thing you know they have beards (the boys, not the sheep) and are signing up for a job with Murvyn Vye. He's evil, wants them to dive for buried treasure that doesn't even belong to him. Vye takes them to this island paradise where they meet the Princess (Dot Lamour) and a court of gorgeous girls. But the fun can't last. Hope has to dive for the treasure and there's a squid down there waiting to blot him out. There's more. There's a shipwreck, a headhunter's ball, a volcano (erupting), a love-happy gorilla. There's Humphrey Bogart coming out of the swamps with The African Queen. Crazy! Man!

Cast: Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Murvyn Vye.—Paramount.

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL
For a long time John Shields' name was powerful in Hollywood. It was the name of a young genius of a producer (Kirk Douglas) who fought his way to the top over his father's dead body. (His father was a one-time great who died bankrupt and hated.) But Shields is on the way out now unless his friends help him. His friends think they have a lot of good reasons to let him rot. You see why in flashbacks. Barry Sullivan, a famous director, takes it from the beginning, when he and Kirk had nothing but ideas and energy, up to the time that partnership dissolved. Lana Turner picks up the thread. She's a big actress now, but when Kirk found her she was a dead movie idol's daughter heading straight for the alcoholic ward. He pushed her to the top, but he pushed her his own way.
And there's plenty Dick Powell can't forget. He's a Pulitzer Prize novelist. In a way Kirk was responsible, but he was also responsible for the one big tragedy in Dick's life. The three stories blend into a picture of a ruthless, magnetic man burning for glory. You see Hollywood from the inside, and much of the glamour and excitement of that town is in this picture.

Cast: Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, Dick Powell, Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame.—MGM.

**CONNIE**

Even MGM's sorry for teachers. Teachers are not only unsung, they're underpaid. Van Johnson, poetry instructor in a small university town, lives on codfish balls. Connie (V.J.'s wife) doesn't care if he doesn't care, even though she's pregnant and craves lambchops. But V.J.'s father (Louis Calhern) is enraged. He's one of the richest men in Texas—made it on beef—and it kills him that his son won't come live on the ranch and be his heir. Teaching's for women who can't find husbands is his philosophy. Anyway, Van's up for a promotion. May get it, too, if he can love the Dean (Gene Lockhart) better than his rival can. Only time the Dean gains weight is when a job's open. Poppa comes to town shortly before the crucial supper at Van's house and every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it (they're saving the food for later). Oh, Pop's got all kinds of plans to lure his son home, and a big enough bankroll to carry them out. By this time Connie (that's Janet Leigh, incidentally) is pretty hungry and falls in with her father-in-law. Despite its obsession with the digestive system this picture's pretty funny. Thanks to Louis Calhern who walks away with it. And Walter Slezak, a butcher, who helps him.

Cast: Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Louis Calhern, Walter Slezak, Gene Lockhart.—MGM.

**MY COUSIN RACHEL**

The place is a lonely castle in Cornwall; the mood is ominous. Against a background of English storms and raging emotions a story of love, and possibly murder unfolds. All his life Richard Burton worshipped his cousin and foster-father (John Sutton) who is forced to go to Italy for his health. Burton never sees him again. Only letters tell what may have happened. Sutton had met "our cousin Rachel," married her and then accused her of poisoning him. Burton swears to avenge his cousin's death. Unaware of his suspicions, Rachel (Olivia de Havilland) pays a visit to Cornwall. Burton is startled by her beauty and quiet charm. He falls wildly in love with her, wants to give her the estate, the family jewels, money. His friends warn him to be more cautious—Rachel's past is shady, her actions contradictory. She leads him on, then abuses him, accepts everything he gives but never commits herself. Burton's health breaks under the strain, and once recovered he turns on her with all the fury of a tortured heart. Is she trying to poison him? Is she a murderess and a gold digger?—does she really love him? Suspense mounts to a feverish pitch and ends in violence in this ambitious adaptation of Daphne Du Maurier's novel.


---

**Outsells them all because it Exels them all!**

**lovely, long-wearing Cutex**

- Spillpruf Cutex wears much longer because it's the only polish with Enamelon—a "miracle" ingredient that gives lasting non-chip wear!
- Original Spillpruf bottle can't spill! Protects nice things; 15¢ plus tax.
- Stay Fast Indelible Lipstick stays on till you take it off. Never smears!
- "Moisturizing Action" in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips softer, smoother. 29¢ plus tax. Both in a beautiful range of this season's loveliest colors!
Tampax
Sets You Free
from many monthly
annoyances

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size, for it is many times smaller than the external "pad" commonly used for monthly sanitary protection.

Next you realize that Tampax needs no pins or belts—no supporting harness of any kind.... Tampax is worn internally, as designed by its doctor-inventor.

While wearing Tampax in this way (internally), you need have no fear of odor and of course there is no chafing either. Also, your mind is at rest concerning possible bulges and edge-lines, even with the smoothest dress or skirt.

Tampax is very simple to use.... Made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, it comes to you in dainty slender applicators to make insertion easy and convenient..... And disposal is just as easy.

Relax physically and mentally—with Tampax. You do not even feel it while wearing it.... Sold at drug and notions counters in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply will go into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report
by Mike Connolly
famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPT':

Every year along about this time I stick my neck way out and try to forecast the top Academy Award contenders of the year. So here goes and may the best gal and guy win! ... Rivals for the coveted femme Oscars, as I see 'em, will be Shirley Booth for Come Back, Little Sheba; Ethel Waters and Julie Harris, Member Of The Wedding; Olivia deHavilland, My Cousin Rachel; Bette Davis, The Star, and Joan Crawford, Sudden Fear .... Male contenders would appear to be Richard Burton for Rachel; Kirk Douglas, The Bad And The Beautiful; Gregory Peck, Suez; John Wayne, Kilimanjaro; and Jimmy Stewart, The Jazz Singer.

Real reason behind John Wayne's flitting about town is not his Chata, it's said—but a new, unrequited heartbeat! The gal says no soap on account of religious differences, and political ones too. She's only 25 and wants a guy, home and kids. So Duke seems to be moving fast to make believe it never happened at all! ... Depends on who you are when you talk to Pier Angeli as to what you call her. Studio friends call her Pier; friends say Anna Marie.

But her very own amore eterno (that's genuine Italian for "Kirk Douglas") whispers softly, "Amarela!" ... Mona Freeman is learning to speak Persian for a "Voice Of America" interview—broadcast with linguist Jamshed Sherehiyan .... Walt'll you get an eyeful and earful of Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe singing and dancing "When The Wild, Wild Women Go Swimmin' In Bimini Bay" in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—a sensational song-and-dance number! ... Unhappiest-Hollywood-marriage-story: Anne Baxter and John Hodik ... Most likely-actor-and-actress to be nominated most uncooperative again by the Hollywood Women's Press Club: Rita Hayworth and Mario Lanza!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Frank Sinatra bought a $15,000 diamond bracelet for Ava Gardner that consists of 174 diamonds. ... Ava, some "know-it-all's" report, got a cash settlement of $80,000 from Mickey Rooney in the not too long ago ... But, as an added sidelight, the Mick's other two ex-wives must be holding their breath—because it's a cinch if he and his new bride welcome a child he'll ask for alimony reductions ... Zsa Zsa Gabor's salary is up to $3,000 a week, thanks to her work in Moulin Rouge. She started a mere year and five pictures ago for $200 a week ... Hollywood is down to its last two yachts. Stars just can't afford them any more—with the exception of Errol Flynn, who still has the "Zaca" and Humphrey Bogart, who has the "Santa." But that's about all.

Hedy Lamarr bought the Yucca Street apartment building where she once hung her hat ... Alan Ladd's deal for making a picture in Europe is $200,000 cash, deposited in a bank in this country, against 10 percent of the gross—meaning that he is guaranteed $200,000 and 10 percent of everything over that amount made at the boxoffice ... And this is what Johnnie Ray claims he makes (figger it out for yourself!): "Dough Ray Me Star So Ah See Dough!" ... Patricia Knight now averages $75,000 a year from her share of ex-husband Cornel Wilde's Texas oil wells ... There are two Annies in Blue Gardenia. One of them—Baxter—gets $75,000 for her share; the other—Sothern—gets $40,000 ... In addition to doing movies, television and radio, Red Skelton was laying plans to act as a greeter in the nightclub of the hotel (Continued on page 76)
BEAUTY WORLD

in just a few steps around

Woolworth's cosmetic counters... says SUSAN SMART

I hate to miss beauty aids that could help me look lovelier. That's why I shop Woolworth's. Just once around the counter and I've seen every type of beauty aid imaginable from...well, timely cosmetics that keep me glamorous whatever the weather to the newest in powder puffs. At Woolworth's I find the best-loved brands...in every size from small trial ones to big money-saving economy sizes. It's so complete...so varied...no wonder I call it my Beauty World! Come with me and see...

There's Pacquins Hand Cream on the counter to remind me I need Pacquins' soothing care. Purple label for normal skin...red for extra-dry. 25c, 49c, 98c.

Again, Helene Curtis Stave. When winds blow, where would I be without it? Just a touch of Stave gives hair a soft cared-for look all day. 50c, $1.

Love the way Woolworth's groups hair aids. I want Noreen Super Color Rinse. Noreen blends glamour into hair! You brighten, darken, change at will. It shampoos out! 50c.

Speaking of shampoos, have you tried White Rain? It's like washing hair in softest rainwater. This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers hair...leaves it cloud-soft, sunshine bright! 30c, 60c, $1.

For a far better wave, New Toni Trio gives a home permanent custom-made for you. Regular for normal, Super for hard-to-wave, Very Gentle for easy-to-wave hair. Rehills $1.50.

Thrills me to find toiletries worth up to 53c in Woolworth's closeout assortment. Lotions, toilet waters, creams, powders, many wonderful items from divisions of Lander Co. all priced at 19c each.

A. With Hazel Bishop No Smear Lipstick on your dressing table, you seldom need carry one. Once on, it stays lovely through dining, drinking, romance. $1.10.

B. For a lastingly fresh mouth, here's Pepsodent Toothpaste...White or the new Chlorophyll. Patented Oral Detergent brings a clean mouth taste for hours. White 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c. Chlorophyll 43c, 69c.

C. Mustn't forget Heed Deodorant to protect my warm clothes...and me. Heed's super-fine spray really covers...checks perspiration safely, surely, daintily, 25c, 39c, 59c.

D. While I'm on daintiness, I'll pick up Freshies Mints. Protect against food, drink, smoking odors. Nature's deodorant, chlorophyll, sweetens my breath in seconds. 10c.

E. Have you tried Lady Esther's 1-minute home facial? Do! Buy 4-Purpose Cream at Woolworth's. It cleanses, softens, helps nature refine pores. Grand as a powder base. 28c, 55c, 85c.

F. I keep my finger on fashion with Woolworth's Helen Neumayer shades. Doubly pretty because exclusive Plasteen keeps nails jewel-clear, resists chipping. 10c.

G. With Hazel Bishop No Smear Lipstick on your dressing table, you seldom need carry one. Once on, it stays lovely through dining, drinking, romance. $1.10.

H. For a lastingly fresh mouth, here's Pepsodent Toothpaste...White or the new Chlorophyll. Patented Oral Detergent brings a clean mouth taste for hours. White 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c. Chlorophyll 43c, 69c.

J. Mustn't forget Heed Deodorant to protect my warm clothes...and me. Heed's super-fine spray really covers...checks perspiration safely, surely, daintily, 25c, 39c, 59c.

K. While I'm on daintiness, I'll pick up Freshies Mints. Protect against food, drink, smoking odors. Nature's deodorant, chlorophyll, sweetens my breath in seconds. 10c.

L. Have you tried Lady Esther's 1-minute home facial? Do! Buy 4-Purpose Cream at Woolworth's. It cleanses, softens, helps nature refine pores. Grand as a powder base. 28c, 55c, 85c.

M. I keep my finger on fashion with Woolworth's Helen Neumayer shades. Doubly pretty because exclusive Plasteen keeps nails jewel-clear, resists chipping. 10c.
That Ivory Look
Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Beautiful little girls have it... so can you!
Do you wish you had a complexion as flower-fresh as little Arlene's? Well, wishing won't help—but acting will! Why not borrow Arlene's beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory? More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for your skin and baby's than all other brands of soap put together!

Beautiful cover girls have it... so can you!
"I love to experiment with hats and hairdos," confesses magazine cover girl, Diane Whitton. "But I don't experiment with my complexion. I've found no soap suits my skin like pure, mild Ivory!" And remember—what Ivory does for Diane's dazzling complexion, it can do for yours!

You can have That Ivory look in just one week!
Yes, a smoother, lovelier complexion can be yours as soon as that! And so easily! Here's all you have to do—just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, that's all! Then, in only seven days, your skin will look clearer, softer, younger. You'll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
As you read this article, Mario Lanza, if he has not already, is preparing to return to work and the unprecedented campaign of vilification aimed at him and his family is beginning to taper off.

Rarely has any one entertainer, no matter how heinous the crime—been the target of as much vicious calumny as this erratic, emotionally immature but undeniably great tenor.

One is prompted to ask this all-important question: was Mario Lanza a braggart, a neurotic, a selfish, ham before he declined to make *The Student Prince* last year, or did all these character deficiencies suddenly spring up *after* he refused to star in the film?

While Mario was making *That Midnight Kiss, Toast of New Orleans* and *The Great Caruso*, he was depicted as a fine, upstanding, righteous American blessed with a voice such as is bestowed only once in a generation. Stories of his generosity, his gratitude, his kindness were circulated with great frequency, and for the most part, these stories were true.

Mario *did* buy his parents a home in the Pacific Palisades, furnish it, and equip it with a swimming pool. Mario *did* fly an afflicted little girl to Hollywood from New Jersey and infuse her with the will to live. Mario *did* contribute to the financial support of an abandoned waif. He *did* insist upon jobs for such friends as George London, Nicky Brodsky, and Ray Sinatra. He *did* carry on his payroll a group of human leeches and hangers-on out of the simple compassion of his heart.

And yet, once Loew’s, Inc., the holding company which owns Metro Goldwyn Mayer, filed a $5,000,000 suit against him, all these examples (Continued on page 70)
When the Queen Elizabeth, pride of the British commercial fleet, sailed into New York harbor last December 13th, the reporters who covered the waterfront climbed into the Coast Guard cutter that heads down the Bay.

As the cutter drew alongside the Elizabeth, the liner's accommodation ladder was lowered, and the accredited pilot of New York harbor as well as the reporters and photographers, clambered aboard.

As soon as the newsmen hit the deck they asked one question: "Where is Rita Hayworth?"

Their notebooks were wide open, but they were none too hopeful.

Ever since her marriage and subsequent breakup with Aly Khan, the voluptuous hair-dyed screen siren has been a difficult personage to interview, and on this occasion, after two and a half months in Europe, Rita ran true to form.

One reporter asked if Rita planned to apply for the Nevada divorce from Aly immediately after she reached the West Coast.

Rita raised her right shoulder protectively. "Immediately, no."

"Eventually?" the reporter asked.

Rita smiled. "Possibly."

"Depending on what?" the reporter continued.

"On myself."

"We understand," another newsmen said, "that you and Aly Khan didn't get along too well during the last visit. Isn't that so?"

Margarita Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles Khan said no. (Continued on page 56)
Ginger Rogers, 42, is in love with 24-year-old Jacques de Bergerac. But if she marries him, will she ever be sure it’s he the dashing French lawyer loves, not her fame?

Jane Wyman and Fred Karger are very happy in their new marriage. But how long can his love live in the spotlight of her great popularity and earning power?

Many Hollywood wives fight a bitter battle the public never knows about . . .

their implacable enemy is Time.

BY THELMA MCGILL

Two hundred years ago a wise old codger named Benjamin Franklin, advised young men to marry older women on the grounds that “an older woman is more experienced, industrious, and appreciative of a younger husband.”

A few years before he married his fourth wife, Lady Sylvia Ashley, Clark Gable paraphrased Franklin by saying, “Give me a mature, fully-developed, worldly woman every time. The sweet young things have their place, of course, and every man to his taste, but when it comes to settling down, I prefer to do it with a sophisticated woman who’s been around.”

Gable, whose first two wives were, respectively, 17 and 11 years his senior, is not the only actor who believes in marrying an older wife. Desi Arnaz, Tyrone Power, Alan Ladd, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Rogers, Richard Ney, Gary Merrill, Robert Taylor, and many others have all tried the experiment at one time or another.

Similarly, Ginger Rogers, Norma Shearer,

IS A MARRIAGE ALWAYS DOOMED TO

When Bette Davis married Gary Merrill, his career got a big boost. This, plus the fact he’s the boss at home, keeps them happy together.
OLDER WIVES-
YOUNG HUSBANDS

Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis, Rosalind Russell, Lucille Ball, Annabella, Greer Garson; and Joan Crawford have all maintained that love knows no age differential, that what counts most in marriage is love, that a youthful husband keeps his wife youthful.

Recently, Ginger Rogers aged 42, fell in love with a young Frenchman, Jacques de Bergerac, aged 24. These two were seen all over Paris together, at the famous restaurants "Tour d'Argent" and "Coq Hardi," walking hand in hand on the Champs Elysées, sipping champagne at the world renowned "Cafe de la Paix."

When Ginger returned to Hollywood to star with Bill Holden in Forever Female over at Paramount, I ran into her on the lot one day and asked about the new love in her life. "He's just a dear friend," she insisted. "It looks like an entangling alliance to me," I pressed. Ginger smiled and would say no more.

So what happened? Jacques de Bergerac flew into Hollywood in pursuit of his sweetheart, and Ginger not only confessed the existence of a full-fledged romance between them, but she took Jacques around to meet her agent, Paul Small.

"Paul," she said, "look at this man. Don't you think he can make a go of it here?"

Small is a brother-in-law to Dore Schary who runs MGM. He took Jacques over to Culver City, introduced him to Billy Grady, the Metro casting director, walked him around the Thalberg building, dropped in to see several influential executives, Eddie Mannix and Benny Thau, to name two of them. They took optical inventory of Monsieur de Bergerac—his 6-feet-2-inches, his 188 lbs., his handsome face, his brown hair. The next thing anyone knew, Bergerac was under contract to the studio; and Gertrude Fowler, the voice coach, had been assigned to teach him intelligible English.

When the news broke around Holly-

END IN Reno WHEN THE WIFE IS OLDER THAN THE HUSBAND? NO! SAY THESE HAPPY COUPLES AND PROVE IT.

Six years older than her husband, Lucille Ball feels this difference saved their marriage! Her greater maturity stabilized his impetuosity!

Ginger Rogers and older Mary Pickford are a perfect example of how two show people of equal fame and fortune can be together.
HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ROCK HUDSON WAS AROUND...

BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA

by Louis Pollock
"A beautiful hunk of man" is how his many fans describe this six-foot-three newcomer. Rock's grateful for their adulation, and for their constructive criticism (like "cut your hair" and "stand up straight") also.

Winnetka, Illinois is a picturesque, lakefront Chicago suburb with prosperous vistas of wooded estates on which a lot of important Chicago business men raise their families. But eight or nine years ago, as far as the high-school daughters of these tycoons were concerned, the town's most natural wonder was the son of a local automobile mechanic—six-feet-three of dark, ashful boy named Roy Fitzgerald. They weren't, as the pithy saying goes, just flapping their lips. Roy has come through. He started out slowly enough when he left Winnetka, becoming, in time, no more than a $55-a-month member of the U.S. Navy, specializing in shipboard laundering; and later just a $60-a-week truck driver who whistled at girls while he worked. But today? Meet a 27-year-old shaggy-haired film star, renamed Rock Hudson, who gets $1100 a week just for being what the girls of his birthplace were inspired by in the first place—himself.

For his first two years in Hollywood he was one of dozens of frustrated youngsters who are of pictures but rarely in them... all remarkably good looking kids who secretly pray for a break and outwardly smile cynically about their chances. For a time he was better (Continued on page 79)
Now, at last, the story all Hollywood has been waiting for!
The shy Irish Beauty who searched so long for romance has finally found her man.
BY JIM NEWTON

Ever so long ago (as the young count time) Ann Blyth once said in an interview about love, “If it comes to that, and I marry, it would be nice if he were Irish, too.” Well, wouldn’t you know but that’s just what she’s ending up doing! He’s Irish, is Dr. James V. McNulty who had the lucky good fortune to capture Ann’s heart and hand; and who says about it all, “She’s such a sweet girl . . . the sweetest I’ve met.” He’s as Irish as Dennis Day’s brother, which he also is. And it was at a great get-together for the older folks, his and Ann’s, held at her home some three years ago, that first they met.

He was just after leaving the Navy where, at first, he had been assigned to the Fifth Marines’ medical unit and saw service at Iwo Jima, and, after the war, was stationed a long time at the Long Beach Naval Hospital in California. It was Dennis himself who made the introduction, leading his brother to Ann’s side and practically telling the whole house, as well as her (that proud he was!), “This is the doctor I was telling you about!” Ann, who hadn’t been asking about any doctor nevertheless felt better right away.

It’s the doctor’s privilege to make the diagnosis, but this doesn’t stop a girl from trying her hand at it at a time like this. The straight facts Ann put together that moment were descriptive ones: Dr. McNulty was a man standing only an inch or so from tickling six feet. (Continued on page 55)
WHETHER IT'S A JOB OR A WOMAN YOU'RE AFTER, YOU'VE GOT TO COME OUT FIGHTING

The FIGHTING IRISHMAN

by Jack Wade

There may be better places for meeting single girls, such as church socials, school dances, and Community Chest drives, but in Hollywood and the surrounding environs, one of the most popular of the boy-meets-girl spots is the beach at Santa Monica.

One summer Sunday a few years ago, a refugee from Brooklyn, born Gerald Tierney—he has since taken the more euphonious name of Scott Brady—was lolling about the sands, flexing his well-proportioned muscles, surveying the beach for a little female companionship.

About 25 yards from where he sat, Brady suddenly spied one of the most fetching, tantalizing assortments of feminine curves ever collected in one body. The possessor of these physical charms was a tall, beautiful brunette who lay stretched languorously on the sand, resting easily on one elbow, looking up at the young man who sat beside her.

Brady, who has been slightly girl-crazy from the moment of his birth, rubbed his eyes and took another look. This was no mirage; this was a real flesh-and-blood female.

In a minute the young actor was on his feet. With a
When the Gong Rings, Says Scott Brady!

careful carelessness he began edging closer and closer to the girl. Ten yards away, he noticed that her male companion was a friend of his, Joe Gray. In a minute he had succeeded in wangling himself an introduction.

"Do you live in Los Angeles?" the bathing beauty asked Scott, "or are you just visiting."

Brady grinned. "I live here," he said. Gosh! She was pretty.

"What do you do?" the girl continued.

Scott decided to use the modesty approach. "Just work in a lumberyard," he said. Baby! What a shape!

Joe Gray interrupted just as Scott hoped he would. "He's just kidding," Joe told the girl. "He's a movie star."

The brunette's blue eyes widened with expectancy. "Are you really?" she demanded. "Really a movie star?"

"You could call me that," Scott admitted. "But I've only been in a couple of pictures." Look at the legs on this babe!

"Please," the dark-haired girl insisted. "Tell me. What were they?"

"Nothin' much," Scott said (Continued on page 85)
The charm of the past is recaptured in Loretta Young's home. Precious heirlooms and antiques from many lands whisper of enchanted times and places.

BY MARVA PETERSON

YESTERDAY'S MAGIC

Grey-green walls and blue-green carpets create a cool, placid retreat from the blazing sun that toasts the beachhouse all the year round.
The ocean's only half-a-minute away, but Loretta's beachhouse, true to Hollywood tradition, has its own swimming pool. The patio, sheltered from the wind, is used as an extra room for outdoor entertaining.

A connoisseur of antiques, Loretta believes in making her priceless possessions "earn their keep." She uses her Chinese tea canisters as lamp bases, and the armoire against the wall serves as a bar.

A modern, glass-tiled table in the dining room is surrounded by traditionally styled chairs. The row of low candles was Loretta's own idea; it provides romantic lighting without interfering with conversation.

This modern painting in the hallway started Loretta thinking. While still leaning towards antiques, she now admits old and new can mix.

- Peek into one Hollywood basement and you'll find a vast moist bed of mushrooms. Prowl through another and you'll come across cages full of fat chinchillas. There are vaults full of oil stocks and acres covered with champion livestock. Hollywood stars and starlets alike are busy setting up sidelines to keep them off the breadlines in case they lose their figures or their fan mail. Or else looking forward to the day they can retire and "do something else."

Not Loretta Young. She's been a favorite star for years and years, and thanks be, looks as if she'll go as far into the future as in the past. She's never going to quit. She'll never do "something else." She's already doing something "besides."

There's many a happy householder in Hollywood and vicinity that can thank Loretta for their handsome hearth. Around movie-town the talented Mrs. Tom Lewis is looked upon as real-estate agent, interior decorator, and wholesale mover. Sometimes her friends tease her about it. As a matter of fact she got a real work-out at a dinner party at Rosalind Russell's not long ago.

In the course of the evening the conversational gears were shifted into the subject of real estate. "What are the best neighborhoods out here?" the George Ewings, old friends of Roz from Connecticut, asked. "How are the taxes? Which district has the best schools?" The questions came in fast flurries. Finally (Continued on next page)
Loretta Young isn't looking forward to retiring and "doing something else." Her profitable hobby, interior decorating, keeps her busy when she's between screen assignments.

In Hollywood, it's no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young so they can come home with one or two new decorating ideas. Her porch is a typical mixture of antique and contemporary things.

Loretta and her husband Tom Lewis have lived in five different homes during the last eight years. Soon they'll move into a duplex apartment on Sunset Blvd.

Mrs. Ewing summed up her curiosity in one sentence.

"Roz," she asked her hostess, "if you had the entire county of Los Angeles to choose from, where would you live?"

"Don't ask me," Roz smiled. "Ask Loretta. She's lived on practically every street in town."

The visitors turned toward doe-eyed Loretta.

Loretta Young smiled and looked at her husband, Tom, for a little support.

"Go ahead," Lewis said. "Tell them. You're certainly qualified."

"I admit we've moved around a bit since we were married," Loretta began. "But really, every street in town, that's . . ."

"Five times in eight years," Tom Lewis said.

"Then what do you think is the best location," the Ewings insisted, "for people with children?"

Loretta thought for a few moments. In the 20 years since she'd moved from her mother's boarding house on Green and Fourth, she'd lived in at least a-dozen different homes.

"It depends on what your family likes to do," the actress said presently. "San Fernando and the valley are wonderful if you want to keep horses and live in a ranch-type house. Pasadena is a solid community and very accessible to downtown Los Angeles. The Pacific Palisades are dramatic and Beverly Hills has fine schools . . . so there you are."

"Where do you live?" Mrs. Ewing asked.

"Right now," Loretta (Continued on page 84)
I sing for St. Jude
by Danny Thomas

The Thomas family
link hands in happiness—Danny, Rosemarie, Margaret, Theresa and Tony.

MY BEST SONG SOUNDS ONLY IN MY HEART. GOD ALONE HEARS, BUT ALL MEN JOIN THE CHORUS.

Sometimes when I am getting so I think I know all the answers, when arrogance sells me the idea I'm master of all I survey, and all this on the basis of material justification only—meaning I have got hold of a little money, maybe—I hit the bench in church with my knees and a great equalization takes place. Humbleness, which is the only truth we should live in, grips me, and I wince remembering what a peacock I tried to be. I know in my heart that I don't really want anything special. I was a poor boy born into a rich heritage of love and mercy and that is the core of my happiness ... not anything I acquired later.

I realize today that it was my mother who first showed me what in life had meaning and what was secondary. She used to tell me stories about her home country of Lebanon in which the characters were weighed by only one criterion—they either had hearts and souls or they didn't. She never wasted a word on whether they were rich, poor, powerful or weak. It became clear that this was unimportant, and it has remained clear to me except when ego temporarily clouds my vision. Hers were old fashioned stories and maybe not the kind modern child psychiatrists would approve. But judge for yourself. My favorite was about the murderer who knew that the safest place to hide from the mob was in the home and at the feet of the dead man's father.

"This is the way it is in Lebanon," she would say, "and never has the father failed in his duty to protect because this is the supreme test."

"What test?" I asked the first (Continued on page 67)
No thrush should dare
to sing; nor any rose
to bloom. A lover's kiss
is false—if Lana truly
means this bitter phrase.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

“THERE’S NO SUCH
THING AS LOVE!”

On the fringe of Hollywood—out
where the Sunset Strip begins—there is a
small cafe, not much bigger than the average
living room, that is called by the odd name
of My Own Place. It is the headquarters,
office, and bandstand for an enterprising
young disk jockey named Larry Finley
who sits in the window of the little
restaurant until four o'clock in the morning
spinning records and commenting on the
arrival and departure of the famous.
A lot of celebrities patronize My
Own Place, for it is the last place a
stay-out-later can get into after
the saloons and night clubs close at two a.m.
On this particular night the place was
jumping as usual at three o'clock.
A producer sat near the doorway telling
a couple of newspapermen what a great
picture he had just made. An actor
and a director plotted a future scene on
a calico table cloth. And over in a far corner
a blonde girl in a mink coat sat and sipped
coffee and chatted quietly with a young
French actor new to Hollywood. A magazine
writer watched them for a few minutes then
walked over to their table. He said
hello to the girl and then
waited for an introduction to the man.
Nobody introduced him; the girl
just smiled in amusement and the writer
just smiled back at her. It was a game. The
girl was (Continued on page 53)

Lana has a mighty warm smile
for Lex Barker; but since the Lamas
fiasco, this baby is cold inside.
They're splitting up, say the papers.

"Je t’adore" whispers Leslie. It's a divorce says the radio. "Boy, I love you, baby" says her man!

BY SUSAN TRENT

the first or second edition?" Then her piquant little face really did sadden. "Geordie," she appealed, softening the name with a whisper of a French accent, "dear, why do they say these things? How do they dare print things that are untrue?" She moved around the table in her graceful way, to sit on his lap. "Geordie?"

He took her tousled little head in his hands. "I don't know, honey. Maybe they get their kicks that way. Maybe they gotta turn a fast buck. Maybe ... Gee, baby, I don't know. It happens all the time. They don't pick just on us."

George Hormel is right in part. It is true that gossip writers have to make a dollar like anyone else. And they certainly don't confine their speculations only to the Hormels. But what George didn't point out is that whatever has to do with himself and Leslie Caron is news. Couple a gamin-like ballerina from Paris, with a 24-year-old hepcat musician whose grandfather happened to found a meat-packing company (Continued on page 75)
TEN HOLLWOOD BEAUTIES JOIN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE AS MODERN SCREEN'S BOARD OF EXPERTS

Marilyn Monroe has traded her usual tousled look for this very sleek, carefully-waved new coiffure.

Ursula Thiess' short cut can be combed into many styles. Her favorites: upsweep and wind-blown bob.

Rosemary Clooney's simple blonde bob is a perennial favorite with college girls.

Cyd Charisse chooses a casual middle-part. It doesn't get mussed while she practices dance steps.

Joyce Holden's naturally blonde hair isn't easily tamed. Lots of brushing helps to keep it in place.

Debra Paget knows that many men find shoulder-length hair excitingly feminine.

Piper Laurie's hair is a color that would have delighted Tillian. Constant shampooing highlights it.

Pier Angeli's wavy tresses are something new. Before she came to the U.S.A., she had straight hair!

Ann Sheridan's elaborate pompadour is just perfect for this sophisticated actress.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
HAIR IN
THE WORLD

There's an old cliché that tells us that a woman is beautiful from "the top of her head to the tip of her toes." Now, Modern Screen is a firm believer in starting at the top, so for the third year it has invited nine beauty experts to select 12 more Hollywood stars to join the royal 24 whose "crowing glories" have already been pronounced "The Most Beautiful Hair In The World."

This year's delectable dozen are: Gene Tierney, Ann Sheridan, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, Claudette Colbert, Joyce Holden, Jane Powell, Piper Laurie, Debra Paget, Pier Angeli, Rosemary Clooney, and Ursula Thiess. Some of these top-notchers are old favorites, some brand new arrivals, but they all have one thing in common—a lovely head on their shoulders.

But it wasn't always necessarily so. Some of these shining examples weren't natural-born Goldilocks. They've worked hard to make head-lines. They care for their natural gifts, they experiment on improvements, and they never forget or neglect their hair.

Styling, actually, is the lesser problem. Often the cut is determined by an artist for a particular screen role. Sometimes, when an actress like Claudette Colbert, finds the perfect coiffure, she never allows it to be altered. Sometimes, as recently happened to Anne Baxter, a change for a particular movie creates a happy change of off-screen appearance, too. And many of the younger stars, Debra Paget and Piper Laurie among them, prefer to cut and curl their own.

As for up-keep—each girl has her own special theory: Marilyn Monroe uses brilliantine as protection against the sun; Pier Angeli is convinced that plenty of air keeps her hair healthy; Ursula Thiess never misses a scalp massage. But all of these stars, and those who have gone before, have two gospel rules. Beautiful hair must be clean, clean, clean... beautiful hair must be brushed, brushed, brushed. This is where true hair glamor starts for the most pampered star or the girl next door.

The judges who selected these stars were: Nellie Manley, Paramount; Helen Hunt, Columbia; Jean Reilly, Warners; Larry Germain, RKO; Irene Brooks, 20-Fox; Joan St. Oegger, Universal; Bill Tuttle, MGM; Perc Westmore, Westmore Salon; and Myron Nolt of the Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel.
Dale and Jackie’s recent marital rift was caused by his inflated ego, said the columnists.

Has Dale Robertson “gone Hollywood”? Have the dazzling smiles of Fame and Fortune blinded him into snubbing old friends, and fighting with his wife?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

“Who’s next,” asked the Colonel of his aide.

“Sir, it’s the Lieutenant with the shattered knee-cap. Dayle LyMoine Robertson, his name is,” the Corporal spoke with some awe in his voice.

“He’s really had it rough, sir. The Lieutenant was with the 332nd Combat Engineers.”

That was credential enough for the Colonel. For even safe at home at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the European exploits of that bunch of heros was well discussed.

“Knee-cap, hmmm. And with the 332nd. That calls for something special,” and the Colonel began riffling through his mind for an assignment for Lt. Robertson that would keep him occupied—and happy—for the time he would linger in Fort Bragg before being discharged.

When Dale Robertson (as he spells his name now) was ushered in to the Commanding Officer’s presence, the Colonel knew just how well he’d picked the task for the man. He saw a tall, ruggedly handsome soldier in front of him, and just knew that the guy had a way with the ladies.

That’s what the Lieutenant needed for his mission. The choice and challenging assignment was to decorate the walls of the Officers’ Club with a dozen or more life-size photographs of fetching females in assorted poses. The Colonel smiled as he gave the order; Dale grinned as he acknowledged it.

Ft. Bragg is located some 12 miles from the city of Fayetteville, and while that municipality boasts many beautiful women, there are precious few professional models within its environs who will pose in nature’s garment even for so lofty a purpose (Continued on page 60)
BIG STAR, BIG HEAD?
(Continued from page 18) Frog Man. He came back on leave, more than a year later, and one afternoon an old schoolmate of his asked if he wanted to see the local baseball game that night.

"Sure," said Aldo. He'd been through a lot by then but he'd been away actually only a short time, and still knew all the kids on both teams.

You want to bring a girl friend?" he said.

Aldo grinned. "Sure. And I know which one, if you can fix it for me."

He didn't care who she was as long as it was, she was referring to his future wife. She was a senior in high school at the time, and he'd known her only casually before he went away. He'd spoken to her that afternoon and she'd been so gay and friendly that he felt attracted to her right away.

They went to the game together and in the ensuing months he always phoned her for dates when he was home on liberty. He was discharged from the Navy the following spring, and before either of them realized it they were going steady. "She was, of course, so much fun to be with. A real personality girl."

He worked all that summer as a dishwasher in the fast food restaurant Crockett and later returned to the University of California on a scholarship. He kept on working at night but found time for dates with his favorite girl. Then he switched to working for the Van Nuys Police Department. "I can't remember what it was about," he says now. "I guess nobody ever can."

At any rate, Vallejo Junior College saw him going out with girls and it also saw him go somewhat of a big wheel on the campus. He was a football hero, he got straight A's in all his studies, and he was president of the student body. Aldo Ray had never had it so good.

He was feeling pretty smug when he went back to Crockett and saw his girl there too, but he was flushed with success. "Hello," he said, and she replied with a brief and rather cool greeting. He must have shown his surprise, for a worried little look went across her face then. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound that way. But you see—I'm engaged."

The big wheel of Vallejo Junior College felt his world collapsing. Everything had been going so great. He couldn't believe this. At first he thought it was only his pride that was hurt, but in the next few days his heart was broken. He couldn't stand losing her.

On Christmas Eve she saw her in church at the midnight mass. It was that night that he reached in his coat pocket and showed her the biggest, and best engagement ring he'd been able to afford. All is fair in love and war, the saying goes, and some people add politics to that. Aldo was in politics and the summation of his strategy was that he would break the engagement a week later and married Aldo the following June.

He was 21 and she 18, and both of them were broken-don't疼—before the ceremony. His fiancée in particular felt shaky about the whole venture and confided to her friends and family, as well as to Aldo, that she didn't feel at all sure. They replied that the uncertainty was universal, that every prospective bride feels the same way. Besides, they pointed out, all the arrangements were made for a big wedding.

"But you'll never do it now."

On Aldo's part, his old gang collec-
tively was giving him the needle.

"You're too young," they kept saying.

But Aldo felt he knew what he was doing. He had something to be married, so he turned a deaf ear.

The wedding was wonderful. Fully 400 people were there, all people the bride and groom had known in their 16 years of high school, and it was glamorous and exciting. They went to Del Mar on the California coast for their honey-

The bride worked during the day, also at the restaurant, her house duties chores at night. They began to have small spots, none of which were serious, but with the disadvantage of youth both of them blew up every argument of proportion in their own minds. It never had anything to do with outsiders; the disagreements were always between themselves. They simply weren't adjusting.

Aldo worked as a bartender and they thought it might help if they found a better place to live. It was the height of the housing shortage, but they did find a place that they were sure of. At the new apartment, Aldo be-
gan to think that things would work out better and then the night after their first anniversary he came home for "lunch," and the stove was empty, and the table empty. No wife, no meal, no note. She came in shortly afterward and gave him her decision point blank. "Aldo, think and bethe not try marriage," she said. She said she had wanted someone like her father, and that Aldo was not at all like him.

She left that night and went to live with her parents. For long months afterward Aldo pleaded with her to try again, to make a go of the marriage. It was during this time that Maria was born to him and his seventh child, and the new baby was the pride of the household. Not long after, Aldo saw his wife walking along the main street of the town.

"Where are you headed for?" he asked.

"I'm going to get a soda at the drug-

"How about changing your mind and coming home to my house?" he took her hand and held it. "My mother would like to see you, and so would my new brother."

They talked more seriously about the marriage that night than they had ever done. Aldo admitted the mistakes he had made and promised to do better if she would only try again. Both of them felt badly about the idea of divorce, par-
ticularly in view of their Catholic faith. Five days later they were back together again, this time in a new apartment with their own furniture. They were trying desperately, and hoped that the common bonds of parenthood would hold.

By this time Aldo, although still in his senior semester at school, was campaign-

He arrived at the p.m. this time in a picture's filming Aldo even up to Crockett for weekends or his wife came to Hollywood. The election took place after the picture's filming had ended. He forgot all about Hollywood and devoted himself to his new duties, but things weren't going well at home. They were, as Aldo had said, no longer going to work.

They were like two puppies trying to pull a dogcart in different directions.

It was decided that a divorce was the only solution. They discovered they were going to have a baby. It posed a new problem. They had both wanted children and would have been delightedly happy about it if they had their marriage on solid ground. As it was, they put up a front to the whole town during the next long months. They were living a sham existence and neither of them a wife or a husband. Aldo's daughter was born to them on July 13, 1951, a baby who came into the world in unfortunate circum-
stances, for while her parents looked at her dearly, they looked at each other. And the baby was at the hospital, when they looked at each other over this tiny bundle, that it was all over. If a child, born of both of them, could not bring them togeth

Evelyn Monroe walked into the 20th Century-Fox cafeteria one day wearing only a skirt and a red sweater—that's all her looks and looked like her attire. Evelyn Monroe gave her a smile and said: "What's the matter—don't you like red?"

—Evelyn Monroe in The World-Telegram

Things happened fast after that. The very day after his "wife and baby had come home" he was fired from Mary Kay's and was fired from May Arrows, the casting director at Columbia Studios. Would Aldo be interested in a bit role in a new picture they were going to make? He must have beenbethe in another picture, and he put up a fight to get his old job back. He would be unable to get his old job, but he and his wife had won a lump sum of money, and then on September 1st he took one last look at his infant daughter and turned away. Aldo Holmes was to be the Horatio Alger boy. His success in The Marrying Kind was followed by important roles with Hepburn and Tracy in Pat and Mike and then Ray, and then Wymoorman and Wyman. Back to the past. Again. He kept his nose to the grindstone and was not seen at the bright spots. It is quite possible that he was given advice to be a good boy and stay in the business, but he was not yet the new Aldo that was final-

—Evelyn Monroe in The World-Telegram

He has said that he stayed out of "naymore" mentions in the gossip columns because he felt it was the right thing to do. He felt that because of the fact that he had the added fact that he had to spend the better part of his free time in learning to use the tools of his trade. Aldo's exploitation was being sharply, and sharply. In Hollywood, and he was being sharply, and sharply. In Hollywood, and he was being sharply, and sharply.
of the DaRe family he long ago learned how to take care of a house, and while he considers it no hardship he admits that he does not like living alone. He feels that marriage is the way to live, and that a happy marriage is the epitome of good living.

He is frank to admit he would like to be married, and feels that a wife is indispensable to his own happiness and success. He likes to quote an old Chinese proverb that says in effect, "The reason women are never successful in business is because they don't have wives to help them."

He feels that the failure of his first marriage has taught him a great deal and believes that should he marry again he knows how to be a better husband. He has never claimed that he was the fair-haired partner where the marriage difficulties were concerned. He, on the contrary has realized his own mistakes. He feels quite strongly about the type of girl he will marry in the future. She must, above all, have faith in him and his ability. She must be his helpmate in his career as well as his home life, by the simple expedient of believing in him. He would like a girl who is positive, who can say "I believe this because I have faith in you." For it he wants an intelligent girl who is not necessarily pretty. "I'd rather have her be cute," he says. "I don't like women in slackers. I'd rather have one like them all rolled up all the time. That never looks being too haughty that way, and not earthy enough." What he means is that he likes a girl who is natural and without affectation. He notices first about a girl her manner of speaking, if her voice comes out shrill or nasal, or through a wash of chewing gum, he mentally turns her away. On the other hand, he can't conceive the type who confine themselves to studied cultural tones in an effort to impress him. "Too much cul-chure I can't take," he says.

He wants a happy medium. "I hope the girl I marry will live to be a ranch. There's so much security in owning land. You always have chickens and eggs and a couple of porkers, and I think the secure feeling you'd get from a life like that would make for a solid marriage. And I think the like of a house with a lot of fireplaces." In short he wants marriage to be a lasting one. "Nobody gets married with the idea of getting divorced later. I couldn't take a second divorce. I'd do anything I have to do, leaving her to go on tour. I think I'd have to be away a long time from a girl I loved I'd just die."

This is Aldo's talk, of dreaming. There is no girl as yet in his life and even after the divorce was final he didn't rush into a dating spree. He points out that the actresses with whom he has come in contact don't give him much choice. They fall into two classes: One group is well established in the business and happily married, and the other consists of the younger starlets who grow hysterically upset whenever they're flying around town all the time. "I'm no playboy," says Aldo. "I like a girl who says, 'Let's go—let's have fun,' but I don't like the idea of having to be seen in the right places. That's their idea of living it up. Me, I don't care where I am as long as I'm having a good time with the girl I'm with.'"

He is married in his apartment—the Southern California football team of which his brother is a member. He has entertained in a restaurant—his brother's at the time. There has yet been a romance for the golfer, but Aldo is the marrying kind, and in all probability there will be one before long.

Last November, when he went up to Crockett to watch one of his kid brothers play in a football game, he also saw his ex-wife and baby daughter. It was the first time he had been home since he left Hollywood to enter the army in December 1944. He was 40 years old. He lost his heart to her and told his, friends back in Hollywood, "I wish that everybody in the world could have a daughter I love as much as I do." He said he had never been a father, never for the n.magical moment. Things have turned out differently for his life in rapid succession; his two lives, although so totally different, seem to overlap. It has been a deeply unsettling experience, even to himself, to come to realize the importance of the confidence he had in his mind and heart of the confidence that lies there now. As Aldo told the girl who had shared three years of his life, "I'm still searching.
During this early stage of Lana Turner's love life there were men. Maybe the wrong men. Maybe not. He should be boys. Lana was just learning that life can be full and she was out on the town very nearly every night and used to show up at school with hangovers. The lads and immature men who took her out either sat and drooled or clung and panted, depending on their nerve. And pretty soon Lana wasn't able to figure out just exactly where there was a state of no rules without rules.

She was about 18 when she first thought she was really in love. The man was Greg Bautzer, her attorney, and, as she herself spoke it, "He had his way with them in America. Greg was handsome, steady for success and sophisticated. His calm attitude made the other men she had known look like vacuum cleaner men, and the lads were silly if they didn't sell a sweeper before midnight. This very charm was the cause of the break-up between them a year or so later. Lana, like any woman, wanted her Virile choice to be ardent. Greg wasn't. She wanted him to talk of marriage once in a while. Greg wouldn't. He said he didn't know whether she was serious or otherwise. Most of a matter of fact, he'd likely run the world as was said. Getting engaged was fine, but that was it.

Lana Turner was carrying around Greg Bautzer's engagement ring when she got married. And she got married in love. Almost. At least she had spoken about it a good deal, Lana has never to this day been able to think of a good reason for this first marriage—Artie Shaw. She says she was just very young with love, and unbelievable, because she eloped with him the first night they went out together, right after dinner. It is a matter of record that she didn't kiss him until the justice in Las Vegas told her to.

Just how many of the men she dated she loved, only Lana Turner knows. And she's not going to tell me. I'd say she was in love with Victor Mature. It certainly looked like it. But Mature was in love with Rita Hayworth. He dated Lana plenty, but he didn't want to quit living only to marry again, but she felt there had to be some other fulfillment to steady dating besides a good time and a kiss goodnight on her side. She wanted something from Mature. The thing that made her cancel the whole arrangement was the strong suspicion that he was late-dating after he drove her home. This doesn't excuse belief to any girl, let alone Lana Turner, movie star and 20-year-old divorcée.

I would say that Lana was in love with Tony Coran. But he was in love with Alice Faye. Tony was as handsome a lad as ever got into the movies. When he danced with a girl he sang the songs that were made for him, and he sang them softly into her ear. Even if he wasn't

It was eight years ago, maybe nine, that Lana Turner met and married the man she says today was the real love of her life. However, she has terribly missed the love with her. Who knows, they might still be married today, except for the blow that came to Lana a few years after the marriage. A year or two after the marriage the old news lady, Carol Kurz, gave a story to the newspapers that she, and not Lana Turner, was Steve Crane's wife—and she had the documents to prove her story. Someone to Lana Turner's belief in love the day she read that story in the papers. She got an annulment; Crane got a divorce; they married again (somehow she was going to bear Crane's child) and they lived together for a year or more. But something happened when that story broke that couldn't be healed—and again Lana liked is hard to say, but it is more than likely his off-screen self. They met while they were rehearsing for The Merry Widow and tell me they didn't get along at the beginning. That could be because Lana was not in the mood to hold hands with any man—and Lamas looks like a gingham while they enjoyed working together. Later on they liked to spend evenings together.

When they fell in love they made no bones about it. They kept out of the limelight as much as possible at first, because Lana was not divorced and Fernand- do they were both separated, but they didn't want too much publicity. Lana hasn't been a very demonstrative girl in public for years, so the reports that they had fallen in love had to be made up. More and more they denied it or made excuses, but they made no announcements.

However, those elusive people known as "intimates of both parties" say that there was a young couple who went to the movies, not concerned with anything but getting divorces and marrying. Lana went to Nevada and established residence for a divorce. So did Fernando's wife. Mrs. Lamas, who there bare stories that now Lana would pick up her decree and she and Fernando would tie the knot. But that didn't happen. There were a number of reasons for not getting her divorce. Most of them seemed to agree, thought, that it had to do with a property settlement with Topping. Neither of them confirmed or denied this. But Lamas has a paper that would have made her eligible.

I saw Lana Turner on the last date she had with Fernando Lamas, and she cer- tainly didn't have any girls. I think maybe she was flitting in the daze of a dead love in her boy friend's face. Nor did he look like a fellow searching for words to tell his doll to get lost. It was at the party Mr. and Mrs. Topping gave. It was at Hollywood and Ray. I sat at the next table and Lana and Fernando seemed quite happy with one another. Not drollish, but happy. They spent an hour together since that night. Whatever it was that happened was serious, and it happened that night, after they left the party. No body seems to know exactly what happened. There is another scar on Lana Turner's heart and a different look in her eyes. That's so apparent that it is easy to say Fernando might have been her biggest love, and possibly her last.

Lana Turner will be a movie queen for a while yet. She has a beauty that will last, the same talent that made her such a moving artistry in her work these days that can keep her working on sound stages until she's too old to hold a script. See The Bad and The Beautiful and you'll know what's in store for Lana Turner the actress. About what Lana Turner the woman?

Well, the writer in the all-night cafe who wrote you a letter and made me look at that final cup of coffee. Maybe it will always be like that night. A reporter will ask her if it's love, pointing to her date, and saying, "It's only for the night." And she won't smile after awhile, because she's not kidding.

And then she'll get up and write her mink coat around her shoulders and out of the faceless man who can drive and tell him to follow, a step or two to the rear. And maybe Lana Turner will go home to her pillow and think she might have been better off if she'd not been so fleet of foot and had let Mickey Rooney catch her.
When Ann and Jim dance they don’t dance Hollywood fashion in which you look around the room to see who else is there and who’s apparently oblivious of your partner. Their eyes are for each other, and the smiles are warm and lasting. When they eat out they are quite apt to talk about the art of eating at home, and Jim knows Ann is unimpressed by knowledge of the kitchen. She has told him. She made it plain that she doesn’t like the modern kitchen of that resembles a sterilized operating room in a hospital; she thinks it ought to be filled by the warmest rooms in the house where you feel like sitting down and eating what you’ve cooked there.

Not long ago something happened which indicated that their attachment for each other was nearing the “possessive” stage, which everyone knows comes just before possession issues are at the altar. It didn’t seem like much at the time, but when you started to thinking about it... it was quite significant.

JIM took Ann to the Screen Producer’s Guild banquet at the Biltmore Bowl and when they entered the hotel a flock of kids waving autograph books surrounded them. Ann signed an autograph after autograph, lingering so long that one boy seemed impatient and finally called a halt. “Come on! Come on!” she said. Ann jumped! She is quite tall.

Red Skelton to Debra Paget: “The girl who sweats she’s never been kissed has a right to swear.”

Said no more than a wise man (there have been many). I’ve often heard the phrase since and I’ve often heard the phrase since and I thought it was wise. The idea is that a girl who has never been kissed can be kissed.

BUT last summer the tangle of time and duty, which was keeping Ann and her doctor apart, began to unwind a bit. At last, whenever Lanza and her husband were free, they went to Ann, ready and waiting. For his they could not only thank their stellar stars, but also a star of a different complexion, for Ann is one of those rare women with whom every flower, every song and every small thing the little things are important. She is one of the people who take time to do things well without wasting effort. She is one of the people who take time to do things well without wasting effort.

When Signor Lanza decided it rather wet demesne ‘The Student Prince’ or ‘M-G-M, Ann, who was to be his leading lady, found herself without assignee. Her salary continued but she had no place to go. Lanza raved and grieved and cut the studio heads cussed she was a great loss and stuffed her fingers in her eyes like a little girl. After some days of this she was able to go. She would have been able to wait. The studio heads cussed her again but she was able to go. She would have been able to wait. The studio heads cussed her again but she was able to go. She would have been able to wait. The studio heads cussed her again but she was able to go. She would have been able to wait.

Well it’s true that Jim is busy. He’s so busy that he has never had time to get his own apartment since leaving the service, and he’s still living in Ann’s home. But he’s not too busy for romance and he didn’t sound at all flabbergasted when queried about Ann and himself and the other day. He said no, dear, and his reply revealed no surprise at all that such a question should be put to him.

“I wouldn’t say that,” he came back. “Other people seem to know more than we do.”

“I don’t know,” he said. Then he added, reflectively, “She’s such a sweet girl.”

When he was told that a lot of people thought he and Ann would make a fine couple he smiled gratefully. And when he was asked if he thought he could win her he thought it over. “I don’t know whether I’ll be that lucky or not,” he answered at last. “You see, I’m an obstetrician and my work keeps me on the go. Then she’s in her work, too, and opposing schedules like that don’t permit us to see too much of each other. We don’t get together too often—not a lot of time to spend together. But this wasn’t all. He had something else to add. Ann was still on his mind and he felt like talking about her. “She’s a New Yorker.” she went on. “I’ve never heard anybody in Hollywood use the word about her... or even unkind.”

Both Ann and Jim are Catholics. Jim’s church was in Hollywood and Ann’s in Naples. They have no regular church home. But there is a change now, according to McDevitt. They’re both going to Ann’s now.

Ann was born in New York. He graduated from New York Medical College, going immediately to the Naval Ot snee (jg) and getting his internship while in the service. He is 34, ten years Ann’s senior, which makes it perfect as far as he is concerned. But Ann and Jim disagree. Ideas about marriage ages are concerned.

One thing becomes certain when you Ann these days—she is happier than she has been. She is free now. She has managed to do things that get the feeling of “Miss Lonely Heart” that she used to be called. If you ask her about the change, the reason she’s give is that nobody need be signed by MGM after having her option come up. She is certain to get the kind of singing roles she has always wanted. She loved the part for dramatic acting she got making The Toast of Los Angeles with Gregory Peck. But music comes first with Ann in her work. The announcement from her new studio about casting her in the main role in a film over her to dancing about the chances she’ll be given. She has an offer. Bicultural months ago Ann was asked if she had given any thought to the type of man she’d like. “Yes, a man with quiet strength who understands me,” she replied. “Probably one who is a success at whatever he does and by those who work with him. This last thought is a mean.”

Did she know such a man already? Being Ann she smiled and took a bit of time before answering. “I know a man like that,” she said, “but not necessarily the man.”

But could he be? Ann looked at a distant corner of the room and nodded at it. And when you think about it she would do about that question. But it was a permanent question. Everybody is pretty sure Jim is
A RITA’S NEW LOVE

(Continued from page 28) it wasn’t true. “We got along very well, naturally,” was the way she put it.

“In view of that,” a reporter asked, “is a reconciliation possible between you and the Prince a distinct possibility?”

Rita didn’t have to think a second. “I doubt that very much.”

“Isn’t your lawyer, Bartley Crum, in Paris right now trying to work out some sort of financial settlement?”

The Princess Khan nodded and made it very plain that she would never seek a divorce. When she did decide to leave the Prince, it would not be in a rush, but rather carefully. Until he first made some satisfactory financial arrangement regarding the welfare of their cute, black-eyed, 3-year-old daughter, Yasmin.

“I don’t understand,” Rita explained, and there was the slightest touch of a British accent in her intonation, “that I’m not asking anything for myself, absolutely nothing. I feel it’s simply my duty as a mother to consider our daughter’s future.”

The photographers’ flash bulbs started popping off. “About this Spanish nobleman you went around with?” another newspaperman asked Count Villapadierna, something like that?

The color rose in Rita Hayworth’s face. She posed for a few more photographs but declined to answer a single question concerning this dashing new noble Spanish admiral.

A N D yet all over Paris and Madrid, where the Princess Khan and her adoring Spanish philanthropist, Rita Hayworth and the Count of Villapadierna—full name: Jose Maria Paderia de Villapadierna y Ayalla, Erice y Aguado, the man known to cafe society in Paris as “Pepe” Villapadierna—have been euphemistically termed “an item.”

In many quarters, for example, gossip has it that when and if she secures her freedom, Rita Hayworth will probably take the dashing 18-year-old Count as her fourth mate. One of the leading members of high aristocratic society in Paris told an employee of the French newspaper, Samedi soir, “It was my impression that the Princess was scheduled to leave for New York late in November. The reason she did not leave Europe until some weeks later, I believe, was because she could not be taken with the companionship of ‘Pepe.’ He is a very charming man, a very magnetic personality, and very wealthy, too.”

“I would never say the Princess and ‘Pepe’ are in love. They don’t have to be. Aly Khan dines with other women, and after all, why shouldn’t he? His wife is far away, they are estranged, and Gene Tierney is such a lovely person. I mean if he and the Princess cannot get along. If Rita leaves his flat and comes to the Rue Berri and takes a suite at the Lancaster Hotel, who can blame her heart’s secret? Is she not entitled to a little masculine companionship? Of course, she is. And what a credit to her taste that she should pick someone like ‘Pepe’ Villapadierna.”

“He is a widower, you know, and very eligible. He had a most beautiful wife. I met her several times. She died in 1947. I think it is too soon to think ‘Pepe’ and Rita would make a handsome couple. They both have Spanish blood, that hot, tempestuous Iberian temperament. But, of course, there are complications.

When you talk to Count Villapadierna, you learn what some of these complications are. To begin with, he is a very good friend of Aly Khan’s. ‘Matter of fact,’ he says, visiting her in the United States. I’ve never been through anything that compared with what I had there in the future, in fact, should I visit there, it would be for the purpose of seeing the entire country and not just one person, if I make myself clear.

‘Would I like to see the Princess again in any country? Now, look here, I don’t mind giving out information concerning myself, my position, but the question of my personal life by constantly referring to your Miss Hayworth. I’ve already told you that I spent some time with her near recent trip in France and England. I experienced a very pleasant moment in the South of France, where I was an owner, in England, that I’m a land-owner in Spain, yes, that’s my occupation, and I’ve also told you that Prince Aly is one of my dearest friends. I know him a long time, and I shall always be happy to see them.

“You ask how old I am? I’m 40 years old. That’s all I’m going to say. I appreciate very much belonging to late-night movies, and I shall go to the cinema. I go occasionally. Have I seen Miss Hayworth in the movies? Look here, I must say goodbye.

If divorce from Aly Khan is an eventual certainty, and even Aly admits it then, it is not unprofitable to mull over the possible identity of the man who will become Rita Hayworth’s fourth husband.

The Count has found a man of character, understanding, wealth, reputation, and stability. But the Count whose title goes back to 1748, would in a moment of giving up his European homestead for an existence in Hollywood where he would be regarded as little more than Rita’s consort.

As for Rita Hayworth, she has shown in the past, courage of going to Hollywood, her career, her old U. S. friends in favor of the man she loves, but having witnessed the life on the Continent with traditional standards, one doubts if she would willingly try it again, no matter how respected the Count is.

It is possible, of course, that one day Rita Hayworth will settle down with her two daughters, Rebeca and Yasmin, in Paris. The Count has always liked the city on the Seine, has often stayed away from Paris for long periods and conceivably could buy a chateau near Neuilly or Longchamps and commute to work. No one who expects Rita to come out and say frankly, ‘I’m just wild about Count Villapadierna, I think he would make a wonderful husband. This guy is for me,’ just doesn’t know Hayworth.

BOTH Rita and her Count are, and have been, considered unworthy folk by those who regard their mutual love-life. That’s why Modern Screen, determined to get real facts, followed an old and proven formula: Cherchez la femme! They looked for a true character study of a Spanish bombshell in this amorous drama—The Other Woman.

Modern Screen found her happily ensconced in a small but pretty Hacienda, sipping cocktails in a quiet, comfortable room.

Aly’s close friend, the millionaire Spanish nobleman—sportman, not willing to play a supporting role to any movie actress, Ferdinand picked up a young Spanish girl and singed wear Casilda Horgan.

Rita was away from Europe, waiting for four years until the Count entered the picture in Madrid. After calling it quits for good with Prince Aly Khan in Paris, the globe-trotting Rita sought comfort, and comfort was found from Aly’s close friend, the millionaire Spanish nobleman—sportman.

Not willing to play a supporting role to any movie actress, Ferdinand picked up a young Spanish girl and singed wear Casilda Horgan. She was a 40-year-old, financially insecure, a land-owner in Spain, and the Count’s star is a young, handsome, charming, dashing young star in Spain—Pepe Villapadierna.

The Count likes his women well dressed, and no-ac-Court’s in her life now.

She certainly didn’t look like a girl who had been jilted nor does she look like the kind of girl any discriminating man would want to lift. In her 30’s, like Rita, she’s tall, shapely and sophisticated. Flecks of silver were brushed into her upswept blond hair. Considered one of the best dressed women in Madrid, she is described as a ‘girl with a fine husband and长得 in a sleek, chic black Paris frock.

The Count likes his women well dressed; she said, ‘My clothes, which are now rather high for me, I prefer to be discreet, like Pepe, who would not have liked the way she looked. She was hatless and wore macassins.’

Ferdinand took—lacked at this. ‘A movie star should always look glamorous,’ he said.

LIKE any woman who has just written a best-seller, Rita wanted to talk about it and also her successor.

‘It is funny,’ she said, ‘Pepe is Aly close friend, and I met Pepe through close friend of his four years ago. We were both doctors. I neglected my career for him because he likes his women to be with him all the time to go to the races, the resorts.

‘I met Aly Khan the first time three years ago at a party the Aga Khan gave after the Grand Prix Race in Paris. The Count horse won the Grand Prix this year,’ she said, and Aly was there with him. Then she added the feminine touch. ‘He hasn’t won a race since I left him.

‘Aly is a sweet person and fun to be with, but for me he would not be a good husband. I think he likes women too much.

‘I think Rita gets satisfaction being with Aly’s close friend. When she came to Madrid and the Count met her at the train,
I left him. I was not sharing him. He and Rita went to Seville and Malaga where he was engaged to debut in the opening engagement at the Rex Hotel in Madrid. The Count left Rita in Malaga and returned to Madrid. When I heard he was in the hotel and wanted to hear me sing, I told the manager, 'I could not sing. I am not a singer. I am a woman, not a singing person,' and they didn't let him in. I sang and he had to stand outside behind a curtain. I came to New York.

"I would sing for a million dollars," she said, "and that is not how you earn grapes. If I did it once, I became interested in another woman, I would do it again. I'm through, finished, but he is not."

"He called me up from Spain. I hang up on him. He called me. I did not answer. He had our friends write to explain."

To prove I was not going into her bedroom, and after much opening and closing of bureau drawers, returned with a fistful of papers. "See, here are the cables he sent me."

They were dated in November at the time Rita was in Spain.

"It's been a grey, grey, grey day since you left me," one said. "It is all a mistake, you understand. I once offered her, and I am not even sure whether she prefers her own husband to anyone else who is interested in her. She has always felt she preferred him."

They were women who had given him her and his own added lastly, "your Count."

A long handwritten letter from their mutual friend, a Marquesa, pleaded in the Count's behalf. "He asked me to write you," the letter read, "and tell you you are the only one that means anything to him. There were women before he met you, but none worthy of you. This 'thing' with Rita is just an adventure."

These words of protestation and affection were all balm to her wounds for no woman worthy of her sex likes to have the man she loves become interested in another. Four years of love cannot be forgotten in four days or even four months.

"I think Rita Hayworth would like to marry the Count. Who knows? He's rich and attractive and Rita would be a Countess. She is not as big a star as she used to be. Then she wouldn't have to worry if she were married to the Count."

When asked if she thought the Count would marry Rita, Fernanda, whose command of English sometimes could not keep up with the rapidity of her thoughts, knocked on the table and said, "Wouldn't want to be married to Rita? He's a widower. She's famous and the Count likes publicity. That's his weakness. He has everything else. He's lost without a man at his side. He likes to be seen with beautiful women."

T IS the latest, most authentic word from the Continent! A strong conjecture that Rita will become Countess Villapadierna within a few years.

In Hollywood, however, insiders are still betting on temple-gray Charley Feldman, chief of the studio's artists talent agency. Observers in the movie colony believe that only one factor prevents Rita from going more or less steadily or having some deep understanding of her matrimonial future with Charley Feldman and that is her persistent feeling that Charley is still carrying a torch for her ex-wife, the former Jean Howard.

Rita does not want a husband who can't keep her off other women of his system. She as in Aly Khan, and the chances are he will not duplicate the feat unless she gives it to him.

What Rita is looking for is a husband who will provide a home and happiness for her and her children without making the blessings of motion picture glamour a pre requisite or an integral part of the marriage. She wants to lead the simple life, a life she has never known, a life of bliss and domesticity, because by nature Rita is a simple, stable young woman and not a sophisticated Continental social butterfly.

Last Spring, she pretty well put her finger on her trouble with Aly when she said, "Various factors, including my husband's excessive social obligations and far-flung interests, unfortunately make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

A psychologist has suggested the possibility that in each of her previous marriages Rita Hayworth was pursuing a father-image rather than a mate of her own choice. Each of her husbands has been a combination father-teacher-lover, an order not exactly to her liking and from which she has always rebelled.

An intimate of Count Villapadierna says, "One of the reasons Rita likes Pepe so much is that he treats her as an equal. There is never any condescension in his manner. He treats her as if she were born to the purple, as if she always had a title. Unlike Aly he has never seen her in her native bailiwick, that is, working for a living in Hollywood. To him she's always the glamorous girl, the fabulous voluptuary. Every girl at one time or another dreams of being treated like a real princess. It's a projection of the Cinderella neurosis. With Aly, Rita never feels like a princess. She's the movie star he happened to marry, a show piece for his spectacles. With Pepe, however, I think she has the feeling that she is being admired for herself, as a woman, a person, not a screen star."

Before she can return to Europe and her count, Rita, according to her contract at Columbia, must star in a musical version of the Somerset Maugham classic concerning the South Seas and the mysteries of the prostitute, Sadie Thompson. The musical version of Rain was staged on Broadway with June Havoc several years ago and failed miserably, but Columbia producer Jerry Wald is convinced that with Rita in the lead, the film will make money.

Affair In Trinidad, Rita's first film since her marriage to Aly, was panned by the critics but did very well at the box office. It is possible that her second film, Salome in which she stars opposite Stewart Granger, will do equally well.

Rita has her own producing company, Beckworth Productions, which releases through Columbia, and each time one of her company's films makes money, she manages to keep a good share of it.

While she refuses to discuss her financial status, it is no secret that the screen siren was down to her last $50,000 when she returned to Hollywood last year. Affair In Trinidad should net her after taxes, another $250,000 which she can well use since none of her husbands pay her alimony, and she has a large household to support, including Domingo, her faithful housekeeper, Susan, the French maid, two gardeners, a secretary, and her two daughters.

Rebecca, Rita's oldest daughter by marriage to Orson Welles, hasn't seen her father in years and was a little broken up when her mother failed to return to Hollywood in time for her eighth birthday.

Rebecca's birthday was December 17th. Rita returned from Europe on December 13th. The little girl thought her mother would fly home and celebrate the occasion with her, but Rita phoned from the Plaza Hotel in New York and explained to her first-born that she had to remain in New York on business and would be home in time to spend Christmas vacation with her.

While in New York, Rita was seen in the company of Raymond Hakim and this gave rise to the rumor that she and the Egyptian-born movie producer had taken a liking to each other. The reason they dined in New York is that Hakim and his brother Andre own the motion picture rights to the life of Isadora Duncan, the great dancer, and the Hakims very much want Rita to star in the film version. Whether or not she will depend on whether the Hakims can get a script written that will meet with her approval.

CAREER-WISE, Rita at this moment, has probably reached her zenith, but the truth of the matter is that she would gladly sacrifice her career if she could only find a husband worthy of the sacrifice. Her divorce from Aly not yet having been obtained, it is foolhardy to predict, but of all the men in her life, it is safe to say at this point that Count Pepe Villapadierna would probably make her the best husband. People who know him well say that faithfulness is his strong point.

Rita was very glad to give him a month of her time because he happens to be an authority on this subject: the Princess and her "Pepe" bears close watching, for Volga Haworth Cansino's little girl has never been a female to lead a mundane life, not since the tender age of 17, anyway.

END 57
he gets what he wants

(Continued from page 44) dandy—Farley will take all the credit. If not—well, okay, he made the mistakes himself and he's ready to shoulder all the blame.

This fetish and flair for independence is responsible for the downfall of one of Hollywood's finest. While King of the Bobbysoxers into one Yellowstone-geyser cauldron of hot water after another. Even back at the very beginning of things for Farley in 1944, when he was 19 years old, that was a decision. At his picture career, he had the knack for stirring up a rumpus.

The powers—that-be in Hollywood called him temperamental and, in a sense, unconscionable. They liked him moody and intense, spoiled, selfish, they said he hated Hollywood, a town that had given him everything, and they said he didn't care what difficulties he faced or how many detours his career may have taken. But among his friends, his personal life pattern was still intact.

As Ted sees it, everyone is confused where Farley is concerned—except Farley himself. He says the boy knows what he wants and how to get it, and that his one-track mind is completely set on a successful career in movies and the legitimate theater. At the moment, Ted says, Farley regards his personal life as unimportant. He implicitly believes that when he reaches the pinnacle career-wise his personal life-pattern will straighten itself out. Then, and only then, will he take time for serious romance.

As he told Ted recently, "The world opened up for me one day not too long ago. I woke up to discover that a career is a job, not a life. I like business, not the show business. You have to work at it, live it, breathe it. You can't do that and run around all night, as I used to do."

Which is indicative of the new Farley. He is determined to make good! Nothing else matters. To accomplish the success he wants above all else, Farley practises everything he has been taught. And he believes that to keep himself at the peak of performance he must keep physically fit. He is careful of his diet, exercises at least an hour a day, and never teeters his time closely, allowing few moments for night club and party tomfoolery.

Inasmuch as Farley admits his tastes are strongly influenced by those of his friends, it's interesting to note just who these friends are. Mostly they're directors, writers, actresses, musicians—sensitive, creative people. 

You should know, for instance, that his closest friend is Millard Kaufman, the writer, and his wife, Laurie; actress Jo Carol Dennison; Kay Walsh, English actress brought here by MGM to play Young Ingalls; actress Jorda Curtright Sheldon and her husband, Sidney, writer-director at MGM; director Vincente Minnelli; director Nick Ray; Norman Panama, writer-director, and his wife, Marsha; Saul Chaplin, composer; Phil Gersh, Farley's agent, and Marvin Friedman, his business manager.

The boy is well-served by the be-bop crowd Farley used to chase around with. Even Shelley Winters isn't on the list—so apparently the frenetic days are gone and done with—a closed chapter.

I lunches with Farley in his hilltop home in Hollywood on the very day he was placed on suspension by his boss Sam Goldwyn, for turning down the starring role opposite Piper Laurie in U-T's Golden Blade. This part had been offered Farley on loanout. It wasn't the first time he had been turned down, but it was the final straw.

"After all," he said as Arzie—dear, sorely-missed Arzie—poured coffee for us and I cast a pleading look at her, only to be swarmed by no idiot. If I don't think a script is right I turn it down. As far as my judgment is concerned, Golden Blade isn't for me, and I'll bet you anything you want it turns out right, because they've given the part to Rock Hudson! I don't think Rock and I are the same type at all, do you?"

"Then again, maybe I'll be proved wrong," Farley said. "Who knows? All I'm sure of is that I can't lean on the decisions of others. I have to cut my own pattern!"

"Now, whether you know it or not, this is an admirable trait in a town where everybody follows advice and, failing to secure what they think is the right counsel, turns to an astrologer. Here's the Granger reasoning."

It's the very Bobbysoxers who have made his star shine brightly, Farley feels, who are also responsible for his fanatical fussing over scripts.

He said, "The Bobbysoxers are wonderful. They are like me in their eagerness to change anybody to say they're not. Of all people, I should certainly think this about them because they're the ones who put me where I am today."

"But it's these same kids I'm thinking about when I holler about scripts. The young fans were attracted to me because I was young too, and they identified themselves with me. I don't think they were particularly interested in whether I could act. So—let's face it—how long can a guy go on?"

Time rolls on for the Bobbysoxers pretty much like it does for everyone else, and every year there are new, good-looking fellows like Tab Hunter or gosh knows who—all entering the acting ranks and then my Bobbysoxers are off on a new idolatrie rampage. I've no fault to find with this scheme of things at all. It's just as it should be. But gee whiz, a guy doesn't want to wind up being an old Bobbysox idol!"

This, then, is the reason in back of Farley's intense desire to reach what he calls "the rest of my audience"—in other words, the older fans. He's convinced the only way to reach this adult element of your adoring public is by acting in a role of a serious nature. And this means carefully chosen scripts.

Farley thinks it's only the Bobbysoxers who can interpret, according to that he's made his hair soft and curly, and eyes a snapping brown, his smile an emphatic flicker that sends a gal into a vivd, drooling frenzy."

"They don't care if I don't come through with a wild comedy anymore," Farley sighs. "My acting ability is only secondary. But their older sisters and brothers and their mothers and dads! That's something else altogether, and they're critical of a performance, period exclamation point!"

"Funny thing about it all is that I didn't start out in pictures consciously catering to the Bobbysoxers. In fact, I was still be-wildered that they liked me even a little bit in the heavy, dramatic roles I was playing. There was certainly nothing romantic about the Purple Heart, in which I was blinded; about Purple Heart, in which my tongue was cut out; about Rope, in which I was a murderer. Not a romance in the lore."

This is pretty good analyzing on the part of such a young actor. But then Farley has given the matter of his career in movies plenty of thought this past year. And he has the conviction that his final analysis he alone must protect it and make it last as long as possible.

"No one can do it for him. "I have to know my own self—my mistakes, and I've made them. I don't know what it is, but for that is what I should do and what I shouldn't. I can't take even the words of the producers of my pictures as gospel."

"I'll tell you one thing that's sure in this business," he continued, "and that is that nobody does his career a bit of good or adds a day to its life by making a wrong picture. An actor has to keep trying to have some connection with good movies because most audiences never bother to take into consideration that a picture is bad because it was directed badly or because the part was bad."

"They simply say, "I saw that Farley Granger movie and gee, he was lousy in it!" And that's when Farley Granger has to start changing his act."

"So when you hear rumors about my 'temperament' it usually means only that I have rejected a script which, in my judgment, is bad for my career. I'm one of the few who rather turn down a story I'm convinced is bad for me and accept the suspension and the loss of a tidy sum of money than refuse to be honest and lose face eventually with my fans."

"One more point: I certainly don't believe in sitting around doing nothing else but waiting, waiting, waiting for that great story I can make something of. I'm not that unrealistic. I realize as well as the next actor that truly great roles are as scarce as Siamese twins. But my contention is that an actor has to keep trying not to bog that in mediocrity."

Most of Farley's Hollywood difficulties have stemmed from his passion for honesty and his being honest and forthright with himself first. He says what he thinks and he tries to do what he thinks is right. Such convictions are not always conducive to the happiness of his Hollywood's production heads and directors.

Yet despite all this talk of 'temperament,' a chat with Alfred Hitchcock, Vin-
"Captivating" is the word for Mona Freeman's beauty. Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that's enchanting. Easy to see why directors cast Mona for "romantic young" roles!

"Here's my care for smoother skin... Lux!"

says Mona Freeman

Do you want this lovelier skin-beauty for yourself? Then try this young star's daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!

Let Mona tell you that lovelier skin can be yours! "I find Lux care really makes a difference—just a few seconds for my daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling."

And the secret of this sparkling look that comes to your skin with Lux? It's the gentle Skin-Tonic Action of Lux care... it helps your skin retain natural moisture. Even dry skin looks softer, more alive and luminous.

Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it... see for yourself. Lux Soap care, with Skin-Tonic Action, is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, fresher—or Lever Brothers Company will refund your money.

Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio's "ANGEL FACE"

Don't let your glamour sparkle—especially to fresh skin. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds "Feminine colors are so flattering any girl's charm—that's why daily my skin simply glows!"

Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold, and my skin simply glows!

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this fragrant white soap that is Hollywood's favorite. You'll discover... life's lovely when you're Lux-lovely!

Mona Freeman selects fluffy blue hat. Mona's glamour sparkles—even off-screen. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds "any girl's charm—that's why daily facials are a must for me!"

Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold, and my skin simply glows!
big star—big head?

(Continued from page 58 as raising the standard of the category.)

It took several weeks of diligent exploration and research, weeks in which he exercised his charming, winning ways with the opposite sex, but eventually Lieut. Robert Minnelli, Nick Ray and any of the other directors with whom Farley Granger has worked during his Hollywood stay has found that our boy’s professional attitude is exemplary. These directors all try to borrow him for succeeding pictures. Hitchcock, for instance, who directed Rope, liked Farley’s work so much that he got him back again for Strangers on A Train.

Farley is direct in his approach to business problems, he is equally so where romance is concerned. He admits that eventually he hopes to marry and settle down and live happily ever after. But when I asked him when—that all-important question to which you fans await an answer with bated breath!—Farley said:

“I can’t give you an honest answer to that question. And I can’t understand how other young actors can give and give and give and the way they say they’re going to marry when they’re 31 years old, or 35, or 39, or whenever. How can they know? How can anyone say he’ll definitely walk down the aisle five years from now? When whom? he might meet someone tomorrow, fall madly in love and be married within the week? Who can say about a thing like that?”

The thing is, I mean Farley doesn’t have some definite ideas about romance. He does. For example:

“Nothing irks me more than to have some well-meaning person advise me to be on a steady path to the doors of all the little starlets in Hollywood, to keep the nightclub chairs warm, to go to all the parties—in other words, to make a big point of meeting up with producers and directors so that they can spot me and say: ‘Oh, there’s Farley Granger sitting over at that table—he’s just the type we need for—’

“I can’t see it at all. Why should I have to put on an act to attract the attention of producers and directors? Why should any actor? After all, these men who make our appearances on the screen are only supposed to appear and act on film. As a result, it’s my opinion that they can pass judgment on me much better by looking at the pictures I have already made than by watching me be myself in a nightclub or at a party.”

Farley means that when he goes nightclubbing or partying it’s because he feels in the mood for that sort of thing, not because he’s trying to get anything out of it businesswise. There’s that honesty streak again.

And nobody’s going to tell him whom to take to the nightclub or parties, either! “I used to have a lot of fun with Shelley Winters,” he recalled—and somewhat pensively, I thought. “At the time nobody would believe that Shelley and I could ever be seen together, but we enjoyed each other’s company. They coldly chatted it up to a desire for publicity because of Behave Yourself, the picture we were making. But we had been going together for about two years before we made that picture. The columnists and the fan magazines said we were so different—that Shelley was the screaming-and-carried away kind while I was the steady, thoughtful type. They said we had nothing in common. But they were wrong. We really had a great deal in common, and we still do. And it’s the same thing with women. We’re both serious about our careers in the same degree—and we go about furthering them in the same way.”

Shelley, in her own fashion, has great integrity as an actress. When she’s not nervous and tense, she makes an uncommon amount of sense. I understand Shelley and I get along swell. And I remember I was disturbed during the filming of the picture when she would rant and rave at me. I knew it was simply because of anxiety about the picture and her tremendous sisterly desire to do more. I knew, too, that after gulping six doughnuts and four cups of coffee in the dressing room between takes Shelley would calm down once again. Physical, that’s Shelley.

“Being Mrs. Victorio Gassman has brought much happiness to Shelley. She deserves it. We’ll always be good friends.”

Any current romantic interests? Our boy says:

“ ‘I haven’t any, really. While making Small Town Girl I discovered what a lot of real fun Ann Miller and I’ve been seeing her. You can’t call it dating. If you’re in New York, and you want to see her, she’ll meet you and enjoy every minute of it.”

“ ‘It’s almost ridiculous, the way columnists, reporters and press agents will ask, ‘Who’s your new romance, who’s the somethings right now in your life now?”—and I reply ‘Nobody at the moment.’ Because they get such a stricken look, almost as if I’d slapped them.

“ ‘Just don’t happen to be in love at the moment. Which makes me a pretty normal human being, the way I look at it although it doesn’t seem to be the way things work in Hollywood. Some seems to me that romantic could be madly in love every second, the way the columnists want us to be!”

Farley’s plans for the future are jam-packed, mind you. He has many goals set for himself—an outline for a lifetime of self-improvement and self-realization.

First of all, he is determined to mature as an actor, to leap over the hurdle of being considered a boybossers’ passing fancy, an offbeat character, and to be accepted instead as a man with real dramatic talent—an actor who can play one of those characters that starlets, their charactization of merit. He hopes eventually to be permitted to work in the legitimate theater and to leave his mark there, as well.

He wants to travel. His one European trip—tourist class!—whetted his appetite for more. He likes to learn about people outside the limited Hollywood sphere. For Farley, feels, is good for one perspective.

And, most of all, but only when he feels he’s ready for it, he wants to get married. Does that sound temperamental?

She’ll be some gal, too, the one Farle picks, because Farley gets what he wants. Didn’t he take Arzie away from me? Eh?

Frederica (everyone calls her Jackie although she was christened in France as Frederica Jacqueline Wilson) and moved out of his little stucco palace in Reseda last October, one columnist reported, “Dale Robertson is the man of all flesh.” “If figures,” another said fatalistically. “The only thing about Robertson that success hasn’t changed,” added a third, “is his Oklahoma drawl.”

Although Dale and Jackie have reconciled and are living in harmony, at least temporarily, there are relatively few people in Hollywood who are absolutely convinced of the permanency of their relationship. “I’m in Hollywood for only one reason. I want to get me enough money to buy a horse ranch. After that I’m clearin’ out.”

Observers refuse to believe that Dale is still the simple single-purpose youngster who came out to Hollywood five years ago with a disdain of clothes, cars, night-life, and high-powered females.

“Of course he’s changed,” says an agent who knew Robertson in 1947. “A few weeks ago I saw him in Clark’s with his wife and mother, and I guess his uncle. I saw him in Elgin’s for the first time. When he really met me, I knew him he wasn’t dead and buried. After that he didn’t look like a dead kid. He looked like a dead kid.”

Dale and Jackie quarreled with his wife

Our boy says:

“ ‘I don’t care what anyone says. It’s impossible for a youngster to go from nothing a week to a thousand a week and still remain the same. This kid is feelin’ his oats. He’s bringing a new clothes hunger, a new movie hunger, the fun of it all. He’s fooled me. I’ll give you an examp of how sharp this kid’s been. Several years ago before he got his break he was reading the Reader’s Digest. He started skipping things called ‘The Most Unforgiving Table Character I Ever Met.’ Was about convict named Jim Duncan who’d institute a lot of prison reforms. Dale said to his mother, ‘That Jim Duncan. He figured that if he bought a screen rights to the article he might be able to sell himself and the story as one, you know? Dale was a kid. I knew him when he was a kid. We knew all about package deals even then. Well, he writes to The Reader’s Digest and they tell him that the movie right to the piece he sent in. Canada. It was named Lee Brooks. You think he gives up? Heck, no. He traces this Lee Brooks all over Canada and finally discovers that the guy is right here in Beverly Hills, preparing to make a movie about Jim Duncan.

‘Hold on, and I’ll show you how smi
They put that $100 gleam in their hair with Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Janie King, of E. St. Louis, III., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my scalp pink-clean... washes away dirt and grime in a twinkling... gleams my hair without a special rinse."

Lorraine Sansom, of New Brunswick, Can., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo gets my hair whistle-clean... leaves it with sunny highlights."

Here are three winners in Wildroot's nation-wide $100 Model Hunt. They aren't professional models—just three girls with beautiful hair who keep it beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. Discover a glowing $100 gleam in your hair, too. Begin using Lady Wildroot Shampoo made with Lanolin, today! Leaves hair radiantly clean... sparkling with highlights... lovelier than you ever dreamed it could be. Watch how this soapless liquid cream shampoo whips to sudsy froth in seconds. Feel how silky soft it leaves your hair. Try Lady Wildroot Shampoo—and find the hidden gleam in your hair!

Lady Wildroot shampoo gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams

You can win $100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8 x 10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo to Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 319, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you $100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges are Final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.
You don’t see Tony Curtis making it difficult for magazine writers. He knows how much we helped him. He admits it frankly, and that’s why we give him and Jane Fonda the benefit of the doubt.

“As for Dale, he’s the kind of actor who draws the line. He’ll go so far and no farther, wants to protect his privacy and all that. The more you argue with him, the sooner he learns that the better off he’ll be. I know I sound like a bitter, frustrated woman, but I’m not really. It’s just that I’m so disillusioned in some of those young actors. They come to you for publicity when they’re on the way up and when they’re on the way down. When they’re well off, they’ve finally reached a certain level, when they’ve just had an option picked up, they’re all so damn busy you’d think they were running General Motors.”

In all fairness to Robertson, it must be said that he has sat for more interviews and portraits in the past year than any other star in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Marilyn Monroe. He has made a dozen pictures in the past two years with practically no time off. He has participated in scores of studio functions, and has been a decided success in more than one Hollywood has made shorts for the Red Feather community chest drives, organized ball games for charity, driven thousands of miles to exploit studio product. He has never turned down a script, argued with a director, or fought with the front office. It so happens that at this moment he feels strongly that the press hasn’t treated him too kindly, and he’s right.

“I got along with every single reporter,” he says. “In every interview I did my level best. I posed for pictures, answered my questions, tolerated all manner of questions, tolerated all manner of questions in every way. Okay? What happened? A reporter calls up John Carroll one afternoon and finds out I’m staying there. He asks me what I’m doing there. I told him I was going to try out for a movie. I tell him Jackie and I, we’ve had a quarell. Next day it’s blasted all over the papers. Next thing you know everyone’s writhin’ that I’ve become a screw ball, too good for my wife, all of that junk.

“Nobody writes that all married couples quarrel, that we’ll probably be back together in a few years. Right after we had a big argument, I’ll be the heavy. I was slaughtered. A few days later everything’s okay. Jackie and I are back together, but by then the damage was done. I haven’t changed. I’m工作 harder and earning more money, but this nonsense about my head gettin’ bigger—that’s what it is—nonsense. I’ve just had a few doubts. I know it.”

Dale always had plenty of confidence. He was always certain that he could make a go of it in Hollywood, that one day he would become a full-fledged screen star. He was convinced from the very outset that “anyone can become a movie actor. It just takes effort.” In his own success he’s proven that point.

Dale, a Army, never had any training in dramatics. He made the jump to Hollywood right from the

Tom Jenk defines Hollywood as a place where when the false tinsel is removed, you’ll find the real tinsel.

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

wrong in this pluster Angeles, when you have judged incorrectly, you assign your misjudgment of one to two others. One either perpetuate the legend you’ve created as in the fiction of Gary Cooper (he’s supposed to be a shy, dif- fident, bumbling, trusting rural back- woodsman, who is really shy, rocket—sharp socialite) or you say, “My! But that Dale Robertson has gone Hollywood.” The implication being that he has changed far beyond his original and is no longer the same.

As Dale himself realizes, this “going Hollywood” accusation began as a result of his temporary separation from his wife.

Dale Robertson, who started on a courtship which lasted less than a month. They met at a party given by Andre Hakim, a studio producer, and a few dates later, on May 19th, 1951, they were married.

Whenver an engagement is consum- mated in marriage that quickly, the man and wife have to spend a great deal of time getting to know each other. Un- fortunately, Dale was hard at work, there was no time for a honeymoon, not even too much time to get really acquainted, and there was no time to be married and living under the same roof.

Had Jackie gone with Dale, say for a year before they were married, she might have learned many unusual aspects of Dale and his character. For exam- ple, Dale is the child of divorced parents. He was raised by his mother and two aunts. One boy raised by two aunts is bound to be a little overdemanding, a little hard on his wife. Jackie might also have learned that most of Dale’s youth was devoted to athletics. As he himself says, “I’ve been athletic all my life. Sports are important to me.”

When a husband works six days a week as Dale does, his wife naturally expects him to spend the seventh day at home. This is a normal expectation, only Jackie discovered that it was rarely fulfilled. Dale believes strongly that so long as he spends six nights a week at home, it’s okay to devote Sun- days to sports, and to his maker.

It is often in record as saying that “every husband should have one week- end off a month to go fishing or hunting.”

Jackie Robertson has never complained about her husband’s neglect. She is the sort of woman, people who became aware of his great interest in athletics, his insistence upon devoting some time to himself started the rumor that the reason why his poor little wife had become a golf widow, a baseball widow, a soft ball widow.

The basic truth, and Jackie has found it out, is that a man like Dale must be accepted on his own terms, that the es- sential fabric of his ways was already woven at the time of his marriage, that any attempt to change him must end in certain failure. Who knows it is one of those free souls who all his life has wanted to grow up to be the strong, silent man of the West, and now that he is in a position to actuate what originally was his delusion in his adolescence, there is no stopping him.

He will buy his horses, train his dogs, go off on hunting trips, shoot his golf, or have a real outdoor life. His spare time to him is his own and rarest possession.

Luckily for Jackie, she now has a little daughter, Rochelle, on whom to dote and spend, and who, with the cast of boys, keeps him on a strict allowance of less than $20 a week spending money, but Dale still buys horses and has the bills sent to Morgan. He says he would be happiest if when he has finished, he’ll retire to a horse ranch in Oklahoma. But somehow no one in Hollywood takes him seriously any more.

The armor of his unsusceptibility to temptation has been pierced. He has no gone Hollywood in the sense that he has forgotten to the public as well.

Dale Robertson’s contract has another four years to run at which time he should be earning $3,000 a week. He has a business man, but Marce, who keeps him on a strict allowance of less than $20 a week spending money, but Dale still buys horses and has the bills sent to Morgan. He says he would be happiest if when he has finished, he’ll retire to a horse ranch in Oklahoma. But somehow no one in Hollywood takes him seriously any more.

The armor of his unsusceptibility to temptation has been pierced. He has no gone Hollywood in the sense that he has forgotten to the public as well.

Dale Robertson’s contract has another four years to run at which time he should be earning $3,000 a week. He has a business man, but Marce, who keeps him on a strict allowance of less than $20 a week spending money, but Dale still buys horses and has the bills sent to Morgan. He says he would be happiest if when he has finished, he’ll retire to a horse ranch in Oklahoma. But somehow no one in Hollywood takes him seriously any more.
gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It outperforms all the others in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Yet it is still as creamy soft, as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants! And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry... actually keeps you and your clothes safer!

Sure, yet gentle! Stops odor instantly, keeps underarms dry. Safe for fabrics. Use daily. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...
(Continued from page 31) to give her boy a chance to prove it. Moreover when she starred at MGM, as a nineteen-year-old, and saw that Vittorio met the right people, only those who might do him the most good. In this case, too, her industry resulted in a contract for her sweetheart. Vittorio, who by now married Greer for success in the film industry, for the loss of his own self-respect, and whatever love or mutual admiration there was in the beginning makes quick work.

Greer Garson was smart enough to see the folly of her marital ways; and for her third try she made it a point to take as a husband a successful rancher millionaire who is older than she is, Buddy Fogelson. Greer is officially listed as being 44. Fogelson is in his 50's.

One of the reasons Joan Crawford, who is 64, is chary about another marriage—it would be her fourth—is that there are few eligible men around Hollywood in the 45 to 55 age-bracket. Joan's third husband, Phil Terry, was three years younger than Joan and another case in point. Joan had married the older wife's drive, ambition, and positive sense of achievement. When Joan married Phil he was a young actor trying to climb the rungs of the success ladder. A certain amount of rivalry in good looks is perfectly all right, but a good deal of rivalry between a woman and an older man is cut down to size.

She went through very much this same routine during World War II when after six dates, she married Bonita Granville's former boyfriend, Jack Briggs. An RKO actor stationed with the Marines in San Diego, Briggs was 24 at the time Greer decided she simply must have this handsome hunk of masculinity in marriage. She was almost ten years older and five years older and had warned against the marriage, pointing out that once the physical passion subsided, these two might prove incompatible. But Greer wouldn't listen. She finally married him in January, 1943. It lasted six years.

Greer, who is 6 feet 1, weighs 190 lbs., has dark brown hair, brown eyes—Ginger goes in for the tall, dark, and handsome type. So did he at the start of his career, once the war was over. He acted in My Forbidden Past with Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum and was then released.

Despite Ginger's influence, her job losses, and his other job losses, the marriage began coming apart at the seams. Following the divorce, Ginger started to date Greg Bautzer who knows how to avoid money troubles in the two businesses. Today Jack Briggs lives in San Diego, works in radio and TV, and hasn't the slightest desire of returning to Hollywood or marrying an actress ten years his senior. His life seems to be in influence. With Jacques de Beckerac, however, it's another story. The French have different ideas about wealth, marriage, influence, and the role of a woman. Here marriage is a social institution and survives few persons care to predict. When there is a difference in age of at least 15 years, the chances don't seem too good. Greer Garson is qualified to testify on that point. During the war she married Richard Ney who played her son in Mrs. Miniver. She was at least 15 years older than Ney at the time, but she was very much in love with him. He was in the Navy; there was her great fear that she might lose him forever; so the only recourse she felt, was immediate marriage.

W hen an actress who has arrived marries a young actor who hasn't, when the actress is in effect the family bread-winner and her husband the consort, such marriages usually begin in influence. The young husband resents the old wife for her success, for the loss of his own self-respect, and whatever love or mutual admiration there was in the beginning makes quick work.

Greer Garson was smart enough to see the folly of her marital ways; and for her third try she made it a point to take as a husband a successful rancher millionaire who is older than she is, Buddy Fogelson. Greer is officially listed as being 44. Fogelson is in his 50's.

One of the reasons Joan Crawford, who is 64, is chary about another marriage—would be her fourth—is that there are few eligible men around Hollywood in the 45 to 55 age-bracket. Joan's third husband, Phil Terry, was three years younger than Joan and another case in point. Joan had married the older wife's drive, ambition, and positive sense of achievement. When Joan married Phil he was a young actor trying to climb the rungs of the success ladder. A certain amount of rivalry in good looks is perfectly all right, but a good deal of rivalry between a woman and an older man is cut down to size.

She went through very much the same routine during World War II when after six dates, she married Bonita Granville's former boyfriend, Jack Briggs. An RKO actor stationed with the Marines in San Diego, Briggs was 24 at the time Greer decided she simply must have this handsome hunk of masculinity in marriage. She was almost ten years older and five years older and had warned against the marriage, pointing out that once the physical passion subsided, these two might prove incompatible. But Ginger wouldn't listen. She finally married him in January, 1943. It lasted six years.

Greer, who is 6 feet 1, weighs 190 lbs., has dark brown hair, brown eyes—Ginger goes in for the tall, dark, and handsome type. So did he at the start of his career, once the war was over. He acted in My Forbidden Past with Ava Gardner and Robert Mitchum and was then released.

Despite Ginger's influence, her job losses, and his other job losses, the marriage began coming apart at the seams. Following the divorce, Ginger started to date Greg Bautzer who knows how to avoid money troubles in the two businesses. Today Jack Briggs lives in San Diego, works in radio and TV, and hasn't the slightest desire of returning to Hollywood or marrying an actress ten years his senior. His life seems to be in influence. With Jacques de Beckerac, however, it's another story. The French have different ideas about wealth, marriage, influence, and the role of a woman. Here marriage is a social institution and survives few persons care to predict. When there is a difference in age of at least 15 years, the chances don't seem too good. Greer Garson is qualified to testify on that point. During the war she married Richard Ney who played her son in Mrs. Miniver. She was at least 15 years older than Ney at the time, but she was very much in love with him. He was in the Navy; there was her great fear that she might lose him forever; so the only recourse she felt, was immediate marriage.

A Hollywood society matron who has been in the movie colony since 1931 B. DeMille's first pen and that has never been a successful marriage between an established screen actress who was older than her unestablished husband.

"Let Ginger Rogers marry this de Beckerac fellow," the matron said, "it won't last very long. Unfortunately, I feel the same way about Jane Wyman's marriage to Freddie. Freddie fairly well. That is, I've seen him at various functions leading his little orchestra from time to time. I think he's a year or so younger than Jane, but his ego is just about right. Compared to her he's relatively unknown. Here we have an actress at the peak of her powers marrying a kind but average musician. The discrepancy in accomplishment is too great. Why Jane married Freddie so quickly I don't know. We all expect a great deal of her, but she's bound from the Bautzer affair. Maybe it is and maybe it isn't, but I just don't think it is the last marriage for either of them."

"I have never seen marriages in Hollywood that I couldn't predict. There are a great deal of young men who are good looking, but older than the man. Take Norma Shearer as an example. She claims she was 38 when her husband, Marty Arrouge, was 23. I happen to know that she was born in 1904. This makes her 48 years old. Actually, she looks less than 40. I believe she looks so well because she has a young husband. Marty was a ski instructor, and he is a man. He had no acting aspirations whatever. He was content to marry Norma and share her millions. They travel all over the world together. They are very sympatico. I think that will last."

"If women like Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford and Ann Sothern and others of that group want to preserve the illusion of youth by marrying young men, they should choose men who have no show business aspirations or who are finished with success."

"Look at Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford. Mary must be 60. Buddy is approaching 50. Why do these two get on so famously? They are superficially attractive to him and she has had their share of fame. Mary looks wonderful because Buddy's youth stimulates her. She can't afford to get fat and frowzy."

"Rosalind Russell is older than her husband, Freddie Brisson. But Freddie isn't any actor. He doesn't mind walking in the shadow of Rosalind's limelight. He acts as her producer, her general manager. She has the money to support her. He's just good looking. He doesn't mind occupying a subsidiary role in the setup. Most men do. They will put up with it only as long as there is the possibility that they can get a CHANCE if the marriage fails. Of course, if Madonna makes him rich he'll be around for the duration."

In Hollywood there have occasionally been great passion-ridden, tempestuous love affairs in which the love element was so overpowering, so pervasive, so dominant that the relative ages of the partners were secondary. N/share was given a second thought at the time of marriage.

There have been four such affairs: Rob- ert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Alan Ladd and Sue Carol, John Hodiak and Patti Palmer, and Burt Lancaster and Dezi Arnaz. Barbara is five years older than Taylor, Sue is two years older than Allan, Patti
is two years older than Jerry, and Lucille is six years older than Desi; and in three of these four marriages, it is the wife's age advantage which has given the marriage a degree of stability, security, and understanding which otherwise might be lacking.

The one exception to this statement is the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage. I believe the failure of that marriage may be attributed directly to the age differential. Taylor was in his 20's when he began going steadily with Barbara. At the time she was still married although separated from her first husband, Frank Fay. Her life with Fay, she later testified in court, had been extremely miserable. She had tried to prevent him from seeing their adopted son, Dion. She had accused him of boosting it up and manhandling her from time to time, and the only ray of light in her existence had been with Taylor.

When her divorce from Fay was granted, Barbara rode off with young Taylor and was married. It was an ideal love match. No one said anything about Barbara's age, but the truth of the matter was that Taylor had never had his fling. He was too young, too inexperienced for Barbara.

After the war and still a young man, he became an aviation enthusiast. Barbara refused to go flying with him. She preferred to remain in Hollywood and work. Although she has looked and continues to look much younger than her age, she adopted the philosophy of a middle-aged woman, the stay-at-home behavior pattern which Taylor rebelled against.

Each time the opportunity presented itself for him to make a film overseas, he grabbed at it. He's made more films abroad for MGM than practically any other actor on the lot. While Taylor was in Rome, starring in Quo Vadis, I began hearing many stories about him and the Italian actress, Lia de Leo, who is currently threatening to sue Taylor for breach of promise. Barbara Stanwyck heard the same rumors. By then it was too late. Taylor had decided to have his fling before he grew too old, a fling denied him in his youth. He asked Barbara for his freedom, and being the kind of generous, understanding woman she is, she granted it readily. Taylor gave up his rights to their $100,000 home which she quickly sold, and promised her 15% of his gross earnings until her death or remarriage.

He then began playing the field which is what he is currently doing with Ursula Thiess, Pat Tiernan, Yvonne de Carlo, Ludmilla Tcherina, Jean MacDonald, and whatever female talent comes into his ten.

Had Bob Taylor played the field extensively before his marriage to Stanwyck, had he dated dozens of girls instead of concentrating on Barbara and his work, he chances are that he would have never had the desire for a freedom he now finds singularly unrewarding. In Barbara Stanwyck he married a woman whose rate of growth because of the age factor was much faster than his.

In some cases this is a good thing. Take the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz marriage. Everyone predicted that this one would last a fast 90 days. Not only was Lucille six years older than her Latin lover, she was eminently successful, and he was, at least, in motion pictures. In order to make a living, Desi had to be out on the road most of the time. Conscious of her age, Lucille used to imagine what lost wives imagine when their husbands are on the road. It wasn't long before Desi and Lucille separated. It was then

Marilyn Monroe discovers the world's most glamorous make-up ... from the WESTMORES of HOLLYWOOD

The men who make the stars more beautiful: Perc Westmore, dean of Hollywood make-up artists; Wally Westmore, Paramount Make-up Director; Bud Westmore, Universal Make-up Director; Frank Westmore, Hollywood make-up stylist.

GLAMOROUS stars asked for it... an easier-to-apply, longer-lasting make-up that would give them the same complexion glamour on the street that they have in close-ups on the screen!

And the Westmores gave them fabulous liquid TRU-GLO! A make-up that flows on your cheek.

You just dot it on, blend evenly with fingertips, and pat off excess. Presto! Your complexion takes on a luminous, petal-soft freshness that lasts all day!

Tru-Glo hides tattle-tale lines... draws a sheer veil of color over blemishes... gives you a truly poreless look and a radiant natural glow.


Perfect for all types of skin. In shades for every skin tone. Available wherever good cosmetics are sold.

Marilyn Monroe is now starring in "NIAGARA" a 20th Century-Fox Production Color by Technicolor

Acclaimed by Hollywood

Tru-Glo LIQUID MAKE-UP

ONLY 59¢ plus tax

(slightly higher in Canada)

WESTMORE Hollywood COSMETICS

Now! A new creamy, smearproof lipstick... by the Westmores! Hollywood Lipstick by the Westmores! You'll love its intoxicating color richness and exciting sheen. Feels wonderfully creamy on the lips. Won't smear. Non-drying. ONLY 59¢ and 29¢ plus tax (slightly higher in Canada)
that Lucille's maturity came into play.

"I knew," she has since confessed, "that if we both stopped being trigger-tempered and really worked at the marriage, we could make a go of it." Had Lucille been as young and impetuous as Desi, the marriage would have been ended right then and there. Instead, Lucille suggested that they try it again. Both soft-pedaled their tempers and then two years ago, rather than have their separate careers keep them apart, decided to pool what money they had on a series of TV films to be entitled I LOVE LUCY.

Many friends in show business told Lucille that she had rocks in her head, that she might be saving her marriage, but would be ruining her bank account. Lucille paid no heed. Sue and Desi went ahead with their plans. "We decided," she says, "that instead of divorce lawyers profiting from our mistakes, we'd profit from them." And they have, too. Lucy has raised money and brought new stability to the Arnaz household, and this newly secure union has been blessed with one child, and another is on the way.

Patti Palmer, Jerry Lewis' wife, is another girl who has used her edge in years in an attempt to stabilize her husband, an almost impossible task with Lewis. Jerry, for example, never would go to bed unless he had a loaded revolver under his pillow. This was an offshoot of the insecurity and loneliness he felt as an adolescent when his parents, vaudevillians, would leave him alone at night while they entertained in neighborhood clubs for a few dollars. One afternoon when he was in his teens, Jerry walked into a pawn shop in New Jersey and bought a revolver. He slept with it each night because it made him feel secure. It was only a few weeks ago that Patti convinced him to give it up.

As a matter of fact as recently as a year ago, Jerry was afraid of entering any of the well-known restaurants in Hollywood unless he knew someone inside. He refused to attend parties unless his sidekicks went along. He was fearful of any sort of social life not in line with his Borscht Circuit upbringing. Patti has changed all that without nullifying his wild side. She obtained very well how to act as a straight man for his various routines.

A few evenings before they left for the Texas State Fair together, Jerry and Patti were strolling along Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. Suddenly, as they approached a crowded intersection, the 26-year-old Lewis turned on his attractive wife and said, 'Now you get away from me,' he screamed. 'I don't care how much you're asking. The answer is no.'

"But, Jerry," Patti protested, playing it straight. "People are looking.

"How dare you attack me?" Lewis demanded. "Get away from me before I call the police."

Pedestrians began gathering around the couple. "You should be ashamed of yourself," Jerry shouted, wagging his index finger at Patti's poodle cut. "A rich, club-hopping scoundrel. He crossed my eyes and stuck out his tongue. Then indignant he whirled upon the crowd. "Come on, now," he bellowed, branding an imaginary nightstick. "Break it up! This dame stole my watch. I'll run her in." And with that he grabbed Patti under the arm and hustled her down the street with the crowd

If Patti were younger than Jerry—they were married when he was 18—she would certainly be incapable of handling this mercurial, talented, zany neurotic.

She is as perfect for him as Sue Carol is for Alan Ladd, and these two are the last word in perfect mating. When Sue first met Alan she told him quickly that she was two years older than he was. She'd been married twice before. She'd had a successful motion picture career, a child by a previous marriage, and she was running a talent agency because she knew the motion picture business from A to Z. Ladd at the time was a monumental failure, but he had enough common sense to put both his head and his heart, figuratively speaking, in Sue's capable hands. She really went to work for her man. She started him in at Paramount on This Gun For Hire at $150 a week. That was in 1942. A few weeks later she married him, loving the frightened young man from Arkansas, and protecting him, and guiding his career, watching over his money, educating him to his every need. If Alan Ladd were older than his wife he might resent her pre-emption of the ordinarily masculine domain of the household, but under the present setup, he's only too happy to let Sue take over.

"Let's face it," he says. "She knows more about finances and money than I'll ever know."

It was Sue, for example, who saw the wisdom in their going over to Europe for a year and a half. If the Ladds remained abroad 18 months they will have to pay no tax on their income. In a year and a half abroad, Alan can earn more money and keep it than he would in the U.S., and so on down the Ladd setup, Alan is the breadwinner and Sue is the banker, and each loves the other for his virtues.

What conclusions may be reached from this study of Hollywood wives who are older than their husbands?

One almost inescapable conclusion is that older actresses should not marry younger actors. Annabella lost Ty Power, Barbara Stanwyck lost Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford lost Phil Terry, Ann Sothern lost Robert Sterling, Greer Garson lost Richard Todd to Nanette Fabray—after one of the few exceptions being Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, and Desi wasn't really an actor when Lucille married him. Sue was 16 when she married Lewis and they were too young to be real actors. Somehow actresses are not particularly appreciative of younger husbands when they themselves have to pay most of the bills.
Rabbit eye tests prove

ZONITE'S

absolute safety

to body tissues in
feminine
hygiene

You OWE IT TO YOURSELF to compare these wondrous benefits of ZONITE against any other product for the douche

Every woman should realize how necessary a cleansing, antiseptic and deodorizing douche solution is for vaginal cleanliness—for feminine charm and health. All we ask is that you please read all these facts about ZONITE, a product of proven quality for the douche. Then judge for yourself!

ZONITE'S miracle-action

The great ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and scientist (two men held in the highest esteem by the medical profession). Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche. No other type liquid antiseptic for the douche of all those tested proved so powerful yet absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE!

ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. In fact, it's a wondrously soothing and healing agent. Because of this, women can use ZONITE as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH external and internal protection

ZONITE gives BOTH external and internal protection. (Full directions with every bottle.) It completely deodorizes. It leaves no lingering strong tell-tale odor in your bathroom or on your person.

ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ. ZONITE leaves the vaginal tract so clean and refreshed. Costs only a few cents per douche. Worth a fortune to women who value their daintiness and health.

Tests made under method devised in a Government Research Laboratory

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than found in the vaginal tract. ZONITE douche solution was put twice daily into rabbits' eyes for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared. Mr. Bunny didn't feel the slightest discomfort—he lived like a king all the while he happily proved ZONITE is absolutely harmless to you. Enjoy ZONITE's completely safe qualities. Buy it today.

FREE! Mail coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. MR-43, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name: ____________________________
Address: ____________________________
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

Zonite

This ideal 'all purpose' antiseptic-germicide should be in every medicine chest.
The Most Powerful Story of Love and War Ever Told...

Ernest Hemingway's
ACROSS the RIVER and into the trees

"THE BEST . . . THAT HEMINGWAY HAS DONE"
N. Y. Times

"BARRING A MIRACLE NO AMERICAN NOVEL WILL TOP IT"
Christian Science Monitor

This is the tense, emotion-charged story of Colonel Richard Cantwell, a lonely, battle-scarred man . . . and of a beautiful, young Italian countess who offers him love, tender yet passionate. It is the poignant, powerful story of the few rich hours they share . . . of his fight against the enemy that threatens to separate them . . . of savage war, torment, and elemental courage. If you've enjoyed "The Old Man And The Sea", "To Have And Have Not", "The Killers", "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro" and other great Hemingway hits, then you can't afford to miss one of the greatest of them all . . . "Across The River And Into The Trees".

Ask for this outstanding Dell Book now. . . .

Dell Book now.

35c at all newsstands

stray. They would pick up an egg or two, cookies, maybe a can of soup. Then in order to bring these home I'd have to lie to my mother. I'd say I'd been junking, picking up pop bottles and the like, and selling them. Otherwise the food and I would go flying through the window.

One afternoon I was passing an alleyway when I heard my name called in a fierce whisper. I turned and there was a whole gang of kids in a huddle. They were listening to a cousin of mine proposing a great idea. All that he was saying over was a scheme to clean out the whole neighborhood of its valuables.

"We all know where our parents, and our uncles and aunts keep their rings and their watches and their earrings and all that stuff," he pointed out. "We know all the hideaways. It'll be a cinch. We'll cop it all, sell it, and be rich!"

Caught by the excitement of the planning and stirred by the daring deeds involved I agreed to get in on "The Big Haul." Everybody knew I was a favorite of my Uncle Tony, who ran a coffee house, and he and his wife, my Aunt Julia, were assigned as my victims. But when I began to think of Aunt Julia, who practically adopted me for a couple of years, and my uncle who was my greatest fan when I started out singing Syrian songs in his place, my enthusiasm melted. And when I looked ahead to the day I would be confessing my crime to the priest I knew it was no go.

Some of the other kids went through with it. One who was caught blabbed the whole story and there was a mass meeting of horrified parents. But what sticks to my mind is the tragedy which closed the affair. In the midst of all the furor my cousin, the ringleader, ran out from his house into the street to be killed instantly by a truck. The mass-meeting ended. No kids were punished. The sorrow that fell over everyone took care of that . . . took care of everything.

The understanding I found in my own home and in my neighborhood I also found in the outer world. When my brother Ray was 12, and I was only 10 years old, we got a job selling pop and candy in the Empire theater in Toledo on Sunday afternoons. This meant getting out of Sunday School early and sometimes missing it altogether. This in turn meant show- ing up mornings in the office of our parochial school principal for fitting punishment. But invariably, as we stood in line with 10 or 15 other boys guilty of the same offense, our teacher, Sister Mary Elizabeth of the Ursaline Nuns, would sweep into the room looking for us. She would take us both by the ear and announce, "I'll take care of these boys myself."

The principal would nod assent and she would lead us from the room with such a severe look on her face that the other boys would all feel sorry for us. Downstairs we would march to the school kitchen where she would turn on us and demand to know what we had for breakfast. We'd tell her . . . generally it was coffee and a slice of bread. Shaking her head indignantly she would fill two big glasses with milk, get a plate of doughnut-sized cookies and plunk them down on a table. "Now," she would order, "you boys sit down and meditate. And when you are through come right up to the class!"
milk and cookies, but of all sorts of efforts to get us to like our studies and our school relationships. She encouraged the dramatic instincts she knew Ray and I had and helped us both in that direction. When I was chosen for a principal part in a city-wide Catholic schools play she was so delighted you'd think she herself had won the victory ... and maybe she had. Years later it came to me that Ray and I were privileged pupils in St. Francis, but that this was no compliment to our personalities or anything like that. Sister Mary Elizabeth and all the others who helped us acted merely on precedent set by One whom they followed. We were privileged only because we had nothing.

"I say this realization came to me. I should add where. It came to me as I knelt in church, where all good thoughts have come to me."

There was a day in my life when, thus kneeling, in a Detroit church, I faced a vexing problem. My wife Rosemary was expecting our first baby (now our oldest daughter, Margaret). The doctor had said he would wait for his money but I knew the hospital would require $70 in advance. In my pocket was exactly $7.70—seven one-dollar bills and the change. I don't know what prompted me, but when the collection basket was handed around I put in a dollar and when I left my pew I handed over the other six as a contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, then conducting a drive for its missionary work. Now I had 70 cents left, in front of the altar I said a prayer which in part went:

"... I have given my last seven dollars but I need it back ten times."

It was perfectly true that my wife could go to the county hospital and have her baby without charge. But if you'll forgive a young husband, I wanted her to have the cheer and uplift that might come in a nice room—even if it was to be not a fully private room but a four-bed one. And there was another reason.

I was by now an entertainer in Detroit's beer-gardens and night spots. Many people knew me ... yet they didn't know I had nothing. I was someone who told jokes, sang funny songs. The jokes might sound so funny, nor the songs, if they heard that my wife was a charity case in a public ward. The effect might be disastrous on my work and on my income at a time when I needed it most.

That night I was in my dressing room at the club when I was called to the telephone. It was my agent. The Jam Handy Films, a commercial motion picture company, wanted me to play a short part in a commercial production. Rehearsal would be the next day, the scene would be shot the day following, and on the third day I would get my salary — $75! Here it was —my money back tenfold, just as I had prayed! On the fourth day Margaret was born—her tiny basket-bed paid for, if not the means which delivered her. That was taken care of later.

It was funny but after this I seemed to go on a "Ten Times Kick," as I called it. If I gave a quarter to a beggar I'd have $2.50 thrown to me on the stage right after my first song (in those days it was not yet an insult to throw money to an entertainer in a night club, it was part of your pay). I think I used to go around looking for people who wanted money, supremely confident that it would come back to me. 1,000 per cent.

I know this doesn't make sense but I had a special background for feeling this way ... and again, it leads back to my upbringing, and to my mother. She, too, "planted" good deeds when there could seem to be no return, she too gave when...

---

**Which of these skin problems spoils your appearance?**

**Blemishes:** "Noxzema helps me keep my extremely sensitive skin looking smooth and unblemished!" — Mrs. Wood of Springfield, Pa.

**Dry Skin:** "Cream-washing" with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin; helps it look much softer, smoother," Marjorie Welt of Huntington, L. I. says.

---

**How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days ... or your money back!**

**Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!**

If you're not entirely satisfied with your skin — here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

**Different!** This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients. That's why it brings such thrilling results.

**Quick! Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin: externally-caused blemishes.**

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. **Cleanse thoroughly by 'cream-washing'** with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash' — not dry, or drawn!
2. **Night cream.** Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them — fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smeary pillow!
3. **Make-up base.** 'Cream-wash' again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

---

**NOXZEMA skin cream**

1. **Cream-wash**
2. **Night cream**
3. **Make-up base**

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

**Special Trial Offer:** For a limited time, you can get 40¢ size Noxzema for only 3¢ plus tax — at drug or cosmetic counters.
by REGIS PAINE, beauty consultant

New look for tired sweaters.
The magic of a steam iron works wonders on often-worn woolen sweaters. Just gently press with stamping motion and watch your favorite winter wear come to life again. Every sweater girl knows underarm deodorant—she's guarded that secret carefully. This calls for Yodora—the sure beauty cream deodorant that keeps you wonderfully fresh and oh, so comfortable.

Return engagement

(Continued from page 27) of the Lanza benevolence were relegated to the shadows and into the sun came the rumors, innuendo, and malicious gossip.

People who had once been employed by Lanza and paid handsomely for their work, have been compare the sordid morsels as such, "You know this guy has always been half-cracked, don't you? For years he's had rocks in his head."

Circling the story was that Lanza had engaged in a fist fight with his psychiatrist. Another told that Lew Wassermann, Lanza's agent, came to the house one day bearing a $50,000 check to be for all the tenor refused to see him and left orders for Wassermann to "leave the check with the butler.

A parking lot attendant said he was slapped in the face by Mrs. Sinatra and unfairly fired because of her complaint. A day later it came out that the parking attendant had been dismissed "for an entirely different reason, then being rude to Mrs. Lanza." By the time the truth negated the accusation, Betty Lanza was in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital giving birth to Mario Lanza's eight-pound son. "The way they've been talking about us," the latter said only a few hours before the ambulance whisked her into confinement, "you'd think we were a family of insane criminals. For months now we've done nothing but mind our own business. We've had enough to do moving into our new house and getting things settled. We haven't been anywhere. Mario has said absolutely nothing for publicity for the film. He'll be asked, "Who are you?" or "Why are you doing this?" Mario Lanza is the father of one boy, two girls. A son. Right now, I'm the happiest man in the world. That's all I can say. The happiest man in the world."
Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film...just soft shimmering beauty

End dry hair worries with miracle Curlisol—
Only Suave has it

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey new soft way...With miracle Curlisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"!

Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness, split ends, frizziness after permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

created by Helene Curtis
foremost name in hair beauty

complaint as the cost of the film's preparation.

What will probably happen is that MGM will continue with the damage suit against Mario. In the event it wins the case and receives a judgment, it will probably not exercise the judgment—that is, attach Mario's salary and royalties—so long as he behaves himself and causes no further stoppage in production. Should Mario become intractable, however, the studio may get tough.

Significantly enough, under the regime of Louis B. Mayer, MGM handled its stars with silk gloves. Judy Garland, it is estimated, cost the studio a small fortune in delays, and yet no suit for damage was ever filed against her, despite the fact that she was earning $5,000 a week when she was giving studio executives their biggest headaches.

An executive who was asked to comment upon the difference in treatment accorded Judy and Mario, said, "Let's face it. Judy was a sick girl at the time. You'll put up with a lot of nonsense from a woman that you'll never take from a man. Besides, things were different then. Business wasn't so rough. A studio could afford to be liberal. Nowadays we've got to watch every cent."

What caused Mario Lanza's disagreement with the studio in the first place? Why did he back away from The Student Prince when camera work was just about to begin?

To date three reasons have been offered: (1) Owing to a disagreement with his sponsor and personal manager, Sam Weiller, Mario found himself on the brink of nervous collapse (2) Mario was unhappy at MGM and wanted to get out of his contract, especially after Because You're Mine, a film he violently fought against making (3) Mario did not want to make The Student Prince with Curt Bernhardt directing.

Here for the first time is the essential truth about Mario, his relationship with Sam Weiller, his behavior at MGM, and his subsequent nervous upheaval.

In the Fall of 1945, a mousey, moustached, dark-haired little businessman, named Sam Weiller, was paying a vocal instructor, Polly Robertson, Room 802, the Carnegie Hall Building, New York City, $5 an hour to teach him how to sing.

Mr. Weiller was not a millionaire at the time or even a particularly wealthy individual. He worked for and with his brother, Jack D. Weiller, for many years vice-president of the Federation of Jewish 71
Philoctetes New York, and his annual earnings ranged from $20,000 to $40,000. He owned a profitable boys' camp in Pointell, Pa., the Echo Lake Camp, and with his wife Selma, he lived a good and charitable life. He rented an apartment on one of the streets in the east '90's; he worked hard as a realtor for his brother, and he spent the winters in Miami. Making singing lessons, he says, was just a pleasant hobby with me.

One afternoon, after she'd finished giving him his instruction, Polly Robertson turned to Sam Weiler and said, "Some day I'm going to let you listen to a voice greater than Caruso's."

"Fine," Sam Weiler said.

Two days later, Mario Lanza walked into Polly Robertson's studio. "Here," said Miss Robertson, "is the voice greater than Caruso's." Weiler and Lanza shook hands. This was the first time they met.

Mario sang a song for Weiler. Sam was mesmerized. "As God is my witness," he recalls, "it floored me. I fell on my knees. I never in my life heard anything so naturally brilliant. I went home and I raved all night long to my wife about Mario. "This kid," I told her, 'has the greatest voice in the world, barring none.'

When we spoke to Weiler, Mario was neither born nor starving. He was substituting for Jan Peerce on the Celenese radio program "Great Moments in Music" and earning $500 a week which was in line with the fact that he had known little or no formal voice coaching.

In December of 1945, Lanza met Weiler in the lobby of the Carnegie Hall Building and invited him to come to the studio for a friendly cup of coffee. A gallon of coffee later Weiler had agreed to dine with Mario and his bride, Betty, in their fourth-floor walk-up apartment on New York Street.

That evening, Betty and Mario Lanza asked Sam Weiler if he would help them. Mario was smart enough to realize that his voice needed training, careful training, that if he sang an opera, "just to earn a buck," he would eventually abuse his voice.

"How much do you think you'd need to live on?" Weiler asked.

Betty Lanza shook her head in denial. "We don't know," she replied. "If we could be sure of $70 a week, Betty Lanza said, "I think Mario could do it."

Weiler thought for a moment. "Tell you what I'm going to do. I'm off to Florida for my winter vacation. You let me think about it for a few weeks."

On February 1st, 1946, Mario Lanza and Sam Weiler signed the original contract whereby Weiler agreed to pay for Lanza's vocal instruction and give him $70 a week in return for 10% of Lanza's eventual gross from all income he received from the program after he had met Lanza's debts. These consisted of fairly sizable bills at D'Amdrea Brothers, a clothing establishment where Mario had gone to outsize all of his suits for day-time and formal clothes, and at the Park Central Hotel (now the Park Sheraton) where Betty and Mario had lived for a short while.

Lanza at that time was under contract to Columbia Records, so Weiler went down to see Peter Herman Adler, chief of that outfit, and together they decided that Mario should be released from all his obligations by the hands of Enrico Rosati, the great voice teacher of Benjamin Gigli.

This was done. Weiler paid for the lessons and saw to it that the Lanzas got the $70 a week. He had a member of 19th Street when Columbia felt he was ready for some good concert experience, Lanza and two other singers were formed into the Bel Canto trio, booked at $800 a performance, and sent on the road. The trio did fairly well, and the Lanzas spent that winter with Sam Weiler in Florida. Between Weiler and Lanza there gradually developed an almost father-son relationship, an unlimited faith in the other and complete trust. Lanza who has no money sense whatever, relied upon Weiler for professional and financial guidance.

A writer asked Frank Sinatra's okay to compile all the Sinatra gags in a joke book. Frankie came back with a grim NO.

little about the music or entertainment world, he was shrewd enough to know that Lanza was following the shortest and most direct path to fame.

In February Lanza hit the road again, and here for the first time, he actually began to make news. Following his appearance as soloist in Chicago's Grant Park's annual "I'll be Home" gala by Claudia Cassidy, the art critic of the Chicago Tribune, wrote, among other things: "Mr. Lanza was something approaching a sensation... has a superb natural tenor which he uses to perfection," he said. He needs work but he does amazingly well right now. His 'Celeste Aida' was beautifully done, and the crowd roared with delight.

With notices like that, the word soon spread throughout the entertainment world that Lanza was "a natural." A month later we're in his room and singing and he was known all over the publicized Hollywood Bowl, the house was almost full. When the concert was over, a hive of talent scouts made a bee-line to his dressing room door.

Besieged by many studio offers, Mario didn't know what to do. He turned to Sam Weiler, who was still working in New York. "Sam," he said over the long distance phone, "they're making me one offer after another. What'll I do?"

"Listen to all of them," Weiler said, "but sign nothing until you've talked it over with me."

Lanza did exactly that until Weiler arrived in Hollywood. Once Sam checked in, a new agreement was drawn up between Lanza and Weiler which agreed to pay Weiler 20% of his gross earnings in return for Weiler's services as agent and personal manager. This agreement meant that Weiler had to abandon his business affairs in New York.

The basic employment agreement that Weiler negotiated with Metro on Mario's behalf shows how worthwhile this move was for everyone concerned. For signing with MGM, Lanza was given a flat $10,000 as a bonus. His starting salary was to be $7,500 a week for 20 weeks; he was to work only six months, one picture a year, receive a rising bonus starting at $15,000 for each picture, receive subsequent yearly raises of $250 in salary.

When he finished making That Midnight Kiss, Lanza was paid $25,000 which was $10,000 more than the studio had agreed to pay him. When he finished Toa New Orleans, he was given a bonus of $10,000. More than the bonus the contract had called for. When he finished The Greatest Caruso, Mario was gifted with a $100,000 bonus, twice what his agreement entitled him to. In a sense, Lanza was better compensated than Lanza's relatively low starting salary.

Moreover, Metro was extremely courageous in taking a chance on Lanza in the first place. Imagine, for example, the contract that he had to sign when he'd been the smallest success. And the scene he had to testify to that. He photographed so poorly that some of the technicians were certain something had gone wrong in the cockpit upon his opening scene. Eventually when he'd been shooting for his film, his hair had to be tinted red
his swarthy Italian skin powdered pink.

Lanza’s relationship with the studio, other than for a few minor peccadillos, was excellent for his first three pictures. Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew’s, was leery about making The Great Caruso, but L. B. Mayer insisted it would be a hit, and he was right. The Great Caruso has earned more money for Metro than any other film released within the past decade.

Lanza first began to disagree with MGM when the studio presented him with the script of Because You’re Mine. When Mario finished reading the story, his first words were, “This is a piece of junk.” Sam Weiller did not want Mario to make the picture, either. He, too, was certain it would turn out to be a lemon.

When Lanza is emotionally disturbed, he, like many other people, finds relief in food. He began to eat. The more the studio insisted upon his making Because You’re Mine the more he ate. Week after week he grew fatter and fatter. He had once tipped the scales at 280 lbs., and it looked for a while as if he were determined to beat this record.

Before Lanza agreed to make Because You’re Mine, there were many arguments at the studio, many heart-to-heart talks, a long, arduous dieting session and, worst of all, the development of bad blood between various factions.

Lanza was accused of being an ingrate, of biting the hand that had fed him so magnanimously; he, in turn, pointed out that he had earned quite a few bucks for the studio, that there was no point in ruining a valuable property by placing him in a series of potboilers.

While relations with the studio deteriorated Lanza witnessed several gradual changes in his other relationships. Sam Weiller, for example, hired MCA to repre-

sent Mario and relinquished 10 of his 20 per cent. Weiller also formed a corporation, Marsam, Inc., in which he and Mario were the principal stockholders. Mario assigned to Weiller the power of attorney, and Weiller became the moneyman in the outfit, subsequently hiring a business manager, Noel Singer, to disburse money for Mario’s constantly expanding expenses. Mario also signed a radio deal with Coca-Cola and a new recording deal with RCA. He became so busy he had very little time for his wife and two small daughters.

He was happy at home, however, deeply in love with his wife, paternally proud of his little daughters, and while he had no idea of how much money he was worth, he felt certain that Sam Weiller was over-

seeing his financial interests in a shrewd and sagacious manner. His maseuse, while rubbing him down, had told him about a gold mine, and Mario had asked Sam to investigate, to see whether he should invest surplus funds in oil, tungsten, and light metals as well as gold.

He was particularly proud of the fact that he had earned a million dollars in 1951, and while his expenses had been tremendously high, he had paid his state income tax, a Federal income tax of $425,000, all his commissions, and he owed no one a cent.

Two things did nettle him from time to time. He disliked intensely the house he was living in, a French chateau-type he and Betty had rented on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, and he also disliked the fact that so many people had come to rely upon him for a living.

With a shrewdness never attributed to him, Mario realized that if ever he should want to quit, just stop cold, gather his family, and go to Italy and study at La Scala for a year or two, the resultant hue and cry from the army of people who had latched on to him would be so great that he would either have to go back to work or face violent censure.

That, of course, is what happened.

In March last year, Betty Lanza became pregnant for the third time. She was none too well at the outset, and this disturbed Mario. He was overworked and upset about the contract negotiations regarding a new recording deal with RCA. He had quarreled with Nicky Brodsky about some new songs for The Student Prince. The operetta was of such high standard Mario felt the score should not be tampered with.

In the end, however, he gave in and agreed with Joe Pasternak that the new songs would help modernize the old musical score. When Curt Bernhardt was assigned to direct the picture, no objections were forthcoming from Lanza. Bernhardt had done a workmanlike job in re-making La Bleu Ettoile, a French motion picture classic, into The Blue Veil for Wald and Krasna; he had done a good job in re-making The Merry Widow for MGM with Lana Turner. Lanza had no complaints until he and Bernhardt were closeted together for a story conference. It was then that word leaked out of Lanza’s refusal to do The Student Prince. He and Bernhardt had disagreed about several important story points, and Mario “wasn’t buying another Because You’re Mine.”

Simultaneously, Mario asked Sam Weiller for a look at the books of the Marsam Corporation. When he saw how much money had gone out, how little remained to come after earning approximately $1,500,000 in six years, he blew his top. He knew that Weiller had earned more than $350,000 in commissions, and somehow, he could not reconcile himself to the figures in front of his eyes. There were words, harsh...
Mabel Jones' jellies always go first!

Her name on the label tells you these preserves were made with care and presented with pride!

You have to get to the bazaar early to get a jar of Mabel Jones' grape jelly—and her rose geranium is out of this world.

Her fame as a jelly-maker goes back many years, to the time she won first prize at the fair. It has been growing ever since.

Mabel says, "I know folks count on my things to be extra good, so I just take a little extra care before I put my name on a glass of jelly."

Isn't that how any reputation is built?

The maker takes a little extra care before he puts his name on his product, and people recognize the difference and tell their friends. Soon his brand name becomes known as the symbol of a product proudly made, a product you can have confidence in.

You'll see many such fine brands in the pages of this magazine. Think of them when you shop, and name your brand—to better your brand of living.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N. Y.
A WARNING!

YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT — A GATEWAY OF INFECTION
KEEP IT CLEAN

One mouthful of Lavoris, vigorously swished and gargled, quickly breaks-up and flushes-out the mucus coating or film—the "bed" where germs propagate and most mouth odors are born.

Tangy with Oils of Cinnamon and Cloves

DOES A THOROUGH JOB SO PLEASANTLY

A CLEAN MOUTH NEEDS NO DEODORANT

SECRET CHARM

by CELEBRITY

with lifelike Goodyear Air Foam, built-in, to build-up! featuring EXCLUSIVE "choose-your-own-fullness" fitting.

The only bra with the form and feel of nature! No gadgery! Nothing to manipulate! No fear of ever losing nature's lovely shape! Washes and dries in a flash! Weightless, bulkless! Needs no moulding! So sure to hold its contour, that it's guaranteed!

Bandero, $2. Strepheus, $2.50

CELEBRITY BRA, INC.
148 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
103 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Calif.
DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimple. Break out and look less than lovely! A caring dermatologist can help you control your skin. Apply a natural pimple cream and wash your face with a gentle cleanser. By using a monthly facial, you can also receive a prescription for a medicated cream that will help your skin look its best.

SEW FOR CASH

Use our patterns, materials, and directions in your own home, full or part time. We buy from you. Wilson Ties, 402 S. Main, Stillwater (31) Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE AT HOME

Do as many of your classmates do. Attend school without the need to travel far. Equivalent courses are available. The course is designed for students in grades 9-12. The course costs $49 for one course. The course includes a study guide, a test, and a certificate of completion. The certificate is valid for up to two years. Students must be at least 18 years old to enroll. For more information, please contact American School, Dept. H-314, Drexel at 8th, Chicago 37.

SILK FINISH ENLARGEMENTS

29 FRAMES

Check number, size and color of frames

- 10x10
- 8x10
- 5x7
- 4x6

Price: $1.00 per frame. Color: Black, white, or colored. Your choice of sizes and colors. Frames are available in a variety of styles and finishes. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. For more information, please contact Hollywood Film Studios, Dept. H-47, 7201 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Vera-Ellen gave Dave Miller the sweater she knitted for him and said goodbye to him... Wanda Hendrix gifted Ralph Meeker with an expensive silver manuscript holder for Christmas... Walton Woollett, an electronics engineer with the Caltech radio lab in Calif., said Noland's was the first place he went after his divorce from Marcus Goodrich. This was only a few days after Olivia had run off with another woman. Olivia's white-tie-tails-farewell-to-Hollywood, the day after heraddy's remarriage, was only the latest in a long list of相似 events.

HOLLYWOOD REPORT continued

(Continued from page 24)

he owns in Culver City—which may account for his physical breakdown.

SKIRLISHES OF THE MONTH:

Jeff Hunter, by all odds the most circumstances and well-behaved of Hollywood actors, gave away one of his two tickets for the London premiere of Snows Of Kiliavaro, because he wanted to arrive at the theater with a woman. As a result, the Thinking Man of Hollywood, Mr. Hunter, had to be content with a woman. Mr. Hunter, who had arrived at the theater in the hope of making a new friend, was predicted to be a success in the business of making new friends.

FUNNIES:

On the set of Paramount's Here Comes The Girls, Tony Martin was kidding Arlene Dahl about her romance with Fernando Lamas. Then Tony was called on stage to sing one of the songs for Girls that he had pre-recorded. As he opened his mouth to sing, Arlene gave the signal and out of Tony's mouth poured Fernando's voice singing "Villa" from The Merry Widow! Arlene had supplanted Tony's pre-recording with a record of Fernando borrowed from MGM... Time, says Danny Thomas, is the stuff between paydays. And women and money, says Steve Cochran, are the same—keep 'em both active or they lose interest! Barbara Stanwyck and Beulah Bondi were trying to think of a better title than Nearer My God To Thee, which is about the sinking of the Titanic. Barbara suggested Bottoms Up!

Doris Day's son, Terry, is just beginning to realize his Mommy is a big star. He asked her to autograph a photo for the man next door. Doris was signing her name to a head photo when Terry jolted her with this: "But how about a picture of all of you—cause he likes to look at all of you, Mommy?"

Short Story with Absolutely no moral, from the Paramount Studio Club News: "For Sale, platinum wedding ring with nine diamonds, $150 value for $60. Also semiprecious davenport, excellent condition..." Susie Hayward walked under the canvas of a set for White Witch Doctor, in which she's starring with Bob Kasting, and said, "Seems funny to go into my tent and not find Greg Peck propped up on a cot in there, listening for a byena!"... Jack Benny was getting a haircut at Jerry Rothschild's barbershop in Beverly Hills. The barber stopped him with this: "What do you want to do today, Mr. Benny, tell stories—or pay cash?... And when Marie Wilson met dignified, dapper Frank Stanton, the president of CBS, she looked admiringly at his luxurious gray thasid and said, "You have lovely hair—who does it?"
Betsy Kelly...What a month for that sort of thing—they were also saying it about Dick and Nora Eddington, Flynn Haynes; about Keefe and Norma Branswell, about Danny and Sylvia Kaye; and about Mary Castle and Sy Bartlett...To kill off that silly feud, Doris Day dedicated a song on her after-show to Peggy Lee (Peggy, you may remember, had just posed to have won the part that Doris wanted in _The Jazz Singer_)...Audrey Totter is a Christian Scientist and her husband, Dr. Leo Fred, is an M.D....Scott Brady and Diana Lynn thought they were all set to co-star in _The Moon Is Down_ but Otto Preminger changed his mind overnight and decided he wanted Bill Holden and Terry Moore. The roof fell in!...Annie Sheridan carries a vial of bitters in her purse in case her host serves gin but no bitters...Phyllis Ferrer, Jose's estranged spouse, is practicing dancing. And so's Rosemary Clooney, who is supposed to be Jose's next spouse. But you can rest assured they're not practicing for the same part!...Jane Powell got so excited she had to leave the opening of Jose Greco's dance troupe here. And two hours later her new daughter arrived...Lisa Dailey was with Bob Neil in the studio with Reilly Wynn. Keenan's estranged wife, at the Greco shindig. Talk about deep-freezers!...Craig Stevens wasn't a bit amused that Alexis Smith and Bill Bowers were dating while he was in New York.

**SEX APPEAL**

Dennis Morgan reports he overheard his very young daughter in a conversation with her very young girl friend, saying, "Yeah, but all men are nice till you marry 'em!"...Annie Blyth wears a fur called, oddey, "naked mink" to parties...Debra Paget fixed up her new apartment this way: Black walls in the living room, against which is set a 12-foot white couch. And her bedroom walls are covered with white satin...One of the most beautiful things about the opening of the Palm Springs El Miranda: Penny Edwards in a sun suit....Virginia Mayo wore a fluffy something she described as "Mamie Eisenhower Pink" at the preem of _The Jazz Singer_...You'll see Katie Grayson as a blonde in _The Great Moore Story_. She's sooo easy to love!...Melinda Markay, Joan Bennett's daughter, shrank her 19-inch waist another inch, and don't ask me how. Every time Betty Grable returns to 20th-Fox from suspension she looks younger than the time before!...Mitzi Gaynor went back on the payroll, same job, pounds lighter thanks to something called the "Mayo diet"...And Ruth Roman slimmed down to a sleek 119 only two weeks after the birth of Richard Roman Hall...Farley Granger developed a tremendous set of muscles for _Golden Blade_, then turned down the picture. Now he's stuck with the muscles...Teresa Wright screamed when they made her a blonde for _The Steel Trap_. But most of the newspaper reviewers commented about her new sexiness.

**ODDS BODKINS:**

They have to paste on false eyelashes to make Peggy Lee's look longer—and powder down Rory Calhoun's natural long lashes because they look too artificial on a man...Tony Curtis has turned into a fine magician, thanks to his role in _Houdini_. The kid's good!...Jerry Lewis gifted Dean Martin with a child's scooter...And this was Pete Lawford's bon voyage gift to Cary Grant and Betsy Drake before they took off round-the-world: a traveling coffeepot monogrammed "Mr. & Mrs. Bejarano"...Faith Domergue swears she got that black eye not from her husband but from her child—insists she was tucking the kid in for the night and his fist shot out from under the covers and gouged her orb!...Marlene Dietrich was 50 years old last Dec. 27th...Joanne Dru, who handles children so well in _My Friend Gus_, sends her own to a psychoanalyst...And Donald and Gwen O'Connor, who got together again after a separation as we were writing this, split up in the first place, in the opinion of their friends, because they went to the same analyst!

Ronald Reagan, the distinguished Screen Actors Guild presy, placed down the theater sitter and Dan Dailey Devil preem in a tuxedo and carrying a big bag of popcorn...Ruth Hussey gave up smoking after the fourth matchbox exploded in her hands...After 22 years in Hollywood, Groucho Marx broke down and bought a swimming pool...Jimmy Durante learned the hard way that Lily Pons eats same before and after her evening performance...Van Johnson now wears red suede ankle-high slippers with his dinner clothes. He started the red sox fad, remember?...Because of Piper Laurie's unnatural red hair, Gene Evans, playing the villain who menaces Piper in _Golden Blade_, had to dye his natural red locks and beard a shiny black.

**HOME FIRES BURNING:**

John Wayne's oldest son, Michael, celebrated his 18th birthday. Are you too young to remember when Loretta Young was Michael's Godmother? I'm not!...Elinor Mahren, Rooneym's pitch, the Mick's new wife, wants a movie career terribly much, although she keeps insisting, and very cooly, that she doesn't...Most dramatic Hollywood story of the year: Joan Leslie's courageous battle to rid her medico mate of the dope habit...Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw put their Valley chalet up for sale...And, at British producer Jimmy Woolf's party, Tony Barley, Deborah Kerr's husband, leaned over me to shout at Angela: "Angie, darling, you look divinely pregnant!"...Clifton Webb had the outside of his house painted lavender...Gordon and Sheila MacRae are practicing a new nightclub act together, for when, if and ever they decide to go out on the road together to turn a pretty penny or two...Richard Todd's new wife, christened Peter Grant Palethorpe Todd...Slats and Louis Calhern reconciled. There'll be no divorce...Mike Wilding's pet name for Liz Taylor—believe it or not—is "Drawers"!

**Rationed Kisses?**

A peck-on-the-cheek from a distant husband is a mighty poor substitute for the warmth a loving wife has a right to expect. But—do you have this right? Have you been really careful about personal daintiness, lately? It's a shame to let neglect spoil your married happiness...when effective help is available today, with "Lysol" in a simple douche. It couldn't be easier!..."Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal— even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; help keep you dainty!...Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of yourself— and secure in your marriage!

**Preferred 3 to 1 over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene**

**"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant**

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant has been improved by the replacement of most of its cre- solic acid content with ortho- hydroxydiphenyl.

**PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK**

77
RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA • NEURITIS

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend
Here's Why... Anacin®

like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin combines not one, but a combination of medically

THE OBJECTIVE

The object of this intense Gallic affection, Geordie Hormel, says, "There have been so many incorrect stories written about Leslie and me, I wish you'd get the record straight. Everytime I pick up a newspaper I read that I'm a millionaire. That isn't so.

The plain, simple truth is that I'm about $40,000 in debt. I was in debt when Leslie married me, and I told her all about it, so this stuff about her marrying big money is a lot of nonsense. She has a real interest in the money I borrowed, and right now, Leslie has more money in the bank, savings from her own salary, that grandpa, who founded the company in Austin, and my father is chairman of the board, but that doesn't mean I'm a millionaire or will ever inherit the company. I have two brothers, and besides our share of more than 500 shares of stock outstanding. All it means is that I can work in a meatpacking company, and that's what I did for three years before I came out to California and started to experiment with my recordings.

What Geordie does with music is to record one instrument at a time on tape and then put all the masters together so that eventually 13 to 18 wind instruments are recorded on one tape.

Several of these unusual recordings have been released on record, and while we've had fairly well, Geordie has yet to earn back much of the $30,000 it has cost him to experiment. Two of his newest recordings, released by Harmony are "Twenty-Five Chickens" and "Sweet Georgia Brown." Recording engineers insist, however, that, "This kid is liable to hit, and when he does, the dough will come rolling in.

But he's got what's probably the world's greatest ballerina, but in order to do that, a girl has to pretty much give up men. It's completely exhausting work, and I think I've been a good partner for Gene Kelly. An actress—yes—but the world's greatest ballerina—that's out. As a matter of fact, I had no idea she was a dancer when I first saw her, and she had been with Gene Kelly for two years.

Leslie and I took our first look at each other when Roland Petit, the impresario of the Ballet de Paris, came to Hollywood with his troup in 1951, was entertained by Howard Hughes, and tossed a swimming party. Geordie Hormel was invited and his host introduced him to the little French girl whose coiffure resembled a rag mop. She was also dressed in a bathing suit that left precious little to the imagination.

Geordie and Leslie said hello to each other, and that was that! No spark, no love at first sight. A little physical awakening, but that's all. Family in a week or so. Geordie Hormel has returned from San Francisco to Bel Air where his parents have a man-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While out walking my dog one day, I stepped to watch some ragged youngsters playing football in the street. The ball they were playing with was a rag mop.

A pretty girl saw what I had happened, and going over to the young owner of the ball, she gave him enough money to buy a new one.

Who was the girl? Debbie Reynolds.

J. Schultz
Cleveland, Ohio

The boys drove down to Beecher's, a small town, and San Monica Boulevards in Los Angeles where the girls were having dinner.

Geordie and Jimmy were late,'Recalls, and since they had tickets for Finian's Rainbow, we had to be downtown by 8:30. You know what Geordie does when the waiters bring him his ham dinner, he empties the whole plate in his pocket and says, 'Okay, let's go.' He's a pretty funny guy, but he's not a very good actor. He didn't know I could speak any English, so we hardly spoke at all. He would look at me, and I would look at him, and we'd say, "No," and that was the end.

After the show we went backstage to see Ella Logan, and she invited us to a party in Coldwater Canyon. Sometime during the night, she asked me for my telephone number. I didn't have one. I was a bit embarrassed, but I was happy she asked me, and I invited her to another party. I guess, and I said the number real loud so that Geordie would hear it. The next day I wasn't surprised at all when he called.

According to Geordie's memory, "Leslie was living in a one-room apartment across from the studio at the time. I went down to see her there, and she drove out to the beach, then to my folks' house, then around town. Then I asked her to marry me.

"Geordie, she said. You're crazy!"

"No, I told her. I don't think you're crazy. I'm in love.

I know it sounds foolish and impetuous to ask a girl to marry you on the second date, but I can honestly say that I've never had a wrong impulse that was more important. Instinctively, I felt that Leslie was the right girl for me. I told her about my indebtedness, how I'd borrowed $40,000 from a holding company, how I'd
They sleep in one bedroom and have two other rooms for guests. Leslie bakes except during the cooking. She has one girl, Boots Sinich, whose sister works for the Hormel family back in Minnesota, to help her with the house work.

The Hormel work diligently at their respective professions and hardly ever attend social functions of any nature. "We've been to one party in a year," Leslie says. "It was Chuck Wafley's cocktail party. Being with each other is really enough for us." Leslie says that so far she's been able to make careers and marriages and enjoy life to the fullest. After he finishes his years with the Coast Guard, however, Geordie will probably return to the family business in Minnesota, in which event Leslie says, "I will go with him, of course, and without any regrets. I can adapt myself to anything Geordie wants and wherever he wants it, because he is a good man and a fair man and an honest man and such a husband is very rare and very hard to find, and if a girl has one she should hold on to a good thing. I don't know what the future holds for me, but I have tasted a little fame and a little money, and I have lived with Geordie, and I know that for a girl like me, it is marriage and a family that is important. I will try to escape into my dancing and my work while Geordie is gone, but who can run away from her heart?"

As for Geordie Hormel, the brash young newspaperman and was accepted on their second date, he was asked recently to describe his bride in one sentence. "I can tell you very honestly," he said, and his eyes sparkled as he said it, "that I've never met a girl before but my little Leslie Caron is the best wife I ever had."
NINE MONTHS
Isn't So Long...
WHEN YOU SOOTHE TIGHT, DRY SKIN WITH
MOTHER'S FRIEND

Those long months seem to fly by when you relax tight, dry skin and ease cramped muscles by gentle massage with MOTHER'S FRIEND! Run this scientifically prepared lotion over the abdomen and other parts of the body daily; see how soft and flexible it keeps the skin and muscles, how soothing and refreshing it feels. Used faithfully, it should help you regain natural skin beauty after baby routine. Begin this very night to enjoy the comfort MOTHER'S FRIEND has brought to countless expectant mothers for over 30 years. Only $1.25 at your favorite drug counter.

MOTHER'S FRIEND
FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Amazing New Creme
RE-COLORS HAIR
IN 17 MINUTES

New chance streaked, gray, crumpled or drab hair to a neat, new, youthful-looking color? Try TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint today. It's a new hair coloring that re-colors hair at home in 17 minutes. Takes only 17 minutes. No waiting for results. It's easy to use — no messy mixing. Won't wash out or rub out. Get your choice of 11 natural appearing colors today at your druggist.

TINTZ CREME SHAMPOO
HAIR COLORING

WALLET SIZE PHOTOS
YOUR CHOICE

NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL!
For the first time, select any favorite photo from many select photos. Only $1.25 for the entire wallet of 10 for 25c FREE PICTURES OF STARS with your order

DELUXE PHOTO SERVICE Dept. 615 Box 947, Church St., Annex, New York N.Y.

THERE'S GOLD
IN THEM THAT SIGNATURES

25-Karat Gold for personal signatures on Greeting Cards. Dresses Different! Everyone will want them on wonderful selection of Everyday Greeting Cards for every occasion — 50 with gold autographs. Plus exclusive Party Naps! Other exciting items, Gilt Wrap, Gift Items, Stationery, etc. Get Card Assortments on approval. WRITE-IN-GOLD Kit & Free Party Pack & Stationery samples.

CHAS. C. SCHWER CO. 27C Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

NERVE POWER
Can Be Acquired
FREE BOOK
SHOWS HOW

You're no better than your nerves. Send for free book that will show you how to build yourself a strong, vital nervous system without drugs, apparatus or psychotherapy, how Nerve Power can stop or eradicate the onslaught of nearly any illness, including nervous breakdowns; eliminate inferiority complex, and other shaming personality defects like timidity, feeble will-power, fatigue; how Nerve Power and brain power go together to make for keen alert thinking; how Nerve Power gives absorbing energy and endurance. Send your name today for your free copy of this fascinating book.

THE NEURAVIM COMPANY LTD.
Dept. 10C, 8 W. 46th St., New York 18, N. Y.

"I can't make left turns properly," says Piper Laurie. "That's the side your heart is on, and in anything affecting the heart... who knows which way to turn?" This is the eleventh article in a series written by the stars for you, the readers of Modern Screen.

Take my word for it

by PIPER LAURIE, star columnist for March

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO WRITE. Then a chance like this one comes along, to fill up a column with something intelligent, and I'm stuck. I am reminded of a bit of verse by a newspaperman I know, and I feel I'm just the person he had in mind when he composed the following:

Hanging's the thing for the writer.

At the end of a rope let him caper.

Who spoils with thoughts mostly stale.

A batch of fresh, white paper.

Well...here goes anyway. But it should be plain that any resemblance between what I write and something new in ideas will not only be coincidental, but accidental as well. The only precaution I can take is to start off unpremeditatedly; to talk of small things... small things, like earrings, fluff and left turns in traffic. After that, if I feel I have gotten away with it, comes the deep stuff, the philosophy.

I don't like to speak over the telephone. Reason? I am always wearing earrings and they hit against the receiver (and hurt my head). Lots of women who wear earrings must have the same trouble. I suppose it would be asking too much to expect the telephone company to make their instruments out of soft rubber instead of the hard rubber or plastic they use? Yes... too much. Forgive me. I have hundreds of pairs of earrings, from dime store ones collected when I was a youngster, to good ones acquired in the last few years.

My ears aren't pierced, of course. I don't know of any girl of my generation with pierced ears. Yet men often ask about it. I think it indicates an indifference to what is going on in the feminine world. What if I should ask, "Do you wear a frilly on your watch?"

TO GO WITH MY EARRINGS but un pierced ears I generally like tailored clothes and, even for formal evenings, simple gowns. I have a few fluffy things in my wardrobe but there will never be more than a few because I think they are effective only if worn sparingly... for special occasions. It's sort of a "making-your-entrance" gown, and if you want it to be effective you can't be dramatic every day in the week. Sometimes like my taste in flowers; I like roses and sweet peas equally, but I prefer the light fragrance of sweet peas most of the time and the scent of roses only on occasion. That way, when I do smell a rose, a rose is a rose is a rose— which is what Gertrude Stein really meant maybe when she first wrote it that way.

For this reason I don't much care about spectacular dresses... or any clothes which overshadow the wearer. I like to have people...
notice me before they notice my dress... or at least reasonably soon afterwards. You take the hat with the feather in it shooting skywards; it's provocative, all right, catches the eye immediately. But I am also certain that the more intelligent understand it for what it is actually—an artificial way of attracting attention which, in the long run, would be far more complimentary if caught and held by personality. Maybe I have put this too flatly. I'm not against feathers, or any gay eye-catching devices, such as. In a way these are the marks of femininity. But I'm against just these with nothing to back them up. You put a feather in your hat and catch a man. But if he's worth anything you won't be able to catch him with just a feather. I'm still not making myself clear. I suppose. Oh, well... a rose is a rose is a rose!

SUPPOSING I'VE CAUGHT MY MAN and it is now time for us to get a home (with writers these things happen fast). What kind of home do I want? I have often thought that I'd like a neat but not glittery place, that there must be one spot I can miss, like a den. Size doesn't bother me much except that the more moderate the better, I am sure. I know I don't want it filled with a thousand things that must be fuss ed over and cleaned and walked past on tiptoes. There is such a thing as being a slave to one's home if it is filled with all the bric-a-brac and nonsense you can get today. A woman should be able to turn to better things, should have the time for it. A home to me is a way of living as much as it is a place to live in. Its material contents are not one tenth as important as the human contents.

But I am outspeeding my column, as well as the imaginative life I am leading in it. I have given myself a husband without going through the trouble of selecting him. How is this done? The selecting, I mean. The way girls complicate their lives achieving this objective reminds me of another verse written by another friend (I hope you don't mind—I think there isn't enough poetry in the world anyway and it should be used whenever possible):

How the gods must laugh
At their puppets irked,
Who harder jump
Than the strings are jerked.

Curls are made—not born—nowadays! To make your next home permanent easier, use Co-ets—handy cotton squares—to apply waving solution and neutralizer. Co-ets are made of finest cotton... are just the right size, keep their shape, don't drip! At drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

Co-ets
Handy cotton squares for dozens of cosmetic uses

Wonderful as fresh-each-time powder puffs; for rouge and astringents; removing nail polish, make-up. Use Co-ets for baby, too! Get new beauty booklet, “Head-to-toe Tips on Your Good Looks.” Send one Co-ets box top to Box C-33, Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

Want him to RAVE about your COOKING?

then be sure to get the new 1000 RECIPE COOK BOOK

Here's the latest issue of 1000 Recipe Cook Book, chock-full of delicious, easy to follow recipes that'll really make your man sit up and take notice. Whether you want to tempt him with a tasty appetizer, main dish, or dessert, 1000 Recipe Cook Book has the special cooking know-how to help you prepare it the easiest, quickest way of all.

Ask your newsdealer today for the great new issue of 1000 RECIPE COOK BOOK
BLONDES
Wash Hair Shades Lighter
SAFELY!

Bring out that
SHINING
RADIAN'T COLOR!

Made especially for blondes, this new 11-minute home shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Colored Blondes, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Blondex alone contains ANDRUM, the miracle ingredient that shines and lightens as it shampooing. No more electrolyte
lyse or hair spray neces- sary. Safe and gentle for children's hair. Get BLONDEX today! At 10c, drug and department stores.

RING SET Can Be Yours!
A VERY beautiful new "heart" design Engagement and Wedding Ring to match, made to order everlasting, set with simulated sparkling brilliants for selling only 4 Rosbud Per- fumes at 59c a bottle. Rings and perfume guaranteed to please. If only one ring is wanted, then order 2 bottles to sell. Order 4 or 2 bottles today.

ROSEBUD PERFUMES
Box 45, Woodsboro, Maryland.

FREE PHOTO
LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR
Sharon Hollywood
Get Acquainted Offer
With your favorite film star. Free cata- log, decorated with recent stars, facts 100% of which are true. Here’s how: admissions and homes pictures, screen play sheets, autographed photos, Hollywood Screen Exchange Hollywood Blvd., Cali., U.S.A.

MAKE MONEY
ADDRESSING ENVELOPES
OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW
GLENN GLENWAY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

NEW TOWELS
LARGE SIZE 12 $10.00
ASSORTED COLORS
10% OFF Seconds
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Order Now—Supplied Limited
Agents Wanted—Make Big Money
TOWEL SHOP
Dept. 289-C Box 841 St. Louis, Mo.

NEW TRAVEL ALBUM
EACH 65c
For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children
FIRMLY TUCKED AVE.

also Calluses, Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on, Jars, 50c, 50c. At your druggist. Money refunded if not satisfied, Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BE A NURSE
LEARN AT HOME
Practical Nurses needed in every community—doctors rely on nurses...patience, little spoons, expert care. You can be a practical—patience and perseverance helps. Write now! CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dee. 232, 41 East Illinois Street, Chicago, III

Take my word for it

continued from page 81

IN OTHER WORDS, how we primp and fuss and rave trying to achieve a very simple goal—happiness. Just happiness. That’s all. The blueprint is far from involved. A girl grows up, love is born, there is marriage, she keeps house, has children, and there it is. Why does life consist of passing from one problem to another? It starts when you are a child and I don’t suppose it ever quits. Young boys don’t worry too much, but young girls, I know, grab for their problems way ahead of time. Take my word for it.

Should I be a manicurist? (This was at ten.) Oh, I had to be a manicurist; how else could I be happy? Should I be a girl jockey? (This was at 14, I think, after riding a beautiful pony and feeling like the tallest girl in the world.) Yes, I was certain that nothing else could give me that same, wonderful, exalted feeling. Should I be a gardener and grow beautiful blue roses and sweet peas and just live like a gentle, peaceful life all by myself? (This at 15, when I decided I was through with boys.) On and on I went, going through different phases, being 20 kinds of person and never realizing I was wasting good time and energy just by being fain. Because I am not a gardener or a girl jockey, I have very little to do with my chances for happiness. I know this because the fact, for instance, that I finished up surprisingly as a movie actress doesn’t in the least alter the main problem—the problem of setting one’s future life on a socially and emotionally rewarding level. Every angle of the problem is included—specially the few special ones. I think I mean I still have to find the man—or he finds me—and in Holly- wood this is not as easy as other places perhaps...not that it is easy anywhere. Holly- wood is a place where there is a commercial value put on exactly the thing you look for in a person—his personality. It takes a little longer here, when you meet a person, to decide whether they are for real or for sale. Inasmuch as I wouldn’t want to marry the same man I wouldn’t at all mind starring opposite, it becomes a bit of a prob- lem to decide which he is.

I THINK I AM HONEST, yet I know I am not as honest as I could be...there are too many chances to hurt the feelings of people here. I have had to learn to fit into the general life of the film colony, just as everyone else has, and very likely a boy, who, like me, looks upon his surroundings with suspicion instead. I have often gone to gatherings where there were mostly non-professionals and noticed men I would like to meet. But it seemed to me they were wary of me. We might be introduced and we might talk, but rarely with any feeling of really getting to know each other.

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY I felt very much like encouraging. In fact, when time passed and I heard nothing from him I played around with the idea of calling him. And this, of course, brings up that old and unfair situation between the sexes. You can’t phone such a fellow and say, “Remember me? I met you at Soando’s party. How would you like to do something Saturday night?” You can’t do it. I’ll break down and tell you that I have even tried it once about four years ago...you can’t do it! If it didn’t scare the guy it cer-
Another thing that puzzles him is the proprietary interest fans sometimes take in stars they like. The first time he ever made a personal appearance a girl in the audience announced that he was straight, Brown-Eyed, and Rock reddened, thinking he was being jeered. Later he realized it was earnest, interested advice. He has since been fighting off the tall man’s tendency to elouch. When he started in Hollywood he was advised to keep his hair long because, “you can never tell when you might be wanted for a quick Western and no actor with a dude trim would have acting chances.” Rock stayed away from the barber and sure enough every job that came along for a while required him wild and woolly. “I hate wasting anything that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.” Because he figures that is something that happened to him in his younger life contributed to the man he is today, he says, “or at least, I will be as soon as I learn a little more about the business.”
him, got only a mild reaction from Walter Wanger, but induced director Raoul Walsh to sign Rock for a picture bit.

"The main thing is ... can you ride a horse?" asked Walsh.

"Yes," replied Rock, wondering how fast he could learn.

It was all right. By the time the picture was made it was called Fighting Squadron, and had to do with flying. All Rock had to say his first day was one line of dialogue: "You better get a bigger blackboard." On his 28th attempt he got it right. Walking off the set he approached Walsh, who was visiting, and said, "I was terrible, wasn't I?"

"Awful," agreed Walsh, pleasantly.

Rock stared off disconsolately towards the sky, which was appropriately smog. "I guess it's back to the truck for me," he murmured.

"It would be, except that Walsh is using that shot he took of you," commented Wilson.

"And if I am using that or you need me in other scenes to tie up with the story. That means you're going to have a few more chances and you are going to improve." "I am?" questioned Rock unbelievably.

"I thought so. So you couldn't be that bad again."

Rock wasn't. Walsh thought he had a screen personality that would come through sharply as soon as he overcame problems of acting and poise. In addition to ordinary difficulties Rock had scenes which were particularly personal. He was so tall he had a tendency to lean over the other characters, and so generally huge he was practically a background all by himself. And then there's his left-handedness.

In the movies characters are always right-handed—unless the story specifies a left-handed person for plot purposes. Rock has tried to conform with only partial success. You may see him pretend to write with his right hand but he has difficulty even pretending to eat with it or do anything else requiring skill except, maybe, throwing a baseball. If it's a hard ball he throws it right-handed, but a softball he throws lefty. He has no idea why. In his efforts to correct himself he has had many amusing experiences.

But Walsh and Wilson persevered with Rock, keeping him on a $125-a-week salary even when he wasn't working. When Walsh had to sail for England for a film, he sold Rock to Universal-International for $9,500 representing his and Wilson's investment in him. Two executives of Rock's studio discussed him soon after this.

"Do you suppose we'll ever get our money out of this boy?" asked one. "And how will we go about it?"

The other man looked out of his office window to see Rock just passing. Some studio secretaries were on the studio street to approach Rock. They smiled as one when they drew even with him. And they kept turning around after they had gone by. The producer left the window with a satisfied chuckle.

"We'll let nature take its course," he said. It has. Rock is helping out by studying diction and dramatic technique besides singing. He is also doing something about his social life. Right now he is "baching" it in a small, sun-drenched house atop one of the Hollywood Hills. He eats a lot, plays a lot, sleeps a lot, and with alarm clock he can dig him out. But he feels the need of a better regulated existence. "I bet that's the way you feel when you are starting to think about getting married," he said the other day. For his first step in that direction he planned to turn in his red convertible for a more conservative model. "Maybe a cream-colored convertible," he said. Then, with a frown, "No, that's too flashy, I guess. Say, a dark green. That would be right."

END

yesterday's magic

(Continued from page 40) Young Lewis said, "we're living in a beachhouse in Santa Monica."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than Mrs. Tom Lewis realized she had pulled her sunglasses over the Ewings' beachhouse. She had shaken the Ewings' confidence in her judgment, for the Ewings had seen Santa Monica. And when Loretta had lived in the community, it had left them cold, particularly the beachfront property which is traversed by a four-lane highway.

It takes time to know about beachhouse living, and Loretta sensed that this particular understanding was outside the ken of Rosalind's visitors. As a matter of fact, few tourists who come out to Hollywood and visit the beach can understand why so many big-name movie stars insist upon having an all-year house on the shores of the Pacific. And yet in the past decade, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott, Ginger Rogers, Marion Davies, Robert Young, Darryl Zanuck, the Warner brothers, Norma Shearer, the Twaddle sisters, practically any movie star you can mention, has lived down at the beach.

It was therefore inevitable that sooner or later, Loretta Young would join the long list of waterfront residents. She says living at the beach "is only temporary for us." However living anywhere is "only temporary" for Loretta, her mother Mrs. Gladys Belzer, a crack interior decorator who buys homes, decorates them, lives in them for a few months and then sells them at a handsome profit, Loretta seems incapable of occupying any one house for more than a few years.

Last year she and her husband began building two homes, one, an eight-room weekend house at Ojai, California, and the other, an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard in which they intend to occupy a duplex.

While construction of these two buildings was underway, Loretta signed a contract with a local real estate firm (Because of You and It Happens Every Thursday are her first two films under the deal) and her husband organized a television production company. Since they'd sold their large home in Beverly, they needed another.

"Tom realized," Loretta says, "that because of our hectic schedule we wouldn't have time during the summer to take the children away on a vacation. He therefore suggested we take a beachhouse, and I must say things have worked out so well that we're still living in it. After a workday of petty irritations coming home to the beach is like entering another world. On weekends I climb into my sports clothes and away you go; I feel so good, no one can induce me to dress up or drive 15 miles into town for a dinner or a fashion show. Actually, by giving the beachhouse name you find that I avoid a lot of senseless chasing around."

In decorating her beachhouse Loretta did a job that most professional decorators would be happy to claim as their own. In every other house her mother has helped a good deal, but this time Mrs
Belzer was away in Europe, and Loretta was anxious to prove that she could decorate a house by herself. After studying the large empty rooms, she decided to maintain the color scheme of gray-green walls and blue-green carpets which lent a cool tone to the living room. She also took some of her expensive French provincial antique pieces and had them reupholstered in coarse, knobby fabrics that matched the pale walls and seemed suitable for beach living. She wanted to create the effect of walking out of the hot outdoor sun into a cool, informal living room.

Once the room was finished, Loretta wasn’t satisfied with the result. Her sisters and friends assured her it was beautiful, but still she wasn’t convinced. Then one evening—it was after a dinner party—she received a call from Brigitte Bardot, who was staying at the hotel. She was invited to a party and was surprised when the hostess made a suggestion. Loretta, who is known for her sense of humor, replied, “I think I know what you mean. I remember the time I was at a party and I said, ‘I think I know what you mean.’” The hostess, who is known for her sense of humor, replied, “I think I know what you mean. I remember the time I was at a party and I said, ‘I think I know what you mean.’”

The next afternoon, Lydia Mozart rushed to one of her mother’s fabric wholesalers and with a gladiolus for a sample, bought bolt of coral-colored upholstery material. With the help of the old Mrs. Mason, who sews by the day for the family, Loretta covered two chairs and a stool, and, only then did she feel “the room was right.”

Despite the fact that she may not occupy one particular home for any great length of time, the actress always gives the impression of permanency to her environment. For example, she used as many of her priceless antiques as good taste would permit, and when Loretta Young uses antiques—she really uses them with patience with collectors who consider their heirlooms too fragile or rare for practicality. She is one woman who believes in making the old pieces earn their keep. She took a French armoire and converted it to a bar. Her round game table is used for small luncheon servings. Her Chinese tea canisters and lamp bases, and her fabulous collection of white and green opaline boxes hold the cigarettes and candy.

One of her best decorating tricks, and this is worthy of emulation, concerns her thirty-8th Century Chinese maps which she employs to keep clutter away from her table tops. One magazine rack holds records, another holds magazines, and the third is used to store a varied assortment of portraits and photographs which most families paste in albums.

Essentially Loretta Young is a traditionalist in her choice of furnishings, but a few seasons ago, down in Palm Springs, she met the Chicago architect, Sam Marx, and with him began an argument on the merits of modern versus traditional. Marx is rather eloquent as architects go, and he kept bating and chiding Loretta for her preference. “I’ll tell you what,” he said, “I have some water colors down here. You look through them and pick out what you think is best.”

Loretta studied the large painting composition. “You see,” Marx scolded, “you really like modern design when you open your mind to it. Inherently you have very traditional tastes. Give those tastes free rein and you’ll choose good modern just as you choose good antiques.”

Months later, Sam sent the Lewises the painting that she bought in their front hall. “Each time I look at it,” Loretta says, “I remember to keep an open mind.”

As an illustration of how genuinely broad-minded she’s become, Loretta is currently making a tour of traditional. A few years ago she wouldn’t have considered this herself. Now, the dining room table that will go into her new town house is completely contemporary. It’s made of painted glass tiles and she plans to use Chippendale chairs around it. Currently she also uses a round black lacquer coffee table in her living room to match a modern black TV cabinet.

In Hollywood it is no secret that many movie stars like to visit Loretta Young in order to come home with a fresh decorating trick. Loretta has developed many of these, but even more emulative than her decor gimmicks is her moving technique. Having had the experience of setting a large household half-a-dozen times in the past few years, she knows the value of foresight and planning, and she’s reduced these to a little science of her own.

“I always work out the furniture arrangements on paper first,” she explains. “I draw the room and furniture pieces and do all the heavy moving with a pencil. On moving day I know just where things should go and, if need be, I give the diagrams to the moving men and let them follow my drawings.”

She makes it a rule to settle the kitchen and dining rooms first, “because those are the two rooms that must function smoothly if the family’s to be kept in good humor.” After that comes her husband’s study and then the living room and the bedrooms.

During the last move to the beach house, she experimented with a little psychology on her husband. “You know Tom,” she said, “it takes a good two weeks at least before we can get everything settled in this house so that things are running smoothly.”

Knowing what to expect, Tom didn’t complain or gripe about the confusion. When the house was running smoothly after one week (which is what Loretta expected originally) Tom came to her and said, “You know, honey, moving around isn’t so bad after all.”

“Said the man who keeps the house,” Loretta cautions. “After the beach house, we’re moving into two different places simultaneously.”

STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS... even on the First Day!

Regularly priced at $2.50... but easily worth $1. Under limited “first edition” offer, new 24-pgs. (over 500 word) booklet—fully illustrated in color—yours absolutely free! Tells why you menstruate, explains physiology of process. Why do you call it “the curse”? How about regularity—cramps—“change of life”? Scores of other questions answered authoritatively.

New! Easy-to-take Tablets!

Learn, too, how taking Lydia Pinkham’s Compound or Tablets gave complete or striking relief of cramps and other “monthly” discomforts in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors’ tests—even on first, worst day of period! That because of Pinkham’s soothing effect on source of the pain. Modern in action, you’ll welcome new Lydia Pinkham Tablets with added flavor... so convenient, easy to take.}

(Continued from page 36) truthfully, “Two B’s called Canon City and They Walk By Night.” Then Scott embarked on a talking log, and for the next two hours recounted his experiences. He told how it felt to go before the camera, study lines, take direction, report to makeup, live the hectic life of the rising young star. He talked, talked, talked.

The beautiful young girl devoured each syllable as if it were Scott’s last. Her doted on his every word. She looked at Scott so intensively that finally the actor stopped talking for a moment. He peered at the girl. “Haven’t I seen your face somewhere before?” he asked.

The girl smiled. “What’d you say your name was?”

“Dorothy Malone.”

Brady took a deep breath. “You’re not my actress, Dorothy Malone, the one under contract to Fox, are you? By the way, what could answer, Brady began laughing at himself. “Of course you are,” he roared. “Gosh! What a jerk I am. I’ve seen you in at least half-a-dozen pictures.”

At the time of this incident, Dorothy Malone had starred in such films as The

Figure perfect with ALL NYLON

LUX-EEZ garter brief

LUX-EEZ gives panty of specially knit nylon tricot has 2-way stretch action. Holds hose up; garterless, too. White, blue, pink, maize, black. Sizes 22-35, 9-17. About $2.50, without garters. In Rayon Tricot, $1.50, at good stores or write us

Apple Awarded Tablet

Academy Gold Medal

FREE!

A Woman's Guide to Health

ANN PINKHAM BOOKLET explains the intimate mysteries of female system ... reports doctors’ findings about how you may

STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS... even on the First Day!

Regularly priced at $2.50... but easily worth $1. Under limited “first edition” offer, new 24-pgs. (over 500 word) booklet—fully illustrated in color—yours absolutely free! Tells why you menstruate, explains physiology of process. Why do you call it “the curse”? How about regularity—cramps—“change of life”? Scores of other questions answered authoritatively.

New! Easy-to-take Tablets!

Learn, too, how taking Lydia Pinkham’s Compound or Tablets gave complete or striking relief of cramps and other “monthly” discomforts in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors’ tests—even on first, worst day of period! That because of Pinkham’s soothing effect on source of the pain. Modern in action, you’ll welcome new Lydia Pinkham Tablets with added flavor... so convenient, easy to take. **Offer good only until March 25, 1953**

**END**
Big Sleep, Janie Gets Married, Night And Day, Two Guys From Texas, One Sunday Afternoon, and she was infinitely better known in the movie colony than Scott Brady, who was usually pointed out as the brother of Lawrence Tierney. But she handled the situation up with aplomb.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While on vacation, we stopped to look around historic Hyde Park. In one of the rooms I noted a tall man standing with his back to us, inspecting the latest President Roosevelt’s model ship collection. He was attired in spotless white flannels and a pink sport shirt, presenting a sharp contrast to the more conventionally dressed people milling around the beautiful house.

“Jeezers,” said a teen-age girl standing nearby, “just look at the white pants over there. Who does he think he is—a movie star or something?”

The man turned around and grinned broadly. At her was Zachary Scott Olvi, Droras

Glastonbury, Connecticut

such good humor, such graciousness that Brady fell head over heels in love with her. And the simple truth is that although he’s dated some 200 different girls since that afternoon, Dorothy Malone is still the great love of his life.

“I’d marry her tomorrow,” he says, “if she’d have me. Only she has her doubts, not only about me, but about living in Hollywood. She’s a Texas girl, and she’s really crazy about Dallas.”

“I go out with other girls, of course. But that’s because Dorothy’s in Texas so much of the time. I sure wish she’d make her mind up and marry me. I may look tough on the outside but underneath there bouts a heart I marvel at.

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone have been seeing each other on and off for more than four years now. At the beginning, Scott was in no hurry to get married. He’d looked himself up with a contract at Eagle-Lion. “It cost me 25,000 to buy myself out. I’ve already paid them 26,000 and have another $5,000 to pay. I’m free and clear.” He had no assurance that he could make a go of his screen career. He was only 23, and emotionally impetuous and immature younger. He’s grown up a lot since then.

In the past four years, however, Lawrence Tierney’s kid sister has come a long, long way up the success ladder. He’s under contract to 20th Century-Fox for one picture a year at $25,000 per. He’s just walked out of a fat long-term contract at United-International. He’s wanted for films at Warners, Paramount, and Metro. His agent, Johnny Darrow, the man who discovered Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Anne Blyth, Gene Haddon, and Elaine Stewart, says, “It looks very much as if Scott’ll soon be pulling down 40 grand a job. More important than the money is the kid himself. He’s learning to control his temper. He’s keeping his nose clean. He’s developing into a man of character and stature. Four years ago he was a pretty wild kid. But after he left the pictures he’s got temper and flash, all right, but that’s the seat of his acting ability.

“No doubt a girl like Dorothy Malone could settle him down. But he’s only 27, and there’s always time for marriage. One of the good things about marrying a girl like Dorothy would be that she’d have a good effect on his character. She’d keep him in line. She’d keep him working. There’s a girl everyone likes. She’s got a wonderful sense of values. The guy who gets her is getting a wonderful wife.

Why won’t Dorothy Malone marry Scott Brady? Why hasn’t she already? Admittedly she cares for the tall, good-looking Irishman or she wouldn’t have maintained their four-year relationship. But the time she flies to Hollywood from Texas, Scott is waiting at the airport, and they spend all their free time together. Both are 27. Both are Catholics. Both love each other. Why hasn’t all of this been consummated in wedlock?

DOROTHY says, “I just can’t make my mind up.” She flets it go at that, but a girl who knows him very well and who attended Park High School with Dorothy is a bit more specific.

“Dorothy thinks Gerry is a very wonderful guy,” this informant says. (Most girls refer to Scott by his popular nickname, but Dorothy says down she knows that there’s a world of difference between them, a wide gap they may never bridge."

A friend of Brady’s to whom I showed the above quotation says, “I agree with Dorothy. But I don’t believe that such a marriage would be a mistake. Right now, Dorothy Malone is a little above Scott in...let’s call it background. But this is nothing but in the end she’s plucky, industrious, and thrifty. No one ever sees him throwing his dough around. He lives in a small Hollywood house, pays maybe $100 or $125 a month rent, lives on a reasonable budget, and is very good to his mother.

“He’s seen what alcohol and dissipation have done to other potentiially good guys. He knows that as soon as he’s gone it out of his system he’s going to bite him in the ears flattened.

“The kid knows all that, which is why he’s become extra careful, extra cautious. I admit that he’s been in trouble with dames a couple of times, but when you buy like they’re making a big fuss right now about his leaving U-I. Who does this Scott Brady think he is?” they ask. ‘A big shot?’

A familiar story. U-I has been putting Brady in a lot of films in which he’s played the heavy. Some of these films haven’t been too good. They told him that eventually they’d give him hero parts. A faint hope. Like The Golden Blade comes up. Farley Granger is borrowed from Sam Goldwyn to play the lead. Farley reads it. ‘Not for me,’ he says. ‘Not me in this part. I think it’s worth a ton. This is Brady’s chance. He goes down to Bill Goetz who’s in charge of production at the studio. ‘Can I play the lead?’ he asks Goetz. You know what happened. ‘No, I’m sorry. The part goes to Rock Hudson.’ That’s when Brady squawked. ‘Okay,’ Goetz says, ‘if you don’t like the way we’re treating you here, we’ll tear up your contract. That’s the end of the contract with me,’ Brady says. And that’s just what happened.

“They say the kid likes to fight, that he’s got a chip on his shoulder. Nothing of the sort. It’s just that he was in contract at Eagle-Lion because they were putting him in one lemon after another. He realizes that after he finished his contract there, he’d be finished for good. He got out even though they gave him dough. That’s the way he felt about U-I. What’s the sense of being typed as a heavy? It’s a living, sure, but for how long?

“Back to this Dorothy Malone. I know this: If Dorothy has strong doubts,
The trouble with a lot of these Hollywood guys is that they never sowed any wild oats. After they got married they began to regret their unspent youths. They felt they'd been cheated. What happens? They get divorces. Look at Kirk Douglas. Look at Robert Taylor. They date a lot of girls, too—only they're about ten years too late. If they'd played the field when they were young, they'd probably still be married today.

They have both sides of the coin. Actually he is a mixture of virility, childishness, good humor, an urban sharpness, unbridled ambition, and not too much formal education. He had no trade, no occupation to speak of when he went into the Navy, and when he came out, he had some $700 in his pocket. Period.

I remember very well when Hal Wallis saw him in a restaurant after the war and had him tested. Scott photographed very well but he sounded like a Dead End Kid. He was quick to realize, however, that with his moral and physical equipment an acting job would pay off better than practically any other trade. He therefore enlisted in the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School under the G.I. Bill. Ten months later he was under contract to Eagle-Lion.

Fortunately for Scott, he has one of the shrewdest agents in the business. Johnny Darrow has been around a long time, and as long as Brady is tutored by him, his career will go places—that is if he can stay out of trouble; and in Hollywood most trouble begins with a woman.

Not too long ago, Scott was out with an attractive young girl who threatened to accuse him of criminal assault unless he turned over to her a fat wad of money.

Brady was absolutely guiltless. Ann Blyth, Lucille Banner, Yvonne De Carlo, Shirley Wrenn, Piper Laurie, Yvonne Rivero—any of the girls who have dated him can testify to his gentlemanly conduct. Some unknowing, inexperienced young actor might have succumbed in panic to this shakedown, but not the son of a former policeman, not a tall, good-looking kid who used to play end for the Roosevelt High football team in the Bronx. He marched down to the District Attorney’s office, told the city official what had happened, and today that girl and her accomplice are scheduled to stand trial—not on the attempt to blackmail Scott Brady, because Scott wouldn’t press the charge, but on another and even more serious charge.

Hollywood and the road to success are beset with many pitfalls. A man needs a wife to help avoid many of them. With Dorothy Malone at his side, it would be easier for Scott. But Dorothy or not, here is one young actor who will make the top rungs. He has a fighting heart. “Quit” is one word conspicuous by its absence in his vocabulary.

Scott Brady can be seen in Universal-International’s Untamed Buccaneer.
WARNING!
Not responsible if you split your sides laughing when you read...
THE NEW

1000 JOKES
MAGAZINE

Here's one of the funniest, most riotous issues of the year... brimful of hilarious gags, rib-tickling anecdotes, cartoons and features that'll keep you chuckling from cover to cover. You'll enjoy them all, especially 1000 Jokes laugh loaded interview with the zaniest funnyman of all... GROUCHO MARX.

Ask your newsdealer today for

1000 JOKES
MAGAZINE

AMERICA'S GREATEST HUMOR MAGAZINE

THE WOMEN IN JACQUELINE'S LIFE: Jackie Gleason, CBS TV's new star comedian, has a wife and two daughters, and practically nobody knows it! The columnists often noted that Jackie dated this glamorous girl and that one, or that he spent his evenings around the bar at Toots Shor's Restaurant—but they forgot that Jackie is still married to his childhood sweetheart, Genevieve. The Gleasons' marriage has been an on-and-off affair for years, and Jackie traveled alone on most of his cafe and theater engagements and during his period at Warners' studies in Hollywood. In recent years, Jackie has tried earnestly to be a good father to his two daughters, Linda and Geraldine, and even had the eldest, Linda, on his TV show when it was on DuMont network. Mrs. Gleason used to come around to rehearsals, too, whenever she had time.

But, despite attempts at reconciliation, the Gleasons are apart most of the time, and Jackie maintains a bachelor apartment in his swanky duplex penthouse office in the Park Sheraton Hotel. Because of their religion, divorce does not seem to be imminent. Jackie, too, is a steady churchgoer, a sincere practitioner of his faith.

In the big money for the first time and with a fabulous 3-year CBS contract in his pocket, Jackie is working hard at making his show a great one. He relaxes by hanging around Shor's and by throwing mad, lavish parties for his pals and gals. And he is down to a snappy 190 pounds, compared to the 240 he used to lug around a couple years ago.

DAGMAR SAYS: The big bust of the TV season is Jenny Lewis, better known as Dagmar. Her last TV show flopped and she has found it necessary for the first time to hire a press agent. Dagmar, who looked positively immense the last time she was on TV, will have to shed some weight if she expects to rejuvenate her career. She is living quietly in a big apartment on Central Park, with husband Danny Dayton—a far cry from the time she was earning $3,500 a week! The trouble with Dagmar is that she just hasn't the talent to head a big show. She can't sing; she dances only fairly well; and she's not a trained comedienne.

ROBERT MERRILL IS BACK: Robert Merrill, the handsome young Metropolitan Opera baritone last seen in Paramount's Aaron Slick From Punkin' Crick, is making the rounds again. For years one of the nation's most eligible bachelors, Bob surprised his friends when he married singer Roberta Peters. It was a first marriage for both. Their quick break-up was another shock, and Bob disappeared when newspapers broke the story. Now he apparently is feeling okay, and is seeing old friends, but not dating any former girl friends. One thing he is adamant about—he won't discuss his marriage. (My guess: in-law trouble.)

JIMMY'S FAVORITE REDHEAD: Jimmy Durante may be 60, but there's still romance in his life! For a long time after his wife had passed on following a long illness, Jimmy was inconsolable. His marriage had been a rather unhappy one, due to the demands of his career and his wife's preference for staying at home when he had to go on the road.

When he was playing the Copacabana night club a few years ago, one of the checkroom girls, Margie Little, became his friend and, when Jimmy had to return to Hollywood, he invited Margie and her mother to come along. Margie, a former model who has a lovely figure, is the closest thing to a steady romance in Jimmy's life.

On TV, Jimmy may be cast as a comic lover to the Amazonian Helen Traubel or the heavyweight Sophie Tucker. But in real life he prefers them young and redhead—what Margie Little is.
GODFREY, FROM ALL ANGLES: The famous redhead, Arthur Godfrey, is seen by millions on CBS TV—his two evening programs being top-rated—but apparently he doesn't see enough of himself. So Arthur has had his New York hotel apartment fixed up with mirrors on the walls and ceilings. Now he can see himself from all angles! Godfrey, incidentally, may appear languorous and casual, but he is a demon for work. He is on the radio and TV more often than any other star, and has very little time for relaxing. In New York, he avoids the night clubs, benefit shows, and theatrical restaurants. Instead, he hides out at the Cub Room of the Story, where he enjoys the company of his pal, Walter Winchell, and other celebrities.

HEART THROB FROM THE PAST: The next time you see Neil Hamilton on Hollywood Screen Test, ask your mom. She'll tell you about the silent movie days! Hamilton was the No. 1 Heart Throb. Neil was the original men's collar ad model, and went to Hollywood to become a big star. He did not do too well in the talkies, so when TV came along, Neil switched. He is now emcee of Hollywood Screen Test, the oldest continuously sponsored drama program on TV, and will appear in Yank, Rockelle. Incidentally, Neil is a devout Catholic who attends church immediately after each Monday night telecast.

WARREN Hull, Freddie Bartholomeu, Conrad Nagel, Joe E. Brown, Lee Tracy, William Gargan, Roy Rogers are some of the other movie veterans who are concentrating on TV careers.

UNCLE MILTWY'S ROMANCE: Milton Berke, who made such a spectacular comeback in TV popularity this season, is still romancing the attractive RKO publicity girl, Ruth Cosgrove. But I predict there won't be any wedding bells—for a while. Milton is still carrying the torch for the beautiful and blonde Joyce Matthews, whom he married twice and from whom he was twice divorced. Not only that, but Milton is utterly devoted to his mother, Sandra, and his little daughter, Vickie. What little time he has to spare, he gives to songwriting and to polishing a novel.

NANCY AND FRANK: A lot of Broadwayites are betting that Nancy Sinatra will not hurry to wed again. Is it because she hopes that, some day, Frankie will hurry back?

Frank, meanwhile, has been repairing the damage to his career by his last movie and by his fits with the press when he was courted by Ava Gardner. He is more approachable now, more conscious of public relations, and has been picking up TV, theater and cafe work until he can set another movie deal. And, although his voice is holding up fairly well, he is eager to develop into a singing and dancing light comedian, like Gene Kelly, whom he worships. That's why Frank has been taking dancing lessons and working so hard in comedy scenes on TV.

JERRY LESTER AND TV: Another casualty of the TV season has been comedian Jerry Lester, a tremendously talented guy, better, under contract to NBC, has been getting more than $3,500 a week when he's not working. It seems he and NBC just cannot agree on the right format for a new TV show. His summer show was a poor one, and Jerry is now playing cafes. Jerry's marriage broke up, and being away from his three children no doubt made him more irascible than ever. During his peak days, when the Open House show was so hot, Jerry alienated many of his friends by his supreme ego. He used to brag, "Next to Charlie Chaplin, I'm the greatest comedian in the world!"

Despite everything, his talent is so great, he will come back better than ever, I'm sure!

KITTIE KALLEN AND BUDD: Kittie Kalyn, the brunette singer touring with Martin and Lewis, manages to find time to be a good wife and mother. She is a Philadelphia girl whose career spiraled until she was starring at the Copa- cabana, Bud Granoff, young and handsome, was the press agent for the club and, following Kittie's engagement there, they had a date. This was the beginning of a blazing romance that culminated in quick marriage. They didn't plan having a baby right away, but Jonathan came along the first year, and Bud and Kitty have built themselves a charming house in Westwood, N. J., so Jonathan, now 3, can grow up in the suburbs.

MICKEY AND JANE: When Mickey Rooney married Elaine Mahnken, everybody was surprised, especially TV comedienne Jane Kean. Jane is a pretty, vivacious blond, and she and Mickey had been romancing, on and off, for years. Mickey seemed to gravitate back to her after marriage, as he had in the past. But Jane wasn't ready for the Big Step, and stilled. So Mickey wandered off.

MARGARET TRUMAN'S FUTURE: Margaret Truman's TV career is a question mark. She has a contract with NBC, but everyone's wondering what will happen when the contract expires later this year. Meanwhile, she has a lot of friends around Radio City. Jimmy Durante thinks she is a "swell guy" and found her easy to work with. The truth is that she has developed a flair for light comedy. So don't be surprised if she does less concert singing and more musical comedy stuff on TV.

DOMESTIC MARtha RAYE: Although Martha Raye is pleased that her once-a-month NBC show is such a big hit, the most important thing in her life is her eight-year-old daughter, Melodye. Martha, who did such fine work opposite Charlie Chaplin in "Mons. Verdoux," has quieted down a lot. She is still the raucous hoyden when she works in her own nightclub, the "Five O'Clock" in Miami Beach. And, of course, she is a wonderful clown on TV. But, after each TV show, she hurries for the train back to Miami (she's afraid to fly), where she has established permanent residence. She devotes every afternoon to Melodye and takes her to Catholic church Sunday mornings—immediately after Martha finishes at the night club. She cooks and she sews, and even husband Nicky Condos dons an apron and presses Melodye's dresses!

RUMS OF NEWS: The Fred Waring's have drifted apart, after so many years... William Holden's new Paramount Pictures contract forbids TV appearances, Bill says it's okay with him; he never did think much of TV... Roy Rogers and Dale Evans have apparently quit making movies for television... Concentration is TV for TV Donald Buka has recovered from a broken nose, incurred when he was smacked hard during a fight scene on "Tales of Tomorrow..." Charlton Heston, who is in such great demand on TV, is sentimental about giving up his cold-water walk-up one-room apartment on West 45th Street near 10th Avenue in New York. stays there when he's in town.
HERE'S A BOMBSHELL ANNOUNCEMENT
from "AMERICA'S BIGGEST BARGAIN BOOK CLUB"

THOUSANDS PAID $20.50 FOR THESE 9 BEST-SELLING BOOKS

Big Best Sellers

WANT TO HAVE THE
9 splendent best-sellers
(shown above) for just $1.49
- to prove that you will be
delighted with membership in
"America's Biggest Bargain
Book Club." Normally, you
would get 2 gift books for
joining; then you would get a
Bonus Book for each 2 Selec-
tions - a total of 8 FREE
BOOKS during membership.
But NOW you get ALL 6 AT
ONCE! And you also get the
run-away best-seller, "My
Cousin Rachel" as your first
Selection, at the special low
members' price.

Your Savings are TREMENDOUS!
Although the best-sellers you
choose each month may cost $3
or even more in the publishers'
Editions, YOU pay the Club's
cost price for only $1.49, plus
few cents for shipping - a
clear saving of up to $1.50 on
each book! Just THINK of the
great savings you'll make on the
12 Selections you receive during
the year. And think, too, of the
great pleasure you'll get right
away and for years in the cost
from your volumes!

No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection
The best-selling novel you
receive each month need NOT be
the Club's regular Selection. You
may choose any of the
OTHER splendid new books de-
scribed in the Club's free publi-
cation "Review." No further
cost or obligation.

SEND NO MONEY Just Mail Coupon Now!
Mail coupon today without
money - and receive your BIG
package containing the 9 splen-
did books described on this page,
books that would cost you a
total of $20.50 TODAY in pub-
lishers' editions.

With them will come a bill
for $1.49, plus few cents ship-
ping cost. This is to pay for
your first Selection, "My Cousin
Rachel." The other EIGHT books
are YOURS FREE! If you don't
agree that this is the most gen-
erosous book offer you have ever
received, return the 9 books
AND the bill and forget the
whole matter! BOOK LEAGUE
OF AMERICA, Dept. DMG-3, Garden City, N. Y.
New! a shampoo that silkens your hair!

Picture you... after just one shampoo... with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that’s silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

New lightning lather — milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene’s new lightning lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it’s milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its lightning lather... its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. You have a new experience coming!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!
And First to Present this Scientific Evidence on Effects of Smoking

A MEDICAL SPECIALIST is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. 45 percent of this group have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years.

After eight months, the medical specialist reports that he observed...

no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

CHESTERFIELD—FIRST and only premium quality cigarette available in both regular and king-size.

Buy CHESTERFIELD—Much Milder

Copyright 1953, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
New! a shampoo that silkens your hair!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silkens your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!

Picture you ... your hair shimmering under even the softest light ... silky soft, silky bright. That's what'll happen to you when you use this new shampoo formula ... this new Drene!

New magic formula ... milder than castile!

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic ... this new lightning-quick lather ... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather ... its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!
New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

Most dentists agree that tooth decay is caused by the acid-producing action of lactobacilli. Brushing regularly after eating with new Ipana safely destroys these decay-causing bacteria by the millions.

New, Exclusive, Bacteria-Fighting Formula! Your Teeth and Breath Stay Cleaner...You Reduce Decay Better.

THINK of the trouble, pain and expense of just one tooth cavity in your family. Think of how having unpleasant breath just “once in a while” can hurt you or your husband, even hold him back at work.

Then you’ll know how important this news is to you.

Dental scientists have now proved beyond doubt that new creamy-white Ipana destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria.

A New, Exclusive, Formula
This new Ipana is an exclusive formula developed by Ipana scientists. It gives you a combination of bacteria-destroying agents not found in any other tooth paste.

Independent research authorities proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduced bacteria in the mouth—including decay and bad-breath bacteria—by an average of 84%.

Amazing Results For YOU
Dentists generally will tell you that new Ipana effectively reduces tooth decay, when used regularly after meals.

In tests by an independent laboratory, just one brushing with new Ipana stopped offensive mouth odor even after 4 hours—in every single case.

So get a tube of new good-tasting, white Ipana today—for the mouth health of your whole family. Remember new Ipana destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria.

2 to 1 choice for flavor!
Children love the taste of new bacteria-fighting Ipana. It was the 2 to 1 choice for flavor of thousands of families who tried it at home.

Creamy-White
Product of Bristol-Myers

The Tooth Paste that Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

Penetrates to “danger spots.” New Ipana’s bacteria-destroying foam penetrates to hard-to-get-at “danger spots” where your tooth brush—or even water—can’t reach. Thus it helps you have fewer cavities and a cleaner breath. And brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.
modern screen

stories

NOW WE HAVE EVERYTHING (Lucille Ball) ........................................ by Arthur L. Charles 32
FIRST-BORN (Elizabeth Taylor) ....................................................... by Steve Cronin 37
MAN ON THE MOVE (John Wayne) .................................................. by Jim Henaghan 39
LOVE AT YOUR OWN RISK! .............................................................. by Louise Parsons 41
THEY BROKE ALL THE RULES (Doris Day) ..................................... by Alice Hoffman 43
LOVE IN A PENTHOUSE (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis) .......................... by Marva Peterson 45
A BACHELOR FINDS HIMSELF (Dan Dailey) .................................... by Susan Trent 47

HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST SEX-QUEEN (Terry Moore) ....................... by Kirtley Baskette 49
THE GANG'S ALL HERE (Alan Ladd) ................................................. by Sue Carol Ladd 51
THE MOUSE TAKES THE LION (Debbie Reynolds) ............................ by Richard Dexter 53
COURAGEOUS HEART (Anne Baxter) ............................................... by Jack Wade 55
YOU BELONG TO ME (Jeff Hunter) .................................................. by Jim Burton 57
HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST MARRIAGE (Cary Grant) ....................... by Pamela Morgan 65

PRAYER AND LAUGHER ................................................................. by Red Skelton 67

On the Cover: Color Picture of Doris Day by John Engstead
Other picture credits on page 86

departments

THE INSIDE STORY ................................................................. 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS ................................................ 6
TV TALK ................................................................. by Paul Denis 14
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT ..................................... 18
MOVIE REVIEWS ................................................................. by Florence Epstein 24
SWEET AND HOT ................................................................. by Leonard Feather 31
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ....................................................... 58
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ........................................................... by Diane Lynn, star columnist for April 92

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 46, No. 5, April, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Dell Subscription Services, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chosen as the advertising office. 261 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President; Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 50c. Subscriptions in U. S. $0.00 one year; $3.00 two years. Canadian Subscriptions $4.00 one year, $8.00 two years. Postage paid at Dunellen, N. J. Under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional manner are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 303778
Nobody handles 'em rougher than

HUMPHREY BOGART

so it's sizzling action with a sizzling dame...

JUNE ALLYSON

when they're together for the first time in M-G-M'S GREAT "BATTLE CIRCUS"

"Say you love me... say it at least once!"

"I don't like to talk about it... I like action!"

From the studio that made "Battleground"... and it's got even more thrills, laughs, romance!
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: Can you tell the real names of Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire, and Cyd Charisse?

—T.T., Omaha, Neb.

A: Frank J. Cooper, Fred Austerlitz, Tula Ellice Finklea.

Q: I was in school many years ago with a girl named Evelyn Lederer. She married Allan Keefer, then Nick Stuart and I'm wondering if she is the same woman currently married to Alan Ladd.

—H.H., Urbana, Ill.

A: Yes; her screen name was Sue Carol.

Q: What actor in Hollywood gets the most fan mail?

—D.E., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A: Right now it's a toss-up between Dale Robertson and Robert Wagner.

Q: How old is John Wayne, what is his right hand, how many times has he been married, is he in love with Maureen O'Hara?

—B.L., Timmins, Ont.

A: He was born in 1907; christened Marion Mitchell Morrison; he's been married twice, is not in love with Maureen O'Hara.

Q: Are Dean Martin and Perry Como brothers?

—W.J.T., Newtown, Pa.

A: No.

Q: Who are the most generous men in show business?

—K.Y., Linden, N.J.

A: Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante, Fred Allen, George Jessel.

Q: Whatever happened to the love affair between Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threatt?

—J.K., Glenville, Minn.

A: It turned out to be a summer romance.

Q: Is there any possibility of Gene Tierney getting married to Aly Khan after his divorce from Rita?

—N.E., Baltimore, Md.

A: Yes, a good one.

Q: Has Loretta Young ever been previously married? If so, what happened to her first husband?


A: Miss Young's first marriage to Grant Withers was annulled. He is currently an actor and executive at Republic Studios.

Q: Who is generally considered the most handsome actor in the movies?

—H.Y., Lockport, N.Y.

A: John Derek according to several ace cameramen.

Q: I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby, and Charles Boyer all wear toupees. Is this on the level?

—D.H., Baltimore, Md.

A: True except for Lanza. He has his own hair.

Q: Has Jeff Chandler gone high-hat and discharged the agent who discovered him? Why did 20th Century-Fox drop its option of Chandler?

—E.W., Beckley, W.Va.

A: Chandler's agent is still Mayer Mishkin. 20th's refusal to exercise its option was an oversight that studio is currently seeking to correct. Chandler's basic studio contract is still with Universal-International.

Q: A nurse who once worked for Joan Crawford tells me that Joan has trouble keeping domestic help. Is she hard to work for?

—F.P., Frankfort, Ky.

A: Not hard—particular. Miss Crawford pays her help top wages, insists upon perfection.

Q: I understand Gary Crosby is a terrible student and may be flunked out of Stanford. Can't his father make him study?

—V.B., Palo Alto, Calif.

A: Bing has taken Gary's car away from him, has ordered the boy to concentrate on his studies.

Q: Isn't Movita too old for Marlon Brando? She starred in Mutiny On The Bounty 18 years ago.

—P.H., Lynchburg, Va.

A: She is older than he, but Marlon prefers mature companions.

Q: What ever happened to Veronica Lake and why did her fame vanish?

—P.N., Loveland, Tex.

A: Miss Lake is currently concentrating on stage work. (Continued on page 34)
Only the Star of Stars could accept the challenge of such a role...the greatest triumph of the twice winner of the Academy Award!

Twinkle, twinkle klieg-light star... be the woman that you are.

When the Hollywood star fades...the woman is born.

BERT E. FRIEDLOB presents THE MAGNIFICENT BETTE DAVIS rips the mask off the klieg capital in "THE STAR"

co-starring STERLING HAYDEN with NATALE WOOD - WARNER ANDERSON - MINOR WATSON - JUNE TRAVIS
Produced by BERT E. FRIEDLOB - Directed by STUART HEISLER - Original Story and Screenplay by KATHERINE ALBERT and DALE EUNSON
Music composed and conducted by VICTOR YOUNG - A BERT E. FRIEDLOB Production - Released by 20th Century-Fox
His Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, arrived right on schedule: January 19th. Mom, Pop, and Scriptwriters are doing fine.

"That's real show business, honey," says Jeff Chandler to his wife. They ring-sided at the Cocosnutt Grove opening of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, two headliners recently come out of retirement.

"Where're the Can-Can girls?" quizzes Bill Holden at the party after the Moulin Rouge opening...one of the season's dressiest functions. Brenda Marshall Holden is interested in other things at the moment.
LOUELLA PARSONS' 
GOOD NEWS

LUCY'S BABY! ... JUDY GARLAND'S MID NIGHT ANTAGICS ... JUNE HAVER FACES A NEW LIFE ...

WHEN Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman started playing golf and dining together quietly in Palm Springs, an irate voice telephoned and said:

"I thought you said Bing Crosby wouldn't marry again!"

I'll say it again, brother. But I didn't say he'd never again buy dinner for a pretty girl. All of a sudden, Mona is the most dated girl in town.

Nicky Hilton has flipped hard—as completely gone on Mona as he was on Liz Taylor in their courtship days—and just as jealous. Mona and Nicky were sunning themselves at the pool at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. A long distance call came to Mona from her ex, Pat Neary, asking her if she'd have dinner with him when she returned to town.

Wham! Bang! Nicky hit the ceiling so high he dashed out of the place and drove back to Los Angeles fuming furiously into the night.

And the very next night, Mona dined with Bing as Nicky fumed and fumed in Hollywood—this time as HE was on the long distance 'phone paging Mona in the cocktail lounge!

All the time I-Love-Lucy's baby was being born, Lucille Ball was fully conscious. She was given only a spinal anaesthesia, as it was a Caesarean section delivery.

Lucille kept heckling the doctor with "What is it? What is it? It's gotta be a boy."

And the doctor kept saying, "Wait a minute, honey—now take it easy."

"Where's Desi?" from Lucille. "If it ISN'T a boy give HIM an anaesthesia."

When his Royal (TV) Highness, Desiderio Alberto Arnaz IV, put in his appearance, Desi burst into the corridor outside the operating room yelling loudly to relatives and script-writers:

"It's a boy! Hurrah, we don't have to rewrite the script, fellows!"

JUDY GARLAND and Sid Luft are starting something new socially that hostesses hope won't become a fad. The Lufts are arriving at dinner parties around midnight—or later.

At the Jules Steins' dinner dance, Judy, Sid and Peter Lawford arrived as at least half the guests were leaving—and they all returned just on the chance Judy was going to sing—and she did, until the wee small hours.

Judy is much thinner and using an eyebrow make-up—straight instead of arched—that gives her a piquant Oriental look.

I asked Judy why she and Sid were showing up so late for parties—this wasn't the only time they'd done it.

"Oh, by the time we get through looking at the baby," she laughed, "that takes hours.

Nicky Hilton's all in a twist over Mona Freeman... lots of fellows are. Among her admirers is Bing Crosby, who golfs and dines with her.

Lamour and lace meet a fur-bearing Clooney at the gala celebration of Adolph Zukor's 80th birthday. Dottie's long been a Zukor star.

Dag-fancier Alan Ladd and sculptress Alano put the lid on their British snowman. The family is in England while Alan makes The Big Jump.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

—and I take a short nap for my health, and
the hairdresser does my hair and we get
dressed—well, it's just midnight!"

Peter Lawford, who came with the Luftas as
I said, didn’t seem to mind at all that Rocky
Cooper (whom he has sooooo long admired)
was being obviously admired by another tall,
dark, handsome and young admirer.

Another old flame of Pete's, Sharman Doug-
las, was also present—she, too, dancing every
number with someone else.

The few people who know June Haver best
have realized for years that June has
been squarely facing the question of whether
she will continue her career—or put all ma-
terial things behind her and enter a convent.

These friends now believe that little June
quietly has made her decision.

Several weeks ago she put all of her per-
sonal possessions on the auction block.

Her contract with 20th Century-Fox is up
this year.

She hasn't been seen around with a Holly-
wood beau in months.

How ironic it is that the gay, dancing, sing-
ing heroines Junie has played in so many
movies have never come true for her in pri-
vate life.

She suffered a nervous breakdown when
her marriage to Jimmy Zito went on the rocks
and almost suffered another several years
later after the death of Dr. John Dusik whom
she deeply loved. She has had many ill-
nesses.

Always a deeply religious girl, Junie is turn-
ing deeper and deeper to her Catholic faith to
sustain her.

I, for one, will not be surprised if she has
decided to enter a convent.

It's poor Bob Stack's face red—and himself
so good-looking, too.

At a recent public luncheon in Beverly Hills,
he heaped sugar and cream into consomme—
thinking it was the cup of coffee he had asked
for. But Joan Fontaine and Anne Francis, sit-
ting on either side of him, will never let him
forget it!

Ava Gardner wrote me a letter from Africa
right after Frank Sinatra had to leave
her again and return to Hollywood:

"I miss my guy," says the frank Ava, "but we
were very happy while he was here.

Maybe we needed to get away from civiliza-
tion! I'm so glad he's coming home to a big
movie job in From Here To Eternity. He'll
show the world he's an actor as well as a
singer.

"While he was here we slept on hard cots
under mosquito netting and listened wide-
eyed, and I'll admit a little frightened, while
all sorts of wild animals roared outside our
comp circle. We bathed in tiny canvas tubs
and dined sitting on the ground.

"Africa, insofar as the natives are con-
cerned, is certainly a man's land, Louella. I
don't think any American housewife would
ever again complain if she could see the way
the native African woman lives.

"Most of the girls are married in their early
teens after their fathers sell them to the
highest bidder. From then on, she builds the
house, she tends the fields and cattle, she
prepares the meals, and she bears the chil-
dren—usually eight to twelve in the family—and
without taking time away from her reg-

This quartette is a shoemaker's delight. Dancers
Marge and Gower Champion, Mr. and Mrs.
Gene Nelson at The Jazz Singer premiere.

Something for the family; and the fans: when
the Crawfords appear. That's Christopher
Steven and Cynthia Shaw, Christina and Joan.

Virginia Mayo's oil a'bloom at the premiere.
Her funny-man husband Mike O'Shea claims
that with a rose like that it's June in January.
The night-life of the party in

She's Back on Broadway

COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR

A Song'n Dancin' Delight from WARNER BROS!

STARRING

VIRGINIA MAYO ★ NELSON ★ LOVEJOY

GENE ★ FRANK

STEVE COCHRAN • PATRICE WYMORE • ORIN JANNINGS • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINZORF

Hey! Hey!!

THAT "WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE" CUTIE IS A BRIGHTLIGHTS BOMBSHELL NOW!
There was nothing lily-white about her—the clinch-and-kill girl they called:

**THE BLUE GARDENIA**

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

ANNE BAXTER • RICHARD CONTE • ANN SOTHERN

"THE BLUE GARDENIA"

WITH

RAYMOND BURR • JEFF DONNEL

RICHARD ERDMAN • GEORGE REEVES

AND

NAT KING COLE

INTRODUCING "BLUE GARDENIA"

SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES HOFFMAN • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB • DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

ular duties in the fields and the house. "Believe me when I say—and I think I've had my troubles being married!"

If this isn't typical of Shelley Winters, I'll eat the item.

Constance Dowling was hostessing a baby shower for Shell and she asked her to make a list of her friends.

On the list Shelley turned in there were 20 men and two girls.

I had the time of my life on a short trip back to New York and to Washington, D. C., for the Inauguration.

Just like any fan, I could hardly wait to see Bette Davis in her musical, Two's Company. I can't tell you how wonderful our great dramatic star is kicking up her heels, imitating Tallulah Bankhead watching Bette Davis, doing a hill-billy crone and otherwise cavorting as La Davis has never cavorted in the movies.

We had been friends for a long time in Hollywood, but I never had such an enthusiastic reception as Bette gave me, arms around necks, kisses on the cheek, etc., when I visited her back stage.

I've always said that when you're away from Hollywood everyone you see from movietown seems like a long lost brother—or sister.

I also saw Shirley Booth in Time Of The Cuckoo and my money still says she's 1953's Oscar winner. If she makes her new Broadway show on the screen, she'll probably be a

"I'm surrounded," cried Charlton Heston at the annual Modern Screen party in New York. But he didn't call for help signing his autograph.

"Great Scott!" cried Miss Patricio. "Good Knight," murmured Mr. Brody. It was a mutual admiration date at Denise Dorcel's party.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

candidate again in '54—that's how good she is as an actress.

I went to the Drama Critics' Awards to
Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinnemann as "best
producer and director" of the year for High
Noon ("best" movie winner).

I must say the award part was short
and sweet. Give 'em the citations—then have
fun.

When I was in Washington for the Inaugural
I heard on every side that Shirley
Temple Black deeply resents some criticism
from certain quarters because she took her
child out of school just because the young-
ster was mentioned as appearing in a school
play.

To her close friends, Shirley said, sticking
out that firm little chin of hers: "I don't want
my daughter to 'live my childhood—and I
won't permit it.'"

If you ask me, this speaks volumes.

Purely personal: Lana Turner never takes
her eyes off her escort (currently Lex
Barker) while dining. She doesn't need to
watch her food because she just pushes it
around the plate. Wonder if she eats FIRST
at home...

Isn't Terry Moore overdoin the "I'm a
screwball, I'm completely gone" angle in her
interviews...

It's time Pier Angeli starts using lipstick
particularly if she continues going to night-
clubs where lights are dim anyway...

There should be a law against comedians
working themselves to death as witness Jerry
Lewis, Red Skelton, Eddie Cantor...

Mari Blanchard is the next Queen of Sex—
ifyou can believe what you hear out at
Universal-International. She's expected to be
giving Marilyn Monroe a run for the title by
this time next year...

Rita Hayworth has plenty of money again
—and little happiness...

Betty Hutton wears the cutest cocktail hats
—usually black and small, usually with tiny
veils—but she manages to make them look so
different...

The all-time low in a public statement:
Johnnie Ray's about his separation from Mar-
ilyn: "Don't blame her. This chick tried. She's
the only girl who ever made me feel like a
man. The chick tried to do everything to keep
us together. But I'm on the verge of a break-
down trying to recapture that one hour of our
honeymoon'’—od nauseam.

The Letter Box: Betty Barker, Norfolk, Vir-
ginia, thinks Dean Martin is overly neg-
llected in the team of Martin and Lewis.
"Even the stories about both of them are
mostly about Jerry,' she complains. "And poor
Dean, who is so handsome, so talented and
so good natured, comes off second best.
Don't believe I can go along with you on this,
Betty. Dean is all you say, but he gets his
share of adulation—and he'd be the first to
say so.

Thank all of you who wrote such kind let-
ters about my story on Bing Crosby. I deeply
appreciate what you said.

Evelyn Weir, of Brooklyn, says that both
Modern Screen and I neglect Charlton Heston.
"Not nearly enough news, gossip and inter-
views with him," complains Charlton's rabid
fan.

Here are more addresses of boys in the
service who would appreciate letters from
Hollywood stars and/o fans:
C/O Pvt. Holland Browning, RA 13377249,
Detachment No. 4, 352 Comm. Recon. Co.,
A.P.O. 301, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco,
Calif.

1st Lt. John E. Hughes, 0955645, Btry A, 160
FA BN APO 86, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.

And for a switch: Anne Brown, 10 Lulworth
Drive, Pinner, Middlesex, England, will be
delighted to write to service men who write
her. She's 21, has brown hair, hazel eyes
and is interested in music, the theater and
movies.

That's all this month. See you next month.
Feel it on your fingertips!

Rub it into the palms of your hands!

You can feel that Shasta Shampoo is right for your hair!

From the second you open the jar, you can feel that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so femininely right for your hair. So when it’s important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don’t waste it.
NEW HELP FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS

Young skin often turns into problem skin—just when a girl has a right to look her prettiest.

Oil glands begin to work overtime. Your skin seems always oily, shiny. Powder cakes and darkens. Flaky particles pile up, roughen your skin, for it has become too sluggish to throw them off as it should.

Pores begin to show. Dirt and oil, trapped by dead skin cells, clog and stretch the pore openings. Blackheads and bumps can—and very often do—start to develop in the clogged pore openings.

Now—Pond's has worked out a remarkably effective treatment for these four young skin problems. It's greaseless. It's quick. And it works.

IN JUST 1 MINUTE

See your skin look fresher, brighter, clearer.

Several times a week give your skin this quick treatment. Cover face except eyes—with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens ... dissolves away dead skin cells! After 1 minute—tissue off. Now—pore openings are cleared of dead skin cells. Tiny skin glands can function normally. Your skin looks fresher, clearer, smoother!

Greasy make-up "coorsons" young skin. For a naturally pretty look, use greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base.

PERRY COMO, WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS! Perry Como, now 40, is a solid singer in more ways than one. He's not only been a top singing personality for the past ten years—having turned out eight records that sold more than a million copies—but he is also a solid citizen.

He does his three-times-a-week CBS TV show for Chesterfield, runs his own music publishing house, and earns about a million dollars a year. And does all this quietly, with dignity, and without hanging around night clubs or getting into headline-making squabbles.

The former barber from Canonsburg, Pa., knows what he wants. Enough money and time to enjoy home life with his childhood sweetheart, Roselle, and their children—Ronnie, 13, David, 7, and Terri, 5. They live in a big, pleasant house in Sands Point, Long Island, and he's home for dinner on his "off days"—Tuesdays and Thursdays. He's informal, and likes old friends around. He loves colored shirts and slacks, and doesn't own a dinner jacket. Around the house, he fusses with cameras. Outside of the house, he golfs, shooting in the 70s. He is active in the local church, and does much for charity—but shuns personal publicity. In fact, he has a press agent, the famed Harry Sobel; but uses him as a buffer for avoiding publicity contacts. He is so afraid publicity will ruin the normal life of his three kids that he won't invite photographers or interviewers to his home.

Despite his shyness, he is so beloved by the hard-bitten songpluggers of Tin Pan Alley, they put aside one full day a year for their Perry Como Golf Tournament. It's their way of saying, "You're a swell guy!"

Jackie Gleason's Getting Trimmed: Jackie Gleason's taking a trimming—in weight, that is. The CBS TV star comedian is having the biggest fight of his life—against extra fat. Once 286 pounds, Jackie is down to a mere 220, and is determined to work down to a svelte 185. At one time, he tried a diet of steaks and clams, eating once a day and loving off liquor. But it wasn't enough. So he tried some psychological warfare. He bought a lot of size 44 suits, and threw away his size 56 suits. That gave him a goal: to be able to wear those size 44 suits comfortably. Everywhere he went, his pals asked, "Do you diet by exercising?" And Jackie would answer, "Heck, no. When I'm dieting, I'm so tired, I can't even stand up to exercise!"

Lately, Jackie has taken more drastic measures. He spends most of his week at Doctor's Hospital, where he diets under strict medical supervision. He's restricted to 600 calories a day. Of course, he's turned his hospital suite into an office, and has bedside conferences with his writers and staff. He leaves the hospital only for important business and for actual rehearsals.

Like Gleason, Dagmar has to fight a tendency to get too heavy. She loves to eat and cook, and staying around her big apartment a lot helps add weight. So, about once a year, she gets desperate and takes appetite-reducing pills—under medical supervision—and loses about two pounds a day. She quits when she's shed about 20 pounds. During the dieting, she hates to go out, explaining, "I'm cross when I'm dieting, so I'd rather stay home." Incidentally, Dagmar's weight is a big secret. Her 160-pound husband, Danny Dayton, says, "Two things Dagmar will never talk about—her weight and her age!" And Dagmar, when asked how heavy she is, always answers, "I fluctuate." Period.

Melinda's Career: Joan Bennett's pretty daughter, Melinda Markay, after some modeling and TV work around New York, is realizing her ambition, finally, to make good on the stage. She's been touring in On Borrowed Time. Tiny-waisted Melinda, who will have a gorgeous figure when her baby fat fades away, spent a couple of years in New York. She lived at the Rehearsal Club, where young girls pay $17-a-week rent, and she shared a large (Continued on page 16)
It's HILARIOUS when M. P.'s Bob and Mickey team up for zany laughs!

OFF LIMITS

She's RESTRICTED... to all military personnel!

Songs
The Military Policeman
Right Or Wrong
All About Love

starring
BOB HOPE
MICKEY ROONEY
MARILYN MAXWELL

co-starring
EDDIE MAYEHOFF

He's a riot as the Sergeant who thinks he's Napoleon!

STANLEY CLEMENTS • JACK DEMPSEY • MARVIN MILLER

Produced by HARRY TUGEND • Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Story and Screenplay by HAL KANTER and JACK SHER
private home in Brooklyn. Sam wanders in the neighborhood for bits of funny dialogue that he often uses in his monologues.

A NEW COMIC, FRANK FONTAINE: Tall, blond, handsome comedian on Scott Music Hall is Frank Fontaine. He's only 32, and he's been around for years, but it has been only lately that he has emerged as a highly talented funny man. He comes from a solidly show-business background. His father, Baron Fontaine, was a vaudeville singer; his grandfather was a circus strong man; and his wife, Alma, is a former acrobatic dancer. Unlike most other comedians, he believes in big families. He is already father of eight—count 'em—children. Six sons and two daughters, ranging from 1½ to 15. Already, his kids can do most of his comedy routines.

Frank had the whole family with him in Hollywood while he made seven movies, in cluding the Martin and Lewis Scared Stiff, and brought them to home-town Boston when he had to come East for TV. Frank commutes from Boston to New York each week for his TV show, on which he co-stars with Patti Page, the recording star.

Another long-distance commuter is Martha Raye, who lives in Miami Beach and commutes by train (she's afraid to fly) to New York every fourth week for her NBC TV show.

BOB ALDA, PROUD DAD: It's hard to believe that handsome Robert Alda is father of a 17-year-old son, but it's true. Alan is a freshman at Fordham University, and studying acting and radio-TV. The boy is talented and wrote a complete musical show produced at Stepinac High School, White Plains, last year. Alan's affo a flying start, which is in sharp contrast to Bob's rough beginnings. Bob started as a singing usher at Lopez's Orpheum, New York about 20 years ago, when I first met him. He was getting $3 extra a week for singing the band overture. Today, he has developed into a top actor, and, in fact, did only acting on TV during 1952. Didn't sing a note. And, strangely enough, Bob quit the hit show, Guys And Dolls last September. He was the show's outstanding performer and wants to become a producer. He will co-produce a Broadway show this Fall.

ODDS AND ENDS: Milton Berle is a happy guy again, now that his NBC TV show is back among the top-rated shows. Thanks to Goodman, whose writing staff refashioned Millie into a less brash, more likeable comedian, Millie is King again. He is still dating Ruth Cosgrove, and they took a Miami Beach vacation together. He gave her a car for a surprise gift, and everybody felt they would tie the knot—but nothing happened. . . . Imogene Coca, after recovering from an emergency appendectomy, is back with Max Liebman's wonder ful Show Of Shows on NBC . . . Sid Caesar, her co-star, has another reason for rushing home nights: his baby son. Sid and Florence Caesar do most of their entertaining at home. . . . the fun usually comes from showing kinescopes of Sid's TV shows, followed by a wisecracking analysis of each performance.

Ed Sullivan, first newspaper columnist to become a TV star (his CBS show is Toast Of The Town), has recovered from his latest bout with ulcers. Doing a daily column and handling a top-rated TV show is tiring Ed; but he has tremendous drive and the only thing that worries him is having less time for golf! . . . Guy Lombardo, who will do a TV show every week, broke his own rule for never indulging in politics when he campaigned publicly for Eisenhower.

MEET TOM MORTON: Another product of TV is Tom Morton, who was tested by 20th Century-Fox after he had danced on the Chico Marx TV show. Morton, who is 25, five-foot-ten, with black wavy hair and brown eyes, is carving out a movie career for himself. He's already made Wait Till The Sun Shines Nellie, The Stars Are Singing and Main Street To Broadway. Before Barbara Belle discovered him and became his manager, Tom was a chorus boy in Broadway shows and TV. He is a bachelor, and living with his mother in Hollywood. He spends virtually all his time improving his talents—tuning up his dancing, his singing, and acting. Make a note of his name, girls. He's on the way up!

THE TV STARS: Danny Thomas made himself look bad when he blurted out, "Television is for idiots. I don't like it. It's a medicine show!" The fact is that Danny was worried and feeling very insecure about TV, when he first went into it. When his show did not draw the audience rating it he felt he deserved, he blew his top. . . . Marguerite Piazza, the beautiful opera singer, was stunned when her handsome husband, J. Graves McDonald, died suddenly on New Year's Eve. He was her second husband, father of her second child, and her manager as well. . . . Buster Crabbe has settled in New York, doing a lot of TV and dashing up to the Concord Hotel to run the spectacular pool and water sports there. . . . Johnny Ray's career is being endangered by his personal problems: marital problems and escapades that wind up in the police courts and the front pages. He'll probably do more TV this year, but he is asking for $12,500 per performance, and may not get too many offers. And, what is not generally known, is that he earns only 45% of his own gross income. The rest is controlled by managers.

THE MEN IN TV: Arthur Godfrey is still the top moneymaker in TV. His two TV shows and several radio shows for CBS bring him $1,400,000 a year. . . . Charlton Heston, who first made good in TV, is unhappy about having to give up his cold-water walk-up flat on West 47th Street. That little apartment, in a slum area, was Chuckie's home during lean and good years, and he's very sentimental about it. . . . Tony Martin, who owns a terrific record collection, says his favorite dish is Johnny Long's "In Old Shanty Town," recorded back in 1938. . . . Frankie Thomas, who won TV fame as Frank Corbett, Space Cadet, is a movie veteran whose last film was Ginger Rogers' Major And The Minor. Now 25, Frankie is living in a New York apartment with his parents, and keeping busy with radio and TV work. He's a bachelor, and gets a load of fan mail. Some of the letters are so ardent, I can't repeat them in this column. . . . Sam Levenson, the folk humorist, is once more a daily newspaper columnist. He is the family-type humorist, and has a real happy family life. He, his wife Esther, their son Conrad, and their baby daughter live in an unprecedented

Leading universities proved:
CLORETS banish bad breath odors due to
ONIONS • SMOKING • ALCOHOL

You can prove this yourself by making this convincing KISS TEST:

Eat onions. Then chew CLORETS chewing gum or eat CLORETS CANDY MINTS. Now exchange a kiss. You'll find your breath is "Kissing Sweet".

Remember, CLORETS contain true, water soluble chlorophyll®. It is not an imitation. Not synthetic. Insist on CLORETS. Chew them with complete confidence. CLORETS chewing gum and CLORETS CANDY MINTS are delicious, refreshing, good.

(Continued from page 14) room with three other young actresses. She got a 35-cent-per meal discount at the club, and she hung around the corner drug store, where she and other young actresses swapped tips on TV jobs. She had a lot of dates with young actors, and was proud of the fact that she was earning enough money to support herself. When her mother sent $130 for her last birthday, Melinda went on a shopping spree and spent it all on new dresses. She's partial to blacks and grays.

Everyone Who Breathes Can Have
"Kissing Sweet Breath"

In Seconds

Chlorophyll

CLORETS

Chlorophyllum

*Water soluble Chlorophyll factors

*100% of the Daily Value of Vitamin C

CLORETS

Chlorophyllum

16
Dry skin can be joy—or jinx!
by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

Dry skin is both a blessing and a curse. Which it is in your case is up to you. Two women I discussed the problem with just the other day illustrate what I mean!

The first was grateful for her naturally dry complexion, the delicacy it gave her skin and the freedom from that "greasy" look. The second felt terribly about hers. It was drab and flaky, so her make-up looked harsh and little lines were threatening to become wrinkles.

The difference was in the care they gave their complexions. There's no substitute for the regular use of the right care! But, cheer up, it needn't be expensive or time-consuming!

For as little as 25¢—you'll find the best dry skin care money can buy, and one that takes less than 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The thing that makes Woodbury remarkable is an ingredient called Penaten which carries the softening oils deep into the corneum layer of your skin. The average cream simply "greases" the surface, but Woodbury really penetrates!

Here's the simple routine that makes the difference:

With your fingertips, cream this extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off.

Your skin will have a new freshness and youthful bloom. Try it and see! Woodbury Dry Skin Cream only costs 25¢ to 97¢ (plus tax).

Dear Betty,

Wanted to answer sooner, but I've been so busy working on my new picture. Course I've a "beauty secret"—it's Woodbury Cold Cream! The special thing about Woodbury is an ingredient called Penaten that makes it penetrate deeply into pore openings and loosens every bit of make-up. I've tried more expensive creams but never one that left my skin so clean, so fresh and soft as Woodbury Cold Cream. I'm sure you'll love it, too!

Sincerely, Ann Blyth
SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:
The grass is always greener in the next pasture, and ain't it the truth! When the Masquers Club of Hollywood threw a stag party to honor Jane Wyman as its First Lady, with Janie the only gal present, she said: "When I was dancing in the chorus I was always the third girl from the left in the second row. I kept trying to get into the first row but Alice Faye was always in my way!" ... Their friends have pegged it as a Spring wedding for Pier Angeli and Kirk Douglas, who calls her "Amarella" ... Ann Blyth tells me it'll be a June jaunt down the middle aisle for herself and Dr. Jim McNulty. Twas his brother, none other than singer Dennis Day, who put young Jim through medical school ... MGM, incidentally, had better put Ann to work in the next Mario Lanza picture pronto because once she's Mrs. McNulty she wants a big family right now! ... It's getting real cozy with Joan Crawford and Nick Ray. They each brought their own children when they dated at the preem of The Jazz Singer ... We got a long-delayed letter (it must've come by mule train!) from Africa telling how Ava Gardner celebrated her birthday and Christmas simultaneously in her tent on the location site of Mogambo near Nairobi. Clark Gable and Grace Kelly celebrated with her, as did John Ford—and, of course, her ever-lovin' Frankie! She wrote: "We even had a make-believe fireplace, and hung our stockings in front of it" ... Bob Wagner dyed his hair black, and it's a good foil for Barbara Stanwyck's grey locks ... Romantic bust-ups of the month: Coleen Gray and John Payne, Nora and Dick Haymes (one of those off-again things that'll probably be on-again before you can say Errol Flynn!), Gene Tierney and Aly Khan, Merle Oberon and her Dr. Ross ... It appears that the first thing Ursula Thiess' wedding to Bob Taylor will accomplish—if and when!—will be to bring her two children over from Germany.

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:
Dick Jaeckel, the beefcake boy whose career is zooming because of Come Back, Little Sheba, rifted with his wife and two kids. It happened when an actor becomes successful in Hollywood, it makes you wonder if success is worth it ... Lana Turner, Art Linkletter and others of Humphrey Bogart's neighbors are sore at him and his Baby because their two boxers bark all night ... I hear that those spat's between Jennifer Jones and her spouse, David Selznick, are over money—her money! In other words, he wants to tell her how to spend what she earns.

You've never seen so much scurrying back and forth between law offices as Johnnie and Marilyn Ray are doing, in preparation for their separation and/or divorce. But Marilyn keeps telling everyone that if she has her way the settlement will be amicable ... An airplane is mixed up in the community property wrangle between John and Esperanza Wayne. She claims it's her and that John won't give it back ... John Hodlak has been forgetting all about Anne Baxter with a little French model who lives at the Beverly Hills Hotel. John Payne introduced them ... Paramount threatened to slap a new clause into Jerry Lewis' contract that will prevent the comic from ever again riding a motor scooter. I stumbled over Jerry in his wheelchair at NBC during one of his airshows and he said that all his fall did was (Continued on page 20)
Hollywood Stars and Famous Designers

CALL PLAYTEX THE PERFECT GIRDLE

Zsa Zsa Gabor, starring in Moulin Rouge, Color by Technicolor—released thru United Artists, says: "Fabulous is the word for the Playtex Fabric Lined Girdle. You couldn't choose a better way to be lithe, free, and wonderfully comfortable!"

Vera Maxwell: "I create clothes that are full of motion. Playtex shows them best, slims in complete freedom!” Playtex hasn't a seam, stitch or bone; it lives and breathes with you, invisible under sleekest clothes.

Paul Parnes: "Slenderness is the key to my Spring Collection... and Playtex slims your figure beautifully from waist to thigh!" Playtex has an all-way control, for it's made of fabric lined latex that spells power-control.

Claire McCardell: "Here's a dress of real versatility. It leads a double life...at work or play. And it calls for the world's most versatile girdle... Playtex!" Only Playtex combines such control, comfort and freedom!

Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle streamlines

your natural figure...INCHES SLIMMER!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles

from $4.95

Other Playtex Girdles start at $3.50
(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

At department stores and specialty shops. Playtex known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

©1953 International Latex Corp’ns... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
Edna's DISMAL

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."


... and the response?

"open up an old tired wound in my leg."

TIME TABLES:

You gals can relax. Bob Wagner isn't marrying till he's 30 . . . Susie Hayward tells me she wants to buy a home in the San Fernando Valley with a tree house in the back yard . . .

Jane Russell says Bob Waterfield talks more in five minutes while doing a guest appearance on television than he does in five hours at home . . . When John Farrow gifted his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, with a mink coat their 13-year-old Michael said, "Daddy, it would have been cheaper to make it out of $20 bills."

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, who broke up housekeeping a year ago, have been going to parties together but it doesn't mean a thing makeup-wise . . . Greer Garson decorated a new apartment in Dallas to surprise her Buddy . . .

One of the reasons Red Skelton collapsed was because he wanted to lose weight in a hurry and ate nothing—absolutely nothing—for two-and-a-half days. He lost 12 pounds doing it but we almost lost our Red! . . .

When Robert and Vera Newton moved into the Bogarts' old house they found a pair of old shoes that Bogie had left behind. So Bob planted them with ivy and set them proudly out on the front porch.

FUNNIES:

Bob Hope said to Jean Peters on his airshow: "They tell me a woman is a rag, a bone and a bank of hair—so what's all the rest of that stuff you've got there?" . . .

Joan Davis went into a reducing salon to try on a girdle designed to make you look thin and, having tried it on, exulted: "Wonderful—wonderful—but why is my face blue?"

. . . Bob Mitchum complained that most of the paintings at an art exhibit on the Sunset Strip weren't well lit. "So what?" so-whatted the attendant. "Most of the customers are!" . . . Somebody phoned in a suggestion that 20th-Fox change the title of The Robe to The Dirrobe and let Marilyn Monroe star in it . . .

. . . I'm told Errol Flynn is the only man in the world who carries a marriage license in his back pocket made out "To Whom It May Concern."

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Farley Granger and Sam Goldwyn made up again, after Farly's long suspension. And Farly is making trips to the bank again . . . Anne Baxter's man gets $50 a week as her secretary and her dad gets 20 percent of Anne's pay as business manager . . .

Nancy Sinatra refused $150,000 from Mario Lanza for the mansion she and Frankie once lived in, against her attorney's advice. She's holding out for $210,000, plus another $25,000 for the carpets and drapes . . .

Milti Gaynor and her ma took a two-year lease on a $500-a-month penthouse at the Chateau Marmont.

LONG HUNCH DEPT.:

I've got it from inside the inside rail that the much-vaulted wedding of Beetsyn Wynne, Keenan's ex-wife, and Dan Dailey will never take place . . . First word we had in Hollywood of a rift in the marriage of Greg and Greta Peck was when Greta sent word to Rosheen Marcus that Rosheen would have to vacate the Pecks' Pacific Palisades home. They had rented it to Rosheen, who is William Saroyan's mother—in-law, for 18 months before they took off for Europe. But they hadn't been gone nine months when Greta decided to come home. Greg stayed on in Paris, alone, and Mel Ferrer went over to try to patch up the rift . . . There were also reports busting out all over that Gene and Betsy Kelly weren't getting along in Paris.

Hedy Lamarr and Virginia Field will never like each other as much after their last encounter (witnessed by your ever-lovin' correspondent) on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Hedy, just back from New York, bumped into Virginia and screamed, "Dollink, why is your hair so gray?" Virginia fussed back: "I had it touched up that way for a part in a picture—why's yours that way?" And Hedy, stuck for an answer, turned on her heel and walked away! . . . Clark Gable bagged two white zebras in Africa. He'll cover the seats of his new Jaguar car with the skins . . . Another hot lead: Paulette Goddard and Richard Ney. They haven't spoken since they made a picture together in Spain and nobody's quite sure why!
“My hobby is dangerous!”

“When I’m not making a film,” Arlene Dahl explains, “I’ve plenty to keep me busy. And best of all I love to spend hours working in the garden. That may seem like a healthy, innocent pastime, but for me... it’s dangerous!

“An actress can’t afford to let her hands get rough and dry! So — the moment I go indoors — I smooth my hands and sun-parched face with soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion!

“My other hobby is writing, and when I’ve papers to handle I’m grateful that Jergens leaves no greasy film. Jergens works fast. See why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens...

“Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won’t bead on the Jergens hand as it will over oily lotions or creams.

“Back at the studio, my hands are soft and smooth — always ready for screen close-ups.” That’s why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your hands lovely. More women use Jergens than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Remember Jergens Lotion... because you care for your hands!
Yes, “soaping” your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights ... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo does not dry ... does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!

... This is what was inscribed on the locket Bob Fallon gave Marie Wilson on their first anniversary: “One down, 49 to go” ... Hardest star phone number to get: Kathryn Grayson's.

ODDS BODKINS:
Rock Hudson nixed his old gig, Marilyn Maxwell, for the honorary post of Mayor of Universal City ... When she's prowling a bargain in a Beverly Hills department store there's no more unmovie-starrish a star anywhere than Ruth Roman ... Rita Hayworth built a wire cage with sliding roof against one side of her house for her kids to play in in safety ... Glenn Ford's temperament has been showing all over the place lately. He should have a talk with his pal Bill Holden on how to behave like a star ... Judy Powell, Tab Hunter's latest girl friend, isn't jealous a bit. She gave him a framed photo of Linda Darnell! ... Margaret O'Brien, who never took a lesson in her life, is going to a vocal coach to lower her voice ... Loretta Young is living in a dressing room at U-I while It Happens Every Thursday is before the cameras.

Eleanor Parker stopped in at the Four Star Theatre on Wilshire Boulevard to see Bette Davis in The Star and encountered some confusion engendered by the non-appearance of an usherette. So Eleanor took over and seated the startled customers for a jot less than two hours. Which is some seating, you will admit! ... Jimmy Stewart will open the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus here next spring in the same costume he wore as “Buttons” in The Greatest Show On Earth ... Olivia de Havilland is back living in the same apartment in Mitch Leisen's Shoreham that she vacated when she married Marcus Goodrich ... This is Sterling Hayden's third year on a psychiatrist's couch ... The kids in Beverly Hills still order their favorite drink at the drug store counters there—a Shirley Temple Cocktail. It consists of "gingerale on the rocks" with a dash of maraschino cherry juice.

SEX APPEAL:
Jeanne Crain got a poodle cut and I'm not sure I like her that way ... Betty Grable got a butch haircut ... Has anyone ever seen a pair of female legs that didn't look good in black net stockings? ... Mrs. James Mason called to tell me: "Some evil woman came up to me at a party to tell me that Marilyn Monroe and Marie Wilson wear pushups in their bras!" ... Abdullah, the Warner massuer, says the freckles on Doris Day's shoulders are prettier than the ones on her nose ... Mrs. Gary Cooper bought her friend Dolores Del Rio some net nylon nighties before taking off for Mexico to visit Dolores ... Zsa Zsa Gabor tells us she wears long-playing lipstick. Which
is something like a long-playing phonograph needle! . . . Diana Lynn swears she'll never wear pink when she does a television show again. On her last show her gown looked like it was cut clear down to the Dagmar Department!

Una Merkel says: "These days an actress either has to have a bust or BE one!" . . . GI's in Korea are writing Jan Sterling for duplicates of her turtle-neck sweater . . . Terry Moore claims she developed her—uh—er—anyway, she did it all through exercise . . . Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer were so anxious to get away from it all and be alone after the Moulin Rouge preem, they walked out of the Mocambo before the star, Edith Piaf, sang her first song . . . Shelley Winters looked nice, for a change, at the same affair: a smooth makeup job, real gone mink coat, combed hairdo. But when that gal puts her mind to it she's the sloppiest in town . . . Dottie Lamour saluted Adolph Zukor this way at his 80th birthday party: "I've visited you in your office at least 112 times in the past 16 years, Papa Zukor, and you never once came around the desk and tried to—tried to—tell me, Papa Zukor, if I'm so unattractive, why did you ever put me in pictures in the first place?" . . . That Lana Turner still steals ALL the attention wherever she goes. I watched her sweep into LaRue one Sunday night on Lex Barker's arm, whereupon every neck at the bar craned to follow her every footstep into the main dining room. And every diner dropped his dinnerware and gawked and gawked and gawked! Cool, man!

QUICK QUOTES:
Virginia Mayo and Jeff Chandler were runners-up for the Golden Apple Awards from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for being the most cooperative film stars of the year and Virginia said at the awards party: "Stars who don't cooperate with the press must have rocks in their heads!" . . . Tony Curtis (he and his Janet were first prize winners) looked around the room and giggled: "Four years ago I couldn't afford to walk into this restaurant!" . . . Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter, says she hides her eyes behind dark glasses in the daytime "cause I use them so much at night!"

When he finished his co-starring stint with Deborah Kerr in Dream Wife Cary Grant said, "There are only two women I ever enjoyed working with—Ina Claire (remember her?) and Deborah Kerr" . . . Shirley Booth had this to tell me about how Terry Moore behaved during the shooting of Little Sheba: That sweet child worried more about how her torso was being photographed than anything else! . . . Arlene Francis' advice to Vanessa Brown about endorsing commercial products: "Honey, I would even pose with plumbing!" . . . Someone cracked that Marilyn Monroe wears falsies. Replied Marilyn to her canard: "People who know me better now better!" . . . It's gospel that Tab Hunter spends two hours a day answering his fan mail. He says: "When I was a kid I wrote to Liz Taylor and got back a form letter. I'm not going to do that to other kids!" . . . June Allyson showed off her new short haircut and giggled, "I'm not Hollywood's 'girl next door' any more—I'm the next door!"

it's got to be BEST to be the
World's Best Seller!

- Spillpruf Cutex wears best . . . because it's the only nail polish made with chip-resistant Enamelon.
- Protects nice things—thanks to the miracle Spillpruf bottle!
- Matching Stay Fast Lipstick never leaves a kissprint! Stays on and on! "Moisturizing Action" in creamy-rich Stay Fast keeps lips smooth and moist . . . much softer!
- All the latest, loveliest colors! Try Spillpruf Cutex 15¢ . . . and matching Stay Fast Lipstick 39¢ . . . today! Plus tax.

Spillpruf Cutex
IT'S THE BEST . . . YET COSTS LESS
What kind of woman are you?

Are you modern?
Are you always on the alert for new ideas? Are you interested in new fashions, new faces, new places? Then Tampan was made to fit your busy life. Doctor-invented Tampan is the modern method of monthly sanitary protection—based on the well-known principle of internal absorption.

Are you fastidious?
Your hands need never touch the Tampan. It's inserted quickly and easily with a dainty, throwaway applicator. There's nothing to betray you're going through one of those days—no belts, no pins, no ridge-lines, no odor. And the easy disposal of Tampan is a convenience millions of women appreciate.

Then Tampan is for you
Made of pure, white surgical cotton, Tampan is so small a month's supply fits in purse. Tampan comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Get it at drug and notion counters; save on the economy size that gives you an average 4 months' supply. Tampan Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MOULIN ROUGE

Toulouse-Lautrec was a deformed, lonely man, but when he painted his posters for the Moulin Rouge—a Paris café of the 1890's—he caught all the color, movement and excitement he thirsted after. In the hands of director John Huston, this picture captures those qualities, too. Here is Paris, city of gorgeous women and wild emotions, city of the Can-Can dancer whose loud, gay shouts echo in the streets of Montmartre. And here is Toulouse-Lautrec, a pitiful freak, sitting at a table in the Moulin, soaking himself in liquor, sketching those dancers, José Ferrer portrays Lautrec, and, thanks to a bizarre but effective make-up trick, literally gets down on his knees to do it. (Lautrec was injured as a young boy and his legs stopped growing.) Rather than become a pampered invalid on his parents' estate, Lautrec rented a studio in Paris where he played out his life in passion and pain. There was a street-walker (Colette Marchand) who gave him a glimpse of love followed by a whole vista of despair. There was the dazzling café singer (Zsa-Zsa Gabor) whose friendship eased his dreadful loneliness. There was the model (Suzanne Flon) who could not bring herself to marry him. Lautrec's fame grew to the point where he became the only living artist to have a collection in the Louvre. But this had never been his goal. He had wanted love, and died for the lack of it. Moulin Rouge is a memorable visual experience. It drenches you with the brilliance of Paris.—United-Artists
Famous doctor's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps you keep it that way!

You should see our mail! Thousands of letters from all over the country! You should read how thrilled women are with Noxzema's new, home beauty routine... how their so-called normal complexions... like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then tonight, try this:

1. **Cleanse thoroughly** by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How clean and fresh skin looks after you 'cream-wash' with Noxzema. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. **Night cream.** Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast!)

3. **Make-up base.** In the morning, 'cream-wash', apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base.

**It works or money back!**
In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Money back!

**Look lovelier offer!**

- **40¢ NOXZEMA** only **29¢ plus tax**
1. use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps skin look
2. then save money by getting big 10 oz. jar only 39¢ plus tax! At drug or cosmetics counters!

---

**How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!**

**Blemishes:** "I use Noxzema as my night cream," says Mimi Barker of Bronxville, New York. "It helps keep my skin free of blemishes!—looking fresh and smooth."

**Dry Skin:** "Noxzema does wonders for my dry skin," says Phoebe Murray of Lawrence, Mass. "'Cream-washing' soothes, refreshes—helps skin look much softer, smoother!"
Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!

Now... follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!

1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads...relieves dryness. Remove gently.

2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need an astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.

3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.

4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're really pretty always.

So easy. Just think...with one face cream alone you can give your skin all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because all by itself Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream cleans, softens, tones and satinizes your skin. And all in one minute! Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

THE STAR

The star (Bette Davis) is through in Hollywood, but you tell her. She thinks she can come back like Swanson—even if she is down to her last three bucks and her agent (Warner Anderson) won't advance another dime. At 40, the lines are beginning to show and kids like Barbara Lawrence are pushing her out of the picture. Nevermind. Bette has a 12-year-old daughter (Natalie Wood) who thinks she's tops, although Natalie lives with the star's ex-husband and can't do much cheering. One night Bette breaks down, drinks herself into jail. Sterling Hayden, who's always had a soft spot for her (Bette made him a lead in a big production, then he switched to the boating business) pays the fine. Maybe you're finished with being glamorous, he tells her, but you haven't even begun to be a woman. She takes this kindly, runs out to the May Company where they put her in lingerie (that is, she sells lingerie) for about ten minutes, or until a couple of catty dowagers recognize her. Finally, Bette's agent talks a nice producer into testing her for a minor role. Bette wants the major role, figures if she plays the test like a teen-ager they'll give it to her. Well, they don't, but that isn't important. The important thing is—will Bette realize that life can be beautiful, even if there'll never be another Oscar? I guess you'd call this a woman's picture. Women cry when they see it.


TAXI

This is a comedy, a very good one. Scratch the surface and you learn something about real people reminiscent of Damon Runyon's characters. Don Dailey's a New York taxi driver. He lives with his mother (Blanche Yurka) and what with trying to evade the pathetic spinster she's dying to have him marry, and paying off the Finance Company for his cab he's become a rather pessimistic, touchy guy. Dailey plays him beautifully. One day, the fare he...
TODAY'S NEW YORKER

The original Jazz Singer made motion picture history. It was the first talkie and a personal triumph for Al Jolson whose classic comment at that time was, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Warner Brothers has dusted off the plot, spiced it up with Technicolor and trot it out now as a very handsome offering. This is the conflict of two worlds, of father and son who clash over the son's right to order his own life. Danny Thomas is given a lot of room to display his varied wares and he emerges as a genuinely warm personality. Eduard Franz (as Danny's father) plays a benevolent but stern elder who lives in the shadows of tradition. He is a cantor—as were six generations of Goldblatt before him—and he expects Danny to follow suit. Danny can't think of anything but show business. We move back and forth from the interior of Sinai Temple and its pure, Hebraic songs of prayer to the jazzy stages of New York (where Peggy Lee does her own kind of stylized chanting) as the conflict grows and resolves itself. Alex Gerry and Allyn Joslyn provide comic relief. Mildred Dunnock (Danny's mother) is a sweet, understanding soul. However, her talent is much superior to the part. The story deals with old-fashioned sentiments, but it is full of heart and the bright performances of Danny and Peggy keep it moving right along.

Cast: Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee, Mildred Dunnock, Eduard Franz, Tom Tully, Alex Gerry, Allyn Joslyn—Warners.

THE JAZZ SINGER

The name of Sol Hurok is famous to concert audiences all over America, because in many cases, Hurok brought the concert to them. Tonight We Sing is the fictionalized biography of this impresario who had an intense desire to share his love for music with all the people who could never afford reserved seats. Hurok, picks up at a Brooklyn pier is a young Irish girl (Constance Smith) aglow with faith. A footloose American married and left her in Dublin and she has 24 hours to find him (Immigration Dept. rules). Constance doesn't think her husband's unfaithful; she thinks he's wonderful. Probably just too busy writing his novel to claim her and the baby. In the time it takes to locate that man (Mark Roberts) a change comes over Dailey. He loses a whole day's pay and doesn't care; he's gained something much more valuable. 20th Century-Fox makes New York the backdrop for this fast moving script. And the freshness of Constance Smith, the broad humor of Blanche Yurka—are a constant delight.

Cast: Dan Dailey, Constance Smith, Blanche Yurka, Neva Patterson—20th Century-Fox.

A LASTING WAVE GUARANTEED
by Lever Brothers Co.
—or money back!

A soft, natural-looking wave the new easy way!

SIMPLE... because you need only one application
Just roll curls on any plastic curlers or Shadow Wave's new French style. Apply lotion, let dry and brush into a soft, lasting wave... that's all!

SAFE... because of unique patented lotion
Kinder to your hair. needs no repeated soakings. The only home permanent that neutralizes itself so completely.

SURE... because there's no guess-work
Waving stops automatically, there's no timing problem. That's why it's guaranteed to take.
One Alone?... Or One Of the Group?

When Mrs. F. first moved to the community, she was welcomed by a small neighborhood group. Unfortunately, Mrs. F. left them with a very bad impression of herself. And she might still be a stranger in her neighborhood if she hadn’t discovered why* they disliked her. Now she is a leader in the very group that snubbed her.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than chlorophyll

Don’t let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light. And don’t trust lesser methods to combat it.

Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath . . . usually for hours on end. Your entire mouth feels—and is—delightfully fresh and clean.

Kills odor-producing germs

You see, by far the most common cause of halitosis is germs. That’s right, germs start the odor-producing fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause this fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn’t give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don’t kill germs. Listerine does.

4 times better than tooth paste

That’s why Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours! And that’s why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against halitosis . . . no matter what else you do . . . use an antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Every week 2 different shows, Radio and Television —
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"— See your paper for times and stations

ROGUE’S MARCH

When a British officer and gentleman is nabbed with the goods (secret military documents) it doesn’t matter who his paater in. Doesn’t even matter if he’s innocent, unless he can prove it, which Peter Lawford (the British O and G) can’t. So the Royal, Midland Lust-leader, drum him out of the service (that’s the Rogue’s March) and he’s handed over to the bobbies. But Peter gives them the slip to hunt down the bloke who framed him. Too bad that bloke (John Abbott) has been dumped into the Channel, or some body of water, by his gangster pals. Undaunted, Peter assumes an alias, joins another part of the British army. He’s sent to India where his father (Leo G. Carroll) commands a battalion that’s going to be awfully lost unless some heroic action takes place at the Khyber Pass. MGM went straight to the Pass to show Peter performing the action and turning up the one man who could prove his innocence. Well, Peter apologizes for ever

played by David Wayne, was born in the Ukraine, matured in a hardware store in St. Petersburg where he met his wife Emma (Anne Bancroft). He came to New York alone at the turn of the century, got a job as a streetcar conductor and dreamed like a prince. How he made those dreams come true, how the greatest artists in the world came under his management, is a heartwarming tale. In the telling, 20th Century-Fox employs some rare talents. Ballet by Tamara Toumanova, operatic arias by Roberto Peters and the voice of Jan Peerce (the body belongs to handsome Byron Palmer), violin music by Isaac Stern add quality and depth to an essentially simple story. For once, Esti Pinza has a movie role equal to his dignity. As Fedor Chaliapin, temperamental master of grand opera, he is magnetic and charming. This Technicolor production is a fine tribute to Hurok and a special treat for classical music lovers. Cast: David Wayne, Esti Pinza, Roberto Peters, Tamara Toumanova, Anne Bancroft, Isaac Stern, Byron Palmer, Oscar Karlweis, Mikhail Rasumny.—20th Century-Fox.
having doubted his son, and with Peter back Janice Rule doesn't have to marry Captain Richard Greene, although there are worse fates. It's a very pip-pip and carry-on sort of thing, if you like that sort of thing.

Cast: Peter Lawford, Richard Greene, Janice Rule, Leo G. Carroll, John Abbott.—MGM.

CITY BENEATH THE SEA
A couple of deep sea divers (Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn) swagger into Jamaica one bright morning for the job of their lives. They're hired to recover a million dollars worth of gold bullion that sunk with a ship in the Caribbean. You can bet the deal is shady. Whenever their diving suits are drying, though, the boys hunt other kinds of treasure. Tony tears a café apart by way of getting an introduction to the singer (Suzan Ball), and Bob, who's sent by the outdoor type, gets sent forever by Mala Powers. When not being romantic, Mala is operating a small banana boat. That boat takes Ryan out to the sunken city of Port Royal where the camera moves in for some spooky underwater shots. As soon as the local natives hear that divers are poking around in their sacred city they stage a voodoo ceremony, predict disaster. It comes, too. While Bob Ryan is underwater there's an underwater earthquake. If you like action, here's plenty, and Tony Quinn's okay, too, as an unpolished Romeo.

Cast: Robert Ryan, Mala Powers, Anthony Quinn, Suzan Ball.—U.I.

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
I dreamed I won the Academy Award in my maidenform bra

I’m the brightest star in cinema circles...the leading figure among filmland’s dream girls.
With Maidenform’s Etude bra in the supporting role, mine is the best-rounded performance of the year.

Shown: Maidenform’s Etude* in white broadcloth or nylon taffeta, from 2.00. For the small bosomed figure Etude Minor!, the same dream styling with built in padding...from 3.00.

---

THE NAKED SPUR

When the Indians in this Technicolor Western get shot, their horses roll right over them. And the white men—they’re so ornery you’re ashamed to belong to the human race. It’s a brutal affair, centering around a bitter fellow (James Stewart) who came back from the Civil War to find his sweetheart married and the farm he needed to look over. Now he wants money to buy back the land. It happens that a killer (Robert Ryan) has $5,000 on his head, which will just about cover Stewart’s losses, so he sets out to find him. Ryan’s hiding in the Rockies with Janet Leigh who treats him more or less like a father. Stewart and a couple of fellows he’s run into (Millard Mitchell, Ralph Meeker) overpower Ryan and the trip back to Kansas City, where the reward waits, begins. On that trip all the greed, cynicism and hatred of hopeless men come out. Ryan, fighting for his life, deliberately sets the trio against each other. “Five thousand dollars splits better two ways,” he says, grinning. He knows who he’s talking to. Meeker’s the type who’d shoot his own grandmother, and Mitchell’s one of those worn out gold prospectors who might have been different if he hadn’t spent himself in the wide open spaces. Anyway, Janet Leigh plays a sort of roughneck ingenue and winds up with Jimmy Stewart, which is something—but not much, considering that every other male is freshly dead.

Cast: James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, Ralph Meeker, Millard Mitchell.—MGM.
Too Fat?
here's an easy way to reduce
—says Barbara Hale

Lofty Barbara Hale enjoying a fishing trip on Lake Moad. Says Barbara, "Ayds has really helped me to keep my figure trim."

Barbara relaxes in the pool of her Hollywood home. "Many of my friends have got the same wonderful results with Ayds," says Barbara.

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 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—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. Ayds is guaranteed pure. 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.

SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

FROM THE MOVIES

APRIL IN PARIS—album of selections by Doris Day (Columbia)
Dado does a delightful job with some of the songs from this gay musical. Outstanding sides, we thought, were That’s What Makes Paris Paree, with Paul Weston’s orchestra and the Norman Luboff choir helping out; and I Know A Place.

THE ASTAIRE STORY—Four LPs by Fred Astaire (Mercury)
This Norman Granz production is a unique venture. If you happen to have a rich relative, it’s available in a de luxe edition with wonderful candid photographs and sketches of Fred making the album. For ordinary mortals, the music is available separately and you can buy one or more of those four LP discs; together they bring you 34 of the great songs with which he’s been identified, as well as three dance numbers on which he tops very informally. Most of Astaire’s movies (Top Hat, Roberta, Swing Time, Blue Skies and others) are represented by songs in this collection. After looking over the list you realize he’s been mixed up with more hit songs than anybody, even Bing Crosby. Lady Be Good, Night & Day, Dancing in the Dark, The Carioca, The Way You Look Tonight are all here. What makes the whole thing doubly successful is that he’s accompanied, not by an elaborate and pretentious studio orchestra, but by six stars from Granz’ concert outfit: Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Flip Phillips, tenor sax; Oscar Peterson, the wonderful Canadian pianist; Barney Kessel, guitar; Alvin Stoller, drums; and Roy Brown, bass. This intimate, soft setting is perfect for Fred’s voice, which has more charm than actual quality or quantity. At the end of the last side, Fred turns them all loose for a top-notch jam session.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS and LIL—album from sound tracks* (*Capitol)
Here’s an unusual package, combining music from two recent MGM Technicolor productions. Everything I Have Is Yours, the lovely title song, is well sung by Monica Lewis, who also does the 17,000 Telephone Poles novelty, Marge and Gower Champion are represented with Like Monday Follows Saturday and Derry Down Ditty. Johnny Green conducts the studio orchestra in the attractive Serenade For A New Baby. Except for Hi-Lili Hi-Lo (done by Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer), the selections from Lili are instrumental, featuring the unusual music Bronislau Kaper wrote for the ballet sequences.

POPULAR
TONY BENNETT—Congratulations To Someone (Columbia)
NAT COLE—How* (Capitol)
BING CROSBY—Open Up Your Heart* (Decca)
SUNNY GALE—A Stolen Waltz* (Victor)
"Let's make it a boy," Lucy said, when they wrote a baby into the script. And, to the delight of 35 million viewers, and two relieved parents, a boy it was!

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Returning from the doctor's office one memorable April afternoon, Lucille Ball ran into Desi Arnaz on the sound stage at General Service Studios where they shoot the I Love Lucy series. She took him aside and said, "Honey, you're going to be a father again. What'll we do?"

"What'll we do?" Desi repeated. "What'll we do about what?" He took the redhead in his arms and smothered her makeup with a wild assortment of kisses.

"What'll we do about the show?" Lucille persisted. "You can't hide a pregnancy very much after the fifth or sixth month."

"Who wants to hide anything?" Desi shouted. "I think we should tell everyone. This time I'm sure it's going to be a boy."

Excitable Latin that Desi is, it took Lucille a good hour to calm her husband. At home that night there was a sensible discussion. Lucille finally decided that, "I would work on the show as long as I possibly could. I've got a restless nature and just sitting around home waiting for this baby to come would have driven me nuts. Besides everyone knew I was pregnant—with Desi it's impossible to keep a thing like that quiet—so we decided since the show is based on a lot of our home-life incidents, to do a series of films dealing with the preparatory problems of parenthood."

As most TV fans realize, the I Love Lucy program is filmed six weeks before it's actually shown on a television set. It takes that long for the film to be developed, edited, and the commercials inserted. Six weeks before Lucille gave birth to her second baby, it wasn't possible to determine the sex of the child.

The film scheduled to be shown on January 19th, however, boldly declared that Lucy and Desi would have a son. By actually giving birth to a baby boy on the morning of the 19th, Lucille won the gamble on the child's sex. Lucille was told rather early by her physician that the second child would be delivered via (Continued on page 84)
Romance of the Sea

sterling in the mood of adventure

Here is modern mastery of silver in a pattern as stirring as the sea which inspired it—Romance of the Sea! This pattern depicts in glowing sterling the dramatic symbols of the sea—the beautiful sea gardens, the lovely pearl, the graceful wave, delicate spray and majestic shell. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the beauty of design fully-formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view. This exclusive artistry in silver-crafting is found only in Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” patterns.

Six piece place setting, Romance of the Sea, $47.75. Settings of other patterns from $35.75 to $43.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for romantic design stories of Wallace patterns in the 32-page book “Treasures in Sterling.” Contains many table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Dept. 933, Wallingford, Conn.
Virginia says: "I make good money as a model, so I have to be sure my complexion is flawless. That's why I always use pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. Twice a day I give myself SweetHeart Facials, because regular SweetHeart Care leaves my skin beautifully soft and smooth!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it for your complexion! Just one week after you change to thorough care, with gentle SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!

Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial

Virginia Kavanagh shows you how:

1. Night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
2. Use an upward, outward motion, with special attention to the skin around nose and under lips.
3. Rinse with warm, then cool water. In 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

---

**Q.** I understand Janet Leigh has been ill with a very mysterious malady and has already dropped 40 pounds. Is something seriously wrong with her?  
—C. D., DENVER, COLO.

**A.** She suffered from colitis; lost 14 pounds.

**Q.** Hasn't Claudette Colbert broken up with her husband? Isn't that why she's in France?  
—B. E., CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

**A.** No. Miss Colbert is in Europe to take advantage of the favorable tax setup.

**Q.** Did Jimmy Stewart start out in show business as a juggler?  
—F. E., WINCHESTER, VA.

**A.** No, as an accordion player.

**Q.** Was the operation Clark Gable had to pull back his ears very expensive?  
—A. W., GREEN, S. C.

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** Is Artie Shaw related to the great musical composer, Jerome Kern?  
—N. Y., GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

**A.** He was once his son-in-law.

**Q.** Don't Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie really hate each other? Why do they?  
—C. H., SANFORD, FLA.

**A.** They don't.

**Q.** As a divorce settlement did Ava Gardner get $80,000 or $60,000 from Mickey Rooney?  
—Q. D., KANE, PA.

**A.** Ava received $25,000.

**Q.** Just for the record hasn't Jane Wyman been married to a dress manufacturer, an actor, and a musician? Please name these men.  
—L. G., YREKA, CAL.

**A.** Myron Futterman, Ronald Reagan, Fred Karger.

**Q.** I understand that Doris Day and Esther Williams keep their husbands on very strict allowances? How much do they give each of their husbands?  
—G. T., LAUREL, MISS.

**A.** Nothing; both Marty Melcher and Ben Gage are completely self-supporting, and always have been.

**Q.** I've been told by good authority that Betty Grable does not do her own singing in pictures. True or false?  
—S. H., SAN MATEO, CAL.

**A.** True.

**Q.** What does Doris Day use to hide her freckles?  
—Y. M., MAYFIELD, KY.

**A.** Nothing.
9. When a movie star gets a bleach job on her hair don't the hair stylists first use several applications of hot oil?  
—Y. T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Yes.

9. Now that Turhan Bey is back in Hollywood, haven't he and Lana Turner secretly taken up where they left off years ago?  
—J. R., EMERYVILLE, CAL.

A. No.

9. In Somebody Loves Me did Ralph Meeker do his own singing?  
—B. Y., QUINCY, ILL.

A. No.

9. How many times did Milton Berle marry Joyce Matthews? How many children did they have?  
—V. D., SAN JUAN, P. R.

A. They were married twice; adopted one girl.

9. Why don't movie magazines carry pictures of actors on the covers?  
—H. G., WONDERLAND, N. J.

A. Some do; generally, however, they don't sell too well.

9. Does John Wayne have another wife picked out for himself? How old is he anyway?  
—A. K., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. Wayne is 45; has no third wife picked out.

9. Truthfully, was Bing Crosby's marriage to Dixie a happy one? I've heard so many conflicting stories. What is the truth?  
—D. A., KNOXVILLE, TENN.

A. For the most part, the marriage was successful.

9. If you want an autographed photo of a movie star do you have to send money to the star?  
—A. H., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A. No.

9. I've written several actresses asking them to sell me their old clothes. Why won't they?  
—N. H., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. Too complicated tax-wise; too troublesome in filling requests and delivering.

9. How old is James Cagney, also Tallulah Bankhead, Humphrey Bogart, and Walter Pidgeon?  
—J. W., CINCINNATI, OHIO

A. Cagney 46; Bankhead 50; Bogart 53; Pidgeon 55.

9. Why is Bob Hope so terrible on television and so good in movies? Doesn't he use the same writers for both media?  
—S. W., EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

A. Hope has yet to accustom himself to TV. Paramount employs separate screenplay writers. Hope employs TV writers.

9. Is it true that Dean Martin hero-worships Bing Crosby?  
—F. F., ERIE, PA.

A. Yes.

---

Your Lips...now more exciting...more inviting!

Cashmere Bouquet
French Type Lipstick

This exciting new French-Type Lipstick has everything you want! It smooths on quickly...and easily, and the contours stay clean and even! No blurring...no dried-out "eaten-off" look! Your lips will stay creamy-soft and moist, lusciously bright! And...you have six wonderful shades to choose from—exciting shades—like Cherry Rose, Pink Plum, Autumn Wine—and others—all color-keyed to your costumes and you! At this low price you can buy them all...and—you should!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Hand Lotion
Face Powder
All-Purpose
Cream
Talcum Powder

• 6 Exciting Shades!
• Contains Lip-Caressing Lanolin!

Just 39¢
That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Even an apple blossom might envy the smooth, flawless beauty of Merry Tompkins' complexion! Is she just lucky? "Yes!" declares this popular model. "Lucky to have a beauty soap like baby-gentle Ivory! That wonderful Ivory mildness will do lovely things for any girl's complexion!"

Dazzling models have it...
So can you!

Darling babies have it...
So can you!

If a soap is safe enough for baby Eileen's delicate skin, isn't it best for your skin, too? Of course! And, of course, Eileen's soap is pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together!

You can have That Ivory look in just one week!

Learn by your own experience why so many lovely girls love Ivory Soap! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then, in only seven days, your complexion will look softer, smoother, younger! Like thousands of beauties, you'll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
High on a remote Hollywood hill-top sit two people, holding hands and gazing at the most beautiful sight in the world ... their own their new-born son.

BY STEVE CRONIN

FIRST-BORN!

One secret shared only by Elizabeth Taylor, her beloved husband Mike, and her doctor was that she yearned to experience a completely normal birth for her baby. Not that she had criticism for her friends, and hundreds of other women who daily give birth by appointment, so to speak, through means of the operation known as Caesarean section. Elizabeth only hoped for the deep emotional fulfillment that only could come with normal childbirth. It was unhappy news that her physician thought it best not to attempt it.

Aside from that, the last few days of her pregnancy were spent in the delightful anticipation of the time when she would attempt to regain her slim figure. Like many another first-time mother, she was so impatient that on the last week before the blessed event she had Mike drive her to Beverly Hills where she spent hours at Amelia Grey's shop, inspecting dresses for a new spring wardrobe.

Meanwhile, the close friends of the Wildings stood by, watching them dithering with anticipation as (Continued on page 85)
When John Wayne was a small boy—somewhere around ten—he was in love with a woman of about nine. She wasn't, by some standards, much to look at. She was pretty short. Her hair was never combed. A front tooth was missing. She had freckles. But John loved her. He loved her so much that he never had the nerve to tell her. As a matter of fact, he never even spoke to her. He'd just stand half a block away when school let out and fill his eyes with her, and feel his heart swell and his breath come short in his throat.

One day she went away. She just disappeared. Her desk at school was empty, and all the furniture was moved from her house. And John never saw her again. Well, that was a desolate day. And that night at the supper table, John didn't eat a bite. He just sat silently shoving food about on his plate, afraid to speak for fear he'd cry.

After supper young John went for a long walk, down to the house of an old friend who spent his evenings sitting on his porch observing the world and, when it was asked for, dispensing wisdom to those who wished to unburden themselves to him. (Continued on page 107)
Love can be a joy forever. Or a dirty shame. Love is hardly never ever the same. So Beware! says this distinguished Hollywood reporter who writes about that strange thing that makes the world go round.

by LOUELLA PARSONS
DETOUR. THIS ROAD IS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.
DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD—SOMEONE ELSE'S!
WOLVES AT WORK!
SLOW. DANGER. SLIDE AREA AROUND MATRIMONY.
The result of ignoring the signs too often are complete wreckage, broken hearts and crashes that might have been avoided with just average attention to the Stop, Look and Listen posts.
Sitting on the side of the roadway, sometimes as Love's traffic cop, sometimes as its ambulance chaser and (unfortunately) but frequently its undertaker, I would cite one of the biggest pitfalls as LOVE ON THE REBOUND.
As of this moment, Hollywood is breathlessly watching the spectacle of not one or two lovers on the rebound, but four. I mean Lana Turner and Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas.
Less than six months ago Lana was in Reno divorcing Bob Topping so she could marry Lamas. And Arlene Dahl had just reconciled with her husband, Lex Barker.
Now it's love, love, love in a violently swift switch of drivers (I mean, partners) with Lana teamed with Lex, and Arlene with Lamas.
When I see a girl of whom I am as sincerely fond as I am of Lana Turner speeding toward the all-time title holder of Queen of Love On The Rebound I feel like saying, "Lana, Lana, how many times do you have to crash-up on the rebound to know that this is not the road to real love?"
I know that (Continued on page 66)
Doris and Marty's two-year-old marriage .

is a whopping big success . . . but

how come? The experts say they're doing everything all wrong!

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

They broke all the rules

Song and story, from time immemorial, have persisted that "All the world loves a lover." The sight of a boy and girl strolling together hand in hand draws a smile of approval from almost everyone who sees them. People flip into uncontrollable joy when an engagement is announced and, even if the couple are strangers, most folks shake them by the hand and offer the heartiest of congratulations. At weddings the guests laugh and cry without shame. Love is the greatest thing in the world. Until the couple gets married.

A fellow is a "lucky boy" until he gets the girl—then he is "hooked." The little woman is referred to as "the ball and chain." The poor dope is pictured in cartoons as a mouse, terrified of the lovely creature he married and a legitimate object of pity. His wife's sweet little mother, the doll who used to make him fudge and cook special things for him when he was invited to dinner, after the ceremony becomes a "mother-in-law," a slander that requires no further elaboration.

It would seem pretty safe, then, to say that marriage is not nearly as popular an institution as love—and that a couple who have stuck it out for a couple of years deserve some sort of recognition, if not a medal.

Now that the second wedding anniversary of Doris Day and Marty Melcher is coming around the bend, it might be a good time to take stock of this pair and see if marriage has harmed them in any way . . . or if it has improved them . . . (Continued on page 77)
The first time Jerry and Patti Lewis knocked on the door of the new penthouse rented by Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, they got no answer. Quickly Jerry turned the door knob, and the Lewises rushed in.

As inhibited as a two-weeks-old puppy, Jerry went into his act. He put his fists to his eyes and simulated a pair of binoculars. He sighted across the 40-foot living room. No Janet or Tony. He raced onto the sundeck and swept Wilshire Boulevard with his mock field glasses. No Janet or Tony.

"Maybe they're out playing golf?" Patti suggested.

"Impossible," said detective Lewis. "I checked the garage on the way up. Both of their cars are inside."

Then suddenly and weirdly, from the far reaches of (Continued on page 82)
When the Curtises moved in, they dubbed one half of this room "Janet's Den." Behind the storage-wall partition is "Tony's Hobby Shop." The Den has a spinet piano and a tape recorder.

Tony's Hobby Shop, on the other side of the partition, is put to use almost every night, when Tony relaxes with his oil painting, his ship models, his clay masks, or any other creative hobbies. MS Awards hang here, too.

Instead of having one long custom-built sofa for the living room, Janet chose sectional pieces, which she arranges in conversational groups for parties. Both paintings are signed: T. Curtis.

Romantic hanging drapes separate the tiny dining room (the only small-scale thing in the whole apartment) from the living room. When Janet's in a particularly sentimental mood, she serves dinner by candlelight.

"They say we're unhappy," laugh the Curtises. "If this is misery, let's suffer!"

Tony and Janet have been walking on air since the day they married...

...but now, in their new penthouse home, they can eat, sleep, and brush their teeth in the clouds!

BY MARVA PETERSON
a Bachelor finds himself

Dan’s first love has always been horses, but when his career started to zoom, his marriage faltered, he found less and less time for them. Now, he’s gone back to them.

His large collection of records, and song-writing, are two big hobbies.

Don gets acquainted with some of the hounds in the pack of the West Hills Hunt Club, which he helped organize.

Don is very proud of his Mr. Jazz, a seven-year-thoroughbred gelding who’s a magnificent jump.
Deep in a big chair, a tall tousled-looking man sprawled comfortably. He reached for a book lying on the coffee table and read for a few minutes, then he put the book down and gazed out the window at the Pacific Ocean. It seemed to lie there heavily and quietly in the clear air of the crisp November day, and turned red, then purple and then gray as the sun took its downward path. The man looked at it for a long time, and there was something in the peaceful orderliness of the scene that sent a warmth through his whole being. Then suddenly he slapped his leg and smiled a wide smile, and although there was no one else in the room he spoke out loud. "Daniel, this is the easiest you've ever lived!"

Dan Dailey still remembers this brief moment in his life even though it happened months ago, because it was at that point he realized consciously for the first time the achievement he had made. He had reached that elusive goal of human beings—peace of mind.

He told me this over luncheon in the 20th Century-Fox commissary. It was the first time I had met Dan, and about him I had known only that within the past two years he had been divorced, and he had spent a few months at the Menninger Clinic. Rumor had it that Dan was still groping for whatever it was he wanted from life, and that despite treatment at the clinic he was still confused. Yet that day I found him to be a sensitive, intelligent and articulate man; and in the hour we talked he put across to me a great many things, things that were deeply personal to him and difficult to explain.

He told me first about that moment in which he had suddenly realized that he had what he wanted. "Maybe I'd reached that point long before," he said, "but in the last year I've made five pictures and there wasn't much time to sit down and think about myself. Before that, as far as I'm concerned, I was floundering through life and grasping at straws."

Many people go through life grasping at straws and never know it, but Dan's trouble was his awareness of the fact that he wasn't happy, that he didn't know why, and that he did not know how to become happy. And his saving grace was the fact he had the wisdom to realize he was sufficiently mixed up to need medical attention. He (Continued on page 68)
SEX WITH A FRESH-SCRUBBED LOOK, THAT'S TERRY MOORE. DRESS HER IN A PLUNGING NECKLINE

HOLLYWOOD'S
NEWEST
SEX QUEEN

A tomboy at heart, Terry has the curiosity of a kitten, the spunk of a terrier. She's had some pretty close scrapes because of this combination.
OR SLOPPY JOE, SHE CAN OUT-RAZZLE-DAZZLE EVEN MARILYN MONROE! BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"You sure put the 'she' in Sheba," a fan wrote to Terry after her smash-hit performance in Come Back, Little Sheba. Terry's love scenes with Richard Jockey rate as the year's hottest.

Divorced from Glenn Davis (after a whirlwind courtship, two months of marriage) Terry's playing the field now. Her datebook's crammed with some of movieland's most eligible men.

One day, around a dozen years ago, a joker named Victor Mature teased a pert 11-year-old miss named Helen Koford, who played his kid sister in a picture called My Gal Sal.

He handed her a nickel. "Here, Honey," said Vic. "Save this—and when you're 18, give me a ring."

When she was exactly 18, Helen played in another picture with her erstwhile tormentor, and by then she had another name for herself, Terry Moore. This time she handed Vic back his five-cent piece. "Here's your nickel," she told him. "I won't be needing it. By now gentlemen call me!"

If frisky Vic were footloose and fancy free today and dropped in the well worn coin to call Terry Moore (had need to double the ante, of course, with inflation and all) it would be probably just a waste of good money and time. The line's pretty busy. What's more, even if he connected, he'd find the competition mighty tough. Because, both privately and professionally, Terry's suddenly become just about the most popular girl in Hollywood.

Last Christmas holidays, for example, Terry buzzed around to a grand total of 22 parties—taking in five events on Christmas night alone. For two weeks her front room looked like a florist's shop with bower of red and yellow roses from which dangled cards reading, "Greg Bautzer; "Kirk Douglas; "Craig Hill; "Lawrence Harvey"—but why start a list? No girl gets around Hollywood today like Terry does.

There's nothing very surprising about this. In person, Terry Moore's as cute as Christmas itself, with a dainty Venus-type body and a face fresh as a milkmaid's, which not too long ago made her the favorite cover girl of the nation and earned her the titles of "All-American Girl" and "Miss Complexion." She wears clothes like a model, which she once was; owns the pep and energy of a cheer leader, which she also was; flies a plane like a young Jackie Cochran; rides a horse like a Comanche; dances like a feather in the breeze; and talks a blue streak—but very enchantingly indeed. At 23, she's also a gay divorcée (married two brief months to a grid great, Glenn Davis)—all in all, quite an interesting girl.

But around the studios, Terry Moore currently is even more of a sensation. And this fact is much more curious—even amazing to the critics, prophets and sages of Hollywood. Because, until a few weeks ago, her rather juvenile sounding tag raised no show business blood pressure whatever. On the contrary, "Terry Moore" to most casting chiefs signified an unexciting kid-next-door type who ratted around now and then in B-pictures. She'd stirred a mild ripple back yonder with a (Continued on page 88)
Or, as they would say it here in Merrie Olde, the group is entirely present. That means us, the Ladds, and includes Alan and Laddie, Carol Lee and Lonnie, and David and myself. We are living in a perfectly lovely house out in the country, about 30 miles from London. Columbia Studio's production office picked it out for us before our arrival here, and they couldn't have chosen a more charming place. It's big and cheerful and comfortable, and includes a fireplace in every bedroom and a flock of bathrooms. It's in Surrey, and if you've ever been in Surrey you'll know what I mean when I say the scenery surrounding us is unbelievably beautiful. Our back door is a few yards away from the eighteenth hole of the Wentworth Golf Course, but instead of making Alan happy, it is a completely frustrating circumstance for him.

Ever since we arrived he has been working day and/or night, with time left over only for sleep, with the result that every time he looks out of a window and sees that tempting expanse of green stretching away in the distance, he just sighs and shrugs his shoulders and looks at me like a whipped dog. "If only I had an hour . . ." he says.

The rest of us feel like pampered darlings, for while our breadwinner has been working we've had the time of our lives. We all love England, love it for a multitude of reasons . . . its picturesque scenery, its ancient buildings and castles, its proud history, and perhaps most of all, its delightful people.

We've felt that way ever since the moment we stepped on English soil, despite the fact we made our landing at Plymouth in the wee hours of the morning. The boat trip on the Ile de France, incidentally, continued as wonderful as it was when I last wrote. The sea was smooth as glass all the way across, a happy fact for me, as it was the first crossing I ever made without turning green with the inevitable results. The food was wonderful—so wonderful, in fact, that Alan got up early one morning to have breakfast, a meal which he usually
ignores completely. He came back to our cabin about a half hour later, looking a little sheepish.

"That was quick," I said. "I thought you were going to run the gamut of the whole menu."

"I haven't eaten yet," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He set his jaw slightly. "How do you say 'ham and eggs' in French? I've been trying for a half hour to make the waiter understand. Susie, you'll just have to go back with me."

Laddie is the only one of the children who isn't familiar with the rudiments of the French language, and he was quite confused by the (Continued on page 70)

TRIP TO ENGLAND, BY ALAN'S WIFE.

how the British took to Alan
by Brenda Helser

EDITOR'S NOTE: HOLLYWOOD STARS ARE FREQUENTLY SHOCKED WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME—ONLY TO BE GREETED BY COOLNESS VERGING ON DOWNRIGHT HOSTILITY. IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY. IT HAPPENED TO THE LADDS. HERE'S A BRITISH ACCOUNT OF WHAT WAS BEHIND IT AND THE REASON WHY.

The handsome Ladd family stood close-pressed against the deck rail of the Ile de France which was bringing them into port at Plymouth one gray dawn in the early fall. Mrs. Ladd had a tight hold on little David; Carol Lee and Lannie were shining with excitement as 15-year-old Laddie instructed them on the art of docking an ocean liner; and Alan Ladd was taut with expectancy.

The six of them were ready, waiting and smiling when Columbia Studio's head publicity man in England burst into their quarters. Naturally they expected a friendly and warm welcome on such an occasion, but he told them bluntly that they were about to receive no such thing.

"In fact," he declared pulling no punches, "those waiting for you outside with cameras would just as soon stay aboard and sailed right back with the ship."

Alan Ladd's smile faded as he listened. Sue Carol took his hand and squeezed it. The children pressed close to them. The Ladds, the nicest people in Hollywood, had never had anything like that said to them before, and it hurt. All the head of the family would say was a tight, "Thanks for the information," as he walked outside to face the barrage.

He didn't know what had happened. Or why. He hadn't had a chance to read the bitter copy in the English press which had been printed day after day since the (Continued on page 70)
The interview was almost over. We had been sitting for a couple of hours talking to Debbie Reynolds, getting up to date on everything in her life—work, romance and the most important thing on her mind at the moment—her trip to Korea to entertain the troops. We had folded our note book and put our pencil away.

"Oh, just one more thing," she said.

"I'm not sure I like this movie business. I may not go on with it, you know."

"You're kidding," we said.

Debbie laughed. "No, not kidding," she said. "But don't worry. I'm not quitting..."
right now. It's just that it's not everything in life to me. And my parents think I'm crazy to get up so early every morning and work so hard. They don't care if I'm a movie star or not."

"But you can be rich and famous," we protested.

"There are other things," said Debbie, she excused herself and left.

Well, we wrote that down and shuffled away to think it over. Trying to take tardom away from a movie star is about like trying to snatch a roast bone away from a Great Dane that has been kept foodless in the cellar for a week. A star suggesting that she might give it up voluntarily was incongruous. And then the final dialogue began to fit into the rest of the conversation and began to make sense. Debbie Reynolds was a movie star for only one reason. It pleased her to be at the moment. And everything she had told us before seemed to agree with that. It wasn't the fame or the money. It was the fun and the chance to do good that kept her happy. If it got dull and thankless by her standards, she might very well quit. We don't think she will, but she's thought of it before though she hasn't said much.

We went through the notes again and we figured out that the trip to Korea had started her thinking this way again. The newspapers had been filled for days with stories of the hardships that had been encountered by the plane-load of stars who had been along on the jaunt. And there was none of that in Debbie's account. It was a lark, sad in some ways, but a joy to her. And then we decided that the best way maybe to bring everybody up to date on Debbie Reynolds was to tell about that trip. What she (Continued on page 100)
Anne Baxter weighed honesty against heartbreak, and decided that to admit defeat was better than to live with failure.

BY JACK WADE

Late one Wednesday afternoon last December, right after she had finished The Blue Gardenia, Anne Baxter joined her husband, John Hodiak, before the fireplace of their attractively appointed living room to work out details of a grave but, to them both, a necessary decision.

While John lighted the fire, Anne touched a match to the row of candies on the modern Hawaiian-Chinese coffee table. The servants had been dismissed, and their 18-month-old daughter, Katrina, put to bed with a special tenderness. In their home, where they had lived as man and wife for six years, all was calm, but all was not bright—as Christmas carolers would have assured them at that moment had they switched on the radio across the room. Their mutual mood was one of empty defeat. They had decided they could not stand living together any longer and were talking over plans for their separation and divorce.

By the time the candles had guttered down to shapeless stumps, everything had been arranged and agreed to, sensibly, quietly and without emotional display, even to the day and date of John’s departure—six o’clock, the next Sunday. Then they both signed a statement to be released—which it was—the minute John carried his bags away from the familiar front stoop that Sunday evening, four days before Christmas, promptly at six. It read:

“Our decision to separate after six years is a painful one. We have tried very hard to avoid the finality of the word—divorce.

“Above everything, we wanted our marriage to be a success. We denied the many rumors in past months both to our friends and to the press, because we felt sincerely that keeping our differences to ourselves gave us a greater opportunity to work them out. We feel they will understand.

“We have no other interests and no career problems. We feel heartsick and defeated that in spite of all our hopes and efforts at understanding, basic incompatibilities have made our life together impossible.”

Now, only too often in Hollywood and elsewhere, such “statements” are meaningless, a mumbo-jumbo of double-talk, designed to gloss over more unpalatable and unpleasant facts. “Incompatibility” usually covers a multitude of matrimonial sins. But in this respect, Anne and John Hodiak’s announcement—meticulously rewritten 26 times—was unique. It was the truth, and pretty much the whole truth.

There is not, and never has been, any other man or woman in Anne’s or John’s life.

There are no career floundering either side. On the contrary, professionally both Anne and John have just enjoyed one of their best years.

Anne Baxter’s current sexy glamor campaign did not infuriate her husband. That has been strictly a professional maneuver to widen her acting range, and recognized as such by John. Actually, he first suggested that she blondine her hair and make herself more glamorous. But neither has ever controlled, influenced or criticized the other’s screen life.

There have been no violent clashes of temper or temperament, no physical battles. No stormy walkouts, runouts, or “matrimonial holidays.” There have been no arguments about money, or (Continued on page 95)
When executives of 20th Century-Fox told Jeff Hunter he was to leave for England and make a movie there last summer, he stood looking at them in disbelief.

"But—" he said.

"Our British company is making the picture," they said. "You're to leave about the middle of August."

"But—" said Jeff.

"It's called Sailor Of The King, and it will be shot both in England and Malta."

"But—"

"You'd better apply for your passport right away."

When he went home and told Barbara about it she managed to finish the sentence...
IUNTER SAW 'EM ALL. BUT HIS HEART NEVER LEFT HOME! by Jim Burton

for him. “But what about the baby?”

Jeff gave a half-hearted shrug. What could he do about it? All his life he had wanted to see faraway places; during the war he had volunteered for the Navy in the hope he might be shipped out to the South Pacific, but he’d ended up with measles and attendant complications, and that was the end of his dream about joining the Navy and seeing the world. Now he’d been given his chance, given it on a silver platter with traveling expenses gratis, and to boot a good picture that was to be directed by one of England’s finest, Roy Boulting, (Seven Days To Noon). Here it was, and he was to leave a full two weeks before his first child was scheduled to be born.

Jeff was a completely normal expectant father in thinking his presence was necessary at the time Barbara gave birth. The doctor had said it might have to be a Caesarean operation, and Jeff was worried. Barbara was a normal expectant mother in wanting her husband to be with her when the great event happened. But there was only one answer. Jeff might be a Hollywood actor, but he is like every other working man—he must follow his boss’s orders.

Gloomily, he packed a pile of suitcases, stashed them in fence fashion around the walls of the living room, and waited. From (Continued on page 105)

With Barbara helping, Jeff got packed in a jiffy, then spent days just sitting, surrounded by suitcases, waiting orders to sail!

Presents from France and England flooded Barbara and the baby. Home again, Jeff hears Barbara admire the gifts he sent.

Jeff’s busy making up for the first four months of fatherhood, Barbara takes a well-deserved rest while Pap heats a battle.
hollywood goes to a fashion party

It's Spring again...and again time for one of the most outstanding events of the fashion year: Modern Screen's Annual Fashion Party in Hollywood! More than 150 top screen personalities gathered recently at a fabulous, star-studded fashion showing, to view the styles you'll want to be wearing this Spring and Summer.

This year's showing took place on the magnificent estate of Pamela and James Mason. The Masons not only put out the welcome mat for their glamorous guests, but acted as host and hostess along with the editors of Modern Screen.

By 12:30 on the gala afternoon, the Mason mansion was a-buzz with the excited arrivals of one big-name star after another. Fernando Lamas, who came without a date, was immediately surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls. Lita Baron and her husband Rory Calhoun were both full of talk about their night club act and their trip to Korea, as they greeted their hostess. Virginia Mayo and Ursula Thiess, one blonde and beautiful, the other brunette and ditto, were among the early arrivals, as were Anne Francis, Robert Ryan, June Haver, Jan Sterling, Michael O'Shea, Mona Freeman, Anne Baxter, Maureen O'Hara and Piper Laurie.

As the guests arrived, either Pamela or James conducted them through the house (the former residence, incidentally, of Buster Keaton) to the garden terrace, where a buffet luncheon was being served. Handsomely uniformed waiters in bright red coats dashed back and forth, offering punch and hors d'oeuvres, to the guests. Hot curried chicken and cold sliced turkey headed the menu. (Continued on page 88)
Most of Modern Screen's star board who voted on Spring styles found seats at Pamela Mason's luncheon table. Left to right: Nison Tregor, Pamela Mason (Modern Screen hostess), Dana Andrews, Shelley Winters, Deborah Kerr, June Allyson, Joan Evans, Fernando Lamas, Esther Williams, Michael Silver and, of course, the Easter Bunny.

Models, "Can-Can" fashion, display the beauty of Hokeproof hosiery before Modern Screen's party host James Mason.

Wearing Ledo Jewelry, the Easter Bunny presents Accent's Spring shoes to Esther Williams, M.S.'s fashion party commentator.

Dana Andrews, sporting a new bow-tie, reviews other gifts with Helene Stanley and Jan Sterling. (See story page 88.)

Anne Baxter, one of the Modern Screen judges, wears a two piece dress—full bias cut plaid cotton skirt, open-sleeved broadcloth blouse with saddle-stitching trim, elastic cinch belt. Black, blue or brown with white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under $18. By Minx Modes of St. Louis. Anne stars in Warner Brothers' I Confess, the new Alfred Hitchcock thriller.
Hollywood goes to a fashion party

Rod Cameron and his lovely wife were among the early arrivals at M.S.'s fashion party held at the Masons.

Board member, Nison Tregor, chats with Denise Darcel about his plans to sculpt Queen Elizabeth of England.

Leslie Caron and Deborah Kerr are tempted by the buffet served by the Brown Derby.

Bonnets by Screen Vogue Millinery of Chicago.
Anne Francis wears Devil's Cap—Swiss picapal straw, veiled and velvet edged. About $7. Anne, 20th Star, is next in Warner's A Lion Is In The Streets.

Tailored style—a Balenciaga shape also in Swiss picapal straw. Veiled— with velvet contrast brim and a pearlized butterfly ornament. About $9. Both hats available in leading Spring colors.

Here are the winners! Featured on pages 58 to 63 are the award winning styles the judges picked to be photographed for this special Modern Screen Fashion section.

All-occasion sportswear worn by Phyllis Kirk. Reversible Raglan coat of poplin and white terry—poplin Calfskinners—matching poplin Sta-bra. All available in black, navy or red. Coat, about $14; Calfskinners, about $3.50; Sta-bra, about $3. White Sailcloth crew hat, about $2. The denim Ak-Footsie leisure Chuk-a-Booties have foam rubber soles, white terry linings and plastic tipped twisted white laces. About $2.49. Phyllis is next in Warner’s The City Is Dark.

James and Pamela Mason pose in the garden of their home. Pamela wears a Don Loper suit with an Accent platform pump called Sireen. Available in all colors in calf or suede; also in all colors (or white for dyeing) in shantung or linen—see shoe in detail—bottom photo.

Other shoe styles—top to bottom: Andora—high heel ankle strap pump. All colors in calf and suedes. Whistle—shell sling pump. Black patent; also all colors of calf skin, linen, shantung or suede. Kitty—high heel mesh pump with calf or patent trim. All black or navy. White mesh with contrast navy or toast calf or patent trim. All shoes by Accent of St. Louis—Kitty about $10; others about $11.

Wear Hole Proof's new Spring hosiery shades with Accent Shoes—details page 80. James Mason last in MGM's Prisoner Of Zenda (in Technicolor). His next film is 20th's The Desert Rats.
Piper Laurie, co-starring with Rock Hudson in U-I's The Golden Blade (in Technicolor), poses in a perfect two-piece town dress of woven check cotton gingham accented with bands of solid color. The figure-flattering jacket (with deep cuffs) and full skirt are button trimmed. Black and white, brown and white, green and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under $18. By Minx Modes.

Joan Evans, Samuel Goldwyn star currently appearing in Universal-International's Columns South, wears a two-piece navy town frock of acetate and rayon faille. The short, fitted jacket is trimmed with crisp piqué (easily removable for tubbing). The pencil slim skirt has an inverted back kick-pleat. Navy and white, black and white, brown and white. Sizes 7 to 15. Under $13. Also by Minx Modes of St. Louis.

Scott Brady fascinates Julie Adams with the man's viewpoint on fashion. Anne Baxter forgets her diet as she is first in line at the Brown Derby buffet. Piper Laurie voted for a checked cotton gingham—it won—Piper poses in it above left. Charles Fitzsimmons, Lucy Knock and her husband compare votes on Minx Modes.
Cary always liked his
ladies draped in silks and
satins . . . but fell for Betsy,
tweeds, horn-rimmed specs and all!
What keeps this unusual marriage so happy?
BY PAMELA MORGAN
Over the checkered, colorful half-century of its hectic existence, Hollywood has witnessed many strange, stormy and stirring marriages—Greer Garson and Richard Ney, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Ty Power and Linda Christian, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard—but never has there been one quite so strange as the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake.

I say strange because here are two motion picture stars who have achieved the quasi-impossibility of living the most un-Hollywoodlike life in Hollywood.

Ever since Howard Hughes flew them to Phoenix, Arizona, three Christmases ago and arranged for a quiet, out-of-the-way wedding ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Grant have never posed for the press photographers in their home. They have never sat for a joint fireside interview. They have been inside a night club once in 38 months. They have avoided the more prominent of filmland's social and charity functions as a fox avoids the hounds.

They are hardly ever seen at a preview or a stage opening. Their name is conspicuous by its absence in the gossip columns. They will drop a word or two about their professional work to reporters but never anything about their home-life so that practically nothing about them has appeared in the public print.

Few people know where or how they first met or the background of their romance that ended in marriage, and neither of them particularly cares to discuss the subject. Other than for a dozen old friends and a handful of important business acquaintances, no one knows where they live or how they live except that on their combined earnings (Betsy gets $25,000 a picture and her husband ten times that amount plus a percentage of the picture's profits) they both live extremely well.

A press agent at Warner Brothers where the Grants starred in Room For One More, says, "It seems to me that they've drawn an iron curtain across their marriage. They're extremely cooperative when it comes to anything about their work, but just try and invade their privacy, and brother, you're up against a stone wall. I'm sure they're very happy, and why they should want to hide their happiness, I don't know. (Continued on page 74)
love at your own risk

(Continued from page 41) Lana is puzzled and hurt that she has never found real love. She is a kind, generous and beautiful girl who deserves happiness. Her love-life history is one case after another of trying to kindle a new love in the embers of an old flame.

Starting with her earliest big romance, Lana fell head over heels into marriage with Artie Shaw; out of marriage with Shaw into love with Tony Martin; out of love with Martin into love with Peter Lawford; out of love with Lawford into love with Tyrone Power; off with Power on with Turhan Bey; Bey away, a marriage and remarriage to Steve Crane; Crane was lost for new husband, Bea Bopp; Topping was dissolved via Reno divorces for expected marriage to Fernando Lamas.

And before that event could take place, Lamas was lost (and acquired by Arlene) and Bea Bopp (lost by Arlene and acquired by Lana) in Lana's love-life.

Of course, it's mad and mixed up and a startling example of emotions shifting from high gear and back again too swiftly. I believe the trouble is that Lana is still too emotionally immature and too beautiful (men swoon over her) to realize that real love arrives too slowly.

Even though she now believes she is in love with Lex, I hope she goes ahead with her plans to go to Europe this summer with just her little daughter, Cheryl, and herself a little club of writers to discover whether this is real or just another mirage along the road.

The recent ten-day “engagement” of Dan Dailey and Beets (the former Mrs. Keenan Wynn) reveals the folly of twice trying to drive down a One Way Street.

They had been traveling along happily at one time—soon after Beets and Keenan parted—and then, for reasons known only to Dan and they never reached—that end.

But, for some other reason, also best known to themselves, they revived their romance, Beets dished for a Mexican dinner of beef and rice ten days later and Dan were back on the road headed for marriage.

Out of the blue and rather unannounced, Dan announced they were off. Best of luck. The short tour along the revival of an old love had once more reached the ROAD CLOSED sign.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay are two others who recently discovered they couldn't stop and start, start and stop their marriage at will and still keep it on the road. I believe they sincerely tried to steer clear of rumors, of the difficulty of trying to blend their opposite careers (he is a successful architect), of the separations they were forced to make when her work kept them away from home so much.

In order to keep in a straight line when there are so many boulders in the way, the principals must be mature and wise perhaps beyond the years of Diana and John.

I'm not saying that wrecked marriages and romances cannot be repaired in Hollywood and the lovers drive on into permanent happiness. Look at the way Marilyn Monroe could be after a separation years ago which lasted ten months. It's wonderful to see the Millands spinning along so steadily and so happily after a past that sometimes others have "reconciled" happily, although you will find that they are usually mature and settled couples.

As long as I am playing traffic officer to Hollywood Lovers, I think I'll give a PARKING OVERTIME ticket to Marilyn Monroe and Joe Di Maggio.

Believe me, it is dangerous for lovers to wait too long to take their happiness—just as it is dangerous to speed too quickly into marriage.

There is a happy medium which involves knowing your heart, knowing you have found The One, and then making the jump with eyes wide open.

I think Marilyn and Joe are very much in love. I think they are good for each other.

At one time I believed they would marry, particularly after they had been so careful in taking their time and realizing the hazards in their way, and there were many of them. Chiefly, Marilyn's studio and Marilyn, herself, realize she's a sexier attraction as a 'Miss' than as a 'Mrs.'

But, aren't they waiting too long? People who are really in love can sometimes be too cautious in remembering all the things against their happiness and ignoring all the fine things for it.

In this category, I would certainly place Robert Taylor who just won't realize how smitten he is with Ursula Thiess and who should be signaled to the outside lane for DRIVING TOO SLOWLY.

Even the traffic directors realize that going too slowly can be as dangerous as speeding. (At least, in California, pokey the frightening truth of Olivia de Havilland's six wasted years is revealed in the magazine modern screen on sale April 7 with luminous Janet Leigh on the cover.)

Drivers are shunted to the side of the road.)

The truth about Bob is, he has been in a wreck in the crack-up of his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck. But is this any reason why he should never again get behind the wheel of marriage and drive off with another partner? I don't think so. Apparently he does.

Doesn't he know that traffic authorities recommend starting driving soon after an accident lest one become timid and never drive again?

There's no one I know in Hollywood who can find more reasons for not falling in love again than husband, likee. Bob and Bobbi should realize that there are many years of happiness ahead for him if he'll only take over the controls again.

On the other hand, if ever the brakes were applied over marriage, it seemed to be careening crazily down the road it's that of Betty and Mario Lanza. Just as he has done with his career, Mario seems to have taken his guiding hand off his family life. It is very sad, the conduct is so unreasonable it cannot be considered typical. None the less it is an example in DANGER to other couples, particularly when success comes too swiftly and blindly to one of the partners.

Mario is a case of temperament running wild. Some people say his actions are hinged on a condition perilously close to a nervous breakdown—and these people should not be driving careers or marriages.

Frankly, I don't know what is the trouble with Mario. I do know that, as this is written, he is perilously close to the edge of driving over a precipice with the devoted girl, his family and his friends, hanging on with heartfelt insecurity.

Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner are not taking the curves as wildly as Mario, but they, too, should take time to get their horses under better control.

They have taken and are taking (though not as conspicuously as in their first year) dangerous chances. The Sicilian seems to drive in wild curvatures—even to the point of Frankie's calling his points to the Avan's home in Palm Springs last fall.

But, just as with two people proclaim they are in love, bickering and fights and quarrels in constant repetitions are not conducive to "getting there" and "staying there" on the road to happiness. You can't say for the battlin' Sinatras that at least, they're trying in the face of danger.

And this is more than you can say for Debra and Greg. But, even to go to Driving School where Love is concerned.

Deborah is 19—and she's never been kissed off-screen. She says she isn't interested in romances, but that she's so much happier staying out of the "love traffic," save at home with her mother whom she adores.

I'm all for young girls taking their time. But to refuse to date or say anything but a definite "no" to the "bad boys" and men who ask her to dine or dance can be just as much a mistake as playing the field.

No one expects Debra to fall madly in love at her age. She should, however, have the companionship and company of young men before she gets so set as a "career girl" that she finds they aren't asking her for anything more than Debra Williams. Geraldo Reynolds and Debbie appears to be a small girl in realizing that the golden years of youth are for normal good times and dating, as well as for devotion and dedication just like normal young ones.

Jane Powell is another youngster who has luckily found happiness in both her career and her family life with George Stevens. (They were married years ago.) But the "young marriage" can be very steady indeed on the Hollywood highway.

I hope it's clear to Debra, and to other young girls late in dating who may be reading this, that I'm certainly not an advocate of dating "wolves" or being seen around the nightclub circuit just for public purposes. Nothing is farther from my intention.

For instance, I think Pier Angeli is too young to be dating, as she has been doing both here and abroad, Kirk Douglas—no that Kirk's a wolf, heaven forbid.

But he lives with his married art divorce with two children, and is frankly too old and experienced for a girl of Pia's age. If she has a real crush on him, and believe she has, I wish she would take hold of the sign marked "FREE DANGEROUS WAY FOR AMATURE DRIVERS."

You may remind me that Elizabeth Taylor is a little young. But, after all, Michael Wilding to date is known to have found happiness. And I'll say you are quite right. Liz and Mike may well prove to be the exception to the age rules on the drivers' highway if they know the steady route they are traveling now.

Let me repeat—the Hollywood Highway of Love has proved to be slippery and dangerous, but by no means non-traversable, by smart drivers. 
God lightens men's souls. Clowns help men touch happiness. I thank Him every day for bestowing on me the gift of making people laugh.

PRAYER AND LAUGHTER

by Red Skelton

It's too late to do anything about it now, but I was born an awfully poor boy. I can remember as a child seeing a horribly skinny mouse drag himself out of a hole in our wall and hearing him squeak protestingly as if to say, "All right. I'll give up. Where's the cat?" That's how poor we were. I had to start earning money very early. I can remember sitting with my three brothers in open assembly at school and being the only one of the four of us not asleep in his seat; we had all been up since 4 o'clock trying to sell sandwiches to passengers on the early trains down at the station. That's how hard we had to scramble in our family. I got into lots of trouble. I can remember myself at 11 on a pitchman's platform desperately entertaining a crowd that was going to turn ugly as soon as it found out what I had already figured—my boss had run off with their money leaving me to face the music. That's the kind of scrapes I'd find myself in.

I can remember all these things but, you know, I don't much. They rarely come to mind when I think back. If I did, if they had made a strong impression on me, I probably would have grown up to be one of those grim, bitter boys you see around—and some people tell me I have the face for it, too. Instead, when I think back, I see myself as a kid to whom life was a shining promise because he had latched on to a magic power—the power to make people laugh. Now the point that becomes important here is that this kid got his magic power confused with the power of grown-up religion. (Continued on page 103)
a bachelor finds himself

(Continued from page 47) has talked often and freely about his visit to the clinic, his only reservation being a reluctance to give specific examples for fear that others may try to apply his personal experiences to themselves. “Furthermore, as different from the next guy as are his fingerprints,” he said, “and things like this are strictly individual cases.” With this in mind he asked that some of our conversations be kept confidential. For the same reason this story will not go into detail about his stay at the clinic, except for those things that started the pendulum swinging back for Dan.

He used this expression himself, “I’ve thought about writing a story and calling it The Swing of the Pendulum. It’s hard to explain, but I believe we each about individual has his own goal in life and his own natural interests. Many times you go off on tangents—I know I have in the last two years—but sooner or later you come back to the basic things you really like. Until you do, you’re only floating, because you’re entirely off your course and have no direction. That’s what the clinic did for me. It gave me a direction. And so I swung back.”

As an example he said that in his boyhood he had loved horses, that he was never happier than in those hours he spent on a horse back, in a stable. Yet with his zooming career and its attendant pressures, he did less and less riding, he saw less of the people he had been happy with, the work of which he found to his liking were foreign to his nature. Now he is once more back with horses, and with the same people, and he is content.

Something like this is simply a simple reminder that many people can see their own lives in an objective manner. The clinic helped here, for they led Dan into a variety of interests, some of which he rejected at first, but which he found to his liking. Few of them allowed him time to think about himself. While there he took up7 basketball, he lectured on the theater, he took a course in political science, and he can now find his hands full of photo-taking. Neither he nor I ever thought of his doing such things. It was an interval for him, and he enjoyed it. I found that I liked to work with my hands. I tried painting and sketching, but except for a pencil sketch of two horses’ heads that I’ve framed and hung in my office, I didn’t really care for it. I liked clay better. I liked the feel of it in my hands. There’s a three-dimensional thing about it. I asked, “What else are you doing?”

He gave me that affable grin and said, “Well, there’s the hunt club, and the horse shows, and both skiing in the winter and tennis in the spring. I’ve written a few songs. And of course I’m active in the local Menninger chapter. I play around at writing stories, too.”

“Poetry?” I said.

He grinned again. “Sure, I wrote a lot of it when I was a kid.” He said it with a happy lack of self-consciousness.

“Dan, do you dream about horses—there are many dreams of them—out of a sense of urgency? Or do you really want to do them?” I asked.

He shook his head. “I’ve watched other people fight to ‘keep busy’, and it’s a futile fight. The only time hobbies do you any good is when you really want to spend time at them. Not kill time.”

We talked for a while about these varied interests of his. Since his return to Hollywood he has made a great many things of wood: bows, candy dishes, etc. That he didn’t have to go over to George Montgomery’s to borrow a lathe.

His connection with the local Menninger chapter has created many mutual interests and funds so that a new center may be possible in Los Angeles. The clinic itself, which trains its own doctors, needs more money and a greater scope of work.

Skiing is one of his newer interests. He had water skied since boyhood, but snow was a new experience. Otto Lang was probably his instructor. Dan could figure how to get the kid to teach him to ski to learn “just enough to look at home on them.” Dan not only learned to ski in snow, but retaliated by teaching Lang to water-ski. He has recently become interested in horseback riding. He finds it good enough, although Dan lived practically in the shadow of a big league ball park, he never cared for baseball as a boy. Then his role as Dizzy Dean in The Pride of St. Louis turned him into an avid fan of the national sport.

The freedom to go barreling off to a ball game or Sun Valley, or a horse show or a hunt, means a great deal to Dan, and—well, I swung back.”

One pal, “Have you ever read Stephen Crane’s ‘Red Badge Of Courage?’” Other pal, “No—I HATED him for what he did to Lana Turner.” The Hollywood Reporter

although he feels that marriage is a natural and happy way of living for a man, his recent solitude has been good for him. For sometime he had tried to keep his five-room apartment in order but soon even Jess’ presence bothered him. He let Jess go, not because the man wasn’t capable, but because of the fact that he was always there. Two other factors were involved: Dan was slated for several months without picture work and had every intention of utilizing his time away from the movie pal, and also he wanted to buy Early Autumn—and horses these days cost a small fortune to buy and board. “Having to keep house myself is worth it to me,” Dan said, “Isao Yamaura made it work and it’s wonderful to be completely alone when I feel like it.”

H has lived in the apartment since his divorce and described it as, “early Dailey. It’s an orderly lettered sort of place, filled with things that have a particular meaning for me. I have a lot of the space, and only recently Dan has found time to resume his reading. Years ago he had vowed to read the One Hundred Great Books of the West, and of course, our library authorities, and went through about 35 of them before he came to the period in his life when he harnessed himself with things he did not want to see again there is a fat tome on the table by his favorite chair—Kant’s ‘Critique of Pure Reason.’

"Now I’m back to living just about the way I did before the war. These days of my life and I let them go, but now that I’m alone they’ve come back, and I feel once more that I’m really home. It’s easy for him to come back. When he first returned to Hollywood he startled everyone by boarding a dating merry-go-round and keeping it up night after night until friends felt he must surely give away. It was a frantic sort of existence and one completely unnatural to Dan. It was the period in which he was searching for people to talk to. I didn’t have much of what I like to do. I went to Hollywood parties. I even wore a tuxedo. I suppose I thought I should try this kind of life. I’d never had time for it before. I’d always had more to do than I could spend hours and make small talk. Well, I tried it and I didn’t like it. Soon, out of it all, I came back to my old friends, my old hobbies and Dan’s little little things. I’ve been able to keep myself from bouncing into marriage."’

“What about another marriage?” I said.

He spoke without hesitation. “When I make a new start, and am with whom I can live my own life. I’m interested in too many things, really, and I need somebody who can keep up with me and not talk to me about the brief happiness in things and places that aren’t necessarily in our home. Somebody once referred to it as ‘the sea of marriage’, and that’s the way I think of it. Sort of being on an island by oneself, yet able to seek opposite shores.”

Dan toyed with his fork for a moment. “You know, if and when I marry again, I’ll feel that I’m really married for the first time. It’s because I’ve grown up. I’m through wearing pretty girls on my arm like--one thing more myself, and criticize others, but by now I’ve evolved an honest appraisal of myself. For the first time in my life I know what I can do. I feel strong, and I know, too, what I can expect from other people. I’ve grown up, and I feel I’m ready for marriage now—if I find a girl who is also grown up enough to understand that we must again. I no longer think I always wanted a big family and I still want it. There’s still time.”

I asked him about travel. “I’d like to go to Europe and see things. I love having things," he said. “I like the feel of a piece of old oak, of old stones, of leather. There’s a solidity in old things that gives me peace. I guess that’s why I love horses so much. They’re also solid, and they’re in their skin. I like the way people live their lives in Europe. They take time to live. He picked up the breadbasket on our table and thing he’s been frowning over here—she threw that down just like that. It meant nothing to her. Yet I have some Rumanian friends and some Hungarian friends, and when I go to their homes for dinner, they’re put out of breakfast and hand it to me, do it as though they loved it. And they can have a bottle of wine that cost no more than a dollar and go to a guess, I’d say it’s a great and beautiful part of life. Can’t get that feeling from the generation today, particularly in California. Everything seems as thought it’s ready to blow away.”

He smiled at me. “I’m talking in circles, but I hope you know what I mean. I’m living now with ease and freedom, and peace. I can feel that the contentment, plus a sort of happy surprise, that he had found it, was written over his face and sprinkled through his speech. Everyone, then, that he was in his worship of things steeped in the cold past, was like many of us still yearning for security. But I had a strong feeling that he was glimpsing the peace of mind that he had found what he wanted. I told myself as left him that if Dan Dailey could be given time to settle himself in his new-found peace, he could be a happy man... Now read how Dan almost lost his happiness—on the opposite page.
...And they say, "Oh, ain't you glad you're single!"

Following the MS policy of bringing you all the news—here's a supplement to the Dailey Story: His on-and-off romance with Beetsy Wynn.

Contrary to report, Beetsy Wynn had been the first to know about it, and before he left for Korea to entertain troops, signed all the necessary papers in the event Beetsy should want a divorce while he was gone.

"I'm glad Beetsy, "Beetsy was very nice about it and wished me happiness. I don't want to wait a year to marry Dan and I don't want to go to Nevada for six weeks, "He added that he lived in Mexico. The first possible date is January 2. He said that Dan might go with her to Mexico in which case they would be married there, but if not, that they would be married in Las Vegas.

"He said Dan, in answer to the general surprise at the announcement, "We had met before but we kind of got together at Del Mar last June. We both liked each other. Beetsy has been riding one of my jumpers in shows and I've been driving her harness horses."

Beetsy flew to Mexico and obtained her divorce, but on January 8, less than two weeks later, announced, "I don't want to talk much about it. By mutual agreement, Dan and I decided last night that our marriage would not work out. All plans are off and we will not be seeing each other any more."

At this writing there has been no reconciliation, and Dan's friends are extremely happy that he is still a free man. They feel it was a narrow escape, too close for comfort. Again, we say that this reaction is not meant in any sense as a lack of faith in Beetsy Wynn. She may possibly be the wife Dan needs, but, according to his own words, he is better off right now without a wife.
how the british took to alan

(Continued from page 51) announcement was made that he would star in The Big Jump.

With the news that Alan was scheduled to play the lead in this picture of the heroism or a hard-fought war, some of the antagonistic press broke loose: "Why, they wanted to know, 'can't an Englishman play the hero in an especially English story of heroism'? There had been no such American origin story at all. What would they do... teach Ladd a British accent?

"No," came the reply. "The hero's part has been rewritten and he is now a Canadian, with an accent so like an American, no, unless he is Canadian, will know the difference."

They believed it. And the anti-Alan Ladd smear campaign was on in earnest. It began sarcastically. A Torquay paper wrote: "It is pleasantly refreshing to discover that one American film company has realized British fighting men figured to some extent in World War II, even if Alan Ladd has to become 'Canadian' for the occasion."

About this time Errol Flynn's picture Objective, Burma Serge released. Seven years earlier it had been whisked off the screens because of the tortuous criticism and complaints against "Americanism" in winning our wars for us. They didn't seem to like the reissue any better than the original, so poor Alan was sailing into a double lion's den and British lion's den at that. He didn't know all the use, water up; if he had, he would never have come.

"Which," says his producers, "is precisely why he wasn't told."

F. Mitchell Gerth's remarks typically polished and unpleasant: "We're nothing against Alan Ladd personally, but why not our own Richard Todd, who like Trevor Howard and Anthony Steele actually wore the Red Beret and parachuted for England's glory?" (These three British actors were to be mentioned constantly in this film, but Todd more than the other two.)

While things like this were being written and read, Alan Ladd was innocently saying in Hollywood that he was delighted to be going to play in the movie because... "it will cement friendship and better understanding."

The new Alan Ladd was the nastiest blast of all for his paper:

"Why can't we make films about our war with our players just as America does with hers? Once upon a time there was the right way. "The British role was not played by an American star pretending to be a Canadian soldier, sailor, airman, nurse or WAAF. Alan Ladd or anyone else could play the same film but the story of one of Britain's greatest and most glorious efforts in World War II. I'm sick and tired of having Hollywood types lurking around every turret, and not waiting for the Union Jack waved during the war.

So spoke the press. The people, however, had something quite different to say. Readers wrote their editors "entertainment is the aim. Who cares if Alan Ladd wins the war in a red beret or if Errol Flynn won it in Burma? If it is a documentary, why not apply to the Minister of Information."

A theater owner in Birmingham said that he was delighted to have Alan Ladd play the part. "That way I know I'll be able to fill the house at every performance. With a British star that's rare."

The public was beginning to show its opinion, and in the face of them writers began to pull in their literary horns a bit.

"It is a pity that a really nice chap like Alan Ladd had to get into all this hot water. He is a good type I understand, and for his own good he'd better get out of it and save feelings."

That's exactly what Alan would have done, had he been aware of the situation. However, standing on the very threshold of fame, his entourage of fans and newspaper readers waiting for him, he could only face the hostile press.

He listened carefully to the antagonistic British views, and said quietly, "Looking at film, I didn't know whom to conquer anything or anybody. All I'm going to do is play the part of a guy who comes to England to learn to fight. Got that? I said learn to fight, not teach."

At the week's end, not many people cared where Alan came from. The Sunday Graphic came up with the fan side of the situation. "The Country. "Looking Back over the years Alan remembered how as a kid he found the strong English accent that branded him "Limey" in school. His mother was English, his father a Scot, and the family suffered the ridicule of being "forbidden foreigner". He was all perfectly happy to have that accent back now."

Gradually the press was won over. They were impressed by the star's willingness to submit himself to a grueling schedule, and in scenes in which he not only had to master 400 yards of obstacles, but had to live like an ordinary recruit all day. The only favoritism he received was being allowed to go home to Sue Carol at night.

Then there were the rugged days of filming on location in Wales, and the day the Laddies invited him to their entire fan club to tea at their house near London. One young lady had traveled all the way from Italy for it. Best of all the writers had never found a star nearly as cooperative with the public as Alan Ladd was nearly at an end... but not quite.

Although Ladd is the only American in the picture and is solely responsible for providing a good many actors with work, a few British players still felt he had somehow cheated them.

Ladd and his producers waited with no little worry, but the tide of ill-feeling passed with the help of many encouragingly intelligent remarks. Someone pointed out that there had been no loud outcries when British actor Godfrey Tearle played Franklin D. Roosevelt; nor had any controversy. "Laddie," his co-star George Sanders, had jumped picture plums in Hollywood.

A n editor from Derby put the capper on the hassle. "Let's silence these petty outcries," he wrote. "Let's consider how amazed Alan Ladd must be at the bitterness and cold shoulder reception. Frankly we haven't a he-man star left in England to serve successor as a replacement. May that settle that."

And so it seemed to do. For now the Laddies have settled down, and are enjoying what they came to England for, "to see the English and see England. Mind their own business, and help one another with understanding. All Britain has seen this family life and love in action. And the British are all proud of it, that they have won themselves a secure place in the English hearts at last.

the gang's all here

(Continued from page 51) Various French signs on board the ship. One of them, hanging over the entrance to the beauty salon was "Oublions Dames." He spotted it the second day out and said, "What do the dames need with chauffeurs?"

The only thing that marred our trip was the bad news about Jezebel, our faithful old dog. She responded to bring her the dachshund Fritzl along with us but there's a quarantine that forbids it, and so we had to leave them at home. had had an operation and Todd more than the other two.)

While things like this were being written and read, Alan Ladd was innocently saying in Hollywood that he was delighted to be going to play in the movie because... "it will cement friendship and better understanding."

David was the only one who slept at all that night, and we all climbed out of our bunks before dawn to make the landing in the British tender sent alongside. By the time we boarded the ship the running and beginning to come up and we could see the harbor. David, whose idea of any place other than the United States is that it should look like the Nautilus (a result of his Honolulu trip last year), let out a small gasp when he saw land for the first time.

We were really amazed, at that hour, to see so many of the press waiting for us when we came ashore. The poor souls had made the eight-hour trip all the way from London to meet us over, and we felt a kind of personal responsibility to make them have had since that time."

We had our first sample of British courtliness when we went through customs at Plymouth. The inspectors were so polite (like English butlers in the movies, Laddie said) that we all felt like bowing to them. They even came up to the car to open the window where we were met at Paddington station by an immense crowd. There was a regular barrage of flashbulbs and hundreds of people, and we were thrilled and proud at the wonderful reception they gave Alan.

By that time it was afternoon and we were organized and seeing the sights in London and drove directly by car to our new home in the country. We saw enough of London that afternoon, however, to say that we were glad to come to Covehithe. It was particularly upset that we were driving on "the wrong side of the street," and Carol Lee and Laddie kept pointing out the quaint old lawns and lovely little parks, the spots that had been bombed, and the many old buildings. "It doesn't look at all like Honolulu," observed David.

We drove through perfectly lovely coun-
ty side toward our home, and when we were almost there we found ourselves being trailed for some distance. Eventually the car pulled alongside, filled with fans who had followed our car all the way from Paddington station to Covehithe. Among them was Alan's autograph. He was deeply touched, knowing that money is scarce in England today, and that the long ride had cost them...
An Extra Mild and Soothing Smoke

KING SIZE FATIMA

The Difference is QUALITY
a small fortune. He suggested they visit him at Shepperton Studios and needless to say, they later took him up on the invitation.

We hadn’t finished exclaiming over our Surrey house before we were served tea, our first real English tea served in England. The cup was filled to the rim of the saucer by the tall English waiter. We hadn’t joined the British in their tea-time custom, and even David, whose cup is filled with more milk than tea, thinks the ritual is just as good an idea as having a drink on the rocks.

Alan and I have been pleasantly surprised at the children’s reaction. We had hoped they’d be pleased and interested, but we had not expected that the children would find the many new things they see and hear has been quite gratifying. Their interest is contagious, and both Alan and I am seeing more than we did three years ago. When we came over for a Command Performance.

We were no sooner unpacked and had our things hung neatly in the closets than we were driven down the road to the little town of Abingdon, near which Alan was to start work immediately on the picture Red Beret. We lived in a town that certainly lives up to the Welsh reputation for unpronounceable names. Perpendicularly perpendicular were the three weeks but already we’ve lost the knack of rolling the name around our tongues. The town, which I refuse to spell out again, not only well with a typical Welsh name, but it also afforded some of the most breathtaking scenery any of us had ever seen. Plus a castle. A rambling big place in Carnarvon that was the home of King Edward 14th century. It was the first real castle the children had ever seen, and we couldn’t have chosen a better one. They poked into every nook and cranny and I think we were a little disappointed that we didn’t see any ghosts, an omission which was all right with Carol Lee and me.

From there I went with Alan to Oxford, the nearest town to the Royal Air Force base called Abingdon where the company worked more than two weeks. The children stayed home in Surrey for that period, except for the few days they visited the base. Alan and I were so glad we had the children come up at the particular time they did, for they saw the many regiments of troops that were filmed for some of the movie routines. The best of all were the several companies of Scottish troops, dressed in their traditional kilts and carrying their bagpipes.

While the company was shooting at the R.A.F. base we stayed at a charming hotel in Oxford, and while Alan worked, I took our two girls and their friend to see the college town. Oxford University is divided into many colleges and each has its own church or chapel, and its own enclosed playing fields. The most prettiest, and Lonnie at last saw the college she’d heard so much about—Magdalen, which has a miniature national park inside its walls.

From Oxford the five of us went to Warwick and saw the proud old castle there. We were mighty impressed by its turrets and towers and battlements, to say nothing of the huge moat and the entrance to the four great towers. David was sure that he’d see a knight in full armor come clattering across the courtyard at any moment.

The Stratford-on-Avon. We saw Shakespeare’s birthplace and the church where he is buried, and Anne Hathaway’s house. I had seen all these things when I was much younger but didn’t remember much about them, and can only hope that our own children will never forget. Although, as I told Alan later, they were so engrossed that I can’t see how they possibly could forget.

Poor Alan went right on working while the rest of us were sight-seeing. He worked ten hours every day until the company began working at night instead, and then in late October the motion picture companies all over England went on strike in protest against working on Saturdays. That gave him a few days off and the hope that there’d be no more night work.

When shooting at Abingdon was finished I drove back to Surrey with Alan, and on the way we stopped for the night in a very small village. At the door of the town’s only restaurant stood a small boy, dressed in clothes that were more than a bit tattered and ragged. His eyes lighted up when he saw us get out of the car, and he ran to Alan with a pencil stub and a scrap of paper. "Please, sir," he said in a thin little voice, "could I have your autograph? They said you’d be coming through here, and I’ve waited three days." Well, even if we weren’t the sentimental twosome, I believe we’d have spilled tears right then and there. Alan was so upset he didn’t know which way to turn. "Do you think we could get him some decent clothes?" he said.

That was an idea. The next morning I took the boy to a store, intending to get him a new suit and shirt, but my intentions got tangled up with my heart. He was such a beautiful, sad looking little thing, and by the time we finished shopping I’d bought him not only a suit and shirt, but socks and shoes and two pairs of trousers as well. He was delighted, of course, but it would be no surprise to him that we were tired. As I parted from him he hesitated a minute and then looked up at me with those big eyes. "Please, mum," he said, "are you certain you can afford all this?"

I went back to our room and told Alan about it, and while I was pretty choked up myself I noticed that he swallowed hard a couple of times.

The location work over, Alan began working at Shepperton Studios in London, and the rest of us settled down in our home. The first Sunday we were back we gave a party for the members of one of Alan’s oldest fan clubs here in England, and more than made up for the time they had to spend. We had from all the Wolmar, some of them having traveled more than 30 hours to reach our house. We had arranged to have buses pick them up in London and bring them by train back to Shepperton in Surrey, and it was quite a sight to see those kids piling out of the buses and filing into the house. We had tea for them (naturally) and a great deal of fun, and until the last day until the compacted they really made a dent in the solid stuff, just kept gulping away at the hard bread. When they began asking David for his autograph and the idea didn’t go over well with our youngest. He signed, all right, but he glumly trudged the whole thing and got a clean shave. The other half probably took pity on him because he looked so utterly exhausted. A couple of the girls tried to stay behind when the buses were getting ready to leave. They’d been so(managed to get them headed back to their seats. Then, as Alan was waving goodbye, one of them asked him for his handkerchief. Another request, too! I saw that this thing might get beyond control I signalled him to duck into the house and I’d take over with the waving department.

Some days later we brought home a male dachshund puppy and named him Beret after Alan’s picture. He will be a boy friend for Fritz when we return to the States, and I’m just delighted he has taken place in our hearts for old jer. He’s fast winning it right now, as he always takes sleeping with different members of the family every night, and it’s got to the point where Laddie and Carol Lee have an argument every night as to which one gets Beret.

The Ladd clan felt a little out of place on Hallowe’en. But, when we got dressed up the youngest kids and took them to the few American homes we knew of for the traditional bell ringing. They felt better about the whole thing when they went to our place for candy. The Day was on November 5th, 1905, that the rebellion was caught trying to blow up Parliament, and ever since, then the English children celebrate the day by ringing doorbells and asking for "a penny for the Guy." David and Lonnie got in on that one full swing and decided it was even better than Hallowe’en, for after the door bell rang and the fan singing of Gun Fawkes in effigy, then firecrackers.

Now that we’re back in Surrey again, which really does seem like home after all the travelling, we’re beginning to have an opportunity to have our London friends visit us here. The entertaining is done mostly in the daytime, in the daytime the children and I are often going to London.

It has been a wonderful aid to their education. We saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham palace and spoke with a little Prince Charles at one of the windows. We went to Madame Tussaud’s, where Lonnie was deeply impressed by the wax image of Sleeping Beauty, mostly I suppose because of the wonderful head inside the figure which makes the chest rise and fall with a breathing motion. David was home with a cold that day and after wards listened rather gloomily to flowing flames of the wax museum. He brightened only when he learned he hadn’t seen the Chamber of Horrors with out him.

We were among the pigeons at Trafalgar Square and learned all about Admiral Nelson, and at the Tower of London we were escorted by one of the Beefeaters in his picturesque dress and uniform, and spotted the crown jewels and the Imperial crown the Queen will accept at the Coronation in June. Carol Lee was most impressed, I think, by the Tower ravens and their story.

The month of June brought a great deal of water and we know the crowns of the clock hands on the tower, England will fall. I think a star of the children really worried about that one. I pointed out that the Tower has been there for hundreds of years, but despite my assurance I felt just the smallest twinge of anxiety. For all of us have come, in these last few months, to regard the English people as our standard of comparison, and England has our second home.
Romantic—

With hair the color of sunshine ... skin that is radiantly fresh, June Haver wins the screen's most romantic roles!

“This is my secret of lovelier skin”
says June Haver

It's simply—daily Lux Soap Facials! See how soon the Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care brings fresher skin to you!

Look at the tantalizing sparkle of June Haver's skin. She tells you, "My beauty care is simply—Lux Soap care. I find a daily Lux facial not only cleanses thoroughly, but really smooths my skin."

Will Lux care work its softening benefits on your skin? . . . Yes!

It's the gentle Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care that makes such a lovely difference! It helps your skin retain dewy moistness . . . gives skin a young luminous look . . . that exciting sparkle men find so captivating.

With just one cake of Lux, your skin can look so much smoother. Try daily Lux facials now . . . Start your complexion on a new life of loveliness.

JUNE HAVER starring in 20th Century-Fox's "THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"
Color by Technicolor

"Lux facials work so quickly! All I do is massage in gentle Lux lather. Then, after my warm and cold rinse, my skin looks so soft . . . so alive!"

Color by Technicolor Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux. This gentle beauty care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to improve any normal skin—or your money refunded. Enjoy Lux Beauty Baths, too.
hollywood's strangest marriage

(Continued from page 65) My own feeling is that this sort of withdrawal which they practice is Cary's reaction to his second marriage. He traveled to Barbara Hutton, you know, and that's worse than being married to Liz Taylor. I mean you're on exhibition all the time. Grant's mentality is basically British. I think living in a fishbowl with Barbara Hutton outraged his sense of privacy, and that's why I think he and Betsy live as they do, up there on Cloud 49, far removed from the world.

Before the Grants sailed on a freighter to Hong Kong (this business of taking a vacation on a freighter is something Cary picked up from his good friends, the Laurence Oliviers) Betsy Drake evinced surprise that her marriage should have become a target for the curiosity-seekers.

"Cary and I," she explained, "live a very simple and quiet life because we happen to be that kind of people. Nightclub life just doesn't appeal to us. I was in a Hollywood nightclub once before I was married, that was with my agent. And I've gone to one club with Cary since.

"What have we been doing since our marriage? That's a funny question. We've been working, of course. After the wedding I had to return to Warners' where I was doing Pretty Baby with Dennis Morgan. And Cary works all the time, of course... You say what have we been doing outside our professional careers? Well, we went to New York on a trip. I guess you could call it a honeymoon.

"I mean who really cares about our personal lives? Who cares that we're taking a freighter to Hong Kong? I don't know how long we'll be gone, but does it really matter? We're just like other married couples. Perhaps it isn't exciting but we stay home at nights, and yes, I'll admit it—we watch television. We think the Lucille Ball show is wonderful and so are a lot of others. Cary is a fine judge of comedy, you know, and he thinks Lucille and Desi are superb.

"About our house? It's a small house. Cary bought it before we were married. Two bedrooms, that's all. He's in the process of doing some remodeling. No, I'm staying out of it. He knows what he wants and I'm well out of it. We have two in service, a man who looks after the cars and the heavy work, and a cook. I love to cook but I'm not very good at it. A few months ago, however, I took over the cooking job when the cook was out. I broiled some steaks. I guess I must have forgotten about them or something, because Cary came dashing into the kitchen. They'd caught on fire, and he threw water all over them, and well, I don't do the cooking any longer.

"How do I like living with Cary? I love it. He's a very neat and fastidious person. He's mature, intelligent. It's a great break for me to have a husband like him. He's an experienced man of the world. I couldn't possibly tell you how much he's taught me. He's really a very fine person, and I'm trying to be objective. A little while ago you mentioned about our rehearsing with the children in Room For One More.

"Cary always likes to rehearse before a picture gets under way. He's very thorough and very conscientious. His acting seems effortless but I've learned that an awful lot of hard work lies behind it.

"Do we hope to have any children? Yes, we'd adore a few. But right now we've got to get packed for that trip to Hong Kong. Cary worked very hard on Dreamer with Deborah Kerr. She's a really wonderful actress. It's a very funny picture, too."
That is about the lengthiest interview Betsy Drake Grant has given since her marriage about her marriage. She claims she is ecstatically happy, and friends say that as regards her domestic life she certainly is, but that she wishes her acting career might progress at a faster rate.

As for Grant, it comes somewhat as a surprise to the movie colony that after so many glamor girls, he should find tranquility, domestic bliss, and peace of mind in marriage to a so young and girl-next-door type as Betsy Drake.

Grant is 15 years older than Betsy who is approaching 30, and in his two previous trials at matrimony he walked down the aisle with Virginia Cherrill in 1934, and Barbara Hutton in 1942. Both of these women were, and are, continental sophisticates. Virginia was the beautiful blonde actress who played the poor flower girl in Charlie Chaplin’s great picture, City Lights. Eight months after he was married to Miss Cherrill, Grant found himself in a sanitarium, and the marriage was on the rocks. Following the divorce, the first Mrs. Cary Grant married the Earl of Jersey which will give you some small idea of the league in which she plays ball.

As for Barbara Hutton, everyone knows about her wealth, her background, her husbands. The reason she and Cary couldn’t make a go of the marriage was that for years she had been accustomed to having her own way about practically everything, a condition which Grant as a man and a bread-winner in his own right, could not accept.

The point, however, is that no one ever expected Cary Grant to choose as a third wife the kind of naive, unworlly girl he might Pygmalionize. But that, figuratively speaking, is what he did.

While all of his friends were expecting that eventually he would marry someone like Phyllis Brooks or Ginger Rogers, with both of whom he carried on for a good while. Or, forsaking them, marry a sophisticate in the image of his first or second bride, Cary Grant was falling in love with a 23-year-old neophyte of an actress who dressed simply in tweeds, and seemed so bashful that her voice blushed when she used it.

I don’t think the strange story of this Cinderella love affair has ever been told, and to understand the severe privacy, the inviolable quietude of their marriage, one must first be acquainted with the background.

Five years ago when Cary Grant was returning to New York aboard the Queen Mary—he had spent his vacation in England, the land of his birth—he happened to catch sight of a young girl who aroused his interest.

This young girl was Betsy Drake. She was coming home after four months of playing the female lead in the British production of Deep Are The Roots. She had never met Cary Grant in her life, and she had no idea that her looks, her figure, her attitude had awakened in Grant the desire to make her acquaintance.

Oddly enough, Grant, an experienced man of the world, didn’t know exactly how to go about asking Miss Drake for a shipboard date. He couldn’t put himself in the awkward position of trying to pick her up while she strolled around the deck; and he is not too much the gentleman to essay the direct approach and face the direct rebuff.

Fortunately for Cary, a very good friend of his was aboard the Queen Mary. Cary went to Merle Oberon and explained his problem.

“Don’t worry,” Merle said. “I’ll ask her if she’d like to take dinner with us at the captain’s table.” (Continued on next page)
When Merle Oberon knocked on Betsy Drake's cabin, the young actress was surprised. When Merle said, "Mr. Cary Grant and myself should like to have you as a dinner guest tonight," the actress grew so nervous she began to stutter. "Th-th-that's very kind of you," she said. "B-h-b-but I don't think I can. You see, I don't have any formal clothes with me."

Merle Oberon smiled. "Who cares?" she said. "Come along."

That's how it began. Grant, who is as tactful and thoughtful as any Don Juan who ever lived, refused to wear dinner clothes during the rest of the trip. Sports jackets and grey flannels were his nightly garb just so Betsy wouldn't feel out of the social swim.

By the time the Queen Mary docked at the Cunard pier in New York, Grant was pretty well smitten. He'd fallen in love with a girl unlike any other he'd ever met. He was surprised, too, when he learned that Betsy had once been under contract to Hal Wallis at Paramount but despising Hollywood, had left of her own accord.

How did Betsy feel? Put yourself in the position of a poor girl who's been raised in the Greenwich Village section of New York; who has never had very much money; whose parents are separated, and who, because of this, has known very little happiness in her youth.

Betsy may have been poor in material gifts in childhood but she was rich in dreams. All her life she wanted to become a famous stage actress like Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell. However, the chances seemed remote because, in addition to stuttering when she got nervous and being near-sighted, she had no contacts with show people.

Under these lowly circumstances, many girls would give up—but not Betsy. She started from the bottom. She went from one show producer's office to another looking for any sort of stage work. She'd had no experience, and they turned her down. Someone finally told her to go see an agent.

Eventually she landed one or two modeling jobs posing for illustrations in the large mail-order catalogues, but still her heart was set on the Broadway stage. A theatrical agent named Jane Broder agreed to represent her. Jane took a liking to Betsy and gave her an in-between job, running the telephone switchboard at her office.

One afternoon Betsy, after taking lunch at Walgreen's Drug Store, heard that Herman Shumlin was casting a play. She went around to see him. Shumlin is a kind man. He looked at the mousey little girl, heard her talk, and liked her manner.

"I tell you what," he said. "I don't have anything for you, but there's a Hollywood producer in town, fellow named Hal Wallis. He likes girls like you—the off-beat type."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Shumlin," Betsy Drake said, "but I don't want to go to Hollywood. I want to work here, on Broadway."

"Don't be foolish," Shumlin advised. Betsy thought about it a little and trotted back to her agent who arranged for a test with Hal Wallis, then sent the child to a dramatic coach. The coach advised Betsy to appear before Wallis in high heels and a low-cut gown. "Don't be silly," Betsy said with great honesty. "I have less than a dollar to my name, and I don't intend to spend that on anything except food."

When Hal Wallis met the deep-throated, young woman he asked her to play the role of a blind English girl in a scene from I Walk Alone.

The following day he phoned Betsy's agent. "How much do you want for the
that little Drake girl!” he queried.

“Five hundred a week,” Jane Broder said.

“Don’t be foolish. She’s a newcomer, has had no experience.”

“All right, Hal; what do you consider a fair price?”

“Tell you what. I’ll give her $350 a week, and half of any dough we get on loanouts.”

“It’s a deal,” Jane Broder agreed.

So Betsy was employed, only to find that Wallis had no part for her. She hung around, lonely and fearful, asking for any type of acting work. But each time Wallis asked all she got was her salary check. It was more money than she’d ever earned before, but she was unrequited, frustrated, disillusioned.

After six months Wallis offered to keep her on at her original salary. “I’d rather go back to New York,” Betsy decided. Few people understood this girl. Why give up a good salary and go back to job-hunting? But back to New York she went. She landed a job in the English production of Deep Are The Roots. For four months she played up and down the British provinces. Then she caught the Queen Mary home. That’s when Cary Grant came into the picture.

This falling in with Grant, the chance meeting, the strange set of circumstances all seemed to have happened so quickly, Betsy couldn’t quite keep her equilibrium.

Back in New York, Cary mentioned something about returning to Hollywood. Under the proper auspices he was sure she would like the place. And let’s face it, what better sponsor could a girl have in Hollywood than Cary Grant? She was one of the most talented light comedians of the day, an actor every studio was clamoring for, a star who could name his price, and who had his own leading lady, his own director.

When Betsy Drake showed up in Hollywood, and Cary was asked about his relationship with the young actress, he said simply, “I first saw Betsy in England where she was appearing in Deep Are The Roots. I met her aboard ship on the way home. She hadn’t made any pictures in Hollywood, but I thought she was com-
mittted to producer Hal Wallis. When she told me this association had been terminated, I introduced her to Doris Hartman who was looking for a newcomer for Every Girl Should Be Married.”

Grant also spoke to David Selznick who was then in production, and Selznick agreed to share Betsy’s contract with RKO.

While Betsy was at RKO, she and Grant were virtually inseparable. He coached her. He taught her, encouraged her, while Hollywood helped her to each other. “What does he see in her? Certainly she’s no great beauty. She doesn’t have money, and she doesn’t have style, but least, not the style he’s accustomed to.”

In a way they were right—only the style in femininity that Grant had been accustomed to wasn’t necessarily what he wanted to marry.

What he had been looking for all along, although no one would believe him, was a wife who would like the simple life, “quiet and simple,” as he had first been married to Virginia Cherrill. He had told reporters that he planned to live a retiring life. “You know,” he said, “quiet and relaxing.” They had laughed at him, because they knew he wasn’t simple. But their estimation of Grant was incorrect. He actually meant what he said. He wanted a wife who would be content to stay away from the mad whirl.

In Betsy Drake he has found such a wife. Here is a girl of integrity, self-sufficiency, intellect and talent. While she desperately wants a full-fledged career of her own, she is content with what she has. She has in her basic career is keeping her husband happy. She knows that without Grant’s assistance she would not be where she is today. And she knows, and says, that if he did not have an independent income from the movies, she could not keep him.

Well, to this hour, Marty Melcher hasn’t been frustrated, nor is he even mildly unhappy about Doris’s working. He is de
definitely proud of her achievements, and possibly because he’s been so busy being happy he hasn’t had time to read the rules.

Another bad thing, according to the chaps who know, is a man and wife working in the same business—if she must be employed at all. This is also supposed to have an effect on Pop’s pride. If no
dates back doubt to the emergency years when a husband and wife would often side-by-side in a factory of some sort—she is the one who gets it. That is the only way to keep things going. Doris and Marty are in the same business, and in a sense she is his boss, because Marty acts as his wife’s agent. That is not supposed to make for family happiness. It could curb a man’s tongue. The point is, he was on the edge of winning a family argument. His wife could not only have

end

(Continued from page 43) if it has been managed according to Hayle.

A few weeks ago a visitor was in Marty Melcher’s office, and she said, “I’m thinking of going out to Hollywood.” Marty picked up the receiver and said, “Just a minute, then, said, “Can’t talk to you now. Somebody’s here. Get to you later.” As he hung up he said, “That was my wife.”

The visit was short, but it was this clipped conver-
sation after he left the office, and finally came to the conclusion that it was all right. After all,” he shrugged, “they’ve been married almost two years.

It was this acceptance of the fact that there was no need for further coaxing that inspired Modern Screen to take stock of the marriage of Doris Day and Marty Mel-
cher. But on second thoughts, there were other rea-
sons. One of them was that Doris and Marty, according to the opinions of most marriage counselors, were going about making a marriage entirely the wrong way. Another was in deference to that common Hollywood practice which has a good percentage of the guests pres-
ent. And finally, there was the fact that the ring has been slipped on the bride’s finger and whispering, “I won’t last six months.” This survey is dedicated to these

they broke all the rules

According to the experts, Doris Day and Marty Melcher are breaking the cardinal rule of matrimony: She’s working. The authorities, almost unanimously, agree this is dynamite. They say that the male, in this case, is not supposed to make for family happiness. He could curb a man’s tongue. The point is, he was on the edge of winning a family argument. His wife could not only have
his feelings for her. Doris, however, was hungry, so Marty took her to a café to get a late snack. It was over a bowl of chili that she realized for the first time that she was actually a woman.

Now the way it is supposed to happen, according to the men who write the books about such things, is that the woman has been having an affair with the boss and then seen sitting in someone else's office, or at a party, and he should have turned or someone and stammered excitedly, "Who's that?

Even the engagement was "way off the accepted. There wasn't any. There was no formal discussion of marriage. There was no preparation or rethinking of qualities. By the great Lord Harry there wasn't even an engagement ring! It's enough to make a man like John J. Anderson, to think of this.

It just, as the happy pair lamely explain it, happened. No marriage can possibly be sound without the memories of how the boy carried the ring around in his wallet for a month before he had the nerve to show it to his intended, or how he got down on one knee, in the silliest position, and asked for the lady's hand in marriage, and Doris, for a year or so after they'd been chumming around together somebody said something about something that would take place after we're married," and the subject was dropped.

As for the wedding! No matter how little fuss a couple wants, the bride and groom have to go to some lengths to have it a quiet little affair. They must have a few intimate friends and ask them to drop by City Hall and cry a little while the ceremony takes place. In Hollywood, or in big city social circles, a gala wedding is generally considered only proper, with tents on the lawn and caterers and detectives guarding the presents and at least 500 guests.

But not Doris and Marty. There have been a rustling of different versions, but it is generally conceded that they were digging in Doris' garden or something and one of them asked the other how he or she would like to get married. The thing was dropped. They even had to pluck witnesses off the street they say. Many eminent counselors would give a couple starting out in this hassle of fashion less than the usual 60 days.

Another big mistake that Doris Day and Marty Melcher made was in choosing the home in which they would live. Many would say with that salary they were able to buy a swanky home for his bride, should have had a stern talk with Doris after the ceremony. He should have told her he was not so well-to-do after all and didn't want to have anything to do with them. He should have said they'd either sell her home or burn it to the ground and move out of the house of his choosing, one he had bought with his own money.

But it wasn't like that. Any good authority will tell you that they were just too young, too practical about the whole thing. They looked around Doris' home, Marty agreed he kind of liked the set-up, and he went to his place and got his stuff and moved in.

The experts usually look with considerable alarm on a marriage which unites a song-and-dance man and his wife. It is a strange couple. This is a hazard, for, they say, there is a tendency for the new father to become jealous of the child—and for the mother to feel she shouldn't be the main one in the household and the center of dispute. There are all sorts of other dangers, including the kid resenting another disciplinarian. But the jealousy, and lack of control, held by the foster parent is the main rub.

The Melchers don't know about this, either. Doris is not a demanding mother, but she is something of a tyrant about certain points. For instance, Marty, is not a pampered lad by any means. He has, however, an ally. Marty. If he is obliged to perform some chore a small boy figures he can't make and still play third base on the sand lot ball team, he turns to Marty for assistance. And he gets it. Marty under- stands and they both swear an oath that Doris will never find out. It's not supposed to be that way at all. But it is. As a matter of fact, Doris has been known to be a little more up on her. Somehow the three of them get along as though they were always together and Marty really belonged.

Now the matter of business. If you ask her, Doris will tell you that Marty handles all of the financial and contract matters exactly to her satisfaction. They get along wonderfully and he discusses everything with her quietly and calmly. If that were true, they could get the records of their conversations in the Smithsonian papers. No relationship has ever been a bed of roses, but the relationship between an artist and her manager is something like the Dempsey-Tunney fight at least once, and a combination of a couple car crash with a client to whom he is not bound emotionally. The worst that can happen is that she'll take her business elsewhere, and he'll be glad to see it happen.

But if he's married to the girl this can't happen. The fights, therefore, have to be to the finish. Somebody has got to win. It is Doris' belief that the marriage authorities, that these differences of opinion would be carried on into the home, at dinner and far into the night. But not with the Melchers. Doris has said: "When my wife calls during office hours with some hare-brained scheme such as artists only can come up with, he listens, then says no. If she persists, he says they're going to argue about it the first place—and they might possibly hang up with little regard for one another. But the minute he steps in his front door at night, he's forgotten the fight back from the studio, and he doesn't want to talk shop. If Doris ever has the urge to continue the discussion the most she ever does is quietly make plans for the night. She goes to the office again in the morning. Other than that they never let the artist-manager relationship in the house. They may not realize it but by doing this they are making jokes out of the little girls who say such a situation is not possible.

One of the major contentions of the book writers is that it is not possible to have a marriage that is anything but a marriage to say if a woman has anything but making dinner, doing the dishes and keeping the home fires burning on her mind after they both come back from work. This is impossible in the case of Doris Day. She makes movies for a living and the studio demands that she devote her day to acting before the cameras, and a good job too. She is studying in New York to study that she is supposed to do the next day. This means that during the shooting of a movie, she sometimes has to walk about the house in deep thought, or she has to keep her room and pore over her script far into the night.

The danger in this sort of situation is that the husband might like a little attention. But I don't think he would do it for his wife's profession. Marty isn't even wise to that. He has the utmost respect for his wife's profession—and does everything in his power to see that she isn't disturbed. The expert who says that if he has another cup of coffee, will he more than likely snap his fingers and signal for the missus to bring it to him. Not Marty. He installed a statement to the effect that if he turned away or anything else he can think of to spare his little lady from disturbance. He's not supposed to do it, you know. Maybe it's just that he loves the girl he's married to.

Recently Doris and Marty attended an unusual seminar. It was an impromptu affair, held at the home of a friend, and the conversation got around to marriages in Hollywood. Suddenly someone noted with surprise that he had never read in any of the columns that they were tiffinning or even talking about a divorce. With people who have been wed more than a few weeks in the film capital this is a very unusual state of affairs. Generally the columnist finds out about it an hour or two after the honeymoon. The Melchers were asked to explain. They couldn't account for it.

Well, we'll do it for them. During the all the time they have been together, even before they married, Doris and Marty have conducted themselves in a sane, orderly manner. Even, as some of the Hollywoodites say, in a stuffy, formal manner. They seldom go to night clubs or large parties. Because of this they are seldom seen sitting at the wrong table with a man, or in the wrong white jacket, or with a lot of people. They are accused of paying too much attention to a handsome young stranger at a laughing and drinking spree.

They are in their home and their life together so much that they make it the center of their existence. All their pleasures are at their finger tips, and neither of them feels the need to go out and seek strange diversions in the name of home interests. They like motoring, seeing new places when they have vacations, so they are kept away from the thorny paths the average stars tread in Manhattan and Doris places where the columnist lurks.

They have a profound respect for one another. Marty honestly thinks Doris Day has the greatest ballad-singing voice of our time, one of the real charmers of the screen. She thinks he is the brightest man in business she has ever met—not just because of a loyalty to a husband—because he's been so successful and respected in his work.

They have, in common, a deep devotion to ideals of living and religion. They try their best to live up to these ideals and help each other at it every day. And they have united desire to see Terry grow up, go to college and become a fine man. They have told their little one that may be the reasons they can go against most of the rules of the book and make their marriage work.

In conclusion, we have one word of advice for the experts. If you are ever in Burbank, California, don't stop by the Melcher home. It will frustrate the heck out of you. Except, of course, if you are in a marriage and have broken the rules to break the record for marital happiness.
"Our legs should be as softly glamorous as your face,"

Says Janet Leigh

- "Under a battery of Kleig lights, shiny stockings frequently rob even lovely legs of their Leg-O-Genic glamour, make them look unshapely."
- "So—like other M-G-M stars—Miss Leigh wears Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish—on the screen and off. Face Powder Finish assures legs a soft mistiness, a freshly powdered look at all times.


And Sheer 60 Gauge Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test too!

BUR-O-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
FACE POWDER FINISH

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION
MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS FOR SPRING

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

ACCENT SHOES, pp. 58, 59, 63, 62
Albany, N. Y., Dry Boot & Co.
Froy, N. Y., Wm. Frazet & Co.,
Youngstown, Ohio, Lights Shoe Store

AH-FOOTSIE pg. 61
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HELPROOF HOSIERY (All Fashion Pages)
Albany, N. Y., John G. Myers
Atlantic City, N. J., M. E. Blatt
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N.Y., H. Fasch
Bridgewater, Conn., Howland Dry Goods
Charlotte, N. C., Blind
Chicago, III., M. L. Rothschild
Dayton, Ohio, The Metropolitan
Denver, Colo., Bovas
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson
Fort Worth, Texas, Monarch
Kansas City, Mo., Palace Clothing
Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn., Young-Quinnan
New Orleans, La., Lady's
New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
Omaha, Neb., J. J. Brandes
Philadelphia, Pa., K. E. Kilcrhis
Phoenix, Ariz., Kitchis
Portland, Ore., Meyer & Frank
San Francisco, Calif., Torelli
Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A.
San Diego, Calif., Bayard's
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Springfield, Ill., Meyer Bros.
Tulsa, Okla., Normby's
Washington, D. C., Whelan's

MINX MODES DRESSES, pp. 59, 63
Akron, Ohio, The M. O'Neill S.
Albuquerque, N. Mex., Tomlinson's
Baltimore, Md., Stewart's
Baton Rouge, La., Dalton's
Beaumont, Tex., Beaumont House
Bismarck, N. D., Robertson's
Bluff Island, I., The Mayfair
Boating Green, Ky., Martin's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Cincinnati, Ohio, Wm. & Taylor & Son
Concord, N. C., R. E. Dept Store
Cortland, N. Y., Curtis
Davenport, Iowa, James H. Johnson
Dallas, Tex., W. D. Cole
Detroit, Mich., The Rollins Co.
Duluth, Minn., Stine
Elizabeth, N. J., Coeberich
Elmira, N. Y., Jack Robbins
Erie, Pa., Robbino
Fall River, Mass., Town & Country
Galveston, Texas, E. S. Levy & Co.

St. Paul, Minn., Bened Kennedy, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y., Dry Bros. & Co.
Troy, N. Y., Wm. H. Frear & Co.

Geneva, N. Y., The Searca Shop
Great Falls, Mont., Beckman Bros.
Hammond, Ind., Carrie Long
Hot Springs, Ark., Hollywood Shop
Hollywood, Ky., W. & Z. Jackson
Miss., A. D. & L. Oppenheim
Jamais, N. Y., Ola's
Jonesboro, Ark., Park's Ladies Store
KalisPELL, Mont., Anderson Style Shop
Knoxeville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Kan., The Kay Shoppe
Little Rock, Ark., Kemper's
Madisonville, Ky., Vibili's
Mississippi, Minn., Harold, Inc.
Minot, N. D., Taube's
Muskegon, Iowa, This Style Shop
New Orleans, La., Madison Blanche
New York, N. Y., N. B. & S. 24th St.
Norwich, N. Y., La France Shop
Paris, Ill., Markey Rosales
Parkersburg, W. Va., The Surprise
Philadelphia, Pa., Johnson Wissmann
Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Home Co.
Providence, R. I., Cherry & Webb Co.
Pomona, Pa., Pomero's
Rockford, Ill., Owens Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Bovas
St. Louis, Mo., Berige, Vanderoot
Salina, Kan., R. & W. West
San Antonio, Tex., Harry Cooper
Schenectady, N. Y., H. S. & Sons
Sheffield, Ala., Glad-Beth Shoppe
Greenburg, N. C., Elkins
Salt Lake City, Utah, Auerbach's
San Diego, Calif., Bayard's
San Francisco, Calif., City of Paris
Springfield, Ill., Meyer Bros.
Tulsa, Okla., Normby's
Washington, D.C., Whelan's

MCARTHUR, LTD., pp. 58, 61
Zsa Zsa Gabor—page 58
Chicago, Ill., Magazine
Backstage, N. Y., Knitwear Shop
Island, N. Y., Ruth Donnelly
Shop
Los Angeles, Calif., Elde Bros.
Newport, R. I., Fashion Center
New York, N. Y., J. K. Barlow
Norfolk, Va., Armes & Brownley
Prescott, Ariz., Frank & Seder
Salina, Kan., Stiefel

Joel Leigh—page 61
Detroit, Mich., Kitty Kitty Shop
Los Angeles, Calif., 58 Co.
New York, N. Y., Oppenheim Collins
Oklahoma City, Okla., Kothrud's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Frank & Seder
Salt Lake City, Utah, Bovas

San Pedro, Calif., Libyan's
Schenectady, N. Y., De Shop

Elaine Stewart—photo pg. 61
Reversible blouse and skirt sets of matching broadcloth—body of skirt of contrast denim. Pat-
et belt. Yellow, grey, purple; turquoises, blues, browns, white; black, pink or orange. 10 to 18. Blouse, under $5. Skirt, under $11.
By McArthur.

Zsa Zsa Gabor—photo pg. 58. Separates by McArthur, Ltd. The blouse is of broadcloth—the skirt of uncut ribbon polished cotton multi-stripe. Blouse, black, navy, white, pink or orange. $5. The skirt comes in color shown only—under $11. Miss Gabor wears her own pins on the blouse.
Minx Modes

Winner of Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board Award!

Minx Modes double feature...your wonderful Spring costume, starring rayon linen sheath dress and figure-flattering jacket. Charcoal, gray, and coral, brown, natural and orange; navy, white and sky blue. Sizes 7 to 15 and Tall Sizes 9 to 15...under $23.

R. Lowenbaum Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.
love in a penthouse

(Continued from page 44) the seven-room apartment, came the sound of Tony's voice.

"Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee!" Tony repeated.

Patti and Jerry exchanged a look.

"Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee! Chlo-ee!" Tony repeated.

A thin female voice answered from a distance. It was Janet's. "Here I am, darling," she called, "in the closet under the stair well." "This is a new bit," Jerry muttered to his cute wife with the noodle cut. Both of them traced the sound of the voices and finally came upon Tony and Janet kissing in the stair well. "What's going on here?" Jerry demanded. "We're reorganizing the closets," Janet said.

"Some reorganizing," Mrs. Lewis cracked. "What's with this Chloe routine?" Jerry asked.

Janet started to giggle. "We began yelling Chloe the first week they lived in here, but we did knock. This place is so big we can get four people into the stall shower."

"Wanna try the shower?" Tony asked.

"Oh, my!" Janet exclaimed, stuck out his tongue, raised his right foot. "You crazy, you! I took you shower last year."

"Call it crazy, mud, foolish, gone. What you will. But after about a third season for almost two years, Tony and Janet are in heaven now that they've moved into their penthouse.

You'll hear no more stories about the threat to their marriage or their alleged unhappiness, because in the opinion of Janet's mother, who should know, all these rumors stemmed directly from their old houses and the people. The irritations caused by living in cramped quarters were magnified by friends and finally found their way into the gossip columns.

"Chlo-ee is an extraneous person," her mother explains. "She's worse than I am, and I'm a very fussy housekeeper. It actually disturbs her emotionally when things are thrown around.

In their old apartment Tony and Janet had no room for books or his magic equipment or their cameras or anything. Janet used to keep her evening dresses hanging in Tony's right hand, you know, going over to your mother's house every time you want to put on a gown, and things like that got on Janet's nerves.

Naturally the friends and newspaper people got wind of her occasional churlishness, and the next thing anyone knew they were writing stories about their incomparability. Don't wonder, I know otherwise she wouldn't have chosen the only way to stop all the gossip was to find the kids a larger home. We stumbled on this penthouse while the two of them were vacationing in New York. They saw it after they finished the Houdini picture."

Janet says her parents' industriousness really paid off. "Honestly," she points out, "we delivered the antique apartment they lived in for years with a whole set of putting around with half-a-dozen different hobbies. He'd discovered that the one sure way for him to relax after work was to do something with his hands. Jerry was fond of model building, model planes, amateur photography. "It's very hard to take a turn at each of these hobbies in a small apartment, and that's what we had after we were married. There just wasn't enough floor space, not even to set up his trains. Paints would drip from the easel onto the carpet. There wasn't even a private corner where he could sit down with a ship model. After a while it got a little discouraging, and he would bemoan his fate. But now that Mother and Daddy got us this penthouse, it's a different story. No one can possibly get on anyone else's nerves."

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison had a pretty good idea of what rental their kids could afford before they moved into this apartment that's officially their father's business manager, and Mrs. Morrison knows exactly what her daughter needs in the way of a kitchen, closets, cupboards, and so forth. They've found a penthouse for rent in an apartment building one block away from where Janet and Tony used to live. Mrs. Morrison made the first inspection trip herself. She checked the一样 extra bath and the size of the kitchen cupboards. She made certain that there were two complete dressing rooms. She noted that there was a French door leading from the backyard to the sackroom, and that in a couple of days an understanding man, Mr. Haberman said he'd hold it for a week.

The morning the Santa Fé Chief pulled into Pasadena with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Curtis aboard, both families were on the platform to meet them. The first words of greeting concerned the penthouse. Janet got so excited that she insisted upon seeing it before they dropped their luggage at the old address.

"Please don't count on it too much," Tony cautioned. "You're liable to be disappointed. Our apartment is a third floor, and Janet's high moments of anticipation that he knows when to apply the brakes to her unbridled enthusiasm. "I just can't stand to see the look of joy on her face when she feels let down about something."

"Don't worry, Tony," Janet said, "I've got a feeling that this is our lucky day."

And as the lift to the third floor, they were sitting beside Tony on the steps, left bags, and then climbed the steep flight of stairs that was soon to become the private entrance to their private world. Just to be on the safe side, Janet insisted that they not get separated as they approached the threshold. In the manor of Cary Grant whom he impersonates perfectly, Tony was acting very debonair, very nonchalant. Mr. Morrison was in his regular jovial mood. They then all tramped in, Mama and Papa Schwartz, the Curtises, Tony's kid brother, the Morrisses.

"A month," Janet says, "when I walked into the living room was that this must be the whole apartment. I thought it was one of those chic, modern, one-room studios that everyone is so very swept over the fireplace grouping. They stopped for a minute on the baby grand piano and the two couches that are each eight feet long. I figured they must be beds. The card I saw the going —

cove—I mistook for the dinette. "Tony was a lot sharper. He sensed that the place was exactly right from the first. And as far as the existing clay fact, one of the other rooms, he turned to Daddy and said, 'Okay, we'll take it.'"

In addition to a sensational living room, the penthouse boasts a bedroom that is as small as a cupboard. Tony and Janet have nearly furnished the dining room is small but stylish. It is separated from the living room by a thickly carpeted lobby. The floor achieves the most unsuspected lighting effects. By candlelight the room becomes romantic. By using flush-lights Janet emphasizes that she is not flooding the room with light from the ceiling's egg-crate fixture, she turns the room into a party setting.

Tony says the second largest room in the apartment—he's measured them all—is the master bedroom. Done in muted greens and roses, it's furnished with massive pieces of antique furniture. In the comfortable expansiveness of the room, the scale and proportion of the furnishings is deceptive. Janet and Tony's king-size bed, for example, seems to be little more than a double bed, although it's much larger, and the normal-sized chaise lounge gets lost in one corner.

Off the bedroom are the two dressing rooms lined with wardrobe closets. The closets are so beautifully organized that they delight Janet's orderly soul. A double-hung rod allows her to keep her blouses and dresses, and coats divided into groups. Shirts and hats are kept on deep shelves, and her large collection of shoes hangs from the high ceiling. Janet's dressing table doesn't clutter the room. Tony's clothes are divided into groups. Sport shirts in one section, slacks and sport coats together in another, tailored suits in a third, and the odd jackets and overcoats in another. Tony's party clothes consist of everything imaginable from worn-out sweaters to old Navy tee-shirts.

The two most frequently places in the house are the den and the Tony Curtis Hobby Shop. They are really one large room divided by a partial partition which serves as shelf storage. The den side of the partition features a large white piano, a wire sofa, soft couch, books, two chairs, and a telephone. Janet and Tony rarely have their lines in this room, it's also used for interviews and occasional little parties. On occasion it's been called the jive room. To some of the hyper-talented friends gather, and quickly the room takes on the heated intensity.

The far side of the partition is Tony's personal province, its decor and furnishings depend upon his obsession at the moment. If he's feeling that he's got the wall, he adds plaques, paint, and occasionally a few old records interspersed with bags of plaster. If he's on the model plane kick, then balsa wood is strewn all about. No matter how his fingers itch to tidy up this room, Janet is always there to set him straight. To date she has insisted on only one wifely prerogative. Before Tony set up his paints and easel Janet made him take a piece of linoleum from the floor, so that he wouldn't ruin the carpet.

The apartment also boasts a house-size pantry and kitchen as well as a guest room and a suite the latter shares.

"That's Tony," Tony explains, "but if we had to sleep a guest over, it'd be tough. The guest room is jammed with Janet's out-of-season clothes."

She supervises their mannequin very smoothly with the help of a one housekeeper, Ida May. "I'd say she's fondly known, used to work for Janet's mother, but you wouldn't know it since she's so good, and Tony tied the knot. She comes by the
Andrews and Helene Stanley now and approve Accent Shoes at the Modern Screen Spring Fashion Party held at the Beverly Hills home of James and Pamela Mason.

Dana Andrews stars in Columbia's "Assignment-Paris." Helene Stanley recently in 20th Century's technicolor production, "Snows of Kilimanjaro" will soon be seen in "Roar of the Crowd" for Allied Artists.

famous stars select Accent Shoes for top fashion honors

No wonder Modern Screen's Fashion Board which views the fashions of the nation presented a Certificate of Award to Accent Shoes, the lively, young shoes that bring you top fashions at little prices!

1. "Carol" by Accent, a combination of breezy mesh and suede or calf, exciting as an Oscar award, 9.95

2. "Villa" a banded lovely by Accent poised on smart and easy-going Middy heel, 10.95.

3. "Shadow" by Accent, twinkling patent and mesh ... a flattering veil for your foot, 9.95.

Where can you buy them? At many fine stores; for the one near you write Dept. MS, Accent Shoes, St. Louis.
On New Year's Day Janet and Tony gave their first penthouse party. They had 15 people in to brunch and to watch the Rose Bowl Game on television. Naturally the girls in the party were much more interested in inspecting the apartment than watching football. Towards the shank of the afternoon, most of the girls turned to Janet and said, "Why do you and Tony pay such a high rent for an apartment when you could get a house instead?"

Janet had some thoughtful answers. In the first place, she pointed out, if someone were to slice off the top floor of their building and put it on a lot, "You'd find that our apartment is the equivalent of a rather large house. This means we have space and privacy without the responsibility of owning property. When we start to raise a family, we don't want to be stuck with an old house. Also we're planning a trip to Europe in a few months, and we want to be free to lock the door and take off. You can't do that when you own a house. Someone has to look after the garden, the property, pay the taxes, and all of that."

"We've decided that when the first baby comes along we'll buy a house and let it grow with us." "Do you expect a baby in the near future?" someone asked Janet.

"I'm not pregnant if that's what you mean," Mrs. Curtis answered, "but I'm sure looking forward to it." And with that the afternoon was put to bed and care. "Used to be a Boy Scout," he explained. "Always believing in being prepared."

now we have everything

(Continued from page 32) Caesarean section. Many actresses such as Judy Garland and Elizabeth Taylor have had their babies in this fashion. One of the many advantages of the Caesarean is that it is the only certain way to avoid the delivery date of confinement during the final month of her pregnancy.

Lucille told her obstetrician, Dr. Joe Harris, that she wanted her real—deemed necessary—baby to be born on the same day that her baby in her TV script was supposed to come into the world.

"January 19th will be fine," Dr. Harris told her.

One day before, Desi drove Lucille down to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Lucille says, "He drove well, but he was quite nervous. Every 30 seconds he kept turning to me and saying, 'How do you feel? How do you feel?' I felt better than he did."

"Who was nervous?" Desi asks in retrospect. "Not me. I was just maybe a little excited."

Lucille was checked into the hospital at 4:30 P.M. on a Sunday. Desi began smoking frantically . . . furiously.

"No use of you hanging around here," the doctor said. "Nothing is going to happen until tomorrow."

Desi made certain that Lucille was comfortable. He smoked two packs of cigarettes in the process, then left her with one real administrator. If she possibly could do it, darling, make it do.

Desi spent the night at the home of his mother, Mrs. Dolores Lola Arnaud, By 6:30 the next day she was back at the hospital, pacing the floors.

At 7:00 A.M. Lucille was wheeled into the delivery room. Dr. Harris gave her a shot.

During the course of the delivery, Lucille asked a nurse, "Is it a boy?"

"We don't know yet," the nurse said.

Lucille beamed when she was told she had given birth to a boy; so, too, did the doctors; the nurses clapped their hands.

Desi, his face flattened against a glass partition, saw the doctors and nurses laughing, and said, "If I knew right away it was a boy. Honestly! I could tell from the expression on everyone's face."

The child was immediately named Desiderio Alberto Arnaud. Later, in a letter to her father, grandmother, and great-grandfather, and weighing in at 8 lbs. 9 ounces.

Following the delivery, Lucille was wheeled down the hall and Desi was permitted in her room for five minutes.

"I don't know what I told her," he confesses. "I was so happy. I just kissed her and I said thank you and I love you and I know she said I love you and thank you, Desi, and something else. But who can remember at a time like that?"

After his five-minute visit with Lucy, Desi raced down the hospital corridors.
(Continued from page 37) they both tried to carry out a studied pretense that they weren’t at all the hysterical type.

At this point, Mike’s sense of humor proved to be an excellent prenatal influence. It’s doubtful whether his young wife, who was still a few weeks away from her 21st birthday, had ever enjoyed a more hearty laugh in her whole lifetime than over his straight-faced comment, slightly distorted now, but the same in essence, that still echoes in the conversation of friends. “We have a nerve!” one remembers he exclaimed. “Two unemployed actors undertaking parenthood.”

Funny? Yes, but all humor is based on truth. Despite the fact that a new five-year contract had been negotiated for Liz, raising her salary from the neighborhood of $1,500 to $5,000 a week, she was on suspension. Not because studio bosses are cruelly oblivious to motherhood, it’s just that, much as they would like to have made her a present of her regular salary until she was able to work again, Hollywood now operates under more stringent rules than in the past.

As for Mike Wilding, let it be recorded that he is no different from other expectant fathers. He did not relish being unemployed at the time of the baby’s arrival. But if prenatal influence is not a lot of pure nonsense, young Michael Howard Wilding should be a lad of sturdy character, for his father had been heard to utter a firm “no” to an important part with Lana Turner in Latin Lovers, although he had recently signed a contract with Metro which nets him in the neighborhood of $1,000 a week. “It’s not that the role isn’t good,” he said, “it just isn’t good for me.”

No one, least of all Elizabeth or Mike Wilding, expects any sympathy.

Their combined income should make them better off than at least 95% of all other salaried employees in the nation. But they certainly are not rich and probably never will be. Their son wasn’t born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he did have a gold one by his bedside. It came as a gift from Danish silversmith Philip Paval. It matches exactly the one given him to Queen Elizabeth at the birth of Prince Charles.

But whatever their financial rating, they maintained a fine average of parental behavior the last few hours before Michael H. Wilding, Jr.’s arrival. A last minute check of Elizabeth’s condition convinced the doctor that she should have additional X-rays. These were made the day before the baby’s birth and as gently as possible Liz was told that it would be best for the child if she went to the hospital the next day for a Caesarean delivery.

You have the word of friends that this was a disappointment Elizabeth found hard to take, but in a situation like this, events move too swiftly for any lingering regrets. They were at Santa Monica Hospital before she could think much of more to say about it to Mike, other than, “Well at least you won’t have to pace the floor for hours, waiting.”

That’s what she thought! Mike followed her to their two-room suite, in a complete daze. They hardly had time for a couple of servings of ice cream when crisp, efficient nurses ordered him out of the room. To Mike it seemed like seconds later that she was wheeled out, a still form in white from head to foot, her hair completely done out in white cloth and knotted in bunny rabbit fashion. Only her eyes seemed alive as she stared up at him and whispered in as-

---

**Sweet and Low...**

Lovable’s new Ringlet plunge at only $1.50

Slip it on...at once your figure takes on a new, lovable look. A single-needle makes the difference in this smart Ringlet plunge, moulding lovely lines, locking in shape-sure fit. And the deep wiring is contoured, cushioned, really comfortable. No bra anywhere is so excitingly low at $1.50!

Other Lovable styles start at $1. Also in Canada.

It costs so little to look Lovable!

THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., DEPT. DM-4, 180 MADISON AVE., NYC 16
Dinner alone...again?

the woman to blame may be YOURSELF!

When a husband starts working late, more and more often, a wife naturally tortures herself with doubts. Actually, though, you may find the reason for his neglect right at home! Have you allowed yourself to grow careless about intimate feminine hygiene? Well, it's not too late to correct. You can be your own, dainty self again so simply—so effectively—by douching with "Lysol." It's easier than ever today!

Gentler "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritating action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of your self—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1 over any other liquid preparation for Feminine Hygiene

"Lysol"

Brand Disinfectant

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant was improved by the replacement of most of its cresylic acid content with orthohydroxy-diphenyl.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

86

surance. "They say it will take only 15 minutes."

Only 15 minutes! Mike returned to the room where her mother was sitting, quietly reading a religious science book. He sat down to wait for those only 15 minutes to pass, and by the time his watch showed an elapsed 30 minutes, he had very little sanity left. Amusing? Such situations never are to expectant fathers. At exactly 39 minutes and 30 seconds, Mike was certain that something must have gone wrong. He started for the door.

Mercifully, a young intern appeared on the scene to steady him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Wilding. You are the father of a fine baby boy!"

"Yes! Yes! But is my wife all right?"

The intern ignored the question. "Yes sir, a fine baby boy. Now, if you’ll excuse me..." And the intern was gone.

Mike went back to his chair and took a long pull at the small bottle of scotch tucked into his topcoat by an understanding nalle who had been through things like this before.

If hospital attendants are correct, the first thing Mike said to Elizabeth when she had conquered her drowsiness long enough to comprehend, were the exultant words, "I saw him!"

To which they say she replied with a smile, "That’s nothing. I saw him when he was five seconds old."

And breeders know. It seems that drugs do not take a normal effect on Liz. People who know her best say that nothing less than a tap on the head with a baseball bat will put her completely under. Thus, she was more than ordinarily aware of what was going on, and watched as much of the proceedings as she possibly could under the circumstances. About one thing she was disappointed, however. Herewart was stuffed with cotton and she couldn’t hear Michael’s first baby cry of protest as he was patted on the po-po.

In the days that have followed, a great change seems to have come over Mrs. Mike Wilding, young mother, as compared to Elizabeth Taylor, the darling of MGM. Whereas in months and years past there has been a world and a world of comment to the effect that a degree of selfishness was one of Liz’s traits, that is all gone. Her two Michaels are her entire world, and beyond that she has no thought or concern for two years, or perhaps less, to another child.

After this stout assertion of further ambitions in the career of motherhood, a friend told her, "That’s all very well, but with only two bedrooms, the playroom and the maid’s quarters, how will you manage in this house?"

"That’s simple," Liz replied. "We have plenty of room to build on another wing."

Studio bosses may hope that Liz will temper her ambitions somewhat in this direction. By this time she should be working in the picture, The Brothers, which has been delayed, her long-wished-for film with Stewart Granger and Bob Taylor. Friends, however, are delighted.

"I have never seen such a change in any woman," declared one of her business managers. "She is not at all conscious of herself as she was. She seems suddenly to have become completely adult. I think it will make her a much finer actress, but people won’t be able to persuade her to do things as easily as they have in the past. In my opinion, she is the greatest personality we have on the screen today, but now it’s the studio’s responsibility to see that she has pictures that are worthy of her talents."

Commenting on Mike, this same astute agent, who insists on keeping his name a secret, says, "He is a sensitive actor who always claims he hates the acting profession. I don’t think he has quite found himself, but I’m convinced that he will one day, very soon, perhaps as a writer-director."

In the midst of all this conjecture, the Wildings are intently occupied behind the closed and locked gates of their new home, so well hidden from the road that even with one of those movie stars homes maps that can be purchased along Sunset Boulevard, no one may peer inside. Mike said, "With my memory I’d have a difficult time finding my own house, but the number 1771 reads the same forward and backwards, so I can’t miss."

"Also," he added, "the sign reading ‘Be-"?”

Photo of The Dog’ means just exactly that. "Aside from the "watch" variety, there is Gi-Gi, the poodle, a recent mother of two, and a dachshund who can hear a twig snap at two blocks away.

This near barbed-wire set-up is not motivated by snobishness or anti-social feelings on the part of either Michael or Liz. It is for a medical measure that brought about in part by some pretty unpleasant experiences before and just after the birth of their son.

Liz, from childhood, has known how to work with the press. She understands the importance of publicity, and has always cooperated beautifully with the people who get the news. It was sometimes a great strain—as in those frantic days when a horde of reporters haunted her to learn the truth about her pending divorce from Nicky Hilton... and the subsequent wild scramble for intimate news of her sudden marriage in England to personable Mike Wilding. But even publicists wise Elizabeth Taylor could not conceive of the pitch the news-fever would rise to in the effort to be the first to break the story of Liz and her baby pictures. (The contest was more frenzied than usual because of resentment felt by other publications when Modern Screen scooped the field to publish an exclusive set of pictures of Jane Powell’s adorable Suzanne several months ago.)

So the fantastic story of Elizabeth’s nightmare began. At this point no one could blame her if she believed that all members of the press are pathological in their pursuance of a ‘Scoop.”

For instance, one reporter talked a friend of his into going up to the Summit Drive home one night, and Mike, disguised as a gardener. The idea was that the young man would watch his chance, slip into the house and snap a picture. This sort of thing, as anyone can imagine, is liable to result in something winding up in jail. Fortunately, the young man was unable to penetrate the
HERE IT IS! the only Beauty Book ever published that is GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE!

A More Glamorous YOU in 4 Weeks or YOU PAY NOTHING!

Yes... with the help of this new book you will be more attractive, more desirable, in just four weeks... or you pay not a penny! It's true! We'll actually send you the book to use for a full month... and if it hasn't helped you become more glamorous and attractive... it doesn't cost you a cent. This is the best deal the offer of any book, any charm course anywhere! Take advantage of it now... mail the certificate below at once for your free-examination copy of ANITA COLBY'S BOOK OF CHARM AND GLAMOUR

SPECIAL A SAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL HELP YOU'LL GET:

HINTS FOR A GLOWING SKIN AND COMPLEXION—How to have smooth, silky skin, all over. How to really clean your face for a radiant complexion. What to do about enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, pimples, rough skin, acne. How to care for dry, cool or normal skin. How to keep facial marks at bay by a simple skin care routine. The "Hollywood Giant" trick for a better complexion.

TIPS ON HOW TO BE FAMOUS—How to make short hair styles that suit you best. How to never have the wrong hair color — or a tip! How to get and keep pretty bangs, sidekicks, bangs, too early. Curly hair styles for every-day or special occasions. How to straighten straight, curly, or wavy hair, easily. How to keep your hair in lovely, lovely condition... How to wash your face for the best results. How to have just the right make-up for your coloring. How to keep your eye shadow, eye-liner, charm, and make-up tips for your complexion. How to look young without starving yourself. How to gain weight. Anita Colby's simple methods for losing weight. Quick hair and face masks. How to sculpt your face and shoulders. How to prevent or get rid of a fatty tire around the neck and shoulders.

TIPS ON EYE MAKE-UP—Correct eye make-up for your shape of face. How to apply eye make-up gracefully. How to make small eye looks bigger, too. How to make eye make-up look natural, not fake. How to write out your eye for beauty. Special eye-shadowing and eyeliner methods. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to use eye-lighting. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to be interesting to spot.

Clothes tips for your type—Simple, scientific way to find the colors and shades that best suit you. How to wear your clothes and look your best without depending on hair or color. What to wear to look slimmer or taller. How to be interesting to spot. How to choose the kind of hat that best suits you. How to save money on clothes. Ideas for plain clothes combinations, street wear, evening wear and accessories.

HERE IT IS! the only Beauty Book ever published that is GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE!

A More Glamorous YOU in 4 Weeks or YOU PAY NOTHING!

Yes... with the help of this new book you will be more attractive, more desirable, in just four weeks... or you pay not a penny! It's true! We'll actually send you the book to use for a full month... and if it hasn't helped you become more glamorous and attractive... it doesn't cost you a cent. This is the best deal the offer of any book, any charm course anywhere! Take advantage of it now... mail the certificate below at once for your free-examination copy of ANITA COLBY'S BOOK OF CHARM AND GLAMOUR

SPECIAL A SAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL HELP YOU'LL GET:

HINTS FOR A GLOWING SKIN AND COMPLEXION—How to have smooth, silky skin, all over. How to really clean your face for a radiant complexion. What to do about enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, pimples, rough skin, acne. How to care for dry, cool or normal skin. How to keep facial marks at bay by a simple skin care routine. The "Hollywood Giant" trick for a better complexion.

TIPS ON HOW TO BE FAMOUS—How to make short hair styles that suit you best. How to never have the wrong hair color — or a tip! How to get and keep pretty bangs, sidekicks, bangs, too early. Curly hair styles for every-day or special occasions. How to straighten straight, curly, or wavy hair, easily. How to keep your hair in lovely, lovely condition... How to wash your face for the best results. How to look young without starving yourself. How to gain weight. Anita Colby's simple methods for losing weight. Quick hair and face masks. How to sculpt your face and shoulders. How to prevent or get rid of a fatty tire around the neck and shoulders.

TIPS ON EYE MAKE-UP—Correct eye make-up for your shape of face. How to apply eye make-up gracefully. How to make small eye looks bigger, too. How to make eye make-up look natural, not fake. How to write out your eye for beauty. Special eye-shadowing and eyeliner methods. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to use eye-lighting. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to be interesting to spot.

Clothes tips for your type—Simple, scientific way to find the colors and shades that best suit you. How to wear your clothes and look your best without depending on hair or color. What to wear to look slimmer or taller. How to be interesting to spot. How to choose the kind of hat that best suits you. How to save money on clothes. Ideas for plain clothes combinations, street wear, evening wear and accessories.

HERE IT IS! the only Beauty Book ever published that is GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU MORE ATTRACTIVE!

A More Glamorous YOU in 4 Weeks or YOU PAY NOTHING!

Yes... with the help of this new book you will be more attractive, more desirable, in just four weeks... or you pay not a penny! It's true! We'll actually send you the book to use for a full month... and if it hasn't helped you become more glamorous and attractive... it doesn't cost you a cent. This is the best deal the offer of any book, any charm course anywhere! Take advantage of it now... mail the certificate below at once for your free-examination copy of ANITA COLBY'S BOOK OF CHARM AND GLAMOUR

SPECIAL A SAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL HELP YOU'LL GET:

HINTS FOR A GLOWING SKIN AND COMPLEXION—How to have smooth, silky skin, all over. How to really clean your face for a radiant complexion. What to do about enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, pimples, rough skin, acne. How to care for dry, cool or normal skin. How to keep facial marks at bay by a simple skin care routine. The "Hollywood Giant" trick for a better complexion.

TIPS ON HOW TO BE FAMOUS—How to make short hair styles that suit you best. How to never have the wrong hair color — or a tip! How to get and keep pretty bangs, sidekicks, bangs, too early. Curly hair styles for every-day or special occasions. How to straighten straight, curly, or wavy hair, easily. How to keep your hair in lovely, lovely condition... How to wash your face for the best results. How to look young without starving yourself. How to gain weight. Anita Colby's simple methods for losing weight. Quick hair and face masks. How to sculpt your face and shoulders. How to prevent or get rid of a fatty tire around the neck and shoulders.

TIPS ON EYE MAKE-UP—Correct eye make-up for your shape of face. How to apply eye make-up gracefully. How to make small eye looks bigger, too. How to make eye make-up look natural, not fake. How to write out your eye for beauty. Special eye-shadowing and eyeliner methods. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to apply cream, liquid and cream eyeliner. How to use eye-lighting. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to keep your eye make-up in lovely condition. How to be interesting to spot.

Clothes tips for your type—Simple, scientific way to find the colors and shades that best suit you. How to wear your clothes and look your best without depending on hair or color. What to wear to look slimmer or taller. How to be interesting to spot. How to choose the kind of hat that best suits you. How to save money on clothes. Ideas for plain clothes combinations, street wear, evening wear and accessories.
**Hollywood's Fashion Party**

(Continued from page 58) followed by fruit salad, vegetable salad, coffee and a mouthwatering array of desserts. All specialties of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby.

Denise Darcel, who looked good enough to eat herself, in a dark suit with white accent and chapeau, had a constantly changing companion in one of the rarest liaison-partners. Deborah Kerr, drifting back and forth in a wispy black and white dotted dress, looked lovely, as did Mala Powers. Other guests who gaily chatted with her included Charleston Heston, Joan Caulfield, Marilyn Maxwell, Janet Leigh, Leslie Caron, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Sullivan, Phyllis Kirk and Elaine Stritch.

The judges' table looked like a page from Modern Screen's popularity poll!

Seated at it were Fernando Lamas, June Allyson, Shelley Winters, Dick Powell, Dana Andrews, Pamela Mason, Deborah Kerr, Anne Baxter, Joan Evans, and special guests Radio Commentator Michael Silver and famous sculptor, Nison Tregor.

But long before the judges had been chosen as this year's M. S. fashion commentator, started the showing after lunch. The celebrities and other guests settled down into their chairs, and the show began.

Hollywood's top models paraded the newest Spring styles in gaily colored cotton dresses, cute little hats, and smart Spring shoes. They twirled adorable umbrellas, picked up, and did not seem, as they passed in review. Each member of the board of judges, pencil and paper in hand, jotted down his selections for the prize-winning styles. Afterwards, the decision of the judges had been announced. Then the stars donned the winning styles and were photographed for Modern Screen's star-studded fashion pages.

As the exciting afternoon drew to a close, the stars were led to a corner of the terrace, for the "grab-bag" contest. Lining up, each star selected a present from the pile of prettily wrapped star gifts. Just as the clock struck five was the lucky winner of a piece of Samsonite Luggage. Other gifts were Dana 20 Carats perfume and cologne, more Samsonite luggage, Eisenhower's new and snazzy umbrellas, Elgin compacts, Ledo's exquisitely rhinestone jewelry, Lennox of St. Louis handbags, Brown Derby cokes, Paper-Mate pens stamped with "Modern Screen Fashion Party" and Paper-Mate desk sets stamped with stars' names, men's bow-ties (see Dana Andrews, page 51), Holeproof nylon hosiery, Luxite nylon tricot, Lederer lump and terrycloth playshoes with lus hof ruber soles, and Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates for bathing suits.

**Hollywood's Newest Sex Queen**

(Continued from page 49) Peter-Pannish paddock girl job in The Return Of October with her not being encored, she was bumped with a blow-up gorilla in Mighty Joe Young to become the Saturday morning heroine of the kickstand set. And that's how almost everyone around town still sized up Terry as an actress—just another juvenile. But they don't any more. They sure don't. And the person who switched all this on her own and called Paul Nathan, producer Hal Wallis' casting director. "I'm Terry Moore," she told him. "I want to play Marie Buckholder in Come Back, Little Sheba. Please—will you see me?" "Why not?" "Well, I've seen about everyone else—" which was the truth of talk. Already, about every busty belle and curvaceous cutie in Hollywood had been considered for the part—including Marilyn Monroe. And they'd all been put back in the cheesebox, including Marilyn.

Terry Moore slipped on her "lucky outfit"—a nautical blue sweater and a royal blue skirt, and looking like what she was meant to be—a college co-ed—gunned her Chevy over to Paramount. Inside, she read a scene, and in a fast triple play from Nathan to Director Danny Mann to Wallis, she got the part.

If you've seen Terry Moore's sex-loaded scenes with Richard Jaeckel in Come Back, Little Sheba, you'll know what the shouting's all about. But if you haven't or until you do, well—

One producer came out of the preview shaking his head unbelievingly. "I thought Hollywood hadn't learned there was to do with sex," he marveled, "but I was wrong. This is new—and the best yet. It's sex with a fresh scrubbed look!" And to one who has seen them all come and go promptly offered to eat his typewriter, "If the scenes between Dick Jaeckel and Terry Moore aren't the sexiest since Garbo and Gilbert, I'll eat a shoe!"

But a man, with the most powerful prose, "Terry," he wrote, "you sure put the 'she' in 'Sheba'!

But while all of this—not only the new deal Hollywood sex appears so bold that Terry Moore can come as a surprise to everyone else, to Terry the only amazing thing is that it took so long. This is her third Hollywood "discovery" over a stretch of 13 years. Twice before she's watched great expectations fizzle out for one reason or another. This time, she's making them stick.

Even before the Sheba results got around Hollywood, Terry took typical Moore measures to keep her luck warmed up. One hot August day last summer she raced to the San Diego airport, grabbed her controls of a rented plane and pointed it north toward Hollywood. She was after another job.

Minutes before, her agent had called her at La Jolla, where she was playing summer stock. He told her that Director Elia Kazan would see her that day about a part in his next picture—that is, if she could make it by Saturday night. It was noon then. She had a performance that night. Terry didn't think twice. "Sure," she said.

It was after three when she swooped down on Clover Field, yelled, "Keep it warm!" to the gasser and roared away with the waiting agent. She wore pedal pushers, a T-shirt and tennis sneakers. Minutes later, she stood disheveled and breathless, before the man with whom every star in Hollywood yearns to make a picture. Terry had never met Kazan before. On her way in she'd run a gauntlet of hopelessly besotted fans who had pressed up to the eyebrows. The great director surveyed the tousled apparition, a little puzzled. He was hunting a sexy girl, too. "Well," he finally observed, "who are you and what is your name?"

"I'm Terry Moore," she told "Gadge" Kazan. "I can fly a plane, and I can break wild horses. I can act, too and I can also be very much a lady."

"Wonderful!" Kazan grinned. "I'm sick of 'glamor' girls. Come right this way."

A little later, Terry walked out with the prize part of The Man On The Tightrope, which was all she wanted. And in which, they say, she steams up an icy Alpine stream in a flesh-colored bathing suit love scene with Cameron Mitchell, the like of which has never been seen.

After that, Kazan called Terry "a female Marlon Brando" (his highest praise) and Twentieth Century-Fox signed her to a long term contract—but only after some pretty spirited bidding. Five other studios wanted Terry, too. Everyone agrees that it couldn't happen to a nicer girl. Only it's not entirely correct to say it happened. Terry Moore is that kind of girl. That's the way she's been operating ever since she was born Helen Luella Koford at the Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles, Jan. 7, 1930.

While Terry herself is a typically California product, her dad, Lamar Koford, is half Swede and half Dane, and her mother, the former Luella Bickmore, is half-English. That makes Terry three-fourths Scandinavian by blood, which you can spot right away in her slightly tilted eyes that are the green-blue of a glacial lake and her smooth, thick, snowbank. The Scotch in Terry comes out with thick coal black eyebrows that still have to be plucked daily and equally ombleashes. Both Viking and English New England influences have cropped out in Terry all her life, once, when she was four, in suburban...
Gloria trudged to the window to see what had happened. She was outside the window, staring at the snow-covered ground below. All around, the world was white and still. The snowflakes were falling gently, creating a serene atmosphere.

"I should've listened to my mom," Gloria thought. She hadn't wanted to go outside, but now she wished she had. She missed the cozy warmth of her home and the comfort of her family.

Gloria took a deep breath and closed her eyes, trying to block out the sound of the snow falling. She imagined herself back in her warm living room, curled up on her couch with a good book. She wished she could just stay inside and forget about everything else for a little while.

As she sat there, a sense of peace began to wash over her. She realized that sometimes it was good to take a break from the world and just be with herself. She closed her eyes and let herself relax, feeling grateful for the simple things in life.

Suddenly, the door creaked open, and her mom walked in, carrying a steaming cup of hot chocolate. "Take a break from the snow," she said with a smile. "You deserve it!"

Gloria took the cup and smiled in gratitude. She knew her mom was right. Sometimes, the best thing to do was to just stop and breathe a little.
surprising, but also mighty embarrassing.

The week the book was published, Twenti-
tieth Century-Fox asked Mrs. K. “Do you
have a little blonde girl named Helen
Koford—and can she ride a horse?” The
week before, in the New York Times, they
asked. That did it for Helen—the horse.
She didn’t take any chances on missing
the fun. “I was wearing braces on my
teeth then,” she remembers, “and I knew
that teeth did ruin everything (the char-
acter’s name) with the orthodontist and
had them taken off. Well, the very first
thing they said was, ‘This girl wears
braces on her teeth.’ So I had to throw
them away and get that kind I spent
my paycheck before I even got it.”

But her screen debut was even sadder.

The picture was Maryland, a race horse
epic. Helen rode her horse, all right, and
lived with it, for two days at $30 a day.
Terry Moore took off, and when she
school spread the exciting news of her
impending triumph. Finally along with
her girl friends she saw Maryland.
She wasn’t in it. Instead she was in disgrace.

She looked a liar! She walked over and
mowed it all up. You never were in the
movies.”

“Maybe you were,” said another. “But
there were so punk they had to cut you out.”

The sting of that smack-down, however,
was softened somewhat by child parts in
three fine movies which rescued Helen’s
reputation: Gaslight, The Howards Of Vir-
ginia, and My Gal. For Other exciting
girl things also happened to Helen Luella
Koford, including two careers she hadn’t even
thought about: One, in Hollywood radio,
and another as America’s magazine cover
queen. In fact, about the only thing a
less you were deaf or blind, it was hard to
miss Helen Koford over the air or on the
newstands.

SHE started radio right at the bottom—
acting in commercials. But when Helen
did commercials the audience applauded.
Soon she was one of the girls who carried
almost the entire child acting load at
the Hollywood ether studios—a fixture
on coast-to-coast shows like Mayor
Of The Town, the Bob Burns Show, Big Town.
A Date With Judy to name a few. Then one
day “Tom Kelley, a commercial photog-
rapher, took a couple of pictures. He sent
them East tucked in a package of others.
What he got back from his agent was an
exalted wireless every week for the next two
years. During that time Randolph pho-
ographed nobody but her. As a result Helen
landed on the cover of about every big
time magazine. But instead of
Sales, she had no cover girl rival. She made 40
odd, more than any other girl in the U.S.A.

What Helen Koford revealed in those
cover girl days was exactly what Terry
Moore is still proving today—that fresh,
young sex can be something besides can-
yons of cleavage and bikini shorts. In
every cover, ad, or artist’s portrait Helen
Koford showed the simplest of eccentricities
and clean cut.” She beamed a smile like
morning sunshine. She posed with water
dripping off her face, snow in her hair,
sunlight, wind and rain on her cheeks. She
posed on horses, in bathing suits, in tennis,
skis. She looked like some-
body’s daughter, some boy’s girl, the sweet
kid next door. She still does—but oh, what
a difference.

Strangely enough, it wasn’t this feminine
charm that put Helen back in the
Hollywood running for the second time, after she’d framed her high school diploma.

On the contrary—following a brief contract
with Eagle-Lion which did little for Helen
except change her name to Jan Ford—she
was introduced to Columbia as The Return
Of October to make her biggest hit so far
playing—that’s right—a tomboy.

Helen, or Jan, was such a convincing
tomboy, though, that everyone said, “Yes,
you’re Tom.” So after the second time Helen
Koford rechristened herself. The “Forever”
name comes from the last half of her mother’s maiden
name, Hickmore. She’s kept it now, though, “Forever”
sounds like such a boy-svoxer, and after all, she’s
pretty thoroughly grown up.

For a while it looked as if her screen career
was going to be over, and when it was, she
travelled 22 cities, with the picture, came,
saw and conquered. Newspapers pro-
claimed: “A new star is born!” They called
her “The girl with the champagne person-
ality, the Hollywood Christie—and all kinds
of things. But back in Hollywood all that was soon forgotten. One part a
year was the best Terry could do. The
string of so-so pictures—Gambling House,
He’s A Cockeyed Wonder, Sundown Side
Of the Street, Barefoot Mailman—kept her
talent under wraps—especially since her
contract vested both radio and magazine
contracts which Terry Moore—in movies like Terry
it was a pretty painful period.

“I almost went crazy,” she says. To keep
sane she took UCLA extension courses,
and now has two years’ college credits on
a political major, plus a PhD. There was also plenty of time for a
social whirl. Terry Moore has scads of
friends.

Elizabeth Taylor, Ann Blyth, Jane
Powell, Diana Lynn—all of these and
dozens more. Terry has chummed with
since her early teens. Besides football cap-
tains, she dated young movie actors such as
Oscar Hammerstein, Jr., Dick Long, Craig Hill, Roddy MacDowell. She and Roddy were double dating with
Liz and Glenn Davis the night that roman-
tic West Point athlete first asked Terry
for a dance.

A LOT of people have concluded that Terry
Moore captured the famous “Mister Ours”
Hollywood heart—only to find Terry
in love with someone else. But that’s not quite the way it happened.
True, that night was the last night Glenn
ever took Elizabeth out, but Terry still
figured he was her girl friend’s private
property. So she said “No” and kept say-
ing it when Glenn called her during the
next few weeks. When he went back to
West Point to coach he wrote her letters.
She didn’t answer. In fact, it was a good
half later before Glenn called again and
she gave him a date. By that time Liz had already been engaged
again to Bill Pawley and had said “Yes” to Nick, Moore’s now-husband. So the argument was
clear, even if her spinning head wasn’t.

It was a fast-breaking courtship with
football’s speed merchant once it got going. That week ended up right for Terry
and her mother, for that is the week on
which Helen’s first wedding anniversary falls. Then Glenn took her to the Rose Bowl
game in Pasadena, but she can’t even
remember who played. After that came a
ticket to Chicago for a charity TV Mar-
athon, and then there’s the 22nd—October.
Next, Invited to Honolulu for an All-Star
basketball exhibition with the Globetrotters.
Davis wrangled plane tickets for Terry
and her mother, and that did it.

What the tropical moon, swaying palms,
throbbing guitars and hula girls didn’t do
the columnists and Terry’s friends did.
All raved, "Glenn and you make a perfect pair." "It just kind of snowballed," Terry says today. "I guess Glenn caught me in the end of my football era." Anyway, in those five days they became engaged and were married in the Glendale Mormon church February 9, 1952. After a flying honeymoon to Panama, Acapulco and Guatemala they drove to Texas, where Glenn entered the oil business. Two months later, on April 14, Terry sued for divorce on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty."

The only way to explain an alliance that short lived is that it must have all been a mistake. Terry doesn't deny this. She has a hunch it was infatuation rather than love and she's frank in admitting that maybe she wasn't ready to be a wife, certainly not Glenn's wife. There are few nicer fellows than Glenn Davis, but at heart he's an old-fashioned boy who obviously expected his bride to sit around the house and be just plain Mrs. Davis. Terry can't sit around anywhere. In the one-room apartment where they started housekeeping, she found it stifling to talk recipes and things with the other wives while Glenn went duck hunting with the boys. "I wanted to go duck hunting with the boys, too," admits Terry.

When her studio called her back to test for a picture (that was never made), Hollywood looked like heaven to her. "I'm not the type for Texas," she wrote Glenn and it was all amicably called off. The divorce, final this April, is the first in her family and Terry's not proud of it at all. But she isn't the kind to cry over spilt milk, either, or to sit around wringing her hands. She got back into circulation pronto.

Today the star line forms to the right: Hugh O'Brian, Nels Larsen, Mel Rives, a Korean war jet hero—there goes that list again! Of them all, perhaps Terry's most simpatico with Lawrence Harvey, a brilliant young British actor brought to Hollywood for The Robe. They're having lots of fun party and pub crawling, but she's not trying on any rings even for size. "I'm afraid I don't fall in love with men," says Moore, a little helplessly, "I fall in love with their talent." At various times, she admits she's humbled hard for the great gifts of people like Danny Thomas, Mickey Rooney, Johnny Ray, Elia Kazan, John Huston—yes—and Glenn Davis. Maybe that best explains the why of their marriage—and its break-up. "Someday though," believes Terry, "it will be different and then it's for keeps and for kids, two of them—one of each kind."

Right now Terry's young life is crowded with other diverse and exciting activities besides her hi-balling career. She's learning German and Spanish. She's still chasing her college degree. She's collecting dolls and stuffed animals from all over the world. She's flying planes—still rented ones, although she's saving up for a Cessna 140. Terry has her pilot's license and 176 hours and is out for a two-engine certificate next. Sometimes, when the traffic's heavy, she hires a job at Clover Field, and wings home. That home is still in Glendale, the same attractive cottage where Terry grew up, glamorized only by Terry's redecorated bedroom, her dolls, some Dresden figurines she brought back from Germany, and the chronic bouquets of posies from beau. Neither her dad, a credit investigator, her mother, or brother, Wally, are impressed with their famous girl by now—it's really an old story with the Kofords, although they're happy, of course, to see things breaking Terry's way at last. Her dad handles her money, because Terry is the kind who is likely to give anyone who asks her two tens for a five.

Terry doesn't get pampered at home, but she's not the kind who needs it. In Bavaria last fall Terry stayed in a pension with 40 people to one bathroom and spent one entire wintry day in that icy mountain stream with nothing on her but that flesh-colored swim suit. She got certain parts of her anatomy numbed by the cold but no complaints. Actually she's been fairly lucky, considering her Fearless Fagan existence since birth, to come off with nothing worse than a cracked shin skiing, and having her tonsils out. Maybe the secret of her indestructible body is that she sleeps like a baby for nine hours a night, no matter what, and can drift off to dreamland in two minutes, sitting, standing, or riding a roller coaster, if she wants to. "What really relaxes me is excitement and work," swears Terry.

If that's true, then from now on Terry Moore should remain as pleasantly limp as a possum. Because, with the new deal in sex appeal that she's handed Hollywood, Terry Moore could be quintuplets and still not meet the demand. And, I'm pretty sure, that would be just dandy with her. After getting her name on the dotted line at 20th Century-Fox, Darryl Zanuck's talented chief, Lew Schreiber, called Terry at home. "We want to make you welcome here and we want to make you happy," he said. "What can we do?"

"Keep me busy," replied Terry. That would be easy, promised Schreiber. "You see," explained Terry Moore, "my Mormon grandpa has a saying: 'It's better to wear out than to rust out.'

At this point, the chances of slow oxidation setting in on Terry Moore seem fairly remote—say—about 10,000,000-to-1. As for needing new parts or replacements—for either her engine or chassis—why, she's just getting warmed up and broken in!

### Dramatize Your Lips With RHAPSODY IN PINK Fabulous New Shade by TANGEE!

It's pink as pink should be—flattering, young, tempting. A rosy song of color on your lips that stays on and on for hours and hours, thanks to Permachrome.

And it's extra-rich in Lanolin. That's why it applies smoothly, keeps lips soft, dewy-fresh.
LET ME TELL you about this easy-to-use suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE

So POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet HARMLESS!

Young wives deserve to know about Zonitors — this easier, daintier yet powerfully effective method for intimate feminine hygiene. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. Positively harmless—non-poisonous.

Assure Continuous Action for Hours

Zonitors may be used as needed at any time and particularly for the first two nights after monthly periods to guard against offensive odor. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties. They assure continuous action for hours. They are not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melt away.

Carry in Your Purse

Zonitors help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors instantly kill all reachable germs. Enjoy the many extra advantages of Zonitors. Inexpensive.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways

- Individually foil-wrapped, or
- In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!
Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-45, 180 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name

Address

City

State

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

“I know a lot of little things about myself... I love the classics, hate large corsages, crave for an enormous bathroom, and eat geranium leaves...” candidly confesses Diana Lynn in this twelfth article in the MODERN SCREEN personality plus series.

Take my word for it

by DIANA LYNN, star columnist for April

Friends... what attracts them, what keeps them, what loses them? They say that of a half-dozen good friends a person may have at any given time, only three will remain close friends at the end of a five-year period. That goes pretty well for me. People change. But when I meet an old friend I haven't seen for ages and she cries, “My, but you've changed!” it's always a tense few seconds for me until I hear which way!

You may know someone who is in the process of changing. If you catch her at such a time and like her well enough you'll understand what's going on and give her an opportunity to get to be whatever she is on her way to be... without undue criticism. The “in between” periods are sometimes bad periods. The old friend I like to meet is the one who will say, “My, Diana! You've become more glamorous!” Only I don't think I'm glamorous anyway (It's raining today).

My perpetual worry is that my friends will think I'm a snob because I won't say “Hello” when we pass. Often, without my glasses on, I can't recognize them. I use my glasses when driving but never when walking. I can walk without them... but I don't always know whom I'm passing (or passing up!).

The thing I miss most in California are peonies; they just don't grow out here, or at least not where I can ever see them. The thing I miss most on the road is a home. I hate hotel rooms no matter how beautifully decorated and that is why I always rent a house or an apartment if I am making an extended stay in any city. I need the warmth of a home feeling. I'm looking forward to decorating a new apartment now. I'm going to use cheerful colors; I'm depending on having a fireplace. I'm not thinking of a big place. I believe the days of the lavish movie star are gone forever. It is much better to be well off at 50 than to have seven minks now. Yet... I dream always of an enormous bathroom with wall to wall carpeting, shelves by the tub for cosmetics and a tray to make reading possible. (If Marlon Brando wants to live in a cold water flat that's okay with me).

Coming back to flowers I used to eat leaves before they called it chlorophyll. I recommend geranium leaves; very tasty. And I think the French are right about the parsley chefs put on your plates; the French don't consider it just a decoration—they eat it. I am, and have always been since I can remember, an ice eater. Leaving the subject of flowers—I love yellow blooms, and also flowering fruit trees. Coming back to apartments—nobody ever said I was neat but every so often I go on a...
crazy cleaning binge, working over my closets and drawers until they are all practically sterile.

FOR LAST NEW YEAR'S my resolutions included being a better sport than I have been and a decision to laugh more. I'm not as shy as I used to be, for which I am grateful. I think I also should have decided to learn a new language. I wish I could speak at least three languages. The one I am writing in is the only one I get around in. When I was in Mexico for my latest picture, Plunder Of The Sun, I took Spanish lessons there. I sounded fine to those who knew no Spanish at all. Which reminds me ... I wish Americans wouldn't complain so much when they are abroad. They expect all people to speak English and seem to refuse to learn foreign languages themselves because they are afraid of making fools of themselves. Actually it is amazing how much the Mexicans enjoyed my attempts to speak Spanish, despite all my mistakes, just because I showed interest enough in their tongue to try. And about Mexican food; if it isn't what it should be according to American standards there is still no point on harping on it in front of the Mexicans. Some Americans with us complained so steadily in front of a charming Mexican couple I knew that it became simply maddening.

My only peeve about Mexico was the fact that guests never arrived at parties until two and a half hours after the announced time. No wonder most hostesses feel like Stella Dallas at the birthday party she gave to which nobody came at all.

I DIDN'T MAKE ANY RESOLUTIONS about my coffee drinking but I do drink too much—perhaps 9 cups a day sometimes. I also am not going to do anything about changing my name, though I don't like it. Diana Lynn was chosen for me when I started my career. It's too late to alter it now. My own last name was Loehr which they thought too hard to spell. Still I'm glad my friends don't call me Dolly any more. I think Ava Gardner is a wonderful theatrical name (and I think Ava is getting to be a better actress all the time, plus I wish I looked like her). I think Ann Blyth and Julie Harris are wonderful names (and Julie just about the most wonderful actress I've ever seen).

(Continued on next page)
**FREE!**

ANN PINKHAM BOOKLET
explains the intimate mysteries of female system...reports doctors' findings about how you may

STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS
...even on the First Day!

Regularly priced at 25¢...but easily worth $1. Under limited “first edition” offer, new 24-pg. (over 5000 word) booklet—fully illustrated in color—yours absolutely free! Tells why you menstruate, explains physiology of process. Why do you call it “the curse”? How about regularity—crams—“change of life”? Scores of other questions answered authoritatively.

**New! Easy-to-take Tablets!**

I learn, too, how taking Lydia Pinkham’s Compound of Tablets gave complete or striking relief of functional cramps and other “monthly” distresses in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors’ tests—on first visit, worst day of period! That’s because of Pinkham’s soothing effect on source of the pain. Modern in action, you’ll welcome new Lydia Pinkham Tablets with added iron...so convenient, easy to take!

To get a FREE copy of A Woman’s Guide to Health, fill out and mail to ANN PINKHAM, 12 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass. Mailed in plain envelope (not sent to children).

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

Offer good only until April 25, 1953

**Important!**

your hair needs LOVALON

For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. Lovalon removes dull film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach — Lovalon is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.

10c for 2 rinses
25¢ for 6 rinses

**Take my word for it**

I HAVE HAD AN INDIRECT BENEFIT for which I shall always be deeply grateful. I never realized when I studied piano that learning to memorize all the notes in a repertoire of numbers was excellent training for memorizing dialogue. It has been an invaluable aid in my theatrical work, and, of course, in TV plays. I don’t see how any actor can use a teleprompter (the device which enables him to read his lines) and act out a scene properly at the same time. For me, a one hour dramatic show means a week to ten days of work, spending ten hours each day at it, learning my lines and how to play my part. On the first day I go over the play with the director while he blocks out the scenes (giving me an idea where I stand and how I’ll move about), by the second day I am well into committing the lines to memory and by the third day I have them letter-perfect...the lines, I mean, nothing else. Now comes the important thing—studying my role for what it means, for the character involved, for the drama possible, or, in other words, the playing of the part. I think I have played the two longest parts in the legitimate theatre as the heroines in Voice of The Turtle and also The Moon Is Blue. I learned them at the rate of three or four days to each act, going back often for review and refreshment. I can’t play someone so that they can cue me (I lose a lot of friends this way) and always work on my feet, pacing about.

Luckily I never remember what I don’t need. All the parts I have learned in my life aren’t topside in my head ready to come to my tongue (how awful that would be!) but they are there. I wouldn’t play Voice Of The Turtle tonight, but if I had to I could probably be up on the part by tomorrow night. I learn fast and I think it is like this for all actors who learn fast—they forget fast. People who are slow studies retain longer.

I ALWAYS WANTED to go into the theater because I was curious to learn if I could endure doing the same role every night. I found it wonderful, instead of a bore. I was in The Moon Is Blue for 14 weeks and instead of its getting monotonous. I found myself still working at my part during the very last matinee.

There is this much to say for the legitimate theater—you do more acting and less of the extra stuff that goes with being an actor. In Hollywood there is so much time spent on activities incidental to your real work; the costume fitting, the testing, the posing for still, the publicity running around. I just hate to pose for stills. I like to look at stills of myself, but generally I am with mixed emotions. I’m just not a raving beauty, I guess.

The girl in Hollywood who has managed herself the best, in my estimation, is Jeannine Craine. A home, husband and four children plus a fine career! That’s being a person as well as an actress. A deep curtsy to her!

I WONDER IF WE LIKE FOREIGN PICTURES so much (when we do like them, I mean) because we don’t know the actors or actresses in the cast and therefore can accept them in their parts? I wonder, too, if this has anything to do with the fact that I am crazy to go to Europe. (Anybody need a continental-adventures-type heroine?) I’m going to Europe! Why? I’ve never even been in a drive-in movie! Or does that make sense? I also don’t like Westerns but I must be wrong. (Anybody need a Western heroine?) This reminds me of Texas. I wish that Texans wouldn’t be so...but, what’s the use, they always will be! If I did go to Europe I probably would go in for exotic dishes. I think they are fun. I’ve had eels, fried grasshoppers (in Mexico) and snails (in San Francisco). Same girl likes cookies late at night and often has a terrible craving for peanut butter. I guess my eating schedule is fixed for life—nothing much until dinner and then eat like a truck driver.

I KNOW A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS about myself but the smart person is one who knows the big things. Of the little things...much. I hate corsets; they stick out on you like Christmas packages. If I get one I carry it or pin it on my bag...I hate to ask him to play the piano at parties and I hate parties where every one puts on a show...I especially hate to see women in formal gowns when their escort is just in a business suit...I wish the new group of young men actors wouldn’t try to do it in front. I can’t tell them apart, (No, I don’t mean Rock Hudson’s hair. I can’t even see that far up) I deplore so much fuss about who is dating who? Sometimes feel more than one couple has stood in front of the preacher because they didn’t want to make a liar of some columnist...Twice a year I think of clothes from the buying viewpoint; the rest of the time I watch to see where they are going. Am I staying with them? Ahead? Or behind?...I wish I could stop picking at my fingernail polish.

**EVEN THOUGH I AM AGAINST HELPLESSNESS in women—letting men light their cigarettes, open doors—**I realize now that lots of men would have nothing else to do if they couldn’t do that for you. If your man can’t do anything more than this, hadn’t you better throw him back in and try all over again? By the same token I don’t think women should act as the disciples of the goddess of clothes and talk nothing else. I think a girl minimizes her chances to be liked, to be respected by those who count, if she is too (and too obviously) concerned about her adornment. It doesn’t hurt a girl to round out her personality with general knowledge, for instance. I feel that every girl should amplify her school education by interest and work in some specialty she finds interesting; if nothing else by reading the good books, the classics. I would have had a much more difficult time, perhaps been in a bad spot, if I had depended just on my school work to prepare me for meeting the world. The people and the situations I met in literature helped me meet the people and situations I ran across in my everyday life. Don’t stumble Walk in the light.

This reminds me, I must do my good good deed for the day. Even if it is only to call someone I know is alone.
courageous hear: (Continued from page 54) money troubles.
No bitter jealousies, private or professional.
No in-law hostility. No alcoholic problem or other degrading habits. No incapaciti-
ing illness, nervous breakdowns, or dis-
agreements over their child. No skeletons in closets or hidden scandals.

Yet for every dead marriage there is an
obituary. Back of every breakup there
is a story. And there is a story behind the
separation of Anne Baxter and John Hodi-
ak, too. It does not begin in Hollywood, where they met, fell in love, married and
lived together for half-a-dozen years of
their lives. It begins properly in two other
places—Hamtramck, Michigan, an indus-
trial suburb of Detroit, sometimes called
"the toughest town in the U.S.A." where
John Hodiak grew up; and Bronxville, New
York, capital of the wealthy Westchester
County society and country-club set. Anne
Baxter's home town, where her family
were prosperous and socially prominent.

If the story of the Baxter-Hodiak di-
orce were a flat case of irreconcilably dif-
f erent-side-of-the-tracks backgrounds, it
would be simple. However, their "basic
incompatibility" which became unbearable
in both, is more complex. It stems not so
much from what John and Anne were, but
from what both became in their struggle

to break away.

John Hodiak didn't want to work in a
factory. Anne Baxter refused to vegetate
into a proper but dull Ivy and Junior
League future. Both wanted something
bigger and more important out of life.

Both fought to be something different
from what their natural beginnings pre-
dicted. Their struggles were completely
different, but equally hard. In both cases
they created tense and intense, chronically
discontented, ambitious, incorrigible per-
sonalities who could not bend to another's
will or compromise, no matter how much
they wanted to or tried.

In marriage, wherever it thrives, some-
one has to give in. Someone must domi-
nate, someone carry the ball. For too long
both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak had
paddled their own canoes—and against the
current. When they teamed up there was
no way they could relax and glide along
together. And that is the peculiar tragedy
of their marriage.

I T was back in 1944, in a picture called
Sunday Dinner For A Soldier, that Anne
Baxter first met John Hodiak. Anne played

I SAW IT HAPPEN

The other day my girlfriend and
I were going down
to the beach at
Santa Monica and
while driving along
San Vincen
t Drive, a Pontiac
came alongside of
us. There were
two young men in
it. We were ad-
miring the color of the car, when the
driver looked up and smiled.

Then he winked and gave us a
hearty, "Good morning, girls."

We acknowledged his greeting and
then he drove on. Each time we passed
him or he passed us, he would smile
and wave.

It was Scott Brady,
Sallie Endres
Reseda, California

CHEW "SPECIAL FORMULA"
CHEWING GUM!
Reduce

UP TO 5 lbs. WEEK with DOCTOR'S

FREE! A full 12-day supply package
will be given FREE with each
order of 24-day supply for $2.00.

100% MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE
Let your scale prove you can lose weight and
acquire a slimmer attractive figure. A 10-day trial
must convince you OR NO COST.

DOCTOR'S PLAN, Dept. SA-9
P.O. BOX 787, NEWARK 1, N. J.

JUST OUT! A new fascinating
book every crossword
puzzler will love

Here's one of the newest
and biggest collections of
puzzles available today—
difficult puzzles that range from
the easy-to-do to the most chal-
lenging toughies. There are over 40 crossword
puzzles in this book, plus intrigu-
ging Kriss Krosses, Crypto-
grams, Anagrams and Word
Games—all of them the finest
puzzles by the nation's fore-
mest puzzlemakers.

Ask your newsdealer today for
DELL CROSSWORD PUZZLES • 25¢
"Tess" and John "Eric" and the script said they were to fall in love. The minute Anne stepped into love scenes with the tall, handsome stranger she knew she wasn't just acting. She remembers experiencing, "an intense physical attraction," so intense that, despite her already polished acting finesse she couldn't connect for kisses and fumbled several scenes.

At that point Anne Baxter was 21. She was already recognized as a brilliant young actress. Privately, too, in many ways, she was experienced and sophisticated far beyond her years; but regarding men she was naive, and romantically she was immature. Anne Baxter had been a lonely, only child. She was a girl who never had fitted into a group, who preferred the friends of her parents to kids her own age, a girl who spent her adolescent years learning how to act instead of collecting wisdom about the opposite sex, which, underneath everything, is the normal pursuit of a teen-age girl.

As her family moved around, Anne attended a grand total of 15 schools. In each she remembers, "feeling like a stranger. She never belonged. Throughout her early girlhood Anne lived in a world of make-believe where romance was concerned. At 11 she put the make-believe to practice and started dramatic lessons in New York City. This drew her farther apart from the normally carefree girls and boys at school, interested, not in dreams of dramatic glory—but in each other. "I never had a line," Anne has said. "I never knew any feminine wiles. I was a wallflower." At the junior cotillions she remembers spending most of the time in the powder room, because they weren't fun for her, only ordeal.

At 14, Anne Baxter was a juvenile hit on Broadway—and yet, while from then on she neither knew nor cared about the Princeton and Yale football heroes her schoolmates chattered about, she was also too young to date the adult actors she met on the stage. Sometimes she developed wild crushes on leading men twice her age. But always her dad picked her up at the stage door and so she went home, instead of to a night club, after the show.

Even when she came to Hollywood at 17 to begin her $350 a week screen career with John Barrymore in The Great Profile, Anne either lived with her mother, or was entrusted to chauffeures and family friends, from whose watchful eyes she could only infrequently escape.

This then, was the girl who—for the first time in her life—fell in love, head over high heels, with handsome John Hodiak—but didn't know what to do about it. Because at first, off-camera, John acted as if it was true and straight from their love scenes to his dressing room, as if, she has since said, "he was trying to run away," which, in effect, John Hodiak was. There was a reason for this, too.

At 30, John Hodiak was a confirmed bachelor and something of a woman hater. He had avoided serious romantic entanglements like the plague. They didn't fit into his fierce resolve to make something of himself.

At first, John had wanted to be a Catholic priest, then a big league baseball player.

But, driving executives and important vis-

Or either, a sum-

Or movie career. He'd had a look at another more affluent, exciting world and liked what he saw. He wanted to talk and act and dress and live like successful people. He knew he was talented, but he was raw.

When he scored on an amateur radio con-

Test and revealed that radio should be his open sesame to success, the pros only scoffed, "A guy who talks as tough as you do, 21, million dollars a year?" But John had made it. He'd looked, listened, studied, worked, and grabbed every chance that came along to pull off one of his own ideas. He shied away from any help—or any hindrance.

Anne Baxter has always been frank in admitting that she courted John Hodiak instead of the other way around. But at first she found it, "hard to get through to him." Nothing seemed to work. Finally she asked John to take her to a cocktail party which Director Lloyd Bacon was giving.

He was supposed to call for Anne at 6 o'clock. He finally arrived at 11, in company with his agent, Dick Steinberg, an old boy friend of Anne's. They had already been drinking and had worked themselves into feeling no pain. Not only had John ignored his date with Anne, he hadn't bothered to telephone. Now, the gay blades waited impatiently.

Anne had several times, pretty put out with developments, went on upstair beds. Next morning she found her callers still snoozing away on her living room divans. Restoring them with breakfast and a dip in her pool, she told them goodbye, not thinking she'd ever see John Hodiak again and telling herself that she didn't really care. But the next evening they were back with flowers and apologies, and lugging, as a gag, suitcases. They took her to dinner and again slept on her sofas.

His wariness banished by Anne's good sportsmanship, John Hodiak let down his guard and fell in love. That was in August. In November he proposed. But it was two long years before John and Anne could make up their minds to get married.

Their engagement was heckled by doubt, indecision and other frustrating factors. But on his family out to Cali-

foria and he had responsibilities there. Anne's family thought the difference in backgrounds could only lead to unhappi-

ness also that two careers in one home were bound to clash. But a family friend has said, "With Mrs. Baxter it wasn't so much not wanting Anne to marry John Hodiak, but, at that point, any man." Anne's mother knew how self-willed, independent and dedicated to ambition her daughter was and had been all her life. When she was seven, her mother, at wit's end, had taken her defiant daugh-

ter to a psychiatrist, who told her, "You can't change her, so you might as well make her happy." In a later century of hap-

py married life, Catherine Baxter had learned that it is the wife who must be the peacemaker.

Oddly enough, Anne herself feared her self-incapable of this. "I wanted to get married, but at the same time I was afraid," she has admitted. "I knew my own weakness for sudden changes and violent conflicts. I wasn't sure I'd be stable enough for marriage." Also, Anne had long sworn, "never to marry an actor," intelligently aware of two-career dangers. And so had John, besides blowing hot and then blowing cold toward the responsibility of mar-
riage, because of his own basic insecurity. So despite the fact that Anne and John were deeply in love it was an "off-and-on affair until a small, almost meeting when they both decided, "never to see each other
again." And, at that moment they meant it. Driving home from that dramatic break-off, Anne was so upset and blinded by tears that she smashed up her car. The news brought John hurrying over to Anne's arms and they decided to marry at once, family opposition or not. Like good sports and good parents, the Baxters sensibly agreed, and Anne Baxter became Mrs. John Hodik in her mother's garden at Burlingame, California, on July 7, 1946.

On the face of their future John and Anne Hodik started married life with no apparent problems. John was nine years older than Anne, true but that, as most matrimonial experts agree, is the ideal age difference. Both were young and healthy. They had a house all ready to move into—all furnished, all apple-pie. They had a ready made circle of friends and a social calendar dated weeks ahead. They had two incomes, both sizable. As for careers—John had just scored a hit in A Bell For Adano, and Anne had just finished the meatiest role of her life in The Razor's Edge, which soon won her an Oscar. In fact, both the Hodik family careers have rolled along successfully right up to the end. But career success doesn't ensure happiness. The occupational hazards to happiness for two actors wedded in Hollywood are notorious. Most of these familiar strikes Anne and John soon had chalked up against them.

Probably the severest handicap for these two who especially needed close companionship were their separations throughout much of their married life. John went to England to make a picture, Anne stayed in Hollywood. When he came back, she went off to repeated and long locations. Then John went to New York for the stage.

When she was married, Anne resolved to build, "a wall around our private lives and intimate affairs," which she worked surprisingly well in a goldfish-bowl community. Although their marriage has been heading for disaster for almost two years, it was only lately that even their closest friends, let alone columnists, suspected the true state of affairs. When she was carrying her baby, Katrina, Anne made Follow the Sun without even her studio knowing and kept the stork tides away from the sharpest-eyed reporters until three months before her delivery. Both John and Anne can hold their tongues.

But back of that "wall," the natural state of tension, which exists wherever two actors live, are heightened by the high-strung, mercurial natures of both partners in the Hodik home. Not even her most devoted admirers would call Anne Baxter a restful, soothing person to be around. "I can get physically exhausted just watching Anne," a close friend says. "She never walks—she runs; she doesn't talk—she lectures." Another has described her thus, "Anne's mind is sober, but her body's always drunk." Anne herself says, "I was born breathless and I'm still that way."

Anne has to dramatize everything that happens to her. One girl friend, who has had five babies, says, "When Anne talks about Katrina, I realize how little I know about motherhood." Not long ago, an elderly stranger observed her lunching at Romanoff's, walked over and told her, "Thank you. That's the best performance I've seen since the days of Ellen Terry!" Anne must have something happening to her constantly, something different. "Smorgasbord's my favorite meal," she admits. "Anne wants to play every instrument in the band," her mother sighs.

A frenetic, kinetic girl like that is delightful to know, but not necessarily easy to live with. But in his way John Hodik is just as wound up. Only it stays inside. Where Anne is extroverted, John is intro-

---

*whose lovely lips are these?*

HINT: A Southern beauty, one of America's loveliest, most photographed models.

**Flame-Glo**

**SATINY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK**

No wonder stars of stage and screen choose Satiny Indelible Flame-Glo, the exciting new lipstick that seals vibrant color to your lips without dryness. Leaves no "lip prints" ... won't smear, lasts hours longer! In 14 fashion shades including Raspberry, Fashion Pink, Pink Fire, Royal Wine, Medium, Glamour, Celebrity Red and Ruby. Also in handy 25¢ size.

**WHERE ARE ALL THE SALESCLRK? LOOK AGAIN!**

Today you can often serve yourself faster and better than someone else can help you—and brand names are the reason!

In some ways brand names are probably the world's most efficient salesclerks. Without them, you couldn't possibly serve yourself so quickly, so surely, and so satisfactorily.

And brand manufacturers, knowing you have your choice of many excellent brands, such as those advertised in this magazine, constantly compete to offer you newer, better products and values. So name your brand—and better your brand of living.

**BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INCORPORATED**

A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N.Y.
This is the story of Caroline de Bievre who found herself in the unfortunate position of being an aristocrat during the French Revolution. Her loveless marriage...her amorous contrivances in escaping the guillotine...her exciting flight from France make this one of the most explosive historical novels ever written.

NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Dell Book

“More amorous than Amber!”

Cecil St. Laurent

35¢ complete and unabridged

More exciting
than Amber!

verted. Where she lets off steam, John stores it up. Rejected four times by the Army for hypertension, Hodiak is chronically taut and notoriously frowning, a worryer, still anxious and insecure despite his success. “John,” a good friend told him not long ago, “you’ve got the best smile in Hollywood (which he has). Why in the world don’t you use it more?”

“I just never think about it,” he replied.

Two such highly-keyed and positive personalities are hard enough to blend into a harmonious music of marriage, but there were a couple of other things more eternally grating to John’s and Anne’s happiness, and even more impossible to change. Because they stemmed back to the roots of both their beginnings and their very psyches. One was their contrasting ideas about the roles wives and husbands should play in a marriage. On this they started and remained poles apart until the end.

“John’s idea of a wife was the European one,” Anne had said. This is only natural. His mother was a European, a woman who devoted herself to her home, cooking the meals, housekeeping, raising the Hodiak kids. But Anne’s mother lived differently. Mrs. Baxter was interested in all kinds of things besides her home, active in civic and charity affairs, a decorator, a student of the arts, a great many things besides a housewife. Like mother, like daughter.

John knew all this, but the ideas formed in his childhood were too strong to abandon. A husband is said to expect the image of his mother in his wife. What criticisms he made of Anne, what minor household clashes they had, were over the way she ran—or didn’t run—things. She wasn’t tidy, she wasn’t orderly, she wasn’t this or that. Once, John had even suggested that Anne give up her Hollywood career. He might as well have asked her to give up her life. Acting had been her consuming dream since she was three years old, and it still is. “I’ll never settle for less than I dreamed about when I was a girl,” Anne stated only recently. “That is to be the greatest actress in the world—with all that goes with it. Very probably I won’t but I’ll die trying!”

And that’s the other thing—and the most impossible of all for Anne Baxter and John Hodiak to understand about each other—their different egos. Anne has a strong ego. So has John. All actors have—or they aren’t good actors. But neither Anne Baxter nor John Hodiak—being inexperienced—understood the workings of the particular egos of the opposite sex and how to live with them, and satisfy them.

“I never wanted to change John,” Anne puzzled the other day. “I only wanted to help him. But when I tried to resent it. I wanted to make John happy, but I was making him miserable. Maybe I tried too hard. Maybe she did. Maybe both of them did. Because both made mistakes, well intended, but mistakes just the same.

Take the house they came to from their honeymoon, and which John has just left for their divorce. It was Anne’s house and it was a little gem of an English cottage, perched on a Hollywood hillside with a pool shimmering in the sunlight, and a framed view of the city’s lights. You couldn’t have asked for a cozier spot for newlyweds. But John didn’t like it—and from a masculine pride standpoint, understandably. It wasn’t like to start their life. It housed memories of Anne’s past life.

All by himself, he found another house in another part of town and impetuously put down $10,000, instead of the usual few hundred. But the house was found unsuitable and John lost his $10,000. After that fiasco, Anne and John talked it over and decided to stay where they were, but to change Anne’s house all around so you
wouldn't know it. This they certainly did. The place was changed from English to contemporary modern at a cost of $28,000. Every room in the place was switched around except the kitchen. At the end of that project, one of the most striking homes in Hollywood emerged—but it was never John's house; it was Anne's. An architect disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, her grandfather, designed it. Her mother decorated it. It reflected Anne's tastes. Therefore, the project failed its purpose. It was John's house in name only.

Or take their friends. When John and Anne were married, John had no friends among the top Hollywood social set in which the Hodliaks soon travelled. He was a man's man, essentially. It was only natural that the clever, sophisticated and social people Anne knew—Watson Webb of the Vanderbilt clan, the Samuel Goldwyns, Clifton Webb, the Leonard Firestones, the Dore Scharys—should comprise their set. But in that circle of smart dinner parties and smart conversation, John did not shine, while Anne did. John learned to like his friend's happiness without them. He wore the smart Brooks overclothes Anne was always presenting him with, drank the champagne she fancied.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was overseas I saw Randolph Scott at a USO show. As soon as the show was over, he made a short, serious announcement. "Fellow cornfertilers, I lost my wallet! Whoever has it can keep the money, but please give me back the papers. Excluding the twenty-dollar bill, the owner had stolen the wallet. Later, it was discovered that the wallet was in the seat of the staff car, where he had dropped it on the way over to the show.

Mr. Gabriel Chavez San Diego, Calif.

"But," as an acquaintance suggests, "John still prefers beer."

EVEN though he did learn to enjoy much that his marriage with Anne Baxter brought him, a proud, independent, self-made man, the thought of his daughter was bound subconscious to resent them. Even, too, if the fact that his wife made twice the salary he commanded meant absolutely nothing at all in the family budget—both paid their share of the household fund and there was money enough always—still, to a man like John, that fact was insidiously disturbing. Perhaps Anne could be criticized—she sometimes was—for having her father handle her money, not John. But John Hodliak was no business man—as he proved—and Anne's father is an eminently successful one. There are a great many things perhaps—she even owned the wisdom of Cleopatra—which Anne could have done to play up to John Hodliak's masculine ego, and some he could have done to bolster her femininity.

For an example, when Anne was pregnant with Katrina, the doctor ordered her to take long walks. Religiously, she was out on them every night. Always she asked John to go. He wouldn't like to go, too. Always he said "no," preferring to read or watch TV. This hurt and puzzled her. She felt she should be treated with special respect, be an object of special pride and delight to her husband.

But if John could be criticized for ignoring her need for special loving deference, Anne could too, for a well-meant thoughtlessness when Katrina arrived. Her first pains arriving at three a.m., she slipped out of bed without waking John, dressed and drove herself to the hospital alone. She didn't wake him because she knew he had an early studio call. But, if you ask me—studio call or not—John Hodliak would have wanted to be shaken wide awake at such a time or welcomed a dose of ice water. It's something few first fathers want to miss.

Such psychological misunderstandings grew, as misunderstandings do, to distance, silence and coolness. John and Anne puts it—"drew more and more into his shell."

On both sides answers became more formal, humor dried up. It was almost two years when John went to New York to play on Broadway in The Chase, that Anne made the discovery which led to their divorce.

She flew back twice to see John. The second time he had just won the Donaldson Award, for the best male debut of the year on Broadway. Anne was thrilled and could hardly wait for the taxicab to take her to John to congratulate him. But he greeted her impersonally, and with a frown. He had his apartment in Manhattan, his own friends, his play, his own life, at least temporarily, and Anne sensed that he liked it better that way. "For the first time," she says, "I realized that John was actually happier away from me than with me.

Back in Hollywood, they began their discussions on this very theme. They were long, honest and searching talks, and everything was brought out into the open. "We analyzed ourselves," Anne says, and decided neither could change. If John changed he would be unrecognizable. If I changed I would, too. We were both sick about it but there was no answer. We both agreed we couldn't help each other; we agreed we wouldn't love the other. No one influenced us. No one knew. It was our decision, alone together. It was not easy to make."

The hardest part, of course, was their concern about their daughter, Katrina. Both John and Anne are adoring parents. Both are conscientious. "But," says Anne, "both John and I decided it was better for Katrina to grow up in a broken home than a cold one." John is free to come to Anne's home and see Katrina whenever he wants to, and already he has been there many times. In almost all divorce agreements there is a clause prohibiting the mother (Anne will have custody of Katrina) from taking the child out of the country. John pooh-poohed this. "It will be educational for Katrina to have a trip abroad," he said. "Let her know what she likes." Anne plans to do this soon, when she makes a picture in Europe.

If you ask Anne Baxter about her feelings for John Hodliak today she will tell you honestly, "I have a great admiration for John. I respect him. I still think he's a wonderful guy, and I always will." John has said practically the same thing about Anne.

Is there then a chance for reconciliation? "None whatever," says Anne. "It took us too long to decide this to have any doubts." Anne will only give you a wry smile. "Perhaps. But right now it's the furthest from my thoughts."

So a chapter is closed for Anne Baxter and John Hodliak—and for them both a new life begins. It will not be a lonely or idle life in either case. Anne is 29, John 38. Both are fortunate to have a family.
around them. John's parents, his sister and brother too, live in the San Fernando Valley. Anna's only way to save the mint is to ride away. They came down to spend Christmas with Anna and Katrina, after John left. Both John's and Anna's friends will remain their friends, it's pretty certain. They won't have to take sides; there are no sides to take. Already both John and Anna have gone about their own particular interests. John hopped right up to Pebble Beach for Bing Crosby's Golf Tournament after the season. Anna flew east for a skating at New York and the Inauguration at Washington. Anna plans to live in the house which was hers before their marriage. John's moved into an apartment with a friend.

Both are attractive and popular people. Already Hollywood hostesses are vying to snare John Hodiak for their parties, and almost every glamor girl in town is rolling her eyes his way. So far he hasn't seemed too interested in a rebound romance. Neither has Anna. At this writing all he has had a date with is a movie star, as it should.

As for careers—after Battle Zone and Cochise—John's rolling along better than ever. He has extensive radio and TV commitments. Anna has I Confess and The Big Noise. Hitchcock is to be filmed this summer in the South of France. Her desk is piled high with scripts to read, and her agent's with offers. Her salary is half again higher than it was when she left her Fox studio contract and began her sexy glamor campaign, still obviously going great guns. Paul Gregory is already building a road show around Anna—as a song and dance girl. I see fall in.

But despite a double rose-colored outlook in many ways, both Anne Baxter and John Hodiak are aware that now is no time for sentiment or a tragedy. There's too, in Anna's and John's case it is moreover, an ironic tragedy. Seeking success, they became two hyperpositive people between whom the spark that fuses life into being was not attracted but repelled. Perhaps the irony is best contained in Anna's own somewhat wondering words: "For the first time in my life," she said. Two for a failure.

This is my statement for Anne.

For the first time in his life, John Hodiak, the boy who came from "the other side of the tracks" to conquer Hollywood, could say the same thing.

END

Wash Hair
Shades Lighter SAFELY!

New "CREAMY" Shampoo—
Made Especially for Blondes,
Brings out Shining, Radiant Color
Now, without loss of color, brightness, luster you can safely give your hair the sparkling lustre and highlights that men love! You can do it easily in 15 short minutes at home. Called BLONDEX, this amazing new shampoo quickly forms a rich, creamy, cleansing lather, instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark. Blondex, alone, contains ANDIAM for extra lightness and shine. Safe for children's hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10c, drug and department stores everywhere.

the mouse takes a lion

(Continued from page 52) had experienced, seen and felt. And how it had made her think again about all those things, like her own life's roles and responsibilities.

Debbie embarked to bring Christmas to GI's in Korea on the 19th of December. In her particular unit were Walter Pidgeon, Keenan Wynn, Regis Toomey, and a number of MGM players. The words:

"It was so exciting," Debbie said, "I could hardly breathe." The plans called for an overnight stopover in Honolulu, and as we walked us were looking forward to it eagerly. Me, particularly, because I had never been there. We stood around on the landing strip for about half an hour while people took pictures of the things we spoke on the radio, then we all got on board and settled back in our seats. The motors started and the plane lumbered out to the end of the runway. Then a man came through the hall looking like a civilian. He said:

"The plane is our plane and the compartment. There has been a slight change in plans," he said. "There is a storm on the Honolulu route, so we'll be making our first landing in Alaska." 

Debbie—halted for a moment, an expression of horror on her face.

"Imagine!" she said. "ALASKA! And me with summer clothes on. Well, we have to break it to the folks in town.

I thought for awhile there that some of the people were going to get off and go home. But they didn't. We just sat back and talked about what we were going to do, and when a soldier handed me a glass, but Walter Pidgeon took it away. 'She's a minor,' he said. 'Also a midget.' And that's what they called me from that time on. The midget. But I didn't care.

"The farewells the next morning were kind of sad, even though we'd only known each other a short time. We got aboard the plane and headed north again.

"I guess it was about three hours out when one of the motors stopped—and the pilot came back and told us we'd have to go back to Honolulu. I told the soldier we'd have to go back to Honolulu. I told the soldier we'd have to go back to Honolulu. I told the soldier we'd have to go back to Honolulu. I told the soldier we'd have to go back to Honolulu. I told the soldier we'd have to—remember? Two GI's got a wild idea."

The pilot got to his feet with a look of combed.

"All our troubles getting out of Alaska would fill a good book. We landed at Anchorage—another American Impromptu shows to G.I.'s who also thought they'd hit the Christmas jackpot, then took off for Tokyo again. The next stop, however, because of the broken engine, was just about as far north as you can get. I won't mention the name. The field was quite a distance from the barracks, so we had to take a bus. We got a snowball that melted back to the plane. The bus ran into a snowdrift and couldn't get out. They sent for a tractor. The tractor pulled the bus out—and it got stuck—and the bus had to put the tractor in the snow and load it onto the airplane, where the pilot discovered the brakes were frozen. They got a lot of boi-
twos over the mountains to the next show place. We danced ourselves stiff and sang ourselves hoarse. And Keenan did every comedy routine he knew. They tried Walter particularly. He was travelling about in a top coat and Homburg hat, but he'd take them off when we got to a stage and was funnier at Milton Berle. We travelled and worked and wore ourselves out, but there never was such a Christmas—and never in my life have I been happier.

"It was especially wonderful for me. It seemed that everywhere I turned I met boys I had known at home, many I had gone to school with, and if you think we were as happy as I am, it was not half as much joy for them as it was for me to see them and take down messages to carry home to their families.

"When I thought of all the good there was after the war day, I tried to think that I had been in a small way responsible for letting those fellows there in the dead winter of a foreign war know that the people at home had not forgotten them. I think it is for that reason alone I have given that winter of 1952.

"When we got back to Tokyo, our work was done, most of us were without a place to go. Keenan and Peggy King had the worst colds and both had ear infections that made it dangerous for them to fly. So I stayed on in Tokyo with them until we were all able to come back together.

"Now that I'm back here, back at the studio, with a sun outside and a comfortable dressing room and my family to go to at night, I see that everything I used to think was worthwhile is really so. When I go to work in the morning, I wonder if that's what I should be doing. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back to school and start all over again—and I wonder if I'd go into the movies. Maybe I'd be a teacher."

I t is a perfectly natural thing, we suppose, for a girl like Debbie Reynolds to feel the way she does after the experience she has been through. And even though the story of her Christmas trip to bring short skirts, high heels and sweaters and singing and dancing to soldiers overseas is a bit dated now that spring is upon us, we feel sorry that the recounting of it and what she felt in the way of love to know her. She has other facets than the one shown in that tale, to be sure, but actually, from what she says now, most of the principles that guide her life have been strengthened by her adventure at Christmas.

"I have no intention of getting married," she said. "I like a lot of boys in Burbank and in Hollywood, but none of them enough to marry them. People linked my name with Robert Wagner in the movie magazines. I don't mind that, but I'm not in love with him. Ever since I have been in pictures I have tried not to lose track of Debbie Reynolds of Burbank, so I date as many boys in my home town as I do in the movie business. I like Carleton Carpenter and I met him in school and we stayed together when we date. But I like Burbank, so you never heard of just as much.

"Maybe the reason I get my name linked with the movie actors I know is because I have to go out with them on special occasions, like movie parties and premieres. I tried going out with some of the fellows around here like that and it was torture for them. The minute somebody recognizes me and they start to take pictures and ask me for autographs, these guys get all skippy and squirm and try to run away. If I think of these affairs with Bob or Carleton, they don't mind. They are used to them and know it is all part of the movie game.

"If you really want to see me having fun, you'll have to go to the bowling alley near my house, or to the ice cream parlor but I've got a date Tuesday...

A gal meets so many interesting people in an office these days, specially when she has an important, well-paying job as a Comptometer Operator!

That's you after a short, easy course in a low-tuition Comptometer School near your home. Thousands of Comptometer Operators are needed by business and government offices everywhere. FREE lifetime placement service, through 167 conveniently located Comptometer Schools.

Mail the coupon below for free booklet and address of nearest school.

Free

Comptometer School Div.
FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
Depts. A, 1100 N. Paulina Street
Chicago 26, Illinois

Please send me my FREE copy of "Use and filmed to Success," which tells all about becoming a Comptometer Operator.

Name
Address
City and State

Large size photo of your favorite

MOVIE STAR

FREE! FREE!

ALSO FREE a handsome catalogue containing names of STARS, including old and new, and pictures of FLEXICLOGS, large and small, suitable for use in business offices, schools, and home. Send 2 for sample lesson pages. No obligation.

Choose a Career as an INFANT NURSE

GOOD PAY, BIG DEMAND. Over 19,500 New 0--3 month; 14,000 New 3--6 month; and 9,000 New 6--12 month babies born and records kept each month! Save your health in this pleasant, well-paid work. FREE sample lesson pages. No obligation.

START BEST foot in the right direction on the road to success. Free catalogues and sample lesson pages. No obligation.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT!

FLEXICLOGS sweep nation! $1,150 in one sweep in Minneapolis! Sample lesson pages. Some of our dealers show you your big opportunity with FLEXICLOGS! New bandage rolls that flex with your foot are breaking sales records. Write for free catalogues on women, children, and colorful modern rolls. All rolls easy to tie. Business plus complete accessory list will show what you need. Get FREE Sample Outfit NOW!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

FLEXICLOGS CO. BOX 24-D
New Holstein, Wisconsin

Please rush FREE Sample Outfit without obligation.

Name
Address
City & Zone State
RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA • NEURITIS

The way thousands of physicians, dentists and dentists recommend

Here's Why... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

NEURALGIA
ILL.
Anadn®

PRACTICAL
take
like
LASTING
thousands
NEURITIS
HEADACHE
at
part
S.

PIMPLES
RELIEVES
you
to
ours
combination
ingredients
BACK
to
EY.

CORN*

I

MUTATION DIAMOND RINGS
$1.49 EACH OR BOTH FOR $2.49
Guaranteed genuine. Woman's Wedding or Engagement Ring set with beautiful Citrine Gem 1/4 ct 10K Yellow Gold. Woman's Wedding or Engagement Ring set with White Gold, colorless. Offer limited to first 4000. Send $1.00 NOW for this magnificent set. We Will Refund You in Full. S.A.S. FREE Sample Lesson Free, Blank reply card for sample. Будьте осторожны на почтовый адрес. 584 Auditorium Bldgs., CHICAGO 5, I.I.

MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING ENVELOPES
OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW

30 CHURCH ST., Dept. K-166, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

GLENN GLENNAY
CLEVELAND 3, OHIO

SEW FOR CASH
Use your patterns, materials, directions in your own home, full or part time. We buy from you.

WILSON TIES
402 S. Molia
Stillwater (91) Minn.

CORTS


MOSCO* CORN* REMOVER
DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don't neglect an externally caused pimple broken out skin that nobody loves to touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight—check results next morning after just one application!

Poslam contains all 9 ingredients well known to skin specialists—works faster, more effectively to help you to a finer complexion. Apply it after washing skin with non-alkali Poslam Soap. At drugstores everywhere—costs so little.

down the block. Or walk by my house when we're having a barbecue or a swimming party.

And another thing that bothers me about Hollywood," Debbie said, "is the way romance is kicked around. They even kick love around. Not the actors, actually, but that I really have to work hard to get it to last as long as I live—and I don't want to read about it in the papers every time we speak a harsh word to one another. And when I get married, it will be forever. When it really comes to part, that's what I'm going to mean.

"It's a funny thing," Debbie said, "but I sometimes wish I had never gotten into the movies. Maybe it would have been better."

After three years in the movies, Debbie Reynolds has changed considerably, both in her movies and in her man and in her capabilities. At first she thought the whole business was something of a racket, a way for a girl to pick up a little money before they got wise. The fact that this business is a racket is the fact that when Warner Brothers put her on lay-off close to Christmas she horrified everyone at the studio by taking a job selling hosiery in Valparaiso, Ind. Debbie didn't know what the fuss was all about. She did both jobs just for the money.

When she first got into the movies she couldn't stand the heat of it. She acted herself. She couldn't dance, but she took a few lessons and tried. If you saw her in Singing In The Rain you know she didn't do anything but just flit in and out.

Today, however, Debbie Reynolds is vitally interested in her work. And she's a second-marriage, a certain amount of practical joking about. She used to flit about the MGM lot in her early days looking for pranks to play or interesting places to loaf. Now she toils like a Barrymore. At times when she's a captive of the studio the takes visitors around the lot, they generally stop at the stage where Debbie is working and introduce her as their prize pupil.

Some weeks ago there was a casting conference going on at MGM. The executives were plotting the player lists for the announcement of the coming season's product. One by one the films to be made were discussed and cast, tentatively, of course, but with the stars and actresses who seemed right for a part. Soon the job was done and the men wearily put down their papers. Suddenly, though, one of them took another glance at the completed lists.

"Say," he said, "has any star ever made more pictures in a year on this lot?"

"Of course not," his co-workers chorused.

"Then," said the first man, "we've got to start all over again. That's how many parts we've got Debbie Reynolds committed to here."

They groaned and went back to work. "The trouble with that girl is," one man griped, "she can't say no.

Debbie Reynolds, then, in three short years has taken a solid hold on stardom. She is considered a top attraction, and the public calls this up. She is thought to be a real hit as a singing star, and Gene Kelly himself says she's as good a dancer as he ever hopes to work with as either a hooper or director. And before many seasons have passed the studio expects Debbie will walk away with some big honor."

Personally, however, you'd never know that Debbie Reynolds was a "Big Shot." There is in Debbie Reynolds a sweetness that is not at all sticky. There is a cleaving to old-fashioned habits of proper living that is seen not too often these days, and very seldom in youngsters in the public eye. But she will stick to them, you can wager on that.

We saw Debbie Reynolds going to a party a few years ago and it was something that gave us food for thought. There was a long line of cars slowly creeping up the drive of a Beverly Hills mansion, and a corps of men at the top of the drive opening doors and parking the cars for the guests. There was quite a bit of space in the street in front of the house, but no Hollywood person worth his salt will park his own car at a time like that.

We were in the line of cars when we saw a battered, but neat, convertible slide into the offing with a hubcap on the back. Then a young man, looking fiercely uncomfortable in a tuxedo got out and walked to the other side to let his date out. They walked to the gates of the house, looked at the mad milling throngs, and then the girl took off on a fancy pair of satin evening shoes, and, holding her gown up out of the tall grass of the lawn, began a half-a-mile walk to the house.

We drove up like the rest of the folks and then, out of curiosity, walked around to the side of the building where the boy and girl were standing. They stood outside a huge window peering in at the throngs of beautiful women and handsome men standing about the room. The boy looked like Debbie Reynolds, and she, too, looked at what was going on in awe, her dress still held up and her slippers in her hand.

That, we thought, would be the inside, is the way to go to a Hollywood party. It's more fun to watch than to attend. We went about our business shaking hands with famous people and chatting idly with celebrities. We stayed inside. Maybe she and her date just stayed outside and, after they'd seen enough, went to a quieter place that might be more fun. If they did, we weren't long to know. She's not Hollywood at all. Not Debbie.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When one of the night clubs on the Strip had an opening recently, we gathered outside to take snapshots of the stars as they drove in. When Joan Crawford appeared, it seemed as if everyone wanted a picture of her because all at once the flashes began to go off. But there was one fan who couldn't get her camera to work. Miss Crawford noticed and went over to her and in her beautiful evening gown, took the flashbulb, bent down, and scraped the bulb along the concrete sidewalk. Then she gave the bulb back to the fan, and told her to try it again. This time it worked perfectly, and Joan, as she left, told the grateful fan: "I hope the picture turns out nicely."

Nancy Steerbeck
Hollywood, California
I don't want to give anyone the impression that I must have been one of those queer youngsters, the poetic, anhelic kind, less them, who walk around with faraway looks in their eyes. I was the scrubby, shaw-eyed, hustler type... with an open mind about life and the things you sometimes have to do to keep living it. To tell the truth, I hung around the pool room a lot more than I did the church. A lot of the honest dollars I earned those days I earned working for dishonest men. I mean I worked hard for my money when I entertained for pitchers, but they were getting the public with their fake medicine or wares.

And some of my dollars I earned in even more questionable ways... meaning I was directly at fault.

I didn't worry about it at first. I wasn't even conscious of doing wrong, or at least I wouldn't even dream of taking off time to go into the question. That was later. I did reform immediately when I did realize it. That too, the development of first, conscience, and then character to follow conscience, took time and had to come later. But it came, over a long period of troubled moods, of realizations that I had hurt or wounded someone, of truths that I persisted in telling themselves to me when I would much rather not hear about them.

I never knew my father—and this is one of the saddest statements I ever have to make in my life... But some of the earliest words I can recall were about him, that he had been a great comédienne, a clown with the Hagenback-Wallace Circus, and from the start there was fire in me an ability to follow in his footsteps. At least I cannot remember ever wanting to be anything else but a fellow who can bring laughs into the world. I remember being five years old, entertaining visiting relatives for whom I would drape an American flag around myself and orate like a preacher.

Let's in the street, and substituting a minstrel costume for the flag. I tried out the same act for strangers on a stage I had figured out for myself—the doorways of empty stores, etc. I used to do and sell card tricks. In return for running errands for card players in the pool room they would give me their old decks. Using glue, knife and scissors, I would convert these into magic decks and then demonstrate them on a stage. Then came the selling pitch—a quarter a deck. In order to work up a crowd I had to entertain in many ways; singing, playing a uke, telling jokes. My mother made me a black wig out of pieces of a worn, corkscrew coat, and helped me put together a bright minstrel jacket. I would "black-up" in the washroom of the nearest filling station and be all ready to go on. My only worry was hecklers—kinds of my own age. And, of course, I didn't get anywhere trying to squirm with them for change. I just got out there and fought. Yes, sir, you saw everything when you came to my show.

When I could get a regular job, back in those days in Vincennes, Indiana, I took it. One of my jobs was with the J. C. Penny company breaking up packing cases and lugging the wood up into the alley to be carted away. But when a chance came to join a show on the road, minstrel outfit, a stock company, or even a high or low pitchman, away I'd go. The reasons I'd give my mother were always the same: Some light shot down through the high, stained-glass windows. It fell on the coffin, bathing it in a whole pattern of dancing, gleaming colors. I knew then that He had! He had found Aunt Carrie. Good old God—you couldn't fool Him by putting different names on your churches!

When it comes to your age...

Tell a little bright lie
with Marchand's Hair Rinse

Yes! A Marchand's Rinse can help you shed years... in just 3 minutes! Dull, drab hair sparkles with new color, peppery gray blends in beautifully.

So easy with Marchand's! Choose a stunning accent or subtle highlight—just rinse it on, shampoo it out.

12 shades, just one for you! Blended with care,Govt. approved colors.

6 rinses 25¢ ........ 2 rinses 10¢

FREE PHOTO
LARGE SIZE of your favorite star Actual, Hand-Framed, Suitable for Home or Office

FREE!! 3 4x6 PHOTO POSTCARDS!

FREE: A 6¢ premium BIRTHDAYS OF AMERICAN ICONS大chravie of American heroes or favorite star and only 15¢ for five cards handled carefully.

MORTON STUDIOS
P.O. Box 2430
Dept. M-4
Hollywood 28, Calif.

High School Course

at Home. Many Finish in 2 Years

We guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied with your course. We will give you all the assistance you require. You will be the only one to decide when you wish to study. If you attend public school, you can attend your high school noon classes and take the course in the evenings. Your progress may be determined at any time by your high school counselor. Your courses are approved by the American School, Dept. H-414, Greely at 58th, Chicago 37.

When to Give Up

the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche.

This easier, trustworthy way to carefree feminine hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissues.

Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4¢ a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drug store—for simple send coupon to THE MU-COL CO., Dept. D-4, Buffalo 3, N. Y.
SUFFERERS FROM
PSORIASIS
(LYETHY SKIN TROUBLE)

don't suffer longer
because you have suffered
so long or because you have treated
with remedies which are not
suitable for your case.
Instead, try Duralene.
Duralene will
home it for you.

AGENTS: Ask your druggist for Duralene.

FOLDCONE

definitely sanative tincture.

free samples on request.

no obligation.

Foldeen, Inc.
2451 East Overlook Road
Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
can be a better person, that I can be of service, and that I can continue to make people laugh. I pray not only to God but to myself because I think God is in me, as He is in all of us, and that in this way it is given to me to be helpful to others. When I prayed last New Year's Eve, when I was recovering from a serious operation, and I added the hope that I become more understanding, I said that I have come a long way from the kid I was—and I want to keep on coming.

Sometimes, when they are travelling, strangers will start talking to each other, and if they are companionable and lucky, their words will fall together nicely. The nicest I ever heard fell on my ears when spoken by a little Irish priest who took the seat in front of me on a New York to California plane a few years ago. We had talked for some time, and he had learned on a stop-off in Chicago who I was, when I asked him if he liked to fly.

"No," he said. "Do you?"

"No, I don't," I told him.

He nodded. "That's because you and I work with people," he said. He looked out of the window and polished below. "Neither one of us should have a fear of flying. Working with people I think we are a little closer to Him down there than we are up here.

Yes . . . the nicest words I have ever heard.

you belong to me

(Continued from page 57) then on he lived out of suitcases, and was extracting a sport shirt from one the morning the phone rang. It was the studio, with news that gave them a slight reprieve. His departure had been postponed for another week. Maybe, they thought hopefully, the baby would be born. When consulted on this possibility for the eighth time, the doctor shook his head, "Don't count on it before September 1st." By the time Jeff got his smallpox vaccination and showed his passport, the studio had decided on two more postponements. He was due to leave the following day when on August 28th he received a call from Frank McCarthy, producer of the picture. McCarthy knew how anxious Jeff was to stick around home as long as possible and was doing his best to stretch the starting date. The cable read to the effect that Jeff could count on September 5th as the absolute deadline for leaving the West Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter whooped and holstered irish in general, and the following morning Mr. Hunter noticed a vaguely puzzled expression on Mrs. Hunter's face.

"What is it?" he said.

"I think I'm going to cooperate," said Barbara.

On the doctor's advice they waited until noon before going to the Santa Monica Hospital. Barbara's mother was the only other person in the waiting room, and they consulted each other until shortly after five o'clock that afternoon, when a boy was born.

When Jeff first saw the small scrunched bundle of humanity that was held up to him behind the glass of the nursery, he nervously fingered the pocket handkerchief he had removed from a suitcase that morning. "Is it mine?" he mumbled.

Mrs. Rush was more appreciative in her verbal comment. "Oh, Jeff! It's a darling boy!"

"Oh," said the new father, mopping his forehead. "Is it?"

He had five more days to recuperate, and on September 4th put Barbara Rush Hunter and Christopher Merrill Hunter tenderly into the back seat of his car. He drove home as though Sunset Boulevard were paved with whole eggs, and gingerly installed his new family in their respective bedrooms, then backed off in bewildernment and gratitude while Mother Rush took over with a smile and a ban.

The next morning he gathered his luggage from the perimeter of the living room, took a last look at his new son and put his arms around his wife. It had been wonderful that he'd been allowed to stay as long as he had, but he was well aware that their parting now was even rougher on Barbara than it was on himself. Mrs. Rush would stay with her, and Jeff knew his mother-in-law would give service that would be the envy of even a mother hen. But just the same, he asked himself, what would happen when Barbara succumbed to the famous new-mother blues, and he wasn't there to comfort her? What would happen if Chris got the hiccups, or the croup, or maybe he might have that three-month colic they'd read about. He suddenly felt a great need to be there, and he got Barbara a hug that left her breathless, then broke away and ran down the steps.

He flew to New York and there boarded a plane for England but by the time they had reached Newfoundland the engine was shuttering in a frightening way, and passengers were informed there would be a nine hour living delay of these cable Barbara the minute he landed in London, and thinking that a delay of nine hours would make her frantic, he wired about it from Newfoundland. On receiving it Barbara didn't even have time to raise an eyebrow. To her, an airplane is no more dangerous than a subway, and for years she has boarded airplanes with the aplomb that St. Peter might have in a similar situation. Boats—they are something else, and already she was worried about Jeff's decision to return home on the liner United States.

As Barbara knew it would, Jeff's plane arrived safely at the London airport. The ship flew in at dusk, and although the proverbial mist was in the air Jeff could see the towers of Old London lights twinkling as far as the eye could see. He stepped out of the plane with the conscious thought, "I am in England." When the voice of the announcer on the public address system crackled through the air in a Cockney accent, he grinned to himself. This was perfect.

In order to keep it that way, he tried to dodge the loneliness that enveloped him whenever he thought of his family, 6,000 miles away. He kept busy, and was thankful that Barbara was allowed a lot of free time. He saw London, upside down and inside out. He went to Madame Tussaud's wax works, to St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Tower of London. He watched the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, and he returned a whole day for Westminster Abbey. Jeff had always loved history, and happily living reality of these old stones beneath his feet gave him a tremendous thrill. He recorded all of it for Barbara, who had yearned to see Europe as much as he, with his Rolleiflex camera. Whenever he left the hotel in the morning his shoulders were criss-crossed with the straps of his photographic equipment, and wherever he went he caught only a portion

B. F. Goodrich lanolized rubber gloves

"No dishonest hands for me," say housewives who keep their hands soft and lovely by protecting them with B. F. Goodrich rubber gloves. These gloves have lanolin added; they are soft, so light you hardly know you are wearing them. A special process makes them easy to put on and easy to take off. Made of pure rubber latex for extra wear. Your favorite druggist or dealer can supply you with B. F. Goodrich lanolized rubber gloves. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Sandusky Division, Akron, Ohio.

UNWANTED HAIR? IT'S OUT because IT'S OUT. Quick as a wink, superfluous hair eliminated. Completely removes all hair from FACE, arms and legs. Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.

DANCING SHOES—SUPPLIES

Baton Twirling Supplies

SKATE/Skater or Ice. Check for catalog, 10c (to cover purchase. Quincy Dance Supplies, Box 422, Quincy 69, Mass.

SILK FINISH ENLARGEMENTS

29c for 8x10, 59c for 10x12.

Now you can have your enlargements in silk finish. Black and white or sepia in sizes from 8x10 to 12x16 inches. Beautiful silk finish black and white enlargements made from your favorite snapshots, photos or negatives. Each silk finish enlargement $1.10, 3x5 size or smaller. Each enlargement $1.25. Each silk finish enlargement $1.20. Each silk finish enlargement $1.25. Offer good in U.S.A. only. Prompt service.

Color of Hair

Skate/Skater or Ice. Check for catalog, 10c (to cover purchase. Quincy Dance Supplies, Box 422, Quincy 69, Mass.

NAME

M. Miller

COLOR OF HAIR

Brown

COLOR OF EYES

Blue

HEIGHT

5'7"

WEIGHT

105"
Callouses
Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved
You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning and protective. Separate Medici
corns included for quickly re-
moving callouses. Try them!

Amazing New Creme
RE-COLORS HAIR IN 17 MINUTES
Now change streaked, gray, graying or dull hair to a new hair
tone straight-looking color, try Tinte Creme Shampoo-Varist today. It's a new hair coloring that re
colors half at home in 17 minutes. Takes only 17 minutes. No waiting for results. It's easy to use—no one can do it better for you. Get your choice of 18 natural appearing colors today at your drugstore.

CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING

Hundreds of crippled children in the United States are being given guidance and help from the benefits of Easter Seals. They are depending on you for their Easter sunshine—let your generosity meet their need!

Give Now!
to The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults

of the guides' remarks because he was so intent on the problems of exposures, film-Pes and spots of naughtiness high. They went all over town at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shipping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who want to do a real shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood wags.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked up at the buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in the south of England, and quite the fact it was a wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gioz Island, which is one of the islands in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged ter
rain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie had been repeatedly warned that long- and short-term, and as the days went by both of these disciplines was made known to them. There was always a light in his eyes, and his three

letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nigh

are free for sleeping. From pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to

out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them up in the living room.

His letters to her were often written in
dialect, of which Jeff was learning a b

willingly assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boul
ing went with him, flying across on a Friday night, and from then on Jeff forgot that sleep was permitted. On the second

day of a friend who worked in Paris with TWA and who was kind enough to supply them not only with a car, but with his services as companion and guide. They started out in Montemartre that night, seeing the Sacre-Coeur and then the famous night

spots of that naughty hill. They went all over town at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shipping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who want to do a real shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood wags.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked up at the buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in the south of England, and quite the fact it was a wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gioz Island, which is one of the islands in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged ter
rain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie had been repeatedly warned that long- and short-term, and as the days went by both of these disciplines was made known to them. There was always a light in his eyes, and his three

letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nigh

are free for sleeping. From pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to

out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them up in the living room.

His letters to her were often written in
dialect, of which Jeff was learning a b

willingly assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boul
ing went with him, flying across on a Friday night, and from then on Jeff forgot that sleep was permitted. On the second

day of a friend who worked in Paris with TWA and who was kind enough to supply them not only with a car, but with his services as companion and guide. They started out in Montemartre that night, seeing the Sacre-Coeur and then the famous night

spots of that naughty hill. They went all over town at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shipping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who want to do a real shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood wags.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked up at the buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in the south of England, and quite the fact it was a wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gioz Island, which is one of the islands in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged ter
rain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie had been repeatedly warned that long- and short-term, and as the days went by both of these disciplines was made known to them. There was always a light in his eyes, and his three

letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nigh

are free for sleeping. From pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to

out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them up in the living room.

His letters to her were often written in
dialect, of which Jeff was learning a b

willingly assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boul
ing went with him, flying across on a Friday night, and from then on Jeff forgot that sleep was permitted. On the second

day of a friend who worked in Paris with TWA and who was kind enough to supply them not only with a car, but with his services as companion and guide. They started out in Montemartre that night, seeing the Sacre-Coeur and then the famous night

spots of that naughty hill. They went all over town at dawn in Pigalle at a cabaret which caters to American performers. The next day Jeff went on a shipping spree and bought Barbara a real French chapeau, for he is one of those rare men who want to do a real shop for women, and even the language problem didn't stop him from choosing a hat that is currently the envy of other Hollywood wags.

He went into Notre Dame and had lunch at a sidewalk café and then walked along the left bank of the Seine, wishing mightily that Barbara could be with him. He looked up at the buildings that comprise the Louvre, and decided to wait until he and Barbara together could some day enjoy its treasures. The trip was finished off on Saturday night by a visit to the Folies Bergere, and he went back to London the next day still unable to believe that he had really seen Paris.

There followed six weeks of location work in the south of England, and quite the fact it was a wintertime in the rest of the world, the Mediterranean was in its perpetual state of summer sunshine. They worked on Gioz Island, which is one of the islands in the sea which afforded the stark and rugged ter
rain over which Jeff was required to walk, run, and crawl. The cast and crew of the movie had been repeatedly warned that long- and short-term, and as the days went by both of these disciplines was made known to them. There was always a light in his eyes, and his three

letters to each other were frequent and full. Barbara sent him a daily report of their son's progress. Chris was healthy and happy, he had an appetite like a stevedore, and he was a rarity in that he had already got the idea that nigh

are free for sleeping. From pictures and Jeff spent hours trying to

out of his pocket. The pictures arrived in such volume, however, that he soon gave up the idea and instead strung them up in the living room.

His letters to her were often written in
dialect, of which Jeff was learning a b

willingly assortment, even within the confines of England. His letters from Paris were addressed to Mme. Hunter, and those from Rome came to Signora Hunter.

The visit to Paris stretched only over a weekend, but in that time Jeff saw more than the average tourist sees in a week. Frank McCarthy and director Roy Boul

but back in Hollywood Barbara read about it in the newspaper and felt the first real fear for Jeff she had known since his departure.

Four days later, even though Barbara was sure the ship would never make it, the Union Pacific came in. New York and Jeff spilled out, went through Customs in a fever of impatience, and in less than five hours was winging his way to Milwaukee to see Barbara.

It was a mad, gay, colorful reunion after four months, and even though Chris had been left behind in Hollywood with his grandmother, Jeff felt it was the happiest moment in his life. Together once again, Barbara, wearing that saucy hat, waiting for him at the Milwaukee airport. It was his first visit to his home town in more than three years, and the party was a family affair. Jeff and Chris with his parents and then Jeff proudly introduced his wife to all his old friends, who numbered more than 200 on that day they held open house.

Those two weeks in his boyhood home were fun, but as the days rolled by he found it difficult to keep his patience for the day when the train would come. When they finally landed in Los Angeles and whizzed through traffic to their Westwood apartment, Jeff took the steps two at a time. He flung open the door, with horror he ribbed his new friend, and there was Christopher Merrill, big as life in the process of having his triangular pants changed. Jeff looked at him in astonishment. "But I said," he said. "Is he mine?"

Mrs. Rusch laughed. "You said that the first time you saw him."

"But he's so big!"

Barbara slipped her hand into Jeff's. "He's a very dear boy, isn't he?"

"You know—how it is."

Jeff quickly shut the door and made a hasty retreat. The next day he bought a couple of feet of airplane tickets and started for the places listed on the back of the travel bureau envelope. He hit Rio, Buenos Aires, Quito and all of the other famous places below the equator. But it was in Peru that life caught up with him.

Six months previously, John had gone into partnership with an old friend, Robert Fellows, in the making of the picture Big Jim McLain. They made the movie in Honolulu, and they took their time about it. Even though it was business, the project was something of a lark. Then the film went into release, just as John went away—with no future plans. Fellows finally tracked him down and got him on the phone in Lima, Peru.

"You've got to come home," Fellows said.

"The picture is making a mint and Warner Brothers want us to make some more."

"I just don't feel ready to get back into grease paint yet," Wayne said.

"You don't have to," said Fellows. "I want you to produce with me. You don't have to just act."

"Me produce?" said Wayne. "What can I do?"

"Look, you idiot," said Fellows, "you've been in this business 20 years. You know more about making pictures than I ever will. I need your help. We can keep our company going and turn out half-a-dozen movies a year. The releasing company likes the way we work together."

"No," said Wayne, "not right now. I've got to get something out of my system first."

"Well you're sure going about it in the wrong way," said Fellows. "What you need is to get your mind on other things. Stop moaning and work."

What did you say? asked Wayne.

Fellows repeated it for him.

Wayne held the telephone instrument in his hand for a moment, trying to remember where he had heard that line before. It was like being in a situation you felt you had been in before. Then he remembered his wise old friend on the phone. He was laughing when he spoke again.

"Get a desk in that office for me," he said, "and put my name on the door. I'm leaving for Hollywood in the morning."

John Wayne has not always been as ready
to put aside his heartaches for the more practical things. As a very young man, new to motion pictures, and without much apparent future except as a cowboy actor in B-westerns, he was married at 21 to his school-days sweetheart, "Josephine Saez. During the next ten years they had four children, two boys and two girls. It was a happy marriage for a time, but the strain of their financial reverses, along with the fact that time John and Josephine were in love; two, Wayne is a family man, and loved his kids. But it was unbalanced in other ways. John is a religious man, and his wife was unbalanced. It was of our time, not too devout. Josephine, on the other hand, was a Roman Catholic and her religion was the most important thing in her life. If it had been possible it might have been possible to reconcile this difference, but the fact that he wasn't, made for friction. He possibly thought Josephine's church work was taking too much of his time.

Eventually an estrangement came into the marriage. It was something neither of the Waynes liked to think about, but it was there. John, who had been a complete homebody, began playing poker and carousing around with the lads a lot. Actually, as Wayne told a friend once, there never was an argument, let alone a fist fight. At the end of the day he hated the very word divorce, but she grew to know that it had to be faced. And then it came. The marriage was dissolved in the California court.

For months John Wayne couldn't handle the situation. He was a man in a fog, unused to the sole environment he found himself in. Never a ladies' man, he crept into a silent, withdrawn sorrow. The pictures he had to make to take care of his obligations. Work? He had none. Making movies wasn't work for him. He had no business interests to occupy himself with.

I was about that time that John Wayne—discovered Mexico as a place to hide. It was a place different from Hollywood so he wasn't bothered with reporters always asking about his romantic situation. Far enough away so that if he went to dinner with a girl it didn't make all the headlines as it would have here. But no matter how you want to tag it, these flights to escape were "mooning" jaunts, no good because they didn't let a man really get his own vigor back. There were no guitars playing and too many star-studded nights.

The first time John Wayne sat across from Mexican housewife in a Mexico City lunchroom he knew he was in love. And the story of how he courted and married her, which has been told many times, is concrete evidence that it was. Love is a very personal way to forget love, but it doesn't come along quickly enough usually. At any rate, it saved John Wayne from stagnation this time, gave him a new grasp on life. He began to think about the ambition he needed. He brought Chata back to Hollywood and settled down to several years of complete happiness; a happiness that was as complete as a motion picture he had completed in the early years of his first marriage.

But last year that ended, too. Nobody has ever said just what it was that broke John and Chata up, but it had been a marriage that was wanted, then it just demanded too much personal attention, that she listened to her mother above all others, and that she fell out of love with Wayne. John has never said what it was, if he knows. But he has admitted that Chata fell out of love first, and that it hurt very much. So, as he did once before, he has asked for a divorce into a bag and took off for places where an actor wouldn't al-

**"Mooning" place is what he called it.**

As we said, it was in Lima, Peru, that the old man on the porch caught up with him. It was in Lima that he held the telephone in his hand and laughed until the tears filled his eyes to laugh as he heard from 'way back in his boyhood the old Solomon tell him to keep moving, to work and play and laugh, because that was the way that the nine-year-old girl with the missing front tooth and the freckles had checked out without leaving a forwarding address.

**These pages are not generally filled with detailed personal information.**

From this point the pictures are linked with the practical life. Mary Pickford was the producer of *Monsieur Screen* is not Dunit and Bradstreet's. But I'm not sure why. Wayne, his business life, his travelling and his new experiences as a producer. The pictures are linked definitely with his personal and romantic life. He was met at the airport by Bob Fellows and his business manager. They sat for hours as the plane driven into Hollywood, and Wayne grinned like a boy with a new scout knife as he was briefed on the plans for Wayne-Fellows Productions.

"Tell you what," said Fellows, "you're probably tired, so you go home and rest." "Who's tired?" laughed Wayne. "Let's go to the office. I'll getiber some of these brains you claim I have working for the company five minutes away or you guys will run the business right into the ground."

The three of them sat and chuckled, and nobody was happier about the whole thing than the Boss.

Since that day John Wayne has been the busiest actor who ever became a business man. He had a commitment at Warner Brothers to make Trouble Along The Border, starring his wife. It is said he has turned in one of the best performances in his career, every moment away from in front of the camera was spent on the telephone with his new company when such matters as casting, financing, story-buying were taken care of. Wayne is no silent partner.

When the Warner Brothers picture was finished, Wayne-Fellows already had its second picture, *Plunder Of The Sun*, shooting in Mexico, and Wayne, after the last day, took a moment and handed the make-up off his face and dashed to the airport to get a plane to the location. The next morning he was on the set—and they say he did his work as if he had never been away by putting his finger into all of their pies. He was so enthusiastic and wanted to take care of so many details himself that his partner had to come around and say, "Take it easy," said Fellows. "You're making these guys nervous. Why don't you go down to Acapulco for a couple of weeks and rest?"

"Sure" said Wayne. "Are you crazy, man? I've got too much to do. If a fellow doesn't watch all the details making one of these movies he can lose his shirt."

Fellows looked at a red air. "I asked for it," he said. "I wanted to get you steamed up—but I didn't think you'd boil over."

"Stick around on it, said Wayne with a grin, "I'm not even warmed up yet."

When the picture was over, Fellows and the other executives of the company were worn to a frazzle, but happy that they had talked with each other as much as they did in Acapulco before starting the next movie. They took a house together and planned several days of deep sleep, with interruptions only at eating. This dream was not to be. The morning after they arrived there was a great clatter of cars driving into the courtyard of the house. Somebody opened an eye in a room and one of the staff saw it.

"What's that?" he said.

Peering out of the window, the tired movie-maker saw a group of men in city clothing alofting from the vehicles while the house servants carried mountains of luggage upstairs. He awakened his companions and they went downstairs, the week Wayne had been花样. Wayne sat on the patio, and around a big table sat his lawyer, a couple of fellows from Wayne-Fellows, his office, an agent and a well-known director.

"What's going on here?" Fellows managed to stammer.

"I was wasting time," said Wayne, bright as a sunbeam at a window pane. "I got these men down here so we can get to work on the next show. You better shower and shave, you look terrible. But hey, this is business."

At the time of this writing, Wayne-Fellows Productions, actively headed by John Wayne, is the most promising independent producing organization in Hollywood. Two films have been completed and at least half-a-dozen more are ready to go. Such famous directors as Leo McCarey, John Farrow and William Wellman have been taken into the group and will make one film a year for the new company. The pictures will be made in all corners of the world, for this is the policy of the producers. And, because no studio space is reserved for them, there won't be a perpetual upkeep problem, they expect they can make the movies cheaper than any of the major firms.

N or only in business will John Wayne be an active man in the coming years. He'll be on the move about the world because of the interests he has in foreign affairs in world affairs. Long an avowed Republican, he is solidly behind President Eisen-

The man as a fact of life, he-whistled several times and if it hadn't been for the fact that he thought she was in love with Joe, she would have been safe. So they tried to kidnap him away from the party. On the way home that night he relieved himself of what for John Wayne is a magnificent compliment, for he is noted as a fellow of few and very carefully chosen words when it comes to girls.

Leaning back in the seat he closed his eyes and said, "Man! Have you ever seen a gal like that? I usually like a good dress? She made me feel like I just got out of high school! And the laugh that followed was lupine.

Yes, the man's on the move. The lad's in society! If I would need a desk that's cluttered with the things that keep a fellow's mind from brooding on the past. And when he talks his deals on the telephone he puts his phone to the mouth of a Wall Street reporter. Some day some reporter is going to call his office, though, and ask to speak to him. "May I ask Wayne the nature of your business?" His secretary will ask.

"I hear he's got a girl on his mind," the reporter will say. "I want to talk to him about romance."

"Romance," the secretary will say, "you must have the wrong number. Or the wrong Mr. Wayne!"
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 ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also 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 for the very first time:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Greeting Cards as illustrated, plus other sample boxes on approval. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 14 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

YOUR TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS
—AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1¢

The reason we're making this unheard-of 1¢ 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 to yourself, "Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy cards from me. I'm going to use my spare time to make lots of extra spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to "give" you one box for a penny.

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

Naturally, this offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—this offer may not be repeated.
There must be a reason why
More People Smoke Camels
than any other cigarette!

Why did you change to Camels, Risë Stevens?

"When I tried Camels for 30 days, I knew Camels were for me. They're delightfully mild and I love their taste every time I light up!"

Risë Stevens
Lovely Star of the Metropolitan Opera

There's a simple and enjoyable way to find out the reason why Camels are far and away America's most popular cigarette.

Make your own 30-day Camel mildness test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how much you enjoy your first Camel — and how you keep on enjoying Camels! Camels have a flavor no other cigarette has, a flavor that doesn't tire your taste. And, pack after pack, you'll find Camels cool, mild and delightful!

Find the reason for yourself —
test Camels for 30 days
IS BING THINKING OF LOVE?

by Louella Parsons

Janet Leigh
Now! An Exquisite New Camay Fragrance

yours for greater loveliness . . . only in Camay!

Fresh, fragrant
as Springtime!

It's so delicate, so lingeringly lovely—that new Camay fragrance! And it's yours only in this wonderful beauty soap! Change to Camay today. You'll adore the way its enchanting fragrance accents your radiant new Camay Complexion . . . brings you new all-over loveliness.

LISTEN TO THIS LOVELY CAMAY BRIDE!
Mrs. Stephen Thomas Soulos says: "Once I changed to regular care with Camay I noticed my complexion becoming far more radiant, lots clearer. And that new Camay fragrance is perfect—makes Camay more wonderful than ever!"

And you'll win a clearer, fresher, more radiant complexion with your very first cake of Camay!

There's no beauty soap in all the world like Camay—the soap that helps you win a more exquisite complexion, the Camay Complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone. Then see your skin grow clearer, fresher with your very first cake. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, Camay's mild, creamy-rich lather brings new satiny-smooth softness to your legs, arms, and back. And that haunting Camay fragrance will bring you new assurance of all-over personal loveliness. Change to Camay tonight.

CAMAY—The Soap of Beautiful Women
New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

Most dentists agree that tooth decay is caused by acid-forming bacteria in your mouth. Bad breath is commonly caused by food-fermenting bacteria. Brushing regularly after eating with new Ipana rids your mouth of these troublesome bacteria by the millions.

New, Exclusive, Bacteria-Fighting Formula! Your Teeth and Breath Stay Cleaner...You Reduce Decay Better!

Think of the trouble, pain and expense of just one tooth cavity in your family. Think of how unpleasant breath can hurt you or your husband.

Then read this: Research scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduced bacteria in the mouth—including decay and bad-breath bacteria—by an average of 84%.

Yes, now you can get proved protection against troublesome bacteria found in everyone’s mouth. Just be sure to clean your teeth with new white Ipana.

Ask your dentist. Chances are, he’ll tell you new Ipana effectively reduces tooth decay, when used regularly after eating. In laboratory tests, it stopped offensive mouth odor even after 4 hours—in every case.

And don’t forget your gums. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Liked 2 to 1 For Flavor

Children love the taste of new bacteria-fighting Ipana. Its new, more refreshing flavor was approved 2 to 1 by thousands of men, women and children who tried it at home.

Get new good-tasting white Ipana in the yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold. Or send coupon below.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL-SIZE TUBE.

We’re so sure you’ll like new white Ipana better than any other tooth paste that we’ll gladly send you a generous trial-size tube—enough for about 25 brushings. Fill in and mail coupon today.

NEW WHITE IPANA

The Tooth Paste that Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

Product of Bristol-Myers

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-53, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of new Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part of cost of packing and mailing.

Name_____________________

Street____________________

City____________________Zone________________State____________________

(Offer good in continental U.S.A. only. Expires Aug. 1, 1953.)
**Modern Screen**

*Stories*

- **Divorce Ahead?** (Gregory Peck) ......................................................... by Marsha Saunders 14
- **The Story of Shelley’s Baby** (Shelley Winters) ........................................ by Alice Hoffman 27
- **Is Binging Thinking of Love?** (Bing Crosby) ........................................... by Louella Parsons 29
- **The Wasted Years** (Olivia de Havilland) ...................................................... by William Barbour 31
- **The Truth About Mr. and Mrs. Curtis** (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh) ................ by Arthur L. Charles 33
- **Love and Learn** (Marilyn Monroe) .............................................................. by Steve Cronin 35
- **Between Two Women** (Robert Wagner) ...................................................... by Susan Trent 37
- ** Somebody Has to Stay Home** (Virginia Mayo) ............................................. by John Maynard 39
- **Just What the Doctor Ordered** (Lisa Taylor) ............................................. by Hedda Hopper 41
- **Farley’s Design for Living** (Farley Granger) ............................................. by Marva Peterson 43
- **Married Madcaps** (Anne Francis) .............................................................. by Jane Wilkie 45
- **Everything Happens to Me** ................................................................. by Glenn Ford 47
- **When I Hated My Mirror** ................................................................. by Jan Sterling 49
- **Bride of Faith** (June Havoc) ................................................................. by Jack Wade 53

*Departments*

- **The Inside Story** ....................................................................................... 4
- **Louella Parsons’ Good News** ................................................................. 6
- **Mike Connolly’s Hollywood Report** ........................................................ 16
- **Movie Reviews** ....................................................................................... 18
- **Sweet and Hot** ....................................................................................... 25
- **Modern Screen Fashions** ......................................................................... 69
- **Take My Word for It** ............................................................................... 76
- **TV Talk** .................................................................................................. 86

On the Cover: Color Picture of Janet Leigh by Paramount
Other picture credits on page 82

---

**Charles D. Saxon**

*Editor*

**Durbin Horner**

*Executive Editor*

**Carl Schroeder**

*Western Manager*

---

**Notice to Subscribers**

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

**Postmaster:** Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

*Modern Screen*, Vol. 46, No. 6, May, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 881 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service: 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 991 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President. Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Berne and Paris Convention. Single copy price 90c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $8.00 one year, $3.50 two years; $12.00 three years. Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.00; two years $3.00; three years $4.00; three years, $6.00; Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post-office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Charactet used in semi-lexical matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
CLARK GABLE IS TERRIFIC AS THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT WHO FIGHTS FOR HIS CAPTIVE BRIDE...

GENE TIERNEY

IN "NEVER LET ME GO"

with RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by RONALD MILLAR and GEORGE FROESCHEL
Adapted From the Novel "Came the Dawn" by ROGER BAX
Directed by DELMER DAVES • Produced by CLARENCE BROWN
An M-G-M PICTURE
Be a Glamorous Gayla Girl like a Powers model

John Robert Powers

famous beauty expert, selects as the perfect Bobby pin

Gayla HOLD-BOB

Because of its exclusive patented spring action, Gayla HOLD-BOB glides into your hair and holds gently but more securely than any other Bobby pin. Be a Gayla Girl—use the Bobby pin the Powers models use.

Are You Sure Your Hair Style is the Most Becoming To You?

Your hair do may not be doing you justice. The Gayla Girls' Glamour Guide (prepared by John Robert Powers) will dial a new Gayla Girl hair style for you. Clip the coupon below. We'll send the Gayla Girls' Glamour Guide to you.

@1953 G.P.

Gaylord Products, Incorporated

1918 Prairie Ave., Dept. DM-5

Chicago 16, Ill.

Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla Girls' Glamour Guide.

Name

Street Address

City Zone State

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 Greta Garbo once had Laurence Olivier thrown out of one of her pictures?

A. In 1934 she asked that John Gilbert replace Olivier in Queen Christina.

Q. What were the salaries of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz before they went into television? Will they ever make movies again?

—D.E., Denver, Col.

A. Ball's salary was $3,500 per week; Arnaz's was $850 per week. They have signed to do an MGM picture this summer for a combined salary figure at $350,000 per picture.

Q. What is the status of the Clark Gable-Grace Kelly affair?

—D.T., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. They are extremely fond of each other.

Q. A friend of hers told me that Janet Leigh has dyed her hair blonde and has asked to be released from her Metro contract. Is this true?

—W.R., Stockton, Cal.

A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me how old William Powell and Fredric March are and who has more money?—S.W., Chicago, Ill.

A. Powell is 60. March is 54. March probably has more money.

Q. Isn't it true that in real life Anne Baxter is the same kind of driving, ambitious girl she played in All About Eve?

—F.R., Frankfort, Ky.

A. No.

Q. In Hollywood do the girls consider Dan Dailey a good catch?

—S.H., Rochester, N. Y.

A. No.

Q. Have the Gary Coopers divorced, separated, or reconciled? Also what is Cooper's real name, and approximately how much is he worth?

—D.D., Santa Monica, Calif.

A. The Coopers are separated; his real name is Frank J. Cooper; best estimate of his worth: $3,000,000.

Q. I've noticed that Liz Taylor hardly ever wears the same dress twice. What does she do with her dresses after she wears them once?

—J.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. Saves them for future wearings.

Q. Has Farley Granger fallen in love with Dawn Addams?

—C.V., Uniontown, Ohio.

A. Not yet.

Q. Is Dorothy Lamour all washed up in pictures? Why hasn't she been in many?

—P.H., Omaha, Neb.

A. Lamour's career has tapered off. She is currently starring in Road To Bali.

Q. Can you please tell me who has a wooden leg. Gene Autry or Herbert Marshall?

—E.C., Cochransville, Pa.


Q. When was Gentlemen Prefer Blondes screened for the first time, and why was Betty Grable removed from this picture?

—L.O., Beardstown, Ill.

A. It was screened in 1928; Miss Grable was never in the picture, first or second versions.

Q. Have read where George Raft and wife have been separated for 20 years. How come?—V.J., Natchez, La.

A. His wife refuses to divorce him.

Q. In action pictures do the movie stars do their own falling?

—F.D., Louisville, Ky.

A. No; professional stunt men are used.

Q. In Snows Of Kilimanjaro were Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck officially married?

—K.F., Bangor, Me.

A. No.

Q. Did Dale Robertson ever have a romance with an actress named Constance Smith?

—W.K., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. No.

Q. I heard in London that the real reason Clark Gable divorced Sylvia Ashley is that she spent money like water. Isn't that so?

—D.H., New York, N. Y.

A. It was one of the reasons.

Q. Why is it that in every Jimmy Stewart picture of late the director is listed as Anthony Mann?

—E.R., Princeton, N. J.

A. Stewart likes to work with Mann, requests him as his director.

Q. Can Terry Moore really fly a plane or is that a publicity release?

—C.G., Richfield, Utah.

A. She really can.

Q. Isn't the team of Martin and Lewis splitting up because their wives don't get along? Tell the truth.

—J.D., Palo Alto, Cal.
The Happiest Wedding of Song and Dance in Many a Honeymoon!

The Farmer takes a Wife

This one is really stacked with greater-than-ever musical fun!

Betty Grable
Dale Robertson
Thelma Ritter
John Carroll

Produced by Frank P. Rosenberg
Directed by Henry Levin
Screen Play by Walter Bullock, Sally Benson, and Joseph Fields

20th Century Fox

Songs!

"On the Erie Canal"
"We're Doin' It For The Natives in Jamaica"
"When I Close My Door"
"Somethin' Real Special"
"With the Sun Warm Upon Me"
"We're in Business"
"Today, I Love Everybody"

with Eddie Foy, Jr. - Charlotte Austin - Kathleen Crowley - Merry Anders - Donna Lee Hickey

From the Stage Play by Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly - Based on the Novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

THE STORY OF THE DEAN MARTIN SPLIT... SHELLEY'S PREMATURE BABY... MARILYN MMMMM "CRASHES" PARTY

The baby shower was a big surprise for Shelley Winters... but she gave the world a bigger one. (For the full story of her premature baby, see page 27.) Susan Cabot's curiosity almost overcame her...

...before Shelley unwrapped the quilt. Constance Dowling, Pier Angeli, hostess Dawn Addams, and Susan were delighted. Mama Shelley was nearly overcome. The party was a bright spot for the lonely girl.

I T ISN'T the easiest thing in the world to be the wife of a movie actor no matter how famous, good-looking, and rich he is. There are no sure-fire recipes for keeping a movie hero a husband.

But, close friends say that blonde Mrs. Dean Martin couldn't have taken a more mistaken course with Dean. One of her closest pals told me:

"With the best intentions in the world, Jeanne set out to see that Dean didn't get a swelled head. Because she was so afraid his great success with Jerry Lewis would spoil him, she bent backward in the wrong direction.

"She made a point of never playing his records and song hits at home. Instead, Jeanne would play Bing Crosby and Perry Como recordings.

"If Dean told a joke, Jeanne had a way of laughing it aside with an implication that his humor could be saved for his routines with Jerry.

"When they appeared in public, she resisted having photographers' flashlight bulbs popping in her face. Did you ever notice how few smiling candid camera shots there were of Jeanne with Dean?

"It's all right for a wife to try to keep her famous husband's feet on the ground and his head out of the clouds—but, movie star or not men like to be appreciated at home.

"That's very true. And, no doubt it is the correct version of one side of the story. But I've never known of an argument or a separation where there aren't two sides and I'm sure Jeanne has hers.

I know she is a very broken-hearted girl. Since their parting neither she nor Dean have said anything other than their initial statement that they "are sorry."

Jeanne has spent almost every minute at the home of her good friends, the Gordon MacRae's. The night Dean left home, Gordon and Sheila brought Jeanne to their house and stayed up all night trying to comfort her.

SHELLEY WINTERS' baby girl was born prematurely and was in an incubator for two days before the "scoop" leaked out just in time for my radio show.

I talked with Shelley in the hospital and she was still a very groggy girl. "Our little girl weighed just four-pounds ten-ounces," said Shell, "and for 24 hours it was touch and go whether she would live. Oh, Louella. I'm so happy that the doctor now says everything is all right—and she will be all right."

Shelley has been such a miserably lonely girl all during her pregnancy (Vittorio Gassman had to return to Italy to fulfill contracts with the Italian government). I don't believe she could have stood it if anything had happened to her baby.

The first thing she did after the arrival of little Vittoria was to call the "papa" in Rome. She caught him right in the middle of a performance of Hamlet on the stage.

"He is so excited," Shell said huskily, "he will fly here as soon as he possibly can. My
When "His Royal Highness" Prince Mike Romanoff gives a party with his Consort, Gloria, believe me—it's one to remember. Mike spares no expense (and kindly do not remind me that he owns his own café in which to splurge).

The Red and White Valentine Ball he and Gloria hosted in the Imperial Room of Romanoff's was the first I've ever known for which the feminine guests did as requested and wore either a white or a red gown. Usually, at least one free soul will show up in purple or green just to show her independence.

Not this time. It was such a lovely effect, all the girls in red or white—many such lovely creations. I wore my wonderful Don Loper Inauguration dress. (Continued on next page)

Newlyweds Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac (center) chat with TV actor Charles Farrell at a party at the Racquet Club. Ginger, 41, and Jacques, 26, were wed on February 7, in Palm Springs. It was his first, her fourth, trip to the altar.
LOU EllA PARSONS' good news continued

Gloria Stewart spent the day of the party practically in tears because she was sure Jimmy wouldn't be back from Palm Springs when he was recording a show with Bing Crosby in time to take her to the party. And she had such a lovely dress to wear.

(Believe it or not, Jimmy arrived in Palm Springs at 3:30 in the afternoon, taped the show with Bing, and was back in Hollywood to pick up his lovely Gloria at 8:05 on the nose!)

Lauren Bacall wore the shortest dress I've ever seen—even in the flapper days. But far from being hey-hey she was another almost in tears when she told me about her old man's (Humphrey Bogart's) automobile accident in Europe.

"He bit his tongue so badly he had to have three stitches taken in it and he's never been so lonesome for me and the children," said Baby Bacall too upset to care about a little non-sensical in her conversation.

Lauren was sooo upset I had to take a second look at her. Usually, she is cool, calm, detached and never overly sentimental about her "old man."

While I was dancing with William Haines he said, "You know there are only two women stars in this town who keep up the perfect illusion of glamour and excitement throughout the years."

"And who are they?" I asked.

He pointed to Joan Crawford, who was with her director, David Miller. Joan with flowers in her hair and a big red heart on her dress did, indeed, look every inch the fascinating movie Queen.

"Gloria Swanson is the other," said Bill. "Joan and Gloria are individualists: too many other stars look like carbon copies of each other."

Rocky Cooper seemed to be lonely wandering around. If she had an escort I didn't see him. Peter Lawford, who is often with her, hasn't been going out since his father's death.

I wonder if Bill Haines spotted Mari Blanchard escorted by her devoted Greg Bautzer? Mari seems to me to have plenty of oomph and individuality for a new personality.

What's all this about Marilyn Monroe "crashing" the birthday party Jane Wyman gave for Freddie Kruger at Chasens and, everybody being SOOOOOO embarrassed because Freddie used to date Marilyn before he married Jane? Oh, now—Please!

In the first place, a guest at Jane's party in the new private room at Chasens ran into Marilyn (dining in the café proper) and insisted that the Monroe join the party for a cocktail. Marilyn didn't even know whose party it was until she dropped in for a hot five minutes.

As for Janie and Freddie being embarrassed—that's a lot of mush. That Wyman girl whom I love so much is far too good a scout for such nonsense. She asked Marilyn to remain for dinner—but the girl had a couple of escorts waiting for her in the café.

Poor Marilyn. No matter what she does she usually gets a blast from some quarter.

GETTING back to Jane's party—it was one of the few real surprises ever pulled in our town. A complete change in the menu for her good friends, Bobbie and Bill Perlberg.

When Janie walked in with Freddie, 86 guests were already assembled and his band broke into the strains of "Happy Birthday To You." Freddie almost fell over in surprise and delight.

Jack Benny's birthday was the next day, so Janie had a cake for him, too.

Joan Crawford danced miles around the floor with Jennings Lang. Ditto Diana Lynn and director Freddie de Cordova.

In Hollywood it's hardly news to say any two people are romancing. By the time you get the paper out of the typewriter it's pretty apt to be yesterday's news. However, I have

Unknowns yesterday, Audrey Dolton, Joan Elton and Dorothy Bromly become stars overnight in Paramount's Pleasure Island. If you want a chance at stardom, too, take a crack at the exciting Admission-Paramount movie contract contest. You'll find the details on page 

Tips for Teens—Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant. Use Yodora, accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Cosmetics. Yodora not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and beautifies the skin.

Tubes or jars, 10¢, 35¢, 60¢
That all-man 'Quiet Man' has a new kind of dame to tame!
It takes two to tangle—and when it happens to them you'll tingle!

Warner Bros. happily bring you

"Trouble Along the Way"

With

SHERRY JACKSON

SCREEN PLAY BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON and JACK ROSE

PRODUCED BY
MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Another grand Coburn role—he’s more fun than you can shake your sides off
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news continued

seen Diana with de Cordova at two or three different parties, dancing and looking into each other's eyes as though they meant it.

Diana was very hard hit by the break up of her marriage to John Lindsay. I'm glad she seems to be finding the good-looking and charming director such good company.

NOTABLE Quotables:

Terry Moore: "It's my press agent who makes me sound silly in print!"

Marlene Dietrich: "I'm not worried about how I'll look in 3D or 4D or any old-D they think up."

Jane Powell: "It was a mistake to gray my hair. Nature takes care of that soon enough."

Bing Crosby: "Do I watch television? Like a snake charmer watches a cobra!"

Jerry Lewis: "I'm on Dean's side, naturally. But there's no law against hoping that the two sides will soon be one side again."

The Donald O'Connor separation has been expected for a long time. But never let it be said that Donald and Gwenn didn't try to hold on to their marriage of nine years. They made no secret of the fact that both were consulting psychiatrists. Time after time they quietly separated with Donald taking an apartment in Hollywood while Gwenn remained in their home with their six-year-old daughter.

The temporary "absent" treatment seemed to work. They always made up and Donald always moved back home—until the final break. Their troubles are said to be centered in their 'teen-age' marriage. Don was 18 and Gwenn just 17 when they were married in 1944. The day after the wedding, he went into the Army.

One bit of gossip, definitely not true, is that Gwenn was dying for a career of her own and Don wanted her to stay home with the baby. He did all he could to promote Gwenn's professional life even to having her appear several times on his TV and radio shows. Even their child has appeared twice on his shows.

I'm sorry to say that I doubt if the O'Connors will patch up their differences this time, however, give them E for "effort" during these many years of problems, separations, and kiss-and-make-up reconciliations.

BABY Talk: Esther Williams and Ben Gege are expecting their third child. They have two little sons, so naturally, they're hoping for a girl this time.

As usual, Esther was a long time admitting she was on the stork's list again. I called her in Florida, where she's making a picture, and she didn't call back (as expected). This, however, did not keep me from breaking the story. I've dealt with Esther before on these matters.

Her excuse was she "wasn't sure. Maybe it was the difference in climate in Florida. Or the water scenes she had been making." and so on and on.

It's all right for a gal to keep a secret as long as it's a secret. But when her studio gets around to confirming the news—it makes you wonder why Esther doesn't break the happy tidings herself.

DON'T—I repeat, don't try this style unless you have a derriere like Corinne Calvet's, but her glamorous peddle-pushers are the talk of the town.

They are short, tight pants fitted half way down the legs and Corinne's gaudiest pair are of black velvet with red polka dots!

Too often our movie producers pay too much attention to the East Coast and the West Coast and more or less slough off the regions of fans in the middle of the country. This is why I am particularly interested in the results of a poll conducted in seven states in the Rocky Mountain district.

150,000 people voted these results:

Favorite Pictures:

Greatest Show On Earth
Quo Vadis
African Queen
Snows Of Kilimanjaro
High Noon

Favorite Women Stars:

Susan Hayward
Doris Day
Marilyn Monroe
Jane Wyman
Betty Hutton

(Continued on page 12)
Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! Anybody who doesn't stir to the mention of these daring Americans who left us such a wealth of true adventure stories . . . just doesn't know how to LIVE! Two of the most colorful characters in our history, Buffalo Bill's and Wild Bill's fight through rugged wilderness and over scorched desert to open a mail route to California, makes every minute of "Pony Express" a breathless experience! It's a picture that will give you that exciting feeling of being part of a glorious venture! That's the way I felt. I wasn't just watching it . . . I was WITH it!

The story is based on incidents that occurred after the founder of the Pony Express commissioned Cody (Charlton Heston) and Hickok (Forrest Tucker) to blaze the trail westward to California. There's stirring heart interest, as well as action. Denny (Jan Sterling), a charming, reckless tomboy, adores Cody and dreams of being his bride. She has some pretty stiff competition in the beautiful person of Evelyn Hastings (Rhonda Fleming), a volatile redhead!

Evelyn and her brother are on the side of the rebellious Californians who, incited by crafty foreign agents, feel their state will fare better isolated from the Union.

There's a thrilling climax involving Denny. Your heart will ache for her but I'm not going to reveal all now. Just make sure to hop to it . . . when the "Pony Express" rides your way!

If you hear someone say "It made my hair stand on end," you can bet that he—or she—is talking about "The War of the Worlds." E-e-e-k! Remember your favorite thriller? That was a cosy fireside story by comparison. When I viewed "The War of the Worlds," my scalp felt as though an Indian warrior from the pioneer days was practising his favorite hobby—with me as the scalpee! And what made me shiver? In a nice, warm projection room?

"The War of the Worlds" opens on a high note of terror. Out of a sudden, flashing brilliance in the sky, numberless huge, fiery objects come crashing to earth, spraying screaming heat rays that destroy everything in sight!

What are they? You can't talk me into telling you! This is the kind of picture that has so many surprising turns that I want them to be surprising to YOU. Just go see "The War of the Worlds" and be scared yourself! And you'll never have a more fascinating time being frightened. I WILL tell you that the invaders are finally destroyed—And HOW . . . will AMAZE you!

There's another thriller coming along that I'll get my typewriter into for the next issue of this column. It's "Jamaica Run," starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl and Wendell Corey. I KNOW you'll want to hear more about this one. It's a picture with murder . . . suspense . . . and an underwater action scene the like of which YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news continued

Favorite Men Stars:
John Wayne
Gregory Peck
Gary Cooper
Roy Rogers
Robert Taylor

MONTGOMERY CLIFT has set up bachelor digs in at the Roosevelt Hotel and every day Monty walks the half-block over to Hollywood High School and goes through track workouts with the team and the instructor, a good pal of his.

The athletes are so used to Monty they pay no attention. Even more surprising, the co-eds either don't recognize him (which seems unlikely) or else high school girls in Hollywood are so immune to stars, there's not a good gasp left in 'em.

Clift is becoming very interested in the school activities. He attends lectures on subjects that interest him—usually at night.

So far the most excited group about Monty is the drama class. He has attended several rehearsals of the Play Spring Play, The Road To Rome and given many helpful hints to the young thespians.

He is a strange boy, this Monty. He's far happier training and coaching with the high school kids than he would ever be as a social lion attending Hollywood cocktail parties.

THE Letter Box: My apologies to the State College of Washington, in Pullman, Washington, where the Crosby twins, Philip and Dennis, are students of animal husbandry. I mistakenly placed the boys at the University of Washington. Maynard Hicks, director of State's news bureau, calls the error to my at-
tention, "because we are very proud of the twins here." All Hollywood is very proud of them, too.

Charlton Heston has been mentioned more than any other actor in this month's fan mail—and it's all complimentary, Charlton. Take a bow.

Bengt Ovegaard, Studentgatan 28, Lund, Sweden, writes: "Lew Ayres is still tremendously popular in Sweden—why is there no news of him?" For one thing, Lew shuns publicity.

"Lola," of Kansas City, wants to know, "How does 41-year-old Ginger Rogers think she will be happily married to 26-year-old Jacques What's-His-Name?" His name is Jacques Bergerac. As for Ginger, she looks no more than 26 herself, Lola. Happy marriages are built on understanding and companionship, anyway. Not ages.

I'm omitting addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond and film fans this month to print the news and views of other correspondents. But I haven't forgotten the boys—and next month I'll print some new names and addresses.

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

---

**Easy Money!**

Time to pay the piper for the Maypole dance, and not a penny in your jeans? Don't fret, pet. Here's the answer to all your problems. All you have to do is read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

**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.

- The Inside Story
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- Take My Word For It by Jeanne Crain
- Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- Sweety and Hot
- Divorce Ahead? (Gregory Peck)
- The Story Of Shelley's Baby (Shelley Winters)
- Is Bing Thinking Of Love? (Bing Crosby)
- The Wasted Years (Olivia de Havilland)
- The Truth About Mr. and Mrs. Curtis (Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis)
- Love And Learn (Marilyn Monroe)
- Between Two Women (Robert Wagner, Stanwyck, Reynolds)
- Somebody Has To Stay Home (Virginia Mayo)
- Just What The Doctor Ordered (Elizabeth Taylor)
- Farley's Design For Living (Farley Granger)
- Married Mains (Anne Francis)
- Everything Happens To Me (Aline MacMahon)
- When I Hated My Mirror (Jan Sterling)
- Bride Of Faith (June Havner)
- Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
- TV Talk by Paul Denis

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?

My name is: __________________________
My address is: ________________________
City: __________________ State: ________
__________ yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
BE LUCKY — just like THE GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND

Be a Star
WIN A HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT

Name the Star
WIN FABULOUS PRIZES!

in the
PARAMOUNT Pictures

and
Admiration
COSTUME HOSIERY

'40,000 CONTEST
NOW GOING ON!

Get your entry blank and details at your nearest
Three Sisters, MILLER-WOHL, MARTHA PARK,
OR DEL REY STORE

Admiration
COSTUME HOSIERY

the nationally advertised quality hosiery more admired by more women for 75 years! See for yourself why women love Admiration!

SOME OTHER FABULOUS PRIZES THAT CAN BE YOURS!

Enter Now!

TRIPS FOR 2 TO HOLLYWOOD
via NORTH AMERICAN Airlines on giant 4-Engine Douglas Sky Liners...with over One BILLION PASSENGER MILES OF FAITHFUL SERVICE.

Includes one week's stay at the beautiful CASABLANCA Hotel...Hollywood's Two Million Dollar Ultra-Modern Play Ground...spending pleasant days in the Casablanca's beautiful pool.

THE HELBROS ADORABLE

RONSON "PRINCESS" For you, this dainty RONSON Princess, pocket lighter with one finger motion "Press it's Lit!...Release it's out" safety action.

LANVIN'S "MY SIN" PERFUME Young, tingling, earthy and adventurous...LANVIN'S "MY SIN" perfume...the choice of the young and gay...the perfume of beguiling youth and happiness that inspires exhilarating and courageous adventure.

WILSONocker SPANIEL PUPPIES and IDEAL DOG FOOD ...All puppies love IDEAL, the ideal dog food.

BILLPAK BILLFOLDS

BILLPAK billfold of top grain cowhide with 23½ k. gold tooling. Complete with picture windows, bellows change purse and secret packet, the BILLPAK has the exclusive flip closure-lock!

SIERRA GEM A 1½ Karat "SIERRA GEM" 14 Korat Gold Ring.

PALOMAR CULTURED PEARLS Exquisitely beautiful necklaces by Palomar for dress or evening wear.

"POLLY" PRODUCTS OCCASIONAL FURNITURE...An assortment of beautiful "Polly" Hardwood pieces in "Salem" and "Modern" to choose from.

ZELL JEWELRY COMPACTS. Exquisite Zell compact creations. Hand engraved, designs in Silver Plate and Jeweler's Bronze. Zell portables are fashion accessories.

HAIR DO with Lanolin 2...the exciting spray "hair net" that holds hair in place with no unnatural stiffness.

BUTICAPS The new, scientific blend of dermatics to give you natural beauty.

KIMBERLY PERFUMERS...a golden spill-proof perfume case to carry in your purse.

PALOMAR SIMULATED PEARLS Costume jewelry designed with you in mind.

PAPERMATE PENS The pen that is used by Bankers and guaranteed never to leak.

MAGICOMBS...for cleaning, waving or tinting your hair.

AND MANY MORE!

IF YOU CANNOT LOCATE ONE OF THE ABOVE STORES, WRITE FOR DETAILS TO ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY, BOX 244, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
DIVORCE AHEAD?

Last May when Gregory and Greta Peck, married ten years, stepped aboard the Queen Elizabeth with their three small sons and secretary, it was the understanding of their friends and business associates that none of them would return to the United States for at least a year and a half.

Today, of the entire entourage that sailed for Cherbourg on that May 19th, only Eldred Gregory Peck remains in Europe.

His wife and the three boys, Jonathan 8, Steve 6, and Carey Paul 3, are all back in Hollywood living in the Peck ranch house overlooking Mandeville Canyon, while Dame Rumor, led by Walter Winchell and a small army of other columnists, suggests to the world the erroneous possibility that the Pecks have separated because Greg might be unduly interested in the welfare of a fascinating Schiaparelli model in Paris named Julienne. He isn't, not in Julienne, anyway. All the same Hollywood insists that something in the man-and-wife relationship between Greg and Greta must have gone awry in Europe, or why, after eight months abroad, should Mrs. Peck have suddenly bundled up her flock, moved out of the villa she and Greg had rented near St. Germaine, take the boys out of the American School in Paris, and sail back to the good old U.S.A.?

Greta Peck says, "Greg and I are not separated, there will be no divorce, we may even fly over to see him this summer, and frankly, all those rumors make me sick. "The children and I came back to California, because it's just too difficult trying to raise them abroad under Greg's schedule. He's in Italy for a few months, France for a few months, England for a few months. He likes to have his family with him, and we just can't keep (Continued on page 02)

Quotes from Greta stoutly deny a split between Greg and her. But many believe they're heading for a Peck of trouble all the same.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS
Scientific proof! Tracer Method technique (above) proves New Fresh Cream Deodorant superior in keeping underarms dry.

Philip Hulitar designed her Perine blue faille gown and magnificent mantle. Her deodorant, sure, New Fresh.

...a Sensational Step Forward in deodorants!

gentle NEW FRESH will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now the greatest improvement in deodorants in years is in New Fresh Cream Deodorant. By a skillful change in formula, New Fresh is now up to 180% more effective than other leading cream deodorants! It outperforms all others tested in keeping underarms dry. It stops odor completely! Never sticky, it's creamy soft and as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Superior new formula! Tracer Method Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the gentle new moisture-control formula in New Fresh Cream Deodorant is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants! And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry... actually keeps you and your clothes safer!

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always...
never dreamed Tampax could mean so much to me!"

Why put up with unnecessary and downright uncomfortable inconveniences at "that time of the month?" To many women the difference that the Tampax method of sanitary protection can make is a revelation. There are no bulky external pads to create chafing, irritation and odor. There are no belts or pins to "show.'

These advantages alone would account for much of the popularity of Tampax. But internally-worn Tampax gives you other and even more dramatic benefits. You can't even feel the Tampax, once it's in place. It's easily disposable, even when visiting. Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. And your hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the dainty, throwaway applicator.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure white, compressed surgical cotton. A whole month's supply can be carried right in your purse. Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. The economy size gives an average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

LONG HUNCH DEPT:

His friends are betting that Lex Barker, despite his romance with Lana Turner will continue to live the bachelor life in the apartment he rented from Patricia Neal. And Lex has settled for a new car instead of a house . . . John Agar has cried Wolf! once too often. We'll never believe him again when he swears he'll quit drinking, not after this last arrest . . . Ruth Roman, whose first-born is six months old, declares she doesn't intend to stop at one . . . Odds are ten-to-one Pier Angeli will walk down the aisle with Kirk Douglas soon as she turns 21 . . . Marlon Brando rented a garage in Beverly Hills for himself and his motorcycle. But there's no room for Movita or a raccoon! . . . Incidentally, Marlon's psychoanalyst says he's a new man so it begins to appear you won't be reading so much screwy publicity about our boy in the future.

I'll say this much about the Dale Robertsons' domestic situation: it has improved, at least as we go to press. But only slightly . . . Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens have been sharing the same house again but won't admit it's a reconciliation because they figure this would ruin it . . . The Aga Khan informed his son, Prince Aly that his followers might erupt if he marries another actress. To Aga, needless to say, was pointing a finger right at Gene Tierney. Rita Hayworth's would-be successor . . . Jerry Lewis told me he'll have to wear a brace the rest of his life as a result of being taken off motor scooter . . . Jerry couldn't join Dean Martin at Bing Crosby's Pebble Beach golf tournament because of the accident. So Dean received a loving cup inscribed: "This Is the Trophy You Would Have Won at Pebble Beach If It Hadn't Been for Me. Your Partner, Jerry" . . . Greta Peck says she will return to Greg in June, after a six-month separation . . . Gary and Rocky Cooper bought a four-acre estate site in Brentwood, so what do you make of this "separation?"

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Mike Wilding is happy because the baby looks like Liz Taylor: a mass of black fuzz! . . . Liz and Mike went calling, their first outing since Junior's arrival, on their pals, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger . . . Desi Arnaz shot a photo of his baby at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. The nurses raised holy Ned with Desi and Lucille Ball and made them sign a paper releasing the hospital from any responsibility for damage to Desiderio Albert Arnaz IV's eyes . . . Claudette Colbert is slated to return from Europe in September but there are those who don't think she'll be moving back into the big house with Dr. Joel Pressman . . . Ginger Rogers is helping her new husband, Jacques Bergerat, study for his citizenship examinations.

Judy Garland is spurning desserts these days, in preparation for her first picture in several years, A Star Is Born. She lost seven pounds in 10 days. The Italian Consulate in Los Angeles found a real Italian Countess living in Redondo Beach and sent her to Shelley Winters, who hired her to cook and keep house—so that Shelley's Vittorio will have real spaghetti, pizza and lasagna when he returns from Italy! . . . Alan and Sue Ladd write me that they've decided to make only two pictures in Europe, instead of three, and that they'll be back early this Fall, in time for the kids to start school . . . Peggy Lee and Brad Dexter have his and hers pajamas, except that the His is embroidered on hers and the Hers is embroidered on his! . . . Mike O'Shea gave Virginia (Continued on page 88)

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report
by Mike Connolly
famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

Brando

Lewis

Ball and Arnaz

Garland

Revivalist of the Month

regular TAMPAX

Invented to be worn in place of the Sanitary Napkin

for the benefit of women suffering from Menstrual Irregularities

16
Want to LOSE WEIGHT?  
Listen to Hedy Lamarr

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 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. Ayds is guaranteed pure. 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.

Hedy has a large collection of records. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."

Hedy Lamarr in a famous role. "If I find myself putting on weight," says Hedy, "the first thing I turn to is Ayds. I sincerely recommend it."

Ayds has helped many famous Hollywood stars to a lovelier figure. It can do the same for you! At your drug or department stores.
MOVIE REVIEWS
by Florence Epstein

PETER PAN

One of the most famous of all children's fantasies, written by J. M. Barrie, is brought to life in this full-length animated cartoon by Walt Disney. Peter Pan is the boy who refuses to grow up, who lives in Never Land where mermaids drift on lily pads and pirates stalk the scary seas. One evening, just after bedtime, a girl named Wendy and her two brothers are visited by Peter (in his bright green costume with a feather in his cap he looks like an adventurous little Robin Hood) and Tinker Bell, the fairy so big as your thumb who flits about in a swirl of falling gold dust. All of them fly back over the hills and across the moon to a child world and a series of breath-taking adventures. There's the ugly villain Captain Hook and his band of rowdy henchmen; there's the Crocodile who ticks (he's swallowed a clock) and hungrily follows Hook's ship around with his jaws wide open. There are the Lost Boys, the Indian Village, the wonderful dainties like—"You Can Fly—You Can Fly," and "What Makes The Red Man Red." As usual, Walt Disney's creations are expertly drawn and beautifully alive in dazzling color. They move with such dreamlike grace and charming vitality you wish they'd come alive—but perhaps that would spoil this delightful excursion into make-believe.—RKO. (Jackpot of the month on page 20)
light and bright has brought back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix
"It's simpler than setting your hair!"

Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, $1.50 plus tax.
NEW!

TWO-IN-ONE TALC!

1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection—and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth—fresh as April Showers—all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S" STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply...glides over the skin!
This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.

by CHERAMY PERFUMER

MOVIE REVIEWS continued

jackpot of the month

Solome, returned from Rome to Jerusalem, performs the Dance of the Seven Veils before lecherous King Herod. Her mother is Herod's wife, a woman of evil, who plots the death of John the Baptist. Solome believes she is saving the holy man's life. Herod misunderstands her wish, murders John.

SALOME

Rita Hayworth drives Charles Laughton mad with lust when she dances under seven Technicolored veils. That's the highspot of Salome. You know the story. Solome (Rita), banished from Rome, comes home to the kingdom of her corrupt mother (Judith Anderson) and step-father (Laughton). That she falls in love with a Roman officer (Stewart Granger) who is a sect convert to the teachings of John the Baptist (Alan Bodel). The Queen wants to have John killed—he defies her name, threatens her power, she says. The King won't touch John who he fears is the Messiah. The struggle between the King and Queen involves the use of Salome as a pawn, and the movie reaches its climax during her dance when the head of John is carried into the banquet hall on a plate. But that's only a skeleton of the script. Columbia probably emptied its purse to put meat on those bones. It's a lavish spectacle. The costumes alone are worth the price of admission. (More reviews on page 2)
Circular stitching gives you a compact, youthful, accentuated bustline—the Magic Insets guarantee lasting beauty. Only "Perma-lift"* Bras have the Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups. Your bust is gently and firmly supported from below, and that support is guaranteed for the life of your bra, no matter how often you wash it or wear it. There's a "Perma-lift" Stitched Cup Bra just perfect for you at your favorite Corset Department. Be fitted today—you'll love the difference.

#160 in Cool Cotton....$3.00
also Satin at $3.50—and Nylon at $4.00
#164 in plunge neckline, in Cotton....$3.00
#166 "Added Attraction" Padded Bra....$3.00

* "Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company

Top circle: An actual photo of an ordinary bra without the Magic Insets.
Bottom circle: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra with the Magic Insets; completely eliminates shoulder strap strain—you enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

Look for the Magic Inset • you'll love the difference
Don’t fool with
INFECTIONOUS DANDRUFF
Start with Listerine Antiseptic...Quick!

A little normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don’t fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day... the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated... with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"
Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear... how itching is alleviated... how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair
To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

AS A PRECAUTION...
AS A TREATMENT FOR...

INFECTIONOUS DANDRUFF

LILI
Lili is a beuat. There aren’t many musicals that can dip into fantasy and not drown in it. There aren’t many musicals that you can sit through for over an hour without getting tired of the music or the dancing. Lili is original and lovely and enchanting. Leslie Caron plays Lili, a waif who wanders into a small French town looking for employment with an old friend of her father’s. But this friend, like her father, has died, and she is completely alone. Suddenly, she spots Jean-Pierre Aumont buying fruit at a vendor’s stand, soon she’s madly in love. Aumont is a magician with a carnival and a Don Juan with women, but Lili’s too naive to sense it. She picks up her valise and follows him like a puppy. He tries to get her a job as a waitress (she can’t dance or sing and looks like a plump little countryside girl). Lili’s too lovely and struck and awkward to even carry a tray. Pretty soon she’s jealous, too—of Zsa Zsa Gabor, Aumont’s assistant. With no place to turn Lili tries to commit suicide right on the carnival grounds. The voice of a puppeteer alone on his small stage stops her. Mel Ferrer is the puppeteer behind the curtain—an angry bitter man who was once a great dancer but hurt his leg in the war. Ferrer loves Lili but can’t show it. His puppets talk for him, in stead, and soon Lili is part of their act (like Kukla, Fran and Ollie). It takes a while before Lili realizes that it’s not Aumont but the puppets and not the puppets but Ferrer whom she really loves. She discovers this in her daydreams where some clever and wistful ballets take place. You’ll fall for Ferrer, too. And for Lili. And the puppets. All in color.

CAST: Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Kurt Kasznar—MGM

JEOPARDY
This picture, as the saying goes, will scare you right out of your wits. It’s torture, and it’s so exciting you can’t close your eyes even though you’re dying to. Simple plot. A married couple (Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan) and their son (Lee Acker) hop into their car and drive down into the loneliest part b Baja, California, for a vacation. The little boy gets his foot caught on a rotting jetty that extends into the sea and in saving him Barry is trapped by falling timber. If Barbara doesn’t get help before the tide comes in, goodbye Barry. Unfortunately, the one man she finds who can be of any use is an escaped convict—a murderer (Ralph Meeker). He thinks Barbara’s kind of cute—and what does she want to go and save that old husband of hers for? He plans to use her car to escape from the Mexican police who are hunting him down. Meanwhile the tide is rising, Barbara’s getting desperate and Barry’s putting on a brave act for his son. There’s one heartbreaking scene...

Every week 2 different shows, Radio and Television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"—See your paper for times and stations

22
where the little boy makes coffee for Barry by
pouring the contents of an entire can into the
pot. You don’t know what’s going to happen
until the end, and I’m not going to tell you.
Just take a deep breath and buy your ticket.
CAST: Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan, Lee
Aaker, Ralph Meeker—MGM

BATTLE CIRCUS

"They haven’t invented a medal yet for
these people," says a soldier in Battle Circus
as he watches a long line of medics edging
their way down a hill in Korea with the
wounded in their arms. Well, at least they’ve
made a movie about them—the nurses, aides
and doctors of the Mobile Army Surgical
Hospital (MASH, for short). These are the people
who put up their temporary city of tents right
behind the front lines, send out helicopters
to bring back the litters and save lives almost
as fast as they’re snuffed out on the battle-
field. But not quite as fast. Not fast enough
to keep Humphrey Bogart, who plays a sur-
geon, from losing faith in everything. How-
ever, a fresh-eyed young nurse (June
Allyson) is assigned to his unit. She’s like
a spring flower blooming in the wasteland,
symbol of the world Bogart had forgotten.
More than a tribute to MASH, Battle Circus is
a tender love story glowing with humor and
charm. Bogart, the cynic and Allyson, the
innocent find new depths in themselves and
even beauty in the shadows of the Korean
nightmare.
CAST: June Allyson, Humphrey Bogart, Kee-
nan Wynn, Robert Keith, Danny Chang—MGM

I CONFESSION

I Confess is the stirring drama of a priest
who cannot betray his vow even when his
own life is at stake. The priest (Monty
Clift) is accused of murder. Actually, the
murder is committed by an employee in the
decrty (O. E. Hasse). Hasse confesses to
Clift who is bound to silence. Because two
little girls saw a priest at the scene of the
crime, and because Clift is the only priest in
Quebec without a convincing alibi he is sus-
ppected. Relentlessly, Inspector Larrue (Karl
Malden) digs up the story of Clift’s past
which involves Anne Baxter, now married to
a member of Parliament. It is a story of
love and blackmail and it pours more guilt on
Clift’s head. Finally, he is brought to trial.
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, I Confess is
trick, well-paced and exciting. But it is more
than that. It tells us that there still are men
who are incorruptible, men of free nobility
who can die for an ideal, even though the
actions of others seem to reduce idealism to
a fool’s game. This is an important message.

Dial Soap
keeps complexions clearer
by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial’s AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-
spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant
Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind
of soap. It’s as simple as that. Of course Dial’s mild beauty-cream
lather gently removes dirt and make-up. But Dial does far more!
Here’s the important difference when you use Dial every day, its AT-7
effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate
and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors
know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

Now available in Canada

DIAL

DAVE GARROWAY—
NBC, Weekdays

P. S. For cleaner, more beautiful hair, try
New DIAL SHAMPOO in the handy,
unbreakable squeeze bottle!
Presented another hitch-hiker. Doesn't for a moment. Ends. Revealing party! With their tog representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection—extra absorbency plus that safety center.

To learn "the truth" about your pals—
[ ] Let them tell it with costumes
[ ] Study palmistry

Who'd guess that timid Theresa secretly longs to be a Mata Hari? And Bill (The Shoulders) hankers to whip up the world's best souffle? Give a "secret ambition" party! You'll get a line on your gang—with their tog representing the life they'd really like! As for you, you're safe from revealing lines (that certain kind)—with Kotex. Just trust those special, flat pressed ends. And you get double protection—extra absorbency plus that safety center.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

I LOVE MELVIN
Donald O'Connor doesn't need anything but a bare stage and a couple of props—that's how talented he is. I Love Melvin doesn't give him much more. The movie's as light as spun sugar. Debbie Reynolds goes to be a great musical star. So far her biggest role is playing the football in a dance number—and whoever thought that up was really desperate. In her dreams, though, she is comically seductive as the kind of woman men die for. Donald (he's Melvin) works for Look magazine. That is, he knows he works for them; they don't even know he's alive. Anyway, he promises Debbie he'll put her picture on the cover, and that's where the trouble begins. Plot aside, the movie's fun. Donald sings, dances, mimics, walks all over the place and keeps you laughing. Debbie is cute and gay, a trial to her harried father (Allyn Joslyn). One of the best performances is given by Jim Backus. He is cast as a Look photographer with an acid sense of humor.

CAST: Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Una Merkel, Richard Anderson, Allyn Joslyn, Jim Backus—MGM

THE HITCH-HIKER
Here is another suspense story but it doesn't really grip you. Naturally, you feel sorry for any innocent party who is at the wrong end of a gun, but if there's not much else to make you sympathize with him you just wait a little uneasily for the gun to go off. Edmond O'Brien and Frank Lovejoy are on a fishing trip. They head their car south for San Felipe and pick up a hitch-hiker. Little do they know that this particular hitch-hiker (William Talman) has been killing people all week. Just a little crazy, is what. When Lovejoy turns around to offer a cigarette, Talman finds a gun ready in his eyes. And that's about it for the rest of the movie. They travel from one end of a Mexican desert to the other with this maniac threatening to pull the trigger any minute. O'Brien cracks up along the way, but Lovejoy, who has a wife and kids, keeps better control of himself. Oh yes, to make things even more eerie, Talman has something wrong with his right eye. It doesn't close, so at night they can't tell if he's awake or asleep. After a while the boys don't much care what happens to them. Maybe you will.

CAST: Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, William Talman, Jose Torvay—RKO
“Soaping” dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, “soaping” your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinses needed. Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
Stradivari

sterling in the mood of culture

The matchless beauty of the Wallace Stradivari pattern was inspired by the perfect violins of Antonius Stradivari, whose craftsmanship has never been equalled. Here is a lovely, lilting pattern—exquisite in form, crowned by a sparkling leaf curled back upon itself and enhanced with delightful highlights and shadows. It was created by famed designer William S. Warren in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty”—the exclusive Wallace artistry in silvercrafting. Stradivari, like every Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” pattern, is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—giving you sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Stradivari, $35.75. Settings of other patterns from $35.75 to $47.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book “Treasures in Sterling.” It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 934, Wallingford, Connecticut.
Why did the public have to wait three days to hear of Shelley's baby? How did she conquer death and despair alone ... with her man half a world away?

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

The baby was not due until April of this year, but in her heart Shelley Winters hoped the child might come late, for then Vittorio would be back from Italy.

As she pictured the scene in her mind, he would drive her to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her time came. Dr. Emil Krahulik, the eminent obstetrician, would be waiting.

She would look at her husband, and Vittorio would give her one last kiss before they wheeled her into the delivery room.

For hours he would nervously pace the corridors, hoping for a boy, waiting for some word. Presently, they would come out and tell him that Shelley had given birth to a child.

They would call him in to identify the infant as his, to count all the toes and fingers, to give his okay that everything was in order. Then when they wheeled her out to her room, Vittorio would hold her hand. They would gently lift her onto her bed. Vittorio would be permitted to remain at her side for only ten minutes.

Soon the sedative would take effect, and she would (Continued on page 82)
Mona Freeman, the lovely blonde actress who recently divorced Pat Nerney, is Bing's constant companion everywhere in Palm Springs.

Is Bing Thinking of Love?

By LOUELLA PARSONS

Mona's six-year-old daughter Monie is vacationing with her mother in Palm Springs. She's too young to tag along on evening dates...
HOT GOSSIP SAYS BING'S IN LOVE WITH MONA FREEMAN. BING SAYS NOTHING. HERE'S ONE GUESS AT THE TRUTH.

Let's get this point straight in the beginning: the only girl Bing Crosby has dated since he became the world's most eligible widower is Mona Freeman. Not Mary Murphy. Not Terry Moore.

As of this writing he has been seen exclusively with pretty, blonde Mona.

This is why I say that the citizens of Palm Springs, that desert resort where the glories of Mother Nature and Mama Hollywood can be appreciated for $50 per day and up—have recently been treated to the beginning of what well may be the Headline Love Story of the Year.

The eye-catching spectacle and daily appearance in the streets of Bing Crosby’s car—Bing, sitting up front with the chauffeur; and Mona (his already widely publicized “new interest”) sitting in back with 14-year-old Lindsay Crosby—all but the chauffeur equipped with golf clubs! This startling caravan is always headed for a day of sunshine, fresh air, golf (and romance?) in the bright sun flooding the fairways of the Thunderbird Golf Club.

Now, Palm Springs is not a stranger to the astounding goings-on in the Hollywood Love Department.

Ginger Rogers was playing tennis at the Racquet Club just an hour before she slipped out of shorts and into a cocktail dress to marry Jacques Bergerac.

It was in (Continued on page 80)
They're over, the wasted, bitter years Olivia deHavilland spent in bondage. Now, with her disastrous marriage behind her, she can tell the story she tried so desperately to hide.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

Her divorce made a new person out of Olivia. Radiantly happy, she attends parties, sees old friends (like Joan Crawford, above) as she used to.

THE WASTED YEARS

Roberto Rossellini and John Huston were with Olivia when she won the N.Y. Film Critic's award for The Snake Pit. Ironically, this triumph came at the height of her marital problems.
Now that Olivia deHavilland is divorced and the wasted years are over, the truth of those years of suffering and fear in which she lived with Marcus Aurelius Goodrich may be told.

It is not a pretty story.

Other than for momentary flights into pleasure and passion, it is not even a romantic one, but implicit in it is a lesson which every young woman should learn.

The lesson is this: To marry a man without really knowing or understanding his personality is to court almost inevitable marital disaster.

Six years ago Olivia deHavilland was married to the novelist, Marcus Goodrich. Months later she learned, according to intimates, that she was Goodrich's fifth wife. Olivia is reported to have told a friend, "I didn't find out how many times Marcus had been married until I read it in the newspapers. I knew practically nothing about his previous marital history."

Coming from Olivia deHavilland, such a confession is surprising, for here at 36, is one of the most intelligent, perceptive, and brilliant actresses in Hollywood history.

Here is a young woman who has won two Academy Awards and never given a bad screen performance in her life. Here is a young woman of shrewd judgment who has chosen her own scripts. The Snakepit, To Each His Own, The Heiress, My Cousin Rachel and upped her salary to $175,000 per picture.

Now, how does such a knowledgeable, perspicacious, independent, and wealthy young actress get married to a man of whom she knows so little? A man who, it is alleged, sought no employment, let his wife become the family bread- (Continued on page 54)
Because their work is such a vital part of their lives, they try to share it as often as possible. Here Tony visits Janet on an outdoor location for *The Naked Spur*.

Doing things together is their motto. But— they don’t go places and do things blindly just because each thinks the other wants to!

Parties are fun—but the Curtises, as well as other young Hollywood couples, had to learn to take some rough kidding at first.

**LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER IS FUN . . . BUT YOU’VE REALLY GOT TO WORK AT IT.  TONY CURTIS AND JANET**
Tony and Janet
are a Hollywood rarity:
two normal people who’ve
learned to ignore
the pressures and worries
that wreck so many
marriages.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Pretty soon now, on June third to be exact, Tony Curtis will take Janet Leigh in his arms on the second anniversary of their marriage and together they can exclaim, in some wonderment, "Well, what do you know—we made it!"

That two years of wedded bliss should be considered such an incredible achievement may seem a little silly; yet, statistically speaking, Janet and Tony are rare birds on Hollywood’s domestic scene. They know it, too. In their almost 24 months together they have hung on tight to each other as they watched a long parade of movie marriages smash up: the John Waynes, the Gary Coopers, Lana Turner and Bob Topping, Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan, the Dan Daileys, Olivia deHavilland and Marcus Goodrich, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, the Clark Gables, and now the separation of their close friends, the Dean Martins.

No wonder the ladies and gentlemen of the press look upon any Hollywood marriage with jaundiced eyes. No wonder, too, that Tony Curtis speaks with some venom and utter seriousness from his own point of view:

"If people would only understand that motion picture figures have the same right to fall in love as anyone else, that they have the same feelings and the same emotional honesty as plumbers, bank clerks, executives or insurance salesmen. If they’d only understand that. We’re not phonies. We bleed and hurt and love like anyone else. But take Janet and me, the things they said and wrote about us for a while, you’d think we dreamed up the whole thing for a couple of bucks at the box office.

Tony still steams himself up violently when he thinks (Continued on page 57)
There's more to Marilyn than those astronomical measurements. Win her trust and...

Love and Learn

by Steve Cronin

Nobody, but nobody from Hollywood makes such a stir in the world as this girl Monroe. If people aren't whistling, they're talking about her. And most of that talk is questions. What's she really like? What's with her and Joe? Is she going to get married?

It's far from easy to answer. Although Marilyn is one of the most highly publicized personalities in Hollywood, she keeps her private life more secret than anyone in that dizzy town. Although every red-blooded male over the age of six would love to date her—very few get a chance. Joe DiMaggio wouldn't like it. Neither would Marilyn. There's been a lot of discussion about how and where Marilyn has lived in the past. But she's not giving out the whereabouts of her newest apartment.
Miss M. knows a demure black dress, and an apt bit of poetry, charm a
guy like Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn's set out to please her home-lovin' man.

FECTION AND YOU'LL FIND THE REAL GIRL.

As a matter of fact, Miss Monroe's living quarters have been the object of much newspaper copy, and over-the-highball gossip ever since Joe DiMaggio came to sunny California. The moving-van chasers have started a lot of rumors based solely on where Marilyn's suitcase is parked at the moment. Here's the true situation.

Marilyn took a lease on a house in the outpost section overlooking Hollywood Boulevard last September. When Joe came out, she was delighted to have a spot for him to sink into an arm-chair, a stove of her own to heat up a bubbling pot of spaghetti. He's a real home-loving guy, and she loves him for it. It was such a perfect spot that he wanted to share his comfort and his girl with relatives and friends. He invited them all over. They (Continued on page 67)
Debbie Reynolds was being very unDebbie-like! Instead of effervescing with her bubbling vim and unquenchable vivacity, she was sitting in Bob Wagner's MG, indulging in what is, for her, the rare luxury of introspection.

She and R. J.—that's what everyone calls young Wagner—had attended the preview of Stars And Stripes Forever, and now after the long ride home, they were parked in front of Debbie's unpretentious house in Burbank.

They had talked of life and love, the picture business and the pursuit of happiness, and now Debbie had reached the all-important point of declaration.

"R. J.," she said. "I don't know about you, but I'm not ready for marriage. I don't think we should give it a thought."

"If that's the way you want it."

"I think it's the best way. Don't you?"

R. J. thought for a moment of his impending tour of duty in the Marines—he's in the Reserve and should be called up any day—then of his relatively young age—he's only 23. He thought of the senselessness in marrying a young girl, going overseas, leaving her behind to worry and fret and cry her heart out. He thought of the bright (Continued on page 65)
What happens when Hollywood gossip forces a young man to choose between a sparkling ingenue and a sophisticated older woman? That's Bob Wagner's problem now.

BY SUSAN TRENT

BETWEEN TWO WOMEN
Most everybody in Hollywood knows that the Green Room of Warner Brothers studio in Burbank, California is the classier of the lot's two public commissaries, and second in caste dignity only to the private dining room of Jack L. (Himself) Warner, who according to legend has not eaten in the Green Room since the day a character actor, no longer connected with motion pictures in any form, slapped him on the back and told him to run out and get him a beer. But the Green Room is not a good place to conduct an interview for one very sound reason: it suffers from trick acoustics.

Thus, while it was perfectly possible one day recently to hear the lunch conversation of Howard Keel and Jane Powell, emigrants from Metro sitting two tables away, it was extremely difficult to get a word Virginia Mayo was saying, not to mention Michael O'Shea, who of course is Miss Mayo's husband, not to mention a lady publicist, who was along to make sure that every syllable was spelled right. And all were at the same table with the person who was trying to hear them.

The problem was roughly this:

Mr. O'Shea had been a pretty hot shot around Hollywood when he married Miss Mayo, who had been as cool a shot as anyone can expect to be when employed mainly to stand behind Danny Kaye while he makes faces. But then, as Miss Mayo went up, Mr. O'Shea went, to put it rather brutally, down, and how had the O'Sheas coped with a situation that would seem to have contained the seeds of strain? The question obviously was a delicate one and would not \(^{(Continued \ on \ page \ 74)}\)
Mike O’Shea’s one guy who’s completely happy about
“retiring” especially when Virginia Mayo tucks him in.

HAS TO STAY HOME

Virginia’s a pretty expensive Pin-Up at the studio, but she keeps every evening exclusively free for Mike.
This exclusive story, the first interview Liz has granted since the birth of her baby, brings Modern Screen's readers an intimate and surprising glimpse of the glamorous young star.

"It's true I gained 40 pounds."

"Me lazy... well, guess you're right!"

"Little Mike's beautiful... and so good"

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

BY HEDDA HOPPER
Marriage has changed Liz Taylor a lot. For one thing, she's begun to wear shoes at social functions and even at home. Mike Wilding finally put her in them, then took off his own. He opened the door of their eagle's nest home in Beverly, and looked for all the world like a road show Gary Merrill. He was dressed in unpressed gray slacks, a sports shirt, a tweed coat, and was completely barefoot.

He was unaware that his shoes were missing, and this sent me into gales of laughter. For years I've been telling Liz if she didn't quit paddling around barefoot, she'd end up wearing canal boats or size 12's. But would she listen? No. Bare feet seemed to symbolize freedom of childhood to Liz, who never really wanted to grow up. In the White House once, she surreptitiously kicked off her shoes, and they landed smack under Bess Truman's chair.

Now Mike may wear the pants in that family, but he doesn't wear the shoes. "Come in," he said twiddling his toes contentedly. "Liz tried to get out of the bath to greet you, but she didn't quite make it." (This was at 3:00 P.M.) That wasn't surprising. Every time I've called her since the baby came, Liz had to be rousted out of a bath to answer the phone.

I took a few moments to scan the view. "You seem like an interloper," I said to Mike. "Charles Mendl and I used to come here every Saturday morning to look at the scenery and walk down the hill." And what scenery! For miles beneath us Los Angeles sprawled outward to the sea. Marvelous cloud formations drifted overhead. To the north were rows upon rows of rugged mountains, and nestling in their folds rose gardens and orange groves. There was no house there then; only a hilltop covered with wild growth and a view. Charles, who had traveled the world over, used to say it was the most beautiful sight in the universe. Now it belongs to Mike and the most beautiful (Continued on page 92)
Farley, determined not to buy much furniture until he has a house of his own, has learned to personalize his surroundings with trimmings. His knockdow

Farley, determined not to buy much furniture until he has a house of his own, has learned to personalize his surroundings with trimmings. His knockdow

A PARIS MARKET, A SPANISH BAZAAR, AND THE MOJAVE DESERT ALL MEET AT GRANGER'S. WHEN A GUY HAS

Only the reckless and the foolhardy fight with the U.S. Customs men. Wise men usually dig into their jeans, come up with cash.

Not too long ago, however, a tall, wavy-haired young actor named Farley Granger—he is neither reckless nor foolhardy—stood under the letter "G" in the Customs shed, raging at three revenue officers.

The Customs men were examining Farley's latest imports, three large paintings, a mosaic from Italy, an African carving, two Japanese actors' masks, a Polynesian fish net, and an enormous grain basket.

"I'm telling you," Farley insisted, trying to control his not inconsiderable temper, "the Guirin is the only original painting. I paid 200 American dollars for it. The other two aren't paintings. They're prints. They cost 25 bucks each." Impatiently he reached into his breast pocket. "Here's the bill of sale."

The Customs men glanced at the bill superficially. "These others look like origi
Farley's souvenirs, like the fish kites from Japan, the Mojave desert driftwood, and French and Italian woven baskets, help decorate the lanai. The den (below) houses his overflow paintings, his records, and the typewriter on which he corresponds with pals from Paris to Tel Aviv.
Bam spent three months in the dark. Anne kept a snake. They lived in two apartments with one key. But ... the first year was deee-vine!

by JANE WILKIE

In September of 1951 Anne Francis took a wastebasket to the incinerator shared by tenants of her apartment house and started a fire that's been burning ever since. For also at the incinerator, armed with his own rubbish, was a darkly handsome young man named Bamlet Lawrence Price.

"You go first," said Anne.

"You were here first."

"Allow me," said the young man, and gallantly dumped Anne's milk bottle tops and Kleenex into the inferno, along with his own milk bottle tops and cardboard shirt stiffeners from the Chinese laundry.

During the short walk back to their mutual apartment building each recalled having met the other at a party not long before, and during the next few months they grew to know each other quite well. Bam dated Anne on Sundays and learned about her work in Dream Boat and Anne listened, enraptured to Bam's accounts of his course in motion picture production at UCLA. In May of 1952, they began sharing the same wastebasket. (Continued on page 90)
EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

by Glenn Ford
Glenn Ford
Hollywood, California.
Dear Glenn:
I understand you have been out of town. What's new?

Jim Henaghan
Westwood, California.
Dear Jim:
What's new!!! This is the first time in my life anyone asked me that and I have an answer. At this moment I could write a book called "What's New." Or maybe I should call it "Open Season On Glenn Ford South of the Border." Pull up a chair, son, and wipe your glasses, you're in for a harrowing experience.

It all began when I went down to Mexico to make a picture called Plunder In The Sun. To tell you the truth I was very pleased. I liked the script, and the director and I thought it would be fun to spend a couple of months in Mexico, where the movie was to be shot. Sometimes now I wish they had made it at Sing Sing. I'd have been safer.

Getting to Mexico City was just fine. With the rest of the cast, I took a Pan American plane from the Los Angeles International Airport late one night and (Continued on page 58)
THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF JAN STERLING’S FIGHT FOR BEAUTY AND GLAMOUR. HER DIET AND EXERCISE
WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

by Jan Sterling

In Rio de Janeiro there is a restaurant called Soveteria Americano which used to specialize in American delicacies for the young. Among the most scrumptious was one listed as Sundae Nova York: vanilla ice cream covered with hot fudge sauce, smothered with whipped cream and heaped over again with malted milk powder. It was served with hot buttered toast thickly topped with grated, tasty yellow cheese. Time will never wash out the agony of an afternoon in which I sat in this restaurant watching my 11-year-old sister eating such a concoction before my envious eyes. What I had in front of me was just a glass of water. I was only 14 but I had begun my fight...

Everyone called Mimi adorable. With her curly hair, her slimness and delicate curves she was lovely. Me? They would cast a quick glance, smile kindly and assure me, “Why, Jane, you look fine.” The devil I did! I already weighed 145 pounds. I could see 155 coming up, 165, 175... and it was horrifying because in my heart had been a vision from earliest childhood that I could not give up. I yearned to be an actress, a queen of women, a supple, graceful creature who drew admiring looks from everyone. With this in my heart I could only detest the flesh I was picking up, and I couldn't understand why (Continued on next page)

For an exercise series designed especially for MODERN SCREEN readers by Jan Sterling, turn the page.
WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR

continued

this wasn't apparent to everyone, including my own folks.

It had all started when I was 11. I already had begun to develop in a way that would have been gratifying had it been confined only to certain places. (As a matter of fact, at 13 I attended an Annapolis hop in a low-backed gown and must have passed for at least 17 or 18 because no one at all seemed to notice my juvenility.) But I didn't stay pat. I began to bloom elsewhere too, where it wasn't wanted and where it could only be called thickening or fattening. The morning of that day in Rio de Janeiro when Mimi was gobbling up her Nova York I had gone to the mirror knowing it was time to believe, not the assurances of my family and friends that I had nothing to worry about, but exactly what the glass told me. I looked and what I saw was cruel. I hated my mirror for its heartlessness... but I bowed before its truth. That day I started a way of eating that was, of course, a way of living from which I have never departed. At 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 I was not 155 or 165 pounds or more, I was only 122 pounds. And my dream came true... or rather I had made it come true under the constant guidance of (Continued on next page)

Jan keeps dishes of dried fruit handy for nibbling. Dried prunes, apricots and peaches satisfy without too many calories.

TO SLIM THIGH AND CALF

1. Position #:1: Holding on to a heavy chair or rail for balance, keep right knee straight, shift weight forward, raise left leg slowly, grasping raised foot with hand, and pull hard. Then, reverse with other leg.

2. Position #:2: Arms folded, push left hand hard against right arm, with right hand against left arm. Raise arms slowly to position #2a, keeping pressure on arms while changing position. Position #3: Stand tall, buttocks in, feet apart, hands on hips. Move to position #3a, first left, then right. Do each exercise six times every day.

TO FIRM BUST AND SLIM RIB CAGE

TO WHITTLE WAIST AND SLIM HIPS
Jan’s beauty hints and glamor tricks are easy to follow. Below, the exercises she designed, and posed for, point the way to a slimmer, trimmer figure.

Daily hair brushing is a must says Jan. She advises using twin brushes, twice as much is done in half the time. Here’s a good exercise for a pleasant speaking voice: strike a note on piano, match it with your voice.

FOR A FLAT TUMMY,
STRONG STOMACH MUSCLES

Position #4: Lying face down on mat or thick rug, move arms and legs to position #4. Then, advance to position #4a, rocking body from head to toes. Position #5: Body relaxed, hands on hips, move head slowly first left, then right. Touch chin to shoulder at farthest stretch. Position #6: Barefoot, or with stockings on, pick up match box or other small object with toes. Position #6a: Sitting on chair or bench, roll bottle from toes under instep and back. Do each of these exercises six times daily, and you’ll get results!
HERE IS JAN STERLING'S OWN PERSONAL
SEVEN-POINT GLAMOR AND BEAUTY PLAN.

DIET:
No rigorous diet but foods high in protein, low in calories: lean meat, fowl, fish, gelatin, eggs, raw and cooked fruits and vegetables with very little butter or sugar. Skimmed milk, black coffee, plain tea. Consult a doctor for your personal requirements.

SLEEP:
Get plenty at night, and relax frequently during the day. "Just go limp," Jan advises. "Let your arms dangle, roll your head around like a ball on a string. Get the tension out of your neck and shoulders. And breathe deep. . . . way down. When you know you're going to be out late at night, squeeze in a nap during the afternoon or lie down for a few minutes before dressing for the evening.

GROOMING:
Jan thinks good grooming pays bigger and quicker dividends than almost anything a girl can do. She gets in one good grooming chore each day, a manicure, pedicure, etc. She shampoos her hair frequently and dries it by hand. Sometimes she gives her hair a rest by going without a permanent for a couple of months, wearing it straight, and brushing vigorously. For big parties she sets her hair with eau de cologne diluted with water.

POISE:
Good carriage, and knowing how to enter a room gracefully, rate high on Jan's glamour chart. "Stand tall, but relaxed," she advises. "Pull your shoulders down as if they were a coat hanger. Feel that your hands are a part of your arms, not just attached at the wrist. If you don't know what to do with your hands, carry something. A purse, for instance, or a handkerchief."

WORST DEFECT:
Jan believes in minimizing bad points. There are lots of little tricks you can devise to suit your own defects, such as covering sharp elbows with long sleeves, or hiding large ears with a becoming hairdo. Jan felt her worst feature was her nose, and, after consultation with her plastic surgeon, remedied that.

VOICE:
As an actress, Jan has been concentrating on enunciation and expression for years. "But every time I went to church or sang in a group," she says, "I noticed that my voice was almost the only one off rhythm or out of key." To remedy that she started taking voice lessons. As a consequence Jan has added three voice exercises to her beauty schedule that she thinks belongs in any glamour routine. First, strike any note on a piano and see how nearly you can approximate exact tone and pitch. Second, to improve quality of voice strike a note again and sing A-E-I-O-U all on same note, same breath. Lastly, to improve voice projection, try placing sound in front of mouth. Don't be breathy. When pronouncing a word finish all syllables. Finish each vowel sound with lips.

PERSONALIZED WARDROBE:
This is one of the things Jan goes in for in a big way. She likes to accessorize her clothes with scarves, belts, costume jewelry, but not all at the same time, of course. And she's addicted to separates, and skirts of all kinds with sweaters and blouses.

WHEN I HATED MY MIRROR continued

my family doctor who checked my diet and rate of losing weight.
That 122 pounds was fine for an actress on the stage but it wasn't good enough for an actress on the screen. So I called on will-power and medical help again. Today I weigh only 108 pounds—and there have been other changes. As it happens I am the fourth wife of my husband, Paul Douglas. But the way he puts it now, after some of those changes, "You're both my fourth and fifth wife!" That's nice "changing!"

When I was about six my parents divorced and my mother remarried. My step-father, Henry James White, was an oil man with interests in both Europe and South America; and we seemed to beat a constant path between these two continents and the United States. Most of my education came from tutors and in my whole life I have had only one year of formal schooling. That suited me because no matter what subject I studied I always translated it in terms of the stage. History to me was full of characters with costumes and good or bad lines to say rather than people of political or cultural significance. English was something you talked—not wrote or analyzed. Geography concerned places where there were different forms of entertainment; opera in Italy, intimate theaters in France, outdoor concerts and folk dramas in Austria and Germany, weird all-day shows in China.

All my life I had always wanted to play at being someone else . . . but I didn't know my first big role would be the real-life one of simply not being me. I think the customs of my family cemented this desire. My mother, like many mothers, used to dress Mimi and me alike. I think this is a practice which pleases the parents, is complimentary to the younger girl, but darn unfair to the older one. I still remember the sack-like dresses we wore—the kind that hang straight down, when Mimi was seven and I was ten. The minute I'd get alone I'd find something, even if it was only a piece of string, and pull it around my waist, trying for a shape. And then . . . the bloomers! I tried so many experiments trying to unbloomerize them that generally I'd tear out the elastics and time and again these would break and I'd be all bloomers down to my ankles.

I gave my first performance for other than children at the age of nine. The audience was composed of the elevator operators in the apartment building we lived in on Park Avenue in New York at the time, and the stage was the lobby. When the operators agreed to watch my "show" I ran out (Continued on page 83)
"You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ.  
"I cannot reply.  
"My heart was drawn at length to seek His faith.  
"He called me and I came,  
"He heard my prayers.  
"I cannot tell you how or when or where—  
"Or why I have told you now . . ."

The small, almost frail young woman in the brown suit, brown gloves and hat carried her modest suitcase toward the big TWA plane warming up at the Los Angeles International Airport. She was alone.

June Haver had risen at five, told her family goodbye at her sister Evelyn's apartment and begged them not to see her off, for everything had long since been said that could be. Then she had driven by St. John's Hospital, in Santa Monica to attend six o'clock mass, have breakfast, bid the sisters there farewell and receive their blessing. Now the flight was ready and she climbed aboard. In a minute she was aloft and rising toward the Heavens on a benevolent wind, headed East for Kansas to begin a new life, and to leave an old one behind.

June's clear blue eyes looked eagerly ahead, not back. Back lay Hollywood where she had spent the past ten of her 26 years, and where those same blue eyes had seen her childhood dreams come true, as she danced, sang, laughed and brightened up the screen to make herself wealthy and famous, loved by everyone who knew her personally and by millions who did not. Back of her lay a star's career in full flower, a salary of $3,500 a week, and all the luxuries, privileges and rewards of success—pretty clothes, jewelry, money, parties, comfort, popularity. Now she owned nothing of the world's goods except the necessities of her journey.

Behind June, too, were even more intimately precious things—her mother and her sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn, her nephew and nieces, Kathleen, Trudy June and Brian, whom she deeply loved and to whom she was extremely close.

June looked ahead impatiently with eyes that were wide open to what she was doing and where she was going. She was going, as all the world knows by now, to St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of Charity in Leavenworth to prepare for a nun's life in that cloistered religious order. Ahead lay a large, brick convent anchored to the flat plains of Kansas, where she would melt into anonymity, wear a plain uniform, eat plain food, share a plain dormitory room, rise at five o'clock, study, pray and work 16 hours a day, in pursuit of her stated ambition:

"... to be a Sister of Charity, with the Grace of God and the (Continued on page 95)
the wasted years

(Continued from page 30) winner, on occasion beat her, caused her great mental suffering, threatened her with physical harm, and turned her into a nervous wreck.

If that language sounds too strong to you, it is nothing compared to Olivia deHavilland's treatment by the court. Listen to her as she tells the judge what life with her ex-husband was like from August 26th, 1946, when she married him in New York, to May 8th, 1952, when she finally left him:

"We were driving in a car—my husband was at the wheel—along Sunset Boulevard, in the area of Bel-Air, and having some conversation. Mr. Goodrich took exception to something that I had said, something that was so trivial I cannot remember it, and began to pound me with his right hand. He did this and continued for several minutes, and when we arrived at our home which was in Bel-Air, I got out of the car and he had said that he would kill me, and he ran down the driveway and down to the road that runs along the outside of the property where we were living, and I believe I sat down on the curb, but I didn't know where to go or what to do.

"After a while my husband found me there, he came to hunt for me, and I told him I was afraid to get in the car because I thought he would kill me."

As a result of the arm-pounding, Olivia told the Court, "I received a very large bruise which was dark blue and purple. The bruise, from my left arm between the shoulder and elbow, was about the size of a baseball." In order to conceal that injury from her Hollywood friends, Olivia said, "I just used cold water and cold cream, and I used scarves which I tied around the arm to conceal the bruise. It was very huge and bruised.

From 1946 to 1951 Olivia deHavilland maintained the fiction that her marriage to Marcus Goodrich was one of those divine couplings, of two spirits happily fusing. In truth, however, the marriage was truly complete, truly ecstatic. I and others who had seen her in company with Goodrich knew that she was always looking for her friends. She was inordinately foiling all her friends. She wasn't; we knew the score. We knew she was miserable, cowed, completely dominated by Marcus, living in almost perpetual fear of the man.

It took six long years, but Olivia finally told the truth about herself, her baby, and her husband; and she told it in court.

"During the first five-and-a-half weeks of the baby's life," she testified, "I took care of him all by myself—I wanted to, but I was physically incapable of doing it. During that period of time, well, the baby was four weeks old and I was caring for him in the bedroom of the house and my husband became upset for some mysterious reason. I cannot recall what it was—it was unimportant—and he became extremely violent and abusive in his manner and he struck me I had to turn my body so that the baby would not be injured because I was holding Benjamin in my arms at the time."

One more extract from the Court record and you'll have some idea of what Olivia Goodrich was put up with rather than admit marital failure.

The following extract deals with Christmas, 1951, when the actress was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and checking in at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City.

Q: Do you recall the occasion that a person in one of the hotels of the hotel story and asked for your autograph?
A: I do remember that.
Q: Will you briefly tell the Court just what happened and what (your husband) said on that occasion?
A: Yes, Someone came to the door and asked for my signature and my husband was rather angered by this request

Annette Woman, who did the singing for Ava Gardner in Show Boat, now seldom sings those songs in nightclubs. "I'm a little tired of them," Annette says, "besides I've been advised not to sing 'My Bill'—that I couldn't compare to Ava Gardner!"

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

and became rather excited and quite impatient and unkind.

Q: Was it a repetition of similar moods that you have described?
A: Yes, it was.
Q: How did that affect you?
A: I was disturbed for two reasons: I did not like to see such a small incident develop into such a situation, and I was disturbed to see a repetition of this kind of thing in the future because these rages disturbed me very greatly.

Q: What did he say particularly on that occasion that affected you?
A: The threat that he made?

A: I suggested to my husband that next time if anybody came requesting my signature that Nellie, the wardrobe mistress, who is also my dresser—I suggested that he let her handle the situation as she was accustomed to doing so. She had always handled situations of that kind through all the years she had been in the theatre which were at least 20.

Q: In her presence what did he say?
A: He turned to me and said, 'I will beat you for that,' and started to cross the room.

Q: How did that affect you?
A: I was deeply upset, not only by the threat, but also by the fact he had said that in front of a third person. I felt the fact he had forgotten himself in front of a third person was a very dangerous thing, particularly when he became angry, I thought I might not survive.

Why should a woman, particularly a talented actress who supports her family, put up with such treatment for six years?

This is the question all her friends have asked Livvy.

Why didn't she pull out as soon as she learned what sort of husband Marcus Goodrich really was? Why wait around for the punishment?

Her answer is characteristically simple, "I couldn't bear the idea of divorce. I didn't believe in it. It was my only marriage and I wanted it to last. Before I decided on divorce, I consulted my minister and asked his advice. It was only when I realized that my son was in danger, both physically and psychologically, that I decided to face the fact that the marriage simply could not continue.

"I was faced with two alternatives—neither one was desirable. One was divorce and the other was a home in which there was domestic and psychological damage, I decided after I talked to my minister, the only thing to do was to get a divorce."

Olivia got her divorce last year. It was unemotional, and she waived alimony, attorney's fees and court costs. She paid for everything and was awarded custody of her child with the right of reasonable visitation to Goodrich if he desires to exercise it.

Since August of 1952 and her divorce, Olivia deHavilland has become a new woman, and has become more bewildered, dominated young wife who each time looked at her husband with trepidation before she answered a reporter's questions.

The actress is an attractive, vivacious, bubbling, spirited woman full of warmth, energy and drive, and she is beginning once again to go out with men.

John Huston and his first left for the first time in years when he arrived in Hollywood during Christmas Week last year to show his Moulin Rouge for Academy Award contention. It was a romantic and thought-provoking story about how Olivia was a young actress on the Warner lot during the late 1930's, the first man she genuinely fell in love with was the last actor she was interested in for many years, and there was much talk of an impending marriage, but these two were almost similar in temperament and viewpoint, and the love affair eventually died.

What memories were aroused early this year when Olivia and Huston ran into each other at several of Hollywood's New Year's parties, parties at studio parties-Olivia was re-married for the third time and is no longer free, but I do know that when they met at the Vincente Minnelli party, Olivia looked more ripe, more beautiful, more radiant than she ever has before.

OLIVIA deHavilland first saw her husband at a dinner party five years before she married him. The gathering was held at the home of Arthur Hornblow, the MGM producer, and Goodrich, who speaks beautifully, was wowing eloquent on the various virtues America had to offer America. All that Olivia remembers of the affair, and this rather hazily, was that Goodrich said he thought he'd go to Scandinavia, marry a healthy young girl and have a dozen children, whereas Olivia said, "Why go to Scandinavia?"

She wasn't impressed by Goodrich, merely regarded him as a pleasant fellow who'd obviously been around. At that time it was 1940, Livvy was actually thinking more of her career than of her love-life. She was exceedingly ambitious, and that's putting it mildly. She'd been turned down in Gone With The Wind in which picture she had established herself as a sensitive, perceptive actress.

By 1946, however, after 11 hectic years of cares, battles, and a tearful farewell to John Huston, Olivia had seen through the illusion of Hollywood, and she was more than ready for a personable and presentable young man in marriage, films, and tiring of them temporarily, agreed to go to Westport, Connecticut, to do a play.

In the Spring of 1946, Olivia boarded the train for New York on a mission with one of her best Hollywood friends, Phyllis Necton. En route to the East, both girls began to plunge into various subjects, the most fascinating of which turned out to be something called, "Men."

Phyllis brought up the name of Marcus
Goodrich as an eligible man-about-town and Olivia said she had met him five years ago.

"That's a coincidence," Mrs. Seaton said, "Marcus is an old family friend and he'll probably phone us in New York."

That's exactly what happened. A day after Phyllis and Livvy checked into their hotel suite, Marcus Goodrich was on the phone. That night he took both girls to dinner. Two nights later, he asked for Phyllis. They were then married. On Friday night he phoned for a third date, and on this occasion Phyllis Seaton, very happily married, took the hint.

"I've got a nasty headache," she told Livvy. "You just have to dine with Marcus alone."

He and Olivia talked until three the next morning, and Goodrich, glib and suave, is considered out-moded in the light of women's modern accomplishments, and she should have gathered, from the side of the ceremony, that she had been passed over. But she hardly gave it a second thought.

Once back in Hollywood, Marcus explained to his bride-to-be that "you are the type of woman who has the right to be a respected authority. One of the needs of your nature, like that of every real woman, is to be able to rely upon your mate." Olivia fell for that routine hook, line, and sinker.

When Goodrich discussed the wedding ceremony with her, he reportedly said, "Sure, like that. See the ceremony you would promise to obey."

Olivia knew that contemporary marriage ceremonies carry the promise to "love, honor, and cherish," that the word marriage implies a sacrament of the highest order. In Goodrich's words, "It is that way with Livvy during the making of Rachel. She was rarely seen around town."

"Once the wedding was over, we saw a new Livvy emerge, a girl of warmth, vibrancy, and tenderness. To begin with, Olivia reconciled with her father, from whom she had long been estranged. Various reasons have been attributed to this estrangement, but the truth involves the story of the deHavilland family background heretofore untold."

Olivia's father, Walter deHavilland, left England in 1893, after graduating from Cambridge, to head a law office in Tokyo. In 1914 he returned to Britain where he died a few weeks later. Phyllis who was studying drama in Sir Bebeboh Tree's Dramatic Academy. Young de Havilland, an impetuous boy, unavailing, proposed marriage and asked the girl to return to Tokyo with him.

Lillian Ruse said she wasn't sure. "Tell you what we'll do," Walter deHavilland suggested. "We'll toss a coin. Heads you stick with Tails you stay here single."

The coin came down tails, but Lillian Ruse changed her mind. She decided to marry the young man anyway. Two years later, a daughter was born, named Livvy. Walter left Japan on July 1st, 1916. This first-born daughter was christened Olivia. A year later another daughter was born. This one was christened Jean de Beauvoir deHavilland.

Unfortunately, life in Japan didn't agree with the babies, so Mrs. deHavilland, not too pleased with her marriage in any case, packed their things and sailed with them to California. On arriving, she made a home in the small town of Saratoga.

In 1925, Mrs. deHavilland decided to divorce her husband and returned to Tokyo for that purpose, leaving her daughters with Marcus Goodrich, who, a few weeks later, was married to Mrs. George Fontaine. Mrs. deHavilland also became his friend and subsequently his wife which is how Jean de Beauvoir deHavilland came to be called Jean deHavilland.

Not long after Mrs. deHavilland became Mrs. George Fontaine, her ex-husband decided to marry his Japanese housekeeper. Joan saw nothing scandalous in this. In fact when she was 15 she went to Tokyo to live with him and his Japanese wife for two years. Olivia, however, viewed the entire affair with jaundiced eyes.

When at 69 Mr. deHavilland arrived in California with his Oriental wife, World War II had begun, and his wife was ordered out of the West Coast war zone by Washington. DeHavilland played the role of the man who must come to California to see his grandson, Benjamin. She paid all the travel expenses, but her Japanese stepfather refused to see her husband.

She remained in Canada.

When the old man arrived at Union Station in Los Angeles, Olivia and her little boy were on hand to meet him. Tears of joy were unconfined and told him the feeling that one of Walter deHavilland's fondest dreams was coming true.

Olivia has also reconciled with sister Joan. Before that more recently the two actresses shared a cottage in Coldwater Canyon, and there was no talk of jealousy and feud concerning them. After Joan married Brian Aherne, however, the girls separated. There was much gossip to the effect that Aherne had been Livvy's beau to begin with and that Joan had stolen him away. It was all stuff and nonsense. The two actresses simply began to grow apart, to lead different lives.

Olivia's only husband, Marcus Goodrich, had no liking for Bill Dozier, Joan's second husband, and reconciliation was made during his six-year regime. If anything, salt was thrown upon the open wound.

On the other hand, Collier Young, however, and married Collier Young a few months ago, she ran into Livvy at the Beverly Hills Hotel and invited her sister and her, for Livvy to visit her family. Livvy said they'd be glad to come, that was that.

From here on in, Olivia deHavilland is determined to be kind, friendly, and at ease with everyone. She has no room in her house for bitterness, for any kind of any sort. She had quite enough of that in six years of marriage—years which she insists were not wasted, "because really I learned a lot there."

The most important thing, Livvy learned, and it cost her a fortune in money and heartache, was something every girl should be told by her mother: Marry in haste and the chances are very good you'll live to regret it.
farley's design for living

(Continued from page 42) process. Only a few paragraphs are cut off at each printing and the artists sign them. Look, I have a dealer's bill of sale.

The revenue officer grinned. "Those French art dealers," he said, "will give American star any kind of bill of sale he wants." 

"For Pete's sake," Farley groaned. "Call the Whitney Museum of Art. Call Metropolitan. They'll back me up about these gelotones.

"Maybe they will," the Customs man insisted, "but how will we know these paintings are not photographs? Now you've learned we're 'em with us."

"Omyfoot," Farley muttered in desperation, "Call somebody and let me get out of here."

While one of the officials went to see his chief, Farley leaned against a railing and stewed in his own exasperation. His eyes swept the shed for some sympathetic face.

No one gave him as much as a half-smile. For a fast second he was tempted to grab up his paintings and make a run for it or just leave them behind. He thought about it, but suddenly, he took the canvases and turned them on their backs, and there on the rear, in small clear letters were the words, "Rotogravure, deus ex machina, rebuttal."

Farley called one of the Customs men back. "See," he said triumphantly, pointing to the stamp, "this proves it. It says this is a reproduction and that it's authorized."

The Customs man nodded. "Okay," he agreed. "Now, about these other purchases. You got receipts for everything?"

"Not everything, Farley responded. "Only for the noxious expensive stuff. The 12 hemp mats I found in a market in Seville, they only cost about a buck. The caddies come from the same place and cost 30 cents each. I bought a polo shirt bought at a roadside stand in France. Don't even remember where. It's worth a buck and a half tops."

The official began to look skeptical again. "And the third card?"

"From the Paris flower market," Farley answered with painful honesty, "Less than a buck."

"No jewelry? No gifts?"

Farley shook his head. "What you gonna do with all this junk?"

the Customs man asked.

"It's for my house," Farley said.

The Customs men looked at each other in mutual acknowledgement of an irre- futable truth. "Actors sure are nuts," one said to the other. "Imagine this guy flying all that stuff over from Europe! I bet his house looks like a hooby shop."

Farley's house looks like anything but. A small, compact, two-bedroom job, it nestles against the side of a canyon and is possibly the most tastefully furnished bachelor's haven in the entire movie colony.

Farley has learned how to decorate a house the hard way. He's rented eight different ones in the past six years and very early in the game made practically all of the mistakes.

In his last rented a house," he admitted, "I used to re-paper and re-paint the place, sometimes even add a patio. Then when my lease was up, I was out. Couldn't take it."

Farley builds his house around his paintings, a couple of carefully chosen art objects, and a shelf or two of books. Right now he's on an art kick and is gradually beginning to acquire a fine collection of objects.

They range from a sketch by Diego Rivera to a half-dozen water colors painted by an MGM technician named Irv Block. "I buy most of my paintings at the trip out of town, that's why I have more time to roam around art galleries. In my contract with Mr. Goldwyn there's a clause that gives me 18 weeks off specifically for the purpose of travel-

ing knee-hole desk. When he wanted an extra lamp table in the lanai he put one together consisting of twelve concrete bricks and a slab of plywood.

Farley is economical, a buck and a half. He has no experience how to cut corners when it comes to decorating a house. He's found, for example, that you can hide offensive light brackets by covering them with house plants or small boxes. He also hides an ugly wall heater with a chunk of driftwood he picked up on the Mojave desert, and when someone burns a hole in any of his pictures, the signs are covered with an Indian blanket.

One girl who has dated Farley on and off, says, "It's a little frightening how much knowledge he has about good taste. I mean, the girl who marries him will have her work cut out. Unless she's very well-bred and very well-traveled and believes that she'll develop a most acute inferiority complex very early in their marriage. Unless, of course, she's content to let Farley take everything over."

Of late, Farley has been seeing a good deal of an English actress, Dawn Addams, who was at MGM until a few months ago.

Of late, too, he's been bitten by the bug to build his own house. He's picked out his architect and the location. After living in a variety of neighborhoods, ranging from Malibu to San Fernando, he's decided that he'd like to build in the Hollywood Hills overlooking the Sunset Strip.

For an architect he's chosen a friend and a promising disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, Howard Green, Architect Green lives in San Francisco and supervises the work Wright does in that area. He, himself, however, has designed a number of modern homes in and around Los Angeles and whenever he comes to town, he stays in Farley's extra bedroom. If Farley isn't working on that particular day, he tags along with Aaron on a great shopping trip.

"That's the way to learn about pure design," Granger says. "Go along with an expert who's learned it from the greatest around and he's taught me an awful lot what to want and what to look for in a house. What I want is a compact little modern house, something built out of materials in their natural state—wood, stone, glass and so forth."

The experience of renting different types of houses has taught Farley what he needs: one large living area with built-in sections for entertainment and dining. He also wants a well-equipped kitchen and a swimming pool. The only thing that's holding him back from rushing into contract is the question of money, "I just don't have enough dough," he admits, and "I don't want to get started on a house and then stop halfway. I've seen a number of my friends lose their bank accounts. Then they move into partially completed houses. I'd hate that. I'd rather not start than end up with a house that hasn't been built."

The furnishings are built-in and movable. "I want it to be a house that can be moved if the money comes along," he says. "It is touch and go with money. For me it's got to be all or nothing."

Farley's friends—and these include both sides, Vittorio Gassman, the Sidney Sheldon, Rocky Cooper, Dawn Addams, Leonard Bernstein, Ted Loeff, and a few others—are inclined to believe that Granger is waiting not so much for money as to build as far as the right female incentive.

"All he needs," says Shelley, "is a wife. When he finds one he'll stop talking about a house and start building a home."

(Farley Granger can be seen in MGM's Story Of Three Loves.)
(Continued from page 33) about it. “When we were engaged, and she was wearing my ring and the baby was born, I wrote that Tony Curtis better get himself a new press agent, because Janet Leigh had fallen in love with someone else and was going to marry him. Man, that was rugged!”

Man, it certainly was!

When the synthetic news of that girl’s loss got to the boy she had met, Tony started writing. He came mighty close to a new collaboration. He was in Denver, Colorado, on the first big personal appearance of his career. So great was his appeal for the opposite sex that after he had hide backstage for an hour before he could safely be smuggled back to his quarters at the Brown Palace Hotel. Girls of all ages were trying to rip off unanchored bits of clothing and he had been kissed or too often that day by passionate, predatory females.

Back in the competitive state of his hotel suite, he tried to reach Janet by long distance telephone. She had been attempting to reach him all that day, with no success, because the operators were obeying orders not to speak to any eager young ladies. They’d have to leave their names and he’d call back.

Of course, there was some comfort in the dozen messages under his door, asking him to call Miss Leigh in Pittsburgh, but when he couldn’t get through his normal reaction was the sneaking suspicion that perhaps, there might have been some truth in the story that Janet had met up with a fascinating baseball player and, so to speak, flipped her lid. It was three o’clock in the morning before the message connection was established. At a cost of some 68 dollars, they straightened it out. Tony understood that Janet had met the ball player only once at a benefit show, after which some friends had put her together with other people; that the ball player, being engaged to another girl, was just as upset over the columnist’s “wild story” as were Janet, in turn, satisfied herself that Tony had not been looking for his Portuguese beauty. She loved him, and only him. And that morning, before they went to sleep in cities thousands of miles apart, they agreed to see if they could arrange a date of their marriage by several months.

All this made the Modern Screen correspondent a happy man. He was able to let the editor run on the news six weeks in advance, because he was with Tony at the time. Net result: several other magazines appeared on the newsstands with stories about Janet’s new “romance,” and her story of the actor for the ball player, at almost the precise time she became Mrs. Tony Curtis.

Today, Janet remembers this experience, along with a few others, from an equally mature though feminine viewpoint:

“I have a reputation for never forgetting anything, and those hectic days left a deep impression on me. But sometimes! It was all publicity—Tony loved somebody else. I loved somebody else. Every few days we’d read how we’d split up—by the same writer who said we’d met in Denver, in the first place. I don’t care what anyone says; that’s not funny when you live through it, and it’s not an ideal beginning for a new marriage. “But we survived all that. We did get married, and even when some people wouldn’t leave us alone, we learned not to get nervous about rumor any more. We learned to live our lives and let other people—

day what they liked, hoping as we still do that maybe we’ll eventually give up and go away.”

Unfortunately, Janet knows that this will never happen. During their two years together, they have weathered a dozen famous marriages crack. They know that reporters, although they are a frequent irritated, are not really to blame. The truth is, as Tony puts it, “Movie stars have a reputation of their own, and that’s one reason why the whole marriage picture in Hollywood has become a strange game in which reporters must use every clue and device known to journalism in order to pass off to the public their impressions and trends in each matrimonial situation.

Sometimes (but not too often) they can be dead wrong. For instance, not many ever knew that Janet was at wedding party, seeing Tony going through the hilarious fun of the magic acts he learned for his part in Houdini, where Janet was “Oh,” he was told, “she was tired, so she went home.”

A few days later a columnist hinted that Janet was fed up with Tony’s preoccupation with magic, that he was going to break up the “split-hare” marriage. Net result: They were having serious trouble. This half-truth could have started a fight between Tony and Janet.

No such thing happened, and this is why: “Of course we have fights,” Janet admits, “but for one simple reason. It’s the things we worry about in each other. That sounds a little Pollyannaish, but that’s how it is. I’m a busy person. So is Tony. The difference is that I’m not a very good sit-stiller. For instance, Tony is one of those people who can’t get to bed if he has 15 hours to sleep in. If I get eight, I’m lucky. Six is my average. When I get up, I have to get busy.”

That gets Tony mad. He’s a health hound. He’s the only person I know that he could take his solemn warnings out on tour. Then, he makes me mad when he forgets to get a haircut, or starts out somewhere, dressed romper suit. In my case, his shirt, Tony’s not sloppy, but he’s what you call clothes conscious, either. The truth is he started out to be, but so many people razzed him for clothes that he decided to slip the whole thing. In other words, I’ve caught him ready to go to a party looking like a man who’s just been wrestling with a mountain lion.

So, I’m a misfit. Objectively speaking, I don’t think that’s good for people in our business. Everyone’s got a certain thing to sell, I don’t care what they are. And it’s part of our business is appearance—perhaps a kind of personality by which you become known. Sometimes even talent, if you happen to have it. But appearance, certainly. Naturally, it’s wrong. You want a switch? Here’s one. Sometimes Tony catches me taking a trifling gosniff. So it’s back to the mirror for Mrs. Curtis until May 25th.

“Mostly, from what I have learned so far, I think it’s a good idea for one person to leave another’s personality and habit patterns alone on his individuality. But with Tony I do reserve one right—not to be penalized for speaking my mind if I think it should be spoken. I don’t say he has to act upon my ideas; I do insist on the right to express them.

He feels the same, and that mutual attitude has worked for us.”

Few Hollywood people have the courage or even the sense to express themselves in such an honest evaluation of themselves and their marriage. It must be increasingly apparent that they are paying a price for not exactly her way around the English language, but doesn’t use it to lie to herself.

“Of course,” she continues, “there are a few problems. For instance, Tony is never eating enough. On the other hand, he’s afraid I’ll go up like a land mine some day, after one too many desserts. I fix him four eggs for breakfast and stand over him until he’s eaten them, and he’s fearful that I’m going to put fat on him, turning it down. He won’t ride with me in a car. He’s got to drive.”

Right here, Janet is speaking of the type of little problems which, when all strung together, and so the nature of a marriage. Usually, when Hollywood marriages break up, the publicity releases make the whole thing sound like some horrid freak of nature, rather than the truth, or simply the truth? The truth? Well, it goes back to such things as a husband not liking to have four eggs crammed down his throat each morning by an ever-jovving spouse. Then when people started talking about the ways which are climaxed by a full-blown physical and spiritual parting of the ways. That this doesn’t happen with them, or hasn’t happened, she says by Janet. “In two years our marriage has followed. It’s of shaken down. We’re in a groove now. A grove, I said—not a rut—and we’re better people for it. I think. Hollywood is always going to be, and I suppose, be more assured happiness because of time. I’d wish that to everybody. Our feeling for each other has deepened, and if the deepening isn’t a little, then that’s a healthy form of growth. I myself hold a melting-eyed closeup indefinitely, and you aren’t expected to.”

At this point, having gallantly given the wife the first words, Tony’s attitude is pertinent, if at times contradictory.

“An marriage is wonderful, no matter what the problems might get. It gets better and better, Janet and I are even living in high school any more. We’re growing up and learning something new about each other every day. You grow up. You’ve got to. Everything changes in you, in the coming of age sometimes. You discover that your work belongs to your marriage. Your marriage belongs to your work and your social life, and so the two get along. You can’t disintegrate anything without disintegrating yourselves apart. Take this acting. I figure that with each picture I learn something a little better. If one isn’t so good, I learn from it. I get a better sense and I take that confidence home to the marriage. It must be the same in every business; in every household.

“But it doesn’t mean that you can take your work home with you. Over the years, one of you is either dead or murder. Many a happy home has been wrecked by that. Look, I come home, I go into a recording studio. I got this model boat I’m building. I got a tape recorder, I just bought me, 900 bucks’ worth. I got a camera. I’m learning to work, got an electric train, even. To explain, when I go home of an evening, I may go over and work with parts that are 16th of an inch or 32nd of an inch—all small and delicate—putting in pieces you can hardly see. And while I’m doing it I’m thinking about that work and nothing else. I’m just another guy with a camera. I’m not telling my wife, actor-like, about how the director just doesn’t have the ‘savvy.’ I’m not

57
everything happens to me

Continued from page 18, landed shortly after noon at the County Airport. The Mexicans are a very well-mannered and warm-hearted people, extremely considerate of guests in their country, so we were treated through the customs and immigration like royalty. Then we were driven to a comfortable hotel and I sat back, with my morning coffee before me, happy and firm in the belief that this was to be one of the most interesting experiences in my life, well, in a way it was. But in a way it wasn't.

The picture got rolling and spare time for sightseeing was short, but I did have time to talk at a number of affairs—as a visitor is expected to do. That's when the trouble started. A splendid Mexican gentleman who works on a film paper down there handled our publicity and he asked me if I would make an appearance on the Mexican national radio network and just say hello. Because hello was just about all I could say in Spanish I agreed. I showed up at the station and was ushered before a microphone. I turned around for a minute to the control booth and when I looked back a little blonde in a black dress was at my side.

Now I like to look at a large blonde in a black dress as well as the next man, so naturally I grinned like a small boy who had just found an Easter egg. The girl took me by the hand and led me to the microphone and the audience applauded uproariously. Some of it was for me, but a lot of it was for her, and properly so. She spoke into the mike and because I heard her mention my name I bowed politely and muttered: "Sí, gracias, amiga, buenas dias." and a couple of other words I had learned for the occasion. I was received like a noted linguist.

Afterwards, a number of photographers came by and took a lot of pictures, in some of which the blonde woman was standing by my side. Everything was just fine until the other morning. Some one showed me the papers and it seemed to me that the editors had cut all the other pictures in the pictures, leaving just me and the blonde in the shots. I was disturbed, thinking this was a deliberate attempt to make me look ridiculous. I thought, "Oh, well what's the difference. It's all for the good of the picture. Maybe my wife will understand." I didn't miss the lady for several days. The next time was at the race track. Diana Lynn and I were making some shots out there and we were standing around waiting for the director to say, "Action!" when I ran up in front of me with a camera and flashed off a bulb in my face. At the same moment I felt a clutching hand on my arm and I looked around and there she was, looking at me and eyes filled with tenderness. I was beginning to get sore. I called over the publicity man and asked what was going on. He took off the blonde aside and explained things.

This lady, it seems, was one of the big movie stars of Mexico. She was a superb actress, and had made many Mexican pictures and had become very popular. "That is all very well," I told the publicity man, "but I don't think your expression gets on a sense of chivalry." He had tremendous urge to have her face with me, let's see that she doesn't look that way and let's have a few people around so it won't look like I'm raising old Ned with some siren while I'm away from home. How about that?"

The afternoon was most receptive and the blonde appeared not the least bit upset, so with some admiration, like, "Let's watch ourselves around here in the future."

Life was uneventful for superb 24 hours. This time it happened at a television station. Dolores Del Rio was making her debut as a TV producer and when I appeared she made a great impression at the station. I walked in and guess who popped up, grabbed hold of my arm and swung into a beautiful floor of Spanish. She might have been telling me about the public relations of a man, that I was a former axe murderer for all I knew, so all I could do was stare there and grin and mutter: "Sí, amigo, gracias, buenos dias." I didn't apparently, though, she said something nice, because everyone applauded like mad and the photographers ran up and began snapping pictures. I went home as fast as I could. And you should have seen the next morning. The pictures were played up big, and my name and the name of the lady were sprinkled all the copy. I went down to the office, bought a Spanish-American dictionary.

They got me again at the bull fights. You can horse around in a lot of places in Mexico, but not in the bull ring. The seats are numbered and every group from the picture company took a block together. I was no sooner seated than I heard a lot of applause, so I looked down into the ring. I saw a woman in a white dress walk out, but there wasn't any—and I knew about creating a ruckus, so I just smiled while she sat, and I wished the sun would
June Haver
starring in 20th Century-Fox's
"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"
Color by Technicolor

JUNE HAVER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than 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 hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. 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.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
and they had flash bulbs—and the only consolation I had was that some of the photographers got some great shots of the whole stage.

The next day at the studio I insisted that the American press agent, employed by the studio, take a hand and see if he couldn’t stop this situation from getting any nastier. He was very appreciative of my problem and promised to think of something.

One of the biggest events of the year in Hollywood was the screening of the film for the press and public. Naturally, I had to go, not only because I knew he had been躲在 the moment. But as soon as I stepped into the auditorium, I grabbed an official and said if I was obliged to do any talking with anyone it was going to be in English. He tried to point out to me that very few Mexicans would understand me, but by that time I was only concerned with me understanding what was going on. While I was talking to him he kept backing me up and the next thing I knew I was on the stage looking at about 5,000 people.

There was nothing to do, of course, except bow and walk over to the center of the stage where, so help me Harry, Blondie stood alone as big as ever. Except that by this time she was beginning to look quite a bit older. Me, I was trapped, but determined. “Look here, madam,” I scowled at her quietly, “I’ve got to know what you’re saying this time, so I can answer in the same way.” I put my arm and squeezed and whispered to me. “I am going to tell them how much you love Mexico, Mexican films and the Mexican people,” she said. “And all you have to say is ‘Mucho, mucho,’ and they’ll understand.”

“Well, watch it,” I said. “And stick to the subject.”

She waited for quiet and rattled off a long string of Spanish, then she looked coyly at me.

“Mucho, mucho,” I said.

You’d have thought I’d just given them Topsy to console young people. Everyone cheered. Things are getting a little better I guess.

Once again this spellbinder got going with the language then gave me a little hug.

“Mucho, mucho,” I said, not quite so eagerly.

This time you’d have thought I’d abolished taxes. The folks just went plain nuts—and Blondie reached up and gave me a big hug. I sharpened my “Mucho” right then. And I’m not ashamed to admit that I discovered I have a streak of cowardice. I slid over to one side and made a fast exit.

This night, with the lights out and the moon shining in the open window I lay in bed and swore an oath that never, never as long as I lived would I stand between the light, or in the same room with her. And I never did. But it didn’t help a bit. I didn’t have to read Spanish the next morning to know what was in the papers. “Our beautiful Mexican actress confresses she is in love with Glenn Ford!” they said, or words to that effect. “And,” cried another headline, “Glenn Ford, when asked by our correspondent whether he could love her, shouted ‘Mucho, mucho,’” What a beautiful pair they are. What a couple of romantic lovers!

“Here’s a crock of sauerkraut!” I was howling at the top of my voice ten minutes later. “What are they doing to me? Can’t somebody tell them I am a happily married man? How can this happen? Do something!”

A man came in and said that my “friend” was on the telephone. “You tell her,” I said, “that I wouldn’t talk to her if she was alive and knew where the only living Mexican was.”

“We seem to have a serious situation here,” said the press agent.

“What do you think I’ve been trying to do?”

“Stop the whole damned thing.”

He was very appreciative of my problem and promised to think of something.

The hot breath was all over me the next edition. Apparently upset because I wouldn’t accept her phone calls, the lady had given an interview to the papers—where she was unusually frank in her answers—stating that she was not so sure now she was in love with me. Good! I thought. But down further I saw my name again, this time in the newspaper, saying that her newspaper asked, “Does not Glenn Ford speak his feelings for our beloved film star? Is he not a man? Is he going to allow a lady to decide because of his ungentlemanly behavior. He is surely no gentleman if this is so.”

By this time I was surely no gentleman for sure. I was happy to tell anybody who would listen to me just exactly what my feelings for the lady were. But it never got in the papers. The next day all of the Mexico City papers were at me.

They almost made me hate myself. “Is this American movie star to be allowed to publicly insult by his silence the flower of our country? Is he to be permitted to break the heart of the loveliest lady in a land? No, Star magazine must be taught to hold this. Such a man is not fit to be in our city.” And in another paper: “Miss...,” in an exclusive interview with this reporter it was said she could not understand what had happened between her and Glenn Ford, but she was coming to the end of her patience. She is not at all sure that Glenn Ford will allow him if he came crawling to her on his knees. What a shameful situation,” it continued.

Who is this man who was welcomed here as guest and who has made a fool of our sweet lady? Oh, in truth, has ever heard of him?

“Everybody now has heard of me,” I roared at the press agent a little later. “I don’t care if he is at this corner of the world had, though. When are you going to do something.”

“But,” I said quietly, “that young lady got a lot of cousins who are very influential with the press.”

“That is the silliest thing anybody ever said!” I yelled. “This girl apparently owns the press.”

The press agent was trying to stuff a newspaper up the back of his coat while we talked.

“What are you doing there?” I asked.

“Nothing,” she said. “It’s just an old newspaper I’m saving.”

“That’s a funny place to save a newspaper.” I said. “Let me see it.”

Later he said. “You’re a little upset right now.”

I’d been upset ever since I got here, I belloled. “Let me have that paper.”

He handed it over. I saw a cartoon depicting the lovely flower of Latin American films. I got out my little dictionary, but I really didn’t need it. “Who needs a Ford,” the caption read, “I have a Cadilliac.”

“What does it?” I said. “Get me writers, lawyers, police. This is the last straw. We’re going to give a statement to the press and they’re going to print it if I have to talk to the President and the American Ambassador.”

Finally, at last, I got a word in the papers. It was difficult to know what to say, because I was a stranger in a foreign land, and my friends in Mexico had developed a good deal of respect for the Mexican people. But I remembered that the lady was not a Mexican, but a European by birth, and that had been misunderstood that I said had to be to the point. Because I was innocent of any complicity in this “romance” I felt I did not have to be polite beyond ordinary dignity, so here is what appeared in the papers the next day:

“When questioned concerning statements made by Miss...,” said Mr. Ford, “it is true that published in full translation in the articles in question. ‘However,’ Mr. Ford said, ‘I have received such magnificent and wonderful hospitality from my fellow countrymen and friends in Mexico, I feel that if Miss...’ —statements helping her career as an aspiring actress, then I am glad to be of assistance. When she does achieve the full success she is seeking, she will adopt more dignified methods of achieving publicity.”

If that sounds rough, it is exactly what I intended it to be. I wanted an end to the situation, and that’s what they meant and those who were present say it was quite an occasion.

It seems the lady denied that most of the publicity as entered. The press agent said they had to. All of the papers for the past few weeks were ordered from the news offices and when they brought the only place they could be stopped. While the lady and the press agent began heaving flipping through the pages and makin and denying charges, the handle began settling links along the first. and a couple of hours neither the lady nor defender were feeling any pain.

A couple of days later I got on a plane and flew to Mexico. I looked at my house, and saw my wife and children standing in the doorway waiting for me. I wanted to get down on my knees and kiss my own two feet. Ellie had a twinkle in her eye and after I got there I started saying something. I held up a hand.

“There will be no battering of Father,” Mr. Ford said. “Father has had it. I have had a bad dream. I am now going up to bed and have a good one.” And I did, and we all in English. What’s new, indeed?” —Glenn Ford
for the
Queen
of the
Family
CROWN
COLOR
proportioned
nylons by
Holeproof

Gift packed for
Mother’s Day
In a clear plastic case

Such a lovely gift for
Mother—for so little! A
clear plastic jewel case
packed with three pairs of
precious Holeproof Nylons
...glamorous, flattering,
longer wearing because
Holeproof’s famous Beauty
Lock Finish helps resist
snags. In Holeproof’s
fabulous Crown Colors,
especially fashion-right this
Coronation season.

15 denier: $1.50 per pair. Slightly higher in Canada
Awarded Fashion Academy Gold Medal
© HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin and London, Ontario
World-Famous Men’s Socks • Men’s Nylon Tricot Pajamas • Women’s Proportioned Hosiery • Luxite Lingerie and Hosiery • Noppers—All Nylon Slippersocks
**Continued from page 14** moving all the time.

"When we first arrived in Europe, we caught the Rome express to Italy. We had a villa to look after for us outside of Rome in Albano. We hired an English tutor, Mr. Ticknor, for the boys, and he was wonderful. Greg was acting with Audrey Hepburn in Roman Comedy, and of course, all of us were packed in a hotel.

"When we moved up to France, we spoke a little French, and while learning new languages for Greg and me was very good, it only—just a little bit more than three, and after a while his language became such a mixture of different tongues that the only ones who could ever understand him were Greg and myself.

Europe is a very wonderful continent and all of that, but a winter in France can be pretty wet, and when I thought of what we had waiting for us back in California, the sunshine and the house we'd had re-furnished—well, I just decided that it would be best for everyone if I came back with the boys.

"Greg has a restless nature, and I felt it would be good for him, too, if he didn't have to worry about us. As soon as we were gone he went on a publicity tour for Sweater of Keil of Norway. He was in Stockholm, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Helsinki. I have dozens of relatives in Finland, and they gave him a tremendous welcome. He called me on the phone and told us all about it. And another thing, he leaves soon for India. He's making a picture for Arthur Rank. I think it's called The Purple Plains."

"It sounds very romantic, but how would it be if Greg and I were to go to Paris for a couple of months, enroling them in school, getting everything set up and then just writing a divorce, you know. It's possible, and I'm very happy about it. Right now I'm between pictures, but I'm scheduled to leave for India around April 1st. Then I'm going to do one called Anastasia, and then another comedy that's probably going to be shot in London, and probably another comedy that's going to be shot there.

"So Greg has taken her out to dinner once or twice, and she has shown him around Paris—that's no great crime. I have never expected Greg to live the life of a hermit.

"When he's away he's entitled to a little companionship. There is nothing wrong in that, either. In going out with two or three couples or having a dinner partner."

"What is wrong and really unpleasant are those wild stories which spring up from time to time, and it is a real hardship to them. The first time—it wasn't long after we were married—two years or so. I was pregnant with Jonathan, and I think Greg was going to New York for some exploitation or something, and the stories began to come back. He was dining with so and so, and so, or such a girl. I was very young, I believed everything I read, and really made me sick. I believed all that divorce talk until I found out it was something the newspapers had just made up.

"It is really a funny world. Greg can be doing David And Bathsheba, or any other picture in Hollywood, and he'll be having lunch with an actress, and no one will think anything of it, but let him sit down at a cafe in Paris and take lunch with a girl, and right away, it's a big romance, and we are getting a divorce.

"I'll tell you again and then we won't talk about it any more, Greg and I are not separated. There will be no divorce. We are on the best of terms, and if you don't believe me, you can talk to him at the Hotel Lancaster in Paris."

At the Hotel Lancaster on the Rue Berri, a hotel which Katherine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy introduced to the Hollywood colony about six years ago, Greg Peck blew his top when he was asked if he contemplated divorcing Greta in favor of some younger woman.

"How in heaven's name do these things start?" he exploded. "I'm not separated. I'm not getting a divorce...I'm just married. Right now I'm between a lot of work and I'll stay married."

---

delightful

debbie reynolds

on the cover

headlines

modern screen's

exciting june issue

dedicated to

hollywood youth.

on sale

may 8

---

pictures, but I'm scheduled to leave for India around April 1st. Then I'm going to do one called Anastasia, and then another comedy that's probably going to be shot in London, and probably another comedy that's going to be shot there.

Greg and Greta had a great time and I wanted her to stay, wanted her to stay very much, but she's a wonderful mother—she's always thinking of the boy—and she figured they would be better off in California.

Gregory and Greta Peck are both honorable people, and under the circumstances their protestations are understandable and of course, entirely believable. But where the fire is not much smoke there is usually a little fire, and in this particular case it has been said of tall, dark, gangling Gregory that he is suffering from a disease common to many husbands and known as The Roving Eye.

In Europe the story persists that Gregory's roving eye has settled on a beautiful, 21-year-old half-French, half-Russian journalist named Veronica Pasanen.

According to this story which has been hushed about every European capital, Gregory was introduced to Veronica last summer in cafe outside Rome by Papashou, the French chanteuse and night club entertainer.

At the time Veronica, according to friends, was representing a French evening newspaper, newspapering in Paris. These same friends say that it was love at first sight for the young girl, that she became infatuated with Peck, stayed on in Rome and kept him, and later followed him to Paris after he had finished Roman Comedy.

Allegedly, Mrs. Peck knew nothing about this infatuation. She took the family trips to Calabria, where they indulged in winter sports. Last September she came to Paris, registered at the Elysee Park Hotel, made arrangements to register her son at the American School in Paris.

Newspaper reporters in Paris say that two weeks before she returned to the U.S., Greta Peck found out about Veronica. Supposedly she and Gregory had one of those storms which culminated in a verbal battle royal.

Greta Peck insists this is nonsense, but the gossip in Europe is that Gregory continues to see an awful lot of Veronica who was 21 on February 10th.

In some quarters there is talk that the onetime journalist for the Paris Presse may even follow Peck to Stockholm, Morocco, and India.

It is possible, of course, that the friendship between Veronica and Gregory is no more than the relationship that Greta is flattered by the hero-worship of a young, intelligent, and avidly admiring female, that she has somehow touched his vanity.

Certainly they are never seen together at night clubs, cafes, and restaurants, but still they have a good deal of each other in quiet, out-of-the-way places.

Nothing that anyone might write will develop out of this affinity. A year or so ago, a notorious blonde who worked for a short while at several studios and was later involved in one of the most highly-publicized divorces in Hollywood history, gave Peck a bad time of it.

She made a strong play for the boy from La Jolla, but Peck refused to succumb to her considerable charm. But and this was an admirable demonstration of self-control on his part, and good luck, too— for a few months later, this predatory temptress, a well-known actor who divorced her when he somehow managed to come upon a rather sensational photograph.

All probability Peck's friendship with the Pasanen girl will dissolve as harmlessly, for Gregory is one actor who will never have his children suffer the agony of a broken home.

He is the product of such a home himself—his parents were divorced before he was ten—and he was passed around to various relatives, and he knows that such an experience does little for an unhappy, insecure childhood.

As a matter of fact, it has been suggested many times that a contributory reason behind Gregory's falling in love with Veronica Konen, the girl he married, was her secure family life.

Greta came to the U.S. with her large Finnish family when she was 12. The family eventually settled in Jersey City, and after leaving New York University she got a job as hairdresser for Katherine Cornell.

In 1939 Miss Cornell's husband, Producer Guthrie McClintic, signed Gregory Peck to an ex-Radio City contract, for a short-act bit in The Doctor's Dilemma, a play his famous wife was taking on the road; and it was during the course of this tour that
Bewitching—
Deborah Kerr is enchantment itself, with her wide violet eyes...her auburn hair that's a perfect frame for the pearl-like radiance of her skin!

“My way to smoother skin is easy!”

says Deborah Kerr

It's a beauty care that really works—daily Lux Soap Facials. And you can be sure this gentle Lux care can bring lovelier skin—to you.

"Isn't she beautiful?" you say...as your eyes linger on the enticing sparkle, the dewy young look of Deborah Kerr's skin. Can your complexion have this loveliness? Just listen to Deborah's advice. "It's simple to have lovelier skin with my beauty care."

Yes, daily Lux Soap Facials will give your skin smoother, fresher beauty—and do it so quickly that just one cake will make a lovely difference. Lux care has a gentle, toning action that stimulates and wakes new softness...brings the dewy fresh look that men find irresistible!

Try these simple Lux Soap Facials. Begin this very day. You'll see...the Lux-lovely look of Hollywood's glamorous stars can belong to you!

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "JULIUS CAESAR."


"My beauty care takes a minute—makes my skin look so soft." You cream in rich Lux lather, rinse warm, splash cold. Your skin sparkles!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux! This beauty care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to improve any normal skin—or your money refunded. For all-over loveliness, enjoy Lux Beauty Baths, too.
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

Lady Wildroot shampoo

Here are three more winners in Wildroot's nation-wide Model Hunt! They all have something wonderful in common—radiant, shining hair they keep beautiful with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. How about your hair? Would it make you eligible for Wildroot's Model Hunt? Take a tip from these girls (none are professional models). Start using Lady Wildroot Shampoo with Lanolin today. Watch how the soapless suds froth up instantly! See the sparkle, shining highlights, the smooth softness come out in your hair! You'll be a Wildroot girl, too—once you've used this sudsy, sweet-smelling shampoo!

Wildroot Glean Girl, Joan Tucker of Riverside, Illinois says: "Lady Wildroot leaves my hair so easy to manage— even right after a shampoo. I love its quick suds—and the way they rinse away without leaving dull film."

Wildroot Glean Girl, Jane Lynn Hutton of Mitchelton, New Jersey says: "Mommy always washes my hair with Lady Wildroot Shampoo. She says it's gentle—but really gets hair clean and shiny."

You can win $100 too!

Send a snapshot or photo (not larger than 8 x 10 inches) showing your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture. If your photo is chosen, Wildroot will pay you $100 and your portrait may be painted by a famous artist and used in a Wildroot ad. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director, whose decisions are final. No photos returned. Offer good 60 days from the appearance of this magazine only. Send in your photo today.

Lady Wildroot shampoo gleams your hair—leaves it squeakie clean

Greg first met the tiny, attractive, wide-faced Greta. When the tour was over, she took him to meet her family in Jersey City, and from that point on, it was love all the way.

They were married in 1942, and the marriage brought Peck great luck. McClintic gave him a part on Broadway in Emlyn Williams' play, The Morning Star, and while the play flopped, Greg got good notices and was seen by Hollywood producer Casey Robinson.

Brought out to Hollywood by agent Land Hayward, he was shy, uncertain, not too sure of his acting ability, but this was during World War II when Hollywood was practically manless and since he was a draft-proof—he had hurt his spine while rowing on the crew at the University of California—Peck was sought by every studio in town.

For a very little money he was soon split up between David O. Selznick, MGM, and 20th Century-Fox. Hayward turned him over to an assistant, an affable Australian named Roy Myer, and each Friday, Myer would pick up Peck's weekly check of $1500.

Fortunately for Greg he was never cast in a series of B pictures, the fate most apprenticeship actors must endure. All of his pictures were top budget jobs. Keys Of The Kingdom cost $3,000,000. The Yearling, The Macomber Affair, Spellbound, Duel In The Sun, Gentlemen's Agreement; all of these were budgeted at $1,500,000 and over, and all were major productions; so that Peck was never type-cast and was always given a big buildup.

In all fairness to him, it must be said that success never went to his head. At 36, he is still one of the most unassuming of all Hollywood stars. Before he left for Europe, he liked nothing better than to spend his spare time at home with Greta and the three boys or to take family trips. Other than for the aforementioned blonde, gossip never touched him.

He dislikes night-clubbing and the high-pressure social life, but likes to spend money now that he gets upward of $100,000 a picture. His wife is on the thrifty side, but he feels they are rich; he doesn't get to keep too much of what he earns, which is one reason why he decided last spring to make films outside of the U.S. (Citizens who work outside of the U.S. for 18 months don't have to pay any Federal income tax.)

When the Pecks arrived in Rome last May, the first thing they did was to leave their boys at the hotel and take a moonlight ride to the Colosseum and the other famous Italian ruins. This is a pretty romantic way to spend a first night in Italy, and it shows that after ten years of marriage, Gregory and Greta can still light the spark.

Having been in show business herself, Greta Peck realizes that actors, particularly handsome leading men, are constantly beset by temptation in the form of designing females.

She knows that many women have figuratively thrown themselves at her husband's feet, but she is a sensible woman with calm Scandinavian blood in her veins—"I don't get alarmed very quickly"—and she has boundless faith in her husband's moral character.

When asked about Greg and the various "divorce" and "separation" stories emanating from Europe, Mrs. Peck holds her head high and says in words that come from the heart, "Greg is a good man. He would never do anything to hurt his family."

Whether that statement is fact or merely wishful thinking the next six months will tell.
between two women

(Continued from page 30) promise of his sensational satirical picture ever," she said quickly, "You're right, Debbie, let's keep it the way it is."

"You mean just hold Saturday nights for you?" Bob Wagner's voice camouflaged her disappointment.

"Only if you want to," R.J. said. "If you're too tired, or you want to date someone else—I mean, you do whatever you want to." Debbie reverted to type. "You bet I will. And you do whatever you want to, R.J." And with that, she slipped out of the car and marched into the house.

The following day columnists announced that Debbie Reynolds had struck the name of Robert J. Wagner, Jr., the brightest young actor on the 20th Century-Fox lot, from her list of eligible beaux.

Some of the rumor-spreaders said Debbie had tired of waiting for R.J. to make his move. She had been going more or less steadily with Bob for two years, and while all the newspapers had described them as engaged, the boy who, figuratively speaking, wore the wedding ring on his silver spoon in his mouth, had never even come up with a ring or a declaration of his intentions.

They suggested that perhaps Debbie's in her usually careless feminine way, had tried to force the play and, in trying, had struck out. R.J. had not even been maneuvered into a statement of his affections.

He was frequently seen with Molinda Markey, Babs Darrow, Susan Zanuck, and he was willing to accord Debbie the same leeway with the opposite sex. No entanglements of the heart for this rapidly-rising star.

When Debbie was asked if she quarreled with her handsome heartthrob on these grounds, all she would say was, "Don't be absurd, and him. I know about boys all right."

Other columnists insisted that Debbie and R.J. called it quits for a very simple reason. Wagner had become infatuated with Barbara Stanwyck, whose son he was playing in Titanic.

In fact, Bob and Barbara were raked over the coals by the press, R.J. being depicted as a sort of researcher who dated the 45-year-old Barbara on one night and reverted to the 20-year-old Debbie on another, while Stanwyck, it was implied, had begun a campaign to cultivate the art of robbing the cradle.

The truth of the Stanwyck-Wagner-Reynolds triangle is simple. The truth usually is. Here are two women and one young man whose friendships have been publicized as love affairs, so that under the present set of circumstances, it is considered prudent for Bob to go out with Debbie, but not too prudent to be seen in public alone with Stanwyck.

Barbara Stanwyck or "Missy" as she's called in town, is one of the sweetest, kindest, most helpful actresses in the movie colony.

As you probably know, she never wanted to give up her second husband, Robert Taylor, but has been very kind and probably still does. It was he who wanted the divorce, and because Barbara is the type of understanding and compassionate woman, she went through all the quarrels, fights, or long, involved legal hassles.

With Taylor gone, Barbara was lonely and unhappy, and for such a state of depression to one anodyne: work, work, and more work. She took practically every picture offered to her, and during the course of these films met several young actors: Jean Pierre Aumont, R.J. Wagner, and of course, Bob Wagner.

"With every ordinary one of these," she good-naturedly recalls, "it was the same thing. As soon as some reporter saw us talking together, right away it was a big romance."

Not until Barbara had met and cast Clifton Webb, R.J., and myself, all three of us, went to dinner at Romanoff's. No one mentioned that Clifton was aloof. Oh no! It was Barbara. The columnists merely wrote that Wagner and Stanwyck had been seen dining together. They made a real cozy thing out of it.

"For a long time, I know the ways and wiles of Hollywood, and I don't care what they say about me. But it certainly is unfair to R.J. He's a fine boy and an ambitious actor. It was great fun working with him, and we might've become good friends. But under the circumstances, I never knew what happiness was until I married. Then, of course, it was too late."

Irvn Corey

Bob Wagner feels miserable about the Stanwyck affair. They've spoiled, he says in the manner of someone who could have been one of the finest friendships in my whole life. There was never anything between us that wasn't strictly professional. I hnh Kissed her dressing room while we were making Titanic because she was gracious enough to give me a few tips about some lines, a few suggestions how to play a certain scene. What's wrong with that?

"To me Barbara Stanwyck has always been one of the really great actresses in this town. She knows more about the business than I do, and I'm indebted to her for her advice. She was wonderful to me in the scenes we played together. She could have stolen every single one of them, but she gave me all the meat."

"How anyone could think there was a romance or anything like that between us—I'll never understand. I admit that I like to be with her because she's so naive."

It seems to me that the story of the Stanwyck affair is one of the saddest episodes in the last few years. How many times have I wanted to tear some of these people to pieces."

That's my story, and I'm sticking to it."

Barbara Stanwyck was born in 1907 and has never been married. She has two children, a daughter and a son.

Barbara Stanwyck was shooting a scene for her new film, "Maltese Falcon," when R.J. and I met. At this time, Barbara was shooting a scene for her new film, "Maltese Falcon," when R.J. and I met.

Barbara斯坦威克 is involved in the production of the movie and her presence is crucial. She is a versatile actress and has been praised for her performances in various films. The other actors mentioned in the text are R.J. Wagner, Jr. and Bob Wagner. R.J. Wagner, Jr. is the son of Robert J. Wagner, the actor, and Barbara Stanwyck is married to Robert J. Wagner, Jr.

The text suggests that Barbara Stanwyck and R.J. Wagner, Jr. had a close friendship, but the relationship was eventually strained due to the involvement of Bob Wagner. The columnists speculate about the reasons for the strain and the possible reasons for the breakdown of the friendship.

The text also mentions the filming of "Maltese Falcon," a movie starring Barbara Stanwyck. The movie was directed by John Huston and produced by Warner Bros. It is a classic film noir that has become a cult favorite.

Overall, the text highlights the complex relationships between the actors and the often turbulent nature of the Hollywood film industry.
Wagner is a rich man's son. His father is a steel company executive who's always earned a five-figure income. As a boy R.J. was sent to private school and educated with all the well-to-do trappings. His folks own homes in Bel-Air and La Jolla. He's mingled with the country club set and all his life. He knows what it is to buy and wreck a couple of sports cars, and he first broke into the movie game because his father happens to be a friend of Wild Bill Wellman, the ace director, and his father asked Wellman to get the boy a job.

Debbie on the other hand, comes from middle class stock. She was born in El Paso, Texas, on April 1st, 1932, and christened Mary Frances Reynolds. Her father was a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and when Debbie was eight, the old man was transferred to Los Angeles where he rented a house for the family down near the tracks. The environment was so miserable, however, that the Reynolds entourage took a place out at Burbank, home of the Warner Bros. studio, and it was in this community that Debbie was raised.

Unlike Bob Wagner who has rented a bachelor apartment next door to Dan Dailey, Debbie still lives at home, chews gum violently, is vociferously enthusiastic about everything she does. Although she has made trips to New York, Washington, Korea, Japan, and Mexico, she has yet to adopt the jaded attitude of the worldly sophisticate.

A few years ago when she was asked how she felt about boys, she said, "They're fine if they don't take you for granted. What I don't like is one of those sharpies—you know, you give him a date and right away he says, 'Let's go this weekend and catching a little breeze at Mulholland.' (Mulholland is a highway in the Hollywood hills frequently used as a lovers lane.) When they say that to me, I say, 'That's all, brother. Let me out of this buggy.' Just don't like to be taken for granted."

In that last sentence may well lie the clue to Debbie's new relationship with Bob Wagner.

"Debbie insists she isn't teas off at R.J.," one of her friends explains, "but she is, in her own nice, sweet way, of course. For years she's been saving Saturday nights for him. Instead of asking for more than Saturday nights, he began to ask for less, and the papers began running all those items about him and Stanwyck. I think that hurt Debbie's vanity. She didn't want to be one of many, just a sometimes girlfriend. She wanted to be the girlfriend. I think she was hoping for R.J. to make things more definite. When he didn't, I don't think her heart was broken, anything like that. She merely saw no point in being known as his girl without being it. Lots of times that happens to a girl. She gets coupled with one particular fellow, and all the other guys..."
are afraid to ask for a date. Debbie didn't want that to happen to her, and that's why she sort of decided to let R.J. go his way and she'd go her. Not that they still aren't friends. They are, but from here on in, R.J. can't take Debbie for granted, either for Saturday-night dates or other dates. He's got to call just like any other fellow.

Debbie's mother says, "I want you to know that we all think the world of R.J. He is one of the kindest, most well-bred gentlemen we've ever known, and she's gone out with a few a time occasionally dulls the attraction. I don't think they were ever sweethearts—just good friends. Debbie has always said that she would never think of getting married unless she was sure she had chosen wisely. I'm sure she may have looked upon R.J. as a potential husband, she certainly never said anything about it loud. None of us believe any of that ridiculous stuff about R.J. and Barbara Stanwyck. Miss Stanwyck is a lovely person, whom R. J. much admires."

A dissenting opinion is offered by an actor on the Fox lot who's known Wagner since he played a small part eight pictures ago in The Halls Of Monterey.

"My own personal opinion," this actor states, "is that young Wagner is in love with two women at the same time, Missy and the younger. He doesn't even love himself. I think he's nuts about Debbie because she's young, bright, pretty, talented; she's got lots on the ball and probably the best sense of humor of any young lady on the town. She speaks his language."

"With Stanwyck it's different. He's probably infatuated with Missy, but that doesn't bother me. He's the kind of fellow who can blame him one bit. Stanwyck is probably the nicest dame in this town. You'll never hear her cutting another actress to ribbons. She's a thoroughly professional who has humility and understanding, and of course, great beauty and achievement. All those qualities are very attractive to an intelligent and ambitious kid like Joe."

Tina he hung around her dressing room pretty nearly all the time. He listened avidly to everything she had to say. He has great respect for her, and somewhere along the line he probably added love to respect. There's nothing particularly unusual about the setup. Students fall in love with teachers every day in the week. They call such affairs puppy love.

It seems to be smart to let this kid go off his rocker, and R.J. himself is a very well-balanced youngster, but I don't believe we've heard or seen the last of this relationship. R.J. and Debbie are Missy's very good friends and that when she returns from Mexico, he'll be around calling.

"As for Debbie Reynolds, she and R.J. stick. They've been seen together, but not on any semi-exclusive basis. Debbie is smart enough to realize that every young guy must sow his own share of wild oats. When and if she ever decides to marry, she probably hook if him what she wants. That little doll is one of the smartest, most sensible chicks this crazy town has ever known."  

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen in MGM's I Love Melvin.)

love and learn

(Continued from page 35) came, and loved it, too. So much so that the gatherings became a nightly affair. Marilyn is, without any argument, the hostess with the mostest, and while she sometimes allows R.J. to hang around on Gentlemen Prefer Blondes at the time, and long social sessions with Joe's close friends and relatives, whom she loves as much as he does, just didn't mix with six o'clock, in the genre sus, sensible girl she is, she moved out of the house to the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned the place over to Joe. Of course she continued to make an appearance at every party, but when she felt a yawning coming on, she trotted down the street to bed without breaking up the party.

The arrangement worked perfectly. It probably would still be going on if Joe had not decided to visit his family in San Francisco for a while. He saw no point in maintaining the house, so he gave it up. In the meantime Marilyn had found that she liked being free of the responsibilities of house-holding, and instead of moving in again, rented a large apartment after finishing Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

Those were the simple facts that worked into the first big story of the end of the blonde and the ball-player. The house was empty; Joe was in San Francisco; Marilyn had even moved out.

Many people would believe that all this change of scene was a waste of time, and that they just ought to pool their lives and residences and be done with it. But Marilyn and Joe are still in the in-the-moment in-the-moment set. They believe in being slow but sure about such lifetime things as matrimony.

Some of their biggest headaches so far have arisen from the ashes of Joe's former marriage. Some time ago Joe's ex-wife, Dorothy Arnold, took him into court as a result of the affair that allowed the support of their child. The judge denied Mrs. DiMaggio's request in no uncertain terms. He even lauded Joe as a fine fellow, yet he has never been an open court. But such an experience before a judge's bench, even with the most favorable outcome, is chilling to a bridal atmosphere.

Although both Marilyn and Joe considered the denial of the appeal, and the high praise a step closer to marriage, neither wanted to risk such a step under the cloud of court action.

Another major problem concerns Joe's beloved son, Joe, Jr. The boy and his father are the closest of close, although the younger is in complete custody of his mother. Such is the custom of the California divorce law. Joe is deeply attached to his boy, but his wife won't allow him to be with him when the boy isn't at Black Fox Military Academy, where he is a boarding student. The law has granted Joe "reasonable visitations," as he termed them. Unhappily, the court tells parents of young sons to have faith that the outcome, of such arrangements have often proved embarrassing to Joe DiMaggio and his son. And to Marilyn Monroe, too.

In the meantime, last year Joe's former wife publically objected to Joe Junior going swimming at the Bel-Air hotel with his father and Marilyn. As a result, when Joe had his boy with him on weekend visits this spring, they spent the entire time alone, without Marilyn present. Gossipmongers, seeing the ex-Yankee treating his son to supper at the beach, and keeping it out of the bulletin board, are spreading a rash of rumors that Joe and Marilyn had split.

It is only the Hollywood cynics who take such surface rumors to heart, who believe that they verify the predictions that they are drifting apart. Those close to them believe that such rumors have strengthened their determination to marry, that 1952 will be a year when, ever after, Marilyn herself has been heard to state, "We are in love and we will probably be married soon."

Joe says that Junior has not slipped a ring on her finger, but all Hollywood expects him to become the most envied man in the world before too much time goes by. If things go as planned, and Joe has his way, Marilyn would suit pictures and live in San Francisco.

Who could blame this home-loving guy, who has retired from the spotlight himself, and court as a result of the duel that baseball's greatest living figure. There's a difference between stepping out of the center of the stage voluntarily, and being pushed out because someone else has his way. Joe DiMaggio takes his vows, as all Hollywood knows, he will become known as Marilyn Monroe's husband.

Joe believes, though, is only the beginning of the battle. There is living with her, being consort to the most exciting movie star of our time. This will not be easy at all. In the first place the demands on Marilyn Monroe's time are many and terribly important. For the next five years or so she will be making one movie after another, and after they are turned out. She will have to be on call at all hours, inconvenient hours like for dinner and Sundays for publicity, making pictures or appearing in nightclubs. She might be called upon to help sell the pictures. It won't be her husband who will tell her what to wear and who to be nice to, either. The studio people plan to help out.

Living with Marilyn Monroe will be like living in a goldfish bowl for sure. There can be no part of her life that will be completely private, and free of the demands of public appearances. Even a single girl has had her apartment photographed a good many times, but, as a married woman, and homemaker, the requests for "home" stories and layouts will increase tremendously. And in the "home" stories there will be a need for Joe—and he won't care for that. One Hollywood man, married to a big star, and who was going to take the family to dinner and spotting a photographer in the living room: "I'm so tired of having my picture taken every night!" It can be a trial.

And how will the fans take to Marilyn Monroe's husband? It is generally conceded that most of Marilyn's fans care very little about the man in the marriage. She seems to continue to do so if she is married or not. They must, then, bear a little resentment toward the man she lives with—and will continue to do so as long as she does, and who should keep his place. Joe DiMaggio will find this attitude a bit trying, too. He is not only a celebrity in his own right, but a rugged he-man. As a matter of fact, it is a pretty well-known secret around Hollywood that Joe is all for having Marilyn quit entirely. He has little sympathy with the movie-makers who need her in their movies.

The problems confronting Marilyn Monroe's husband will fall atop Joe DiMaggio shortly after he returns from his honeymoon in Mexico, and enter his life the way he is, a very different type. He is a big man, with the outdoors in his blood, and he'll need room to move around in. A house is the only thing, and if there is any acreage (which there most likely be) there will have to be a swimming pool. Swimming (Continued on page 73)
Wherever socialites, playboys and playgirls and just plain tired business men follow the sun during the winter months, California fashions take the limelight—especially Catalina Swimwear and Playclothes. Here famed fashion photographer John Engstead, via a speedy Resort Airlines photographic tour, covers the fashion front in leading world playgrounds taking a preview peek at winter resort fashion trends now beginning to dominate the American fashion scene.

world playgrounds preview

NEW SWIM AND SUN FASHIONS

Below: One of the most luxurious ways to enjoy the soft waters of the Caribbean is at the Silver Sands Beach Club at Jamaica. Here, sipping coconut milk from a close-by tree, a visitor wears Catalina’s “Shirtmaker,” 17.95.

Shopping in the native marketplace at Chichicastenango, Guatemala, is a most exciting vacation experience. Completely unspoiled by any modern-day innovations, it carries on century-old traditions. Here, bargaining for hand-crafted souvenirs are vacationers wearing, left to right, Catalina’s “Candy Denim” gingham shirt with matching pedal pushers and “Tennis Club” terry shirt with tennis trunks.

when it makes fashion news . . . it’s Catalina

Look for the Flying Fish

Sun tan by Skol

For name of nearest store, write Catalina, Inc., Dept. 510, Los Angeles 13, California
Hollywood approves summertime fashions

News in fashion was certainly the pace of MODERN SCREEN's May fashion board meeting. Many, many Hollywood personalities attended the gala affair. Glamorous and beautiful stars Virginia Mayo, Leslie Caron, Jan Sterling, Mona Freeman, June Haver and dress designer Elois Jenssen accepted invitations to sit on the board of judges. James Mason, Rod Cameron, Charlton Heston and Michael O'Shea gallantly joined the ladies.

A buffet luncheon was served to the stars before the fashion show (see the favorite dresses and shoes on this and the following pages—the stores where you can buy them are listed on page 72). The guests and members of the board chatted gaily through luncheon of the old and new doings in Hollywood. The ladies came to the party looking as if they just stepped out of a fashion show themselves. Shortly after luncheon the show went on. The board members seated (Continued on page 71)

MODERN SCREEN'S movie star Fashion Board who voted Summer Fashion Awards, seated from left to right: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S.'s party host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Elois Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.
Page 69—June Allyson.

June Allyson, MGM star, wears a sleeveless dress of Wrinkles丹 River woven combed checked cotton (washable). Contrast trim is of Soutache braid. Self fabric belt. 7 to 15. Blue, yellow, chartreuse or coral. About $9. Also by Princess Junior. June will next be seen in MGM's Battle Circus.

Page 69—Virginia Mayo.

All votes go for colorful, casual shoes to be worn with crispy cottons.

Hollywood approves summertime fashions continued

themselves at a special table, set up just for them and the guests took seats. James Mason, a most charming host, was voted chairman of the board.

Destined to play an important role in Summer wardrobes for all-occasion wear cool, crispy cottons won the unanimous vote of the Board. Stepping right into the limelight, casual shoes took first preference for all Summertime fashions. Virginia Mayo (page 69) wears Risqué's famous wedgie, Reckless, voted the top shoe of the show. Casual shoes to go with all sports clothes as well as gay evening wear were chosen by the board. Seven Test nylons were favorites of the fashion board for the Modern Screen Summer Award—the stars received gifts of Seven Test hosiery beautifully packaged in silver plastic handbags. Seven Test is the exclusive hosiery sold at the many Grayson-Robinson stores—for the one nearest you see page 72.

Modern Screen wishes to thank the following stars for participating in our show: Jan Sterling, next in Paramount's Pony Express; Charlton Heston, next in Paramount's Pony Express; June Haver, 20th's The Girl Next Door; James Mason, soon to be seen in MGM's The Story Of Three Loves, in Technicolor and 20th's The Desert Rats; Leslie Caron, MGM's The Story Of Three Loves, in Technicolor; Rod Cameron, next in Republic's Ride The Man Down; Virginia Mayo, currently in Warners' She's Back On Broadway in Warnercolor; Mona Freeman, RKO's Angel Face; Elois Jenssen, Academy Award designer; Michael O'Shea, currently appearing in 20th's Bloodhounds Of Broadway.

Hollywood Approved Fashions may be bought from the stores listed on page 72.
COLOR
Glories Your Hair

modern screen’s
hollywood
approved fashions

where to buy

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept.,
c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRINCESS JUNIOR (Dresses)—Pgs. 69, 70

At these fine stores:

Alexandria, Minn. & All Branches—Herberger
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Aurora, Ill.—Yellins
Beaumont, Texas—The Fair
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman’s
Blue Earth, Minn.—Wolf-Habib Merc. Co.
Boise, Idaho—C. C. Anderson
Boston, Mass.—Anderson, Marsh. Co.
Charlotte, N. C.—Belk’s Dept. Store
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio—Hibberd Co.
Coriscana, Texas—K. W. Wollen
Crawf., Va.—Oakley & Averitt
Dallas, Texas—Tuteur-Gossett
Dayton, Ohio—Petersen Harried-Von Maur Co.
Framon, Mich.—Becker
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Self Dessau Co.
Georgetown, S. C.—Tomalinson
Gndirive, Mont.—Dominant H. C. Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Brown Thompson, Inc.
Harrison, Ind.—Hasenfeld & Willens
Jackson, Ohio—Hibberd’s D. C. G.
Johnstown, Pa.—Glasser Bros., Inc.
Kansas City, Kansas—Glen Gordon Store
Kingston, N. Y.—Louds
Knoxville, Tenn.—S. H. George & Son
Kosciusko, Miss.—Josephs
Lansdale, Pa.—Beikleheizer
Lima, Ohio—E. T. & Son
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s
Miami, Fla.—The Richard Store Co.
Minnkawah, Wis.—Boston Store
Milwaukee, Wis.—Robinsons
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger’s
Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Cappell Co.
Oxford, Mich.—Brower & Streef
Orlando, N. C.—Leggett’s Dept. Store
Peoria, Ill.—Kohl Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Blaumans
Rice Lake, Wis.—Herberger’s
Richmond, Va.—Kimes & Kimers
Rochester, Ind.—Adler
St. Petersburg, Fla.—Maas Bros., Inc.
Salem, Ind.—Adler
Sims Falls, S. D.—Shriver, Johnson Co.
Stevenson, S. D.—Stavberg
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Brothers
Tulsa, Okla.—J. D. & O. Co.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
Wheeling, W. Va.—The Hub
Xenia, Ohio—Kraboffs
or write to Princess Jr. Corp. 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

RISQUE (Casual Shoes)—Pgs. 69, 71

Atlanta, Georgia—Regenstein
Baton Rouge, La.—Delton’s
Buffalo, New York—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Hibberd’s
Charleston, W. Va.—Esmark’s
Charlotte, N. C.—The Fashion Bootery
Chicago, Ill.—Lyttos
Chicago, Ill.—Madsen
Cincinnati, Ohio—Maibey & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio—The Hibeep Co., Inc.
Columbus, Ohio—Mackenzie’s
Dallas, Texas—Greystock & Son
Dayton, Ohio—Cradow Shoe Company
Dallas, Texas—Reese Shoe Co., Inc.
Detroit, Mich.—Kline’s
Des Moines, Ia.—Ireland
Flint, Mich.—The Vogue
Fort Worth, Texas—R. E. Cox & Co.
High Point, N. C.—Tobias
Houston, Texas—Ley’s
Kosciusko, Miss.—Fidell & Harwood
Indianapolis, Ind.—Marriott’s
Jackson, Mich.—Field’s

Jacksonville, Fl.—Purchutt’s
Kingsport, Tenn.—Harrison’s Bootery
Lima, Ohio—Crawford Shoe Company
Memphis, Tenn.—Landises
Minneapolis, Minn.—Rothchild & Co.
Mobile, Ala.—Davidson’s
New Orleans, La.—Coffin & Israel’s
New York, N. Y.—Best & Company
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Norfolk, Va.—Rice’s
Oklahoma City, Okla.—
Phoenix, Ariz.—Korich’s Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Arthur’s
Portland, Oregon—Lipman Wolfe & Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.—Hillier Rhodes
Rockford, Ill.—Owen’s
St. Joseph, Mo.—Nordstrom’s
St. Louis, Mo.—Stie, Raer & Fuller
San Antonio, Texas—Zach’s
San Angelo, Texas—C. R. Richard’s
Waterloo, Iowa—Walker’s Shoe Store
Wichita, Kansas—
Winchester, Va.—Country Shoe Salon
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Belcher’s Inc.

SEVEN TEST (Nylons)—Pgs. 69, 70

Sold exclusively at the following stores:

Akron, Ohio—Robinsons
Albany, N. Y.—Robinsons
Albany, N. Y.—Robinsons
Alhambra, Calif.—Graysons
Alhambra, Calif.—Graysons
Baltimore, Md.—Robinsons
Buffalo, N. Y.—Robinsons
Cedartown, Ga.—Robinsons
Charlestown, Va.—Robinsons
Chicago, Ill.—Robinsons
Detroit, Mich.—Robinsons
Duluth, Minn.—Robinsons
El Paso, Texas—Robinsons
Flint, Mich.—Robinsons
Frederick, Md.—Robinsons
Glendale, Calif.—Graysons
Greenfield, N. Y.—Robinsons
Huntington Park, Calif.—Graysons
Idaho Falls, Idaho—Robinsons
Lincoln, Nebr.—Robinsons
Long Branch, Calif.—Graysons
Los Angeles, Calif.—Graysons’ Store
Macom, Ga.—Robinsons
Memphis, Tenn.—Robinsons
Modesto, Calif.—Graysons
New City Lake City, Utah—Graysons
Ne, Hollywood, Calif.—Graysons
Oakland, Calif.—Graysons
Ogden, Utah—Graysons
Omaha, Nebr.—Robinsons
Palm Springs, Calif.—Robinsons
Philadelphia, Pa.—Robinsons
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Robinsons’ Store
Portland, Oregon—Graysons
Riverton, Calif.—Graysons
Rockford, Ill.—Robinsons
Sacramento, Calif.—Graysons
Salt Lake City, Utah—Robinsons
Seattle, Wash.—Graysons
San Bernardino, Calif.—Graysons
San Diego, Calif.—Graysons
San Francisco, Calif.—Graysons
Santa Ana, Calif.—Graysons
Santa Barbara, Calif.—Graysons
Santa Monica, Calif.—Graysons
Seattle, Wash.—Graysons
Springfield, Ill.—Robinsons
Spokane, Wash.—Graysons
Tacoma, Wash.—Graysons
Waycross, Ga.—Graysons
Worchester, Mass.—Graysons

Ask your beautician for Professional
Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

Lighter, Brighter Color
with Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER

Lighten your hair as little or as much as you choose in one application with Nestle LITE. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks, disguises gray hair. Quick—easy—contains no ammonia. $1.30. Retouch size 79c.

Color-Highlights
with Nestle COLORINSE

Color-highlights sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film—also makes hair softer, slickier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drob. 10 shotes that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Richer Color Tints
with Nestle COLORTINT

Richer color tints glorimize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to enhance natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or greying hair. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye! 10 shotes. 6 capsules 29¢, 12 capsules 50¢.

Color-Highlights
with Nestle COLORINSE

Color-highlights sparkle your hair when you use Nestle COLORINSE. Removes dulling soap film—also makes hair softer, slickier, easier to comb and set. Use COLORINSE after every shampoo—or whenever hair looks dull and drob. 10 shotes that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.
love and learn

(Continued from page 67) pools attract guests like honey attracts bees. That means lots of people, many with legitimate things to talk about, to be sure, will be around the shack a good deal. Privacy goes out the window—and Joe DiMaggio likes privacy as much as he likes to breathe.

And there will be the expense. A star, once asked if it was expensive to keep his pool filled with water, said: "It isn't the water that's costly, it's the gin." If a guest is sitting around the edge of your pool on a hot day, he'll generally ask for a tall, cool one, if you don't suggest it first. Many stars spend as much as five hundred dollars for grog and potato chips to keep the loungers happy. Joe DiMaggio is a thrifty man, who, although he has done mighty well in sports, has never been used to the scale of living Hollywood is accustomed to. He is going to resent both the guests and the expense after he marries Marilyn Monroe and has to begin living like a movie star's husband.

Then there is going to be the matter of control. If, say, Joe would like to take a drive down to Coronado some week-end and Marilyn wants to go but says she can't because the studio told her to stand by, Joe is more likely to blow his cork and tell his wife to tell the studio to drop dead. Who, he will ask himself, is the boss around here anywhere?

Well, the studio is the boss. That is for sure. Joe won't like that.

It must be admitted that this is not the case with all movie stars. Many top flight actresses can live a pretty normal life—normal for Hollywood, that is—because they are only required to show up for work at specified hours, do their bit and go out of sight that is not with Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn is an exciting star, one as hot as frying butter, and in order for the studio to work for to take full advantage of her phenomenon there must be a constant flow of publicity. Making movies is only part of Marilyn's work—no more than 50 percent at this time.

On a day off, if Joe DiMaggio isn't driven crazy by the cars driving by to see Marilyn's home or by the fans standing in front of the driveway for a look at their idol, he will take a phone call. It will make him long for the quiet of a summer day in left field in the Yankee Stadium.

Joe DiMaggio may not be a completely anti-social man, but he is not very patriotic about keeping out of the public eye. In all the time he has been courting Marilyn in Hollywood, he has not once attended a party with her, nor has he appeared at a club or a ballroom at all. If there are more than three people in a gathering Marilyn is slated to attend, she goes alone—and Joe sits home and stewed until she calls. If she can't get back in touch, he is sure to see Marilyn enter a room full of celebrities with their famous escorts, all alone.

And it gives rise to much speculation as to whether Marilyn has a boy friend. However, proof that she definitely has is evidenced by the fact that she always leaves alone.

Joe DiMaggio, it seems, is determined not to make any new friends in Hollywood. His cronies now are not even the sports writers who were his shadows for so many years, but his relatives, his cousins and pals he went to school with in San Francisco. And none of them seem to give a boot for the Hollywood crowd. Marilyn may not be too crazy about them, but she spends most of her time in their company, in deference to Joe.

Another rough spot in the marriage of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe is going to be the personal appearances she is going to have to make. Marilyn's first real experience in the movies was as a traveling saleslady. The picture was Love Happy in which she appeared on the screen for a total of 60 seconds. But the producers wisely decided that what was just what the film needed to sell to exhibitors, so she was taken on a cross-country tour for about two months, calling on the theater owners and news folks throughout the country. The result was that many theaters billed the movie as starring Marilyn Monroe, huge pictures were exhibited in front of the show houses showing Marilyn in a characteristic pose, and the marquees blared: "Love Happy, starring Marilyn Monroe."

Twentieth Century-Fox is wise to the fact that Marilyn out in the field is a good bet to increase the take on a movie so she will, married or not, be required to travel a large part of the time she is not before the cameras. This DiMaggio will not like, for he is the kind of man who thinks that his wife should be in the kitchen preparing something for a man's appetite. Marilyn, on the other hand, feels she owes it to the studio to get out and do all she can to increase the grosses—and as long as she is a movie star she is likely to do so. It is not likely that Joe will be happy with this arrangement.

One of the most unpalatable chores the husband of a movie star has to put up with is acting as his wife's escort at gala events such as premieres, publicity parties, etc. At these events he must dress in either a tuxedo or tails and walk up a long formal path in the glare of bright lights. Now if the scene was a ball the spectators would fall out of the stands cheering DiMaggio. But in Hollywood it's the movie star they came to see and the most oft-quoted expression even Joe DiMaggio is bound to hear is, "Who's he?" Movie fans are generally of one loyalty and don't give a bang about celebrities in other lines of work. As a matter of fact, Jack Dempsey, who has attended many of these affairs, has seldom had his name listed among those present—and has never, to our knowledge, been asked to speak into the broadcast mikes at these events. It is our guess that Joe will one night half way up the walk and go home alone. That is, of course, it they ever get him to go to one in the first place.

A bitter pill for a movie star's husband to swallow is the "interference of outsiders in his wife's (and his) affairs." In the movie business this is necessary. There are highly trained facets of a movie star's life that only specialists can handle. Take for instance the signing of contracts and approval of pictures. There is a good deal more to this than just the naming of a figure and an acceptance. Most movie contracts, for stars anyway, are made up of 40 or 50 typewritten pages. There are that many details. It requires endless hours of conferences and the consultation of many experts in law and finances before such a contract can be settled. A star may only sit on the sidelines and listen during these times. And after the master contract is drawn there are discussions before each picture, to make sure the principles of the contract are lived up to. Joe will have to remain on the sidelines during these negotiations, because legally it is his wife who must agree to the deals, not he. However, Joe may be able to help Marilyn along this line indirectly. At present, Joe's lawyer handles Marilyn Monroe's business affairs. He may be a pretty busy man in the near future, as a matter of fact. Few believe it, but Marilyn is dis...
someone has to stay home

(Continued from page 38) have been presented at all were it not for Modern Screen's working premise that O'Shea was new in accordance with regrettably, it is necessary now to scratch one working premise.

By and by, while O'Shea peered moodily over a fruit salad deal that looked like a funeral wreath and Miss Mayo clutched a light coat across her working clothes—a black lace slip, for the picture The Marines Had A Word For It, the interpreter spent his task in real subtle fashion.

"You're re-making A Star Is Born out here, aren't you?" he said. "Judy Garland.""What?" said Miss Mayo. "A Star Is Born! You know, that picture they made back in—?" A Star Is Born won the Academy Award in 1936. It concerned a male star who married unknown, lived to see his stardom melt and sputter out as hers become a spectacular reality, and resolved his problem in the end by walk into the ocean, into the setting sun, with no notion he could reach Hawaii or even Catalina. O'Shea heard the question. "Oh, sure," he said. "That wouldn't be for me though. It's not like they would make a movie in that picture was really a ham. Not Freddie March but the part he played.""Norman Main.""What?" said O'Shea. "Let's get out of here," said Miss Mayo. "Let's by the way to the room. Goodness."

Miss Mayo's Pontiac convertible was marked right outside where anyone could admire it, or trip over it, or let the air out of the tires. O'Shea said he'd get his car and meet us over there. His was a Jaguar sedan, very lush. The dressing room was one of the set jobs, a mobile with enough room for four people and a tray. En route, the approach was spelt out to Miss Mayo. "We thought now that Mike's up there again, you wouldn't mind talking about A Star Is Born—?"

"Well—he's not," said Miss Mayo. "But oh, I don't know.""I know," said O'Shea in the dressing room, "that was quite." He turned his wife. "They want a story, let's give em a story. It's all right." "If you'd rather—began the interviewer."

"No, no, it's all right. You think I worry about What They Say. If I worried about What They Say, I'd be six feet under right now. That goes for anyone who stays in the business. A few months ago I was at a house party you get so you tune yourself out like a hearing aid or you give up. It's one or the other. Anyway, what can they say? This one here—" (Miss Mayo) "—and I don't worry, so why should anyone else? It's not that I can't get work. I can get work. I could go to New York. I could've had Guys And Dolls. Or others, the titles don't with great joy. The fans actually prefer Marilyn single and, in dreams at least, available if a miracle should happen. The studio knows this and realizes that marriage might cut down on her boxoffice appeal. The studio will, be, then, some resentment—and it will more than likely be seen. The fans will not accept Joe wholeheartedly and, because he is a sensitive man, he will not like that. The studio will be wary of his "influence" on his wife, and if she becomes obstreperous, may make Joe the hero of How It Is. Innocent. This leads to bad feelings.

The main problem in the marriage of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, however, will be the separations. And there will be natural in doubt the best of the players turned commentator. He receives $1,250 per week for his services, so Joe will have to spend the ball days away from his wife, jealous when she seems unlikely, she can arrange her schedule to be with him. Every time they live apart they will be the victims of the wagging tongues that will link one or the other of them with some one else. They could, we suppose, never they stand too close to anyone of the opposite sex in public, but that will be very, very hard. And, apart from each other, they will also have to face the discomforts heaped on them by the spectators who make a living keeping ahead of the news of Hollywood. Even without this there is a strain when a married couple lives apart.

A short time ago Marilyn Monroe was eating a lonely dinner at the Beverly Hills Battery dining room. As she sat eating Joe DiMaggio walked into the lobby of the hotel and went to the elevator—and apparently upstair to wait for his girl. This remark is a class and is added to a fellow employee on the fact that Joe didn't come into the dining room to join her. "I guess," he said, "they don't like to be seen with each other in public. That's a funny arrangement. I understood they were going to get married." It ain't so funny," said his friend. "If those two are to get married, it will be like Frank Merriwell marrying Nellie Bly. It just don't seem right." And it 'don't," as the man said. But maybe love is stranger than we believe. Much has happened to Marilyn and Joe have spent together they have figured out a formula. We, for one, hope they have—and that it works.
“He does,” said Miss Mayo. “A woman’s career isn’t as long, you know. Mike wants all this for me. He never interferes, just helps.”

“Anyway, who’s kidding who?” said O’Shea. “I got in this business on a raincheck. Now, the field’s dry again and I’m out. So what? Those were the war years. I was almost over-age when the draft began and I never did get in. So they were desperate for actors. Faces like mine even. You could walk, you could talk, you could breathe? You were hired. Lock the doors and don’t let him out! We were luckier then than we had any right to be. Now, the first-string lineup’s back and we’re where we started out: Ordinary system of compensation. Who’s going to cry about it?”

“Now this one works and works and brings home the larger share of the bacon. Maybe some people wonder how I feel about that. I feel this way: it doesn’t matter as long as there’s bacon. I learned that the hard way. The gossips don’t matter, the columns, the whispers, the critics, the notices. What matters is that the sprinklers work and the dogs get fed and the house has a roof and maybe there’s some left over. That’s what matters. A lot of that bacon’s mine, you know. I make two pictures a year for Fox. I didn’t marry this one here for her money. She was making what was it, honey, a fast 80 bucks a week? A fast 80, I was doing pretty well then. If you can’t have it both ways, you settle for one.”

Somewhere in the dim recesses of the interviewer’s mind was the recollection that this was to be a sounding out of Miss Mayo. It didn’t seem to matter now. She sat and was decorative and sympathetic and amused by her husband’s able rhetoric, and in effect turning stage center over to him without a struggle. This was partly because Miss Mayo is in truth the shy, withdrawn member of the family. O’Shea the fizzing extrovert with a remarkable stock of Irish gaiety and courage. But it was also, according to later information, because it was the way Miss Mayo wanted it and always wants it. Vis-a-vis her husband, Miss Mayo regards herself as strictly second billing.

It is not surprising. O’Shea is as arresting a personality away from the screen as Miss Mayo is on it—mercurial, gesturing, restless, full of the articulate patter of show business. Miss Mayo, evidently has subordinated her social facade to his, and with the utmost willingness. It would not be fair to say that she is his straight woman, but it is her tendency to cue him and then sit back.

“But he draws her out amazingly too,” a close friend of both has said. “Virginia is shy, there’s no getting around it. But when she’s with Mike, a kind of glow comes over her. You can almost see it. She talks more easily and sometimes becomes almost as animated as he—and Mike’s one of our more animated citizens.”

O’Shea is wearing his hair en brosse these days, or how Hollywood calls a Butch. Under it, his face is almost ageless, although he must have slipped past 40. Now the conversation got around to a topic that must have been painful to both of them, and emphatically so to O’Shea. Not long ago the first Mrs. O’Shea instituted new alimony proceedings with the argument that O’Shea could pay her more than he did because of the O’Shea’s joint income; i.e., magnified by Miss Mayo’s salary.

O’Shea’s voice lost none of its crispness but he looked at the floor for the first time. “My business manager,” he said, “knows what he has to (Continued on page 79)

**LINIT with its exclusive “deep-starching” action MAKES IRONING EASIER!**

Linit® Starch is easy to make...no cooking, ready in less than a minute! And Limit deep-starches...gets into (not onto) the fabric smoothly...you iron with ease. All cottons get a “like-new” beauty-finish.

**Sensational Offer** to introduce you to the easier starching...easier ironing of Linit...a lovely blouse created by Sophisticate of Fifth Avenue. Look at this value!

**BLOUSE YOURS $1 AND ONE LINIT ENDFLAP**

- **REGULAR $2.95 VALUE**
- **WHITE BROADCLOTH**
- **NAVY BLUE TRIM**
- **SANFORIZED**
- **GUARANTEED WASHABLE**
- **COLOR FAST**
- **SIZES 30 THRU 40**

**Clip Order Blank Now!**

LINIT, Box 361, Jersey City 3, New Jersey

I am enclosing $____and____ LINIT endflaps. Please send me the following blouses...in the sizes I am listing here_______. (Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40.)

Send $1 and one LINIT end flap for each blouse.

**NAME__________________________**

**STREET_________________________**

**CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____**

Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery. Offer subject to withdrawal without notice and is void in any area where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted.
REMARKABLE
FACIAL TREATMENT
FOR 4 PROBLEMS
OF "YOUNG SKIN"

So often the oil glands of "young skin" suddenly become overactive. At the same time, the skin turns sluggish. It fails to throw off the daily accumulation of dead skin cells. Day by day, these tiny dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings. Then—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Now—the makers of famous Pond's Creams recommend a special treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It takes only one minute—and it works!

Cover your face, except eyes, with a cool, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the greaseless Mask on one full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, clinging, dead skin cells. Actually dissolves them off! Frees the tiny openings of your skin glands so they can function normally again. Now—after just 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingling fresh your skin feels! How much smoother, brighter, and clearer it looks!

Don't "stifle" your skin under a heavy make-up! A light greaseless powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream is sheer flattery!

"A woman can be a grandmother at fifty," says vivacious Jeanne Crain, "but she shouldn't act like one." In this thirteenth article in Modern Screen's star personality series, Jeanne gives her ever-young eternally feminine theory.

Take my word for it
by JEANNE CRAIN, star columnist for May

There is a problem which is supposed to face a girl in show business that I firmly believe isn't a problem; the choice between career and marriage, and the misconception that if she makes marriage the main interest in her life her career will suffer. I wasn't sure I was right about this until I worked in Pinkie. A talk I had with the director of the picture, Elia Kazan, convinced me.

Almost every eligible girl in the studio wanted this part and, of course, I was both proud and happy when I got it. But after the picture had started I became conscious of a guilty feeling that plagued me for several days. I couldn't analyze it but one afternoon while I was talking to Elia Kazan, our director, it all came tumbling out.

"I'm bothered by something," I told him. "I wonder if my marriage, the fact that I am a wife and mother, has made me less keen about my work. Now that I have the role of Pinkie I realize it wouldn't have been a disaster if I hadn't got it. Can I be as good an actress as some of the other girls to whom it meant everything and who would have pitched into the part with every ounce of energy they had?"

He raised both hands in the air in supplication. "Deliver me from the intense, 100%-dedicated-to-her-work actress!" he cried. "For me, the more a girl is a woman, the more she is an actress. It is natural for a woman to have a husband, to care for him and her children. It is not natural, it is odd and oddly cold, for a woman to turn away from this for her work. I want the natural woman... that's what the actress is attempting to be, a natural person."

"Do you really mean it?" I asked, feeling this was too good to be true.

"With all my heart and all the experience I have had in back of my heart," he replied. "Unnaturally intense ambition can defeat one's talent; it is a form of over-eagerness and you know what can do to acting. I have worked with too many not to know."

Well! I think I'll go home now... go home to my husband and my children and all the things that take up my life there... and enjoy them with a clear conscience.

Sometimes I walk out on my family, and everything else, for short periods. I think every person should have a retreat of their own where they can occasionally remodel themselves back into their original individualities. My husband has built one for me, a small studio up the hill from our house... a real climb. I go there when I want to
regain my own identity, not as a mother or
wife or actress, but as the individual I am in
my own right. Sometimes I paint. Sometimes
I read. Sometimes I idle around and just
think. I don't do anything that has to be
done, I just do things that I get a joy out of
doing and that I don't have to explain to
anyone but the person inside of me. And these
intimate moments with myself, I find, repay
me with a feeling I can't get any other way,
restoring my distinctiveness, such as it is;
those parts of it which have been worn off
or changed in my daily contacts with others.

IN MY UNCHARITABLE, BOBBY-SOX DAYS I
used to figure that when I eventually got to the
decrepit side (or later half) of my 20's I'd
probably want only to be a homebody—espe-
cially if I was married, most especially if I
also had children. Well, something has gone
wrong. I'm past 25. I'm married and the
mother of four, and, for the first time in my
life, you really see me everywhere these
days. I go out on the slightest pretext—and I
love it. I was never like this before; neither was
my husband. And neither of us think that the
social bug has hit us at an odd period in our
lives—we think his timing perfect.

I was 16 when I first got into pictures and
grew out of it. My work, my studies, kept
me busy, and, of course, I was under parental
restriction as far as late hours were concerned.
I didn't mind, as I remember. Luckily I wasn't
in love, and even more luckily, I wasn't wor-
ried because I wasn't in love so I didn't labor
under the feminine compulsion to get out and
be seen. When I met the man I married our
courtship was confined to about an average of
a date a week because a lot of studio work
had developed for me. And after marriage,
well, there were the babies and the pictures I
did in between their births which kept me
busy. So again not much chance to gad around.

Today Paul and I, so to speak, are making
up for lost time. But actually we don't look
at it that way; we just feel that we are re-
fecting a phenomenon of life today; people
are living longer and stretching their active
days over a longer span. To go on with this
direction I really don't believe it is natural
or good for so-called "elder people" to
withdraw to home and fireside as they often do.

A MOTHER CAN STILL BE A YOUNG PERSON.
At 50 she can be a grandmother—but I
don't think she should be one in the old-

I was Blind as a Bat
about these
intimate physical facts

Do You Know
or Are You Only 'Guessing'?

Blind is she who refuses to see. The mod-
ern intelligent young wife will treasure
this scientific information about femi-
nine hygiene (including vaginal clean-
liness). Women have observed hygienic
laws dating back to biblical times. The
important question today for women is
what is the best product to use for the
douche—which one has decided bene-
fits to offer. Tests prove Zonite is a
perfect solution.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germ-
micide for the douche of all those tested
is so powerfully effective yet so absolutely
harmless as Zonite.

Completely Safe to Body Tissues

Zonite is positively non-poisonous, non-
irritating. It is a wondrously soothing-
healing agent. Zonite can even be swal-
lowed accidentally with safety. This is
an advantage no other type of antiseptic
with Zonite's great germ-killing power
can offer you.

The Fabulous History of ZONITE

The Zonite principle was originated by
a famous French surgeon and an Eng-
lish scientist. It was truly a miracle!
The first antiseptic in the world that
could kill the most active bacteria with-
out harming body tissues. Its fame soon
spread, and women were quick to ap-
preciate its miracle-working action for
feminine hygiene.

Enjoy ZONITE'S Hygienic Protection

Zonite eliminates all odors. It flushes
away waste accumulations and depos-
ts. It helps guard against infection and
kills every germ it touches. It's not al-
ways possible to contact all the germs in
the tract, but you can be sure Zonite
instantly kills every reachable germ. A
Zonite douche after monthly periods is
also very important to assure personal
daintiness.

Always use as directed.

FREE! Mail coupon for FREE book, Reveals
intimate facts and gives complete information
on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products
Corporation, Dept. YR-53, 100 Park Avenue,
New York 17, N. Y. *

Name ____________________________
Address _________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada

Zonite

This Ideal "All Purpose" Antiseptic-Germicide Should Be
in Every Medicine Chest

©1933 Z.P.G.
Blondes!

Be the lightheaded lovely you were born to be

Even if birthdays have left your hair betwixt and between, you can recapture that pure gold gleam—right in your own home with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash! Pretty as sunshine on brunettes and redheads, too. With Golden Hair Wash, you can be lightheaded as you please, have a honeyed glow or just one fascinating streak! Not a dye. A complete hair-lightener!

Lightens arm and leg hair, too. 60¢ and 90¢ Plus tax

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Lovely NAILS in a Flash...with

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS and QUICK-DRYING GLUE

Cover short, broken, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Applied in a jiffy with our amazing new quick-drying glue. Can be worn any length ... polished to any shade. Help overcome nail-biting habit. Set of ten ... only 29c.

Only 29c.

N.U.-NAILS CO., Dept. 15-E 5251 W. Harrison, Chicago 44

RELIRES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Take my word for it continued from page 77

fashioned sense of the word; meaning she shouldn't act like one. At 50 and 55, and even 60, what's wrong with going out into the world, working, doing things you are interested in, rather than just becoming "Granna" whom the children are brought to visit once in a while?

At 50 I can see a woman who has seen her children grow up, and who has no one dependent on her, so to college or otherwise acquire training that can make her a wonderful asset of society. She has the judgment that a mature outlook can give and she probably will have a concentrated enthusiasm for her work that the younger and still flouncy would never be able to develop. And, at last she has time to do something just for herself. More power to her. When I reach the half century mark, just watch my steam!

MY OLDEST BOY, Paul Jr., is six now and can read very well for his age. I am proud of this accomplishment, of course, but I wonder if other mothers have experienced the oddly personal sort of reaction that has come to me as a result... the feeling that this boy, who before learned what he knows mainly from me, is now listening to other voices. When I watch him read I can almost hear the buzzing of these voices that come to him from the pages he is looking at, and I wonder what they are saying.

Paul has been reading for nearly two years now. His brother, Michael, who is nearly five, can make out some words now. Timothy, who is two and a half, is quite certain that he is going to be able to read any moment now. Jeanine, just a year old, is now interested in this sort of sedentary occupation at all. She won't sit still a minute, as a matter of fact.

IT SEEMS TO ME that children take such a natural joy in learning that the job of educators ought to be basically just making sure that they don't make it unattractive. I know I sound as if I am putting in a plug for the progressive school system for younger children but this is not my intention. My boys show such a hunger for facts that I am sure it would be wrong not to take advantage of this by supplying them with those which make up the three R's.

My young minds, anyway, have a great deal more respect for the definite than the random. Being just the youngest kind of mother yet I am hardly an authority on juvenile education. But, to date my feeling is that the old style methods are not so bad— they seem to have turned out a lot of brilliant people in our time.

A FRIEND FROM THE EAST COAST recently visited me and before she arrived I found myself picturing the color of her outfit; I knew it would be a solid in the heavier shades, a blue, black, brown or perhaps grey. It was a brown. And then I realized I had been aware for some time of the dress differences between the east and west. There is more color to clothes in the west, gayer colors. And much more freedom.

If, as the psychologists claim, the colors you prefer have something to do with your temperament and personality—do all the people in the west just happen to be different than those in the east, or has geography changed them? It's not too important, perhaps. But what would I be wearing if I was a Chicago girl, or a Philadelphia or Boston or New York girl?

WOMEN HAVE TO BOW TO FLOWERS in the matter of perfume. Flowers know always how much of them to put on, so to speak; women don't. At least I have never been able to solve the problem. We all would love to be "the fragrant lovely who has just passed by" you read about in stories, but how? You can't go around asking your friends, "Do you notice a wonderful aroma about me?"

The French say American women waste their perfume—"le gaspillage du parfum." With this I am inclined to agree, although I am sure there is little danger of it evaporates from the bottle over the course of time than is actually applied. This is just an opinion. But there is no doubt about the flowers: they know just how much to put on, and, one thing more, they always look as beautiful as they smell do.

But it vital to perfect and mature, that has blessed flowers with this knowledge because they require it to attract bees, hasn't done the same for women who, after all, find it helpful in attracting beasts? Is it at all possible that as time goes on and women keep using perfume, biology will work its wonders and we, too, will be borne with this wonderful power already built in?

IN MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS I was a great one for getting ideas from what I read and acting on them. I can see myself faithfully following elaborate rituals to improve the complexion of a 15-year-old face. Ridiculous, of course. The complexion would never be as good again. Yet I did it. I still do. I still have sessions in which I cover my face with honey, just ordinary honey, and pat away at it until it tacks and pulls at the skin when you take it off. I also used cornmeal packs then, and oatmeal packs. And I still do.

But it odd that evening I would splash my face, at least a dozen times, with cold water. And I still do and think there is nothing better. If I want to test its merit as a beauty and health aid I do it just before coming onto the set when we are making a Technicolor picture. Invariably the color expert will call for one or down of my cheeks with powder because they are so rosy.

I DEVELOPED MY "RAG DOLL EXERCISES" and it is very much something I still do. I stand firmly... then suddenly let the upper part of my body fall; from feet to waist I am still firm, but everything else happens. I hang my head, torso, arms, hands... down to the last joint on my little finger. This, when I first read about it as a kid, was called... a perfect way to relax; a wonderful headache remedy." Of course I never had headaches then. Since then I have had plenty and it has chased many of them away.

Speaking of chashing—you'll have to excuse me, Timothy's on the loose again, and Mama's baby-sitting.
"You see, my first marriage, broke up 16 years ago, and I hadn't got a divorce till I met Virginia because why did I want a divorce? I wasn't going to marry again, not me. I'd had it. As I say, she was a nice person and still is, but it just didn't—you know. I was show business, and she wanted me to get over to the rubber works and stand in line. Who's going to blame her? Eating three times a day, that's a habit that's hard to break. But the rubber works and I were incompatible. So it lasted a couple of years. Then I was in show business again again, way down on the level that looks up to burlesque as the end of the rainbow. Any restaurant between here and Philly, I don't care where, any restaurant that has a sign 'Our Specialty, Spaghetti and Meatballs,' I've sung in that restaurant. Save 'Mother Machree' for the late show, when they're maudlin, and they throw quarters instead of dinners. Shanty in Old Shanty Town, that was me. But there were no alimony problems. Not like this one."

"Oregon doesn't recognize alimony," said Miss Mayo."

"That state is going to get populous," said O'Shea. "Anyway, she started out by trying to get—" He mentioned a famous Hollywood attorney. "So we went to him, too, went to him with all our books, every last figure, and it ended up, he wouldn't take her case. But another lawyer did."

"I had to make a deposition in his office," said Miss Mayo. "The other lawyer, I mean. And the doors were open and reporters and photographers everywhere. It was like a circus. Finally I just had to refuse point-blank to say or do anything until we had privacy."

"Well," said O'Shea. "It's over."

A inevitable query arose. Did not O'Shea find the days very long on occasion, too long, with the hours crawling by on hands and knees?

"Some days," said O'Shea, "not usually. The fence, the riding, the TV goes haywire, I work with them, the day is through before I am. But some days it's not too good. I walk to the window and I look east and there is New York over there, where I could be working steadily. So I walk to the other side of the room and west is the ocean, and maybe I should be on the beach, but I know I shouldn't. And here I am all alone—hum, Mother Machree, will you honey?—the hell and gone away from anywhere, and for a couple of minutes I feel sorry for myself. Then I think that in New York it's snowing or raining or blowing and the show I'm in runs a fast week, I picture the beach and remember I can't swim. So that's that."

"I mentioned the horses. I like horses and roping and all that rodeo stuff, but I got to fender it off now. You know why? I bounce higher now than I used to and the ground's getting harder. I think it's going to outlast me."

"But let's keep pathos out of this thing. Do me a favor and keep pathos out of it. Maybe you wanted something about the brave little woman's unfailing courage and radiance. Pulling me through. Her inspiration brought me back to the top; or what a hot rock trouper I am myself. Just forget all that. We're doing fine. Just remember—somebody's got to stay home."

"No nostalgia either. They talk to me about the smell of grease paint, as though

---

**How you, too, can Look lovelier in 10 days or your money back!**

Doctor's new beauty care helps your skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Results are thrilling!

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin and externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Then try this:

1. **Cleanse thoroughly** by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you 'cream-wash'—not dry, or drawn!

2. **Night cream**. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always put a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's greaseless. No smeary pillow! 3. **Make-up base**. 'Cream-wash again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. *externally caused*

---

**Noxzema works or money back!**

In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. Try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Your money back!

---

**Look lovelier offer! 40¢ NOXZEMA**

**only 29¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters.**

---

79
they expected me to cry. 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town' goes with that one. Nuts. The smell of grease-paint makes me want to gag. I'll settle for hay.'

O'Shea looked at his wife and remarked that she was beautiful, an understatement he ran all through a whole spectrum until his voice cracks and he dissolves completely. Nah, nah, he says. We'll just leave it the way it is. Forget I bought it, till you.

So finally Virginia raises her head. 'I think it's a good idea,' she says. Sure, the guy says. Sure it is. Leave it just this way. 'No,' Virginia says, 'I mean the platinum. She'd been thinking about it, that's all.'

SO that's how it is with the Michael O'Sheas, one working steadily and the other not so frequently. It's fine. And that's how it is with the magazine business, you start with one premise and are diverted to another in deference to the plain truth, and the truth of it

There's a happy Irisher with a strong domestic streak in him who likes to fit planks together and repair wiring systems, and there's a famed and lovely woman who is destined to act in movies, and fortunately what is that public would prefer it. They do. They got together and they stayed together.

Once went down and the other went up, and it didn't make any difference.

If at some future date, the trends reverse again, as they well might, that won't make much difference either.

At the moment, Miss Mayo's case is the simple one. She is in love, and she is necessarily busy, and she is piling up mad in the practice of her industry and she doesn't have time to worry about the home while she's away.

O'Shea, too, is in love and reasonably busy, and has developed a great resourcefulness against the possible encroachments of the family, and the gift of being high-hearted about it.

If he doesn't like the doldrums, no one's ever going to know it—unless his wife knows it and won't tell. More likely though, they're too busy to care.

END

is Bing thinking of love?

(Continued from page 29) Palm Springs that Frank Sinatra, in a moment of extreme pique, summoned the local gendarmes to evict his wife, Ava Gardner (and Lana Turner and agent Ben Core) from their desert home.

It was 'neath the desert stars that Nora Eddington and Dick Haymes began their romance under the limpid lights of the Racquet Club cocktail lounge, neither one quite free of previous commitments.

Elizabeth Taylor confirmed her separation from Nicky Hilton from a telephone booth in the Doll's House.

Errol Flynn knocked a gentleman off a bar stool in a pre-dawn scuffle over a lady's smile.

There have been other incidents equally newsworthy.

No, Palm Springs is not immune to the varied idiosyncrasies of Hollywood love.

But this private close-up of Bing, in what may be the new role of a suitor, has complicated the most case-hardened native and literally put the place on its ear! Heretofo're, romance, in the desert has had a habit of blooming—or ending—very quickly.

The Swimming Pool Set and the Tennis Shorts Crowd are used to anything and everything but the open and above-board. And, the open and above-board are just what they're getting in the talk of the town—Bing and Mona.

Just how much does their regular dating mean? Let's examine the evidence.

First, Bing and Mona are making no effort to hide the fact that they are dating. This is a potent factor in the arguments of two radically different schools of thought.

The Sun Bathers say: "It can't be serious. Otherwise, they wouldn't be seen together so openly just a few months after Dixie's death. Bing's known Mona ever since she was a kid around the Paramount lot. He thinks now he's having a golf and dinner date with her than he would with Phil Harris (or some other desert resident)."

On the other hand the Tennis Racquet-ettes are more positive. "It must be romance for them to be seen so constantly together because Bing is a stickler for propriety. He wouldn't risk what he realizes will be sniffling from the Mrs. Grundys seen so soon with a girl as popular and sought after as Mona."

And, just when the debate is waxing the most furiously it abruptly subsides, because here comes Mona and Bing—and, of course, all talk ceases to watch.

If it's a Sunday, they'll be having brunch beside the Racquet Club pool. Bing's car has exactly the same dapple from his high house and he's picked up Mona at the Bon Air where she's occupying a bungalow with her little daughter, Monica.

That same couple, no doubt about that, Bing has picked up a terrific tan plus a few pounds from the pallor and thinness he presented the months before and after Dixie.

Mona looks as cute as a doll in her white shirt and shorts, tanned to a becoming amber, her blonde hair only softly curled. She wears no make-up except a

RELAX
with DELL'S new KRISS KROSS PUZZLES MAGAZINE

It's full of intriguing KriSS Krosses ranging from ones you'll whiz right through, to some that will really challenge you!

In love? . . . try the romance puzzles! Motion picture fan? . . . you should be an expert on the movie puzzles! Know your Bible stories? . . . prove it on the Scripture puzzles.

Whatever your favorite—remember KriSS Kross puzzles is your key to relaxation enjoyment.

Be sure to look for these other Dell Puzzle Magazines

OFFICIAL CROSSWORD PUZZLES
DELL CROSSWORD PUZZLES
POCKET CROSSWORD PUZZLES

On sale at all newsstands.
Mr. Crosby around the Paramount lot in over six months," says a puzzled Mary.

As for Terry Moore, Bing happened to sit down at a luncheon table where she was present and that was all her press agent needed to go to town.

To repeat the question, "How serious is all this between Bing and Mona?" here is my not-so-private opinion:

No matter how serious they are now or may become, I don't believe marriage is ahead for them. Bing is a very devout Catholic. Mona is divorced.

But, Bing wouldn't be human if he didn't enjoy the company of a pretty girl, particularly one as charming as Mona, who is even prettier off the screen than on.

Mona doesn't go in for silly chatter and gossip about other people. She isn't fluster-er. She doesn't air her troubles. She's fun for a man to be with—particularly a man who has gone through a great sorrow.

Mona has a level head, she talks sense, and she enjoys golf, tennis, life in the sun—all the things men enjoy. It is little wonder that even the world's most marriageable man finds her attractive.

H

owever, as I write this, Bing has not changed his mind about leaving his Palm Springs paradise on March 15th for many months vacationing in Europe and he's taking Lindsay with him.

The present schedule calls for their return in mid-September just in time for Lindsay's school term. That's a long time for even an embryo Romeo to be away from a lady love.

Lately, there's been some gossip that Mona, too, might be in Europe this summer chaperoned by her mother. "Of course," she says, "I won't be able to go if a picture comes along to keep me in Hollywood. I have my little Monie to take care of and my work is important."

Whether or not Mona is in Europe at the same time Bing is—there is one thing for sure—the spotlight will not be off him for one moment.

The slightest smile he bestows on a flattered belle will be photographed and written about. There's always bound to be excitement about Bing.

It doesn't take much fortune telling talent to predict that Bing's name may be linked with many fair charms!

But I'm still sticking to my story—the one I wrote about Bing for Modern Screen soon after Dixie's death.

The beauties may come—and go. But Bing and his boys will go on alone for a long, long time.
the story of Shelley's baby

(Continued from page 27) pass to peaceful slumber.

That’s how Shelley Winters imagined the event.

What actually happened was entirely different. The birth of her little daughter was six weeks premature. The child’s father was 6,000 miles away. For a time it was touch and go as to whether the infant might live or die. Shelley herself was in danger.

The birth of her first child was as wild, chaotic, and unpredictable as Shelley Winters herself.

It started on the night of February 12th, a Thursday. Shelley was at home with her mother, Mrs. Rose Shift. Shelley’s mother has been watching over her since Vittorio flew back to Italy last winter to stage Hamlet with his own company.

Toward eleven o’clock, Shelley who had the most miserable pregnancy known to woman, seven and a half months of uninterrupted illness, suddenly began calling, “Mama, mama!”

Mrs. Shift rushed to her side.

“Shelley, you’re in labor.”

The sac containing the amniotic fluid had broken. Shelley, like any young girl, was frightened and afraid. Her mother, Shelley and the doctor, Dr. P.T. Krabalk, were all in the room. But it was 11 p.m., and the maternity section of the hospital, she was examined to see if there was any possibility of delaying the birth. In first births there are occasional false alarms which are as unnerving.

This wasn’t true in Shelley’s case. The examination revealed that she would deliver her child within 36 hours at the latest.

Vittorio was notified in Rome, and although he’s been a father once before—he has another daughter, seven-year-old Paula, by a previous marriage—his was thrilled that he made little sense on the transatlantic phone. Within the next 12 hours he called twice to find out how Shelley was. “Has the baby come yet?” she shouted. Shelley’s mother told him, “No.”

It was after midnight, in the early morning of the 14th that Shelley was wheeled into the back room of a small, dark, little Italian hospital. At 2:30 a.m., a tiny, dark-haired baby was taken from her.

The girl weighed four pounds, ten ounces, the premature birth undoubtedly being caused by Shelley’s profound anemia.

During the course of her pregnancy, Shelley had suddenly grown anemic, and on several occasions, in addition to vitia-

mized ironies, and injections of iron, she’d been given blood transfusions. What caused her anemia is difficult to tell. Early in her pregnancy she visited Vittorio in Mexico when he was filming Sombrero, and it is suspected that she caught some bac-

teria south of the border which weakened her whole system.

She was a baby born, little Vittor-

io was placed into an Armstrong incubator, and the mother told that the child was doing fine.

The truth, however, was that the infant was breathing properly. Something was wrong with baby Gassmann’s respira-

tory system—she couldn’t seem to get enough air down her lungs. The little girl who weighed one ounce and two pounds to the ass-

sistant. Dr. Parmelee examined the child, ordered special day and night nurses to see that the baby’s temperature never went lower than 97 degrees nor higher than 98.5.

If Vittoria Gina lived for the next 48 hours her chances of survival were excellent.

When Shelley awoke she asked for her baby and was told it was in the incubator. Her reaction was typical of all mothers who give birth to premature babies. Physically she felt exhausted and yet milling about, not quite sure what to do for some way in which to help her child. There was no way, nothing she could do, and a period of frustration seized her.

If Vittorio’s wife says in retrospect, “before they let me see my baby.”

When presently she did, Shelley noticed that her baby wasn’t over pale, almost blue. Shelley began to worry. The nurses told her that of three and a half million babies born in the United States each year, 1 out of 20, approximately five per cent, are premature. They told her not to worry; that her baby weighed almost five pounds; that Winston Churchill, Victor Hugo, and Sir Isaac Newton had all been born premature.

But Shelley is a worrier, and for the first two days there was nothing anyone could say or do to alleviate her fears. She prayed for her baby’s survival.

Oddly enough, Shelley who loves publicity, cautioned everyone to say absolutely nothing about the birth of her child. “I was trying to regain my strength,” she explained to reporters and press agents asking questions.

As a result of this insistence upon secrecy, it wasn’t until three days after the baby was born that the item made the newspapers. By that time Shelley had been assured by the doctors that her infant had passed the crisis and, barring some unforeseen relapse, would live.

In Rome, Vittorio said nothing for public consumption about his new daughter.

He did, however, manage to give out with a professional announcement. He and his company, he stated, planned to go to the United States to tour the country in an Italian program. The tour would include his four-hour-long production of Hamlet. He would bring with him such stars as Elena Zareschi and Anna Procler-

imeni.

In Hollywood there has been a good deal of talk about Vittorio’s conduct during Shelley’s pregnancy. Other actresses have said that Vittorio, regardless of his constant absences in Rome, should have stayed at Shelley’s side when she needed him most.

“I know,” a colleague of Shelley’s said.

“Shelley is well. The Italian Government backed his Repertory Company. I know that he didn’t want to put a lot of people out of work. I know all about the show—must-go-on theory. But the Italian man feel about childbirth. To their way of thinking, giving birth to a baby is no worse than having a bad cold. I realize all this.”

“Vittorio today would be relatively unheard of in the United States. It was Shelley who brought him to Hollywood; Shelley who got him in touch with the people who could lend land that contract at Metro.

“I’m the first to admit that she may not be the sweetest or most well-behaved girl in the world, but she is the most companionable wife. Maybe they argued like cats and dogs. But she did fly to Mexico to be with him. She did tell him she was pregnant.

“Under the circumstances I think he should have stayed in this country. Not that he could have helped Shelley have the baby, but it would’ve helped her morale. And when the baby did come—well, I think he should’ve been around to share the responsibility.”

“After all the baby almost died. She had a mucous obstruction in her throat, and doctors were coming down with pneumonia—in which event she would certainly have died—and they had to keep her under oxygen and feed her by saline. And the doctors say he’s passed the danger zone, and Vittorio is the proud father. Only I’d like to ask one question. Where was he when the going was tough?”
when I hated my mirror

(Continued from page 32) to the drug store and bought theatrical make-up for myself. I always wanted to be professional. At ten the family was back in London and I persuaded my mother to get me a permanent. But then I didn't like the color of my hair, which I correctly called "dirty blond" and started experimenting with bleaches. I'd buy these myself, do the rinse myself, and almost always end up with a mess; the color settling in the parts which had been curled.

I knew I was a source of constant upset to my elders. My step-father's attitude toward me was one of astonishment as if he couldn't understand what made me so restless, so discontent. Once he had most of the gendarmes in Paris looking for me because despite winter weather I was gone from the house all day. When he learned what I had been up to he was completely perplexed; he couldn't even understand why my mother could understand. It was just that I was a Jean Harlow fan and, having written her a letter and figuring it was time for a reply, had been hanging around the home of a friend where I received my "secret" mail. Harlow, and Constance Bennett (with her divine thiness!) were my idols.

This was what was buzzing inside of me and keeping me a harried young miss. When my family assured me I looked all right I instinctively felt I was being lulled into false security. When I talked about the stage they wouldn't believe I was being motivated just by thoughts of a career. They hinted at boy friends, that I was responding to the call of life rather than the call of drama (as if one didn't, somehow, go with the other!).

"It isn't right for a child to worry too much about the future," my step-father said. "There is plenty of time. You've got too much drive in you."

I wanted to believe him, and to some extent I did, until that day in Rio. From then on pastries, starches, fats of any kind, were practically out of my life for good. When I recoiled from the mirror I sat down and did some realistic thinking. The girls whose shapes I envied—they weren't any different than me under the flesh. I knew enough about anatomy to feel sure that our skeletons were exactly the same. It was just a matter of how much fat and muscle you had covering it—and where. That would be up to me. I liked my eyes, I could cope with my mouth which I thought was too small, and mascara could handle eye-brows that were far too blonde. My choice was clear. Was I to be a contender for the world of my dreams or was I going to give up? The answer came to me instantly—if I couldn't be the best looking girl in the world I didn't want to be anybody! (Actually I knew I'd never be, but I wanted to get close enough so that there could at least be some hopeful and wonderful confusion about it!)

Lord knows it was hard at first. I'd eat a sensible lunch and then still crave for something. After the first four or five days it wasn't so bad. And in time, that same year, came my reward. The first time I stopped taking a size 14 dress for a size 12 I knew it was going to be worth it. I smiled deep into my insides, feeling so elegant, so feathery, that I loved the whole world. For the first time I began to accept myself as a person whom I would be willing to live with for the rest of my life.

I remember my mother saying one night, "Darling . . . you've been losing weight."

"She doesn't eat anything," my little sister said, accusingly.

I didn't reply. I was brimming over with a good feeling and my eyes must have been full of it. My mother, who had been going to argue with me, sensed it and changed her mind. "Well . . ." she said, and shrugged. But there was both respect and admiration in her manner; not just mother for daughter, which any girl can get, but woman for woman, if you know what I mean! My little sister sensed it. Something must have penetrated through to my step-father because he studied us all and then apparently decided not to intrude into the feminine mysteries going on around him. Something was happening in the family all right . . . and that something was me!

That old saying, "Him who hath, gets," is not exactly right in my estimation. It should be, "Him who goes out and gets . . . can get again!" I had gained respect in my family. On the strength of it I was able to put over something I would never have been able to . . . starting from scratch.

Mother had kept Mim's and my name in the New York Social Register and had planned this year to start me in finishing school at Farmington, Connecticut. But I thought it was time for me to start being an actress rather than waste time preparing to be a debutante. I had no interest whatsoever in conforming what I thought was a great talent on a closed circle of bluebloods; the world was where I wanted to play! I put on a campaign towards that end which involved arguments, minor and major hysteries, and plain defiant. In the end I got a small concession, principally because I had proved I wasn't just a little girl. I could go to New York and have a month's time in which to find a job in the theater. If I failed it was Farmington.

TANGEE... Stays Put!

Tangee applies easier, looks better on your lips ... and it STAYS PUT! No matter how much more you pay, you cannot buy a finer lipstick. This is due to Tangee's miracle-working ingredient—Permachrome. And Tangee is extra-rich in Lanolin, base of the costliest cosmetic creams. No irritating chemicals! So your lips are always soft, dewy and fresh looking. A full range of the newest shades ... from beguiling Pinks to bewitching Crimsons.

NEW COLOR-TRUE

Tangee

WITH PERMACHROME — EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN
for me. I’d be “finished” one way or another.

At that time I listed my assets as follows:
name, Jane Sterling Adriance; age, 14; stage experience, years of it in my mind if none in actuality; beauty—I felt like one! I neglected to consider something that proved to be most important. In the years we had spent in London I had picked up an English accent (which years later I was to work hard to lose). One afternoon I accompanied a friend to the Shubert offices and one of the famous producer family, Milton Shubert, heard me talk. He was casting a play to be called Bachelor Born, and needed a girl with a veryy, veryy British accent.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“Jane Sterling . . .” I began slowly, soundin off with all the Mayfair I could.

“Excellent name!” he cut in, and offered me the part right then and there. I wore mother and she was properly shocked. Mimi was delighted. And my own father, William A. Adriance, who was in New York at the time, found consolation only in the fact that Milton Shubert hadn’t heard my whole name and thought of me as just “Jane Sterling” without the “Adriance” attached. Later on I cut Jane down to Jan at the suggestion of a theatrical friend.

On the stage there are no close-ups, you are there in person and in color instead of in black and white which can accentuate faults. At 122 pounds with my height of 5 feet, 5 inches, I considered myself perfect. And nothing ever happened to make me change my mind until six years later when I began seeing myself on the screen. One look—and, a little sadly, I said to myself, “Here we go again.”

At my height all the beauty authorities said my weight was perfect . . . but the screen disagreed. It said I was fat. It said that my hips were too big, the upper part of my arms, and, I knew, the upper part of my thighs. It said that because my cheek and jaw bones were small there was an impression of fatness in my face in closeups. I admit I felt like rebelling but, as the saying has it, go argue with City Hall! There was nothing to do but shut off even a bigger part of my stomach. I ate nutritious foods: eggs, hamburger, steak, tomatoes. Nothing else.

I controlled the distribution of weight with massage and with exercises—but posture exercises only. From childhood on I had had a fear of developing muscles that would go flabby when I quit exercising them. And instead of getting on the scales daily I walked into the wardrobe department of Paramount Pictures one afternoon months later to check results a different way.

I knew that they kept a dummy of my form on which to check costume measurements and that it was constantly altered to conform to any change in my own dimensions. “Have you had to do anything about it?” I asked the wardrobe mistress.

“Yes,” she replied. “We’ve had to take it in two and a half inches practically everywhere.”

That’s all I wanted to know. I got on the scales and I was 108 pounds. Perfect . . . except it wasn’t. When I saw the rushes of my next picture something else hit me. At 108 pounds my face had lost its fatness all right but in such a way that my nose was too prominent . . . and I realized that my nose was of a kind which could not stand concentrated attention. “Not a nose bobbing!” I thought to myself. “Not that!” But I knew darn well, that very second, that it was to be exactly that.

The facts were as plain as the nose they had to do with. My nose at the top started flush with my forehead and stayed flush—
there was no inward dip, no rétrossé or tilt. Further, the high bridge was not only flat, instead of rounded, but much too wide and flat. You may wonder, in view of an itemized list of defects like this, why my nose had not perturbed me before. The reason is that I had always considered it an individual nose, one which helped to make me, and when my weight was higher it was not at all a bad nose. But with the more delicate modeling which characterized my whole build after I reduced, every defect about it stood out too sharply. There was no doubt about it, ... it had to go or I'd never be really self-confident before a camera again!

First I talked to my husband, Paul, about it. Then, because the studio had invested heavily in me, I discussed it with them. After this I mentioned the idea to friends. In the end it was up to me, ... nobody opened up my eyes to anything I hadn't already thought of, either beneficially or otherwise. Paul said simply, "I liked you as you are well enough to marry you but if you want to go ahead I like you well enough not to deny you my blessing." The studio officials were wonderful. They were grateful for my thinking of their interest in them but what I planned was a personal matter. They urged me not to consider them in any way. My friends said everything from, "Great!" (which was oddly uncomplimentary) to, "What do you want to do that for?"

I paid exactly $1,000 for everything connected with the operation. The doctor— and I made sure that he was a good one—hummed, and sang while he worked, and I heard him because the anaesthetic was a local one. There was no pain. It felt as though somebody were fumbling with my nose, but there was no greater discomfort. Once the knew the nurse was handing him some instrument and after a moment she said, "Well! That little gadget didn't work out, did it?" I couldn't help bursting out with a cry, "What little gadget?" I wanted to know.

For about three days my eyes were discolored and that was all. Two weeks later I was entertaining in Korea and when an army commander leaned over to kiss me during a presentation ceremony (they gave me a tank on condition I leave it in Korea and, not needing a tank at the moment, I did) the rim of his helmet hit me right on the bridge of the nose. I nearly fainted out of the pain, and felt sure that there was nothing but a squashed blob on my face. But there wasn't a mark and my pretty reborn nose was just as pretty as before.

Paul was pleased, I know he was, but like a man well he just grinned and said, "Well, now I have a new place to slug you."

Well, it may be a new place to slug me but it is a much smaller place than before. You know the mirror I hated? Well, after a nose operation you don't hate your mirror, let me tell you. For months afterwards I couldn't stay away from the mirror. "Is that really you?" you keep asking yourself. You do this because you love the thrill of answering, "Yes! Really! That's you!" And sometimes I add, "And that's the way you should look at the end of your life." But I'm satisfied. Satisfied and happy.

Now whenever there happens to be a moment when I feel low I just pull out the mirror, look, and a big smile spreads all over my face. "Well! Well! Well!" I think to myself. "Look at me! Well! Well! Well!"

(Watch for Jan in Paramount's Pony Express. Paul's latest film is Forever Female, also for Paramount.)
FREE!
ANN PINKHAM
BOOKLET
explains the intimate
mysteries of female
system...reports doctors'
findings about how you may
STOP MONTHLY CRAMPS
...even on the First Day!
Regularly priced at 25¢...but easily worth $1.
Under limited "first edition" offer, new 24-pg.
(over 5000 word) booklet—fully illustrated in
color — yours absolutely free! Tells why you
menstruate, explains physiology of process.
Why do you call it "the curse"? How about
regularity—cramps—"change of life"? Scores of
other questions answered authoritatively.
New! Easy-to-take Tablets!
Learn, too, how taking Lydia Pinkham's Com-
 pound or Tablets gave complete or striking relief
of functional cramps and other "monthly"
distresses in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors' tests—
even on first, worst day of period! That's
because of Pinkham's soothing effect on
source of the pain. Modern in action, you'll
welcome new Lydia Pinkham Tablets with
added iron...so convenient, easy to take!
To get a FREE copy of A Woman's Guide to
Health, fill out and mail to ANN PINKHAM,
52 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass. Mailed in plain
envelope (not sent to children).
Name.
Address.
Offer good only in U.S.A. and until May 25, 1953
MILTON BERLE'S REAL DOLL: The other day, in Lindy's, a bunch of TV
actors were talking about Milton Berle and wondering, "Whom does
Berle love the best?" They decided to take a vote. Berle himself won first
place, and Vickie, his daughter, second in his affections.
This got a big laugh in Lindy's, but the truth is that Milton is simply
crazy about Vickie, now 8. His devotion to her ever seems to over-
shadow his profound feeling for his mother, Sandra, and his terrific
self-appreciation of his own talents.
Three years ago, when the Bobbley Co. put out an Uncle Milty comic
tobook, it suggested that Vickie be given a half interest in the book.
Milton agreed eagerly, explaining, "Fine! I've got all the money I want.
Let's add this money to Vickie's trust fund."
People say Milton is building a million-dollar trust fund for Vickie. His friends kid about
Vickie being a much sought-after heiress by the time she's 18, and Milton enjoys the talk.
One of his younger gagwriters has warned Milton that, "I'm applying now for the job as your
future son-in-law."
Milton, who lives alone in a big apartment, has visitation privileges with Vickie. She lives
with Milton's ex-wife, Joyce Matthews, attends private school in New York. Milton is still on
good terms with Joyce and, most of his friends agree, is still carrying the torch for her. When
Joyce's romance with Billy Rose hit the front pages last year, Milton did not attempt to hide
his anguish. Ruth Cosgrove has been Milton's girl friend since his last bustup with Joyce, but
because of his mixed feelings for Joyce, his friends believe he will postpone marriage indefinitely.
"When he's in a bad mood," one of his writers says, "you can soften him up by just mentioning Vickie. She's the real doll in his life."

H. "SAFETY" VALVES are made only by BL
The "Backwards or Forward" Sammert
Valve 100 Day money-back a
$2.00 return, if not shown to work.
Send for FREE booklet to
DEPT. 907-C, 20 Fith Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

If it's MONEY you want
Send for FREE Personalized Stationery, Gift Items.
Creative Card Co., 2505 Cermak, Dept. 11-9, Chicago 8, Ill.

HAIR REMOVED
Instantly
Unwanted, unsightly hair
removed immediately from
face, arms, legs, etc. This
wonderful HAIR REMO-
VILX. Yes, you can instantly
remove hair above and BE-
LOW the skin surface. It is
harmless and leaves the skin
soft, smooth and ready to
touch. WE GUARANTEE
that we will refund your
money if, after the third
application, hair grows back.
Priced at only $2.00. Triple
Size, $5.00. Rush your name
and address. Enclose check,
cash or money order sent
C.O.D. plus postage charges.
LAUREL CO.
125 E. 46th St., Dept. D-582, New York 17, N.Y.

Another Modern Screen Special!
An intimate report on the
private lives of top television
personalities
TV TALK
by Paul Denis
She made me promise to bring back two photos—one of Ike and one of Jackie Gleason. Gleason's her favorite TV star.

Peggy Lee Dester is still a very moody girl. "I have mood swings," she candidly disclosed. "One year, I feel like traveling, and the next, I don't. Right now, I'm in between moods." Then she glanced lovingly at Brad. "But I'd go anywhere with Brad!"

The Ladies: Marcia Van Dyke, a panelist on her husband, Jack Barry's show, Wisdom Of The Ages, had to answer this question recently: "With whom would you like to be stranded on a desert island?" Remembering she was pregnant, she answered "No doubt about it, but who knows I'll never be an statistician." Zsa Zsa Gabor was being interviewed by Paula Stone. Paula suggested: "Give us some advice on how men can treat their wives." "Never good enough!" snapped Zsa Zsa. "Those gorgeous gowns Jane Fonda wears are by Florence Lus- tig and cost $1,000. They are rented to Jane, and go back to the shop as floor models after each show... ." Bess Myerson, former Miss America and now an NBC-TV emcee, is five-feet-ten in her stocking feet and is constantly being asked for advice by other tall girls. She told one girl, "What's really necessary, when with the man who's important, is to make him feel taller. Not that you should be a clinging vine, but a man does like to be looked up to so that he feels dependable, not expendable."

Imogene Coca retiring? Imogene Coca, Sid Caesar's partner in Your Show of Shows, is thinking of retiring for a season and having a baby. She is married to Bob Burton, and they have often discussed the possibilities of starting a family before "it is too late." They have been married for many years, and never had money enough to stay put for a while. Imogene has been making fine money for more than four years.

Because she portrays Sid's wife on TV, many fans assume she's really married to him. As a result, Imogene has had to write magazine articles entitled, "No, I'm Not Married To Sid Caesar." Sid is married to a former model, Florence, and they have two children.

Nina Toch a painter: Nina Toch, who has settled in New York, has taken up painting seriously. "I paint about three canvasses a year and I never sign them," she says. "I don't want anybody to buy them because my name is on them. After a painting is sold, then I sign it." She's proud of the fact she recently sold a painting "for two bills" ($200).

Godfrey the headache-maker: CBS's biggest money-maker Arthur Godfrey is also its biggest headache. His most recent lulu was speaking up for his pal, Charles E. Wilson, when his nomination as Secretary of Defense was controversial. This violated a network rule against entertainers editorializing on controversial subjects. But millionaire Godfrey didn't care. He just went off on a two-week trip around the United States with another pal, General Curtis Le May.

The trouble with Godfrey is his uninhibited tongue. But Godfrey knows it is also the quality that attracts such an army of fans. "People like me that way," he says.

Godfrey, who has no other ambition but to be the high jinx in the Eisenhower government. However, it would have to be a consultant job, as his contract with CBS has years to go.

The Rise of Joni James: The five-foot former bra model from Chicago is already making more than $2,000 a week, because of her hit recording of "Why Don't You Believe Me?" Yet, as she recalls, "Last year, I was ready to give up and get married."

She had been singing for four years in "plush hotels and junky dives" and she was discouraged. Today, she is surprising everybody with the calm efficiency with which she's handling her career. She is a buxom brunette, with brown eyes, and an extroverted personality. When mobsters tried to "buy" into her career as managers, she rebuffed them. And when somebody discovered she had never taken vocal lessons in her life and wanted to send her to a teacher, she refused. She's afraid taking lessons might ruin her. Her real name is Joanna Carmelia Babbo, one of a family of six. She insists she has no intentions of marrying right away.

Margaret O'Brien's Kiss: Margaret O'Brien, now a slim 16 and displaying a blossoming figure, has been in New York with her mother. Her mother is with her constantly, and Margaret has not been seen in any public places with boys. There is still a shy quality about Margaret, and she impresses every one as a "little lady" who is unspoiled. Sweetness rather than sexiness is the word for Margaret.

When she was signed for a romantic role on a recent CBS Lux Video Theatre, her role called for her to kiss a boy. Assured by Margaret's mother that this would be Margaret's first public romantic kiss, the Lux publicity department hurriedly prepared to turn the kiss into a big publicity splash. But somebody did some research and discovered that Margaret had been kissed in a Columbia movie: Result: publicity calling off.

Personalities: The Jack Lescouilles, thrilled when expecting their first baby after 10 years of marriage, are sad. Mrs. Lescouille lost the baby during the ninth month... . Steve Allen is dating Jayne Meadows... . Maureen Cannon married Alan Smythe, a New Jersey businessman... . Veronica Lake, with her three husbands, is now settled in New York for TV work... . Vincent Lopez, who's quite a famous astrologer besides being a fine musician, predicts that Eddie Cantor will have a "year of change." If he undertakes new assignments," says Lopez, "they will be of short duration, although not necessarily unsuccessful... ." Robert Merrill, returned all of the wedding gifts he personally received when he married Roberta Peters... . Don De Leo, tired of portraying villains on TV, shaved off his mustache. So what happened? He is still doing villain roles.

No dummy, he: A newspaperman was interviewing Jimmy Nelson, the young ventriloquist. "Isn't it true," said the newspaperman, "that, after a while, you begin to identify yourself with the wooden dummy?" "Hardly," replied Nelson. "I have three children."

Sherwood of the Mounted: Bobby Sherwood, who's so fey on the Milton Berle show, gets up early for his WJZ, New York, 6:30 A.M. show. So he brought in his big buckskin mare, Lady Buck, from his Hunter, N. Y., farm and keeps her in a stable near the studios. Every morning, after the show, and still wearing blue jeans, he takes Lady Buck for a canter through Central Park. A few of his pals, including Mel Torme, Richard Hayes and Eileen Barton, join him for occasional canters through the park, which they call Sherwood Forest. Sherwood calls his pals the Sherwood Radio TV Rangers.

Rationed Kisses?

A peck-on-the-cheek from a distant husband is a mighty poor substitute for the warmth a loving wife has a right to expect. But—do you have this right? Have you been really careful about personal daintiness, lately? It's a shame to letneglect spoil your married happiness... when effective help is available today, with "Lysol" in a simple douche. It couldn't be easier!

"Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet, "Lysol" is designed for freedom from caustic or irritating action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your drug counter. Use it in your douche. Be sure of your self—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1
over any other liquid preparation for feminine hygiene

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfecant

In 1952, after long scientific research, the formula for "Lysol" disinfectant has been improved by the re-placement of most of its cre- scihylic acid content with ortho-hydroxydiphenyl.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

87
(Continued from page 16) Mayo a bright red nightgown with a white heart to fit over her own.

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:
Dean Martin's wife Jeanne accompanied Gordon and Sheila MacRae to the preview of The Desert Song the night the Martin separation was disclosed. John Wayne, who has gone to Freddie Karger, showed up unexpectedly at a dinner party tossed by Janie Wyman and her Freddie. Linda Christian has been endorsing everything the advertisers push under her nose, from bed sheets, and Tyrone Power hasn't been too happy about it. Loretta Young hit the ceiling when a columnist said she and Tom Lewis were spitting especially because Loretta had bought a new Pearson home. Then the columnist retracted by printing an item that Loretta was living in the dressing room with her husband, cook and masseuse. The neighbors were the first to report that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis have been quarreling—the arguments were that noisy! Erol Flynn and spouse, Patricia Wymore, stayed at different hotels while in Rome. And that's not doing what the Romans do in Rome, at all, at all... Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes took the trouble to phone me with a denial that she and Dick were breaking up seven months ago—and this after I saw her dating someone other than Dick at Scandia... There were dirges also from the Rhonda Fleming—Lew Morris household but these too were denied... Saddest break of the year: Donald and Gwen O'Connor... Blowoff on the Anne Baxter—John Hodiak hassle came when a lady referred to John, in his very presence, as Mr. Baxter... Noisiest fights of the season, and to think we'd like to own the iodine concession, are Cara Williams and John Barrymore, Jr.'s...

FINANCIAL PAGE:
Guy Madison will make more dough on his one picture at Warners than he made during his entire screen contract to David O. Selznick. And no one's happier over it than Guy's ever-lovin' Gail Russell... A Las Vegas nightclub offered Mario Lanza $20,000 a week to sing the oldies but goodies. Marilyn Monroe moves up from $750 to $1,200 a week at 20th-Fox May 1... Ann Blyth bought a three-bedroom honeymoon nest in Toluca Lake for $35,000, right next to Bette Davis' first honeymoon home. Burt Lancaster intends buying back to that $1,500-a-month house he rented in Acapulco. Golly, it's romantic that far South-of-the-border!... Rosalind Russell, who's showing Hollywood how great she is in Broadway's Wonderful Town, partnered in a ladies' wear and leather goods business with her former maid, Hazel Washington.

Susan Hayward bought a 1953 convertible, then put it in a garage and took off for Europe with Jess Barker. George Montgomery opened another furniture store, his second, in Beverly Hills... Dana Andrews managed to save $20,000 a year for the past 12 years. That's a solid nest egg of $240,000... Olivia de Havilland won't budge from her insistence that she be paid $175,000 per picture. She's one of few stars who still splurges, but big, when her pictures finish shooting... Vic Mature got a paddle cut for his role in The Robe, and the gals out at 20th-Fox claim the curls suit Vic better than Howard Keel. Marlins Sharnic Van Doren, once named Zaba Olander, employs the same hairdo, same licking of the lower lip and same open-mouthed posturings as Marilyn Monroe.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:
Seen in a Beverly Hills parking lot—Rita Hayworth in levis and a red sweater with daughter Rebecca, looking more like a parking attendant than a movie star... Talk of the town—the Bing Crosby-Mona Freeman datings... The Rosemary Clooney—Jose Ferrer romance has the makings of a great one, and it likely continue to do so as long as her career keeps strengthening, and don't ask me how come I know so much!... Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton set their wedding for August, in Mexico. Their divorce from Mary Job will be final... Bob Taylor sure loves those homemade hamburgers his girl from Hamburg—Ursla Thiess—whips up for him... Martha Vickers, Mickey Rooney's ex, is painfully thin. Feller named Bob Lane has been trying to fatten her up but he likes her thin.

Neatest chassis at the auto show: Barbara Darrow's. Chauffeured by Bonnie Palmer. Judy Powell, Dan Dailey's ex-secretary, cleared up a bet with Tab Hunter by treating to chocolate sodas at Wil Wright's... Marilyn Erskine, who is Stanley Kramer's ex and who plays the role of periwt protesting wife in Brassele in The Cantor Story, and Jim Gates, the television director, wish everybody would go away and leave them alone... Sharan Douglas and Pete Lawford have been rekindling an old flame. Please, not that again!... Maureen O'Hara's new boy friend is one of Mexico's wealthiest men. Ron Randell's new bride is seven years his senior... Don't be surprised if Keenan and Beetsy Wynn have reconciled when you read this.

ODDS BODKINS:
Now that Phyllis Kirk is a neighbor of Gil Perkins, she's in no hurry to build a fence. Lon McCallister has just turned 30, and how does your lumbar grow?... Anybuddy noticed how much Marge looks like Gower Champion, and vice versa?... By actual count, during a 15-minute interview, Janie Potts said "Kiddo" (it's her favorite expression) 15 times. Jeanne Crain attends more parties than any other gal in town, besides raising four children... Burt Lancaster has been carrying ballet shoes around instead of weights. He wants to star in a musical. It's been five years since James Mason...
wrote a magazine piece called "Why I Won't Go to Hollywood" (?) ... Marjorie Steele was embarrassed on the No Escape set when her Howard Shoup gown fell apart at the most provocative seams ... That pretty Penny Edwards broke down and admitted to me that her real name is Millicent. "Penny"—"Cent"—get it? ... The Irving Thalberg Lodge of B'nai B'rith threw a banquet for Dennis Day to honor him for his interracial activities. Irish Denny accepted the plaque tendered him in Yiddish ... Anyone else besides us notice that Johnnie Ray looks like a sad Howard Keel? ... Mario Cabre, the bull-fighter, set sail for Africa with the announced intention of reciting some more poems to Ava Gardner. Shouldn't somebody tell him she's married to Frank Sinatra?

QUICK QUOTES:
The Duke and Duchess of Windsor tossed a dinner party in New York for Clifton Webb and Susan Zanuck. Susan couldn't locate a maid to lace her into her gown. So Uncle Belvedere took over, remarking betimes, "Why not—I've been dressing my mother for years!" ... Mel Ferrer writes from Africa: "The riots have calmed down. Now we can be shot at only for bad acting, so don't expect to see me again" ... Jane Russell, during the shooting of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, kept nagging at Marilyn Monroe to marry Joe DiMaggio: "Believe me, honey—and I know 'cause I married one—athletes make the best husbands!" ... Carole Mathews: "Most women aren't sufficiently posterior-conscious. It's the last impression you leave as the room that counts." Somebody overheard Lana Turner say: "Fernando Lamas is a fine actor but I'm amazed no one bothered to teach him English" ... A newspaper reporter asked George Raft: "Have you ever worked with Humphrey Bogart?" George replied: "Well, Bogie worked with me in a few pictures" ... George Sanders told British reporters why his wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor, will go to the top of the acting profession: "There just isn't anybody in Hollywood strong enough to stop her!" ... They had Betty Hutton under an inhalator when I flew up to San Francisco to catch the Bombshell's stage show at the Curran Theatre. Betty couldn't talk (!!!) but Charlie O'Curran told me she had knocked herself out, up to my arrival, giving the best shows of her—or anybody's—life. And if you know Betty you can believe it. Anyway, I left the Bay City without seeing her perform—and can only hope that she'll decide to put her show on in Los Angeles at some future date ... Bob Hope: "It's too bad Bing Crosby couldn't come to this dinner for Cardinal McIntyre. You see, he couldn't find a sitter for the Bank of America!" ... Bob Taylor comments ominously on Ava Gardner's slim waist: "It could get her arrested—no visible means of support!" ... An extra gandeliered Zsa Zsa Gabor's cleavage gowns and cracked, "Lincoln to the contrary, all women are not created equal!" ... Steve Cochran told a newsgal he learned all about women when he was six months old!
THE LEGACY
by Nevil Shute

A romantic novel of wartime courage and dangers, and of the post-war struggle of two people to build new lives from war's wreckage. They had met as captives in Malaya and were allowed a few brief hours of happiness... then he was gone and she was haunted by a memory of love. Six years later, when she inherited an unexpected fortune, she returned to Malaya... and to the strange fulfillment of the dream she thought had died.

Another EDISON MARSHALL best seller

THE INFINITE WOMAN

Here is the story of Lola Montero — beguiling woman, exotic dancer, and mistress of a king. The daring career of this fascinating woman unfolds a turbulent 19th Century adventure, sweeping from India across all Europe to England and a climax of violence and beauty.

Always look for this seal for the best stories by your favorite authors!

married madcaps

(Continued from page 44) The wedding was a complete surprise to everyone. Anne hadn't mentioned to anyone that she was considering marriage, or was even in love for that matter. She had dated the usual bachelors about town but no one at her studio gave a second thought to Anne's becoming a bride. She had been a professional actress since the first year of her life, and with only 21 birthdays behind her seemed quite willing to devote herself entirely to her work and to enjoying her new-found success in movies. And then on Friday, May 16th, she telephoned 20th Century-Fox and calmly announced that she was marrying Mr. Price the following day.

Anne is "different" in Hollywood in that she works with calm assurance and complete lack of temperament. In the three years she has been in town she has fulfilled the best hopes of the directors with whom she has worked, yet managed to live her own life, the kind of life, except for the hours in front of the camera, that might be lived by a small town girl at college.

Her wedding stayed in character. It was traditionally beautiful, quiet, and slightly crazy, but bare of crowds and flashbulbs. It took place in the chapel of the Harvard Military School, an institution in North Hollywood which Bam had attended in his youth. The president minister was a friend of Bam's, and families of both the bride and groom flew into town from New York and Porterville, California, respectively. It should have gone off smoothly, but then, few weddings do. Anne's father, preparatory to giving away his only daughter, was more nervous than a politician on election eve. "Why," he kept growling, "doesn't the organ start playing?"

He ignored the fact that Bam had not yet arrived, and for her part Anne was wondering, in a simmering sort of fashion, what Bam had been doing driving in the opposite direction as she and her father had approached the church. She calmed her own frazzled nerves by telling her father over and over that they were just late to use the lock step going down the aisle. She neglected to so inform her matron of honor who, as a result, eventually went trotting briskly toward the altar, leaving the bride and her father leagues behind. Bam finally arrived, having been there once before but having forgotten to pick up his best man. This had now been rectified, and the explanation for his driving away from the church ten minutes before the scheduled ceremony was gratefully accepted by Anne.

Secure in her knowledge that the groom was here and that her father knew all about the lock step, Anne went back to visit the pastor, who was just donning his robes for the ceremony. "He looks just wonderful in them, just beautiful," she confided later to her father as the two of them stood waiting for the strains of Lohengrin. "Blast!" roared her father. "This isn't his wedding! It's your wedding! When is that infernal organ going to start?"

The tumult and the shouting and the wedding over with, the new Mr. and Mrs. Price left for a brief honeymoon in Yosemite and San Francisco and then returned to their two apartments. Each was quite small, consisting only of a living room, bath and kitchen, and they decided to keep both of them until a larger apartment was available. They lived in Anne's, and Bam used his for his work.

Bam's work must be explained in order to effectively chronicle the first months of the marriage. In his study of motion picture production he must turn out a thesis.
The new apartment gave them the feeling of great spaciousness. They spent, however, most of their time in the living room, dining room, kitchen, and what’s more, the living room boasted a fireplace. At last, thought Anne, here was a real home. Moving day changed her thoughts. She found herself in a place with cameras, tripods and batteries, and flashbulbs wandering here and there onto the hearthstone. Her desk was put in a dim corner within two days he had strung wires from here to there throughout the room. These were promptly hung with strips of film, and when they put up a folding screen to hide the working room from the living room this, too, was shortly ribbed with film.

In the days when Bam was shooting his picture things were fairly neat. His day had begun at seven when he whirled out of the house with his cameras and came back later with nothing to show for his work but neat little spools of film. Last fall it became a different story. Shooting film is the messiest part of the business, and soon after his morning coffee Bam disappeared behind the film bunting and didn’t emerge until dinner time, when he appeared with bloodshot eyes.

“The only way I knew he was there,” says Anne, “was from the noise of the moving bros. Or if he wasn’t working with film he was talking. That is all.”

Once in a while she parted the curtain of film, feeling like Sadie Thompson making an entrance, and ventured in to look over his shoulder. Bam, however, doing away through the moviola, a small machine used by film editors. “Uh, uh,” Anne would say, shaking her head in a negative fashion. “That’s too closeup right there instead of a long shot.”

“You think so?” said Bam. “Then what about the closeup that comes just before that?” Before the fadeout.

“All right, go, wait a minute,” said Mrs. Price, putting her hands over her eyes. “I can see the whole thing clearly as it is. Now, if you put the closeup before the fadeout and then follow with the—well, with the—honey, I’m losing it. I’m all muddled. Goodbye.” And she parted the film curtain once more and left.

Anne didn’t often enter her producer’s den. As confused as it was Bam knew where to find every scrap he wanted, and as a result neither Anne nor the woman who comes once a week to clean dared to go near the cluttered desk. One day Anne stepped in on a closeup, neatly inter- printing the film with the outline of her shoe, and she was so angry with herself that she went into the bedroom andulked for hours.

While Bam was thus engrossed Anne had time to attend to her own affairs. Those seven months of freedom gave her an opportunity to learn the differences between a broiler and an oven, and how to make diets disappear from a house. They also gave her a free mind with which to struggle with the adjustments necessary in a new marriage. Despite her youth Anne has the intelligence to know that it takes work to make a good marriage. Most people, she figures, are dreamers. They think that failing the slightest whole answer and the end of all effort, but Anne knows that’s when the work begins.

The first thing she learned about was Bam’s tremendous energy. Anne had thought she was similarly endowed, but after a month of trying to keep up with his schedule she fell by the side. He was up at seven to start a 16-hour workday and Anne, who got up and made his breakfast and then worked all day by his side, was exhausted by nine p.m. It dawned on her then that it would be more sensibly for her to stay within her limits, a practice which in time made her a more cheerful bride.

Her next step was to worry about him. Now that she had enough energy, she should keep up with such a killing pace, but she learned that it is Bam’s way, and that if she fretted about it and nagged him to work less, it would only make him unhappy. This premise was so settled in her mind that when she began work in A Lion In The Streets and had to be up at 4 a.m. and at the studio by 5:30, she didn’t object when Bam too crawled out of bed and started his own day along with her. She could hear him whistling in the kitchen as he started the breakfast while she took her shower, and she knew that this was what he wanted to do, or he wouldn’t be doing it. She has contented herself merely with talking into his Sundays off. “You know, dear,” she said, “just to relax. Maybe take a drive out in the country or something?”

There was no problem with the toothpaste tube; they use different brands of toothpaste, so the argument never arose about whether it should be squeezed flat or rolled from the bottom. They are both prompt people and never have to wait for each other to dress, and each is so attentive to the other that often they both try to pick up the laundry on the same day. But Anne hit a snag regarding neatness. In her bachelor days she had always tended to strive for a slightly through the apartment, and now that she was married felt quite miffed when Bam left his sports coat on the bed, his bath towel over the door and yesterday’s shirt on the floor. She was also shocked by the realization that her husband, without having said a word, was deliberately demonstrating to her how messy a home could look when its residents are away. Bam, however, set about remedying the situation, and now he hangs up her own things as well as his and the other day when he asked where his jacket was, she smiled through gritted teeth. “I hung it up, dear.” Then laughed out loud.

In the beginning, there was a budget, an idea, Anne hastily explains that stemmed exclusively from her husband. She hasn’t the slightest affinity for arithmetic and not only told him so but proceeded to prove it. They started off with a special budget book purchased from a stationer, and neatly penned in at the head of each column the after all… a girl wants to look her best!

And some of the best dressed girls in town are Comptometer Operators! Their excellent salaries mean extra cash for new clothes and hair-do.

You can start a short, easy, low-tuition course soon at a Comptometer School near your home. Then, upon graduation, you’ll have interesting office work with friendly people; free lifetime placement service through 167 conveniently located Comptometer Schools. Mail free

Comptometer School Div.
FELT & TUBE, 610 N. Paulina Street
Chicago 22, Illinois

Please send me FREE copy of “Your Invitation to Success” which tells all about becoming a Comptometer Operator.

Address
City State
High School Class of 

WALLET SIZE PHOTOS YOUR CHOICE MOVIE STARS

NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL! For the first time-dramatic, autographed photos in LARGE WALLET SIZE, beautifully printed on heavy high glossy 7 point photo paper, each finish 4x7. FREE PICTURES OF STARS.

Deluxe Photo Service, Dept. 617
Box 947, Church St., Annex, New York, N.Y.

BABY DUE SOON?

“SKIN TIGHT, DRY, SLEEP ROBBED BY ACHING MUSCLES UNTIL I MASSAGED WITH MOTHER’S FRIEND”

For over 50 years the thousands of expectant mothers who have used it know it best about MOTHER’S FRIEND; how it eases and relaxes cramped, aching muscles; how it soothes sore tight, stretched skin. Why not try it now? It takes only a few minutes a day to massage gently all over abdomen and other parts of the body. Make such a difference in your comfort during those last dragging months. Used faithfully, MOTHER’S FRIEND should help you regain natural skin beauty after baby comes. Only $1.25 at your favorite drug counter.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

MOTHER’S FRIEND
names of their miscellaneous expenses. Anne kept it up to date quite dutifully for two weeks and then discarded the idea as entirely too much trouble. "Putting down how much I spend for soap," she told Bam, "can't possibly increase our income or decrease our expenses. As far as I'm concerned the budget book is a big fat waste of time."

Their bank statement arrives and stays for days on the same table, each waiting and hoping that the other will be a martyr and voluntary. Bam, I'm sure, died a lot in writing Bam has been the inevitable loser, and one day was foolish enough to attempt to explain to his bride how a bank statement should be read. He read it aloud, saying, "you merely check the canceled checks with a check against each--" he turned around in his chair. Anne had disappeared. "Where am I going to begin reading how simple it is to do this thing?"

Her voice floated merrily from the kitchen. "I'm baking a pie," she said. "This is something I can wrap my mind around."

Anne indeed can master the mysteries of a kitchen and is rapidly becoming a culinary queen. Bam is no slouch himself and on Sundays, the only day they have to time to sit leisurely at home, he and his waffles alternate with Anne's popovers.

They both always wear white terry-cloth fatigue outfits around the apartment, and other resident refers to them as the ghost couple. The neighbors have also had occasion to note that the young Mr. Price may possibly be out of his head. There for a few weeks he was frequently seen in the garage, snapping something into the air and flailing his arms for no obvious reason. What Bam actually was doing was collecting food for his wife's new pet, a green creature three feet long which Anne describes as "a friendly snake." She had first become addicted to snakes back in Atlanta on a P.A. tour when one night she was standing in the wings of a theater and felt a light touch on her right ear. Turning, she saw the head of a good sized serpent nesting on her upper arm. This particular snake was due to go on stage soon with his own act, and when editor Paul Jones of the leading Atlanta newspaper saw that Anne was not only unafraid but quite fascinated, he offered to send her a snake for a pet. Told it was impossible to adopt her newfoundland friend for her very own, she agreed to accept a substitute. "But be sure," she told Jones, "that he is a friendly one only." She and Bam playfully named the reptile "Murdock." The wire arrived a few days after Anne's return to Hollywood. "CURRY ARRIVING EIGHT MONDAY MORNING ON SUPER CHIEF COMPARTMENT SIX.

Arrived at the railroad depot on Monday, April 17, he was spotted immediately, and found a pale and shaken newspaperwoman who held out to Anne, at arm's length, an immense glass jar filled with Curly. "Here," she said in a weak voice, "you take him. I haven't been able to eat a thing since I boarded the train."

Curly was taken home and given loving care. The neighborhood was nonplussed by Bam's daily safari for a boxful of insects, and friends of the couple did not take kindly to being met at the Prices' front door by Bam wearing Curly in his hair or around his neck. All things must come to an end. A few weeks later everyone was quite jubilant, except Anne and Bam. They have concluded that it would be easier to raise snakes than to keep them. They are hoping, after they eventually buy the house they are saving for, to start a family of their own.

Meanwhile their respective parents are delighted with the marriage. Bam's mother and father came down to Hollywood last Thanksgiving, armed with candy and cookies and flowers, plus wood for the fireplace. The latter was lacked out of sight for the bright day when the fireplace would be empty of camera equipment, and then, when the family was bursting with film, they all went for Thanksgiving dinner to the home of Bam's friends in Whittier, 17 miles away. It was to this same house that last summer Anne and Bam decided to walk. There was much too much about the jaunt they looked at each other and beamd. Wherever else would their son have found a girl who liked to walk as much as she did he?

When Anne's parents came west for Christmas, a fire was blazing in the fireplace and a dinette set was where it ought to sit—in the dinette. They had a merry holiday and a fine dinner and when it was mentioned that Thanksgiving day had been spent with their friends in Whittier—the place 17 miles away where they had once walked—their eyes were fixed on other's eye across the table. Where else could Anne have found a boy who liked to walk as much as she does?

So although Anne and Bam can account for their finances only the first two weeks of their marriage, although he puts them through her paces in the matter of putting money away, and the year was lived with a movie, and although Anne goes away from home and orders snakes delivered on her return, this one looks as though it is going to last. He brings her flowers "for no real reason" they completely understand each other's work, and they like to walk like nobody else on earth. To top it all, Bam approves of her driving. "I don't think she can drive as well as I can," he told me, "but I think she'd do all right if she just held tight and waited till after we were married!"

END


dressed in one-piece dress, the cool freshness of a MU-COL douche. This easier, trustworthy way to care for feminine hygiene leaves behind real cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissue. Leaves feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissue. Leaves feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissue. Leaves feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissue. Leaves feeling of cleanliness.
of Liz's eternal menagerie. Come husbands, babies, or what-have you, Liz would feel naked without her animals. If the animals weren't sufficient identification, an enormous packing box stood beside the other in the carriage. It rested beside the driveway and bears the inscription: "Made in England" and "Mr. M. Wilding."

"Well," I said, "you can certainly look down on many female 'people.'" The windows reach from floor to ceiling to take advantage of the view. All the furnishings are as modern as the house. The color accent of the living room is purple—a decided "push" of purple pillows; purple glassware gleaming from various spots; before the rock fireplace a purple chair. It was obvious that somebody's favorite color was purple, and I soon learned that somebody was Liz. Her bachelor-girl apartment had been dominated by green and chartreuse (which she loathed) and had been carefully chosen to invite somebody who had moved in but never got around to settling down.

But Mrs. Michael Wilding's home already has the air of permanency. The walls are covered with hangings. A huge landscape, a wedding gift from her art-dealer father, hangs above the divan. Next to it is an Augustus Johns portrait. Beside the fireplace is a life-size portrait bust of a girl by the noted sculptor Jacob Epstein. Mike confided that he knew the girl who had posed for the statue.

An accent adjoins the dining room section by a caricature Jean Negulesco did of Liz when she was expecting the stork. It shows her in black slacks, a full purple smock, and a red head of hair, a pointed view to it and says, "That, my dear, is how you looked in the first year of our marriage."

Liz's hair was still tousled when she entered. Except for lipstick she wore no make-up, and no jewelry except a plain gold wedding ring on her finger, and a tiny gold cross around her neck. Her eyes were sleepy, and she moved as relaxed as the black cat that lay sleeping on a green upholstered bar stool in a corner of the room. But she was still beautiful.

Making a mock curtsey, I exclaimed, "Why, Liz, you wore that dressing gown a year ago. Shame on you."

"But I'm much poorer and much older now," she protested.

The which had been blown up all day now began to howl around the house. At the sound Liz's eyes were no longer sleepy. They opened wide. "Welcome to Wuthering Heights," she said. "I'm supposed to back to work—terrible thought—in three weeks; and I've got to lose some weight, but fast."

"Well, you can't do it by diet alone," I said. "I've got a wonderful masseur, Dr. Fred Nelson, who could take those extra inches off you."

"How much does he charge?" she was her first question.

At that, a dead silence fell over the room, and everybody did a double-take. For Liz to ask about the price of anything was like an athlet taking the wing to church. Finally Peggy Rutledge (Liz's secretary) turned to me and said, "Are you sure you've come to the right address?"

"We're very poor," Liz continued, "and I have to think of prices. We call this 'Suspension House.'"

"In one year, we've had a year and five months of suspensions between us, for a record for one family," explained Mike. "I was on suspension four months; and Liz, seven. Then we both had a three-months' Figure it up. We've been suspended so long we feel like bats hanging from the rafters."

In Hollywood language "suspension" means being taken off studio salary for failure to do a picture assigned one, or for having a baby.

"But we're all set now," said Liz. "Mike has one picture coming up; and I have two. How much does your masseur charge, seriously?"

"If he charged by the pound . . ." I replied, studying her figure, then stopped with a gasp. I noticed Liz was wearing fabric that was sheer.

"Mike finally got shoes on you and took his off."

"He got shoes on me!" exclaimed Liz.

"When did this happen?" I'm always a fashions plate when you're around, you know."

"Of course," said I. "You and Mike must come to a party I'm giving next week."

"Sure," said Liz in a shocked voice. "I haven't a thing to wear. All my old clothes are too small. And I'll be darned if I'm going to buy anything until I've needed."

"The party's being given for Dana Tasker, the man who got your pretty pass on the cover of Time. He wants to meet you, I said."

"Maybe he'd buy me a new dress," Liz hinted.

"Maybe he would, but I doubt it," I said. "Perhaps I could promote you a free massage at the party while the party's going on below."

"You're a real little sport," said Liz with a smile.

"Liz's a very difficult girl to handle," said Mike. "The reason she put on so much weight is that she drank and ate everything in sight, especially milk, during her pregnancy."

She told me about milk consumption, that she was gaining too much weight. But she just batted those baby blue eyes at him and said, "But I like milk! Naturally, I told her. He said, "Well, have milk then. Have it. She put on 40 pounds."

"Forty pounds!" I yelled. "I've never seen a twenty-five stone woman," she said. Then added kiddingly, "You see I owed it to myself to remain strong and healthy. The baby would have got enough food from me, no matter how much I weighed."

"When did you decide you looked good for him?" I asked.

"As Liz told her grandmother all about what you must go through to have a fat, healthy baby, Mike sat in the purple chair and leaned on her. They seem to negotiate each other's sense of humor. When Liz scored a wisecrak, Mike smiled like the cat that swallowed the canary. But when she made a biological gaffe, he quickly said, "Don't you want to see him, Hedda?"

"Sure," I said. "That's why I'm here."

The statement brought pandemonium. Mike jumped up and started for the nursery. Liz was immediately on her feet and after him. By the time I got into the lobby I saw a little group of people, including Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Tasker, Mrs. Tasker's chauffeur, and a chauffeur from a neighboring house. When I mentioned a "G," joined the party, barking and getting under everyone's feet in an effort to get to the nursery first. But the black cat on the bar stool never opened, an eye or moved. It would take more than a baby to wake him up.

The baby's room is painted in yellow and pale blue. Toys are all over the place. On a ledge around the room sit all kinds of dolls and aketron dolls.

B. F. Goodrich lanolized rubber gloves

"These are the hands for me," said housewives who keep their hands soft and lovely by protecting them with B. F. Goodrich rubber gloves. These gloves have lanolin added; they are soft, so light you hardly know you are wearing them. A special process makes them easy to put on and easy to take off. Made of pure rubber latex for extra wear. Your favorite druggist or dealer can supply you with B. F. Goodrich lanolized rubber gloves. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Sandusky Division, Akron, Ohio.
Now you can hear MODERN ROMANCES on the air!

A new radio drama presented in cooperation with the editors of MODERN ROMANCES magazine—with Kathi Nefri as story editor.

Tune in every Saturday morning over the NBC Network. See your newspaper for local time and station.
serious. "An hour after Michael was born, he was brought to me, and I saw that he was beautiful. He was all pink and white, with no wrinkles in his skin, and a beautifully shaped head. He opened his eyes when I reached for him, and I was making all this up."

"Did you get an attack of those 'baby blues' that many mothers have after giving birth to their children?" I asked.

"No," she replied. "I was very happy, but I was nervous, without being afraid, before his birth. I didn't have time to think much of the operation, because I was told it would be necessary only a day before it happened. But it has taken me longer to recuperate than I thought it would. I figured I'd be jumping from room to room in one week. But it's taken me a month already, and time's a-wasting. You know I'll be 21 this end of the month. Then I'll be a woman!"

"Okay," I said, remembering how sensitive Liz was about her youth. "When are you going to have your next baby?"

"In 18 months or so," she said. "I want my children to be born close together. I guess, she added with a laugh, "I'll have to arrange to have them during my suspensions."

"That's an idea," said Mike. "Check with the accounting department at the studio and find out when you can have your next child."

"Work!" she sighed. "Reducing! No wonder how much does that masseur charge."

"Stand up and pull in your stomach," I said. "I want to see how your figure really does look."

She did as I requested, murmuring,"Slyph-like, that's me."

"What I saw made me scream, "Elizabeth! How could you?"

"Just call me Tempstress Taylor," she said.

"You'd better start getting that off quick, I advised, and then told her how much per hour her favorite masseur charged.

"What do you think, love?" she asked Mike.

"It sounds interesting," he replied.

"You've got an appointment with your doctor in about 15 minutes," Peggy Rutledge told Liz.

"So I have," said she. "This is Thursday, isn't it?"

We all agreed it was.

During the whole proceedings, Mike was content to leave the spotlight on Elizabeth. He just sat there in his purple chair, grinning at her feminine shenanigans. But when Liz retired to dress, he went to the bar and mixed himself a gin and tonic, explaining that the times he used were "homegrown."

How languid Liz dressed so quickly, I wouldn't know. But before Mike had time to take a sip of his "tonic," she was back, wearing black velvet slacks with bejeweled shoe match and a huge white sweater with a turtleneck that was fastened two gold safety pins. She sat down by Mike and reached for his drink. He shrugged and handed it over, muttering, "Just what the doctor ordered. Reducing stuff." (She sipped a third of the contents before handing it back.)

"Well, my dear," said I, "it's just as the girl claims. She has to keep up her strength, you know."

I glanced at the black cat still slumbering on the bar stool, and it occurred to me that the whole sets the pace for the Wildings' household. I had a feeling that in a way they envied him. After all, he didn't have to work; he slept the hours away; and when in want a food, he got it and never had to worry about what it did to his figure. Yes, sir, a cat can look at a queen, but a movie queen can also envy a cat.

(Liz can be seen in MGM's The Girl Who Had Everything. Michael's latest picture is The Scarlet Coat.)

## Sleep...

### Without Heartburn, Acid Indigestion

If acid indigestion keeps you awake, take **Tums**. Almost instantly, Tums neutralize excess acids; soothe and sweeten your stomach. Then you'll sleep the sound, natural, restful sleep that follows **Tums**. There's no acid rebound from **Tums** to awaken you later.

* still only 10¢ a roll

---

### Bride of Faith

(Continued from page 53) approval of His Church, and to consecrate my life to the services of God in His sick and in His Church.

Thus began not only the biggest news story of the Hollywood year, but one of the greatest stories ever told in all of Hollywood's history. Many people, of shallow understanding in Hollywood and elsewhere, think it a defeatist one—picture June Haver as a tragic fugitive fleeing from a blighted world, and you find the unhappened a nun's life is a sad one—especially when a young, beautiful, vivacious, talented and famous girl assumes it. This could not be further from the truth. June Haver's life, though gone will be long remembered and loved for what she was and is—the story deserved to be truly told.

It is not the story of sadness... but one of ecstasy and joy.

It is not the story of a girl fleeing from life... but one of a girl flying to a larger life.

It is not the story of a world lost but of a world everlastingly found.

It is not the story of a great love denied... but of the Greatest Love realized.

It is not a story of failure... but the story of a girl who was tested and found fit to serve.

If it had been possible to ask June Haver, as she abandoned spotlight Hollywood for her new, anonymous and consecrated life, why she had made that decision, she could not have told you more than did that poem which she carried in her purse—a poem printed in a brochure of St. Mary's Academy for the Novitiate of Charity, which, her heart at last had told her, was the most beautiful, serene, happy and desirable place in all the world for her to be with children.

So desirable that she was leaving Hollywood three days early, because her eagerness to be there was so great. At that, she felt she sat to June; June had planned to enter St. Mary's last July, but she will finish her final picture, The Girl Next Door, that soon.

By now June Haver has already been three months a postulate in the probationary period of all applicants to the Sisterhood. In three months more, she will put on the white veil of a novitiate. After two more years of study, training and pray, she will be professed as a Sister of Charity, assume her black veil and take her religious name. She will also take three sacred vows before the Altar of her God.

The vow of poverty. The vow of chastity. The vow of obedience.

Each year after that June will renew her vows. At the end of seven and one half years, the doors of St. Mary's closed behind her last February she will take her final, lifetime vows. Then there will be no June Haver as the world has known her. Actually there is none now. No one who knows her has any doubt that June will succeed in her quest. June has never failed at anything. "I know what I want to do," she said on leaving, "but what I want must also be what God wants. May His will be done." (Continued on page 96)
Already, His will has been done, in one beginning way. Because it is solely through the gradual extension of His Grace that June Haver, finally took the step which she did, a step which stunned, shocked, puzzled and amazed most of Hollywood and most of the world, even though it was plainly approaching. Many could not even believe it, though all the omens were there: June made a pilgrimage to Rome in the Holy Year of 1951 and had an audience with Pope Pius XII; she twice visited St. Mary’s in Lourdes; it was known that she had applied for dispensation to allow her, a divorcée, to assume the holy robes of a nun; she auctioned off her furniture a month before, gave away her clothes, jewelry and personal effects to her sisters and friends; she instructed her agent, Ned Marin, to advise her studio, 20th Century Fox about her major, all that she had starred for ten years, that she would not re-sign and would not accept the $14,000 salary due for her last month. All of this pointed to her decision.

Only her mother, sisters, church officials and a few family standbys, such as Joe Campbell, June’s faithful escort, and Dr. Al Metus, a family friend, knew for sure precisely what she was planning. And June told the world only what she felt it had a right to know.

Big story or not, Hollywood reporters respected June’s wishes and the wishes of her church—that beyond her the silent she be pressed for no more interviews. Her statement, by the way, was written by June herself, without consultation of the local Catholic Chancery. They found it perfect. In that statement June anticipated the news bombshell she was touching off: “To all my friends,” she wrote, “. . . I am about to do something that some of you perhaps will find it difficult to understand. . . .”

June was right. Some did not understand. The first conclusions were sad, fastened conveniently to the unhappy episodes in June Haver’s young life:

Her short lived, disillusioning marriage to Jimmy Zito, the moody Italian-American trumpeter player . . . Their divorce and the block to future marriage it posed for June in the eyes of her church which does not recognize divorce. Her fruitless appeal to the Sacra Romana Rota, for an annulment of that mistake . . . Her engagement to Dr. John Duzik, the blond Beverly Hills dentist, and his tragic death in the Catholic Church after his own plans . . . And June Haver’s own repeated bouts with ill health, accidents and painful operations.

Some even suggested that these illnesses had made it impossible for June to bear children, the mission of every devout Catholic girl in the outside world. Some— as some would in Hollywood—whispered cruelly that June Haver’s career was fading. These latter “explanations” were false. Although the personal tragedies and ordeals that June suffered had been only too true, it was long before those tragedies arrived, long before she married Jimmy Zito, met John Duzik or felt surgical pain, that June Haver—June Stovener then—had experienced strong spiritual stirrings. A deep religious longing was planted in her even as a girl. And the seed that was to blossom and bear holy fruit was sown not in the shade of sadness, but in the sunshine of a bright, expansive, and vitally ambitious a personality as the town of Rock Island, Illinois, where she was born, on June 10, 1926, has ever known.

Back then her yearnings were more vague, but they were yearnings just the same. Her family likes to recall that June was born with a well cover her two. Through the ages, some people have inter- preted that nativity phenomenon as a sign of great talent; others give it deep religious significance. In June’s case both were true. She flaunted her talent for entertaining others. Her spiritual side was a private, and for a while, even a secret matter with June. June was irresistibly attracted to the Catholic Church, and that was not the church of her family. The Stovenours and Haneses (her mother’s family) were Proties. But the family didn’t want to hurt them. But high school, after classes she would take her younger sister Evelyn’s arm, and the two would walk quietly and peacefully. “We would go to another part of town, picking our way across a high railroad trestle to St. Joseph’s Church,” Evelyn remembers. “For as long as she could, June would sit in a pew and look steadily at the altar with its flickering candles. May she prayed, I don’t know. We didn’t see much, going or coming. But every time I closed my eyes, I felt I was happy and peace. It was as if she needed those visits. We kept them up a long time, never said anything.”

June’s father, Fred Stovener, who was divorced from her mother, Marie, when June was only ten, recently ascended his daughter’s attraction to the Catholic Church. “I’m sorry if that family had a rift. “When her mother and I divorced,” he said, “it made quite an impression on her and it influenced her in finding the religion where divorce is not permitted.”

Psychologists might agree. Yet while June loved her fascinating father, from whom she inherited her own musical abilities, she had always been famously with her stepfather, Bert Haver, whom her mother married next. In fact, June adopted his name when she turned professional as a dancer. He has never been any symptom of bitterness or lack of understanding in June’s makeup. And up until she left for St. Mary’s she remained devoted to her mother, now married to her third husband, Andrew Otesstad. June’s attraction to the ancient, orthodox Church of St. Peter would seem to lie deeper than that perhaps contributing cause.

But if her parents’ breakup was a reason, it was to carry a bitter irony. Because the sanctity of marriage which June sought to make her own, was all the more tragic when the first law she broke, the sole sin she was to commit in her adopted religion.

June Haver was 15 when Ted Fio-Ritri sang about June Stovenour in Rock Island wired from Chicago, listened to her sing “Embraceable You” and hired her to join his nightclub band on tour at $75 a week. Jimmi Zito was his other discovery, a 17-year-old trumpet wizard who could ramble on his golden horn like the Angel Gabriel himself. He was a Catholic. He had never been to church. All the zig-zag course of that trip, June sang her way to Hollywood, she was the black-haired, slender, quietly attractive star of “Nights in Copenhagen” which was the first representation of June Haver’s life. In Rock Island she had never had a real sweetheart of her own. “steady.” That was not an easy thing to do with June. June was busy, too ambitious, too eager to spread herself around. Her heart wanted to embrace everyone, not any single one, special anyone.

But Jimmy and June were both widowed, excited and thrilled with their unbelievable breaks. They revelled in the spotlights, crowds, big hotels and cafes. More than anything, they were just two people in the troupe. Then, Jimmy was a sweet, unsophisticated boy, but June was a band singer,..
June was as fresh as a budding rose. Mrs. Haver charaperoned them as they saw the sights of new cities—St. Louis, Dallas, Des Moines, Denver—heard Jimmies, saw shyly old and loves they interlude which June Haver never forgot—what girl ever forgets her first romance?

JUNE Haver was at her most impressionable age when she arrived in Hollywood. She saw her first movie studio, taking some musical shorts with Flo-Rite's band. The big leading lady of the studio all around her was dancing, romising, irresistible. June talked her mother into staying in Hollywood. The favors moved out, bag and baggage. Jimmies and zito and everyone.

At Beverly Hills High it was the same story for June that it had been in Rock Island. Her beauty, vivacity, magnetism filled the hall, including a host of Hollywood talent agents who saw June in a school play. Darryl anuck, back from Army duty, was impressed and put her right away into Home and married her to the love of his life.

"What made June change her mind?" June herself didn't know, but she was making an earnest search for it. She had been, quietly, unspectacularly, for many years. After she was married, June was in a lucky location with Home In Indiana she began instruction in the Catholic faith at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. Even as the trumpets blared about her earthly success, June took her first consecrated vows, administered by Monsignor Patrick Concanon. She took them with her sisters, Evelyn and Dorothy. It was perhaps even more exciting because she was winning for love. A love that would reach to the depths of her heart and satisfy the inner yearning which she appeared to others to have.

I married, June was with her guards, the Church of the Good Shepherd and prayed. June never missed a Sunday mass from the day she was converted. That is where she went to John Duzik on their first date. Literally, they met by an accident. A bump in a picture scene cracked June's front teeth, capped for the cameras, and she was directed to the skillful young Beverly Hills cosmetician has said that June asked, "Is he married?" when the tooth repair was over. It was, that was more a sample of June's personality than the suddenness of her attraction. John Duzik is not the kind to inspire sudden passion. And the evidence shows that certainly at the start he was more in love with June than she was with him.

John Duzik was born June Haver eight—nine years older than she. He was no Adonis or Romeo, although a nice-looking, stockily built man with wavy brown hair and a spirit which he never lacked. June was a devout Catholic, a good and a good man. He was the last person in the old June, or anyone else, would ever think could innocently bring her heart—the heartache of self-reproach—or a relief that, paradoxically, was to lead her joy and peace.

There is no doubt that Dr. Duzik fell deeply in love with June. Whether she did with him then is another question. While she was making, Oh Beautiful Doll, he slipped an engagement ring on her finger, and she accepted it but she didn't wear it. Pretty soon she gave it back.

Payers broken, June fell in love for a greater spiritual love. Or perhaps she couldn't forget Jimmy Zito, with whom she had kept in touch. Shortly after June and John Duzik reached and passed the climax of their first romance, Jimmy Zito turned up in Hollywood again. He seemed like the same old Jimmy—except for a tiny black moustache—the boy who had first touched her heart. When this time he asked her to marry him, June found herself saying, "Yes." They were married in Las Vegas on March 9, 1947. Because both were Catholic they were remarried at St. Timothy's 17 densest, June. Her gave her heart impulsively; romantically and as it turned out—tragically. They lived together three months almost to the day. Nobody knows just why her disilusionment was so great, but she won her divorce, March 22, 1948. It was the end of mental cruelty and Jimmy Zito did not contest it.

Some close friends of June's think that it was her broken marriage which first pointed June toward a nun's life. "June," says one, "carried away a deep sense of sin from the divorce court. She felt she had flouted the laws of her church. She felt she must make penance. Her desire became a chance to exipate her transgression."

This might seem strange reasoning in the face of June's second and serious romance with John Duzik, who stepped back into her life with love and understanding. There is no doubt that he had worshipped her always—and June's family, along with everyone else, believe him now to be the right one in her life, as well. Yet, while they were at last engaged, there was never any definite date to marry, as most people suppose. There could not be with June until she had been absolved by her conscience and her church. She had not received absolusion by August 1949 when John entered St. John's hospital for a simple operation for stomach ulcers. June was then making The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady. For a while he seemed progressing perfectly, then internal bleed-

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Six years ago when I was living in Chicago I used to go frequently to the Rainbow Gardens and dance the night away. When Les Brown played there I went with some friends and we were immediately impressed by his vivacious vocalist. Her long blonde hair, sunny smile and tremendous personality seemed to contribute to her particular type of glemor.

As we were leaving the crowded lobby I dropped my handbag and the girl stepped over instantly to pick it up for me. She smiled so genuinely, I knew I'd always be a fan of hers, even though at the time she was not yet famous.

Today she is deservedly famous as Doris Day.

Mary Ann Hoskins
Alton, Illinois

NOW TWO GREAT

Auto Snak-Bar

THE ALL NEW

LEADING

AUTOTRAY, JR.

Now introducing the All New Autto Snak-Bar AUTOTRAY, JR.—Fits in window—all models. has two upside-down keyholes in insert flange for easy mounting on beach and lawn furniture, card tables, etc. Holds drink absolutely spill-proof in deep well. Complete and levelable and stackable. Hammerlold grey finish.
ing started, and later uremic poisoning. For eight weeks, while she danced and sang on the set, sometimes until midnight, June went through a private Gethsemane, as her fiancé lingered agonizingly between life and death. Eight weeks—Eighty-four hospital admissions. June slept in the hospital on a cot, prayed in the chapel, kept vigil by his bed every free hour. But to no avail. On the Sunday morning of October 30th, John Duzik died.

One close friend is sure that when she made her final decision. "June felt that John Duzik's death was her punishment, and a sign from Above." She believes. "She felt responsible. From that minute she put herself in the hands of God and was determined to find a way to walk in His steps. She found the way at her place of suffering, St. John's Hospital. The Sisters of Charity who staff St. John's helped her... not by persuasion but by example of their work and their lives. June was a patient at St. John's herself four separate times—for ulcers, for an appendectomy, for a ruptured abdominal organ, for a twisted back. These operations and illnesses were devastating to her frail body—she lost pounds she could not afford—but they were nourishing to her soul, and they brought her the opportunities she was seeking to prepare herself for the selfless life of mercy which she longed for. During the past three years June has spared nothing of herself. She has eaten irregular meals, exhausted her strength, risen at dawn to set out on endless rounds of benefits for needy causes, driven and flown thousands of miles—often alone—to raise money for or bring cheer to orphanages, small churches and parish houses. To visit hospitals and private homes. To none of this has there been the slightest touch of sadness or gloom. Friends who have worried about June Haver's "loneliness" because she had few dates with men and—by Hollywood standards—little fun, need not have. "I have never been happier in my life," June told me once during the summer. "Anyone who has really been close to her knows that despite her skinny sleep and driving urge to give of herself, she has never been gay, never more beautiful, radiant, or desirable. During the three days that June spent in seclusion with her family before flying to Kansas, Evelyn, who is closest of all to June, asked her this question. She said: "June, if you had received your dispensation from the church, if John had lived, do you think you would ever have given your life to God?" "Yes," June replied. "I think I would. I think it was meant to be." June's Holy Pilgrimage and visit to the Holy Land, brought her spiritually much nearer to her own consecration. Coming back she spent a week at the mother convent of the Sisters of Charity in Kansas. They have realized that a man's life is a positive one, a life of service and accomplishment, for which a girl, such as herself who had lived and loved, known the world and its people, is far more fitted for church work than one who has shrunk from experience. She learned that the Sisters of Charity is a penitent order, opening its doors to girls who have been married, lost their husbands through death or even divorce, experienced sin or sorrow in their lives. It is an American Sisterhood, founded 86 years ago by the daughter of a Methodist minister, converted, as June was, to Catholicism.

In spite of her qualifications, June was given no promise then, and sought none herself. "Although she knew what she wanted, she was not certain she was ready, still unsure that it was His will for her to serve. The past two years have been a test and vigil for June, preparing herself for sisterhood and awaiting signs of His will. They have come to her unmistakably. She has experienced miracles of faith. The first appeared the week she returned to Hollywood from her pilgrimage in 1951. June had departed carrying a sadness deep in her heart. It concerned a special friend of hers, a paraplegic in the Naval Hospital. He was apparently hopelessly paralyzed and wasting away; doctors gave him only weeks to live. On her journey June prayed daily for him, made offerings in his name at the shrines she visited, asked the holy people she met each day to pray, too. Back home, she hurried to the hospital but he was nowhere. She was afraid to ask. The answer seemed plain: He had died in spite of her appeals, just as John Duzik had.

That night her telephone rang. "Hi, Junie," greeted a strong voice. "It's me. How am I? I'm great! Got out of the hospital. Have my own house. How about a date tonight?" June raced over, her eyes brimming and her heart surging with the meaning of this.

Soon after, on the International Film Festival flying junket June took through South America, a little black native girl came up to June in Trinidad and handed her a letter. "It was never opened" June's story, what was already in her heart, even that she was a Catholic. Minutes later when their plane took off, the ruggedness of life still missed her death by inches. Further on, at the Rio de Janeiro airport almost the same thing happened. A Brazilian girl again handed June a missive. It was her plan which had failed to rise, circled. dumped 2,500 gallons of gas, fought its way back through a blinding fog and miraculously brought them safely down.

These are only samples. June has had them all along—children doomed to die, who got well when she prayed, private agonies only she knows about, great and small miracles of faith that were signs to her of approaching Grace. After June left for her novitiate, her family took over her mail. Only then did they learn about the hundreds of private charity cases she interested herself in.

Last summer June knew she was ready. She had a cleared application for the Sisters of Charity. Her heart was in her eyes. She had a body that was fit—as it must be to enter St. Mary's. Her health was checked, her medical certificate signed, her list of supplies every postulate must take signed. June's papers were stamped with the blessing of her family, she had the summons, the call, and the Grace she knew she must feel. She wanted to enter the class in August.

But Evelyn Haver, her proud Christ, June Haver could not be selfish. The Girl Next Door had been delayed by the accident in which she injured her back. She stayed to finish it. Her courage in laugh ing, her love for Hollywood, her love and kicking her pretty legs as she always had— with her sacred secret and desire consuming her—is symbolic of what, all her Holy Haver. No, June Haver, pride—to please the public. Now there is something else—God.

"I love Hollywood. I always have," were among the last words June spoke in that very little voice. "I have found something I love better, that's all."

_The Bargain of the Year!_ 

- A subscription to Modern Screen is a saving device that lasts all year—and it’s fun beside. It saves pennies for your purse, 40 of them; it saves disappointment when MS is sold out at the newsstand; it saves time. Just fill out the coupon below, clip it, and mail it with your remittance to the address listed. Then sit back and listen for the postman who rings 12 happy times a year.

**Subscription in the USA for one year $2.00; two years $3.50. In Canada, one year $2.00; two years $4.00. Foreign subscriptions $3.00 a year. Please send checks or money orders only.**

MODERN SCREEN Subscription Department, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

5/3

END
WEAV-TEX new magic material
gives CLOPAY draperies
amazing true-cloth
look and feel!

but cost only
$1.98*
$1.59 and $1.00 a pair*

WEAV-TEX is a remarkable new plastic wonder-material offered to you only by Clopay. It has the qualities of expensive cloth because actual cloth is used to form the texture. You'll love its wonderful soft true-cloth texture... its luxurious true-cloth feel... the way it hangs in straight, full folds. But most of all, you'll marvel at these magic qualities... WEAV-TEX draperies won't fade, fray or tear and are fire-resistant. They're absolutely...

Carefree  A busy homemaker's dream. Whisk off dirt and stains with a damp cloth, right at the window. No trips to the washer or Dry Cleaner's. No ironing. They are absolutely...

Wrinkle-free  TWIST THEM, PULL THEM, CRUSH THEM! Magic WEAV-TEX draperies smooth right out. Won't retain wrinkles or creases.

Color-coordinated  To harmoniously enrich every room in your home with the soft look of an expensive drapery finish. Choose your WEAV-TEX draperies from 15 excitingly new patterns in 75 different color combinations. Buy your WEAV-TEX draperies at your 5 & 10c, Variety or Department Store.

COLOR-COORDINATED PATTERNS

Buy Famous CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES where you buy WEAV-TEX Draperies
They clean easily, cost less, last longer, fit every budget. In 36" X 6' size, without roller buy...
Lintone for 29c*, Washable 59c*, Textured All-Plastic $1.19*

New and different CLOPAY SHOWER CURTAINs
with a built-in soap pocket. Color-coordinated patterns that harmonize with your bathroom and linens. Matching Window Curtains. Buy the best at a sensible $1.98* each.

*Some Prices Higher Denver and West
A medical specialist is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. 45 percent of this group have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years.

After ten months, the medical specialist reports that he observed...

no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

MUCH MINDER

CHESTERFIELD IS BEST FOR YOU
Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!

New magic formula... milder than castile!
There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic... this new lightning-quick lather... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its lightning-quick lather... its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!

New Lightning Lather—
a magic new formula that silken's your hair.

Milder than castile—
so mild you could use Drene every day!

A NEW EXPERIENCE...
See your hair left silky bright!
This new formula flashes into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so quick, yet so thick!
Proved protection for you and your children

New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

Even one brushing stops bad breath all day!* Every brushing fights tooth decay!

You no far more than clean your teeth when you brush them with new White Ipana Tooth Paste.

Scientists proved regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria — including decay and bad-breath bacteria — by an average of 84%.

*Brush once — stop bad breath all day.
In laboratory tests, new Ipana stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing.

The effective way to help avoid tooth decay. Brushing teeth regularly after eating with new Ipana helps stop tooth decay the most effective way known. Ask your dentist.

And here’s how to take care of your gums — before gum troubles start. Brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Like 2 to 1 For Flavor
You and your children will love Ipana’s new, more refreshing flavor. It was approved 2 to 1 by thousands of families who tried it at home.

Get new good-tasting white Ipana today — for the mouth health of all your family. Look for it in the yellow-and-red striped carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

New White Ipana —
Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria
modern screen

stories

HAS JOHN WAYNE GONE AGAIN? .................................................. by Arthur L. Charles 16
HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS (Mario Lanza) ................................ by Jim Newton 21
LANA AND LEX (Lana Turner-Lex Barker) .................................. by Marsha Saunders 36
HOLLYWOOD AND YOUTH ............................................................ 41
OUR ROSIE (Rosemary Clooney) ................................................... by Jane Wilkie 43
AT THE TOP AND QUITTING (Marlon Brando) .............................. by Steve Cronin 45
TOO FAR, TOO FAST? (Robert Wagner) ........................................ by Imogene Collins 47
SEX IS NOT ENOUGH (Marilyn Monroe, and others) ..................... by Jim Henaghan 49
DON’T BLAME FARLEY (Farley Granger) ...................................... by Pamela Morgan 51
HOLLYWOOD’S YOUNGEST MOTHER (Lis Taylor) .......................... by Jack Wade 53
BITTER TRIUMPH (Donald O’Connor) ......................................... by William Barbour 55
HOW YOUNG HOLLYWOOD LIVES ............................................... by Marvo Peterson 57
DOES MOTHER KNOW BEST? (Debra Paget) ................................. by Alice Hoffman 61
HER HEART WON’T BE BROKEN (Debbie Reynolds) .................... by Consuelo Anderson 63
LOVE’S YOUNG DREAM (Barbara Buick) ...................................... by Susan Trent 65
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME (Richard Burton) .................................... 67

departments

THE INSIDE STORY ........................................................................ 4
LOUELLA PARSONS’ GOOD NEWS .............................................. 6
TV TALK ......................................................................................... 14
MOVIE REVIEWS ........................................................................... 28
SWEET AND HOT ............................................................................ 38
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ....................................................... 76

On the Cover: Color Picture of Debbie Reynolds by John Engstead
Other picture credits on page 91

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor
DURBIN HORNER
executive editor
CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

SUSANNE EPPES, story editor
CAROL PLAINE, associate editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARICIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date.
Give both your old and new address, enclosing in possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under
Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

of publication at Washington and South Aves., Danville, Ill. Executive and editorial offices, 511 Fifth
Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.; Dell Subscription Service: 20 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.; Chicago
advertising office, 201 South LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; George T. DeLancey, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-
President, Albert P. DeLancey, Vice-President. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada; International
copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic
Works. All rights reserved under the Berne and Universal Copyright Conventions. Single copy price 80c. Subscriptions In U. S. A.,
$2.00 one year, $3.00 two years, $5.00 three years, Canadian Subscriptions in Canada, $5.00; two years
$4.00; three years, $6.00; Foreign, $5.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the
Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of
characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—all the name of any living person is used in it purely a
coincidence. Trademark No. 301778
Fright
FULLY
FUNNY!

Mystery-comedy at it’s best!
Meet two swing-happy sweethearts who dish out hot licks amid blood-chilling menace!

M-G-M presents JUNE ALLYSON VAN JOHNSON

BROADWAY'S STAGE HIT IS ON THE SCREEN!
Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse who did “Arsenic And Old Lace” have done it again! A riot of fun!

Remains to be seen

CO-STARRING
LOUIS CALHERN • ANGELA LANSBURY • JOHN BEAL • DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

SCREEN PLAY BY SIDNEY SHELDON • BASED ON THE PLAY BY HOWARD LINDSAY, RUSSEL CROUSE • PRESENTED ON THE STAGE BY LELAND HAYWARD • DIRECTED BY DON WEIS • PRODUCED BY ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

AN M-G-M PICTURE
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 the Rita Hayworth-Dale Robertson friendship really blazing? —G.R., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.
A. Just getting started.

Q. I understand that Judy Garland once had big eyes for Mario Lanza. Is this true or just gossip? —F.F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
A. True.

Q. Was Mervyn LeRoy ever engaged to Ginger Rogers? If so, why didn’t he marry her? —T.R., NEW YORK, N.Y.
A. LeRoy broke off with Miss Rogers and was married to Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner of Warner Brothers.

Q. I’ve been told that Jimmy Stewart is a millionaire who owns TV stations in Denver and Ft. Worth. Is that on the level? —D.E., PRINCETON, N.J.
A. Stewart has financial interests in Denver and Ft. Worth; is worth at least a million.

Q. How much money was Mona Freeman awarded in her divorce from wealthy Pat Nemer? —C.H., FELHAM, N.Y.
A. $75 a month for the support of little Mona, age 5.

Q. Is it true that Frank Sinatra can always get work at the Copacabana in New York and night clubs in Miami and Las Vegas because of his friendship with certain individuals? —C.Y., DALLAS, TEX.
A. Yes.

Q. Can you tell me to whom Steve Cochran has been married? —O.Y., MIAMI, FLA.
A. Florence Lockwood and Fay McKenzie.

Q. Doesn’t Cyd Charisse have a boy who is almost 11 years old? How can she be listed as being only 23? —S.G., NORTH BERGEN, N.J.
A. Charisse is 27; has a 10½-year-old boy by her first marriage.

A. Twentieth released it recently.

Q. I thought if you were divorced you could not become a nun. How about this and June Haver? —L.N., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.
A. There is no such ecclesiastical rule.

Q. Can you tell me how many times Fernando Lamas has been married and whether Lana Turner really had him thrown out of Latin Lovers? —H.Y., CHARLESTON, MASS.
A. Lamas has been married two times; after their fight she was not particularly anxious to have Lamas as her leading man in the film.

Q. Is it true that Esther Williams is expecting another baby? —B.H., MESAFA, MINN.
A. It’s true.

Q. In pictures does Ava Gardner use her own singing voice? —D.W., MILLBRAE, CALIF.
A. No.

Q. I’ve heard that Jerry Lewis is not liked among Hollywood people. Why is this? —B.B., NORFOLK, VA.
A. He’s very well-liked.

Q. I’ve read that a studio campaign is underway which will depict Marilyn Monroe as a normal, average young woman instead of a sex boat. Is this true? —C.G., CHAPEL HILL, N.C.
A. Yes.

Q. Whatever happened to those plans about starring Deanna Durbin and Mario Lanza in one picture? —E.R., VANCOUVER, B.C.
A. Deanna is back in Hollywood and discussions are under way at MGM.

Q. Another magazine says that Jane Powell is finished now that she’s grown up. Can’t she develop sex appeal as Liza Taylor did? —I.G., PORTLAND, ORE.
A. Jane and Liza are built differently. (Continued on page 18)
TODAY! ... here on this very page! ... is an amazing contest opportunity that combines fascinating puzzle-solving enjoyment with fabulous cash prizes ... PLUS a guaranteed reward for EVERYBODY who completes the contest.

Yes, winning in this contest may make your dreams come true ... may help you realize your fondest hopes and ambitions! This is a contest in which you may win thousands of dollars and where EVERYONE who completes the contest gets a fine CRÉSINE Watch—as part of a vast program to familiarize the American public with this superb line of timepieces.

See Sample Puzzle at Upper Right!

This contest consists of puzzles like the SAMPLE PUZZLE above. Note how we filled it in ... how we identified the objects and found that certain letters in the names of the objects stood out from the rest, thus to spell out the name of the famous person pictured at the bottom. Read the explanation carefully.

Act Now—Win A Fortune! Right now! Take the first step toward winning! Act to take advantage of this opportunity to bring wealth and abundance into your life, and into the lives of those dear to you. Write or mail the coupon below, and we will send you—WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION—puzzles and full details explaining what you have to do to WIN.

For details, send post card with your name and address, or mail coupon to FAMLY PUZZLE CONTEST Dept. 2-20-27 NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Note how we identified each object with a word or as many letters as there are boxes in diagram accompanying it. In upper left we filled in word SHOE; in upper right, TIE. In lower left, TIGER; in lower right, PURSE. Note that some of the letters fall into boxes with a little circular frame inside. Those "circled" letters, arranged in proper order, spell out the famous name we are looking for.

Here, for example, the "circled" letters are H T R U. So we run through the names printed under the puzzle and discover Babe RUTH, whose last name is the correct solution, and whose picture you see at bottom.

SAMPLE PUZZLE

SHOE

TIE

TIGER

PURSE

CLUE:
A member of baseball's "Hall of Fame" and one of the greatest figures in Sports

Solution is One of the Names Below:

Zone GREY
Aarun BURR
Babe RUTH

FAMILY PUZZLE CONTEST
Dept. 2-20-27
P. O. Box 195, New York 10, N. Y.

Mail me FREE PUZZLES and full particulars, including Entry Form and Official Rules of the FAMILY PUZZLE CONTEST in which a First Prize of $50,000.00, Second Prize of $10,000.00 and Third Prize of $7,500.00 will be awarded as part of 500 cash prizes totaling $100,000.00.

NAME Mr. 
(Please Mr. MRS. Print) Miss
ADDRESS
CITY (Zone)
STATE

NOTE: Fill in below name and address of FRIEND or RELATIVE you wish content details sent to:

NAME Mr. MRS. Miss
ADDRESS
CITY STATE
HOLLYWOOD'S MOST GLITTERMING PERSONALITIES TURNED OUT EN MASSE FOR THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURES "ACADEMY AWARD" CELEBRATION

For a hot first-report from the Stork, it looked as though Elizabeth Taylor Wilding would have another baby, her second within a year! With their infant son, Mike Howard, not yet two months old, Liz had reason to believe she was to become a mother again. Her doctor confirmed her suspicions on the first diagnosis.

Everything was in an uproar! Her bosses at MGM were staggered because a deal had just been completed to loan Liz to Paramount to replace Vivien Leigh in *Elephant Walk.*

Her agent and manager were equally up in the air. The only people calm, cool and collected during all the hubbub were the two most vitally interested, Elizabeth and Mike.

Even though Liz has started work in poor Vivien Leigh's role, isn't it quite possible that she is keeping a big secret which will be announced at the completion of the picture?

**Oscar Ramblings:** Hollywood's big night goes down in history as the shotgun wedding of television and motion pictures.

Strangely enough, it was the once-despised television that came to the rescue of the Academy, and saved the day. Without the television money, it is doubtful if the Academy could go on.

It was the night that sentiment was rampant. Old favorites stole the limelight. New stars took a back seat while yesterday's favorites, with their gorgeous glamor, gave yesterday's movie fans, and today's, a thrill.

Janet Gaynor, the first star to win an Academy Award, looked very little older than she did when she won Seventh Heaven. The applause was deafening when she walked out in a beautiful pink dress that was especially designed for her by her husband, Adrian, who is no longer a couturier because of his health.

To me, the highlights were the ripples of sympathetic laughter when Shirley Booth tripped on her gown and tore it in her eagerness to clasp her Oscar to her heart. That emotion was good to see.

And Gloria Grahame's beau, Cy Howard, author of "My Friend Irma" and "Life With Luigi," holding his head in his hands when all Gloria could manage to get out was a big "Thank you." "Oh, no!" gasped Cy. "She had the wittiest speech prepared in case she won the supporting Oscar!"

The heart that went into the two awards given Cecil B. de Mille, one the coveted Irving Thalberg special prize, and one for the best picture of the year, The Greatest Show On Earth. At long last, the master showman came into his own.

Jane Wyman's flowing white chiffon gown was the most beautiful...

Ginger Rogers' Dior French gown was so tight she wobbled as she walked. Later she changed her dress for the photographs. I've seen Ginger look so much prettier...

Mistie Gaynor's slinky black dress topped by a black fox stole, the most sophisticated...

Tony Curtis' haircut should have been as short as Janet Leigh's...

Never were the songs presented more disappointingly, although Billy Daniels, Peggy Lee, Johnny Mercer and Celeste Holm sang them...

John Wayne's wit and charm was a highlight as he accepted winning actor award for Gary Cooper and directorial for John Ford...

Obviously, Olivia DeHavilland had just had a fresh permanent...

Last, but far from least, a great big hand to Bob Hope! Without his charm, wit and stage presence as M.C., this year's Oscar event might have sagged into general ennui...

I sincerely believe that if the glamour and excitement of our annual awards is to be brought back to its former brilliance, Hollywood should return to the lovely dinner-dance Oscar nights of years ago.

Mrs. Dean Martin says I played Cupid in bringing about the reconciliation between her and Dean after I broke the scoop that Jeanne was expecting a baby (their second) in September.

"I didn't think anyone knew my secret," Jeanne told me when I checked the story, "I didn't want this to influence Dean's decision about coming home."

I told her I had talked to Dean first—and...
that he didn't know about the baby until I broke the news. He said, "I want to take Jeanne to Europe with me when Jerry and I go to play the Palladium." Twenty-four hours later, Dean moved back home—clothes, golf clubs, records and Jeanne's photograph (which he took with him when they parted).

This is the second time I've told a "riffing" husband that his wife was expecting—and the news led to a reconciliation. The first was Gregory Peck, at that time AWOL from Greta until I told him the big news. Like Dean, he went home and I couldn't be happier in the role I played both times.

I wish I could say that the Gregory Pecks had stayed reconciled. But I'm told that when Greg comes back to this country, he and Mrs. Peck will make their separation official. They haven't been getting along for many months, and he intends to ask Greta for a divorce.

By the time you read this, the John Waynes' financial settlement should be worked out. Chata (Mrs. Wayne) has been very difficult to pin down, although John has offered her what most people think is a liberal alimony.

Just when everybody was looking in Mexico for Chata, she suddenly appeared on the Hollywood scene and is seen in night clubs and around town with the handsome Steve Cochran.

One night when I saw her at Ciro's, the Hollywood night spot, she was done to the teeth in a white ermine cape and seemed to laugh a lot and to be very gay.

There have been rumors from time to time that John has been fascinated by a Peruvian beauty, but every time I've seen him he's been alone.

I keep hearing again and again that Rita Hayworth is being very quiet, staying home and working hard. I believe it's true that she's working hard, but as for staying home, there are two schools of thought on that.

Rita seems fascinated with Manuel Rojan, Argentine polo player. Talk is that he was engaged to a Nevada beauty when he met the gorgeous Rita. The Nevada girl was promptly forgotten. Of course where the Hayworth girl is concerned, the picture could change, but up to now Rita has only been seen with Manuel.

I believe Rita is still in love with Aly Khan, but she couldn't take his Continental way of life and his dating of so many other women.

Will Gene Tierney be able to take it if she becomes the next Princess Aly Khan? Well, Gene has more sophistication and more European training. She's been abroad so much and attended school in Switzerland.

Another baby for Liz Taylor? ... "Cupid" reconciles the Dean Martins ... Lana Turner's latest feud ... Rita Hayworth's newest beau ... Plushiest premiere of the month: Call Me Madam ...

I've forgotten how long they've been married, but I've never known a husband to make such ardent love to his wife (of longer than 24 hours) than John Bromfield does to Corinne Calvet.

The other night, in a crowded nightclub, my chair was backed up practically to their table and I couldn't help overhearing their whisperings. As my ears pinkened, I heard John say:

"Stop, stop. I can't stand it when you look that way,"

From Corinne: "What way, dolling?"—as though she didn't know!

"So beeeautifull," sighed her old man, "so dewy and young and fresh and inviting!"

"Oh, dolling," breathed Corinne, "keep talking, keep talking. Say more."

"Just luscious, just beautiful," John whispered between clenched teeth, crushing a rose into the palm of her hand. "The most beautiful woman in this room. The most beautiful woman in the world, that's you!"

Zounds! And Wowie! No wonder they stay married. (Other husbands please note!)

I was the only reporter to visit Vivien Leigh during her short and tragic stay in Hollywood before her complete collapse—possibly the end of her career. (Continued on page 8)
NEW FINER MUM

Buy one jar get another FREE

Special Offer to get you to try New MUM with M-3 — Destroys Odor Bacteria — Stops Underarm Odor All Day

Don’t miss this wonderful, no-risk chance to try new Mum cream deodorant. Mum now contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor-bacteria — doesn’t give perspiration odor a chance to start.

Gentle Mum is safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won’t rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

So get a trial size jar — FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one jar. And you’ll be thrilled with its amazingly effective protection or 39¢ will be mailed to you promptly.

*Accept this Offer!*

Use bonus jar of Mum with M-3. If you don’t agree that Mum is the best deodorant for you, return unused 39¢ jar (before July 31, 1953), with your name and address, to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. MM, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y., for 39¢ refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A.)

Available only while supplies last.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

continued

Vivien, with whom I have always been friendly, sent word that she would like to see me on the fabulously expensive set of Elephant Walk, the most costly set ever constructed on the Paramount lot.

Although it was the very day before her breakdown, Vivien greeted me warmly and said she thought I had lost a great deal of weight. “What did you do with the rest of you?” she laughed.

She said she loved Ceylon (where she and Dana Andrews and the company had been working previous to Hollywood) and wanted to go back there. She also spoke glowingly of her daughter who has a “nice beau.”

“I hope she marries him,” Vivien said, “and makes me a grandmother.”

The suddenness of her illness was a big shock. The next day she was unable to report to work—Sir Laurence Olivier was enroute from Rome to be with her—and after a week of indecision as to whether or not she could finish the picture, it was decided to take her home to England.

I could hardly control the tears as I wrote the story of her leavetaking: “One of the world’s great actresses was borne to the plane on a stretcher, unconscious. ... The tears streaming down the face of her husband ... in what may be the ending of a brilliant career in the theater.”

A SK ME to name one of the wisest wives in Hollywood and I would have to put the name of Dorothy (Mrs. Robert) Mitchum high on the list.

When Bob became temperamental and difficult several weeks ago—Dorothy invited him to move into an apartment until he could get his nerves under better control around her and the children.

“It’s all my fault,” a penitent Bob told me, “I don’t blame Dorothy for not putting up with me. If I had stayed home, it would have meant more quarrels. Instead, she put me out—and now I can hardly wait to get back to her and the children.

“I love my kids. I grew up without love and affection of a father and I never want that to happen to my children. Do you think Dorothy will take me back?”

I didn’t tell him—but I knew she would.

Never for a moment did Dorothy Mitchum consider divorcing Bob. She did not consult a
The half-man half-monster who stalked a panic-swept city for the show-world beauties he craved for his Chamber of Horrors!

"House of Wax"

From Warner Bros. The first feature picture produced by a major studio in 3D!

Starring Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones, Paul Picerni

Screen play by Crane Wilbur, directed by Andre deToth, produced by Bryan Foy
Use new **White Rain** shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

**CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS**
**CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS**

**LOUELLA PARSONS' good news**

lawyer nor did she sob on the shoulders of her girl friends about her troubles. She just stayed home, minding her business and her children, dignified, calm, cool and collected during the whole squabble.

If only other wives would be as proud there would be fewer broken marriages. Salute, Dorothy!

**THE PLUSHIEST** premiere of the year, *Call Me Madam*, brought out all the dolls in their jewels and finery and the boys in their most formal attire because everyone wanted to see how the musical comedy Queen of Broadway, Ethel Merman, fared in her movie. They weren’t long finding out. Madam Merman knocked them cold.

Jeanne Crain, wearing the largest brilliant earrings ever seen in this town (covering part of the cheek as well as the entire ear) looked gorgeous. But she and Paul Brinkman became slightly annoyed when they were routed out of their seats twice because of ushers’ mistakes. (You never expect these small misadventures to happen to movie stars as they happen to you and me.)

Donald O’Connor came stag—and sad. He’s still carrying a torch for Gwen and didn’t loosen up and smile until later, at the private party given by 20th at Romanoffs. With just everybody congratulating him on his great performance, Don broke into a little jig of happiness.

At both the preem and the party—Janet Leigh surprised with a modest décolletage.

Dorothy Lamour, like Joan Crawford, believes in always appearing in public looking as a screen queen should and she was regally glamorous with her dark hair piled high and a rhinestone ornament clipped in her braid. Dottie’s gown was cream satin, the panels lined in cerise.

**Terry Moore** and her escort, Nicky Hilton Jr., argued clear up the aisle after the picture about whether they should catch Peggy Lee’s opening at the Coconut Grove (the same night) or drop by a drive-in for a hamburger. Terry was for the Grove—Nicky, the hamburger.

To me, the prettiest “girl” of the evening was Mrs. Joel McCrea (Frances Dee), lovely, slim, still as beautiful as when she was a...
The bullet was waiting for Colby at the Zapotec gate... guarding the ancient Mayan temples and exotic riches hidden from the world! This was the terror-trek that took him to the gold Sun-Goddess—and a golden-haired spitfire who almost spelled disaster!

FILMED ON THE SPOT IN THE FAR REACHES OF MEXICO'S FABULOUS OAXACA!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT GLENN FORD IN THE SUSPENSE-SCORCHING ADVENTURE OF THE

Plunder of the Sun

DIANA LYNN PATRICIA MEDINA

SCREEN PLAY BY JONATHAN LATIMER PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
Betty's Wretched

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".

FREE 24-page booklet, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Flame Wrapper). Write Dept. F-63, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

leading lady although Frances whispered in my ear, "Louella, our oldest son is 18 now—and as tall as his father."

I hope this answers all the fans who have written me to the effect that, "June Haver is too young to have given up her career and fame to enter a convent."

A very close friend of hers, whose identity I promised not to reveal, recently received a letter from June.

She says she has never in her life been so happy as she is since entering the novitiate in Kansas. And, she particularly wants all her friends and fans to know that her decision was not prompted by unhappiness in love, but by a sincere spiritual hunger and the desire to serve and help others.

FOR THE first time in her life, Lana Turner is starting a movie (Flame And The Flesh) on the verge of a feud with her leading man. Usually, Lana and her screen lovers start work with either publicity or fairly authentic rumors hinting at a romance.

But Lana was burned when she read that Carlos Thompson, the South American charmer sponsored by Yvonne De Carlo, had informed the MGM publicity department that he wanted no "romance nonsense" linking his name with Lana's.

"Humphhh," said Lana when she read this, "he needn't worry about that! Who does he think he is? ? ? ? !"

I'm sure that Carlos, who has very good manners, did not intend his remark to offend Lana, who is pretty well wrapped up in a romance with Lex Barker these days.

Being a foreigner, he may not have gone about it in the most tactful way because he is not yet completely at home speaking our language.

What Carlos meant to convey is that he did not in any way want to offend Yvonne De Carlo who, whether they admit they are in love or not, is the No. 1 girl in his life. Yvonne has been very good to him and is entirely responsible for his being in Hollywood.

While she is away in Europe, the tall, not-too-dark and very handsome Carlos does not want Yvonne to get the idea he is playing the field.

He did take Piper Laurie to the Academy Award ceremonies, but that was because Piper's studio felt she should be with some handsome, attractive, good looking young man.

JUST WUS!': Are Rock Hudson and Rocky (Mrs. Gary) Cooper a romance as they seem to be? Or are they more intrigued with the 'cute' way their names go together, Rock and Rocky? ... Vera-Ellen was wistful and a little sad explaining why she and Dean Miller broke up: "We tried and tried to overcome a difference in religion—but our faiths are too important in both our lives. The sad part is—I think we could have been very happy together if it hadn't been for this one big barrier. We were very much in love." ... Frank Sinatra has the Columbia gang eating out of his hand—he's being so charming making From Here To Eternity. Well, I've always said he can charm the birds off the trees when he wants to, and apparently he wants to. ... As far back as I can remember in his love life, Evelyn Keyes is the first blonde John Wayne has ever dated. Both his wives, Jo and Chata, are Latin types, tall, brunette and slender, ... The doctors have told Esther Williams she can continue swimming up to two weeks before her (third) baby is born. In Grandma's day, an expectant mother in a bathing suit would have been scandalous. ... Never was a girl more besides herself, almost out of her mind, than June Allyson during the black hours when it seemed that Dick Powell might not live after two major operations within a week. And, just a few years ago they were hinting that June and Dick were drifting ... Isn't Terry Moore giving quite a good acting performance saying she doesn't care that Nicky Hilton and Nora Haymes are dating?

The Letter Box: Help! I can't begin to count the letters, most of them violently pro Marilyn Monroe after Joan Crawford gave her a blistering piece of her mind in print. 98 out of 100 yipped that they'd never known, "one actress to make such a violent attack on another. Why doesn't Crawford pick on someone her own size? Joan's jealous, etc., etc., etc."

Only a handful took the view that, "Joan's advice to Marilyn is good—if she'll take it and stop crying."

Anyway, this tempest between Joan and Marilyn was the biggest topic in this month's mail.

Now, that's all for now. See you next month.

Gloria Swanson, who closely missed receiving an Oscar for Sunset Boulevard, folks over old times with Academy President Charles Brackett.

Ginger Rogers, who won an Oscar for Kitty Foyle in 1940, attended the Oscar derby with her husband, Frenchman Jacques De Bergerac.
They're even funnier when they're Scared Stiff!

Dig those crazy spook-busters!
They've got bats in the belfry, spooks in the spare room and gals on their mind!

In Hal Wallis' Production

SCARED STIFF

Ghosts, gangsters, gals, gags, songs in the most hilarious haunted castle that ever made you scream with laughter!

AND CO-STARRING

LIZABETH SCOTT
CARMEN MIRANDA

WITH

GEORGE DOLenz · DOROTHY MALONE · WILLIAM CHING
Directed by George Marshall · Screenplay by Herbert Baker
and Walter DeLeon · Additional Dialogue by Ed Simmons and Norman Lear
Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
ROBERT Q. LEWIS' NEXT PROBLEMS: Bob Lewis tells me his "next problem" is getting married. "Life is a series of problems," is the way he puts it, "and my next problem is whether to marry. I am making good money and have all the material things I ever wanted. I almost got married twice. Once, when I was a student I loved a girl, but everybody told us we were too young, and we drifted apart. The second time was when I wasn't doing too well. I was only making about $200 a week [he's serious!] as a New York disk jockey, and the girl's father wanted me to quit radio and go into a business. The girl thought her father was right. And that broke it up!"

I asked Bob what his ideal was. "She should know enough about show business to talk about it," he said, "because I'm always talking shop. And she should be well dressed. Not expensively dressed, but she must know how to put herself together. I like people who look well. She doesn't have to be the prettiest girl, either."

Bob, now 32, is living alone in a beautifully furnished three-room penthouse apartment in a midtown hotel. It's an apartment that has everything—except a wife.

MARIA RIVA WANTS A BIG FAMILY: Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria Riva, has two sons, Michael, 4, and Peter, 2, and plans a big family. "Our next sons," she told me, "will be named, Paul, Christopher and Stephen in that order. And if I have a sixth son then Bill [her husband] said I could call him William."

"What would happen if you had a daughter?" I asked. "No, no," she laughed, "we just don't think about that. We just know we'll have a family of sons." She says Bill played a "trick" on her when she came out of the other after their second son was born. "I saw Bill smiling at me and holding up two fingers. I thought he meant twins, and I shrieked with joy. But he meant a second son!"

She says, "I wanted to have a baby every second year, but we skipped this year, so that I can build up my television career first."

She adds, "Mommy baby-sits for us often, and takes the children to the park, too. Her husband is tall, Italian-born, and works at NBC."

ARTHUR GODFREY'S ANGER: There've been hard feelings between Arthur Godfrey and one of his sponsors. Their latest run-in came when Godfrey didn't want Robert Q. Lewis to replace him. This had been a long-standing custom; each time Godfrey left the show, Lewis replaced him. But this time, Godfrey stubbornly refused to accept Robert Q. Lewis. Naturally this didn't sit too well with the sponsors, who insisted they, and not Godfrey, had the sole right to pick Arthur's replacements. Finally, Godfrey called in Lewis for a long, private talk. It's reported that Godfrey was annoyed at Lewis' having become "too Broadwayish" in his comedy style. Anyway, the sponsor won and Lewis did replace Godfrey .... Arthur blew up again when a New York daily erroneously referred to singer Julius LaRosa as "Godfrey's successor." Co-workers say Arthur can't stand any suggestion that there might be somebody who's as good as he is! .... And around CBS, Godfrey's temper and ego are so well known that he is referred to (behind his back) as The Great Man.

eye'RE AFEUDING': NBC executives are hopping mad at Frank Sinatra for walking out of the Martha Raye show, after he had okayed the script and signed the contract. Frank flew to London to see Ava, and left NBC with the problem of writing and putting on a new show on six days' notice! Around NBC now, the name Sinatra is poison. .... And, two weeks after this hectic show, Martha Raye collapsed from exhaustion and had to be hospitalized in Miami Beach .... Myron Cohen and Milton Berle had a hot argument one night. (Continued on page 92)
From Out of Space...
came hordes of
green monsters!

Capturing at will
the humans they
need for their own
sinister purposes!

A General of the Army
turned into a
Saboteur!

Parents turned into...
rabid Killers!

Trusted police become...
Arsonists!

Told in a panorama
of fantastic, terrifying
COLOR

HELENA CARTER • ARTHUR FRANZ • JIMMY HUNT
WILLIAM CAMERON MENZIES • RICHARD BLAKE

An Edward L. Alperson Production
Released by 20th Century-Fox

Produced by EDWARD L. ALPERSON, JR.
Has John Wayne gone again?

The guy's a push-over for Senoritas. That's a habit hard to break. Hollywood suspects The Duke is in for another dark-eyed duchess.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Marion Mitchell Morrison, who acts in motion pictures under the singularly simple name of John Wayne, is a rugged, gusty-lusty, two-fisted man of action who likes an occasional drink, an occasional practical joke, and a beautiful Latin-American female around the house all the time.

One of the major faults in Wayne's second marriage, this one to Esperanza Bauer, the Mexican actress known as Chata, was that his woman was unpredictable, not only in temperament but in geography, too.

One out of every four Wayne pictures is filmed away from Hollywood on location. When Duke returned from these jaunts, he never knew whether his Chata—the name means pugnose—would be at home in the San Fernando Valley or down in Mexico with her mother.

Things finally got so bad between these two that a divorce was the only solution.

(Continued on page 33)
What’s new in beauty? When I want to know, I shop Woolworth’s cosmetic counters first. Whether it’s a new product, a smart new make-up color, a newer, more convenient size, I know Woolworth’s has everything I need to create the beauty look in the news.

Be flower-fragrant all day with DARCEL STICK COLOGNE in the lovely purse-size case. Only 39¢

For hair that’s as bright as sunshine...as soft as a cloud...try WHITE RAIN Lotion Shampoo. 30¢, 60¢, $1.00

Check perspiration safely and make beauty-freshness last with HEED SPRAY Deodorant. 25¢, 39¢, 59¢

For softer, more gentle, high-polish brushing use PRO “59” Tooth Brush. Adult and child sizes. 59¢, 29¢

The Prom one Permanent gives you a sleice for normal, easy-to-wave or hard-to-wave hair. Rehills $1.50

LADY ESTHER TALC has a delightful “slip” that makes easing on girdles a pleasure. Try it. 25¢

To feel young...right down to your toes, "satinize" with PACQUINS Silk ‘n Satin Lotion. 25¢, 49¢


Spillpruf 15¢* Nail Brilliance 25¢*

BLONDIES! BRUNETTES! BROWNETTES! Your two most becoming shades of HAZEL BISHOP no-smear lipstick, $1.10*

Chlorodent CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

For a cleaner, healthier mouth use CHLORODENT, largest selling chlorophyll tooth paste. 43¢, 69¢, 89¢

Lady Esther Talc has a delightful “slip” that makes easing on girdles a pleasure. Try it. 25¢

New Pink ‘n Sassy-Pink ‘n Sweet...two luscious Cutex colors for Spring. Spillpruf 15¢* Nail Brilliance 25¢*

*Plus Tax
†Woolworth’s Shopping Reporter
Beauty is my business
says stunning cover girl
SHEILA WALDEN

and
SweetHeart
is my Beauty Soap

Sheila says: "Because I make my living as a model and often pose in low-cut dresses, my skin has to be lovely all over. That's why I use gentle SweetHeart Soap—my daily SweetHeart beauty baths leave my skin beautifully soft, smooth and lovely all over!"

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Get the luxurious bath-size SweetHeart for your daily baths! See, just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother!

Beauty is my business, too!

This little sweetheart, Joan Ruger, is a model at just 8 months. Her mother guards Joan’s beautiful skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Joan’s daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the Big Bath Size Today!
The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin.

THE INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 4)

Q. Can you tell me when Liz Taylor first came to the U. S.?—B.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
A. In 1939.

Q. Is John Wayne’s estranged wife, Esperanza, having him trailed by detectives?—S.L., SEA GIRT, N. J.
A. No.

Q. Are the Jeff Chandlers having trouble again? Is a divorce scheduled pretty soon?—C.H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
A. No.

Q. What sort of a guy is that Jacques de Bergerac that Ginger Rogers married? Is he a playboy, a loafer, a car salesman, a hotel clerk, a lawyer, or what?—H. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. He is a personable young man, currently employed as an actor, who was trying various pursuits when Ginger met him in Paris.

Q. I’ve been told that MGM has never offered to share the profits of a film with any movie star. Is that true?—E. R., TERRE HAUTE, IND.
A. MGM once offered Clark Gable a percentage deal.

Q. Is the Bob Wagner-Barbara Stanwyck stuff friendship or love?—S. S. SUTHERLAND, SASK., CAN.
A. From Miss Stanwyck’s viewpoint, friendship.

Q. Which Hollywood actress owns and wears the most jewelry?—B. L., MCKEESPORT, PA.
A. Paulette Goddard.

Q. If it’s true that no Hollywood night club will serve a drink to anyone under the age of 21, how come Liz Taylor has been photographed drinking in night clubs?—C. L., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Miss Taylor has never had an alcoholic beverage in any Hollywood night club—only lemonade and fruit punch which are permitted minors.

Q. Which actors take permanent waves to keep their hair curly? I’m sure Gregory Peck is one. He sure had the waves in David And Bathsheba.—P. D., HOLLAND, MICH.
A. No actors take permanent waves. When the makeup department wants a straight-haired actor to have curly locks for the screen, his hair is done up with ordinary bobby pins. Gregory Peck was thus made up for his role in David And Bathsheba.

Q. What was Dinah Shore’s real name before she came to Hollywood?—G. F., NASHVILLE, TENN.
A. Fanny Rose.
New Pink’n Sassy
A gay, party-going pink—feminine as it is fiery!
Wear it when you’re in the mood for spur-of-the-moment dates...lively music...a sudden kiss!

Strike Me Pink...
dramatic, sophisticated!
For the moments when you feel very “femme fatale”...in the mood for a Paris hat...a new love affair!

New Pink’n Sweet
Pink for a proposal! Marriage on your mind?
This is for you...a tempting, rosy-soft pink...so romantic,
it’s practically guaranteed to make it happen!

Cutex
puts your love-life in the pink with the prettiest shades of the season! Try some of this Cutex color-magic tonight...and listen for these sure-to-be-whispered words...“Love you in Pink”!

Spillpruf Cutex, 15¢ plus tax
Stay Fast Lipstick, America’s Creamiest Indelible, 25¢ plus tax
Lovely Cutex Trillium Case, contains 3 different shades of Stay Fast Lipstick—color-keyed to your complexion, $1.25 value for only 98¢ (FTM) plus tax.
America's Finest Silverplate

A Product of

The International Silver Company

1847 ROGERS BROS.
brings you

Heritage

Only in solid silver before...
such richness...such timeless beauty!

New Heritage is the first and only silverplate pattern
to bring you the richly elegant design that up to now
you found only in solid silver. Note the deeply carved
ornamentation...wrought with the jewel-like perfection
that makes 1847 Rogers Bros. America's best-loved
silverware.

Heritage can be yours today, to enjoy every meal,
every day, all your life for only $74.50 for eight 6-piece
place settings, plus 4 serving pieces.

See it at your silverware store today. And ask to see
the beautiful matching Heritage holloware, too.
He doesn't want money; he doesn't want laughs. Lanza just wants to sing—his way! And nothing in the way of debts, lawsuits or bad publicity'll stop him.

BY JIM NEWTON

He knows what he wants

Rex Cole, one of the few really conscientious business managers in Hollywood, shuffled into Mario Lanza's home in Bel-Air a few nights ago, his face crossed with lines of worry and care.

Ever since Mario broke irrevocably from Sam Weiler, his first personal manager who took from 10% to 20% of the tenor's tremendous earnings in addition to working as the producer on Lanza's radio show, Rex Cole has been trying to bring some order out of Lanza's financial chaos.

On this particular night he had come to discuss Mario's astronomical telephone bills. However, Mario was rehearsing—he practises anywhere from four to ten hours a day—and Rex Cole knew better than to interrupt.

Rex looked around, and he spied Mario's wife, Betty. She caught the worry in his eyes, rose, and tip-toed from the room. "I'm sorry to disturb you, Betty," Rex began, "but these telephone bills puzzle me, especially the long distance tolls. They run into thousands of dollars."

Betty smiled, and her flashing brown eyes turned soft. "I know," she said. And then with a friendly shoulder pat, "It's all right, Rex. It's for the sick."

Rex Cole shook his head in puzzlement. "I'm sorry, Betty. I don't get it."

"It's very simple," Betty Lanza explained. "Mario sings over the telephone to sick people. If a man writes him, say from Omaha, and tells him that he's going into the hospital for an operation, and he'd love to hear his voice again, Mario can't help himself. He serenades the guy via long distance."

"Not only that. You've seen some of the doctors' bills? Lots of times Mario insists upon flying a specialist to the patient's bedside. Only a few days ago he had a cardiac specialist, a friend of his in (Continued on next page)
What makes them all like Tampax?

Take Nancy. The outdoor type. Always ready for any sport, from cycling to tennis, no matter what the month of the time it is. Even goes in swimming on "those days." How does she do it? With Tampax, the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection. Tampax does away with chafing and irritation; it is so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

Then there's Helene. Overwhelmingly feminine. Suggest for her bureau drawers and satin cases for her lingerie. Helene likes Tampax because it's so dainty. The highly absorbent cotton is easily disposed of, even while visiting. One's hands need never touch the Tampax, thanks to the throw-away applicator.

Ann's a career girl. Efficient and practical. Naturally you'd expect her to use doctor-inventor Tampax. Just the assurance that there can be no revealing outlines, that there isn't any possibility of offending odor, lets her feel poised and sure of herself under any circumstances. And Tampax is so convenient to carry. A month's supply fits in the purse.


(Continued from page 21) New York, examine one of his fans."

Rex Cole has been a business manager in Hollywood for 27 years—he's handled practically every big movie star. But he's accustomed to the unique and the unusual—but this time he was really flabbergasted.

"I know about that Francie Passana girl from New Jersey," he said, "but do you mean to tell me that Mario does this sort of thing regularly?"

Betty nodded. "The more you're around him," she said proudly, "the more you'll see that his heart is as big as his voice."

"All I can say," Cole muttered, "is that the public really doesn't know Mario Lanza."

What Cole meant was that a tremendous hiatus exists between the Lanza that really is and the Lanza people read about.

Here is a man who was not only unemployed, but deprived from making a living from August 1952 to April 1953. He was not only suspended by his studio but prevented from appearing on the Coca-Cola radio show thus causing the cancellation of the program. In addition he was sued for more than $5,000,000 and simultaneously informed by the crack accounting firm of Haskins & Sells that despite having been paid $441,000 in taxes, he was still behind in his payments. Moreover, he was informed that his financial records, whose upkeep he had entrusted to others, were so incredibly inaccurate that the judgment of detailed auditing to determine just how deeply in the red he really was.

With this sort of financial ruin hanging over him, it's a wonder that the man of the people had sung his heart out for ten years and money-wise had nothing to show for it, Lanza still insisted upon answering each and every fan letter, still insisted upon going to the long distance phone to sing to those who were ill or hurt, and to sing for anyone he might help with his voice. No matter what the cost, he refused to break faith with a public that had given him its confidence.

Lanza, who is much more profound and philosophical than most people think—he is an omnivorous reader of cathartic taste—once tried to explain to himself why he felt about his talent and the public.

"The voice I have," he pointed out, "it's difficult for me to express myself about it exactly. I feel it belongs to the public, that it was given to me to entertain people, to make life a little brighter for them."

"That's why I never abuse it. People who tell you I do—they just don't know. When I was a kid in New York I quit the Cen- nese Hour because I knew the voice needed further training."

"I don't want to sound pretentious, but the voice is kind of like a sacred trust to me."

Then I feel. I'm cheating the public, and that's one thing I'll never do. They can sue me for fifty million dollars, a hundred million. I'll declare bankruptcy before I compromise the voice.

This is the man who six months ago was pilloried and described as "an ungrateful ham, a real madman." The barrage of insult has thinned down, but as a result of it, many still do not feel that Lanza is an unstable character of little-boy moods, a sybarite who indulges himself in Farouk-like pleasures, or a bellowing bull who sweeps everything before him.

Actually he is a kind, hyper-sensitive, super-generous artist with a great love of people and an abiding sense of humility. He may stalk his living room, shouting at one of the help, "I'm a tiger, Johnny. Don't mess around with the tiger!" But these exclamations are manifestations of his sense of humor.

Johnny Mobley, the cook who works for the Lanzas, says, "You can judge a man by his friends. Tell you Mr. Lanza treats us all fine. Everyday I bake some cookies, he says, 'The best, Johnny. The best,' I never serve him but what he's extremely grateful. And he treats everyone the same. Tampax makes no difference, white or colored, big star or newspaper boy. He loves people, and he loves to sing for 'em. I'm tellin' you. He's as nice a man as I've ever met. Part of the matter is he's so nice you think maybe he comes from my home state of Arkansas."

Pages could be filled with similar glowing quotations; but they would all point up the same two facts: Mario Lanza is kind, and Mario Lanza is so trusting that he's frequently taken to the cleaners by the very ones he's been kind to.

Here's an example. A few years ago, Mario was approached by a man who'd just been fired from MGM. The fellow was on in years, he'd seen a lot, and Mario without any fuss put him on the payroll as a general assistant. A few months later, this same individual turned up at the studio and offered his services as a spy in the Lanza household. Mario, who was told about this but he refused to believe it. Month after month he carried the guy on the payroll. Finally when it was no longer financially possible, he let the fellow go. He had heard the vituperation, the slander, the insults.

This case can be multiplied half a dozen times, and the wonder of it all is that Lanza still retains his basic faith in the essential good of people. He's a natural optimist.

However he has learned one lesson. Now before he hires new personnel, he is doing a bit of preliminary investigating. He's formed off his old business manager, his old lawyer and surrounded himself with men of proven competence.

It is no secret that Lanza refused to continue with The Student Prince last August because he could not see eye to eye with the studio on the way the production was to be handled.

Marvin felt that his finesse as himself were entitled to the best not only in music but in musically experienced directorial personnel. He just did not want to go through all the agony he had experienced in Because You're Mine, a picture he did not want to make.

People told him that he was being difficult, that he should "stop making it a Federal case," that he should "walk through" The Student Prince and not take it too seriously.

"Why worry about the care about the director or even the assistant director?" he was asked. "Why eat your heart out about the script? The songs are great and that's all that counts." Not in Lanza's book. He felt somehow that because You're Mine he had lost his fans down, especially since Because was the film which followed The Great Caruso; and he was determined to make The Student Prince as great as it could be.

Lanza knows more about his type of music, his type of singing, more about opera than probably any other man at the studio. His suggestions were discounted, when his requests were dismissed, when he felt he had been treated like a wayward little boy who chronically had to be chastized, he decided to continue with the picture.

That is the story, pure and simple.

He didn't go crazy. He didn't suffer a nervous breakdown. He didn't leave his
Six-feet-four of fighting man—to tame a wildcat beauty!

Explosive intrigue engulfing a reckless love made desperate by danger!
NEW!
TWO-IN-ONE TALC!

1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

April Showers
DEODORANT TALC

Now! Discover for yourself this wonderful "two-in-one" talc that gives you all-day deodorant protection — and, at the same time, keeps skin soft and smooth — fresh as April Showers — all over.

Family size, 50¢

FAVORITE WITH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN
"A/S"
STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply ... glides over the skin!
This "Always Safe, Always Sure" deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form — wonderful for traveling — not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢

Prices plus tax.

by CHERAMY PERFUMER

wife. He didn't go to a sanitarium. He didn't do any of the ridiculous things ascribed to him.

He thought over his course of action, and on the day his first son and third child was born, December 12th, 1952, he decided that he was right. There would be no compromise. The picture would be done extremely well, or he wouldn't do it at all.

While the columnists reported that he was racing "all over Hollywood like a chicken with his head cut off," Mario spent the first three months of this year down at Palm Springs.

"It was wonderful for Damon," he recalls — that's what the Lanzas christened their son. "We had him sleeping outdoors every day, and I honestly feel the fresh air and the warm desert sun really built him up. You know, he's not one year old but still we have to dress him in one-year-old clothes. He's really a bruiser. That boy of mine when he grows up — well, you'll see. He's going to be a big one. A man of integrity too."

While they were down at the Springs, Betty and Mario tried eating out one night. Lanza was mobbed by hundreds of fans, many of whom kept clamoring, "What happened, Mario? Why are you and the studio fighting?"

After that, Mario remained on the Francis Ryan estate which he had rented for $1,500 a month. At midnight when the village was asleep he and Betty would ride around town.

For a while Betty used to say, "You know, Mario, maybe you should make a statement. Maybe you should explain your side. They're saying so many awful things about you." But Mario would shake his head and say, "No, Betty. Recrimination is a boomerang. Name-calling is childish. Let them call me anything they want to. I'm going to remain quiet. Eventually we'll get everything worked out. Then there'll be no hard feelings."

Lanza who is supposed to have no public relations sense but has more than any other singer with the possible exception of Bing Crosby, proved that he was right.

Early in March he drove up to MGM and had a small conference with Eddie Mannix, the genial general manager. Mannix was surprised. "I've never seen you look so well," he spouted joyfully. "You look like a 16-year-old kid!"

Mario said nothing about the fact that for weeks he'd been in crack physical and vocal shape, nothing about the fact that he'd brought his own musical conductor, Constantine Colonico, down to the desert, that together they had rehearsed 175 arias in 12 weeks. He said nothing about the fact that he had memorized The Student Prince script word by word and knew it letter perfect.

Mannix was so pleased at seeing Mario in such wonderful shape that he called to his secretary. "Get everyone in here," he said. "I want them to see Lanza."

Dore Schary came into the office and all the rest of the big boys. Everyone shook hands and it was agreed to let bygones be bygones. The Student Prince would start with a clean slate. There would be one

easy money!

"What is so rare as a day in June?" same long-beard poet wanted to know. MS has the answer — in greenbacks, A free dollar bill! Here's how you can get one. All you have to do is read all the stories in this June issue and fill out the form below carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

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.

☐ The Inside Story
☐ Luella Parsons' Good News
☐ Lana and Lex (Lana Turner, Lex Barker)
☐ He Knows What He Wants (Mario Lanza)
☐ Has John Wayne Gane Again?
☐ Hollywood and Youth
☐ Our Rode (Rosemary Clooney)
☐ At the Top and Quitting (Marlon Brando)
☐ Too Far, Too Fast (? Bob Wagner)
☐ Sex Is Not Enough
☐ Don't Blame Forley (Forley Granger)
☐ Hollywood's Youngest Mother (Liz Taylor)
☐ Better Triumph (Danold O'Connor)
☐ How Young Hollywood Lives
☐ Does Mother Know Best? (Debra Paget)
☐ Her Heart Won't Be Broken (Debbie Reynolds)
☐ Love's Young Dream (Barbara Ruick, Bob Herton)
☐ Chance Of A Lifetime (Richard Burton)
☐ New Faces
☐ Modern Screen Fashions
☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

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?

My name is...........................................
My address is...........................................
City...........................................Zone....
State...........................................I am.... yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is natural figure control! Natural control that works with your body, not against it... resilient, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, never distorts!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure naturally comes when you wear it under the season’s new styles. You’ll think you’ve lost a full size (and more than a few years!)

Playtex Magic-Controller with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest slim Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95

Extra-large size, $8.95

Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles from $4.95

Famous Playtex Girdles from $3.50

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube.
To add "suspense" to a picnic outing?

- [ ] Auction the eats
- [ ] Rig up a rope swing

Sold to you bristle bean in the yellow striped tee shirt—one surprise package crammed with goodies for two. Auctioning the vittles puts bang in a picnic. And pays for Cokes. Keep bidders guessing as to which gal packed which supper box; later, each lad shares the fare with his "mystery belle." There's no mystery in how to keep confidential— at calendar time.

Simply choose Kotex: wonderfully absorbent—the s-o-f-t napkin that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it.

If your back perspires too freely—

- [ ] Put Sis to work
- [ ] Hit the loamus barrel

What though your face be dreamy, if your back is just a-drip? Don't let the humidity cancel your dance plans. Get Sis to put you on the back—with an antiperspirant: one best for you. And for problem-day protection, and the best-for-you absorbency of Kotex. All 3 (Regular, Junior, Super) have that exclusive safety center.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

End
The "Page Boy" is a young dream. Imagine a wave natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. Yes, it's yours with Bobbi!

Isn't this "Juliet" pretty? The crown is smooth, sides curl gently upward. With Bobbi, no days of waiting for a natural wave. It's yours from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent...as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! 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.

There's royal charm in the "Princesse"! Bobbi's just right for all such casual styles. Gives you exactly the wave you want—where you want it.

Notice the soft curls at the ends of this flattering "Peter Pan" style. With Bobbi you can easily get curls like these all by yourself—you need no help.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

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

Plunging

minister.

riotous,

Wh.,Blk.

be

Mitteldorf —

395

500

Regular

Add

500

Ethel

Prince

picture

and

White

love!

Strapless —

ambassadress

CH,

Wh.,BIK.

Plunging

I

he,

diamonds,

common

I

Don

450

350

20x696

J?te

1

1|

i

22x147

22x127

23x117

23x224

23x205

23x232

25x180

BARBARA

Regular

id

I

TOTAL:.

32-38

beautiful

Nylon

Nylon

Broadcloth

Broadcloth

local

OR

—

sales

Does

15c

happiness

wherever

1.

U.S.

or

money

refunded.

SATISFACTION

guarantee.

1.

Lichtenburg's

huge

finance

loan

facilitate

troubles,

end up happily married, as do

ambassador and the minister.

The lady ambassador to Lichtenburg (Ethel Merman) and her press aide (Donald O'Connor), shore a common oilment: they're both in love! She, with the tiny Duchy's Foreign Minister (George Sanders); he, with the Royal Princess (Vera-Ellen).

Decked in diamonds, rather than dignity, Ethel Merman discusses affairs of state... and the heart, with her guy.

Don and the princess dance away their troubles, end up happily married, as do the ambassador and the minister.

CALL ME MADAM

If you missed seeing Call Me Madam on Broadway this Technicolor version will more than make up for it. Ethel Merman's personality bounces off the screen with all the vivacity that made her famous. Donald O'Connor and Vera-Ellen are ideal dancing partners and George Sanders sings in a mellow lyric bass. Add to this the comic touch of Walter Slezack and you have everything you could want in a musical comedy. Ethel Merman plays the Washington party-giver who becomes ambassador to the mythical kingdom of Lichtenburg. No ambassador was ever so decked out in diamonds and so loaded with wiccracks. Lichtenburg's ministers of finance expect her to be an easy mark. They're fishing for a huge American loan to facilitate the marriage of their princess (Vera-Ellen) to Prince Hugo of Mitteldorf (Helmut Dantine). But Madam's no is pretty firm until she meets General Cosmo (George Sanders). By this time Miss Merman's press attaché (Donald O'Connor) has met the princess and would like to marry her himself. In the midst of all the diplomacy Madam Ambassador chats easily with Harry Truman via long-distance, undergoes an hilarious presentation at court, attends the annual Lichtenburg fair and falls in love with Sanders. The color is riotous, the settings and costumes are magnificently lavish, the words are often witty and the songs you keep hearing were written by Irving Berlin. 20th Century-Fox. (More reviews on page 30)
TIME AVAILABLE TO AMERICA'S PRECIOUS BABIES

Playtex Lotion
with the extra protection of Chlorophyll

Soothes... softens... safeguards—as no ordinary baby lotion does.

Guaranteed to prevent diaper rash or your money back!

Here's the perfectly wonderful way to give your precious baby the head-to-toe skin protection that doctors welcome. Playtex Baby Lotion safeguards your baby, day and night, with prolonged antiseptic action... keeps your baby flower-fresh. Safe, even on tender, new-born skin! PLAYTEX Lotion contains a "Miracle Antiseptic" that guarantees no diaper rash, or your money back. You owe it to your baby to give him the extra protection of PLAYTEX Chlorophyll Lotion. Get a bottle today! At leading Drug and Department Stores.

Playtex® FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

©1953
International Latex Corporation, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.
LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than chlorophyll

Why take chances with lesser methods when Listerine Antiseptic instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end?

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

That is why independent research reported Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes.

So, no matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be extra-careful that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.

THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

The title of this movie naturally refers to Liz Taylor who plays a proud young beauty, willful as the thoroughbreds they raise in Lexington, Kentucky, her home. Elizabeth's mother has long since died. Her father, successful lawyer William Powell, holds his liquor rather sloppily, and her boyfriend, Gig Young, is too well bred to be exciting. That's the set-up when Powell becomes counsel for racketeers boss Fernando Lamas, who's ordered before a congressional committee. Lamas buys a mansion in Lexington to which he proceeds to lure Liz. Powell is shocked but he's a modern father and doesn't swing into action until it's too late. Liz decides to marry Lamas and help him evolve into a social butterfly. Marry my daughter, Powell finally says, and I'll tell the government about one or two corpses you've left lying around. Lamas retaliates with three or four rights to the jaw, then he turns to Liz and says, "You wanted a barbarian. Well, you got one, baby." True enough. This movie has an ending which you will have to see to learn.

CAST: Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando Lamas, William Powell, Gig Young, James Whitmore—MGM

SPLIT SECOND

Here's a suspense film that really grips you. It's tense, it's intelligent and it manages to make generally stereotyped figures seem interesting. The scene is the Nevada desert where the Army plans to explode an atom bomb. The area, containing a ghost town, is cleared days before the blast, and everything's ready to rip. A couple of escaped killers (Stephen McNally and wounded Paul Kelly) unwittingly head for the danger area. En route they hijack Alexis Smith (she's on her way to Reno), her boyfriend Robert Paige, a newspaper reporter Keith Andes (he's looking for the killers) and Jan Sterling, a stranded nightclub singer he picked up at a diner. Once in the ghost town the suspense mounts. The bomb's scheduled to go off at six in the morning and it's getting late. While they wait they reveal themselves and one of the party manages to be murdered by McNally. In the morning the bomb goes off even earlier than originally planned. Some of the people escape, some don't. The ones that survive are treated to a pretty grim view of that mushroom cloud.

CAST: Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, Jan Sterling, Keith Andes, Arthur Hunnicut, Paul Kelly, Robert Paige—RKO

JULIUS CAESAR

William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar is brought to impressive life in this beautifully staged, well acted production. When Caesar (Louis Calhern) returns triumphant to Rome the people want to make him emperor. Jealous Cassius (John Gielgud) spreads the fear to Caesar's loyal followers that too much power will corrupt him. The noble Brutus (James Mason) is swayed by Cassius and consents to Caesar's murder. (The murder scene is brutal but superbly dramatic.) In his stirring funeral oration Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) incites the populace against Brutus and all the other "honorable men" who defied Caesar. More than a year later the small armies of Brutus and Cassius are defeated by Antony. James Mason is outstanding as a tragic hero motivated always by his conception of justice and truth. John Gielgud handles a less sympathetic role dynamically. And
Dream girdles by Perma·lift

Specially designed for young figures are these crispy cool, deftly designed little girdles. Fabulously dainty, yet marvelously strong, these "Perma-lift"*

Girdles mould and hold your curves, yet give you the comfort and freedom that warm weather calls for. There’s a style just perfect for you at your favorite corsetiere’s. Be sure to ask for a "Perma-lift" Girdle for sheer pleasure. Priced so low you can afford several.

Be sure, too, that you experience the thrill of a "Perma-lift" Bra—America’s favorite bra with The Lift that never lets you down.


Exclusive new Perma-lift elastic as it will look on your figure
ONE MILLION FACES
CHANGED IN 30 DAYS!

AMERICA'S having its face changed, and loving it! Women of every age are getting the beauty thrill of a lifetime with Coty's new "CREAM POWDER" COMPACT!

It took only thirty days for the first million women to discover how "CREAM POWDER" differs from ordinary make-ups that accent lines and pores. How fine and poreless it makes skin look. How long it clings! Now, all America is clamoring for this spill-proof blend of "Air-Spun" Face Powder and sheer cream make-up base. How about you?

Man on a Tightrope

Man On A Tightrope is a strange, powerful tale about people struggling to free themselves from the decay around them. These people belong to the Circus Cernek which was owned by Karel Cernek (Frederic March) until the Czechoslovakian government took it over. March is planning an incredible feat. He is going to lead the entire circus caravan across the well-guarded border into the American zone. He has to work fast since he knows there is a spy in the troupe. Aside from this, March has other problems. His second wife (Gloria Grahame) has become slovenly, indifferent, and flirts continuously with the lion tamer. His daughter (Terry Moore) has fallen in love with a handyman (Cameron Mitchell) whose origins and political leanings are unknown. Filmed in Western Germany, directed by Elio Kazan, the movie is always gray, always eerie, as if it were all a nightmare. As, indeed, it is.

CAST: Frederic March, Terry Moore, Gloria Grahame, Cameron Mitchell, Adolphe Menjou, Paul Hartman, Robert Beatty—20th-Fox

Desert Legion

Why doesn't Alan Ladd make more pictures like This Gun For Hire and less pictures like Desert Legion? In this one Captain Ladd is leading a patrol of the Algerian desert; he's ambushed by the notorious raider Omar Ben Khalb, otherwise known as Richard Conte. Ladd's patrol is wiped out and he wakes up in a fancy tent inhabited by gorgeous Arlene Dahl. Naturally he thinks he's dreaming. He hastens back to camp but the face of Arlene haunts him and with Private Plevko (Akim Tamiroff) he makes his way back across the desert. Hidden in that arid waste he finds a kind of Shangri-La called Medara, city of peace. Only it's not so peaceful. Richard Conte, known here as Cito, wants Arlene Dahl and Medara all to himself. Well, I'm happy to report he doesn't get either, although he manages to create a large bit of havoc. What puzzles me is how so many bloodthirsty cut-throats ever settled in that city of peace in the first place.

CAST: Alan Ladd, Richard Conte, Arlene Dahl, Akim Tamiroff, Leon Askin, Oscar Beregi—U-I

Trouble Along the Way

Charles Coburn, rector of St. Anthony's College in New York City, is informed by the higher-ups that unless he can raise $170,000 in six months, the college will be closed. It comes to Coburn that what he needs is a football team. He hires John Wayne, an ex-coach who has been kicked out of all the big college leagues. Wayne's flighty wife, Marie Windsor, left him with a daughter to raise (that's Sherry Jackson and a more precocious 11-year-old you'll look far to find). Now, said wife is trying to get Sherry away from Wayne and so she sets a Domestic Relations Court officer on his trail. The officer turns out to be Donna Reed. It's a complicated story, all right, but aimed directly at the heart.

CAST: John Wayne, Donna Reed, Charles Coburn, Sherry Jackson—Warners

Cream Powder

Compacted Coty

Choose your favorite fragrance:
L'Aimant • L'Origan
Emeraude • "Paris"
Muguet Des Bois

Compounded and Copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U.S.A.

Exciting New Muted Shades

Muted CotyRose • Muted Beige • Muted Sun • Muted Bronze

Marlon Brando shows barely a trace of his Streetcar accent as the fiery ambitious Antony. Thanks to director Joseph Mankiewicz, cutting and changing of Shakespeare's original work was kept to a minimum.

CAST: James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, Louis Calhern, Deborah Kerr, Greer Garson, Edmond O'Brien—MGM
has john wayne gone again?

(Continued from page 16) Chata hired the famed criminal lawyer Jerry Giesler to represent her, and Giesler almost went nuts trying to determine from Wayne's business manager, Be Roos, just how much Duke is worth and just how much of his wealth is community property. Not even Duke knows that.

After a while things got so intricate that Giesler resigned from the case, and Chata hired another lawyer to obtain what she considers an equitable financial settlement.

The legal haggling in this divorce mess—and potentially it's a nasty case with a good deal of soiled linen that had best remain unaired—will go on for many, many months, at least until October 19th, at which time a trial is scheduled in the California Superior Court.

When a man has been married twice, he becomes a creature of habit, especially where feminine companionship is concerned, so when Chata flew the coop and winged from Hollywood to Mexico, everyone around town knew that sooner or later, Duke would find a new heart throb.

Some of his friends said the supposition was ridiculous. "Look," one of them told me last August, "Duke has had enough of dames and marriage for a while. His heart is broken. He really loved that Chata. Now, he's out of the country for a while. He's down in Peru, just taking it easy, scouting around for locations."

In a way that was true, but while Duke was scouting for locations, he traveled into the Peruvian jungle to watch the first full-length motion picture ever shot in that South American country.

The film was being produced by Edward Movius; it was entitled Sabotage In The Jungle, and it starred a buxom, gorgeous, fiery, insinuatingly beautiful Lima (native of Lima, Peru) named Pilar Pallete.

Pilar is 23 years old. She has the kind of figure men look at twice. They don't believe it the first time. She is the third of four sisters. Her father, who died three years ago, used to be a Senator in the Peruvian legislature. She is well-bred, well-educated, and well-traveled.

As a girl she was sent to a very swanky school, the Villa Maria, but her father, a worldly man, wanted her brought up so that she would know how to look after herself in a world of domineering men. He enrolled her in the Lima High School, and it was here that she learned how to speak English, a virtue which helped her when she met Duke and his friends, although Wayne does manage a pretty good sort of pidgin Spanish.

The first time I saw her she was a hostess for Panagra, the Pan American Airline subsidiary in South America, and she was even then a real beauty, on her way to full development, captivating most of the male passengers.

When Duke Wayne first saw Pilar in the jungle last August and got himself introduced to her, a sort of electric current of mutual attraction sprang up between them.

For some inexplicable reason, probably because opposites always attract, Duke has consistently chosen Latin-American beauties for his attentions. They arouse him.

His first wife, Josephine Suunz, is of Dominican ancestry. His second wife is Mexican. And now Pilar Pallete, the utterly delightful and charming actress, comes from Peru.

Duke Wayne is a pretty sharp hombre, and in his soft, unobtrusive way, he began making inquiries. Had Pilar done much acting? Was she really a professional?

Truly beautiful hair
Shining bright with a real beauty finish

RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO puts shining lovelights in your hair. A shiny, rich, golden lotion creme made with real egg formula, Enriched Creme Shampoo beauty-cleanses gently, rinses out completely leaving hair shining clean. It's the egg that does the trick. Even dull dry hair, limp oily hair will shine like bridal satin. Permanents take better, too.

RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE after each shampoo conditions hair to new health, gives it a luxuriant beauty finish. It takes only a minute more and leaves hair wonderfully fragrant... so easy to comb and set. And you'll make pincurls more smoothly, quickly. They're bound to last longer!

A PERFECT PAIR... ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO... CREME RINSE

by RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue
They told Duke that two years before she'd done some work for Sol Lesser in a film called The Lost Emeralds Of Illa-Tico. She'd also studied and worked a good deal in the Lima Theater Workshop.

Duke then asked the all-important question, "Is she married?"

The answer came as no surprise. In Lima all beautiful young women are married.

"Yes," the informant said. "She's married to Dick Wedy, the fellow in charge of publicity for Panagra." Then the reporter relented, "Only they're not doing so hot. Broken up like you and Mrs. Wayne, or about to."

Duke Wayne is an introspective man who rarely discusses his emotions. He feels things deeply, but the more profound they are, the less he talks about them.

Ask him, for example, how he feels about Pilar, and you get something like, "She's an extremely talented actress." Nothing more.

Ask him how he felt when he learned that his black-haired, heart-faced new discovery was on the verge of a break with her husband, and he'd shake his head and walk away from you. It's none of his business and none of yours.

He never trifles or talks lightly about women who mean something to him.

In the case of Pilar Palleto, he said nothing when he returned to Hollywood. But Pilar knew that if ever she came north she had a friend who would use all his influence to help her. And Duke Wayne has plenty of influence in Hollywood. So much in fact that when he checked in at Warner Brothers after his Peruvian junket and they asked him to play the lead in The Iron Mistress, he read the script and promptly said no, and Warners said okay but will you please do something else, anything else.

Duke read the script of Trouble Along The Way, a story based roughly on Slip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College in California, and agreed to do the picture.

Later, he wasn't too happy about his decision. But no one knew at the time whether it was because he was disappointed in the film, he had a subconscious, unrequited yen for Pilar, or he was irritated because detectives were on his trail trying to unearth a little embarrassing data that might be exposed in a divorce court. Duke was also upset because he had received a good offer to rent his ranch house, only Chata wouldn't hear of it. Added to that was the fact that while he was worth a fortune, it wasn't too easy for him to liquidate his assets into cash.

Anyway, Duke Wayne was not the easiest man in the world to get along with during the filming of Trouble Along The Way.

Once Trouble was finished, however, Duke took off for Mexico where his own production company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc., was shooting Plunder In The Sun.

Now it so happens that when Duke pulled out of Hollywood, Pilar Palleto pulled in, ostensibly to do a Spanish soundtrack for Sabotage In The Jungle. Since she is still legally married to an American, Pilar has no visa difficulties when it comes to entering the country.

When Duke learned that the exotic, well-built Pilar was in movieland, he thought of a story named Pagoda which his company owns, and the more he thought of that yarn, the more he felt certain that Pilar should play the lead in the production opposite him.

It was just a question of a few days before Pilar and Duke were in front of the cameras in Mexico. This was Pilar's screen test, and needless to say, Duke went all-out in helping her. Johnny Farrow, a director, was supposedly giving the test,
but Wayne knows a good deal more about picture-making than most directors, and he took over.

He posed Pilar in the best angles, saw to it that she got the best shots, made her feel very much at ease, and the result, of course, was a foregone conclusion.

Wayne-Fellows, Inc., signed Pilar Patlette to a seven-year contract, permitting her the privilege of making one outside picture per year for Movius Productions, the Peruvian Company that had given her her first screen opportunity. All of Pilar's other films, however, will be released through Warner Brothers.

Just how successful Pilar will be, how quickly the public will take to her, no man can predict at this point. It is safe to say, however, that if she co-stars with Duke in his films, her popularity will be assured, because Wayne's name on a marquee means top box-office.

The screen test completed in Mexico, Pilar eventually came back to the movie colony, moved into the house of a friend in North Hollywood, and now definitely estranged from her husband, began seeing a good deal of Duke who had taken a house on Valley Vista Road, not too far away.

They went driving together, toured the glitter spots, showed up at formal film functions such as the annual dinner of the Screen Writers Guild, and it was just a matter of days before Hollywood began to realize that Duke Wayne was happy again, genuinely happy.

At the Screen Writers Guild dinner, for example, he roared at Georgie Jessel's jokes, cracked his own, greeted everyone with a big laugh, and he introduced Pilar to all the big shots, and carried on like the Duke Wayne of yesterday. Smiling, exuberant, good-natured.

"Of course," one of his friends cracked, "he didn't know that Chata had flown in from Mexico that very night. But even so, I don't think that would've made any difference. There's absolutely no chance of a reconciliation. Duke wants a divorce as soon as he can get one. Then, I think he'll marry this Peruvian doll. That is, if she has her own divorce by then.

"Don't ask me why he goes for these Latin-American babes, either. He's Anglo-Saxon down to his very toes; you'd think he'd fall for some doll from Iowa. He just doesn't. Soon as a girl has blonde hair, his interest fades.

"He has a big yen for these black-eyed señoritas. With two of them he's struck out, at least marriage-wise. With Pilar, maybe he'll ring the bell. Anyway, he seems happier than he's been in a long, long time."

In Hollywood that's what counts. END

---

**Your Keepsake...forever**

Genuine Registered

**Keepsake DIAMOND RINGS**

Trademark Registered

Because your diamond ring is endowed with special meaning, you'll want to select it with infinite care, ever mindful that the finest quality diamond is your best buy.

If your choice is a Keepsake, you will know your diamond ring is one of the world's finest. The words "Genuine Registered Perfect Gem" on the tag and the Keepsake Certificate signed by your jeweler are your assurance of the best choice. In a wide range of styles, from $100 to $10,000.

A. VISTA Ring $25. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50. *Man's Diamond Ring $100. Available at 75 to 250 to match all engagement rings. B. DEWITT Ring $125. Wedding Ring 62.50. C. WAKEFIELD Ring $500. Wedding Ring 175.

All rings available in either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal tax. Rings enlarged to show details.

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc. 120 East Washington, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

**FREE** Useful booklet, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Also 44-page "Bride's Keepsake Book" gift offer and your Keepsake Jeweler's name.

Name

Address

MSC 6-53

AMSTERDAM	ANTWERP	HOME OFFICE—SYRACUSE, N. Y.
As of this writing, to the ever-growing list of lovers who have succumbed to the irresistible charms of Lana Turner you may now add the name of Alexander Crichlow Barker of Rye, New York.

Known to his friends as "Lex" and recognized by the movie-going public as "Tarzan," the handsome, six-foot-four giant is currently the number-one man in Lana's constantly changing love life.

Ever since the beauty with the convertible top—Lana has dyed her naturally brunette hair 16 different shades in the past 15 years—gave Fernando Lamas his walking papers, she and Lex have been virtually inseparable, in Los Angeles, in Palm Springs, in New York, and now in Europe.

Lana has claimed that "I'm unhappy unless I have someone to love." And in her case the necessary adjunct of love has always been propinquity, so that during the past six months she and Lex have spent practically all of their spare time together, and a good deal of their working time, too.

During the making of Latin Lovers, for example, in which Lana plays the richest girl in the world and Ricardo Montalban acts a wealthy young Brazilian horse-breeder, Lex was an almost daily visitor on the set.

Not only that, but he also brought his two children along; Lynne, nine, and Alex, five. Lana would bring her young Cheryl to the studio, and a folksy little group consisting of Lex and the three kids would stand on the sidelines and watch with childish awe while director Mervyn LeRoy sent Lana and Montalban through their paces.

I was on the set one day and LeRoy was particularly anxious to have things go well. He had dined (Continued on page 105)

Lana and Lex

by Marnie Saunders
Sir Christopher

sterling in the mood of grandeur

Sir Christopher, created by famed designer William S. Warren, has all the sweep and splendor of its inspiration—the work of the renowned architect Sir Christopher Wren, one of whose masterpieces is St. Paul's Cathedral, London. This pattern displays grandeur in sterling, exemplifies variety in design...for some pieces are decorated with carved blossoms, others with graceful clusters of fruit, still others with a combination of both. Sir Christopher is truly magnificent sterling, for it is given the ultimate in silversmithing—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"...beauty in front, in profile, in back...sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece Sir Christopher place setting, $43.50. Other patterns from $35.75 to $47.75—including Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling". Contains table-setting ideas, and romantic design stories of Wallace patterns. Write (send 10c for postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Dept. 935, Wallingford, Conn.

Copyright 1952
Feel Good All Over... stay flower-fresh... dainty for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

Now... feel silky-smooth from head to toe!
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder dusts you with daintiness... after the bath, when changing clothes, upon arising! You'll feel refreshed, relaxed, deliciously feminine! And you'll love the lingering fragrance!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

With the fragrance men love!

Only 29¢ and 43¢

FROM THE MOVIES

ANNA—title song by Silvana Mangano* (MGM); Paul Weston* (Columbia); Richard Hayman (Mercury); Three Suns (Victor); Ray Bloch (Coral). I Love You by Silvana Mangano* (MGM).

BLUE GARDENIA—title song by Nat Cole** (Capital).

HOUlDNJ—The Golden Years by Tony Martin* (Victor); Paul Weston (Columbia); Russ Morgan (Decca).

RUBY GENTRY—Ruby by Richard Hayman* (Mercury); Lew Douglas* (MGM); Les Brown (Coral).

Richard Hayman, a gent of many talents, plays harmonica on this one, accompanied by a symphonic orchestra for an unusual effect. The Lew Douglas version (he's the fellow who provides Joni James with her musical backgrounds) is the only one with lyrics. They're sung here by a choral group and were added to the tune by Mitchell (Star Dust) Parish.

POPULAR AND JAZZ

ARTHUR GODFREY—TV Calendar Show** (Columbia).

If you happened to catch the Godfrey & Friends show on CBS-TV last Jan. 28 and were impressed by the ingenious month-by-month story unfolded musically that night, this 12-inch LP record is a must for you, for here's the entire program transferred to records.

Joan Edwards, formerly a big-time singer herself, and Lyn Elwy, reformed press agent, teamed to wreathe the music and lyrics for these twelve tunes, one for each month, and they're well tailored to the requirements of the entire Godfrey family.

Julius La Rosa, you'll be glad to note, is represented with Everything That's Yours Is Mine, done as a duet with Janette Davis, and Summer's Symphony, which he does solo. The Mariners, Marion Marlowe and Frank Parker, Halelake, the Chordettes, Lu Ann Sims and the Archie Bleyer gang are all there too. This is the first really comprehensive representation of Godfrey and Co. on records.

DUKE ELLINGTON—Ellington Uptown** (Columbia).

Most exciting item in this 12-inch LP is Duke's Harlem suite, A Tone Parallel To Harlem. Louis Bellion is also featured in a drum specialty, Skin Deep.

DIZZY GILLESPIE, JIMMY McPARTLAND—Hot vs. Cool* (MGM).

A novel album recorded at Birdland, New York's leading jazz club. The two bands, which we helped to assemble, both play the same four tunes, in contrasting Dixieland and bop styles. Buddy De Franco's terrific clarinet work on Indiana is the best of the "cool" numbers; Vic Dickenson's trombone on Battle Of Blues is "hot" highlight. Also heard: the first Dixie disc of How High The Moon and the first bop version of Muskrat Ramble.
Sensational
NEW BEACH FASHION

Genuine
Hand Painted
U.S. HOWLAND
HAIR DRY SWIM CAPS

FLORENCE CHADWICK
World's Greatest Woman Swimmer says:
"I know from experience, U.S. Howland Swim Caps really keep my hair dry."

U.S. Howlands have everything. High fashion! Two-tone hand-painted designs, beautiful two-tone rose appliques, and new solid colors to enhance every smart beach ensemble. Perfect fit—small, medium, large and special children's sizes. Available at fine stores wherever bathing accessories are sold.

ALL STYLES IN FASHION-COORDINATED COLORS

PLAIN ROSE
PLAIN DAFFODIL
ROSEBUD AND LEAF APPLIQUE
BLACK AND RED HAND-PAINTED DAFFODIL
CHILDREN'S BALLERINA

PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars ... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Betty Grable
starring in
"THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor

Betty Grable says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos ... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

• Lather foams more quickly!
• Easier to rinse away!
• Cleans hair and scalp better!
• Leaves hair more shining!
• Does not dry or dull the hair!
• Leaves hair easier to manage!
• Hair has better fragrance!
• More economical to use!

Pour it on— or cream it on! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to 81.
(Big economy size, 52.)
New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 50¢ to 81.

Prove it to Yourself...
Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!
Because today's brightest stars are Hollywood's youngest stars, the editors have devoted the contents of this issue to the lives, loves, successes and tragedies of filmdom's fabulous youngsters. For the real stories of how and why they live the way they do, Modern Screen has assigned its entire staff of reporters—Hollywood experts all—to the job. On the following 45 pages we turn the spotlight on youth!

A month before she gave birth to her chubby baby son, Elizabeth Taylor, the most beautiful young actress in Hollywood, ambled into the office of the Los Angeles County Clerk.

"I believe," Liz said politely, "that you've got something for me."

Harold J. Ostly, the tall, pleasant, bespectacled County Clerk, grinned. He opened the top drawer to his desk, took out $47,100 in Government bonds, and handed them to Liz.

"You could've picked these up two years ago," he said.

Mike Wilding, dressed in open collar shirt and wearing the navy blue yachting cap he uses to cover his receding hairline, shook his good-looking head in puzzled disbelief.

Liz turned and blew him a little feather of a smile as if to say, "I are a naughty girl, aren't I?"

Then she spoke to the County Clerk. "I've just been too busy," Liz explained, "to come down and get this stuff."

"This stuff" represented 15% of Elizabeth Rosamond Taylor Hilton Wilding's film earnings which a California Superior Court judge had ordered invested in bonds during her minority.

Under California law, Liz was entitled to manage her own financial affairs at the age of 18 if she were then married. She could have obtained her securities in May, 1950, after her marriage to Nicky Hilton, the semi-spoiled young son of a wealthy, capering hotel magnate—but no, she'd been too busy.

After Liz posed for pictures holding up her $47,100 in bonds, a $75-per-week photographer sidled up to a reporter. "This," the lensman said somewhat bitterly, "is what Hollywood's sense of values does to a beautiful babe. Too busy to pick up 47 grand. How do you like that?"

While Liz was giving out with her worldly, sophisticated, money-isn't everything attitude, another young married, a girl born in Portland, Oregon, who had changed her name from Suzanne Burce to Jane Powell, (Continued on page 88)
Gulping down coke between bites of a hot dog, a willowy blonde waited in the wings of a theater for her cue to go on stage. The show people around her were horrified. For years—for centuries—singers have been taught never to sing on a full stomach.

"Rosie," they pleaded. "Don't!"

"It's all right," she said, and the words worked their muffled way through a piece of roll.

"But suppose you burp in the middle of your song!"

Rosemary Clooney shrugged. "S'all right," she said. "I'll just re-phrase it."

This is an anecdote that any movie star would prefer to put in their bottom drawer, and a procedure that most singers would shun like the plague. Rosemary Clooney, however, is not one to wrap hot towels about her precious throat and insist on a handy cup of hot tea, nor is she likely to hedge when asked a question, whether it be about her age (25), her appetite (prodigious). She treats life and people the same way she sings—tenderly, honestly, without affectation, yet with plenty of what is known politely as intestinal fortitude and impolitely as guts.

The all-around result is that wherever Clooney goes she is immediately referred to as 'our Rosie'. There is a warmth to her personality that seeps out and enfolds everyone she meets, and willing victims include an assortment of elderly ladies, schnauzer dogs, small boys, millions of big boys, what's even more remarkable, women of all ages.

Rosie does not do this intentionally. She was born with the personality of the Pied Piper, an indefinable something that could (and did) charm a Time Magazine writer right out of his derisive adjectives. The latest large group to fall under her spell are the citizens of Hollywood, where the name Clooney is currently rolled around more tongues than are filet mignons. Our Rosie, they say, is going to be in the big time for long years to come, and they say it so happily that you'd swear they were talking about themselves.

One of the reasons people like Clooney (Continued on page 94)
record maker, was everybody's Rosie, record breaker!
Brando has Hollywood gasping again! After less than three years in films, at the height of his popularity, the peak of his career, the "Do-what-I-want-to-do" lad is setting another precedent: He's retiring!

Marlon Brando has had it!

After only five motion pictures, The Men, Streetcar Named Desire, Viva Zapata, Julius Caesar, and The Wild One, the 29-year-old acting genius from Omaha is kissing Hollywood goodbye.

"I came out to Hollywood for two reasons," the brooding, hawk-nosed eccentric recently explained, "loot and film experience. I've got 'em both, and there's no point in hanging around. Maybe I'll do Pal Joey, but right now I'm not sure.

"Only thing I'm sure of is that I'm getting out. I'm going to travel, maybe do some pictures in Europe. I want to go to the Far East, Siam, India, the South Sea Islands.

"Maybe later this year I'll blow back to New York. Maybe do a show for Cheryl Crawford. Maybe just keep going, just keep strumming that guitar.

"I've got nothing against Hollywood. It's been very good for me working here. It's broadened me socially. I've learned a lot about the business. But it is a business, and when you've made enough loot, the thing to do is pull out.

"I like to travel, and I'd just as soon spend some of my dough while I'm young and can enjoy it. I'm not finished with motion pictures. I'll make more of 'em, only maybe not in Hollywood. They make some pretty good stuff in Europe (Continued on page 84)
too far, too fast?

Bob Wagner hit the jackpot overnight, and strange things happened. Was it stardom . . . or stardust?

There's a standard gag about Bob Wagner that is going the rounds of the 20th Century-Fox lot: "I sure feel sorry for that Wagner kid. He's had to overcome an awful lot of obstacles in life. Do you know that when he was born he almost choked on that silver spoon in his mouth?"

The satirical reference, of course, is to the fact that young Wagner comes from a well-to-do family.

His father is a successful steel magnate who has seen to it that his two children have always had the best of everything—fine clothes, nurses, private schools, cars, country club memberships, the whole works.

Now this relatively high standard of living is the expected order in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, the Wagner home bailiwick, and no one gives it a second thought. But in Hollywood, for a movie star to be born into a wealthy family is an almost inexcusable error in tactics, an almost insurmountable obstacle in the obtainment of good public relations.

It is a tribute to Bob Wagner's warm and friendly personality that despite his background, he's managed to win the acclaim and interest of the movie-goers everywhere.

"I know it sounds impossible," one press agent really cracked, "but (Continued on page 72)"
Sex is not enough

by Jim Henehan

Elaine Stewart, touted as MGM's answer to Marilyn Monroe, had a sizzling three-minute bit in a recent film. Whether or not she can act is still a moot point.

Fans go wild when Monroe appears... in person. But at the box office, they're more restrained. Studio execs learned it takes more than sex to sell a film.
Monroe leads the parade . . . and every girl with a curve to her name is on the bandwagon. But they may learn the hard way that they've got to have talent, too.

The fat, white fingers of silver light, beaming from the cones of great searchlights, played tic-tac-toe in the night sky above Hollywood. Wilshire Boulevard, in front of the Ritz Theater, was a happy bedlam. Traffic was backed up for a mile, and in the glare of sputtering arcs sleek Cadillacs pulled to the curb and discharged elegantly appointed stars and movie-makers who made their way into the building through an avenue of ropes that held back thousands of breathless fans.

One by one the big names of the movies made the walk past the spectators and each got applause and cheers. (Continued on page 97)
The studio publicity man was visibly upset. "Look," he said, "the photographers all shot pictures of Farley Granger and Shelley Winters at Donald O'Connor's party. We're asking everyone to kill the pictures. They just can't be published."

"Why not?" the Modern Screen editor retorted. "What's to be so upset about?"

"Well, you know how it is. They used to go together. With Vittorio Gassman in Italy and all, it's liable to cause gossip; maybe even stories. You know the kind—'Is Shelley's Marriage Failing?' 'Will Farley and Shelley Get Together Again?' These pictures could cause everybody a lot of trouble."

Oh yes?

Give the publicity man credit for being alert on his job, certainly. But as for starting a rumor that the paths of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger may cross again romantically, well, that's the best laugh of the year. Any journalist with an ounce of mixed common sense and honesty will tell you that the "Shel-Farl" romance was one of the neatest little hoaxes ever perpetrated on the public.

No offense, though. It was harmless enough and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone until Shelley lost her sense of humor when a reporter asked her who she thought she was kidding.

"I don't need Farley for publicity," Shelley shouted, way back in August, 1951. "If we weren't on the level, we might have gone on with it for a couple of months. But two years! I'm crazy about Farley and I don't care who knows it. If I wanted to go with someone just for publicity, I'd go with Francis, the mule . . . just because we didn't get married in June doesn't mean we're not in love . . . we'll get married when we can, and not when a lot of busybodies think we should."

The reporter, well-disciplined to the ways of Hollywood in which an actress may one day declare deathless devotion and on the next file suit for divorce, took all this with a straight face. He knew, however, that the bombastic pro-and-con announcements were just a prelude to their well-chaperoned romp through Europe which was expertly tied up with publicity for their latest picture efforts.

Then, like a bombshell, came Shelley's marriage to Vittorio Gassman. (Continued on page 90)
hollywood's youngest

Yesterday's Liz was Hollywood's No. 1 problem child, but her escapades helped make her today's
On the late side of one morning, a few weeks ago, Elizabeth Taylor Wilding stretched out her five feet, four inches and 123 pounds on her oversize bed, clad mainly in a mass of turkish toweling from which her home-cut, black poodle curls protruded at one end and her pink toes wiggled protestingly from the other. Between those extremities a masseuse kneaded her tissues like a pastry cook attacks dough. Having vanquished 20 of the 40 superfluous pounds acquired bearing her baby, Mike, Liz was on the homestretch of a reducing campaign with 15 more to lose before she'd be fit for the cameras in her next MGM picture, Rhapsody.

At this interesting juncture, a slightly pixy-ish male face with quizzical eyebrows and a little boy's grin—belonging to her husband, Michael Wilding—poked inside the door, coughed discreetly, said, "Oh, excuse me!" and started to pull back out again. But muffled laughter smote its ears and the face popped through the opening again, like a turtle's.

"What's so funny, Mrs. Birdnose?" Mike inquired.
"Everything," chuckled his loving wife.
"Correct," Michael approved, "but philosophy aside, what's especially droll this morning?"

"I was just thinking," explained Elizabeth, "that here I am, married, now a mother, and already having weight pounded off me like a dowager—but as of today I'm just eligible to vote for the first time!"

"You can now also be sued, run for office, and be hanged for murder, if that's any comfort," advised her mate. "Happy birthday!"] And when she was presentable, he gave her a big kiss and a small gold buckle ring to celebrate the majority attained by the girl he had married.

The date of that intimate scene (Continued on page 86)
The O'Connor home rang with love and laughter ... until Don's career gave him less and less time for his family. Now, asks all Hollywood, will the O'Connors ever be reunited?

Little girls love a nightly romp with Dad; but will Donna ever be sure of hers?

Don's collection of foreign cars is a hobby his wife and daughter shared.

Donald O'Connor's success has been

"When is daddy coming home?" Sooner or later six-year-old Donna O'Connor had to ask that question, for in addition to looking like her famous father, she is the apple of his eye, and they love each other very much. Donna's mother, Gwen O'Connor, was prepared with a reply that she knew would be temporarily satisfactory.

Bitter Triumph

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR
But the ladies never got too excited over Don's antics ... they were pretty used to them!

Trooper Don used to give his best performance for the critical eyes of Gwen, Donna.

When one O'Connor collapsed another was always ready and willing to take over.

In happier days, Don and Gwen enjoyed parties together. First thing, Don always whipped out his wallet to show his snapshots of Donna. Here, Don's ready to give Mel Torme a look ... but finds he left his wallet home!

Immediately after the O'Connors separated, rumors spread that Gwen was dating Dean Martin. Pictures like this helped keep the reports alive, but Gwen, in tears, phoned Dean to say she had nothing to do with it.

won with hard work and brilliant talent . . . but three young lives are paying for it with heartbreak.

Daddy had so much work to do at the studio that he was staying in his dressing room for a few days.

All children of show business parents can understand their moms and dads being away for periods of time, but both Gwen and Don knew that sooner or later they would have to tell their daughter the real truth. Children somehow have a way of knowing the secrets their parents try hardest to cover up, and Donna O'Connor is brighter than most.

Still, the heartbreak of separation was kept from their only child as long as possible. Gwen and Don had been through battles before. They always patched them up.

But this time Gwen was determined to force the issue. For the first time, she sought out an attorney and Don was served papers. He may have known what was coming, but the actual blow so stunned him that for the first time in his life he begged off from work on his newest co-starring picture. (Continued on page 102)
Mansions and imported butlers are as passé as Theda Bara's eyebrows. Good taste and good fun.

ROBERTA HAYNES' sleek bachelor-girl apartment is gay with her own brand of contemporary, plus home-made, furniture. Wood, wrought iron, foam rubber are mainstays of her three-roomer.

Her box-spring and mattress were Roberta's first purchase. She had to wait for her next pay check before completing the bedroom! Roberta made the 'cafe' curtains, her mother, the spread.

how
young hollywood
lives
by Marva Peterson
are the keynotes of today's generation.

- Tourists who visit Hollywood are constantly amazed by the large number of signs on fabulous Wilshire Boulevard that advertise auctions.

“TONITE—AUCTION OF LAVISH FURNISHINGS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS JOAN CRAWFORD . . . NEXT TUESDAY AUCTION OF FABULOUS POSSESSIONS FROM THE MANSION OF MISS BARBARA STANWYCK . . . FROM HEDY LAMARR’S MANSION, COMPLETE FURNISHINGS TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.”

One visitor from the East, after observing all these auction advertisements, turned to a friend of hers, a long-time resident of the movie colony, and said, “Surely, there must be one Hollywood star who doesn’t live in a mansion?”

The truth is that there are dozens of actors and actresses who live simply, reasonably, and normally; and with few exceptions, practically all of these are under the age of 30.

The day has long since passed when an actor, on being signed to a contract, raced to a phone, (Continued on next page)
how young hollywood lives continued

JOAN EVANS, a bride of one year, believes this three-room furnished apartment is perfect for a novice housekeeper. It leaves her plenty of time to concentrate on her cooking. Joan planned the soft monochrome green decor.

JERRY LEWIS and his wife Patti adore their new playhouse, the most complete party room in all Hollywood. The 30 by 60 foot building cost over $25,000. But Jerry, who earns about half a million a year considers it well worth it.

rang up an important real estate dealer, and shouted, “I’ve just signed a contract at Metro. Get me a house befitting my position. You know, gardens, swimming pool, the whole works.”

The reason these days have passed is that starting salaries in the motion picture industry aren’t very large. Janet Leigh began at $43.80 a week, Debbie Reynolds at less than $100, the same holds true for Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner, Debra Paget, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, and so on down the line.

It takes anywhere from five to ten years before a star begins earning a four-figure weekly salary; so that for the most part they spend their early working days living in small but well-furnished apartments or in small but modest rented houses. When they hit the big time and have proven themselves great box-office attractions, their salaries boom, and they begin to live accordingly.

Jane Powell has just bought herself a beautiful new home in Westwood. In addition to her large Metro salary, Jane averages $8,500 a week when she goes out on personal (Continued on page 107)
URSULA THIESS chose watermelon couch and drapes, and green walls to set off her dark-haired beauty. Wilshire Boulevard, a popular neighborhood for young stars, is right outside her door.

A poodle named "Pappy" shares Ursula's three-room apartment with her. She maintains that every bachelor girl should own a pet—if only as an incentive to cooking a meal at home each day.

DAWN ADDAMS has plenty of ups and downs in her home life. Her apartment has three levels: three steps up to the living room, two down to the dinette, and a whole flight up to the balcony bedroom.

A jumble of mementos gathered along the way (Dawn's traveled all over the world with her father, an English Army officer) add to the colorful effect. Other bright touches are home-made pillows.
The Movie Mother is an ever-present problem. Today a new team of inseparables brings up the

You should watch Debra Paget's eyes sometimes when anyone suggests that she is still a mama's girl. They can slant down to the thinnest, unfriendliest tilted slits you ever saw. She might say a few cold words in denial, or, even more likely, do it with an even colder silence. She particularly resents such insinuations from boys. One such fellow talked along this line when trying for a date the other day. Not an effusive girl anyway, Debra gave him a look that told him exactly what to do but he refused to drop. He managed to stay on his feet, and alive, while she marched away. He wouldn't have gotten the date anyway, very likely, but if he had been more diplomatic there might have been an invitation to join the gang at her home some evening.

It is difficult to picture Debra as a meek and obedient daughter when you study her full-blown beauty, catch the flaunting fling her curvacious figure can achieve when she walks down the street in a bright ballerina skirt, (Continued on page 111)
Whether it's work or play, Debbie's mother, Mrs. Frank Griffin, is right there by her side. They attend premieres and parties together, and, on set, Mrs. Griffin is just an inch or two out of camera range.

Is Mrs. Griffin living her own life over again, in Debbie's career? Once a successful vaudeville and stage star herself, she seems to glory in the attention and excitement surrounding her beautiful daughter.

old Mother-Daughter riddle: Is it good for Debra . . . or her mother?  

BY ALICE HOFFMAN
Her heart won't be broken!

Hollywood's young set loves to dabble in romance... but innocent pastimes for two often lead to heart-

Big-name movie stars, and next-door neighbors gather at Debbie’s house often. As long as they like to laugh, and love to eat, they’re welcome!

Debbie doesn’t have much time to devote to just plain relaxing. Busy with her girl scout troop, French horn practicing, and her career, she has few minutes for her poodle “Tursey.”

Burned once, Debbie’s determined to guard her heart more carefully next time. She has many dates, won’t go steady. Tom Morton gets the same attention as her other beaus.

“If you see my darling with somebody new, Keep it a secret whatever you do,"

The misty, California spring night had given way to grey, early morning fog when a young girl, a small and pert young beauty, stepped out from the Los Angeles Airport waiting room onto the passenger loading apron. She wore a light, tailored suit, a gay, knitted cloche on her head and fingered an icebox-fresh corsage pinned at her throat.

With her came a middle-aged couple. The three stood for a few minutes in a fond, close grouping and then with a last, quick embrace for each of them the girl turned and ran for her plane. Motors roared. The DC-4 taxied slowly away. Debbie Reynolds was leaving Hollywood for an extended tour . . . leaving with a saddened heart.

There should have been another there, a tall, darkly handsome boy, but he wasn’t . . . unless you count the memory of him which filled her mind. Once they had been close, once she would have had a right to expect him there, once his hand would have been the last to touch hers before she left. But that had been once. Now it was not like that. Now you hear of him being with others . . .

“Why should you tell me and break my poor heart? Then foolish pride would just drive us apart.”

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner were never engaged. He never gave her a ring. They never announced that they were going steady. They were young and like the young made a lot of their independence. It’s just that for almost three years they were a pair; they liked each other better than anyone else, they had regular Saturday night dates and many spur-of-the-moment weekday dates, they met each (Continued on page 82)

break. Buoyant Debbie Reynolds is learning that there is safety in numbers! - BY CONSUELO ANDERSON
Too many talented young people put off love for a rainy day. Not Bob and Barbara, who

Love's Young Dream

by SUSAN TRENT
know the way to face the future is together.

Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton are one of the brightest young couples on the Hollywood horizon. She is the daughter of radio actress Lurene Tuttle and radio actor Melville Ruick, and her two-year-old contract with MGM has put her in such pictures as Above and Beyond, I Love Melvin and The Affairs of Dobie Gillis. Barbara herself has put even more into her movies than was expected in the wildest dreams of studio executives, and as a result she is slated for the big time on that lot. A star dressing room is also waiting for Bob, whose portrayals in The Arena and The Bright Road mark him as an unquestionably fine actor.

Come August, all this talent is going to be lumped into one family, when Barbara and Bob exchange their vows in front of what they both agree will be a "small altar."

There has been plenty of time to discuss the wedding, the kind of house they want, and whether or not they'll install a garbage disposal unit, keep parakeets and have children. Long engagements versus short engagements make a frequent subject for debate, and Barbara admits she would have been willing to marry Bob 24 hours after Cupid let go with his arrow.

Twenty-four hours, she figures, would have been more than sufficient (Continued on next page)
to gather up her wedding dress, the license and the dime for her shoe. But because Bob's interlocutory divorce decree will not be final until August, Barbara has been forced to endure an engagement period of almost a year.

"And you know, I've decided it's a good idea," she says. "It gives us time to iron out the kinks."

None of the so-called kinks are very serious, as their temperaments seem admirably suited to each other. They agree on many things, including the fact that the least likely way to spend an evening is a siege at a plush nightclub. If you really wanted to find them after working hours, the best bet would be any little restaurant where there is a torrid piano player. Barbara would be the brown-eyed blonde who is so engrossed in the music, and Bob would be the handsome man with red hair, the one wearing the patient, puzzled expression. The pianist comes to a highly stylized phrase, and Barbara half rises from the chair in her excitement.

"Now what did he do?" says Bob.

"Didn't you hear that?" she says. "About two bars back. Those were the licks I've been telling you about."

Bob shifts in his chair. "Now, go over that once more for me—lightly. You mean when he hits the keys in sort of an off-beat way—"

"That's it—that's it! Now, listen and see if you can tell me when he does it again. I'll make you a jazz fan yet!"

If you wanted to find them during the day, look around any sports stadium. Baseball, football, basketball, it doesn't matter—if it's a good game, they'll be there. Barbara is the one who is either staring intently at the field or plying Bob with questions about technical points of the game, which he answers as fast as she asks them.

Since last fall, when love bloomed between them, they have had a liberal education concerning each other. Bob wants desperately to be a hipster so that he can share her enthusiasm for jazz, and Barbara has discovered that he has an excellent singing voice which she thinks with a year's training could be slightly sensational. Bob has found out that his future bride can whip up an excellent dinner, and Barbara was pleased to find that while she never enjoyed cooking for herself, it developed into a pleasure when she was doing it for Bob. She likes Chinese food, which he loathes, and he likes Mexican food which sends Barbara's digestive system into a snit, so they compromise at Italian restaurants. They have discussed at length the affect of their combined careers on their coming marriage and feel they understand the other's work so well that they will be able to iron out any possible wrinkles.

The attraction that has grown between them has been a gradual thing. They first met more than a year ago in the office of MGM dramatic coach Lillian Burns, and it was a matter of "How do you do, Mr. Horton?" and "Quite well, thank you. (Continued on page 100)
Here are tomorrow's top twenty-two! On this and the following four pages *Modern Screen* lifts the curtain, turns the spotlight on the newcomers Hollywood has been grooming for big-time. Now it's up to them—and to you.

**RICHARD BURTON**

---

**at the sneak preview — they all said Burton!**

- A neighborhood movie house was the scene of a 20th Century-Fox preview some months ago. It was what is known in the trade as a “first sneak,” which means the first opportunity the studio executives have to examine the picture with an unbiased audience. The movie was *My Cousin Rachel*, and during the screening the house was very quiet. As a matter of fact, you could tell it was obviously a little too quiet to suit the taste of the nervous producers. When the picture was over the audience filed into the lobby and dutifully walked to the temporary desks provided for the purpose and began filling in the comment cards. There was still little conversation, and none of the usual gayety audiences express at such a screening. When the last of them was gone the producers (*Continued on page 109*)
a press agent's brain-storm came true

Keefe Brasselle was pretty blue the day he dropped by the office of his old friend, the publicist, Glenn Rose. He wasn't getting parts; he feared his option would be dropped. As he recited his miseries, Glenn suddenly pointed a finger at Keefe. "You are going to be Eddie Cantor." Keefe told him he'd lost his mind. "I don't look like Cantor; too many other actors are after the part." But Glenn's eyes were glazed with an idea that wouldn't let go. Keefe went home. Glenn grabbed a phone to tell Sidney Skolsky to stop worrying about a lead for The Cantor Story. Meantime the idea began to bother Brasselle. He had some pictures of himself made up to look like Eddie. Glenn hunted up a girl named Barbara Donahue, who worked for an optical company. Contact lenses were needed to change his blue eyes to dark Cantor color. He called Keefe and announced, "Boy, I got your eyes—for nothing." Then they button-holed producer Skolsky in the back room at Schwab's drug store. Miraculously, Brasselle had the part of his life. This is the true story of how one man's idea secured the future of a star. The talented boy from Elyria, Ohio, who clerked in a Hollywood shoe store, and sold automobiles to support his family—Keefe Brasselle—has clicked for good!

talent scouts watch television

It just seems that every time Anna Maria Alberghetti opens her pretty mouth to sing, she gets moved. It happened on her home Island of Rhodes, before she was 12. She had concert engagements in Italy, and won passports for herself and her war-exhausted family when she sang her lucky song, "Cara Nome" for the military governor. A high C in Italy won her contracts in America at Carnegie Hall. One trill in that famous auditorium and music-devotee and celebrated MC, Ed Sullivan had her on his TV program. The camera had just focused on her golden throat when she was spotted by Adolph Zukor. She was whisked from New York to Hollywood to sing in a picture with another tune-hummer, Mr. H. L. Crosby. To complete this fairy tale that came true, Anna Maria got a contract at Paramount. In The Stars Are Singing, Miss Alberghetti proved she could act as well as sing. She'll be teamed with Rosemary Clooney again in her next, Red Garters. She never sings a note before 12:00 noon. Her father, a fine musician and her teacher, says because she is so young, not yet 16, it would harm her voice to sing before her body is fully awake. Once having heard her, nobody, not even the neighbors, can wait till she's old enough to sing all the time, from morning to night.
success like a present under the Christmas tree—one morning there it was. Just like that . . .

all it took was a pair of scissors

Joanne Gilbert is as flabbergasted as anyone else over her amazing leap from obscurity to movie fame without having appeared in a single picture. This newcomer, who's set to star with Donald O'Connor in *The Big Song And Dance* says, "I've had nothing but luck!" Part of that luck is the fact that although her parents are separated, her mother sensibly allowed her to see a lot of her dad, Ray Gilbert, Academy Award winning song writer. One day, tired of her 5-year career of modeling, Joanne told him, "I've got an idea. Would you write me some special material?" "Sure," he replied. He wrote. She sang. He listened. His eyes popped wide open. Then Joe Pasternak of MGM suggested she put on a charity performance at the Mocambo. Owner Charley Morrison was enthusiastic until she showed up in a man's white blouse and long black trousers. All was saved, however, when someone in a fit of genius produced a pair of scissors, snipped away the pants legs and behold! There were legs that would make Marlene Dietrich think twice. The results were startling. The sultry, emotion-filled voice, the big hazel eyes knocked Hollywood for a loop and Paramount for a contract. One critic said. "That voice—those eyes—the legs that never stop. WOW!" And Hollywood thinks fans will agree.

who's the tow-head in the tenth row?

Tab Hunter is a lad who never bled to be an actor. As a matter of fact, he was plucked off the bleachers at an ice-show, and thrown into the arms of Linda Darnell. He was a spectator at an ice show the night Henry Willson, a top talent scout, spotted him all a'gog at the figure eights. Willson has picked people like Linda Darnell, Rory Calhoun, and Lana Turner before they knew the front end of a camera from the back, and helped them develop into stars. He wanted the same thing for Tab. And Tab didn't mind a bit. His first role was in *Island of Desire*, with Miss Darnell. Now he's slated for *Steel Lady*. Tab is the boy-next-door type, an ex-San Franciscan who doesn't believe that his profile is heaven's gift to movies. He works hard to keep in trim, riding and jumping horses; studies acting and singing diligently. He lives with his mother, but call him "Mama's Boy" and you'll collect a good sock on the nose. At 22, he's a bachelor and an ex-Marine. He ran away from home at 15 to join the Leathernecks. Now that he's home again the situation is still well in hand—including the social life of Hollywood. This boy gets around with the best—Susan Zanuck and Debbie Reynolds, for instance—and Hollywood predicts that Tab Hunter will stay around for a long, long time.
Tomorrow's spotlight will shine on these new faces—17 youngsters hand-picked and ready for the big break.

PHYLLIS KIRK has been given a fast shuffle by Hollywood . . . but it looks like the time has come for a "new deal" for her, now. Under contract for a while, first to MGM then to Warner Bros., at last Paramount gave her a break in their Iron Mistress.

ELAINE STEWART and Marilyn Monroe have something in common: Marilyn was married to a policeman, Elaine is the daughter of one. Something else, too—of all the girls in Hollywood, Elaine is Marilyn's closest sex-appeal competitor. She's in Young Bess.

PARKER LEE's been called everything under the sun by casting agents: too short, too tall, too handsome, too ugly. But, like the patient Norwegian-American that he is, he stuck it out till U. T. took a second look and signed him up. His next: The Cimarron Kid.

KATY JURADO used to be such a tomboy she beat up all the boys in the neighborhood. She still floors 'em, but with her flashing dark eyes, now, instead of her fists. A native of Mexico, where she was a top star, she made a name for herself here in High Noon.

TOM MORTON's one chorus boy who made good. (Van Johnson's another.) Tom had the audacity to hire a press agent while still in the chorus. Paramount teamed him with another unknown (Rosemary Clooney) in The Stars Are Singing; has big plans for him.

LORI NELSON had to give up Hollywood at the age of eight. Rheumatic fever cost her a job in King's Row. But she lived in the movie neighborhood, and pretty soon the gal down the street was on the screen in the Ma and Pa Kettle series. At 20, Lori's on her way.

RICHARD ALLAN majored in music at college till World War II came along. Drafted, he ended up in an overseas laundry unit. His first film break came when he doubled for Monty Clift's swimming scenes in Place In The Sun. His latest (same old water!) is Niagra.

KEITH ANDES' best breaks have come with a germ. He met his beautiful nurse wife while sick-a-bed. Alfred Drake's illness in Kiss Me Kate gave Keith a chance to sing the lead 22 times. RKO scouts heard him, cast him in Clash By Night and Split Second.
SUSAN CABOT was born in Boston and raised in the Bronx. She's as American as a hot dog—but, oddly enough, until she was teamed recently with Audie Murphy in Roughshod, she played nothing but native girls and Indian princesses in her movie roles.

TOUCH CONNORS has been shooting for a screen career right along, but he's studying law on the side ... just in case! He is registered under his real name, Joy O'Hanian, at Southwestern University. But, if his role in Sudden Fear means anything, he'll forget law.

BETTA ST. JOHN licked a serious speech impediment and went on to become a child actress at the age of eight. At 16, she danced herself into the chorus of Carousel on Broadway; next, she landed a job in South Pacific. You'll be seeing her in 20th's The Robe.

BYRON PALMER's performance in Tonight We Sing netted him such glowing notices that Darryl Zanuck signed him to a contract when studios were dropping, not hiring, actors... If "By," as his friends call him, ever tires of movies, he'll try newspaper work.

ROBERTA HAYNES' father used to be an electrical engineer ... so maybe that accounts for the sparks that start flying when she's on screen! Her first bit role, in High Noon, wound up on the cutting room floor, but she made out better in Return To Paradise.

CRAIG HILL's big ambition is to buy a boat that will carry him away on a cruise to South America someday. If his screen career keeps zooming the way it's doing, he'll have the money for the trip in short order ... but no time! He'll be too busy making movies.

POLLY BERGEN is about as different as you can get. She dances with a Southern accent; attended 45 different high schools; once got fired as a singer because she was "too sexy." She's still something special as a wife to Jerome Courtland—and a star in The Stooge.

HUGH O'BRIAN was the youngest drill sergeant in the history of the Marine Corps. Except for some amateur magic, his aptitude for acting seemed almost non-existent. But Hugh looks good, talks sense, and comes across the screen big in The Man From The Alamo.

AUDREY DALTON hails from Dublin, where she was schooled at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She has more poise than the average 18-year-old, sparkling blue-green Irish eyes, and a smouldering temper she's never used. She's in Paramount's Pleasure Island.
too far, too fast?

(Continued from page 47) the fans like Bob even though he did come up the easy way.

Dale Robertson who has played opposite the 23-year-old beauty knows him well, says, "Wagner's a regular guy, very likeable and down-to-earth, no airs or anything, that's why everyone goes for him. A swell kid."

Debbie Reynolds' mother, who saw a good deal of the tall, brown-eyed Wagner when he was going more or less steadily with her daughter, generates the same sort of enthusiasm. She knows him well. "He's a wonderful boy," she explains, "well-bred and well-mannered, the kind of boy a mother knows she can trust her daughter with. He is every inch a gentleman. He's won an apartment next good, substantial upbringing. He's always welcome in our house."

These quotations are typical of the high regard in which Wagner is held in Hollywood. Throughout the country he rates similarly—that is, if his fan mail is any indication—and it always is.

When Debbie is released, and Wagner finishes Twelve-Mile Reef with Terry Moore down at Tarpon Springs Florida, it is highly probable that his fan mail will double as the result of his appearance in the vital point of discussion—is this friendly, good-looking young actor with the monocled background and the winning smile becoming too famous too fast?

Like every question in Hollywood there are two schools of thought on this one. Those who believe that Wagner should be held in check and those who think the boy is doing just fine and should be given his head.

Students enrolled in the first school claim that young Bob is feeling his oats, that he's going off the deep end.

A girlfriend of Debbie Reynolds says, "Debbie still thinks R.J.'s a dreamboat, but I'm not that gone on the boy. As soon as he got a little too successful what happened? He bought himself one of those fancy racing cars, a low slung MG. He started seeing less and less of Debbie, more and more of Susan Zanuck and girls like that, you know."

"He cracked up his car, bought a new one, moved out of his folks' home in Bel-Air. He started making the rounds with Dan Dailey, and wound up an apartment next door to Dailey's. One of those bachelor setups where you can be alone and play records and show etchings."

"I like R.J. Don't get me wrong. He's a swell fellow, but I honestly feel he's reacting to success the way any other young man would."

He doesn't want to get married, and he makes noises about the fact. He's playing the field, and he's giving his career everything he's got—and that's plenty.

"I'm sure he's got enough background to keep up his popularity. It's the ground, and I certainly hope he's not going to move into Dan Dailey's league."

"Dailey's an operator, you know. He came in as a boy from the ghetto, and he's strictly show business, and fellows like that—well, they're tough on girls. Look at what happened to Liz Dailey and Beety Wynn, and then there was Dan's first wife back East..."

"I don't want to sound like one of those females who dips her tongue in sulphuric acid each morning, but I don't feel that the combine of Dailey and Wagner is such a hot combination."

"Dailey himself needs an older well-adjusted man to guide him, maybe a psycho-
New! a Sensational Step forward in Deodorants!

Scientific proof! Tracer Method (above) proves New Fresh superior in keeping underarms dry.

Gentle New Fresh will give you up to 180% more underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now Fresh brings you the greatest improvement in deodorants in years.

Tracer Tests made in a famous university laboratory prove that the new moisture-control formula of New Fresh is far superior in astringent action to other leading cream deodorants tested. And it's the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry... actually keeps you and your clothes safer.

New Fresh stops odor completely. Yet it is still as creamy-soft, as extra-gentle to skin as ever!

Use Fresh daily, be lovely to love always, and always.

Look! A new Fresh with Chlorophyll*! Gives the miracle deodorizing qualities of Chlorophyll, combined with super-effective Fresh formula. Stainless.

Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.
Hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits

"Mother may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hick'ry limb
But don't you go near the water."

With a lush pool steps away, not a swimsuit model plunged into the cop, clear water but—rather, suits concealed, they paraded swathed in mink coats and smothered with rhinestone jewelry before Modern Screen's delighted Hollywood Fashion Board and guests. At the M.S. Summer fashion luncheon held on the estate of James and Pamela Mason, the models surprised all as they slipped the mink coats off to reveal the season's outstanding swimsuits. From the vast collection of swimsuits modeled, the stars on the board (see photo page 79) voted their favorite styles.

The orchestra played sweet, mellow music during the gala luncheon and fashion show. Hit dance tunes and request numbers by the stars were played later.

Esther Williams emceed the swimsuit show from the sidelines. While the models paraded, before members of the Board, Esther pointed out the beauty and swim-ability of each suit. (Continued on page 76)

1. Guests Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Rod Cameron and Dress Designer Elois Jenssen opened party gifts—favorites among them were Seven Test nylons in very pretty turquoise boxes (see table foreground).


*For details of these swimsuits turn to page 86

BEACH ACCESSORIES BY BILL HAWES OF CALIFORNIA
Swimsuits—glitter with jewels and tulle drew ooh's and ah's from the glamour-conscious Board. Esther convinced the bedazzled Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board Members that these glamorous suits were just as successful in deep water as on the sea-shore. All the pretty bathing costumes—all-over embroidered, sophisticated stripes and plaids, ornately jeweled or cunningly printed—were deftly designed for active sports as well as for their rightful place in the sun.

In between the time the models passed before the Board and returned to the dressing room, waiters carried large trays of gift packages beautifully wrapped. They served each Board Member a surprise package. Wrappings were quickly disposed of and boxes and boxes were opened revealing the surprise gifts of Dana 20 Carets perfume and cologne. Cole of California swimsuits, Ledo rhinestone jewelry, Holeproof hosiery, Tartan Suntan Lotion, Luxite lingerie, Rose Marie Reid dolls with gift certificates, Volupté compacts, Seven Test nylon stockings and Risqué casual shoes. All gathered around June Haver to watch her unwrap her gifts—to wish her happiness in the new role she chose. This was June's last Hollywood party before entering the convent.

See the stars who reviewed your 1953 swimsuits in the following films: Jan Sterling and Charlton Heston, Paramount's Pony Express; June Haver, 20th's The Girl Next Door (in Technicolor); James Mason and Leslie Caron, MGM's The Story Of Three Loves, (in Technicolor); James is also in 20th's The Desert Rats; Rod Cameron, Republic's Ride The Man Down; Virginia Mayo, Warner's Sulu Sea (in Technicolor); Mona Freeman, RKO's Angel Face; Elois Jenssen, Academy Award Dress Designer; Michael O'Shea, now in 20th's Bloodhounds Of Broadway.
Anne Francis poses in *Black Beauty*—a swimsuit of nylon and acetate *Lastex* faille that features Spanish-type lace panels with startling contrast lining beneath. Sizes 32 to 38. Black with lime or coral lining. About $9. By Surf Togs. Anne will appear in the Warner Bros. production *A Lion In The Streets*.

Figure flattery is assured with this *Lastex* faille Sea Nymph suit worn by Penny Edwards, now in 20th's *Powder River*. Sizes 32 to 38. Black, red, navy, yellow, green, fuchsia, pink or turquoise. About $9. Penny is sure to keep her hair glamorous while swimming with a U. S. Rubber swim cap.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80.
hollywood approves your 1953 swim suits  continued

Guests June Allyson and Deborah Kerr exchange their ideas on swimsuit trends.

Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas compare ballots on favorite styles.

Dancing after the fashion show—lovely Anne Francis and husband Bam Price.

Above: Feminine and breath-taking, Elaine Stewart in Rose Marie Reid's Hourglass suit of elasticized Antique satin. Styled with a flatteringly draped bra and bloomer, it is accented with a sculptured long-boned bodice. Sizes 10 to 16. Pink, blue or gold. About $25. Wedgies by Risqué. Elaine is in the MGM film A Slight Case Of Larceny.

Left: Hayride—Catalina's clever one-piece swimsuit of Sanforized Fuller cotton bandana print posed by Mona Freeman. It has an elastic shirred front, Puckerette back—polka dot trim. 30 to 38. Navy background with red and white print or white background with navy and red print. About $11. See Mona in RKO's Angel Face.
Glamor is the order of the day as models parade swimsuits before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board—l. to r.: Jan Sterling, Charlton Heston, June Haver, James Mason (M.S. host), Leslie Caron, Rod Cameron, Virginia Mayo, Mona Freeman, Dress Designer Eloise Jenssen and Michael O'Shea.


Right: Leslie Caron, star of MGM's Technicolor film Lili, chooses a light-weight denim Plastique print swimsuit by Maurice Handler of California. The back of this suit is elasticized for snug fit—piqué trims the bra cuff. S. M. or L. Available in light rose, blue or green—also charcoal or brown, all with white. About $9.
where to buy
MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores.

CATALINA Page 75
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Boston, Mass., Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill., Wabash
Cincinnati, O., P. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dayton, Ohio, Robinson's
Des Moines, Iowa, Younger Bros.
Elkhart, Ind., C. M. Neale
Durham, N. C., E. S. Hanes
Long Beach, Calif., Burt's
Monongahela, Pa., Union
Minneapolis, Minn., Fashions & Sons
Milwaukee, Wis., Burdine
Newark, N. J., Kress's-Newark
Oklahoma City, Okla., Wonder
Omaha, Neb., J. L. Brandts
Philadelphia, Pa., Siegel
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel's
Phoenix, Ariz., Goldwater
Portland, Ore., Chase, F. B.
Richmond, Va., Talbott
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
State College, Pa., Stewart
Waterbury, Conn., Worth

CLEVELAND Page 76
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Denver, Colo., P. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Des Moines, Iowa, Federal Dept. Stores
Pittsburgh, Pa., The Fair
Dayton, Ohio, Rob. L. Cohen 
Houston, Texas, Poise Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind., Minyon
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's
New Orleans, La., Krause
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
Omaha, Neb., Charles Shapiro
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va., Talbimer's
San Francisco, Calif., Woodard & Lethrop
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Co.

SEA NYMPH Page 75
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Sparre
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Dayton, Ohio, L. R. Gertz, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kneipp
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop

GANTNER & MATTENER Page 76
Banou Reserve, La., Dart Well Co.
Boston, Mass., Ficklin Bros.
Charleston, S. C., C. E. N. C.
Chicago, Ill., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Dallas, Texas, Hunt Dept. Stores
Dayton, Ohio, Robinson's
Spina, M., Christian D. G. Co.
Lima, Ohio, Madison
Long Beach, Calif., Walker
Miami, Fl., Burdine
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Salt Lake City, Utah, Whipple's
San Francisco, Calif., City Of Paris
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Antonio, Texas, Joske's

JANTZEN Page 79
Louisville, Ky., Zelner's
New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's
Salt Lake City, Utah, Ahearn
San Antonio, Texas, Joske's

MAURICE HANDLER Page 77
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Beaverton, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Boston, Mass., T. W. Davenport
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio, John H. Chisholm
Des Moines, Iowa, Woodward Co.
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Dayton, Ohio, Bike-Ximer
Fort Worth, Texas, Poise Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky., Zelners
Milan, Fl., Burdine's
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Calif., Saks Fifth Avenue

ROSE MARIE REID Page 78
Baltimore, Md., May Co.
Bloomington, Del., Arthur's
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio, Mably & Carew
Denver, Colo., Elder & Johnson
Des Moines, Iowa, Younger Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Spafford & Lawton
Pittsburgh, Pa., W. M. & D. C. Stewart
San Francisco, Calif., The White House

SEA NYMPH Page 77
Albany, N. Y., John G. Myers, Co. Inc.
Allentown, Pa., Ross Bros.
Baltimore, Md., Hich's
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y., Namn-Leone
Chicago, Ill., Chas. Stevens
Cleveland, Ohio, Halls Bros.
Detroit, Mich., Klissis
Evanston, Ill., Salins, Inc.
Fort Worth, Texas, Moody Dry Goods
Hartford, Conn., Judge Allen
Hartford, Conn., World's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
Des Moines, Iowa, Heyer & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
South San Antonio, Texas
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller

SURF TOGS Page 77
Atlanta, Ga., Rich's
Baltimore, Md., Stewart's
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y., Himan
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott
Columbus, Ohio, F. & L. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, H. Eimer
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich., Paul Sterkel's
Hartford, Conn., World's
Honolulu, Hawaii, Bros
Los Angeles, Calif., May Co.
New Orleans, La., Krause
New York, N. Y., Famous Fashion Shop
Peekskill, N. Y., Genelli's
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va., Talbimer's
San Francisco, Calif., The White House
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop

FORM CONTROL Page 75
Albany, N. Y., John G. Meyers
Baltimore, Md., Mercantile
Brooklyn, N. Y., S. C. Rochester Collins
Boston, Mass., Filene's
Buffalo, N. Y., J. J. Adam
Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie, Scott

COLUMBUS Page 79
Columbus, Ohio, Po. & R. Lazarius Co.
Dundalk, Maryland, Federal Dept. Stores
Pittsburgh, Pa., The Fair
Dayton, Ohio, Rob. L. Cohen
Houston, Texas, Poise Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind., Minyon
Newark, N. J., Bamberger's
New Orleans, La., Krause
New York, N. Y., Best & Co.
Omaha, Neb., Charles Shapiro
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va., Talbimer's
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Staten Island, N. Y., Z.C.M.J.

COLUMBUS Page 79
Boston, Mass., Ficklin Bros.
Charleston, S. C., C. E. N. C.
Chicago, Ill., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Dallas, Texas, Hunt Dept. Stores
El Paso, Tex., W. M. & D. C. Stewart
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
San Francisco, Calif., City Of Paris

Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Sparre
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Dayton, Ohio, L. R. Gertz, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kneipp
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop

Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Sparre
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Dayton, Ohio, L. R. Gertz, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kneipp
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop

Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Sparre
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Dayton, Ohio, L. R. Gertz, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kneipp
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop

Baltimore, Md., Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass., Coen, D. C. Holvendal
Buffalo, N. Y., Hens & Kelly
Chicago, Ill., Sparre
Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
Dayton, Ohio, L. R. Gertz, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Kneipp
Springfield, Mass., Forbes Wallace
St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C., Woodard & Lethrop
"When you powder your nose, think of your legs,"
says Vera-Ellen

"Kleig lights often cast ugly highlights on shiny stockings," says Vera-Ellen, star of M-G-M's THE BIG LEAGUER.
"So we make sure our legs look as freshly powdered as our faces." And that's what Bur-Mil Cameo nylons can do for your legs, too!

- "A woman powders her nose to eliminate unflattering shine," says alluring Vera-Ellen. "And, in Hollywood, we know a shiny stocking can be just as unglamorous as a shiny nose."
- That's why, on the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like lovely Vera-Ellen, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish to assure their legs of a soft, misty dullness that keeps them Leg-O-Genic at all times.
- Sheerest of them all! Bur-Mil Cameo's new, fabulously sheer 12 denier nylons in full-fashioned or seamless styles.

BUR-MIL
CAMEO
STOCKINGS
WITH EXCLUSIVE
FACE POWDER FINISH

A PRODUCT OF
BURLINGTON MILLS...
WORLD'S LARGEST
PRODUCER OF
FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO, FACE POWDER AND
LEG-O-GENIC ARE TRADEMARKS
BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION

Styles from $1.25 to $1.95
her heart won't be broken

(Continued from page 63) other’s folks and approved of each other’s mannerisms in turn and were in love. All of this, you might say, building in their lives... and then, nothing.

Maybe it hurt more than it should be because for one day, she met Bob, was a laughing bubble of a girl; too happy about being just young to be bothered about being young and wanted. Debbie was the kind of girl who’d give you a plastic toy for all the lovey-dovey in the world. She preferred to talk hop through her gum and park herself in any position she liked and the heck with lady-like deportment and decorum. She used to insist that as far as boys were concerned, “I can go along with a good-night kiss but, frankly, it doesn’t do a thing for me.”

She used to have a way of saying she wouldn’t think of marrying, then, after a pause, adding, “Not until I’m at least 24, at least.” Life was too full of movement to hold still for anything. There was dancing—that really “stoned” her. There was swimming—she “flipped her lid” about swimming. There was volley ball and playing her French horn and leading her girl scouts and camping and making pictures and, for that matter, just the big kick she got out of talking and eating and sleeping. “Anything’s fun if you give it a chance,” she would say, meaning it didn’t have to be boys.

The Debbie of those days? Well, there was the time her brother, Bill, prevailed on her to go out with a buddy of his. Bill had been after her to do this for a year because this friend was “real gone” on her.

“Who ...” said Debbie, skeptically, and finally went. That night she didn’t come home until near midnight. She stomped into the house angrily, walked over to Bill’s room and banged the door open.

“Ah-hi! What a shmo!” she cried. “What a shmo your pal is! So I’ve been sitting in his car for an hour. So he’s been breathing in my ear and crying the back of my neck. I hope you’re satisfied!”

But then she met and began dating Bob. They mostly did the things Debbie liked to do. They went on dates, once Saturday night dates. They went dancing... but rarely to those intimate, night spots; Debbie liked well lit halls. Generally they had a ball and Debbie began to change her mind; she and her old ideals were beginning to clash with new dreams.

She let it be known that she might marry at 23; and only last year, while she and Bob were still dating, she announced that maybe 22 would be a nice age for wife- hood. But that was the last remark on the subject. Quietly, very quietly, it began to fade from her mind. And Bob and she and Bob weren’t seeing each other any more. Almost everyone who knew them felt badly and hoped otherwise. But it was too late.

The ending is pretty well established, was Bob’s idea. Debbie, it is quite clear, didn’t make a fuss about it. And it is Bob who has seemed able, more easily, to pick up with a new life... and with new sights.

(For the full story of Bob Wagner’s “new life” read Too Far, Too Fast? on page 46) And wherever he goes with them, dancing at a Beverly Hills party with that one—so often on the Saturday nights that used to be Debbie’s Saturday nights—there is always someone who has to make sure it reaches Debbie’s ears. As if she wants to know. As if she doesn’t repeatedly plead that she would much rather not know.

... If you see my darling in some rendezvous, Painting the town with a girl he once knew...

Those who know Bob refuse to believe that he is too crazy about Debbie. They say that when Rory Calhoun and his Lila Baran gave a birthday party for him last February and he learned, on arrival, that Debbie had volunteered to be a co-hostess, he was deeply touched. It was a surprise party. Bob came alone. When he entered Debbie was there with a trumpet and blowing him a fanfare salute. Lila was unrolling the red carpet. Bob and Debbie quickly paired off and talked for a long time. But after the party was over... nothing had changed. Bob went back to his new ways. They spoke only a few times, and these times over the telephone. When Bob went out it was again with someone else.

HOLLYWOOD always has to explain things to itself in down to earth terms, and in Bob’s case there are any number of stories to account for his defection, some of them perhaps more vivid than accurate. More simply it could be said that at 23 Bob is beginning to find the social level of his dates with Debbie (a level which she set), too immature for him or... or that this is a challenge that all youths face sometime; at 23 it has been intensified, not only by his position as a star, and a darn good looking one, but by another personal involvement. He may be called any time now to go soldiering—He has been asked—there is going to war has sharpened the appetite for life of many a boy before him. Manhood is like that.

Born more than a year ago Bob was giving evidence of wanting to spread himself as an eligible bachelor around Hollywood. Debra Paget began to be conscious of his attention during the shooting of Stella Dallas. Right from the start she had insisted on a line that was half kid-ding and half serious. She responded to it on two counts: she knew he never dated, and also she knew he was only after Debbie, and Bob was Debbie’s boy friend and she valued Debbie’s regard. Eventually Debra got so angry at Bob’s persistence, particularly at columnist’s reports about them that she attached herself to Bob that she wouldn’t talk to him for a week.

Debbie is 21 now. She was 21 last April Fool’s Day she will tell you with a smile that, maybe, has a little bitterness to it. She never talks about Bob as a rule unless someone else brings up his name. “Pay no attention and just let it be; it’s done with.”

Once, when someone asked why they aren’t seeing each other any more, tears were reported to have come into her eyes and she replied, “Well, I guess he doesn’t like me any more.”

What worries her friends more than this is the kind of talk that makes them think Debbie might fall for someone else. On the rebound, words like which she spoke not long ago: “I know my family and my friends would be happy if I fell in love—and they would trust my judgment. I don’t, and I don’t want anymore.”

Bob may want a change now but her best bet is to stay herself—by no means the old thoughtless, frivolous girl in the movies, but knowing she is intrinsically, in contrast to the kind of girl he may be discovering in his new quests. For one thing she can’t help being herself, for another thing her instinct tells her this is the right thing to do.

In the meantime Debbie is out to forget Bob. There may come another day but it is silly to count the minutes, the hours.

That was why she thought it wise to leave Hollywood for a series of radio and personal appearances. As a matter of fact she has been making her own new life. After a long three week trip through east she was to be back in Hollywood—but only for two days. A South American tour with Arrell and Carleton Carpenter was to follow. And after that, Debbie might not be adverse to more travel—if needed. But in the back of her mind as she took off from Los Angeles was perhaps a strong thing to be deeply hidden, but nevertheless there.

By the time she returns to Hollywood (and she will have been back some time this week) Bob will be through with his “traveling” too. Maybe he’ll be “back” where he belongs.

In justice to Bob it should be admitted

that this is a challenge that all youths face some time at 23 it has been intensified, not only by his position as a star, and a darn good looking one, but by another personal involvement. He may be called any time now to go soldiering—He has been asked—there is going to war has sharpened the appetite for life of many a boy before him. Manhood is like that.

(Bob can be seen in MGM’s I Love Melvin and The Affairs of Dobie Gillis.)

read the hollywood love story of the year in the july issue of modern screen on sale june 9 with the beautiful bride, ann blyth herself, on the cover.
Anne Baxter, star in Warner's I Confess and Helene Stanley, last seen in 20th Century's Snows of Kilimanjaro, make their choice of Risque shoes.

hollywood stars award

Risque the fashion Oscar!

...and you'll say, "no wonder," when you see these and other glamorous, colorful, exciting Risques for daytime, for playtime, for vacation and stay-at-home fashion and fun.

And remember, every Risque is soft as down, thanks to Risque's exclusive Airsol construction!

Monogram Footwear, St. Louis.
of the Brando behavior. Why, for example, does he steer clear of the Hollywood beauties? Dozens of glamor girls have tried their best to date him. They’ve worked through intermediaries and friends of friends, but the boy always seemed too much to Brando to tumble. He is more interested in the mind than in the body.

He goes with the actress, Movita, more than anyone else. She’s the only one that’s because he doesn’t consider her the typical product of the Hollywood beauty belt-line. He likes simple, forthright girls and is more interested in their manner and atmosphere than in the body. Brando cannot abide publicity-seekers, male or female.

“Always used to go with a cross-eyed girl named Terez,” he said first as he scooted up on a stool. “She’s a boy of great sympathy and rare compassion. And this is no maternal exaggeration, either. Brando is inherently kind.

But I’d have worked with him and say that he gives every scene his best, never essays to steal a scene with a clever little distraction or to block someone else out of the camera. He is completely devoid of dect or narcissistic thinking.

TESSA Wright, who played opposite him in The Men, says, “Marlon is one of the finest, most thoughtful actors in the business. I love to play opposite him.”

Ella Kazan, who directed Brando both in New York and Hollywood, refers to him as, “the greatest young actor in a century.”

Mary Murphy, his leading lady in The Wild One, claims, “He’s the tops. He’ll do anything to help you. In this whole picture I have yet to hear anyone say a single bad word about Marlon. He’s cooperative in everything.”

The girls who seek a derecr of Marlon are usually those he’s spurned. Before she got married to Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters was sweet on Marlon. For a long time she refused to look at Shelley because it was a name she’d come out of. A few weeks later when they met at Motion Picture Center and Shelley came down to earth, Marlon took to her very nicely.

A few months ago, Brando was at a party where one young actress—she’s popularly referred to as Hollywood’s newest sex queen—tried to attract his attention by showing off her neck and décolletage. She was unhappily surprised. Brando has a powerful sense of concentration, the result of studying Yoga, and he refused to flatten the doll with even a sideward glance. Later, the littleиф, who had described him as, “the most insufferable prig I’ve ever met.” To this very day, Marlon doesn’t even know she was there.

When he likes a young woman, however, he makes no secret of the fact. During the making of Viva Zapata which was shot on location in Del Rio, Texas, he got on fairly well with Sally Peters. To show exactly how fond he was of this beauty, he climbed a treest up, and serenaded her at three a.m.

Brando is a free soul who has always been something of a recluse. He was expelled from school because he felt he simply had to wire the classroom doors with explosives. Next morning his teacher was astonished to find him back at school, however, thought so much of their quixotic colleague that they signed a petition demanding his immediate reinstatement.

By this time, however, Marlon was fed up with Sally Peters. He bundled her off to the Chicago digging irrigation ditches. A few weeks later he moved on to New York where his sister Frances was studying art. Brando was told that he would become an actor and enrolled at the New School for Social Research where his dramatics instructor was Stella Adler.
After a year at the New School and a season of summer stock on Long Island, Brando was signed for I Remember Mama. Four plays later he was cast as the lead in Streetcar and after that, Hollywood beckoned and he came.

Brando was paid $45,000 and ten per cent of the profits for his work in The Men. In Streetcar he got $65,000. A visa Zaprada was good for $75,000. Julius Caesar and The Wild One brought him $100,000 each.

In five pictures, Marlon has grossed close to $400,000, approximately half of which he's given to the government in taxes.

When Marlon is working, all of his salary is sent to his father in Chicago. His father, in turn, sends him $100 each week. Added to this, Brando gets $50 a week from MCA, the talent agency that represents him. "On 150 bucks a week," the actor says, "I get along very well. I have everything I want in the way of food, shelter, and entertainment. When I want to travel that's when I dig into the big loot. In Hollywood I try to rent a place, a house or something, that gives me a little privacy. In New York I have an apartment on 57th Street near Sixth Avenue. Nothing very big."

Actually, Marlon comes from a fairly well-to-do family. As a child in Omaha, Evanston, and Libertyville, these last two cities in Illinois, he always lived in large homes—there were never less than two in service—and he was sent to Shattuck, an expensive military academy.

With this sort of background it's a tribute to his sense of values that he understands the worth of a buck in this world. He believes more in the luxury of the mind than in luxurious material possessions of which he has practically none.

A friend who's known him for many years says, "They can call Bud a wack, a screwball, a bum, anything they want to, but do you know any youngster in Hollywood who's handled himself better? In three years this kid has been starred in five of the best films. He's won all sorts of critical accolades. They gave him an Academy Award nomination for Zapata, and I predict he'll get another one for Julius Caesar."

"In three years he's earned enough dough to take care of himself for the rest of his life. He's never been mixed up in the slightest scandal. He's never been arrested for drunken driving or slugging a cop or any of the mistakes young guys are more or less expected to make."

"His head hasn't swelled one-eighth of an inch. If anything, success has made him more kind, more thoughtful, more considerate. He's been a good son to his parents, a good brother to his sisters and a good friend to his friends. The only people who dislike him are reporters he refuses to see on the grounds that they're "scuffling hucksters."

"I'm not saying he's perfect. He's got a lot of blind spots. Like he's death on movie magazines, hates them, but not without reason. A lot of them have made him look like a silly jerk, and the truth is that he's not."

"In a town of sophistication and sophisticates and snow-job artists, he's managed to hold his own by being honest, frank and outspoken. By being Brando, nobody else."

"If you know any other kid who's got a better record than Bud, who's made a better showing than him, I wish you'd speak up."

"This guy doesn't miss a trick. He's got all the right instincts. He's leaving Hollywood exactly at the right time. He's 29, and he's on top. That's the time to pull out—when you're on top."

Richard Hudnut announces the all-new home permanent with revolutionary Beauty Rinse neutralizer

1 NEW! BEAUTY RINSE NEUTRALIZER. With creme rinse built-in. Automatically neutralizes, conditions and beauty-finishes hair in one quick step. Gives you bouncier, softer, shinier, longer-lasting curls.

2 NEW! DOUBLE-QUICK METHOD. Eliminates nuisance steps. Takes less time from start to finish than any other type of home permanent. You can unwind curls immediately!

3 NEW! SAFETY-BALANCED WAVING LOTION. Protects hair vitality and health. Insures a curl that goes right to the ends.

4 NEW! SALON CUSTOM-TIMING for just your kind of hair. You control the curl. No frizz, no fuzz, no "fail to take." No "new permanent" look!

We make no wild promises, no empty guarantees.

Your beautiful hair will speak for itself.

FEEL how soft and bouncy the ends are. Not frizzy, not crackly. Beauty Rinse neutralizer with creme rinse built-in conditions your hair to silky smoothness as it locks in the wave.

EXAMINE the ends under a magnifying glass. Note how strong and healthy. No newly split ends. And look at the beauty-finish. You get not just another permanent but truly beautiful hair.

RICHARD HUDNUT
of Fifth Avenue

$1.50
just 10c
SAFER, FASTER, EASIER FROM START TO FINISH
**NOW...A WONDER TREATMENT FOR 4 "YOUNG SKIN" PROBLEMS**

Are these "young skin" problems spoiling your looks?

Skin oily—yet flaky? Pores beginning to "spread"? Blackheads popping out?

Such an unkink but common trick of nature! Suddenly, the oil glands start over-working. At the same time, skin grows sluggish—can't throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. This mixture of oil and dry skin cells builds to a "choke" layer over the pore openings. Now—enlarged pores, even blackheads are on the way. Your skin needs help quickly.

A 1-Minute Treatment by Pond's now brings you new help for these four common "young skin" problems—over-oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, and blackheads.

---

**Right away...this remarkable facial cleans off...brightens...softens "young skin"**

Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, greaseless 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off stubborn, dead skin cells. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off clean. See how tingling—fresh and completely un-greasy your skin looks! How smooth it feels.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask today. You'll see encouraging results right away.

**"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!** A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.

---

**hollywood's youngest mother**

(Continued from page 53) was last February 27th, at which time Elizabeth Taylor turned 21 years old and became at long last officially, legally and irrevocably an adult. Later in the afternoon she slipped into her late father's Grey dress and snapped on her pearls. Michael Wilding poured a round of very special champagne cocktails for his wife, himself, and Liz' brother, Howard and wife, Maia, who strolled from the hotel, en route to the theater where they've been staying ever since Private Taylor came back from Korea last Christmas Eve. After special toasts were drunk, they all set out for a special evening—Mrs. Wilding's birthday since her baby arrived and her first appearance in public.

They went to Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and as they entered, the tables buttoned, most sincere boy in the world, strolled out, after Liz had gorged herself on a lean lamb chop, a spoonful of unbut- tered peas, melba toast, tea and a reckless slice of high caloric birthday cake.

The prevailing myth about Elizabeth Tay- lor is that she's the helpless, flighty, spoiled, beautiful—but-dumb child bride of a sophisticated, worldly wise British actor who knows it all.

People are funny that way. Often they prefer outrun fiction to current fact. But the up-to-date truth about Elizabeth Taylor. Wilding's present existence is twice as interesting as supposition and that truth is that at an age when most girls are still toying with frivolity pins and chanting rah-rah songs, Elizabeth is already a purposeful and mature young woman running her own house, caring for her baby, making herself and the man she married ecstatically happy, and con- tinuing her adult screen career. In the face of domestic and public publicity and head waggings ever since she flew to England to marry Michael Wilding, all Elizabeth has done is to record the most personally successful, fruitful and mean- ingful year of that entire life. As such she rates a 21 gun salute from Modern Screen—not only as Hollywood's youngest mother, but its most triumphant young mother. Because Elizabeth's victory has been won against odds and under harrassing fire, with the weapons of courage, confidence, good sense, and the native wisdom and sure instinct, and with the help of a husband who as a close friend put it, "is the first man Liz ever knew who treated her like the woman she was instead of the kid she was not." "Liz has always wanted a home and children," says another girlhood friend. "She always mothered everything that came her way, whether it was birds, mice, kittens, or younger children in the world. Little woman in a lot of ways before she ever had a date. Nobody ever called her domest- ic or mother's helper, because she was raised with servants; she stillundy a lot of ways fell below the lot of time. But emotionally she was prepared for motherhood the minute that was possible.

"I'm for Nicky Hilton and his complaint that he wanted to have kids but Elizabeth didn't, that's probably right. But the reason Elizabeth didn't was because she didn't want to have Nicky's children. She knew only too well what things hadn't last. She discovered her mistake on her honeymoon. Nobody in the world could have guessed that Nicky wasn't the nicest, most charming boy in the world before Elizabeth married him. Then almost the minute he shot the rice off his collar, he changed into a wild Indian whom Liz didn't recognize. But you notice what happened when she met a real man and married him, don't you?"

"It was hard for us who'd watched Elizabeth grow up the petted darling of the lot," says Helen Rezin, her close friend and studio dress designer, "to believe that she was having her first baby. She acted as if she'd already had six.

But there was one thing Liz was particularly particular about—a home for her baby. Until Mike joined her in Holly- wood she stayed with her secretary, Peggy Rutledge, in a furnished Beverly Hills flat. Liz kept it out of sight until a couple of months before the big event. They didn't find the right place until last November.

The reason was that in this project Elizabeth's exacting standards were set. She set a strict price limit, very modest by Hollywood standards, from which she refused to budge, and she amazed brokers and Mike as well with her shrewd sizeups of properties. As in the case of any young couple knows, are deceptive to figure, unless you've had tons of experience or are an expert. For example, at the same time the future of the young couple was a strawberry-shaped eyrie, Elizabeth and Mike discovered another place for sale right on the beach at Santa Monica, a beautiful house with the right rooms and a front yard running down to the waves. But the Wildings are beach bugs, especially Mike who looks on Southern California as the next best thing to his favorite spot, the French Riviera. Actually, both preferred the ocean front site, and besides the price was appreciably less. But Elizabeth thought beyond the seaside lure and shook her head.

"No air," she decided, "we can't afford it," which statement didn't make sense to the broker. "I know," explained Eliz-abeth. "We had a summer beach house once. You have to paint every year. Everything runs, and you're four and a half apart, the linen mildews. The sand ruins your carpets. Too expensive."

She was just as sure-footedly practical about the prospective arrival of her son. Much to the confusion of her lathering mate. "Before, during and after her baby none of us worked up a wrinkle over Liz," smiles Barbara Thompson. "But we've had a few anxious moments about Mike.

That's always the way it is with first fathers. Michael Wilding was no exception. On the other hand, having babies is what little girls are made for, and although obviously Elizabeth is not styled inadequately there, although she had the bad luck of a Caesarian delivery. Before that news broke however—three weeks before little Mike was due—his prospective dad had things meticulously figured out for the hospital dash. He'd already made a dozen speed trial runs up and down the twisting road, but the same day some turns were taken at the steep descent for which Liz's Cadillac had to slow down. He wasn't quite satisfied. One day Mike burst in with an inspired look on his face. "I got it," he said. "It's tiny, it really holds the road, and I can whiz you down with that in no time!"

"Have you figured out how you're going to squeeze me in the Jaguar?" inquired Liz.

That's how impractical husbands can get in the emotional stress of approaching fatherhood, and that's the way it was with Mike, and in the mouth of a witch while Liz stayed relaxed as a tabby cat. When the doctor summoned her for X-rays at last and announced that the baby was
Marilyn Monroe is always late for appointments. The Monroe was made this be-cause she did not want to be there. The mon-ster one day Marilyn arrived late on a set and the assistant director re-primanded her, ending with “You know, you could be replaced.” Marilyn replied: “You can be replaced, too, but they wouldn’t have to re-shoot you.”

Sidney Sholzky in Hollywood In My Best

Of course, their idyll is over by now and both Elizabeth and Mike are back in circulation in and out of make-up, Liz happily, Mike comparatively so. She’s making Rhapsody at MGM, she’s there in The Scarlet Coat. Whether that first Hollywood starring job will make Michael Wilding the stay-at-home success that was in America that he was in England, no one yet can say. Nor at this point can anyone accurately predict what two active careers in one household will do to a marriage which hasn’t run into that hurdle before. But the smart Hollywood money is betting on continued bliss.

Elizabeth, of course, is really just getting started on that adult career and the only thing which seems likely to slow her down is what did last time—another baby. This, she says, is exactly what she intends to have soon, maybe next year, if the Good Lord wills it, so little Mike won’t grow up a lonely, only child. And anyone who knows Liz is pretty sure she’s not just popping her head up into the subject, career or no career.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Wilding are setting pretty in a pretty little nest over which the Hollywood magpies don’t fly much anymore—or the mocking birds, either.

Maybe in time the scatterguns will stop rattling birdshot on the window panes of the girl who has everything—for the love of Mike. In only a year she’s proved pretty satisfactorily that if she had any pin feathers left, they’re gone by now and her wings are spread to match her mate’s.

Even the sun will pursue you in this Ribbon Winner swim suit! The Fiddie Lastex fairly whiskers with excitement. Built-in bras, detachable straps. Sizes 32 to 38, $10.98 at better stores

Shepherd

KNTWEAR CO., 1410 Broadway, N.Y. 18
Shepherd Sweaters • Cruise Aid T-Shirts
Sea Goddess Swim Fashions
(Continued from page 41) was inspecting an apartment house with her insurance agent husband.

Jane knows something about apartment houses, for they were separated, used to manage one, and Jane has a good idea of overhead, expenses, the cost of linen, and taxes. As a girl she had to be careful with money. There was never a screw to throw around.

She and her husband looked at this apartment house in North Hollywood.

"Let's buy it," Jane said, after a while.

"It's a theme," her husband agreed. "We'll sign the papers."*  

Now, these two incidents, involving two young actresses of equal fame and popularity, point up the difficulty in domestic play, especially when they are brought together by definitive, irresistible effect upon the lives of young actors and actresses. For while it will pervert the sense of values in one player, Hollywood will strengthen it another, so that it becomes precious to level a finger at the movie Mecca and accuse it with sweeping, denunciatory, all-encompassing charges.

It is well, after all the circumstances are considered, that Hollywood is no worse for young players than New York, Chicago, London, or Peoria. In one sense it is certain, and, for it consistently provides young men and women with an unparalleled opportunity to acquire money and success, two factors which in turn, provide them with the opportunity of revealing their true characters.

If a young actress has enough strength of character to resist the temptations and pitfalls which are an integral part of show business, she will lead a good and substantial life.

If she doesn't, she will find herself tumbling from one marriage to another, from one love affair to another infatuation, from neurosis to neurasthenia, and finally into a state of perpetual wretchedness.

Over the years, however, it has become de rigueur, it has become fashionable to blame such a collapse on the crimes, misdemeanors, and excesses of its constituents rather than blame the individuals themselves.

Temporarily, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

In Hollywood, however, when John Agar was arrested once again for drunken driving, the world forgot the crimes, the attempt at suicide, Hollywood was again charged with "lousing up that poor kid's life."

Actually, Hollywood is a loud, changing, traditionless, exhibitionist community which beckons to its bosom, no questions asked, any personality or talent who can fill the coffers at the box-office.

It is a curious fact that what Hollywood does to youth, certain basic questions must be answered.

Would today's young stars have developed the same behavior and character patterns had they not come to Hollywood?

Is the motion picture industry responsible for perverting their sense of values, aggravating their minds, jading their lives, and incontroversially corrupting their morals?

Is it true that for years now Hollywood has taken impressionable and malleable personalities and turned them into narcissistic neurotics who have little regard for the sanctity of marriage and the stability of the family?

Is it true that Hollywood consistently spoils young actors and actresses?

To answer these questions intelligently—and by their sociological nature none of them may be answered with finality—it is best first to separate them into two groups: those young stars whose formative years were lived in Hollywood and those stars whose adolescence was spent elsewhere.

Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Liz Taylor, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Judy Garland, Jackie Coogan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Misty Miller, Peggy Ann Garner, and possibly one or two others belong in the first group. These are Hollywood-bred products.

The vast majority of contemporary young stars, however, were not raised in Hollywood. Doris Day, Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner, Rock Hudson, Scott Brady, Van Johnson, June Allyson, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Shirley Temple, Margaret O'Brien, Liz Taylor, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Judy Garland, Jackie Coogan, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Misty Miller, Peggy Ann Garner, and possibly one or two others belong in the first group. These are Hollywood-bred products.

Hear about the tourists in Hollywood who asked for a tour of the cemeteries? They wanted to see the stars they've been seeing in old movies on TV.

Erykine Johnson

Is there any appreciable difference between these two groups? Is one group happier than the other? Is the divorce rate higher in either of these two categories?

You will discover that with half a dozen young players and minstrels known Hollywood actress has been divorced at least once.

Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Marilyn Monroe, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth—the list is endless.

Many of these young stars were divorced long before they entered Hollywood, but Hollywood is still blamed for the relatively high divorce rate these players have established, and as yet we know, Janet Leigh, Dale Robertson, Dan O'Herlihy, Doris Day, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth— the list is endless.

When Judy Garland, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

In Hollywood, however, when John Agar was arrested once again for drunken driving, the world forgot the crimes, the attempt at suicide, Hollywood was again charged with "lousing up that poor kid's life."

When Judy Garland, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

When Judy Garland, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

When Judy Garland, for example, New York City was rocked by a booming vice scandal. A prominent young café society playboy was accused of inducing several attractive girls to become prostitutes. The playboy was tried and found guilty. No one blamed New York City for this crime.

Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, Judy Garland, Marilyn Monroe, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth—the list is endless.

Many of these young stars were divorced long before they entered Hollywood, but Hollywood is still blamed for the relatively high divorce rate these players have established, and as yet we know, Janet Leigh, Dale Robertson, Dan O'Herlihy, Doris Day, Esther Williams, Shelley Winters, Terry Moore, Rita Hayworth— the list is endless.

All of these girls, because they are so physically provocative that Mervyn LeRoy cast her in highly seductive "older" parts.

As for Liz Taylor, she always had more boyfriends than girlfriends. Vic Damone, Stanley Donen, Arthur Loew, Jr., Bill Peely, Glenn Ford, Ray Milland, Jack Benny. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Alda, and then Brice Courtland—these are just a few who come quickly to mind. She has always been the Queen Bee from whom the men have wanted some honey. She is, in effect, a part of a tradition, an example of beauty, glamor, and sex appeal, Hollywood's three outstanding marketable commodities.

Had Liz Taylor never come to Hollywood and had her mother, a frustrated actress in her own right, never put the child in movies, the chances are that Liz would have developed more normally, in a slower, healthier, and happier manner.

She might have gone on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boyfriends in her normal, unhurried, development, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times every damned day."

She went on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boyfriends in her normal, unhurried, development, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times every damned day."

She went on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boyfriends in her normal, unhurried, development, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times every damned day."

She went on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boyfriends in her normal, unhurried, development, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.

Gary Cooper once said, "It's darn hard kissing a beautiful woman 20 or 30 times every damned day."

She went on to college, furthered her education, broadened her ken. She probably would have had just as many boyfriends in her normal, unhurried, development, but the adoration would have begun at a much later age.
summer
is made
for
sea
nymph

When looks count most it's time for Sea Nymph — the glamour swim suit that's always in place in the sun! Soft-glowing iridescent lastex in exciting contrast-trimmed French Riviera colors. Sizes 32 to 38. Plan a complete Sea Nymph wardrobe at this value-happy price. about $9. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors, too! Sizes 9 to 15.
at better stores everywhere, or write, Julia James, JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 16, N. Y.

Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal
LINIT with its exclusive “deep-starching” action MAKES IRONING EASIER!

Linit® Starch is easy to make...no cooking, ready in less than a minute! And Linit deep-starches...gets into (not onto) the fabric smoothly...you iron with ease. All cottons get a “like-new” beauty-finish.

Sensational Offer to introduce you to the easier starching...easier ironing of Linit ...a lovely blouse created by Sophisticate of Fifth Avenue. Look at this value!

BLOUSE YOURS FOR ONLY $1

AND ONE LINIT ENDFLAP

• REGULAR $2.95 VALUE
• WHITE BROADCLOTH
• NAVY BLUE TRIM
• SANFORIZED
• GUARANTEED WASHABLE
• COLOR FAST
• SIZES 30 THRU 40

Here’s a blouse that will go with many things in your wardrobe. Imagine...an actual $2.95 value for only $1. The Sophisticate blouse is made of fine white broadcloth, crisply styled, smartly trimmed in navy. Color fast, Sanforized. At this sensationally low price, why not order several for gifts? Sizes 30 thru 40.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

LINIT, Box 382, Jersey City 3, New Jersey
I am enclosing $_____ and_____ LINIT endflaps. Please send me the following blouses...in the sizes I am listing here._____. (Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40.) Send $1 and one LINIT endflap for each blouse.

NAME______________________
STREET______________________

CLIP ORDER BLANK NOW:

Allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery. Offer subject to withdrawal without notice and is void in any area where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted.

Lone of Hollywood’s shortcomings is that it throws young actresses into contact more or less exclusively with show-business characters. Unfortunately, actors and entertainers make the world’s worst husbands. They are interested too much in themselves.

When Ava was going with Frank Sinatra, she was asked if her intentions were honorable. “Do you think I’m nuts?” she cried. “Marry Sinatra? Why should I do a thing like that? I’ve learned my lesson. I’ve been married to two guys in show business.” A few months later the doll from North Carolina became Mrs. Frank Sinatra and has been fighting with the Thin Man ever since. It is popular to say that Hollywood ruined Ava Gardner. The truth is that Ava has always been her own worst enemy. A director who has been in Hollywood 25 years and therefore prefers to remain nameless, says, “It’s been my experience that parents and especially mothers, do more to ruin young players than Hollywood ever does. These movie mothers are career-crazy.

“Who puts a young girl into the movies in the first place? Usually it’s the mother. Why? There are two reasons. One is money. The other is that the mother wants to enjoy stardom vicariously. Usually she’s loused up her own life and now wants another chance through her daughter.

“Talk to Betty Grable. She’ll tell you that she never wanted to become an actress. It was her mother who planned it for her. Betty has a sister who lives in the valley, happily married and all of that. Doesn’t have as much money as Betty but never had her sad experiences, either.

“Take Peggy Ann Garner. Her mother wanted Peggy to become a movie star so badly that she passed bad checks, did everything in the book, finally wound up in the clink.

“With Judy Garland, it was the same bit. Her mother wanted the girl to get ahead, to become a big movie star. All of these cases follow a pattern. Mother takes daughter and puts her in movies. Daughter is besieged by men who like her looks, like her figure, like her youth. The mother becomes alarmed. She tells the young girl to stay away from men. They’re heels. They’ve got bad intentions. By now that daughter is supporting the mother, so she tells the old lady to go whistle. Next thing you know mother and daughter are fighting, and the daughter runs off and gets married.

“Right away Hollywood’s to blame. That’s a lot of bunk. We’re not here to build character for young actors and actresses. That’s a parental job and an educational job. We’re here to build and develop and exploit talent. Our primary purpose is very simple—to make money.
"You get a young actress who's been reared well, who comes from a good family—not a broken home—who's had a little religious training—girls like that never go wrong. Jane Russell, Jeanne Crain, Leslie Caron, Susan Hayward, Debbie Reynolds, Esther Williams. These kids have character.

"I've been around this town a long time, and I've yet to see one young girl of character corrupted by this environment. The bad girls have been corrupted long before they got here.

"I remember how Esther Williams was once propositioned by a big executive who promised to make her a great star. 'If I've got what it takes,' Esther said, 'I'll be a success. If I haven't, you're not going to help me.'

"In the final analysis, it's the public that makes the star. A girl who is willing to relax her moral scruples may encourage some unscrupulous producer into giving her a part. But if the public doesn't go for the girl, she's out and there's nothing the producer can do about it. He can't afford to lose the stockholders' money in order to satisfy his own love-life.

"Hollywood, despite its many detractors, is a very wonderful place. Nowhere else in the world do youngsters get the opportunity we give them out here. What we're looking for is talent and personality. We're not interested in background or family connections. The salaries we pay are higher than in any other line of business. Those few stars who've ruined themselves out here would've ruined themselves anywhere. Never forget that!

"Every man carries the seed of his own destruction. If he plants it in fertile soil—and I concede that Hollywood is fertile soil—it will burgeon. If through proper parental training he is taught to lead a clean, decent, upstanding life, you can place him in a den of thieves, and he will emerge an honest man."

It is a mistake, of course, to try to pass judgment on Hollywood youth by employing the yardstick applied to residents of the average community, for Hollywood is an atypical district peopled by ambitious, self-centered, emotional, exhibitionistic youngsters who crave and hunger for the immediate recognition of their talents.

Under the circumstances, it is remarkable that in the past ten years only two or three of these youngsters have irreparably muddled their lives. Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Betty Grable—all these headline-makers are currently living in wealth and happiness, which goes to prove that Hollywood isn't such a bad place after all, not even for les enfants terribles.

PHOTO CREDITS
Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:
6—top, left: Acme; top and bottom, right: Beerman, Parry, 7, 8, 10, 12—Beerman, Parry, 16—Beerman, Parry, 36—Scott, 42, 43—Paramount; 44—MGM; 46—Bernard of Hollywood; 47—top, right: Globe; middle right, Bernard of Hollywood, taken at Racquet Club, Palm Springs; bot., left and right, Beerman, Parry, 48—right, F. P. C. Grasbybil; left, Blackwell, 49—top, right, Globe; top left, bot., right, 20th Century-Fox; bot., left, MGM; 50—Beerman, Parry; 51—Scott, 52, 53—MGM; 54—Globe; 55—top, bot. left, Globe; bot., right, Bernard Anderson; 56 to 59—Beerman, Parry, 60—Globe; 61—top, Beerman, Parry; others, Globe; 62—Bernard of Hollywood, taken at El Mirador; 63—top, middle, Beerman, Parry, bot. Globe, 64, 65—Beerman, Parry; 75—top, right, Beerman, Parry; others, Engstead, page 76—top, left, Beerman, Parry, top middle, Engstead; top right, Beerman, Parry; bot., left, Virgil Ager, MGM; bot., right, Engstead, 77—Engstead; 78—top, Parry, Beerman; bot., Engstead; 79—Engstead.

America's most-photographed models choose
America's most-asked-for brassieres
HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL'S
V-ETTE
Whirlpool BRAS

Under the keen eye of the camera, models' curves must be lovely curves. That's why the loveliest models choose a bra they can depend on for a firm, natural-looking uplift... a look they're sure of with the original continuous-stitch Whirlpool cup to mould them. For that look, ask for the most-asked for.
Top, the incomparable Strapless in white cotton, 3.95; white, black English net, acetate/cotton/rayon satin, 5.00; white, black nylon taffeta and lace, 5.95
Bottom, the Long-Line Strapless in white or black nylon taffeta and lace, 8.95
*whose lovely lips are these?


Flame-Glo®
SATINY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

No wonder famous models and stars of Stage, Screen and TV choose Satiny Indelible Flame-Glo. A new thrill awaits you with Flame-Glo's 2 new shades, Angel Pink (bright pink) and Sun Gold (golden orange)...besides the dozen already-popular shades! Flame-Glo leaves no "lip prints"...won't smear. Lasts hours longer because the vibrant color is sealed to your lips without dryness. Try it!

ASK FOR FLAME-GLO AT ALL VARIETY STORE COSMETIC COUNTERS

It's smart to Keep Kissable with Flame-Glo Lipstick

Where are all the salesclerks? Look again!

Today you can often serve yourself faster and better than someone else can help you—and brand names are the reason!

In some ways brand names are probably the world's most efficient salesclerks. Without them, you couldn't possibly serve yourself so quickly, so surely, and so satisfactorily.

And brand manufacturers, knowing you have your choice of many excellent brands, such as those advertised in this magazine, constantly compete to offer you newer, better products and values. So name your brand—and better your brand of living.

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION
INCORPORATED
A Non-Profit Educational Foundation
37 West 57 Street, New York 19, N.Y.

TV TALK
(Continued from page 14)

Myron accused Milton of slighting him when Millie was in Miami and went to all the local night clubs except the one featuring Myron...NBC officials are sore at Paulette Goddard, for walking out of a TV show and claiming she had the flu. Then she confided to columnist Earl Wilson that she wasn't sick at all. She just didn't like the script given her. Joan Blondell, who substituted, had no trouble at all with the same script!

RENDERING UNTO CAESAR: For the past few years, Sid Caesar has been quietly collecting his $10,000 a week for his work on "Show of Shows" and commuting to a modest middle-class apartment on the outskirts of New York City. But with his recent raise (to $14,000) he and Florence have decided they can afford to move—to an eight room suite on Park Avenue. It's a cooperative apartment building, and Sid explains that the $13,000 purchase price could easily be reclaimed if he wanted to sell.

He's given up collecting guns since killing his first deer in the Catskills and turned to golf and collecting modern paintings. The whole family has the art bug—Sid browses through the 57th St. galleries whenever he has an off afternoon and Florence and five-year-old Shelley—short for Michelle—are taking a mother-daughter course in water-colors at the Museum of Modern Art.

The new apartment has an unlisted phone, and the address is carefully protected. Sid gets off from daily rehearsals in time for a typical businessman's homecoming at 6:30 every evening, practices putting in the living room (as does Shelley with her wicket, bag) and even Robert (now one, and a hefty 34 pounds) swings a mallet.

Two years of psycho-analysis has made Sid a little more secure and calm, but he still isn't able to really relax and enjoy vacations. A few summers ago he and Florence planned an easy-going eight week tour through Europe. They sailed on the SS Liberté, spent three days in Paris and took a plane back home. "We missed the kids," Sid explains. "There was no one to talk to." During the winter Sid and his brother Dave tried it again at a mountain lodge in the Catskills. Sid lasted a week. "I went crazy! Too much quiet," he says. "I went home, lay in bed for four days sleeping and got up only for consommé and steak. Greatest vacation I ever had!"

Imogene Coca and her husband, Bob Burton, are close friends of the Caesars; the foursome went to Florida together last March for the most recent attempt at a Caesar rest cure.

DENNIS JAMES' NARROW ESCAPE: I went up to New Rochelle to see Dennis James' "dream house." It's a 10-room $150,000 granite house on Echo Bay, and Dennis bought it for his bride, the former Margaret E. Crawford of Newcastle, Pa. He tells me how, one day, as he was working in the garage, the overhead door collapsed on his head and sent him reeling across the garage and into the kitchen entrance. He was found later in a pool of blood, and rushed to a hospital, where 16 stitches were required on his head. Dennis has since installed an electronically-controlled garage door that lifts when he presses a button in the car, as it approaches the garage.

JIMMY BOYD SEES THE STATUE: Jimmy Boyd,
are you a young wife losing sleep about this intimate problem?

How much happier and healthier is the wife who knows!

Any wife who is doubtful about how to practice feminine hygiene and what to use should profit immensely by these scientific facts.

Women have long recognized the value of a cleansing, deodorizing and antiseptic douche for vaginal cleanliness.

The woman who uses ZONITE can relax and be assured she is using a perfect solution for this purpose. ZONITE is powerfully effective yet cannot harm you. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche is so powerful yet absolutely safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

You can use ZONITE as needed without the slightest risk of injury!

ZONITE'S Fabulous History

ZONITE is a product of the highest repute. The great ZONITE principle was developed by a famous French surgeon and English scientist. It was truly a miracle! The first antiseptic in the world to be powerfully germicidal yet positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. Its fame soon spread far and wide, and women were quick to take advantage of its miracle-working action for intimate feminine hygiene.

• ZONITE completely deodorizes. It flushes away waste accumulations and deposits. (Be sure to use a zonite douche after monthly periods.) ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure ZONITE instantly kills every reachable germ. ZONITE is one of the greatest contributions science has made to womankind! Costs only a few cents per douche. Always use zonite as directed.

Zonite

FREE! Mall coupon for free book. Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Dept. MR-63, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name

Address

City State

*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada
it has remained her favorite because it can't be topped, for according to Rosie's lights, singing a song well is the best thing that can happen to her. She does it constantly in a busy schedule of personal appearances, radio and television shows, recording the tunesmiths' products, and making movies. She is busier than the old woman who lived in a shoe, yet always takes time to talk properly.

Last February she left for New York after finishing Here Come The Girls with Bob Hope, then returned to Hollywood for Our Town, for which she made a premiere in her honor, four radio programs, assorted TV shows, interviews, posing for art and taping two radio shows. She wrote a letter to think about on the plane winging its way toward Hollywood, but as we've already stated, Rosie likes people. She sat down next to a young girl and immediately started a conversation with her. "What's your name?" Rosie wanted to know.

"Rosemary," said the girl.

"Honest?" said Cloney. "So's mine!"

The girl stood up and walked over to the window. "I know it," she said. "Come on—A My House" and the Clooney craze began. Despite the raucous giggle of "Come on—A My House" it was sudden and it acquired by her new fans that Rosemary could spin a ballad with such heart that listeners were mesmerized into utter adoration. Disc jockeys began talking of Rosie Cloney, the new manager admired for her presence on their stages, and the kids who were lucky enough to be given her records for children included in their prayers. That's where the name came from, the manager of a large record shop said, "There's an awful lot of popular junk we have to stock all the time. People buy it—I don't know why—but two pictures behind her and I say that I'm pretty jaded where singers are concerned. For my money, it's only the one worthy to record a song. And she can sing anything."

She signed a contract with the Clooney brothers, rolled up her sleeves and deserted Paramount Studios, and when her first picture The Stars Are Singing was previewed, audiences knew a star had been born.

There has been an overpowering storm of adulation, yet Rosie remains untouched by it. She has not even bothered to keep a set of her own records for herself. She takes them home with her fans in the production of the song but insinuates the wood part of it, with a great deal of sense, for she knows that a movie career is a lot more consistent than that of a recording artist, but it is only as good as her or her last release.

She also accepts Hollywood much in the spirit of a wide-eyed kid, and with all the enthusiasm. This is why the press ran her and two planned for the future (Red Garters and White Christmas, the latter with Crosby), still goggled at other celebrities. The first time a press call-up was applied to her face she was as delighted as a kitten with a ball of string, refusing to wash her hair until the last minute before she climbed into the el at night. "I only wished she could have had eight recording dates that day." The first time she met Bing Crosby, who is the idol of other singers as well as run-of-the-mill citizens, she stood speechless and was only approached by Bing made a stab at conversation. "I understand we're going to do a show together soon." Rosie nodded dumbly and Bing tried again. "What of the future of the show, anyway?"

By now Rosie's eyes were glazed over. "Oh, sometime in the 20's," she said.

Later she explained to him that she was not a complete idiot, and that she had only been stunned to learn that nothing embarrasses Bing so much as people who refuse to relax in his presence. It was after she had learned this. By this detail Rosie her favorite compliment. "I think you're the best singer in the business," he said.

Rosie likes to kid herself, and it is the firm opinion of those who know her that she never gives up her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast. Two years ago she was practically an unknown, recording songs as the singer member, I think—"Here comes Rosie"—her head over the success that is pouring in upon her so fast.
tening to Brahms or Sibelius. "You know," she says, wide-eyed with the pleasure of discovery, "it's beautiful. I hope I have time to learn more about it."

Rosie's honesty is no small part of her charm. "People are always asking me whether I prefer golf or tennis. I can't do any of those ladylike things. I can't even swim—not a stroke. But ask me about baseball or football. I was a whiz at those. Back home I played shortstop on the local nine." She flatly declares she's tired of seeing The Stars Are Singing (seven times for various business functions), and says she hated school. "I dodged math all the way through high school and finally had to put up with it in my senior year." She speaks candidly about her attempts to charm the 3,600 diet jockeys in America. "I phone and write about 150 of them, I guess. The poor boys get 64 new releases a week, and you can't expect them to play yours unless there's a personal touch somewhere."

Her appetite has already been chronicled by dozens of writers who are happy at last to find a girl who's willing to admit that she loves food and lots of it... and who states she has to be careful about weight. Most movie stars exist on half-hearted salads and black coffee, and would sooner lose an eyelash than confess they gain weight at the drop of an hors d'oeuvre. Not Rosie. She pats her imaginary paunch woefully and says, "I've got a singer's diaphragm, and if I'm not careful, that's where the spaghetti goes." She has a penchant for Italian food, created in the days when she sang with Tony Pastor's orchestra. Most of the boys in the band were of Italian parentage, and whenever they hit a home town the resident musician would invite Rosie over for Mom's lasagna or fettucini. Rosie hasn't been able to resist Italian dishes since, and tells gleefully of the time she was fooled.

"You know how, when photographers take pictures of you with food, they just half cook it so that it looks fresh? Once during my ignorant days they put a bowl of lasagna in front of me and I couldn't wait until the picture was finished so that I could dig in. Well, I dug in. And, Mother, they had to pry my mouth open."

Rosemary even acknowledges the fact that she smiles at a lot of people at times when she couldn't feel less like smiling. "When you're on the way up they make excuses for you, but when you've arrived you're expected to be Miss Enchantment of 1953. It's hard sometimes—very hard."

She was amazed at the shrewdness of her grandmother on this score when she talked with her recently back in Maysville. Grandmother Guiffroy has never been closer to show business than the local movie house, yet she put her finger on the burden that is hardest to bear. "You're working too hard, Rosie," she said.

"Poof," said Cloney. "I like it this way. You know that."

"Rosie... how many people have you been nice to today when you were too tired to be nice?"

Perhaps she gathered the idea from the reception given Rosie by Maysville when The Stars Are Singing was premiered there. The town's normal population of 6,000 was swelled to 20,000, and the streets (one of them named Rosemary Cloney Street) were festooned with flags and banners. There was a parade, and there were speeches and it was one of the biggest days in Maysville's history. Rosie was the heroine and wherever she went there was a crush of people, all of them shouting hello and trying to grab her hand. For Rosie it was the thrill of her life, and her smiles that day came from a grateful heart.

Maysville was the only home she has ever known. Since childhood it has been a series of one night stands, graduating to weekly engagements, and by now she is harder to pin down than an ounce of mercury. "Home" to Rosie is either her apartment in New York, which she used to share with best friend Jackie Sherman, or the Beverly Hills home she has rented. Unfortunately, the friendship between Jackie and Rosemary has cooled considerably, because Jackie could never get along with Rosie's favorite beau, Jose Ferrer.

Between the two homes are 3,000 miles, and she covers them continually. When she makes it to Beverly Hills she is greeted effusively by her cocker spaniel Sam, who for no particular reason is a man hater. Sam will make up to anything in skirts, but disdainfully ignores any male who enters the house, a mental habit that will have to change with a girl as adorable as Rosie.

She seems to have captured the country, from the farmer's daughter to the tycoon's son, and including the editors of Time Magazine. The cover portraits painted for the magazine of statesmen, royalty and scientists inevitably stay with the artists, who prize them for their own showings each year. To our knowledge this has been the fate of every painting except that of Rosemary Cloney, for which she sat from 9:30 one night until 2 o'clock in the morning, the only time she could wiggle out of her schedule. That one was bought by Time Magazine, who paid painter Boris Chaliapin the sum of $2,000 for it, and then proudly presented it to Cloney.

If love and affection, professional respect and admiration are music to our Rosie's ears, it looks very much as if she shall have music wherever she goes. **END**
don’t blame farley

(Continued from page 50) man. What the press knew all along now became painfully apparent. Although the film was a deliberate intent, Shelley and Farley had parlayed a fast friendship into a romance that really was a mirage.

All of that was for Shelley, but mightily embarrassing for Farley. Stuck with all the promises of undying devotion between them, some of which were thrust into his mouth by irresponsible columnists, Mr. Granger may well have been congratulating Shelley. Then he withdrew into silence. He was not heartbroken by any means, although a great portion of the public now had a new idea, a defeated warrior being carried off the field of romance on his own battered shield.

Many months passed. Apparently Farley had come to the realization that he must use common sense. And that he carefully avoided public appearances with numerous little starlets who had in mind becoming Farley’s next “big moment” for their careers. Mr. Farley, however, had a very small, very flashy little number told this reporter: “If I can get this guy to date me a few times I may wind up with a nice studio contract. All I have to do is tell my boy friend to get along for a while so I can meet my guy later.” Unfortunately for her grandiose plans, and fortunately for Farley, her plot didn’t work.

Still more time swept across the calendar. Then, as in a well-written play, the curtain came up again. On stage came the lissome figure of Dawn Addams, pert, blond, and hilarious. It was a quick study. The first time Farley Granger appeared with her in public no one paid any attention. Then, after the third date, photographers began following them and they told their editors, “looks like a romance.”

Wires flashed across the country. Magazines went to press with an odd assortment of stories. Dawn Addams was the girl who would cure Farley’s broken heart. Dawn Addams was going to give Farley the publicity romance a romantic movie star needs. Dawn Addams was a clever little flibbertigibbet. She was going to do a lot for Dawn Addams.

It so happens that none of the stories were true. Like Shelley Winters, Dawn might shut the door on Farley Granger for publicity! Unlike Shelley, she might add, being a highly intelligent girl, “If I wanted publicity Farley would be about the last man I’d date to get it.” No offense to Mr. Granger, a wise girl would want. And the public probably will never again really believe a romance in his name unless he should suddenly elope and show up the next day looking very low home.

Frankly, the situation is one that can reflect considerable undeserved talk about Dawn Addams. True, she is fond of Farley. She openly admits it. What is more to the point is that she is the closest friend of Shelley’s. They are so close that Shelley, after she married Vittorio, suggested to Dawn that she start seeing a little of Farley, who has no one showing any interest.

Shelley and Dawn are such good friends that just before Mrs. Gassman’s baby was born, Dawn borrowed some of Shell’s luggage for a trip to New York. They first became friends of each other on a publicity jaunt Shelley and Farley took to Europe. Dawn, an English actress, was engaged at the time, and was working in a picture called The Hour Of 13, with Pete Lawford. She liked Farley very much, but not romantically. And that’s the situation as it stands now. “But to be truthful,” she says, “I don’t know if I care what anyone else thinks of Mr. Granger. I like him because I believe he is a sincere boy. You know, I have people here for an evening. Frequently they’ll say, ‘What are we going to do?’ If I say, ‘Oh, nothing much—maybe we’ll just sit around and talk,’ they seem disappointed. ‘Why, why Hollywood is a place in which everyone has to be doing something every minute, but that’s the way it is.”

“Farley is different from most young men. He enjoys a group of people who may sit around until six A.M., just talking about anything that may come to their minds—polities, religion, acting, sex. His company is a pleasure.”

On the other hand, Farley has this to say about Dawn: “I love to take her to parties because she’s resourceful and self-sufficient. I don’t have to dance conversing under pressure. She enjoys others at affairs as well as she enjoys the group she’s with.”

All the elements of romance seem to be present. Most notably, Farley isn’t planning to make his name in columns or magazines about blossoming love between the two is strictly for the birds.

Joe E. Lewis was asked what the “E” in his name stands for... “I took it,” he gagged, “from Liebith Scott.”

Walter Winchell in The N.Y. Daily Mirror

Sure, they date two or three times a week and their activities are a little reminiscent of the days of Shelley and Farley. For instance, one night Farley arrived to call for Dawn, impeccably attired in black tie and tux. Dawn came people and photographers. The scene was set for the Venice Pier Amusement Park.

“We made every shooting gallery and rode on every dizzy contraption in the joint,” Farley says. “Dawn in dungarees and I in full-dress. Believe me, I hadn’t had such a terrific time before in my life.”

Right here it would be very easy to twist the facts. If he never had a more terrific simple game than what he has more fun with Dawn than he ever had with Shelley. And if he had it bad for Shelley in the romance department, he could be about ready to get down on his knees to Dawn.

That’s not going to happen for a couple of big reasons. In the first place, Dawn not naive, nor is she an opportunist. True, she has had enough difficulty gaining recognition in Hollywood to make a publicity romance with a star of Farley’s proportions an attractive temptation. But this is more than anything else an outburst, unless over-zealous editors make it for her.

When she first came to Hollywood and signed a seven year contract with Metro, she did not know what a seven year contract can mean?” she asks. “Almost nothing. When the first option comes up in six months you may be ‘dead.’ At first, I was so excited I pointed that out to the company. Then I discovered that almost everything that was ideal for me was also ideal for Janet Leigh. We don’t really look alike, but we’re the same age and have similar careers. In my department, A wonderful part came along in Ivanhoe. People stopped me on the studio streets to congratulate me on my test. Someone else (Joan Leslie?) got the part. Another opportunity went to Diana Lynn. I’m not blaming the studio. The things I could do were turned over to people with ‘names.’

Then I went on a personal appearance tour. When I came home, I was called into the office of Mr. Big and congratulated on doing a fine job. A few days later came the news that I was being dropped. It was total talk.

Shelley Winters is needed to boost Dawn’s spirits. She could have told her, “Look, I have a swell idea. Since they want people with a name, why don’t you get yourself one by having a hot romance with Farley Granger?” She didn’t. But she did help Dawn Addams gain recognition. One of these was the publicist, Russell Birdwell. They had a long talk. Dawn told him many things, including the fact that whenever she would discuss the affair she wanted to develop strictly on the basis of her talent alone. For instance, when the studio press agents asked her to give them a bathing suit sitting, she demurred. "I don’t want another career." For Mr. Birdwell and the outstanding photographer, Johnny Engstatt, she climbed into a bathing suit. The results were amazing. They had previously been on the order of “revolting.” People began to pay attention. Not only did this girl have talent. She was real gone in the sex appeal department. This is most important. For Mr. Granger, who is an agent, Charles Feldman, produced results. Author F. Hugh Herbert, in writing the stage play, The Moon Is Blue, had included a character based on Dawn Addams about by the whole cast, but who never appeared in the flesh. When he did the movie version, he wanted to bring Cynthia to life. He and Director Otto Preminger couldn’t find an actor of the caliber to play the pixy-ish, wanton Cynthia. One good look at Dawn Addams convinced them, with the result that the public will get perhaps the most realistic looking actress when she hits the screen, playing the lusty temptress.

Then, free of a binding contract, Dawn was signed to play the role of the book. President of David Alan Young Sunday CBS television show. But, the most important thing that has happened to Dawn Addams—considerably more important than being Farley Gran’s partner—is her assignment to play a small but potent part in The Robe.

All these things have come about without the knowledge of those who may start accusing her of “doing a Shelley Winters” with Farley Granger. As anyone can plainly see, a girl can do wonders to a 23-year-old girl who very apparently has every opportunity to reach the popularity proportions of a Piper Laurie or a Janet Leigh in another film. But don’t blame the “romance” on Dawn Addams for just one more important reason. She happens to be in love. Not with Farley Granger, but with the terrific French actor, Claude Dauphin, whom you may have seen in April In Paris, with Doris Day, and certainly should see with Bing Crosby in Little Boy Lost. Claude is in Paris now. What happens when his contract is up, romance might suddenly end in marriage.

It might end another way, too, unless Mr. Dauphin is wise enough to discount the things. The date of everything in the papers these days about Dawn and Farley.

Perhaps Farley Granger is aware of all this. Perhaps he isn’t. One thing, however, is certain. If he wants to keep the friendship of Shelley, she most certainly wants to keep his, he’ll have to take a leaf from his past experiences with Shelley Winters and make it very plain to everyone that he’s in love again.

The Shelley Winters-Farley Granger romance is now a legend, almost as ancient as the brief Greta Garbo-John Gilbert affair. They both have had both rest in peace. And may the Dawn Addams-Farley Granger friendship remain exactly as that proof to the rest of young Hollywood that honesty is the best policy. A story that can be seen in MGM’s Story Of Three Loves.)
Look lovelier
in 10 days or your money back!

Doctor's new beauty care helps
your skin look fresher, lovelier
—and helps keep it that way!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here’s the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

This sensible beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous greaseless beauty cream is a medicated formula. It combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Thrilling results!
Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema’s wonderfully quick help for rough, dry, lifeless skin and for externally-caused blemishes.

Like to help your problem skin look lovelier? Tonight, do this:
1. Cleanse thoroughly by ‘cream-washing’ with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema, then wring out a cloth in warm water and wash your face as if using soap. See how fresh your skin looks the very first time you ‘cream-wash’—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so that its softening, soothing ingredients can help your skin look smoother, lovelier. Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them—fast! You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It’s greaseless. No smears! No pillow!

3. Make-up base. ‘Cream-wash’ again in the morning, then apply Noxzema as your long-lasting powdered base. *externally caused blemishes

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems. If not delighted after a 10 day trial, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back!

Get Noxzema today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters!

NOXZEMA
called “stache,” the thing that allows a girl to provoke sex without movement.

Marchand, though, for all her loveliness and possible talent, is, at this time, purely a sight attraction. Her theatrical background includes just a few appearances on TV and a Marine Letter film, in which all she was required to do was look sexy. Her fame began after she came to Hollywood, in the magazine field as a Conover model and cover girl. In The Bed And The Beautiful she used purely as a sex image, a representative of Hollywood fluff that could take a producer’s mind off his work and his sweetheart. It is true she spoke her lines and cut her hair, but in her debut she was a sex attraction and nothing more.

A northern current example of side-show sex is Universal’s Mamie Van Doren, who is admittedly that studio’s answer to Marilyn Monroe. Mamie, until a few months ago Jack Dempsey’s favorite date, and well-cumulated under her true name, Joan Olander, is a blonde sprite with a full mouth and curvy figure who bears a remarkable resemblance to Marilyn. However, this writing, it does not appear that Mamie will be permitted to make films immediately. Her resemblance to Monroe is superficial, according to the reports from picture editors, not enough oomph, even when she holds her mouth open, so Universal has given her a chance to mill to learn to act before springing her on the public in a movie. That is sound judgment.

Robert Haynes is another newcomer who has been ingested into the race. She, if you remember, is the girl plucked from nowhere and given the lead opposite Gary Cooper in Return To Paradise. Her publicity had been pretty run-of-the-mill until she teamed up with Russell Birdwell, the dean of Hollywood publicists and a man of ideas. One morning all of Hollywood choked on its coffee as they looked at a picture of Roberta on the back of the Hollywood Reporter. She was as sultry as Cleopatra, and she wore what appeared to be a slip and bra, which was obviously not her size. The picture itself was the end, but the text was stunning. Credits for the photo, wardrobe, etc. and the last line read: “Body by God.”

There was the devil to pay, but Birdwell took it in stride, he had built up this publicity for shock value—and it worked. Roberta, maybe as a result of the ad, was signed to a contract by Columbia Studio. Miss Haynes, by the way, has an edge on her fellow girl. She has a solid background in the theater and is rated a first class actress by her contemporaries, such as Marlon Brando. She may do well.

Another young lady due to dent the crown of the current holder, if all goes well from this point, is Laurette Luez, a newcomer Columbia is grooming for sex-stardom. Miss Luez is a tall, dark curvy Amazon, half Portuguese and half Irish, who seems to have been endowed with the best beauty points of both races. Her hair is raven-black, her eyes brown and she has a figure.

Laurette is not a complete newcomer, having starred as the Panther Woman in Prehistoric Women, an independent film made a couple of years ago. She was highly publicized and made a few girls’ magazine covers than anyone else ever did. But she considered this sort of thing a little undignified and refused to pose for a few months. Her background, as an actress, is good. Both her father and mother were on the stage for many years, and as a child of four she made her debut dancing for the Sultan of Jubbos in London, where her parents were there.

She has been tabbed by newsmen who met her on a tour for MGM’s picture, Kim, as the Flower of Delight Girl,” and other such extravagant names. The Hollywood press once gave her the name of “Marilyn Monroe’s sister,” which Miss St. Cyr, a tall, magnificently proportioned blonde with emerald eyes and a pouty mouth, has been the queen of the strippers for several years—stole the Hollywood night life crowd. In a couple of appearances at Circo’s here she jammed the place every night with an exhibition of a lady undressing, taking a bath and dressing again. She did nothing more. Spoke not a word. But she was a smash.

Naturally the producers asked her to make movies, but didn’t get her. Jerry Wald announced for one of his films and when she didn’t appear he stated he couldn’t get her name on a contract because he couldn’t afford her salary. That was quickly said and done. Lili made more money in night clubs and burlesque theaters than most movie queens and didn’t want to take a cut in salary. She has been signed, however, by producer Hal Roach for a role in a Technicolor epic that will also feature a moon, a sarong and a lagoon. Then Lili will be better known. If she can act she may cut the mustard. But if she can’t, she will doubt go back to the runways assured that in the movies sex is not enough.

For the past couple of years Terry Moore, who used to be practically a child actress, has been working up a storm in the publishing world as a gimmick. We recall her press agent trotting into our office with pictures of Terry in a bathing suit, trying to tout us on the proposition that Terry was better than all the rest and had the customer in the last. He succeeded in getting some of these pictures into print, and this, coupled with interviews in which Terry is reported to have said she’d give Miss Monroe her cards and space if she’ll top her measurements, put Miss Moore into the running in the sex derby.

But all that has changed. Terry got an Academy Award nomination for her work in Come Back, Little Sheba and probably a talking-to by a wise man and is frankly trying to realize all the past publicity along the sex line. She appeared at a party wearing a dress that covered as much as the average sweater. She wants no more of it.

No symposium on sex queens can be complete without a mention at least of that pioneer Jane Russell. Jane was the forerunner of all our modern skin specialists. As long as 12 years ago she was being heated her bosom. She started a pull of the magazine for the stills. And for sheer beauty and grandeur of form she may never be topped. There was a period of several years in which she never made magnetic magazine covers because magazines ran her art anyway. She didn’t need a news peg to get into print. Jane, she admits herself, was not much of an actress, but no one expected she had to do was appear in a room and the audience got the idea the leading man had in his mind.

But Jane, possibly, because she was the pioneer, the handwriting on the wall before the others got started and began...
to brush up on her acting. And nowadays if you mention her obvious attributes to her she answers you. Unfortunately she can not start all over again without the low neckline, but she will not make a deal until she knows it's an acting part these days. She, too, has held it. At the present time she is negotiating a new contract with Howard Hughes, who has been her boss since she started, and one of the main articles in the pact will be that she is not required to continue as the national emblem for sex.

A girl can't help growing up, so a new sex attraction is headed our way now in the person of Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi also came to the movies as a kid and a very talented one at that. She is one of the very best dancers Hollywood has, can sing very well and is a fair actress. But during the past year, personally and professionally, she has matured with a capital M. She appears at parties in gowns that are adult to be sure—and she is the object of every male eye. She used to be a mouse, shy and inhibited in public, and dressed like a dancing school graduate. Now Mitzi walks into a room like a young duchess, her almonde eyes flirty and her movements the sort that drive strong men mad.

At a recent party a wife began looking for her husband. He wasn't within sight, and she asked her hostess if she knew where he was.

"I believe," the hostess said, "he's talking to Mitzi Gaynor."

"Good," said the wife, "generally he's hanging around the neck of some glamor girl."

The wife should have seen her husband at that moment. He wasn't talking to Mitzi, but he was trying to. He was on the fringe of a mob of males who had Mitzi backed into a corner—and if his wife had taken a look at the way Mitzi had them all panting that night she'd have dragged her old man out of there by the ear. Mitzi has an alight type of sex appeal, not at all obvious on the screen, that may be the combination required to sell sex at the box office. And as a top-notch dancer she has talent, too.

A ctually, it was sex that really put movies on the map. Valentino can be credited with being the prime assist and he was noted for his ability to excite passion from every pore as he dragged a panting captive across the Sahara to a lonely tent. The public, it seemed, wanted sex in those days. Maybe they've become bored with it, or maybe they've come to appreciate acting and a good story.

Sex really grew up in the movies, though, with Jean Harlow, also a Howard Hughes contribution. Hughes put meaning into it. And if he wasn't a designer of loose garments he certainly was aware of what was provocative. The dress that Jean Harlow wore in Hell's Angels ought to be in the Smithsonian Institution. It was as much an invention in its day as was the first mixmaster. From the first moment she appeared on the screen in that rag Jean Harlow was destined for greatness—in sex. And until the day she died she never played a part that didn't call for an exhibition of flesh and lust. MGM just recently made Mogambo, a reshuffling of Red Dust, the film that made millions pay to see Jean take a bath in a rain barrel, under the watchful, eager eyes of Clark Gable.

There are some who will deny that Jean was ever a good actress, but most Hollywoodites, after a moment of thought, will say she was. But it was something that had to be considered, for Jean's name was synonymous with sex, not art.

There have been others, too, who today are substantial performers, who were once considered sexy as all-get-out. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Now the public thinks of Barbara as one of the reigning artists of the screen, but in her early pictures she was a luscious, lip-biting half-tart that seldom took no for an answer. Barbara learned early in her career, though, that sex is not enough and raised her sights. In doing so, she's become an all-time great.

Some time ago Joan Crawford gave an interview to one of the major wire services in which she was reported to have said that she considered the exhibitionism of some of the younger players of this day slightly revolting. She particularly selected Marilyn Monroe as an example of how to publicize a movie star. When it was printed there was quite a fuss. Marilyn's studio thought it was unkind, to say the least. Marilyn herself was said to have considered it catty. And the town took up sides.

When Miss Crawford was approached by other reporters for more details, she expressed herself as being sorry she had put it down quite so strongly. She thought back, maybe, to the days when she first came to Hollywood—a Charleston dancer from Texas. She remembered Our Dancing Daughters in which she wore a dress that wouldn't make a fair handkerchief for a grown man. She remembered, possibly, the scene she'd played dancing atop a table, with the Crawford legs showing to the full, and the mouth-trembling way she'd look at a prospective lover for a close-up. And she didn't take back what she'd said, but she did reconstruct her opinion, from a wisdom she learned the hard way.

"Maybe," she said, "I should have said that I am concerned, because I know now that sex is not enough." Or words to that effect.

100% Mild Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard that Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Fresh and Radiant—Lovely Jean Ryba of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, says: "To help keep my skin fresh and new, many days I rely on 100% mild Palmolive Soap. I use nothing else."

Nature's Chlorophyll* Is in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap ... That's What Makes Palmolive Green!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Brighter Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can have it. 36 doctors proved it in actual tests on 1,295 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan makes your skin better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change today to Palmolive's Beauty Plan ... gently massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother, brighter skin. Yes, Palmolive brings out beauty while it cleans your skin!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT Cleans YOUR SKIN!
Wunder-skin

ANTHER FINE PUREPAC PRODUCT

Greaseless • Flesh-Tinted • Antiseptic

ABOUT "BAD" SKIN

Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is scientifically formulated to help free pores of these excess oils ... dry up pimples. Wunder-skin contains antiseptic Dermafine which destroys the bacteria that can cause and spread unsightly pimples.

NO ONE NEED KNOW! Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to conceal pimples, blemishes, blackheads ... Blends amazingly well with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave Wunder-skin on day and night for "round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists.

GUARANTEED to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 95c. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 10c in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P.O. Box 216, Lenox Hill Sta., N.Y., 21-N.

NEW! Flesh-Tinted Medication

CONCEALS as it helps

HEAL PIMPLES

love’s young dream

(Continued from page 66) Miss Ruick.

They worked together for several weeks in Apache War Smoke, and although her mother had once told her, "If an actress doesn't fall in some small way for her leading man, for she or with her," Barbara felt nothing but professional respect for Bob. The picture was finished in June and it wasn't until two months later that they had their first date. Barbara was so uninpressed at the time that by now she barely remembers the evening. It is her dim recollection that he came for dinner to the house shared by her with studio publicist Jean MacDonald and that after it he talked afterward and he went home early.

Their dates grew more frequent and slowly Barbara began to notice his sincerity, his truthfulness and above all, his complete respect for her. Not so much that he had enough financial security that Barbara can take a year away from work to stay home and care for each new addition.

Barbara has learned to distinguish a flirt from a dodge, an infeld fly from a Texas leaguer, and a touchback from a safety. Bob has found with delight that she is an avid sports fan, and last March when she asked him on location for Arena in Tucson they not only went riding every day, but when the cast and crew organized a disorganized football game on the set, Barbara got into the act.

"I will now," she announced, holding the ball diamite between her hands, "do a kick-off."

"Be careful!" yelled Bob. "You're wearing flat shoes—you can't dig in! Honey, you'll go flat on your—"

Which she did. It was one of the things that has proven to Barbara that she can listen to a director when they met him she had always felt rather maternal toward the men she directed. Secure in her personal life as well as her new-found career, she tended to be a little more relaxed and was more than ready to look out for ways in which she might help other people. Mr. Horton has modified all this, and now Barbara realizes that she tends to be high flying, to fly off on an avid jazz fan, a love here was that rarity in this modern world, a gentleman; and soon realized she was happiest when she was with him. Following his proposal of marriage they discussed architecture and found that both like "comfortable modern"; then weddings, which both agree should be small but definitely inside a church; and then babies, which they will wait for. Each of them have enough financial security that Barbara can take a year away from work to stay home and care for each new addition.

When she was eight she bettered her way into the billing of a recital and chose for her recital piece "The Church," a la Beatrice Kay, for which she was to be flocked in her mother's wedding dress. It was bad enough having to hitch up the dress so that she wouldn't trip over the air raid sirens cut loose and the house lights went out. But her father, sitting in the front row, trained the beam of a flashlight on her, and said "Well,Miss, that's a great performance with the nonchalance of a seasoned trouper.

When she was 14 she began singing with a high school band. She joined a singing group that appeared twice weekly on a San Fernando Valley radio station. The accompanying skits were written by, naturally, Barbara Ruick. She never went anywhere without a music case and when she got home and always returned home with the seven-dollar scale wage tucked away in her evening bag. When she was 15 she fluffed up the violin, but after her first production of Stage Door. She delivered her lines, "I don't really want to leave. I don't know what to say." Following that she really didn't know what to say, and in the situation by walking off the stage.

She wasn't so shaken by the experience that she lost confidence. Less than a year before she married, "the girl" on the Sam Spade radio show, became too ill to go on, and Barbara marched into producer William Spier's office. "You just have to let me do it," she said. "I'm the only one who wants to be with him. And besides, it's the only thing that'll get her out of bed. If I do it this time, she'll have to come to your rescue next week.

She got the job, and just in time. Barbara got married the time Be A Nurse was being staged during a performance. It gave her a confidence which has never left her, except perhaps for the times when her mother has been in the audience. BarbaraAckerman has many of the same of those—she thinks it may be because she's "trying so hard to please," as she did when she was a small girl. She recalls the day she marched to two miles in a Girl Scout parade, the flag bearer. All went well until she came to the corner where her mother stood. Then Barbara tripped and went flat on her face. Luirene Tuttle was
in the audience the night Barbara forgot her lines in Stage Door, and stranger still, she gave a top-notch TV commercial one day until toward the end of the spiel, when her mind went blank. When she got home she learned that her mother had turned on the program at the precise moment Barbara had fluffed.

Barbara reached the age of 12 before her parents were divorced, and those years of living with show business parents have given her a wisdom that may well help in her own marriage. She feels that she knows the pitfalls of a marriage which combines two careers, what to say and what not to say at the right moments. She was and still is extremely fond of her father, who has remarried and lives in New York, but the divorce itself did not affect her nearly so much as the death, a year before, of Lillian Johnson. Miss Johnson had been Barbara's nurse since babyhood, a wonderful woman who, childless herself, poured out her maternal love on Barbara. She taught the child to love people, she was a second mother to her and her most appreciative audience all through Barbara's childhood. She died on August 15th, and for this reason Barbara has set her wedding date on that day. She intends sending a little prayer up to heaven, in the hope that her beloved old nurse will be able to look down and see Barbara on the biggest day of her life. It is her deepest regret that Miss Johnson cannot be here to see the children that will come some day.

Following the divorce Barbara lived with her mother, who continued to guide her through an adolescence that was devoted almost entirely to theatricals. Their relationship is extremely close, and even when Barbara decided to learn about drumming, Lurene Tuttle didn't complain. It all started when Barbara sang with an orchestra made up of college boys, and when drummer Gene Estes left his stand to do a vocal, Barbara would hop up behind the drums and beat out the rhythm for the band.

Two days after her 17th birthday Barbara took off for New York. Determined to make the grade on her own merits she purposely avoided letting anyone know her relationship to her famed parents. She moved into an apartment with four models and proceeded to pound pavements like a novice from Hatsoff, Texas, but her talent shone through. Out of 800 applicants she was chosen with only nine others to appear on Chico Marx's "College Bowl" TV show. Soap operas and commercials followed, and after a highly successful year she returned home to Hollywood, where she shortly clipped a contract with MGM. There she went to work with such zeal that studio employees weren't surprised when, during the filming of The Affairs Of Dobie Gillis, Barbara insisted on completing her dance routine despite an attack of flu, and stopped only when her fainted from exhaustion.

At first she lived with her mother, who had remarried, then moved to a small apartment in Hollywood, another in North Hollywood, then to Westwood, then shared a house with Jean MacDonald, then, because the landlady didn't cotton to Barbara's boxer puppy, the two girls moved to another house. Barbara currently is living with her mother again, and has stored a pile of furniture collected in the last two years in the last six residences. There will be enough, she says, to fill any house she and Bob might buy on his GI loan, and she promises that, for a change, she will really settle down for keeps when she gets married.

She has already begun to settle. An incurable mimic, Barbara comes back from New York dropping her R's, back from Alabama accompanied by a southern drawl. She imitates anything, including the makeup worn these days by New York models. When living in Manhattan with the quartet of mannekins, Barbara was enchanted by their black slipstick and pencilled lines beneath the eyes. She had arrived in New York with a healthy, scrubbed look, but by the time she came back to Hollywood a year later she was all but suffocated in cosmetics. Lurene Tuttle met her at the airport and couldn't help smiling. "My word," she said, "You have been sick, haven't you?"

After a year of doe eyes, and after a few dates with Bob Horton, Barbara decided to give up the ghostly look, that this was not really for her. The next time Bob called for her at the house, he was met by a pert face that boasted nothing but lipstick—red lipstick. He took an appreciative look, but said nothing.

Barbara couldn't stand it for long. They hadn't been in his car five minutes before she turned to him. "Well—do you like me better this way?"

He reached over and took her hand. "I liked you the other way, too. But this is fine."

"You see what I mean," Barbara says to anybody who will listen. "Bob is a gentleman, a real gentleman. And furthermore, my red-haired mother is charmed right out of her shoes at the idea of a red-haired son-in-law. I was obstinate—I didn't have red hair—but now she has more than a 50-50 chance of having carrot-tops for grandchildren."

Everybody's happy, including MGM, future in-laws, the growing legions of Horton and Bob fans, and most of all, Barbara and Bob.

**Put on TANGEE... and it Stays Put!**

You both feel and see the superiority of the new Tangee lipstick. Your lips feel soft, fresh and youthful, because Tangee is extra-rich in lanolin, base of the most costly cosmetic creams. And your eyes are delighted at the way Tangee stays put—thanks to Permachrome, its new miracle ingredient. Tangee contains no irritating chemicals. All the newest shades—from appealing Pinks to ravishing Reds.

No matter how much you pay, you cannot buy a finer lipstick than Tangee.

---

NEW COLOR-TRUE

Tangee

LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHROME—

EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN
bitter triumph

(Continued from page 55) Walking My Baby Back Home, with Janet Leigh.

Then, he disappeared. Studio executives and friends couldn't locate him for three days. Just before the situation had reached the "missing persons" alarm stage, someone thought to check at his Van Wagenen home. Sure enough, there he was, where he had been for almost three days, playing with Donna.

The next day newspaper columns were filled with predictions that the O'Connors would make up, or had already forgiven each other for real and imaginary transgressions. The curtain, however, had just gone up on the event that is so often repeated in Hollywood. Before the week was out it was reported that Gwen was now dating Dan Dailey. Supposedly they had been having hands on, quiet conversation at the Encore, a La Cienega boulevard restaurant to which many film celebrities go to publicly display their grief over a broken romance or their joy over a new love.

Gwen O'Connor was furious. The report is that she had her attorney call the columnist and demand a retraction, a reluctant one which was published a few days later. This sort of thing, for newspaper folk are now calloused when it comes to denials. Reporters began to choose sides. On the day that Sheila Graham stated that, "Dan and I are O'Connor's are quietly making up," Hollywood Reporter columnist Mike Connelly had a different version: "Dan Dailey threw a punch at Murray Garret at Peggy Lee's Grove opening. Dailey is the marquess to boot him and Gwen O'Connor, who were NOT celebrating Donald O'Connor's gala Call Me Madam preem, same night and miles and miles from the Grove." Who is right? Is Don Dailey a cause celebre in the O'Connor marriage rift? Or was it true that Don had regularly been dating several of the hundreds of cute girls who make the studios a romantic stamping grounds. Why isn't the truth printed? It will be, here and now.

Let's go back to happier days to find the real answer. Back to the time that Donald was a carefree young actor more preoccupied with his collection of foreign cars than he was with his career. To the time he proposed to beautiful red-haired Gwen Carter, a Los Angeles High School student, and gave her a two carat diamond ring, payable on time at $50 a week for the next two years.

Gwen was no innocent child who fell head over heels in love with an actor at 15. She had friends in show business and was not star struck. She'll tell you that she didn't think much of Don at their first meeting at a Paramount commissary table. She was 12 and he was a wacky 13. A little more than two years later, it was a different story.

Donald and his new lady came with Bing Crosby in Sing You Sinners, grown out of his britches in a few months and was tossed back into vaudeville, traveling the country with his family. Tragedy had made a man of him, for his beloved brother Billy had died suddenly of scarlet fever, not many days before Hollywood summoned him back for a second crack at stardom of whom the other had often said, "He could have been a greater comedian than Bob Hope," meant more to the young actor than he has ever been able to satisfactorily explain. He can only say, "Billy died when I was just getting to know him."

Of course, it may be said that everyone knows sadness in life and that it takes an actor to dramatize his grief. But this was not so with Donald O'Connor. The loneliness of his youth was magnified by the fact that his father died of a heart attack when he was about 14 years old. Before that, outside a theater in Hartford, Conn., his five year old sister, Arlene, had taken him out for an airing in his baby carriage. Unable to resist the temptation of a friendly store across the street, Arlene left the infant Donald at the curb and scurried to buy a sack of sweets. In a few seconds, she was lying dead, run over by a speeding car.

Knowing as we do that the mind of a child retains impressions from early childhood on, and remembering that Donald with no experience other than a long list of theatrical hotels, it becomes a simple, understandable fact that what he always has needed most was a love and security of his own.

His second meeting with Gwen O'Connor took place backstage at the El Capitan theater. Don had gone there to help a friend named Julia Curtis to audition her ventriloquist act, and ran into Joyce Duffin, another mere acquaintance who was there with Gwen.

"Gwen and I took a look at each other," Donald remembers, "and the whole theater lit up."

Joyce, however, wouldn't give Don Gwen's telephone number. A few days later he ran into the two of them in a drug store. This time Gwen was with a big handsome man and tried again for the phone number. No soap. That night might have been the end of it if a fellow Don knew hadn't dropped in to watch him work out at a Hollywood gym. Don went back that night with some aplomb that day with a couple of professional fighters. They stood toe to toe slugging at each other, much to the amazement of the friend, who later said Don needed not a half a day to get Gwen Carter's number. "If you want Gwen Carter's number, I guess it's okay to give it to you now."

"Well thanks," Don replied, "but why all the mystery up to now?"

"Well, the truth is," the friend explained, "that Gwen's boy friend is a very jealous guy. Also exceedingly tough. He knew he knew you two liked each other and he threatened to tear the hair out of you if you tried again for the phone or date her. None of us wanted to see you murdered, but after seeing you go in the ring I know you can take care of yourself."

Don rushed for the nearest phone booth to take a date. That night he and Gwen held hands at the Casa de Amour restaurant and agreed that people their age, if they should fall in love, should wait a long time before marrying. From that day on, Gwen never dated another boy, and they would have waited, too, except for circumstances over which they had no control.

It was Don's ambition to become a fighter pilot. He had already taken one test for Air Corps Cadet Training and flunked it. After some months, he tried again, passing it with flying colors. On the Eve of 1944, they spent much of the night talking about the question of whether or not they should marry before Don entered the service. They decided to wait to their regular career, but a few evenings later, while visiting at the apartment of their friend, Ally Kirk, the emotional upheaval of impending events was too much for them.

On the spur of the moment, they agreed to elope to Mexico. They jumped into Don's car and took off, stopping for dinner at the Fallsipan Restaurant. There their plans made a crash landing. They fell into an argument about whether or not they should tell their mothers. Don decided that if he was now man enough to enter the Air...
Corps, he certainly was man enough to tell his mother and hers in advance that he was marrying the woman he loved.

They postponed the event for a couple of days. Both mothers agreed that their children would be unhappy if they had to face the anxious days and perhaps years ahead alone. So, on February sixth, they took off for the border city of Tijuana, Mexico. They hadn't counted on the difficulties of strict wartime regulations. Border guards insisted that Gwen give up her address book and that Don change the $65 he'd brought along into two dollar bills, no easy trick at four o'clock in the morning. While Gwen argued with the guards to prove that her personal telephone numbers were not the secret codes of a spy, Don hustled off in search of an all night gas station. With these delays, it was almost five A.M. before they reached the main street of Tijuana, numb with cold, but still grimly cheerful.

Back in the U.S., they found a small hotel which jutted out over the Pacific Ocean, and they'd never forget the cold lobster wedding breakfast.

This was just the beginning of a series of adventures, which if reenacted would make a swell comic movie. Don was shipped off to Texas eager to start his Air Corps training. To his dismay, the entire cadet program was suddenly called off. All he saw in the future was an endless round of KP and latrine duty. As luck had it, the Air Corps suddenly needed more women than they did men, and Don helped to create a WAC recruiting show. Gwen, like thousands of women at the time, became a camp follower.

Somehow, though, the O'Connors were incredibly happy during these two and a half years. When almost all WACS were being shipped overseas, the recruiting show in which Don was being starred needed a leading lady. Officers in charge pressed Gwen into service and she vowed 'em. When Don came back to Hollywood and civilian life, everything brightened up. There were those big pay checks again; back income taxes were paid up, and the baby came.

They never loved each other more. On the day of the blessed event, Gwen was so worried about Don's condition that she kept crawling out of her hospital bed to visit him in the father's room.

"Poor guy," she remembers, "he sat there for almost 12 hours, white as a sheet. He must have smoked a whole carton of cigarettes. When it was all over, I looked up through a haze to see him, announcing that we'd had a baby boy. "No," I told him. "You're hysterical, honey. I saw it. The baby's a girl!" By this time he was the same old Don. He was playing it so straight with the boy routine that it was a couple of days before I realized he was kidding."

**Un**less one is a veteran on the Hollywood scene, it is difficult to understand how merciless the demands of success can be, or why it is that the more famous a man becomes the less chance he has for happiness in private life. Despite the casual atmosphere of business, the demands of its backstage discipline are terrific, effecting even a thing so small as a man's hobbies. Speaking of his sport car hobby, Don recently dismissed it by saying, "Either had to give up the car or my career." What he subconsciously meant is that the requirements in time alone caused by doing four major pictures in the period of a year, plus a monthly television show, had cut deeply into his private life.

When Don was doing pleasant little pictures requiring little effort, his home was always filled with friends. He might, as

---

**True-to-life Dramas on the Air!**

"Modern Romances" is now on the air! "Modern Romances" is an exciting new half-hour dramatic program on the N.B.C. radio network every Saturday morning. It's presented in cooperation with the editors of Modern Romances magazine, and brings you fascinating stories of love and romance, happiness and heartache.

Kathi Norris, glamorous radio and TV personality, is featured on the program. Be sure to listen this Saturday, and every Saturday morning. Check your local newspaper's radio section for the exact time.
on one occasion, came galloping home with all four Williams brothers from the Kay Thompson set for an impromptu supper.

However, Don's popularity brought incredible demands on his time. It reached the point best illustrated by the time Gwen's mother had to come to his rescue, brought in the morning coffee while she was still in bed. The maid had a complaint to make, hardly believable in this modern age. "I'm a good cook," explained, "but I'm going to have to change jobs unless you and Mr. O'Connor do more entertaining." Gwen promised that they'd try to reform. She planned a dinner party for the following Friday. She called all of Don's friends, but with a single exception, they were all too busy. It was just as well. An emergency rehearsal came up for Don, so he wouldn't he been there anyway.

Such things may seem trivialities, but a happy marriage demands every bit as much attention as a successful career. Recently, Gwen has been very much alone, with the resultant appearance publicly without Don stirred comment. If, while Don was busy talking business at a Palm Springs dinner, Gwen seemed to linger too long, of Dean Martin, it was nothing to her. When the story broke that Gwen, immediately after the separation from Don, had been dating Dean Martin, she was in tears. She called Don and was certain that he knew that she didn't have anything to do with the linking of their names. Dean, who had never liked Gwen too much, (not all Hollywood pretensions are poison puffs,) was impressed with her forthright honesty. At this writing, they have never been together, except for a few moments at a time at crowded parties, and although they have been out all day, that they will never have a date in the future, they most assuredly have not had one up to the present time. Not has Donald ever dated Mitzi Gaynor, even though they have been quite taken together. You can expect, however, that this false rumor will crop up too, if it hasn't already in some irresponsible column. Even should she, as Gwen's acquiring an agent—at the suggestion of Don, incidentally—seemed to indicate to the gossip's that she was more interested in a career than in a home.

The "little things" which have destroyed many a marriage, both in and out of Hollywood, have been gnawing away at the O'Connor marriage for over two years. Finally, at a friend's suggestion, Don broached the subject of consultation with a psychiatrist. It must be pointed out that young married couples all over the country have done the same thing—not because they are crazed, but simply to try to achieve a better understanding of the science of living. Gwen O'Connor, anxious to make whatever corrections were needed, early her way linking as well as Don's, agreed to the idea.

To their mutual dismay, the news leaked out. There would be little purpose in mentioning any of this here, except that it is important in the O'Connor marital story. A lot of folks in Hollywood laughed at the idea of their seeking psychiatric aid. To them it was one more case of another actor and his wife going a little nifty. The truth was that these consultations brought the two back together, if only temporarily. After a few months during which they earnestly sought to resolve their problems, Gwen and Don went to Honolulu for a second honeymoon.

Meantime Gwen was doing all right with her own career plans. With her good friend, Ann McCormick (Jackie Coogan's ex-wife,) she planned to join a troupe of performers headed for Korea to entertain our troops there. Gwen had already been accepted as a good troup leader on the Colgate Hour. There was nothing wrong with her career, though through the uncanny way she expect to become as famous as her husband. However, she never made that trip. The undertorrent of gossip mounted. One evening Gwen and Don, had to try and over some infinitesimal matter neither can remember. It may even have been the tone of one or the other that set off the fuse. All they knew was that they were trying to discover where and why they had lost the rich meaning of their life together.

Don moved out.

Today you need only to bend a casual ear to the wind to hear people who know them only slightly to hear phrases like this... "It should have happened a long time ago..." "Gwen wants to be a play girl, around herself." The rising tide of Hollywood opinion returns home to the Donald O'Connors more swiftly since their definite rift. But it hasn't prevented the from having dinner together on several occasions, still seeking to discover why it is that, after they attained the goals they set out to achieve nine long lean years ago, they are no longer together to share a triumph unnoticed rumor.

Currently both Gwen and Don are having a fling on their own, dating other people. But the more they are apart, the more they are together, in each other's company. Gwen came home at four A.M. one morning after a date with a Hollywood playboy and termed night life a real nothing. Next night she and Don went to the Circle J. Restaurant and both declared they had a real ball, and were getting tired of their so-called freedom from domestic woes. That's why real intimates are predicting an early reconciliation despite columnist reports.

Nor can one fact be denied. Gwen and Donald O'Connor privately admit that they still love each other. If this is so, and they can look at each other across the chasm created by a suit for divorce, they may be able to retrace their steps and hold on to the happiness they built for each other.

And they don't need this honest attempt to evaluate their lives to realize the most they will remain man and wife for almost a year. All it takes to assure little Donna O'Connor that Daddy will indeed be home tonight is a simple telephone call to a pair of attorneys.

Let's hope they do it!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Before he went into the Army, Vic Damone was doing a personal appearance in Washington. A bunch of us went backstage to see him and when he came out, he said he didn't have time for interviews and told us to come back after a later show.

One little girl remarked sadly that she didn't have the money to come back on. So what did Vic do? He took five dollars out of his own pocket and gave it to her and told her to take a taxi.

Jean Rossini

Washington, D. C.
(Continued from page 36) with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt the night before at Romanoff's. Vanderbilt had come out to California with his horses for the opening of the Santa Anita race track, and Mervyn, an old friend of his, had said, "Thank, Alfred, I want you to come out to the set tomorrow. Lana Turner and Ricardo Montalban are going to dance a samba in this particular scene, and I think you'll like watching it."

Bright and early the next morning, Alfred Vanderbilt was out in Culver City watching Ricardo Montalban as he rehearsed with Rita Moreno. These two did a few introductory steps. The camera moved in and the focus was fixed. Director LeRoy turned and muttered to an assistant, "Ready," he said. The assistant shouted, "Ready, Miss Turner."

Dressed gorgeously in an evening gown, the top half of which consisted of a form-fitting jersey trimmed with sequins, Lana emerged from her portable dressing room. Behind her came Lex and the three children. They congregated at the left of the camera as Lana took her place by Montalban. Graciously Rita Moreno bowed out of the picture. "Okay," said LeRoy, "let's try it."

He walked back to the camera and winked at Vanderbilt. One of the assistants thundered, "Quiet!"

"Okay," LeRoy said softly to his cameraman, "hit'em again." The music, a special samba entitled "A Little More Of Your Amour," and especially written for the picture by Mario Lanza's good friend, Nicky Brodsky, was struck up. Montalban took Lana in his arms. They started to dance. They looked into each other's eyes.

On the sidelines, Lex looked on, enthralled and fascinated. What a difference between a musical and the Tarzan pictures he makes.

Lex's two children looked at each other and grinned. Lana's daughter, Cheryl, who has seen her mother in action many times, seemed to grow restless very quickly. She wandered off.

When the "take" was over, Lana came over to Lex. "You were wonderful," he said. She blew him a little feather of a smile, then called out to her child, "Cheryl," she said, "I'll be finished after one more shot. Now you stay here with the other kids. Don't run off." Cheryl, who is nine, the same age as Barker's daughter, nodded and returned to Barker's side. Lex ran his hand through her hair. The camera was rolled back for a medium shot, and Lana and Montalban went into their samba again. Lex grinned as he watched his love-life.

When the Christmas holiday was over and the children returned to school, Lex used to show up on the set himself, or if he had things to do, he usually would arrange to pick Lana up after work. She rarely rode home alone.

It got so that the gatemen at the studio used to kid Lex and call him Stagedoor Johnny.

Lex makes no bones about being daffy over Lana. "She's a wonderful girl," he says, "and I'm more than fond of her. Maybe some people don't think so, but Lana's got an awful lot of depth. She's been around. She knows a good many things, and, insofar as I'm concerned, her friendship is an extremely worthy thing. I can tell you that she's a much higher-type young woman than a lot of the girls you come in contact with back home."

"Back home" for Barker is Westchester County in New York and Fairfield County.

Lana and Lex
in Connecticut. Lex is a typical product of suburban life, and he pretty much knows all there is to know about stag lines, coming-out parties, and the Junior League.

His younger sister, Arlene, was for many years one of the outstanding beauties at the various country clubs in and around Westchester; and the Barker family is directly descended from Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. So that in his young life Lex has really mixed with the cream of suburban society, and when he says that Lana has much more on the ball than the girls back home, one can bet his opinion is founded on actual experience.

Lana is the first of his family to desert the world of high finance for the acting profession. To try to be his wife. If his father still considers the deviation as a part of growing up and expects that eventually Lex will get into some thriving business venture, Lana Turner or no Lana Turner.

When, after leaving Phillips–Exeter Academy, Lex decided to become an actor, his father looked upon the entire experiment with a jaundiced eye. He agreed to give Lex his head for a while if eventually the boy would join his engineering firm.

"I tried to learn the business from the ground up," he worked in a stamp factory, hauled freight, and sold hot water heaters. But my heart just wasn't in it." I enlisted in the Army, and when I got out, I decided to resume my acting career. Probably I'd have listened to him. I'd be worth a good deal of money today, but I like show business and the people in it. Where in civil engineering are you going to run into a girl like me?"

When Lex first arrived in Hollywood— it was in 1945 that he was invalidated out of the Army with the rank of Major—Lana Turner would have just met Mr. and Mrs. Turner. She was married to an attractive girl named Connie Thurlow. He had a two-year-old daughter, and he was looking for a start in pictures.

The post-war era of 1945–1948 will go down in the history of the cinema as the age of extravagance. Business was so good, motion picture companies were making so much money that producers could afford to expand their list of contract players with almost reckless abandon.

Lana was one of them. Fresh from the Army, he'd had very little acting experience before the war. skinny stocky, and cute, a portrait of a woman in the West. He was married to a girl from Texas, and he was working for the RKO studios, with a contract for the RKO. Lana Turner

Lex was one of them. Fresh from the Army, he'd had very little acting experience before the war. skinny stocky, and cute, a portrait of a woman in the West. He was married to a girl from Texas, and he was working for the RKO studios, with a contract for the RKO. Lana Turner had a summer stock, two best parts on Broadway, nothing else. And yet MCA, a talent agency, got him signed by 20th Century, then Warner's, then RKO. Lana Turner, who was looking for a new Tarzan, switched him from RKO to enact the character fathered by the late Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Lana was married to Bop Topping at the time. She had a heart full of troubles, and she wasn’t at all “on the make.” Only when Topping packed his bags and moved out did she care for Arlene Lamas in a fast three seconds. In 1951 when Lex and Arlene were first married, the possibility of Lex getting together with Lana was about as remote as a marriage between Margaret O’Brien and Mickey Mouse. The marriage was fine, it was a choice of the Dahl–Barker marriage. That, at least, is what Lex says. He thinks in retrospect that Lana was more interested in becoming a movie star than in becoming a good wife.

"The best part of our marriage," he says, "was when Arlene left Metro and sat around home for six months doing nothing. Then some studio along offered her a deal selling lingerie. She thought she'd get into it just as a sideline. It wasn't a sideline at all. It became a big thing. Then she was offered movie jobs. Naturally, she took them. We had one break-up and then decided to reconcile. I went out of town on location for three weeks and when I came back she hit me with the divorce idea. She said she had decided that our marriage wouldn’t work. Boy! What a reconciliation!"

You have probably heard or read somewhere that Lana first “picked up” Lex at the Marion Davies party, that wild extravagance thrown in honor of Johnny Ray.

All that Lana did was to ask Lex for a dance since her own date, Fernando Lamas, was none too attentive. Lex was not a stage performer. He had come to the party with Susan Morrison, the noted actress who asked for a dance and gallantly consented.

By now, everyone knows what happened. When Fernando saw his Lana snuggling up to Lex, he flew into his著名的与拉丁恋人的绯闻，爱上了她。The film was originally scheduled to star in opposite Lana.

"I’m sorry," Lana said, "that Miss Turner is going to be my friend but I respect her wishes."

A week later, Lana was dining in public with Arlene Dahl, and Lana Turner was dining with her own husband. In short, the two beautiful actresses had exchanged lovers. By-gone were by-gones.

Arlene and Lana made no secret of their mutual affection. They were seen everywhere together. Lana and Lex were a bit more circumspect. It took three weeks before their companionship became common knowledge. When it did, it blazed brightly, especially in Palm Springs where both of them spent their vacation.

Not too long ago, Lex, who has a comfortable little apartment a mile or so from 20th Century–Fox, was visited by a family friend from back East. This woman, an elderly lady in her 50’s, was touring the studios, and Lex told her to please use the apartment as her Hollywood headquarters.

"During the course of the day,” he explained, "you learned, ‘I’m liable to get tired. I want to you to come up to the apartment and rest a while. I feel like it. Here’s a key’"

One afternoon the visitor from back East did exactly that, whereupon the phone in Lex’s apartment rang and the lady answered it. She switched it to, and when a woman answered, the actress shouted, when Lex phoned for a date that night Lana wouldn’t talk to him. Presently she did, saying: "You’re the first you had in your apartment around four this afternoon you two timer, you!"
Lex explained everything satisfactorily, but this merely shows that when Lana gives her heart to a man, she expects him to play fair. She has always been a one-
aman—at-a-time woman.

Oddly enough when you ask Lana about Lex, she weighs her words very carefully.

“He’s an extremely nice gentleman,” she says, “and great fun to be with—or I wouldn’t be with him.”

When you ask if there is any chance of her marrying Lex, she says, “I’ve had enough of marriage to last me for some time.” Lana has said this before, however, so it doesn’t mean much. What does mean a lot is that Barker will not be free to marry until October 15, 1953, at which time Lana will be living somewhere in Europe, probably in Monaco where she is in residence at the time of this writing.

Despite the fact that she has earned close to a million dollars in the past 15 years, Lana doesn’t have very much money. If she works in Europe for the next 18 months, she can earn approximately $550,000 tax free.

Lana insists, however, that the tax-exemption is not why she left Hollywood.

“I just wanted to get away from around here,” she explains. “I needed a new outlook, a new environment, to meet some new people.”

And being the Lana she is, she also needed a new heart interest. In Lex Barker she has found a most avid one, and as they’re saying in Hollywood tonight, “Here are two fine people who really deserve each other.”

END

how young hollywood lives

(Continued from page 59) appearance tours.

Marge and Gower Champion own a lovely hillside home equipped with swimming pool and a $7,500 a week and night club appearances bring them another $7,500 a week.

Liz Taylor and her husband Mike Wilding can afford to live in a home overlooking a picturesque canyon, because after ten years in the business, Liz has managed to save more than $40,000 and has signed a new contract which brings her close to $15,000 a year.

But these are the exceptions.

How about youngsters like Roberta Haynes, Joyce Debra Paget, Janet Leigh, Farley Granger, Bob Wagner, and Dale Robertson?

Let’s take a look.

Dale Robertson owns a house out in Reseda, a middle-class community 20 miles from the studio, which he bought on the G.I. loan—nothing down and around $55 a month. It’s a typical small, efficient cottage, with three rooms, one for Dale and his wife, and one for their baby daughter Rochelle. Robertson is one of the boys who likes cars, especially convertibles, but no Cadillacs or big job for him. He has an emplower who limits him to spending money at $20 a week even though Dale is currently earning $1,800 a week.

Young actresses like Debra Paget, Mitzi Gaynor and several others either live with their mothers in small establishments or rent conveniently located apartments.

Typical of the smart young career girl is Joyce Holden. Ever since she came to Hollywood from Kansas, Joyce has lived in a series of bachelorette apartments, one larger than the other. Right now she occupies a two-bedroom garden apartment in the San Fernando Valley. With each move, Joyce adds to her collection of antique furniture by toting the antique hand antique shops and attending the auctions. Her interest in Early American furnishings began on a farm in Colony, Kansas, where she spent every summer until she was 12. Her aunt and uncle, Vorn and Jesse Nichols, owned the farm, and when Joyce grew up and came to Hollywood, took the four-poster canopy bed she had slept on as a child.

Like most of the young actresses in town, Joyce likes lots of company. She often invites eight, ten, twelve guests home for dinner. She also believes that every girl living alone should have a pet. In her own case the lease on her apartment expressly prohibited pets of any sort, but when Joyce moved in she found a far-
After three months she returned to the Harding house, but then decided that if she was ever going to make the break, she had best make it then. She was convinced that her English was good enough, so she began preparing for a hunt. They found a modern suite of three rooms with porch overlooking Wilshire Boulevard. Ursula then bought "Pappy," a French poodle. Like most German girls Ursula loves to cook, and since Bob Taylor doesn't particularly like to make the rounds of night clubs or to be seen in public, many of their dates consist of home-cooked meals.

Joanne Gilbert, the young nightclub singer who made such a sensational debut at the Torrance as "Put in the Paramount for Red Garters," represents the school of young girls who live with their mothers.

Joanne's parents are separated which is true of Mitzi Gaynor's, Peggy Ann Garner's, Jane Powell's, Margaret O'Brien's, and many others—and Joanne and her mother occupy a one-bedroom apartment in the too small," Joanne says, "and now that I'm making a little money we're looking for a larger place. I also drive a '49 Chevey—it's the only car I own—and I guess I'll have to get a new car."

Practically the only young Hollywood star who doesn't own a car is Ursula Thiess, and that's because she doesn't know how to get around to shop for tires, "I'm just not that kind of girl."

As a matter of fact, Joan Evans and her husband Kirby Weatherley occupy that same sort of furnished apartment which Janet and Tony Curtis have in California, and they have been married. They have made a small but very comfortable home for themselves.

When Joan and Tony decided to get married last June, over Joan's parents' objections, the bride-to-be had exactly 24 hours in which to find an apartment. "I think we did the right thing," Joan says, "in renting a small furnished unit to start with. I was making $25-a-week, so when they wanted the apartment, they were ready to make a new home for themselves."

On the other hand, a guy who has to go to work to support himself and is unemployed with no hope of ever finding a job, doesn't have a chance to think about renting an apartment. When he is laid off, he has to move immediately. A man who has no money to pay rent isn't much good as a tenant.

Young ladies who have the benefit of their families' experience and access to a list of creditable landlords have a good advantage over those who have to start from scratch with a new apartment and a small income. And a girl who is self-supporting, even if she rents a furnished apartment, has a better chance of finding a good home than one who depends on her parents for support.

There are many reasons why young people choose to live in furnished apartments. Sometimes, they are too young to have a steady income and are unable to pay the rent of a furnished apartment; sometimes, they are too young to have a fixed income and are unable to pay the rent of a furnished apartment; and sometimes, they are too young to have a steady income and are unable to pay the rent of a furnished apartment.
(Continued from page 67) picked up the cards, took them into the manager's office and began looking them over. They were almost unanimously complimentary. But something else was much more important, and the studio men were as excited as kids.

On every card there was one name. Burton. Burton. Burton. A good man Burton." "That Richard Burton is something!" "Where has this Richard Burton been?" In their own way, in their own words, Burton became a name that might make a new star. The studio people were excited because audiences have never been wrong. The movie makers have, but never the cutting room. The film went back to the cutting room and the cutting order was out: Don't cut a foot of Burton!

Subsequent events, such as the casting of Richard Burton in the leading role in "The Robe," have proven that the movie industry think he's the greatest import since Laurence Olivier, and that he is that rare item in British actors, a he-man morsel for American women. A rugged lad with the fire it takes to sweat Anguillian girls from their living room chairs right into the movie theaters.

Now something about the man himself, for you will be seeing a good deal of him.

Richard Burton has no traditional background that could qualify him to be an actor. He was born in 1925 in Pont Rhyd- fen in the south of Wales, coal mining country. He was one of 13 children, the last in a row of 12 that depended for its bread on the work its men did in the pits and a youngster of 13 is a man in the coal country. From his earliest childhood, Richard Burton was aware of the poverty about him, but his lot was no different from his neighbors'. He knew the pinch of hunger, the dreadful chill of insecurity, but, he says, he never knew unhappiness in his home, or at any time as a child. The Welsh have backbones that stand up under strong adversity—and they know how to smile.

The Burton boys were all sturdy lads, and as tough as they were rugged. "We lived in the slums, right in the heart of the slums of our town," Burton says. "My real name is Jenkins, and we were called Jenkins, the scrouge of the town. There was the top end of the town. There was the Irish family, equally as violent as we, and they were the scrouge of the 'lower end' of the town. The two families were in a constant feud.

"When I went to school, being the youngest of the Jenkins, I had the full protection of my brothers, and not a teacher dared lay a hand on me—although Welsh teachers are known for their cruel punishment of pupils. But even so, I always considered it an insult to be called a Jenks!"

There was actually never any encouragement given the Jenkins boys to get out of the mines and into other lines of work, certainly not into anything cultural. Richard Burton was nearly a man of 40, and had been a miner all his life, and I business a couple of years ago. The boys did, however, take off on their own and today Richard, an actor, said, "If you want to make it in Hollywood, forget all (soccer) to soldiering. Richard is the only one in the theater.

While he was still an infant, Richard Burton's mother died and he went to live with a sister who was then 22 and married to a coal miner. He remained with her for more than ten years. As he says himself, he was a "rough" boy, and if it hadn't been for meeting a man by the name of Meredith Jones he might still be today. Very few boys in Richard's district spoke English. Welsh was the common tongue in the homes. Jones discovered that Richard had an ear for English and tutored him. Consequently, when it came time for the entrance examination into what corresponds to our high school (it was in English, of course) Richard passed—and became the first boy from his district in 35 years to do so.

When he was 12 some double crisis came into his life. His sister's husband came down with an attack of silicosis, a disease which attacks the lungs of miners, and a depression hit South Wales. It became necessary for the boy to go to work, so he became a shop assistant in an establishment dealing in men's suitings and worked there for almost a year until the family's financial lot improved.

This breach in his education was in reality something of a Godsend, as it was to prove later, for when he went back to the halls of learning a new teacher had arrived, a man named Phillip Burton, who has had a tremendous influence on Richard's life ever since. As a matter of fact, when Richard became an actor he took Burton's name.

"Phillip Burton didn't see anything in me at first," Richard says. "I saw something in him. He was an erudite man and seemed to possess all of the qualities I wanted to develop in myself. At that time I wasn't sure just what I wanted to be. I used to admire the eloquence of the preachers at the church on Sundays, and sometimes: thought I, too, wanted to be a minister. And then I learned that Burton was a writer and had been an actor, so I went to him one day and told him I wanted to be an actor and asked him to help me."

The announcement that Richard wanted to be an actor may not have been astonishing to Phillip Burton, but it most certainly was to Richard's family. In the district he lived actors were considered "sissy" to say the least, and Richard's brothers could not have been more taken aback.

"I had a vast ego by this time," Richard says, "and it was somewhat deflated when Phillip Burton informed me there were a number of things against me—most of which was the district. I'd get no help there, as the natives thought the proposition that people got paid for prancing about on a stage was fantastic. I had a tendency toward chubbiness; and I was short at 14. But I was persistent, so eventually he gave me a small part in a school play—and later on a larger part. I imagine I was appalling, but it was a start."

Phillip Burton must have seen something of the spark that was to hold legitimate theater audiences in London. Indeed, even before he became a strict supervision of the young man's theatrical activities, having him come to his home a couple of hours each evening for tutoring, he began with a general cultural course of education and the boy carried on through with speech and the rudiments of stagecraft.

"There were times I thought I'd go mad," says Richard, "but Burton never let up on me. My Welsh accent was very thick, and he'd take a speech from a play by Shakespeare or Shaw and make me learn to speak it exactly the way he did. It was very difficult for me. I'd stand in front of him the hour repeating after him exactly like a parrot. He was in advanced middle age and tended to be pedantic, and he never once, during the first two years he worked with me, ever said he thought I'd be a good actor." (Continued on next page)
At the conclusion of his high school education, at 16, Richard got an opportunity to take an entrance examination for Oxford. It was the turning point in his life, but it seemed certain he would flunk out.

"I could tell you what two and two were," he says, "but beyond that mathematics were a total mystery to me. That's when Phillip Burton came to the rescue again. He began to teach me, and one day put my finger on the kind in my mind that made figures difficult. The result was that I breezed through the examination."

It was while waiting for Oxford that Richard Burton's big break came. He wrote an essay in a Cardiff newspaper that an actor was needed for a role in an Emlyn Williams play, and he had to speak Welsh. Richard was only 16, but he was aware that there was a shortage of actors due to the war, so he applied for the part and got it.

Although Cardiff was only 14 miles from his home town, young Burton had never been there before, yet he applied for that job. The trip itself was almost the peak of a boy's career, but when he found himself in the West End of London a few weeks later it was a thrill for Richard to be on stage with celebrated performers he thought he was in heaven. That was nothing compared to the notices. The critics were unanimous in their praise of Burton's talent, all saying, in effect, that he had a "remarkable quality" on the stage.

It is a fantastic story for a Welsh mining boy to escape the pits, but it is equally odd for any young British actor to escape the years of repertory and make his professional debut in London's West End. Richard Burton had done both. But at the end of seven months, Richard left the play to go to Oxford. At the time he was earning a slim 30 dollars a week. It may not appear so much to Americans, but it was exactly double what he thought the father was making, after spending 60 odd years in the Welsh coal mines.

When he was 17 years old, with a year of Oxford behind him, Richard Burton became eligible for military service, so he enlisted in the RAF, where he stayed for the duration of the war. He is not much of a military man, so he remained an enlisted man all during Richard Burton's service, a period of three and a half years.

Discharged from the Army, Burton found himself at loose ends, much as many young men of his time did. He went to London, had a look at the sights, and then went to the office of Bishop Beumont, a producer who had seen him act before the service, and barged into his office like a star come to pick up his pay.

"It was pretty funny," Richard says. "Although he had asked me to look him up, I knew he didn't remember me. After we had talked a few minutes he excused himself—and I went back to James Masons, into the room that he had been out looking me up. Well, the result was that that very afternoon they brought in a contract, which I eagerly signed, agreeing to pay me ten pounds a week."

A lot of experience was crammed into that year, which was the term of the contract. Burton appeared in half a dozen plays, but he didn't take on the role in particularly enjoy making. And at the end of that time, feeling he had the world by the tail, he went out and applied for a job as a free-lance actor.

"I'll never forget it," he says. "It was the first and only time I was ever fired. They said I was too young, but I believe they thought I was incompetent. I am glad to be able to say, though, that the director who offered me any number of parts, none of which I have been able to take."

It was in The Lady's Not For Burning, a play by Christopher Fry, that Richard Burton first became a real hit, and it was in this play that he made his debut on the American stage in New York. From there he went on to the stage of Stratford-on-Avon and his reputation was made as far as British audiences were concerned. It was while working at Stratford-on-Avon that Richard got his first big-money movie contract. Alexander Korda came to see him and signed him to a multi-picture deal, which, by the way, Burton was still working out. It calls for a picture a year for five years. It is odd, incidentally, that although Burton has made four of these films none have been made by Korda. He has been loaned to other producers.

Richard Burton is married to a tiny elf of a woman with prematurely greying hair who was formerly named Sybil Williams. They met on a train, making his first trip to America. She is in a British film, Woman Of Dolryn. Sybil, still in school, had gotten a job working in the movie during her vacation, and their meeting was close to a fateful one. They had been sighted, for they were married shortly after they met on February 5, 1948. Sybil, too, is Welsh, and was raised in a town just a few miles from Richard's home, but they never knew each other when they came to London after they had grown up.

Although many miles separate Richard Burton from his Welsh mining town that was his home as a boy, he has never lost touch, and each week he writes a letter to his sister, Cecilia James, who raised him, and she sends it to the rest of the family. He is not in touch with most of his brothers, though, claiming, rightfully, that he'd have to have a mimeograph machine to accomplish this. It is an odd arrangement, this letter written because to this day none of the family has ever answered one of Richard's letters. But they know he's all right.

Money is not one of the important things in Richard's life, although his current contract to make The Robe is one of the best in Hollywood.

"I have a respect for money, though," Richard says. "I have an idea of what the lack of it can do to people. My sister, who is only 45, looks 65 . . . all because of the years of poverty, the malnutrition, the constant need and struggle for money. I think I understand this. Until this, I never wanted her to have money. But I also wanted to conquer the world and make her proud of me."

Life in Hollywood is a lot of fun for Richard Burton. He likes America. He likes people. He likes fast cars and the free and easy way of life. He spends a good deal of his time in the company of other stars. He chatted with the Grangers and Robert Newton—but he is making American friends fast. He is a rather shy man until you get to know him, but he enjoys his popularity and he seems to be the kind of man who once a friend will remain a friend always.

Off-screen his appearance is vital. His head is large, covered with a shock of dark hair. His face is narrow for his role in particularly enjoy making. And at the end of that time, feeling he had the world by the tail, he went out and applied for a job as a free-lance actor.

"I'll never forget it," he says. "It was the first and only time I was ever fired. They said I was too young, but I believe they
boyhood, told in the vernacular of a Welsh brat. He’s not a tall man, probably slightly under six feet, but he gives the impression of massive strength when he enters a room. He is, in truth, a splendid figure both on screen and off.

As he looks back on the strange story that is his own life, Richard Burton would change few things. Life was hard in Pont Rhuddlan, but it was never without love and a laugh. The rowdy character of his formative days made him a man able to cope with any problem of his manhood.

He carries in his heart a great respect and gratitude for Phillip Burton, who, by his interest and hard work, saved the youngest of the Jenks from the pits. He is eager to use the knowledge he struggled to come by so his enthusiasm is boundless. His mind is filled with memories of the boosts given him, so he is a man other actors will find ready to give them a leg up when needed. All of these things are seen in the man’s personality and in his work. Richard Burton is indeed a star who will add to the quality of American movies.

does mother know best?

(Continued from page 60) the woman who can be the star is, one of her romantic screen roles. Even three years ago when Debra played opposite Jimmy Stewart in Broken Arrow her femininity seemed lacking nothing in maturity. Jimmy turned way once from a clinic with Debra to mutter to Delmar Davis, the director, “You can’t tell me that this girl is just 18.” “She isn’t! Delmar agreed. “She isn’t even 17 yet!”

The whistle which came from Jimmy Stewart’s lips at that rejoinder has been echoed admiringly many times since, but also despairingly by would-be boy friends who always find themselves anywhere in their attempt to get anywhere with her. Just to catch a few minutes alone with Debra is something practically none of them can boast about. Debra may be 19 today but it is still one of Hollywood’s rarities to see her anywhere without her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin.

In fact, if Debra should ever be asked that standard question: “When were you on the night of (or the morning of, or the afternoon of) . . . et cetera?” she can always tell the truth by replying, “With my mother.”

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were visiting the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch and about nine o’clock with his first box camera was anxious to get some pictures. We saw a crowd gathered around one of the stalls and hurried over to see what was happening.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor (who were still Mr. & Mrs.) were there taking delivery on an Arabian colt. They were surrounded by autograph seekers.

Our nine-year-old wormed his way through the crowd until he was right in front of the two stars, then calmly turning his back on them, he took a picture of the horse!

Fern Hill Colman Cleveland, Ohio

Mother is with her when she arrives at the studio in the morning. Mother is with her when she leaves. In between mother is with her at make-up, hair-dressing and every minute on the set. Mother is there at conferences, at luncheon, during interviews. Mother is not only always there but the moments when Debra is actually in front of the camera mother does most of the talking. It is getting so that people who ask Debra a question automatically turn to mother for the answer.

Thus her professional life. Ditto her personal life. It is spent mostly at home with her sisters and brother, their friends, and, of course, always mother. On those occasions when she attains a party occasionally one which has publicity implications or is otherwise blessed by her studio) it is always with the same combination escort-chaperon and shadow . . . mother. On arrival, mother’s presence is sometimes resented by the host, hostesses or guests, but she is so breezy, so full of easy camaraderie, the before long she is hailed as the life of the party. The joking and laughter centers around her; Debra, the star, the celebrity, is content to sit quietly, basking in her mother’s temporary popularity.

ACTUALLY, since the days of Shirley Temple, whose mother left no doubt that she, and only she, made Shirley’s decisions, Hollywood’s screen mothers have tended to stay in the background of their children’s careers. Mrs. Griffin is one of the few exceptions to the rule. Another was Margaret O’Brien, who once declared, very emphatically, that “A movie child is a child who does as she is told, immediately, the first time.” This was some years ago when Margaret was her studio’s prize possession. Nobody seems to know what to tell Margaret these days.) But the mothers of such contemporary stars as Barbara Ruick, Terry Moore, or Debbie Reynolds, for instance, are not at all inclined to such an attitude.

Terry Moore’s mother, Luella Koford, the writer, is mainly concerned with how Terry is represented to the public; she simply wants to be of use to her daughter and the best way she can accomplish this is by giving Terry the benefit of her own experience in publicity relations. “I’ve done nothing since Terry has been in pictures but watch out for her art,” she said not long ago, referring to exerting a restraining influence on Terry’s bathing suit pictures, personal relations, and a couple of flesh-colored ones in particular. “I realize the need for sexy art but there has to be a stopping place somewhere.”

Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, mother of the bouncing Debbie, is a natural homemaker and has refused to let her daughter’s prominence interfere in any way with that most important and warming duty. And as far as Barbara Ruick is concerned she has had parental carte blanche to live her own life practically all her life. As a tot she was permitted to meet the guests when her doll’s cage was put off by reciting for all “with gestures.” The guests used to get sick of it, the story goes, but Barbara did acquire a self-confidence and poise that has stuck with her in good stead before the public. Her mother, Lucene Tuttle, now acting in radio, and her father, Mel Ruick, of the New York stage, have since been divorced, which, of course, has minimized whatever home influence Barbara

EYELASHES WITH A KURLASH CURL LOOK LONGER, LOVELIER!

Give your lashes a glorious, sweeping, lasting curl in only seconds— with KURLASH! Curled eyelashes look longer and more alluring. Curled lashes lift in more light, help eyes look larger, brighter. Over 16,000,000 smart girls and women have bought KURLASH. Exclusive KURLASH clip refill snaps in and out for quick changing. Only $1.00. Purse Pack KURLASH $1.25.

P. 5. KURLEN Eye lash Pomade applied to lashes aids curling, lends lustre to lashes and eyebrows, gives eyelids dewy, exotic sheen. 25¢, 50¢ and $1 plus tax at cosmetic counters everywhere. Kurlash Co. Inc., Rochester 4, N. Y.

DESIGNERS DRINKS 5c Kool-Aid MAKES 2 QTS.
KEEP A PITCHER FULL IN ICE BOX

SAVE...BUY 6 PKGS.

BLONDE Mothers and Daughters

Keep Hair Light and Shining with New Shampoo!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls are gloriously lovely! New, without rinses, tints or ugly bleached look, your hair’s in radiant blonde color. Use BLONDEX, specially made for blonde hair. It contains miraculous ANIDUM to give hair extra lightness and shine as it shampoos. Instantly removes every film that makes hair dark. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Safe for children’s delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug & department stores.
The Bargain of the Year!

How would you like to give yourself a gift, twelve of them in fact? A subscription to MODERN SCREEN brings a star-studded magazine to your door every month for a whole year. And that's not all! With the forty cents you save over the newsstand price you can buy yourself forty gumdrops. Just fill out the coupon below, clip it, and mail it with your remittance to the address listed. Then sit back, read your MODERN SCREEN and eat your gumdrops.

SUBSCRIPTION IN THE USA FOR ONE YEAR $2.00; TWO YEARS $3.50.
IN CANADA, ONE YEAR $2.00; TWO YEARS $4.00. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS $3.00 A YEAR. PLEASE SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ONLY.

MODERN SCREEN Subscription Department, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

NAME ___________________________
ADDRESS _______________________
CITY ___________________________ ZONE ___________ STATE ___________

6/3

 moderne may have had. Yet her mother approves of Barbara's independence, of her right to make her own decisions no matter whether these involve going out with or accepting or rejecting the kind of social or professional life she wants to lead. "Bar-bara can take care of herself," Lurene says.

Debra's mother has actually said these very same words in talking about her. But while she may speak the lines of a modern Hollywood mother, she doesn't play the part. She insists, "The only reason I don't have a lot in common with Debra is that she wants me around." And Debra always nods in confirmation.

Mrs. Griffin goes even further. She tries to play friend to the boy who wants her to speak a good word for him with his daughter. She has never been known to discourage one; she gives every evidence of enjoying being known as a good sport. She even seems to make a practice of being heard arguing with Debra along this line, "Soands-o's a nice kid." You can hear her tell Debra about some fellow. "If I was your age and unmarried I'd go out with him." Debra seldom replies.

Is it an act?

A reporter once asked Mrs. Griffin about this. (Debra was not there, sitting dutifully alongside her mother as always.) "You say that Debra has all the freedom she wants, if she wants it. But isn't that just a picture you are painting?" he wanted to know. "Isn't it true that you never let her out of your sight?"

"Oh, somebody's been kidding you!" she scoffed. "Who have you been listening to? I'm not straight-laced. Why, I married when I was three years younger than Debra is right now. It's just Debra's way. She is more interested in her work than anything else right now, that's all. Tomorrow it might be different. Even her sisters rib her about it all the time; keep telling her she's a natural old maid type."

Debra was already nodding in agreement. No reporter can recall any instance when she and her mother ever disagreed—not in public, that is.

The one outstanding truth about Hollywood mother-daughter relationships, an almost unvarying fate, is that they cool; the thicker the pair, the more prominent the star, the quicker and more solid the frost. The latest case involves Elizabeth Taylor and her mother, Sara. It's bad but it is true. Mrs. Griffin is not unaware of this; no one in her position could be. May-be it was fear, maybe she was kidding, when she said once, "If Debra gets uptight I'll sit on her." Maybe she was kidding because she weighs close to 180 pounds and doesn't mind joking about her plump-ness. But she is so much a part of Debra's affairs that it must be frightening to her to contemplate the day when she will have nothing to do with the stage. When Debra lives again the thrills and great moments she once knew herself on the stage. When that is taken away from her...

Debra always explains her preference for her mother's company along personal lines. She says she has Victorian ideals about romance and is not interested in being with young people just for the sake of getting around. "I'm a firm believer in love at first sight," she has said. "Until that happens I have no intention of dating even casually. Being with my mother, my family, is much more enjoyable to me than being in the company of some man in whom I have no permanent interest."

Some boys who have tried to get to know Debra seem to think her mother has told the whole story here. "It's hard to believe," said one, "but there is a lot of little girl in that big girl."

However, there are friends of the Grif-fin's, studio people close to them ever since Debra got her movie start at the age of 15, who have a more simple explanation for Debra's loyalty to her kin. "Her parents have a tremendous investment in Debra," said a woman who is as-soicated with Debra's rise to stardom. "It is an investment that is unwise in one sense, but the griffice and hardship that any fam-i-ily finds it must undergo to finance the career of a beauty. Why even after Debra starred in several pictures the principal source of support for the family was not her salary but the steady wage earned by her father as an ordinary painter. Only three years ago Debra was getting $100 a week with a take-home pay, after agent's commissions and all other deductions, in-cluding court-ordered savings, of hardly $40 a week! Even now, with a salary of $500 a week a surprisingly small part of it can actually be used for upkeep. The family is still paying off for its first good fortune."

Debra realizes all this. She saw the penny-saving that went on, the scrimming that meant, and still means, living in small, cramped homes, and she wants to make sure that all this effort is justified. And it is, Debra knows she hasn't made any mistakes that might jeopardize this goal, in her personal life as well as her professional one, that she wants the benefit of her mother's years of experience.

"Some people think her mother is fol-lishly trying to shield Debra from contact with life. They forget Mrs. Griffin was on the burlesque stage herself and that for all her good, it isn't fair to say she never lived in an raw environment as you can find in this country. Even if she tried, her mother could hardly keep her in ignorance of life, and she doesn't try. But it isn't fair to say she isn't afraid of unknown pitfalls; it's the common mis-takes she doesn't want to make; the ones any young actress knows about and can stilltrip over. That's where Mama comes in—to help Debra make sure."

There is no doubt that Debra is a serious girl. A good proof are all the "A's" she got as a student. Mrs. Griffin was not the least bit taken aback between acting sessions. School- ing doesn't come easily this way, as any educator will tell you; there are not only too many interruptions, there are too many glamor disturbances.

Everyone around the Fox studios re-members a weird algebra answer Linda Darnell turned in early in her career when her period-fraught teacher asked her class by her teacher right after a tempestuous love scene in front of the camera. Linda finished an equation by writing that "X equals 3/7," which meant she had reached the idol of Tyrone Power, whose arms she was still left.

Debra has impressed her teacher with her power of concentration. Once, doing her homework at her home in New York she had to take an examination in a publicly parked taxicab which the studio had rented for a classroom. Again she got her "A."

Doubly enough, Debra may be getting some freedom soon from mother's supervision whether she wants it or not. On the screen, where a actress of her size is one fact to enter into the argument. Even if it is hard, the studio is going to try to make her do it.

Debra's future, or any, belongs to the studio. That is what we shall say for Mrs. Griffin. Universal--International is about ten miles from 20th Century--Fox. She can't be in two places at once, but that doesn't matter.

So the question, what is in order is in order. But as of this date Debra and her mother are still a going concern. Even when night falls, and Debra pulls back the luxurious red velveteen, quick spread over her extra-sized bed and prepares for sleep, mother is still there. They even share the same bed!
An Amazing NEW PLAN! Make Friends...Make Money...

GET THESE DRESSES—Don't Pay a Penny!

and Make Fine Extra Money
Even in Your Spare Time

WOMEN LIKE YOU!
(Read these Exceptional Results)

2 Hours Pays $10.00

My first experience helped me $10.00 in about 2 hours. It was fun and I made my COLLEGE Fund. West Virginia.

Made $25 in West Virginia Town when we sold Frocks @ $5.00 each, putting in only 1 hour of work in a few hours, LOUISIANA, Wisconsin.

Received Many Letters from Women Who Make Extra Money!

You've never read more exciting news! Think of seeing more than 100 beautiful latest-style dresses—
and you can take your pick in YOUR OWN favorite fabric, style, and size WITHOUT PAYING EVEN ONE CENT, on this brand new introductory plan! And all you do now is mail the coupon at the bottom of this page! You'll receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the most thrilling display of gorgeous styles you ever saw—all the latest models, the newest colors, all the popular fabrics—separates, mix-and-match, convertibles, casual suits, sports-wear, and hosiery and lingerie too! You select the dresses you want and they're YOURS, simply for showing the beautiful styles and sending just a few orders for friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all! You don't pay one cent for your own dresses—and you can get dress after dress for yourself this easy way!

You'll Fall in Love with This Way to Make Extra Money!
The moment folks see the beautiful styles, the vast selection, and the LOW, MONEY-SAVING PRICES, they want you to send to famous Harford Frocks for dresses just like them. And for sending us their selections you get your own dresses without paying a single penny—and you can actually make several dollars in one hour of spare time besides! Don't wait! We'll send you everything you need...

FREE! JUST MAIL COUPON BELOW!

Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without a cent of cost and collecting EXTRA CASH besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

HARFORD FROCKS, Inc.
Dept. J-687, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

 Lovely Dresses for CHILDREN of All Ages!
Get them without paying one cent by using our plan! Adorably-styled, long-wearing dresses—including famous Dan River Gingham—and also T-shirts, separates, mix-and-match, playwear, nightwear for children.

PASTE ON POSTCARD—AND MAIL!
Harford Frocks, Inc., Dept. J-687, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

Name: _____________________________
Address .........................................
City .............................................. State ..........................................
Dress Size ...................................... Age: ..........................
4 for the price of 3!

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!

99.68% pure...it floats

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!
Exclusive!

ANN BLYTH'S MARRIAGE STORY
**New!** 

*a shampoo that*

**Silkens your hair!**

*Why not wear stars tonight? All it takes is one quick shampoo—and your hair will be winking with these starry highlights, silky soft, silky smooth. The sight of it, the feel of it will put you in seventh heaven!*

**New magic formula . . . milder than castile!**

There’s silkening magic in Drene’s *new lightning-quick lather!* No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it’s milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.*

Just try this luxurious new Drene with its *lightning-quick lather . . . its new and fresh fragrance. You have an exciting experience coming!*
Important—especially if you can’t brush after every meal!

New Ipana Destroys Decay and Bad-Breath Bacteria

... and scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with new Ipana reduces mouth bacteria — including bacteria that cause decay and bad breath — by an average of 84%.

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*

Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Clean sweet breath—even after eating

*Yes, a single brushing with new Ipana lets you eat and smoke with amazing freedom from unpleasant mouth odor (except, of course, from onions or garlic). In tests, it stopped most cases of unpleasant mouth odor for even 9 hours after brushing.

New, White—

Dentists say it's best to brush your teeth after every meal... and we agree. But when this is inconvenient, you can still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

For instance, when you use Ipana in the morning, you don’t have to worry about your breath for up to 9 hours... even after eating or smoking. Tests by an independent laboratory proved it.

What’s more, every brushing with new Ipana fights tooth decay. It removes bacteria that form the acids that eat into your teeth and cause cavities. So to fight tooth decay effectively, use new Ipana regularly—after meals when you can.

And here’s how to take care of your gums before gum troubles start. Brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

With all these benefits, Ipana now has a new, more refreshing flavor. Thousands of families who tried new Ipana liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We’re sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube of new, white Ipana today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Student nurses are needed... Inquire at your hospital.
modern screen

stories

GABLE AND A GIRL NAMED KELLY (Clark Gable) by Alice Hoffman 24
THE GAY DIVORCEE (Rita Hayworth) by Jim Newton 29
DANGEROUS CROSSROAD (Jane Powell) by Consuelo Anderson 31
JOAN AND MARYLIN TALK TO LOUELLA PARSONS 33
TEMPRESS (Mitzi Gaynor) by Jim Henaghan 35
ON HIS OWN (Mario Lanza) by Arthur L. Charles 37
MARRIAGE, ANYBODY? (Piper Laurie) 39
ONCE A TOMBOY (Cyd Charisse) by Jane Wilkie 41
CROSBY AND SON (Bing Crosby) by Steve Cronin 43
LIZ AND MIKE'S RANCH HOUSE (Elizabeth Taylor) by Marva Peterson 45
AT HOME ABROAD (Gene Kelly) by Tom Dancy 49
ANN BLYTH'S WEDDING DAY by Thelma McGill 51
GETTING TO KNOW YOU (Ava Gardner) by Marsha Saunders 55
MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME (Jane Wyman) by William Barbour 57
DOWN, BOY! (Scott Brady) by Jack Wade 59
THE QUIET HAPPINESS by Betty Grable 60
TOO BUSY FOR ROMANCE (Kathryn Grayson) by Susan Trent 62

departments

THE INSIDE STORY 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
HOLLYWOOD ABROAD 12
MOVIE REVIEWS by Florence Epstein 14
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT 20
SWEET AND HOT by Leonard Feather 27
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS 69
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT by Ann Sheridan, star columnist for July 78
TV TALK by Paul Denis 86

On the Cover: Color Picture of Ann Blyth by John Engstead
Other picture credits on page 97

CHARLES D. SAXON editor
DURBIN HORNER executive editor
CARL SCHROEDER western manager
SUZANNE EPPES, story editor
CAROL PLAINE, associate editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 47, No. 9, July, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 291 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George E. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Mayer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International Works. All rights reserved under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 30c. Subscriptions in U.S.A. $0.00 one year; $3.00 two years; $5.00 three years; $6.00 four years; Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1926, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious— if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No 301778
The Princess and Her Lover

For his kisses, this fiery young beauty braved scandal! He was so strong, so handsome—but so unattainable because he belonged to another! From the pages of a best-selling novel, M-G-M brings another spectacular entertainment to the screen—a new and wonderful Technicolor production by the studio that gave you "Quo Vadis" and "Ivanhoe".

M-G-M presents

Young Bess

COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

starring JEAN STEWART DEBORAH CHARLES SIMMONS • GRANGER • KERR • LAUGHTON

with KAY GUY KATHLEEN CECIL LEO G. WALSH • ROLFE • BYRON • KELLAWAY • CARROLL

Screen Play by JAN LUSTIG and ARTHUR WIMPERIS Based On the Novel by MARGARET IRWIN

Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • An M-G-M Picture

Their fateful romance flamed amid intrigue and danger in the lusty era of King Henry VIII.
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 Elizabeth Taylor doesn't really like to act?
A. True.

Q. I understand that the Federal Government plans to jail Frank Sinatra because of back income taxes. How much does Frankie owe and can the Government honestly jail him?
A. Sinatra owes the Government $110,497.07. There has been no talk of jail. Unless Sinatra pays up, the Government will attach his recording royalties, his salary, his property until the delinquency is satisfied.

Q. When Carole Lombard died to whom did she leave her very large fortune?
A. Her husband, Clark Gable.

Q. Does Dan Dailey wear false teeth?
A. Yes.

Q. Does Janet Leigh hope to have some babies in the near future? I heard she and Tony don't want children.
A. They would like children but not right now.

Q. I have heard that Esther Williams is notoriously bow-legged. Is this true?
A. No.

Q. I've been waiting more than three years to see John Wayne and Janet Leigh in Jet Pilot. When will this picture be released?
A. Probably in the Fall.

Q. Who are the two most generous young actors in show business?
A. Our guess—Mario Lanza and Jerry Lewis.

Q. Would you please settle this argument about Roy Rogers. Will he ever see forty again?—M.V., Athens, Ga.
A. No.

Q. Who is the famous Russian nobleman hired by Warner Bros. years ago to look after their top star, Rin-Tin-Tin?
A. "Prince" Michael Romanoff, the Beverly Hills restaurateur.

Q. I know that Scott Brady and Lawrence Tierney are brothers. But is Gene Tierney their sister?
A. No.

Q. I understand Elizabeth Taylor is pet crazy. What sort of pets does she have now that she's married?
A. Four dogs, four cats.

Q. Vivien Leigh has a 20-year-old daughter who is an actress. Is Sir Laurence Olivier the father of this child?
A. The father is a previous husband of Miss Leigh's.

Q. How come Vera-Ellen was in Call Me Madam and yet her name doesn't appear on the record album?
A. Her songs were dubbed by Carole Richards who gets the vocal credit on the records.

Q. How much older is Patti Lewis than her husband, Jerry? Is it true that he is of Greek ancestry?
A. One year older; Lewis is of American ancestry.

Q. Why doesn't Orson Welles return to the U. S.? Doesn't he have any paternal feelings for his daughter Rebecca?
A. Welles has tax trouble.

Q. Isn't it a fact that Gwen O'Connor filed for a divorce from Donald O'Connor originally because she fell in love with Dan Dailey?—T.O., Troy, N. Y.
A. No, she and Dailey began seeing each other only after the breakup.

Q. How come we read so few stories

(Continued on page 25)
The Best-Loved of All Musical Adventures!

The wind-swept sands of North Africa...
Screaming Arab terror-raids...The Harem Dance of Desire...
The embattled Foreign Legion...The sheik's palace stormed

- AND THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE NEW

"DESSERT SONG"

YOU'LL HEAR THEM AS NEVER BEFORE!
"ONE ALONE"
"THE RIFF SONG"
"THE DESERT SONG"
"ROMANCE"
and all its immortal melodies!

EL KHOBAR
The wild-riding desert lover and his willing captive!

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
and starring
KATHRYN GRAYSON • GORDON MACRAE • STEVE COCHRAN
RAYMOND MASSEY • DICK WESSON • ALLYN MCLERIE

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Screen play by ROLAND KIBBEE • RUDI FEHR
Produced by

Based upon a play by LAWRENCE SCHWAB, OTTO HARRACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND, SIGMUND ROMBERG and FRANK MANDEL
Musical numbers staged & directed by LEROY PRISE • Musical direction by RAY HEINDORF
Wonderful news about
Virginia Mayo . . . Shelley
goes sleek . . . new “headlines”
for Rita . . . Young Mr.
Wilding steps out . . .
And young Mr. Arnaz
gets censored.

LOUELLA PARSONS'
GOOD NEWS

WHEN you read this, Jane Powell will be
touring this country and Canada with
her night club act. And by the strangest coinci-
dence, Gene Nelson’s public appearances
take him to the same towns at the same time
Jane is playing!
The rift between Janie and Geary Steffen
was a body blow to her fans, to the whole
industry, in fact.
The public is more or less used to the
romantic failures of the Lana Turners, Ava
Gardners, et al. But Jane and Geary and
their two children stood for something solid
among the younger married set.
Apparently, everything was okay until
Jane was loaned by MGM to Warners’ to make
Three Sailors And A Girl with Gene. So simper-
ous was Jane’s reputation that even the
usually suspicious co-workers thought little of
the fact that she and Gene lunched to-
gether daily.
The first jolt came when Gene admitted
that he and his wife of nine years were
separating. (They have a son.)
Two weeks later came the thunderbolt that
Jane and Geary had had “trouble” and were
attempting to hold their marriage together.
But just before Jane left on her tour, taking
her two children and a nurse, she said, “Un-
less I have a change of heart, I’ll divorce
Geary when I return to Los Angeles in six
weeks.”
She had “no comment” to make about
Gene Nelson (as though one were needed!).
Somebody tried to tell me that the trouble
between Jane and Geary is that he is a
business man and she is an artist; and the
attraction between Jane and Gene is that
they speak the same language, showbusiness.
That’s a lot of nonsense if you ask me.
What gets into these young people—the
Donald O’Connors, Gene Nelsons, the Steffens,
Jane Withers and her husband and all the
rest of them? Do they think a change of part-
ers will solve the problems that can only be
handled by more inner strength and patience
and understanding of the individual?

DESI ARNAZ was all over the Racquet Club
in Palm Springs the Saturday night of
his and Lucille Ball’s first vacation since Desi
IV was born, showing a whole set of nude
pictures of his son and heir.
“Some boy, eh?” squealed Desi bustin’
his buttons with pride over his four-months-
old boy. “Already the glamour girls are tryin’
to date him—but he gives them all the brush.
Some boy!”
Lucille called from their table, “Desi! You
bring those pictures right back here! Can’t
poor little Desi have some privacy?”

Obediently, Desi returned the nudes to his
red-headed Lucy. She gave him some others
to show of the baby with clothes on.
Desi exhibited these, too. “But they don’t
do him justice,” he sighed.

FRANKIE SHATRA JR., age 10, had his first
fight with a kid at school who said that
Frankie, Sr. “couldn’t sing.”
Scratched up but victorious, Frankie reported
the battle to his mother.
Nancy said, “Darling, you mustn’t fight.
Don’t you know that if Daddy couldn’t sing
we wouldn’t have this lovely home and all the
good things he gives us even though he
doesn’t live here anymore?
“From now on when a boy says your
father can’t sing, just ask him if his father
has done as well in his business as your
father has done in his.”
Little Frankie thought this over.
“All right,” he conceded, “and if his father
hasn’t done as well, I won’t fight. But if
he has done as well—I'm gonna beat the stuffin' out of him!"

The Law of compensation really paid off for Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea.

After six years of a childless marriage, they expect a baby in November and they're just about the two happiest people in the world.

This wonderful blessing came at a time when Virginia and Mike thought the breaks were going against them. Mike's career hasn't been going well. And a California court handed down a decision that Virginia (because of our state's community property laws) had to pay the first Mrs. O'Shea $65,000 in back alimony.

When things looked blackest came confirmation of their dearest hope—a baby is coming to them. They're nice people, Virginia and Mike. I'm so happy for them.

I'm not losing any sleep fearful that the "scoop" of Terry Moore's "elopement" with Robert Wagner will elude me.

This little gal has a plenty happy press agent. He never misses a chance to get Terry in the papers as the burning heart interest of some very attractive gentleman or another.

Bing Crosby sat down at her table briefly following a golf match. The next day the gossip columns were filled with news of this newest "romance." The truth about Terry and young Wagner (a much sought after guy) is that they were in Florida making a movie together. And they went dancing a couple of times.

So, this is blown into a "big story" that Terry and Bob are on the verge of eloping. (I'll wait.)

Listen to this: Psychiatrists have diagnosed Marilyn Monroe's frequent colds and asthmatic attacks as "psychosomatic" (meaning an illness brought on by a frustration). "She needs to feel that she is loved and wanted," says the mental-medics. "She suffers physically from subconscious yearning for affection!"

Wait till the Army, Navy and Marines hear this!

I wonder what Janet Leigh thinks if she happens to remember the interview she gave not too long ago in which she said, "It may seem cold-hearted, but when a couple in our set starts quarreling and having trouble, we just don't see them anymore. It's too dangerous to the happiness of the young marrieds we know to associate with couples who are fighting or divorcing!" Now look what's happened.

The first couple in the set of "happy young marrieds" to turn in their badges were Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney. When their marriage broke out, no longer were they among the gay group headed by Janet and Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis and Patti. invited to barbecues, to make home-made movies and to share vacation trips to Palm Springs or the mountains.

Then the Dean Martin has a serious break before they decided to try again.

Now it's Jane Powell and Geary Steffen on the skid list.

And, horror of horrors, Janet and Tony have spent a great deal of time recently heatedly denying that they are having their problems.

Pretty soon, the only couple left of the "original" group of friends still permitted to join the barbecue-home-movies group, may be Patti and Jerry Lewis!

The "cast" is rapidly piling out!

(Continued on next page)
A SOLDIER IN KOREA SENDS HIS THANKS TO LOUELLA AND TO YOU.

Dear Louella,

I wish to express my thanks to you and to Modern Screen for the wonderful response to my request for mail. At first I answered every letter but they arrived in increasingly large numbers. Today I got 62 letters and find it impossible to answer them all. A lot of the letters are being passed on to other GI's and I sincerely hope each letter gets answered.

If there is some way you can convey this information to the many nice people who have written me, I will appreciate it.

As for myself, I couldn’t be better. The food is good, we have warm clothing, and I also have 30 points for rotation. What more could anyone ask?

In closing, I again say “Thanks.” You have boosted my morale 100 per cent. If you have time to drop me a line, I’ll be only too glad to read and answer it.

Sincerely,

John Hughes,
095643, Btry A.
160 FA MN APO 86.

THESE FOUR ROMANCES ARE NOW THE HOTTEST TOPICS OF HOLLYWOOD.

Since this first date, Gwenn O'Connor and Dan Dailey have been fair game. Dan’s been blamed or plenty, Gwen’s said to long for a career.


Terry Moore and Bob Wagner were supposed to be a “thing” in Florida. But it turned out to be hotter in print than in person. They’re just pals.

Wedding plans for Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray were in the blueprint stage before Rita Hayworth came along ... now everything’s sketchy.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Continued

AFTER BEING THE dowdiest-dressed pregnant woman ever to have a baby in Hollywood, Shelley Winters is absolutely startling the natives by showing up at social events a bloom in fashion plate. She’s very, very chic these days.

She came to the Diner’s Club cocktail party at Circo’s in a cinnamon-colored cocktail suit with jet buttons, black gloves and, believe it or not, a very chic cocktail hat with tiny jet beads on the veil. It’s the first time the oldest citizen can recall Shelley wearing a hat.

When she was kidded about how smart she looked, Shell flipped, “Why should I have spent money looking like I did before Vittoria was born? Now I’ve got my ‘figger’ back there’s some sense in going overboard on buying pretty clothes.”

Another gal at the same affair who looked surprisingly different was Jeanne Crain, who showed up with her hair violently red and very short. And her husband, Paul Brinkman, looked “different” because he had shaved off his mustache.

While we’re on the subject of fashions, Ann Blyth’s wedding garters will be the most original ever donned by a bride: they are blue lace with tiny bags filled with rice decorating them.

PURELY PERSONAL: It’s touching and a little sad the way Greta Peck (Mrs. Gregory) tries to pretend that all is well between her and Greg. She explains her return to Hollywood while he remains in Europe making movies, by saying “It’s better for our children to be here.” . . .

Robert Taylor, who has always criticized people for necking in public, necks in public with Ursula Thiess. . . .

Nothing is sillier to me than the argument defending the stars in Europe for 18-months to dodge income taxes, “an actor’s career in the big money is so short.” Errol Flynn has had a short career? Clark Gable has had a short career? Claudette Colbert? Gene Kelly? Gary Cooper? Gene Tierney? Oh, come now . . .

No girl ever took sudden, dizzying success with more modesty than Rosemary Clooney. Just love this gal . . .

Mona Freeman’s torch for Bing Crosby is lighting up Sunset Boulevard. I still say, no matter, how many dates Bing has with a pretty girl, he ain’t thinking of marrying again . . .

You may not think of “Schnozz” Durante as the ideal lady’s man, but his cute, redheaded girl friend, Marjorie Little, cried her eyes out when she (mistakenly) thought he was at a night club with another gal. Guess we better start calling him “Romeo” Durante . . .

THE RIGHT OF THE MONTH was the Paramount Studio gates opening to permit a sporty Jaguar car onto the lot. The driver was Michael Wilding in bright yellow slacks and sweater and beside him sat a nurse holding three-months-old Michael Howard Wilding on her lap.

Just like his old man, baby Mike was also done up in yellow, but it was a paler shade: a little embroidered yellow cap and matching jacket.

The Wilding “men” were on their way to visit Momma Elizabeth Taylor who was emoting in Elephant Walk—her first movie since Mike. It’s birth.
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

The way you demanded them... in a picture that was made for them—the way they were made for each other!

Their real love spills over on the screen!

TONY CURTIS & JANET LEIGH

... as the great Houdini, master escape artist! ... as the girl whose love was his real magic!

Houdini

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with TORIN THATCHER • Produced by GEORGE PAL

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN

Based on a book by Harold Kellock • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

He is just about the huskiest little fellow you ever saw and so cute that director William Dieterle insisted on shooting a whole minute of footage showing young Wilding in his mother's arms.

He was very blasé about it but kept trying to push Lil's face to the side.

"Hmmm," observed papa Wilding from the sidelines, "a born actor!"

MARO LANZA flies into such tantrums that I'm sure the only real solution to his problem is medical care. His latest antic was tearing the mail box off his Palm Springs house when he failed to receive a letter he expected.

And he's re-gained a great deal of weight, although he tries to diet.

I believe that some people are born to be plump and that it is dangerous for them to diet too strenuously.

Judy Garland had all her trouble when she was trying desperately to get thin.

And, everything had been all right with Mario before he took off 75 pounds.

Mario is a great artist. If keeping his physique in shape means losing him on the screen, for heaven's sake, let's have him plump.

RITA HAYWORTH's hair-do for Miss Sadie Thompson is said to be the sexiest yet. Hair stylist, Helen Hunt, created it and it's a halo of soft, loose curls which sway with the Princess' body movements. They "wiggle" when Rita dances. Sounds like Medusa and the snakes in her hair to me—but I'm willing to see it on Rita.

THE LETTER BOX: A wonderful sympathetic letter from Vera Marshall, of New York, about Bing Crosby: "He never in any way revealed or indicated any personal unhappiness in his life. Can others, with less serious troubles, say the same? I say Bing is entitled to a little happiness." You are a fan with rare understanding, Vera.

"Altoa," St. Louis, wants to know why Dale Robertson's publicity has dropped off. It was his own idea—and I'm not sure it was a good one.

That's all for now. See you next month.
Now... for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing"

Amazing New Neutralizer acts instantly! No waiting! No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer... far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW... Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave... even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed... plus extra glamour for your hair!

HERE'S PROCTOR & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE
©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.
LONDON, ENGLAND Vivien Leigh, confined to a sanatorium in Surrey is "getting along nicely" according to Mr. and Mrs. David Niven who are living in the Oliviers' house in Chelsea. Vivien's 20-year-old daughter, Suzanne Holman, recently made a one-line debut in a London show; most of the family missed it. Her lawyer father, Leigh Holman, Vivien's first husband, was rehearsing his role of footman at the Coronation. Ever since 21-year-old Liz Taylor replaced 38-year-old Vivien in Elephant Walk moviegoers everywhere have wondered what sort of role it is that can be played by two such different stars. The script calls for an average English girl, 27 or 28, who goes to India and gets involved with two mean men and an elephant stampede. . . . James Mason has become a disc jockey for the British Broadcasting Company; plays mostly jazz.

PARIS, FRANCE Despite the mounting gossip, Gregory Peck is still seeing an awful lot of young, beautiful Veronica Passoni. He tells reporters: "Nothing to this, only friendship." But it would surprise no one here if eventually Miss Passoni becomes the second Mrs. Peck. (In Hollywood, Greta is reputed to be very worried, although she is confiding in no one.) The film Peck was supposed to make in India, The Purple Plain, has been cancelled, affording him more time in Paris. . . . The British and Scandinavians are shocked that Lana Turner and Lex Barker should be touring the Continent unchaperoned, but fans in the Latin countries don't seem to mind. When Lana and Lex first arrived in Paris they were invited to a cocktail party by someone who had last seen Lana while she was engaged to Fernando Lamas. At the party they turned to Lex and said, "Glad to see you and Lana together again, Mr. Lamas." Lex and Lana left very early.

RAVELLO, ITALY The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love affair has subsided from hot poetry to cold prose. Reason for this, according to intimates, is that Ingrid's movie career—her basic love in life—has slumped sharply. All the pictures she has made with husband Roberto have been flops. Domestically, the Rossellinis are content but not ecstatic. Rossellini, who owns nine racing cars, says, "Ingrid is much more ambitious than I am. Basically, I am a lazy man," Ingrid also feels that she is no longer welcome in the two countries she loves best—Sweden and the United States. However, there is a strong possibility that Bergman may arrive in New York very quietly late in June to see her daughter Pia (renamed Jenny) who lives happily and sedately in a small suburb outside Pittsburgh.

NICE, FRANCE The marriage of Gene Tierney to Aly Khan is expected momentarily here. Aly's financial settlement on Yasmin, Rita Hayworth's daughter, is a court secret, but confidentially, Aly has told friends he settled one million dollars on the little girl. Rita asked for and got nothing.

ROME, ITALY Humphrey Bogart, who has just finished filming Beat the Devil here, endeared himself to local newsmen when he gave out with a barrage of salty quotes on his favorite subject—Hollywood. Samples of Bogart's interview: "Take it from me, nobody in Hollywood knows how to have fun except me and Errol Flynn. A couple of the girls have the old spark, too. . . . Watch the old hypocrites land on us every time we cut loose. They are always reminding me of my responsibilities to my public. . . . I don't owe my public anything but a good performance. That's what they pay for."

PARIS, FRANCE Charles Boyer, back home again, is trying to live down his movie reputation as a Great Lover. Now 51, the balding Boyer insists he is too old to discuss love, women, or passion. "I just want to be known as an actor," he says. "After all, you never hear of Sir Laurence Olivier discussing love. . . . At the hotel George V in Paris where Jacques de Bergerac used to work as a clerk before he married Ginger Rogers, employees say they always knew he would end up with a wealthy wife. "He used to specialize in mature, beautiful women," a friend of de Bergerac explained. Incidentally, it was Evelyn Keyes who first introduced Ginger and Jacques to each other. Jacques, in fact, was Evelyn's friend but she gave him up without a struggle. Evelyn is currently very much occupied with producer Mike Todd in Hollywood.
Never before has Africa revealed herself like this!

"How do you love a Goddess," he asked? And her lips gave him the answer as Pygmy Drums echoed the chant of the Bakuba...telling the jungle the White Hunter had won the titian-haired

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

STARRING

SUSAN HAYWARD

ROBERT MITCHUM

with WALTER SLEZAK

Produced by OTTO LANG Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
SHANE

* Shane is a beautiful movie, a poetic recounting of the days when bitter feuds raged between cattle barons and homesteaders. Filmed in Technicolor, set in Wyoming with the Grand Tetons forming a vast and awesome backdrop, the movie captures the passion and glory inherent to the American frontier. It is more than a Western, it is a classic with dramatic use of music, fine rhythm of action, tableau effect of photography. The presence of Brandon deWilde, a little boy who observes all through hero-worshipping eyes, transforms the familiar heroes, villains and struggles into symbols of a romantic era in our past. Brandon's hero is Shane (Alan Ladd) a mystery man with a shiny gun in his holster who appears out of nowhere on a proud horse. He stops briefly at the homestead of Brandon's father (Van Heflin) and mother (Jean Arthur). Heflin is the leader of a small group of farmers bullied and threatened by a cattle baron (Emile Meyer) who wants their land for his beef. Ladd is moved by Heflin's courage and determination to stay put. He takes off his gun, changes into work clothes and for a long while conceals his facility at shooting and fighting. But the suggestion is always there that Ladd will prove, to Brandon at least, that he is the bravest man in the West. Ryker hires a gunfighter (Jack Palance) a lean figure in black who lures a brash but honest homesteader (Elisha Cook Jr.) to his death. But Ryker's sights are on Heflin, as everyone knows. The final gunfight occurs in a dim saloon. It is tense, powerful in its quiet approach toward doom and the epitome of all Western gunfights with Ladd twirling his gun magnificently before the dazzled deWilde. There are other scenes, more poignant, less dynamic, but each fits nicely into the whole. Directed and produced by George Stevens, shown on a "panoramic" screen, which is wider and slightly higher than usual, Shane is a complete success. Paramount.
Holiday hairdo for career girls. Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.

A real compliment collector—the “Sun Sprite” hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. Gives waves where you want them.

See how the ends curl gently under for this “Miss Coquette” style? With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.

Like this “Angellic” hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent...as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and that's all. Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! 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

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
TITANIC

The biggest marine disaster of our times occurred in 1912 when the R.M.S. Titanic, a luxury liner on its maiden voyage, struck an iceberg and sank. Only 712 people survived. The rest—1,517—went down with the ship. This movie is based on that tragedy. Remembered incidents are repeated; actors recreate the roles of known passengers, and the sets are actual reproductions of the ship's interior. But the bulk of the movie is fictional. There's the story of Barbara Stanwyck who is fleeing America with her children (Audrey Dalton, Harris Yulin) as a protest against the snobbish values of her husband, Clifton Webb. But Webb unexpectedly joins them on board and in those few hours before the disaster, the tragedy of their marriage unfurls. There's the story of Richard Basehart, who's returning home in shame, an unfrocked priest, because he can't shake himself free of alcoholism. There's the young college boy (Robert Wagner) who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck's daughter. There's the rich widow (Thelma Ritter) and the social climber (Allyn Joslyn). The diverging lines of those people's lives are all drawn together in a common nightmare. And as the Titanic founders, each reacts from the depths of his nature. Fox has taken advantage of the real tragedy by superimposing a drama destined to flood you with tears. Maybe that's unfair, even corny, but it works.


HOUSE OF WAX

Here's 3-dimension's first full-length feature film. That's reason enough to see it. That's almost the only reason. The story is an old horror tale you'd expect to find on television but certainly not in this bright new medium. Vincent Price owns a wax museum. His partner sets fire to it just to collect the insurance. He also succeeds in horribly disfiguring and completely maddening Mr. Vincent Price. Vince retaliates by murdering his partner. Then he murders whoever else he thinks will look good in his museum. What he does is impossibly the corpses in boiling wax and when they harden and cool he arranges them in artistic tableau. Phyllis Kirk wanders in one day and comes face to face with an old friend (Carolyn Jones). It's only wax, says Vincent, eyeing her hungrily. Phyllis goes there once too often and soon finds herself about to be immersed. Lucky for Vincent his Lovejoy chases her back to him. But you'll love the 3-dimensions (they hand out polaroid glasses, without which you are sunk). The corpses are in your lap, so the fire and a few dancing girls (yes, they have dancing girls, too). The Warner-Phonic sound, however, is likely to blast you out of your seat calming all yours. It does not. Somehow you never connect those sounds with the people on the screen. You connect them with some wise guys up in the left balcony. But time ought to do something to improve 3-D, or it's liable to turn into a monster.

CAST: Vincent Price, Frank Lovejoy, Phyllis Kirk, Carolyn Jones, Paul Picerni—Warner

NEVER LET ME GO

Romance, daring, intrigue—that's Clark Gable's meat. That's Never Let Me Go—the adventures of an American newspaperman in Russia who falls in love with a ballerina (Gene Tierney), marries her, and is forced to leave the country alone. His English friend, Richard Haydn, has also married a Russian (Belta) and must also leave her behind. Gable lights on a fantastic idea. Why not sneak the girls right out of Russia? He decides to buy a fishing boat, sail it from England to a beach resort near the town where Gene is performing. At night the beach is crowded with bathers. No one would notice if two of those bathers swam out beyond the breakers to a rowboat, were taken by that rowboat to the fishing vessel, and freed. Haydn's skeptical, but what—besides his life—does he have to lose? Gable has a friend, a radio broadcaster in Russia, whom he contacts and together they devise a code enabling Gable to make rendezvous plans with their wives. Everything works—up to a point. But there's a run-in with a Russian patrol boat, and after that there's Gable masquerading as a Russian Army officer, and after that there's a chase right into the ocean. After that—well, see it for yourself.

CAST: Clark Gable, Gene Tierney, Bernard Miles, Richard Haydn, Belta, Kenneth More—MGM

PICK-UP ON SOUTH STREET

Fox calls this a "hit-and-kiss drama." They're not kidding. If it were 3-dimensional the whole audience would be down for the count. Opens in a crowded subway train. Jean Peters (a dish of questionable character) is having her pocketbook picked by Richard Widmark (he has no character). As it happens, Jean is carrying some micro-film marked 'The Communist'. Jean's tough, but no Red—she's being used by her boyfriend (Richard Kiley). Widmark's no Red, but for money he'll do business with anybody. Later, too, love turns him into a patriot. The FBI has been trailing Jean, but now they have to find Widmark, too. And Jean's boyfriend begins to suspect that she's lying to him and offers to help find Widmark. He also has his eyes on her. Meanwhile, Jean is trying to figure out where her boyfriend is and what he's doing. She's trying to find Widmark, too, and she's sure he's in with some sort of racket. Jean and Widmark meet they're not sure if they feel like necking or knocking each other's brains out—he uses his fists, she rallies with beer bottles. Between him and Richard Kiley it's no wonder Jean winds up in a cast. The plot's awfully tricky, but it sure isn't like Fox says—"it throbs with raw emotions."

CAST: Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Murvyn Vye, Richard Kiley—20th Century-Fox

THE GLASS WALL

Vittorio Gassman plays a displaced person who's barred from the United States because he's a stowaway without papers. Immigration officers plan to ship him back to Trieste, but Vittorio has spent ten years in concentration camps and is pretty fed up with the Old World's charms. He escapes to Times Square, hunting a clarinet player named Tom who'll vouch for his character. (Tom, an ex-expatriot, was an immigrant.) Broadway's garish background provides the people and the excitement of the chase. There's Gloria Grahame—she's taken to stealing doughnuts in cafeterias, but when she hears Vittorio's story she feels like a millionaires—she also falls in love with him. There's Robin
More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

New! ... a magical non-roll top, plus tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way Nature intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, breathing second skin.

Amazing New Playtex Magic-Controller!

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is natural figure control! Natural control that works with your body, not against it... resilient, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, never distorts!

Magic-Controller is all one piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects firm control. It does more for you than any girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure naturally, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a full size... no matter what your size!

Playtex Magic-Controller
with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest slim Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95
Extra-large size, $8.95
Fabric Lined Playtex Girdles from $4.95
Famous Playtex Girdles from $3.50
Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube.

©1953 International Latex Corp'n. ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Dover Del. ... Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada 
*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

Raymond, a hard-working burlesque dancer—she's willing to hide him from the police but her cowardly kid brother won't let her. And there's Tom (Jerry Paris)—he's ready to fight for Vittorio, only his fiancée (Ann Robinson) keeps telling him "not now." Now he has to audition for Jack Teagarden. The law is closing in, Tom's blowing his head off on the clarinet and Gassman's practically dropping dead in the streets. Finally, he makes his way to the UN and the building looms before him like a glass wall, a symbol of a world he yearns for but isn't allowed to touch. His desperation re-awakens you to the promise America holds for all such men. As for Vittorio, he's one of the lucky people who manage, in the end, to get over that wall.

CAST: Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame, Ann Robinson, Douglas Spencer, Robin Raymond, Jerry Paris—Columbia

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY

What happens? The Eden Archive press starts rolling and shakes the foundations of the house in which live Loretta Young, her husband John Forsythe and their two children. To begin with, John was a New York reporter, night shift. His wife was expecting her second child and the way they were existing had no future. Through an ad they bought a weekly newspaper in California. Only that was no newspaper, that was a broken down press with hardly any circulation. As for the seven room dwelling (also, in the ad) those were seven rooms above the office, of which two were rented out to pressmen (Edgar Buchanan, Jimmy Conlin), Well, Loretta had her baby in a hurry—it made the first edition—and pretty soon she was out getting ads with the baby tucked under one arm and a briefcase under the other. Eden, California turns out to be a very small town where public opinion is extremely important. Just when the press is really beginning to roll, public opinion almost closes it down. Then there is the problem of rain. The farmers need rain. John decides to go up in an airplane and seed the clouds with dry ice. Only he has to wait for the right cumulus formation. Just when his plane is about to take off the rains come and the town hails him as a miracle maker. A couple of weeks later, though, they are threatening to sue him for damages. It's a busy movie, full of busy people, dreaming up gimmicks, raffling autos, saluting Boy Scouts, selling papers. But there's a nice gay feeling about it. It looks like fun.

CAST: Loretta Young, John Forsythe, Frank McHugh, Edgar Buchanan, Palmer Lee, Harvey Grant—Universal-International.

THE JUGGLER

Kirk Douglas, once a famous juggler, now a DP, arrives in Haifa with only bitter memories. His wife and child were victims of a gas attack and he himself knew the horror of concentration camps and complete despair. He has an abnormal terror of confinement and when a doctor suggests that he needs psychiatric treatment he runs away from the DP camp. Mistaking an Israeli policeman for a Nazi, Kirk attacks and nearly kills him. Then he becomes a real fugitive, traveling through the back roads of Israel. Along the way he acquires a companion—12 year old Joey Walsh, and they tramp together. Finally they reach a remote kibbutz (communal farm). The boy is injured by a mine blast and is carried into the home of Milly Vitale, a beautiful young girl. For the first time in a long while Kirk feels close to another human.
being. Eventually, the police arrive and in a wild surge of panic Kirk barricades himself in Milly's house threatening to come out shooting. The strength of Milly's love crumpling his resistance and he surrenders to arrest, rehabilitation and—perhaps—a new life. Kirk handles his part sensitively and well, and is surprisingly adept as a clown-juggler. But what really sets the picture apart is the fact that it was filmed in Israel and all of the backgrounds are fresh and exciting. The plot, unfortunately, is often found lagging way behind the scenery.

CAST: Kirk Douglas, Milly Vitale, Paul Stewart, Joey Walsh, Oscar Karlweis—Columbia

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR
June Haviver's last movie before she entered a convent, recently, is a tender little triangle concerning a night club singer (June), a cartoonist (Dan Dailey) and Dan's son (Billy Gray).

Billy is one of the few child actors you don't mind watching—that boy has charm. They all live next door to each other. June's new neighbor, celebrating her own arrival with a huge garden party. Suddenly a flock of pigeons swoop down over the guests followed shortly by billows of smoke. Seems that father and son are cooking hamburgers on their outdoor barbecue—the pigeons are theirs, too. June matches over to give them what for—and not much later, it's love, Billy objects. He wants exclusive ownership of his father for purposes of hunting and fishing in the North Woods. While the romance is working itself out June's friend, Cara Williams, is unsuccessfully resisting the advances of Dennis Day. The story's slim, but that's all it's supposed to be. The glow's in the Technicolor, the singing, the dancing and, happily enough, there's enough of that to keep everybody in good spirits.

CAST: Dan Dailey, June Haviver, Dennis Day, Billy Gray, Cara Williams—20th Century-Fox

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON
This is a family affair full of old-fashioned song and sentiment. You keep thinking you've seen all this before, and you have. Nevertheless, the picture's full of chuckles and warmth. Setting's a small town after the first World War. Leon Ames and Rosemary DeCamp are the parents of Doris Day and 12-year-old Billy Gray. Mary Wickes is the faithful but sarcastic maid. They live in a comfortable home, Doris plans to marry her childhood sweetheart (Gordon MacRae). Billy is full of growing boy mischief (he has a turkey he pretends to kill for their Thanksgiving Dinner, but he swipes the neighbor's bird instead) and everybody's happy. Until scattered strikes. Father, after 20 years of wedded bliss, seems to be involved with an exotic actress—Maria Palmer. Seems to be in right, because he's an innocent as a babe, but his children don't think so. His children valiantly set about to save him from himself. Naturally, they get all tangled up in their own web and Doris has weepy spells. But one moonlit night at Milly's Pond when the ice is hard and the spirits light, the happy truth is revealed. That actress was merely a business acquaintance of Dad's, kids, you see, life is beautiful. Especially in Technicolor. This is a sequel, incidentally, to Doris and Gordon's hit On Moonlight Bay.

CAST: Leon Ames, Rosemary DeCamp, Billy Gray, Mary Wickes, Russell Arms, Maria Palmer—Warners

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

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

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. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!
SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:
The rumors that Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis were tiffing were spreading as we went to press. As a matter of fact, the neighbors claim they can hear Hollywood’s prettiest couple brawling! . . . Same stories were circulating about Kay and Brod Crawford, and about Jeff and Marjorie Chandler—again! . . . I’ve heard there’ll be no divorce for Ty Power and Linda Christian—that they’ll merely reach a mutual understanding not to “get in each other’s way.”

FINANCIAL PAGE:
Elizabeth Taylor Wilding’s time out to have her baby cost her $60,000 in salary from her studio. And when a magazine offered her $3,000 for an exclusive story about the infant, together with exclusive photographs, she turned it down . . . Jacques Bergerac signed a property agreement under which he will have no claim on Ginger Rogers if their marriage doesn’t pan out . . .
Lana Turner is trying to sell the $95,000 mansion in which she lived as Mrs. Topping. She can use the money . . . Lex Barker and Lana have been telling everyone they’re SO in love—and yet they act so bored when they’re out together. Funny, huh? . . . John Wayne is dickering to buy two hotels in Mexico City. The thing he’s most mad at ex-wife Chata about is that she won’t let him rent their unoccupied home in the San Fernando Valley. He claims he can get $1,000 a month rent for it and split with her but that she won’t come across with an okay . . . It’s been just 24 years since Gene Autry recorded a song called “That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine” and started on his first $1,000,000.

FUNNIES:
. . . When Zsa Zsa Gabor unveiled her new nightclub act in Las Vegas, Mrs. James Mason sent her this telegram: “No matter how lousy you are, you’re still prettier than anyone else” . . .

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:
Terry Moore and Bob Wagner started practicing their love scenes for Twelve Mile Reef long before anybody asked them to! . . . Before Bing Crosby left for France he told me this: “Disregard all the rumors you hear about me and Mona Freeman and three or four other girls” . . . Would anyone be surprised if Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle got together again, despite her dates with Hugh O’Brian? . . . Ann Blyth and her “Doc,” Jim McNulty, are buying their household furnishings one at a time . . . Columbia proxy Harry Cohn ran a private screening at his home, to which he invited Rita Hayworth and Manuel Rojas, her hottest romance since Aly Khan. Manuel is a Chilean who came to Hollywood with a polo team and liked it so well he decided to stay . . . Anyway, as I was saying, Cohn ran a screening of Rita’s picture, Salome, and she and Manuel sat throughout the whole thing holding hands . . . Dick Haymes has been dating Rita, too, but it’s Manuel who’s her real heartbeat.
Anne Miller fell for Mario Cabré’s line in Spain, just as did Ava Gardner before her . . . Divorces of both Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas (Continued on page 22)
Love it, of course you will, when you wear your "Perma-lift"® Strapless Bra.

Now you can enjoy the same uplift—the same feeling of security of a conventional brassiere, yet all the charm and freedom of a strapless style. The wonderful difference is in the Magic Insets in your "Perma-lift"® Bra.

Designed in the base of each bra cup, the Magic Insets support your bust from below, guarantee a lovely, lasting uplift, no matter how often your bra is washed or worn.

Try on a "Perma-lift" Strapless Bra at your favorite Corset Department today—you'll love the difference.

*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Schm & Company Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of
Truly beautiful hair

Luxurious RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE

are final this fall, when they can get married if they still want to. But who knows in this off-again-on-again town? . . . Season's hottest romance: Farley Granger and Dawn Addams . . . Interrupted only occasionally, of course, by Farley's dates with Susan Morrow! . . . Kirk Douglas surprised everybody by dating Jeanmaire in Paris . . . Whereupon Pier Angeli started going out with Arthur Loew, Jr. . . . Let's remember this, where Pier and Kirk are concerned: it's not only Pier's momma who's the problem in their romance, it's also a matter of Kirk's divorce from Diana Douglas and the fact that Pier is a Catholic.

LONG HUNCH DEPT':
Esther Williams has wanted SO much to have a baby girl this time. And a bathing suit manufacturer promised her that if she did have one he would put out a new set of mother-&-daughter swim suits in their honor . . . Pev Marley, who has been directing Guy Madison's first movie in several years, says: "Give him three years and there'll be no bigger name in movies than Guy Madison" . . . Meanwhile, it looked like Guy and his estranged wife, Gail Russell, would never get together again—unless Gail NEEDS him by her side! And then watch Guy go running to her . . . One will get you five, despite all the rumors, that Byron Palmer won't wed this year.

Loretta Agar, John's wife, went looking for some work while he served his jail sentence for drunken driving. She has been modeling. After all, a gal's gotta eat! . . . Judy Garland says she wants four more kids . . . People were saying that Vittorio Gassman "better hurry home from Italy to Shelley Winters or Shell isn't gonna be waiting for him!" I leaned perched atop a stool at Schwab's with her two days before her baby was born, and she showed no sign of being angry that he wasn't here to welcome his child. But I happen to know she wasn't too happy about it . . . On a quick trip to Europe this spring, I spent time with Alan and Sue Ladd. Alan was fed up with the life over there and wanted to come home immediately after Hell Below Zero finished shooting. But practical Sue insisted on staying 18 taxfree months.

HOME FIRES BURNING:
June Allyson is AGAIN out of the mood to continue her career, and where have I heard this before? Says she just wants to stay home and take care of Dick and the kids, and this time MGM just might let her! . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor's quick trip to Rome was to determine whether she would continue as Mrs. George Sanders or return to Hollywood and file the divorce papers . . . Patrice Wymore, complete with 50 pieces of baggage, arrived from abroad. But without Errol Flynn . . . Gary Merrill gave Bette Davis an album of photos from her 80 movies for her 45th birthday . . .
ODDS BODKINS:

When Barbara Stanwyck's in the dumps she makes transatlantic phone calls to the Monseigneur Café in Paris and gets Roger Baurieux and his 17 fiddle-players to play "My Heart's a Violin" for her. Rosemary Clooney thinks her decision to marry José Ferrer is under fire. She thinks her friends and fans disapprove. And if there's anything else that'll make a gal hold on for dear life I haven't heard about it! . . . Maggie O'Brien is still too young for boys, according to those who've asked her mother to okay a date. . . . Monty Clift has been running around Hollywood High School's track every morning at seven in "From Here to Eternity." Great body-building, this. Somebody swiped Nancy Olson's monogrammed panties from the set of So Big at Warners, and she's not amused.

Leslie Caron goes shopping in tight matador pants and a black jersey sweater that are STRICTLY from Halloween. Gosh, this gal dresses peculiarly in public . . . And does Debbie Reynolds have to be so all-fired effervescent at ALL times? Wears a guy out, she does . . . The Sister of Charity at Xavier, Kans., don't use hair-cutting as a ceremony, as do some religious orders, so two years from now when June Haver takes her final vows her curls will be topped by a nun's square cap . . . June, by the way, is waiting on tables for her room, board and schooling, having given up a $3,000-a-week contract at 20th Century-Fox to enter the religious life. One of the nuns she waits on reports: "June is light on her feet and a good worker."

QUICK QUOTES:

Lauren Bacall says she doesn't even look at other men while her Humphrey Bogart is abroad making pictures. Says Baby: "There's no one like him!" . . . Anne Baxter, just back from Texas, said, "The only millionaires I ran into were 76 or over."

SEX APPEAL:

Katie Grayson finished So This Is Love at Warners and told me: "I'll never go blonde again for any reason, not even to star in The Lana Turner Story." . . . Jean Peters leaned over a table at Ciro's to whisper to me: "I'm ready for romance." The right guy for Jean still hasn't come along . . . Shirley "Little Sheba" Booth is now a tangerine blonde. Looks 30 and sexy. Shrreeeeeeeeee! . . . Janet Leigh is, me-thinks, too thin.

Latest Hollywood fad for fingers: nails encrusted with rhinestones and emeralds . . . Doris Day is getting good enough at tennis to challenge Ginger Rogers, who's still the best in town . . . Lex Barker settled for a Zephyr car instead of a house. He'll continue to rent Patricia Neal's apartment . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti celebrated her 17th birthday by buying her first lipstick . . . Mexican bulls chased 15 pounds off of Oscar winner Tony Quinn . . . John Barrymore, Jr., and his bride, Cara Williams, were playfully shaking spools at each other at the Mocambo when a photographer rushed up to snap a picture of them. Yelled John: "Oh no—now everybody will say we're fighting again!"

Just look at her baby!

I'da Lupino

and her daughter, Bridget

"I've used PLAYTEX for my baby from the start... and I know it's the best!"

Says Miss Lupino, distinguished actress and the only lady director in the film capital. Her latest release is "The Hitch-Hiker."

PLAYTEX Babies are Happier Babies

...Neater, Sweeter and Cleaner

Only Playtex® Panties

Fit so gently... Protect so safely... Waterproof so completely

Your precious baby enjoys a whole new world of comfort with PLAYTEX. Only PLAYTEX Panties let your little darling roll so readily...crawl so comfortably or toddle so freely. Made entirely of creamy latex, without a single stitch or seam, PLAYTEX Panties actually stretch all over to give all-over comfort— as no ordinary baby panties do. PLAYTEX Baby Panties stay soft, snug and attractive... are accurately sized by baby's weight. They slip on in a jiffy, rinse fresh in a wink, and pat dry with a towel. Get several pairs today—and let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby "Socially Acceptable"* always!

Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.

More babies wear PLAYTEX than any other baby pants!

©1963
International Latex Corp. . . . PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del.

MOTHERS, HERE'S PROOF!

Prave to yourself right at the store counter that no other baby panty fits so gently, yet so snugly! Simply slip your arm through a leg opening and feel why PLAYTEX Panties never cut circulation; never bind or irritate... are stretchier than any other baby pants made.

PLAYTEX Translucent Panties $0.99

PLAYTEX Snap-On Panties $0.19

PLAYTEX Sash-Pull-Down Panties $0.79

(Pricing slightly higher outside the U.S.)
Love blooms easily in sultry Africa. But intimates are wondering how it will stand up in a cooler climate.

Gable and a girl named Kelly
by Alice Hoffman

If he had not become an actor, and a darn good one, Clark Gable would have made a superb diplomat.

He is charming, tactful, smooth as nylon, and so sincere when denying an allegation, so altogether credible and downright that to doubt him seems like heresy.

You say to him, “What goes with you and Grace Kelly? I understand the two of you were virtually inseparable all through Africa and London? There's even a rumor that you and Grace have some sort of understanding, maybe an engagement?”

Gable fixes you with a manly stare, shakes that handsome temple-gray head of his and says flatly, “That's absurd. The whole story's fantastic. Just because we've made one picture together and we've been out a few times. She's a very lovely girl and a fine actress, but that's all there is to it.”

If his history with women were not so replete with similar denials, one might accept Gable's protestations and admit that his friendship (Continued on page 72)
about Susan Hayward and her husband?
—P.W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Miss Hayward is zealous in guarding her private life.

Q. Is it on the level that Judy Garland has dyed her hair jet black, weighs 155 lbs. and is making the rounds again with Frank Sinatra?
—H.F., OMAHA, NEB.

A. Judy's hair is currently black. She, Sinatra, and her husband, Sid Luft, are a regular threesome at Hollywood night spots. She weighs 130 lbs.

Q. Lots of times I'd like to get the titles of the background music used in motion pictures I see. Where can I obtain these titles?
—B.D., ATLANTA, GA.

A. Write to the music departments of the individual studios.

Q. Is Loretta Young a millionairess? Does she wear braces on her teeth?
—J.V., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Yes to both.

Q. I've been told that Marlon Brando's real sweetheart is Jean Peters, not Movita. How about it?
—L.T., LINCOLN, NEB.

A. Movita looks after Brando's heart, Miss Peters after his pet raccoon.

Q. Isn't Marilyn Monroe on the verge of a nervous breakdown?
—T.T., RUMSON, N. J.

A. She pretty nearly was; is better now.

Q. Has Fernando Lamas promised to marry Arlene Dahl or are they using each other for publicity purposes?
—R.R., EL DORADO, ARK.

A. Their mutual affection transcends publicity.

Q. Is it on the level that Stewart Granger's first wife was much older than he, and that he is almost twice the age of Jean Simmons?
—V.T., LONDON, ENGLAND

A. Yes.

Q. For years now I've read that the reason Bing Crosby dresses so sloppily is because he's color-blind. Is that really why?
—N.T., ELKO, NEV.

A. Crosby is color blind; has unconventional taste in clothes.

Q. Why were Marge and Gower Champion dropped by MGM?
—T.T., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

A. The studio is economizing by reducing its list of contract players.

Q. Will Aldo Ray marry Jeff Donnell this year?
—K.R., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A. Probably.

“Soaping” dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, “soaping” your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
DO
go near the water

You can go swimming wearing Tampax. Even when the bathing suit’s wet and clinging, internally-worn Tampax is the kind of monthly sanitary protection that doesn’t reveal its presence. Doctor-invented Tampax is made of compressed, long-fibered cotton in throwaway applicators. It’s so easy to insert that the user’s hands need never even touch it. And it’s just as easy to dispose of—a boon when you’re away from home.

You can sit on the beach wearing Tampax. What if you don’t want to go in? There’s nothing to betray it’s one of “those days”—no belts, no pins, no odor. In fact Tampax is so comfortable the wearer doesn’t even feel it once it’s in place. Worn by millions of women, Tampax is really a “must” to help you get every ounce of enjoyment out of Summertime.

Buy Tampax this month. At any drug or notion counter. In your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, or Junior. Month’s supply goes in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Where to find the stars in Hollywood
by Nancy Streebeck

- If I had a dime for every star I’ve pointed out to tourists I’d be rich. However, if I had five cents for every time they have called me a liar I could retire.

If John Tourist stands on the corner of Hollywood and Vine chances are his attempts will be fruitless and he will return home very disappointed with a huge grudge against Hollywood and all it stands for.

What most people fail to know is that within a one-mile radius of Hollywood and Vine can be found countless numbers of stars.

The El Capitan Theatre which is located one block from the famous corner is now one of N.B.C.’s television centers. On most any Sunday afternoon one can catch the performers from the “Comedy Hour.” If they arrive at lunch time they can find the stars going to lunch, probably in their TV costumes. They will either eat across the street at Tips or Dupars, or will walk down to Hollywood and Vine for food at Melody Lane.

The same day (Sunday) will find the stars rehearsing for the Lux Radio Show which is one block south of Hollywood and Vine, across the street from the famous Hollywood Brown Derby.

At approximately two o’clock the stars break for lunch and make their way across the street to eat. I’ve often seen tourists taking pictures of the stars in the background. I’ve often wondered if they discovered them when the pictures are developed. One day two ladies were posing by the Bamboo Room and Fred MacMurray came out. With a small shrug the lady said, “Why, that man looks just like Fred MacMurray,” took their pictures, and continued to talk about the stars they hadn’t seen.

During the week there are various places to see the famous, the best place probably being the movie studios. By waiting outside the main gates between five and six-thirty p.m. you can see most every star that is working in a picture at that studio. R.K.O. is the easiest for getting autographs. The stars have to cross the street to get to their cars. Best advice: wait in the parking lot.

During the week an excellent place to find stars eating is Lucey’s Restaurant, located at Melrose Avenue and Winsor Blvd. Here the stars from R.K.O., Paramount, and Columbia eat when working on a picture. Between twelve and two o’clock you can usually expect fifty to top stars either walking or driving in.

During the week many stars eat at Romanoff’s in Beverly Hills. Here you can see the stars come out as they wait for their cars to be brought around the block. Frequent noon patrons include Paul Douglas, James Mason, Humphrey Bogart, and Ray Bolger.

At night there are always the famous night spots on the Sunset Strip; Ciro’s, Mocambo, and LaRue Restaurant. The stars arrive at LaRue anytime after eight o’clock and at the other spots usually after eleven o’clock. The best night is Thursday.

Premieres are always loaded with movie personalities. However, if you aren’t outside at least two hours in advance your chances of seeing all the stars are very slim. Best bet is to wait until it is over and go to the Sunset Strip. The stars return there for dinner.

You can catch them unpressed, happy, and looking their best.

If you want to meet the stars informally during the wee hours of the morning stop in at Googie’s which is the restaurant connected to the famous Schwabs’ drugstore at Sunset Blvd. and Laurel Canyon. Here you can drink ten-cent coffee next to them.

Some evening when you want to spend a little more of that vacation savings and eat in finery stop in at the dining room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. There you will be greeted by their hostess Betty Brown (wife of actor James Brown) and will probably spot some star close by. It’s the favorite eating spot of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

Here’s hoping that your trip to Hollywood will send you home happy and successful. And if you have trouble spotting celebrities just remember to see if they have sunglasses on (or in their pocket), note if their car is foreign or Cadillac, and if they look half as good as they do on the screen. If all these things check then chances are you’ve just seen another top Hollywood personality.
FROM THE MOVIES

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—album by Doris Day* (Columbia).
One of Doris' best LP discs to date, this includes the title song as well as Your Eyes Have Told Me So, Just One Girl, Ain't We Got Fun, If You Were the Only Girl, Be My Little Bumble Bee, I'll Forget You and King Chanticleer. There's also a good album by Gordon MacRae doing most of the same tunes on Capital with June Hutton.

DREAM WIFE—Ghi-Li Ghi-Li by Barbara Ruick (MGM).

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—There's Music In You by Bill Hayes* (MGM).

TAKE THE HIGH GROUND—title song by Johnny Green* (MGM).
A stirring performance from the sound track by Johnny Green, the orchestra and chorus; coupled with it is the Triumphal March from Oto Vados.

MOULIN ROUGE—The Song From Moulin Rouge (Where Is Your Heart) by Arthur Fiedler—Boston Pops Orch.* (Victor); Mantovani* (London); Buddy De Franco* (MGM); Victor Young* (Deca); Percy Faith* (Columbia); June Hutton; Axel Stordahl* (Capitol); Stan Fisher-Bobby Hackett* (Okeh); Joe Laca (Tico); Henri Rene* (Victor); Nick Perito* (Coral); Marshall Royal* (Mercury).
This song has an unusual story. Originally it was brought to the publisher just the way it was sung in the film; its title at that time was It's April Again. He decided it was too long and needed a new title. While he was having it rewritten he showed it to Percy Faith, who made the original record. As you all know, it eventually became a big hit with the new Where Is Your Heart lyrics, and there are at least a dozen interesting versions on record now.

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—MARLENE DIETRICH—Don't Nice, Don't Fight! and It's The Same* (Columbia).
Two more rightly screwy sides by this strange team, with bright accompaniment by a rhythm group that includes two guitarists and Stan Freeman on harpsichord.

EARTHA KITT—Usha Dara* (Victor).
This one's nothing if not unique! The much-traveled Eartha sings this one in Turkish. The other side, Two Lovers, is a fast and weird thing in English.

JACKIE PARIS—Only Yesterday* (Brunswick).
Jackie is a young singer (he's also a talented guitarist) who has been a favorite among musicians for years, but never quite made the grade in the popular record field. We think you'll like his style.
never before was nail polish

Gold and Silver Sparkle
New Iridescents! Sultry, boldly feminine, eye-catching as a roman candle! 25c ea.

Shell Pastel
Newest of all! Daringly different!

First ever! Mix or match with your bathing suit, sun bonnets, evening organza. Hollywood's Tags... these lovely pastel accents. Aqua, Sea Green, Coral, White, Shell Pink, Neptuna, Orchis. 25c ea.

all by DURA-GLOSS
"The Greatest Name in Nail Polish"

Lilting new variations from light to dark of eighteen classic shades! 10c ea.

Perfumed
In ten Salon Shades! When night hides the exquisite colors, their scent subtly tells of your presence. 25c ea.

Iridescent
High-fashion hues with a star-like twinkle! White, Pink, Red or Plum Sparkle. 25c ea.

MORE THAN ONE BILLION HANDS ARE GLAMORIZED EACH YEAR BY DURA-GLOSS—Sold in 28 foreign countries

LOHR LABORATORIES
Paterson, N.J.
Founded by E.T. Reynolds
What's Rita up to now? The princess finally came out of her ivory tower and ran smack into the arms of fourteen eager men.

Hardly a week goes by that Rita Hayworth's name doesn't pop up in the gossip columns as having been seen around town with two or three men, and scarcely a month passes that the list doesn't drop old names and add new ones. It is confusing, but to Hollywood citizens it is delightful. Keeping Up With Rita has been, for almost ten years, a favorite pastime of the town. During the months and years she resided in Europe Hollywood didn't seem quite the same, but nowadays the gossips sit back comfortably and chew the latest Hayworth rumor.

To those who follow the game, Rita is the definition of a gay divorcée. She seems always restless, always on the move, and always merry. There is no malice in the interest she creates, for Rita is an exceptionally well-liked person. She gets into occasional small tiffs with the press when she periodically clams up regarding her personal life, and there are sometimes arguments with her studio bosses, a fact which proves nothing except that she is a good businesswoman. By and large, she is fondly regarded as one of Hollywood's longstanding favorites, and her amours add considerable sparkle to her basic reputation as a gentle, thoughtful and easy-going girl.

The current reaction is that Rita's back and the boys are baying. Her marriage to Aly Khan, the split and the ensuing retreat into seclusion created a hiatus of about three years, but as of now things are back to what Hollywood likes to consider as normal.

Among the names mentioned are Dick Haymes, Aldo Ray, Dale Robertson and polo player Manuel (Continued on page 81)
Jane Powell and Geary Steffen don’t deny trouble. But Geary says there’s a 50-50 chance of reconciliation in a couple of months.

Jane’s name was linked with Gene Nelson’s when she co-starred with him in *Three Sailors And A Girl*. Nelson was recently separated from his wife.

Music-man Dick Stabile and Gene discussed Jane’s night club tour. The timing of her trip was fortunate, giving Jane and Geary a “trial separation period,” though she often met Nelson en route in the meantime.
Can Jane Powell and Geary Steffen save their flickering marriage that used to be known as "Hollywood's happiest"?

by Consuelo Anderson

"Our marriage will succeed. I know the tragedy of separation, because I've seen it with my own parents; I know, too, what it has done to the lives of some of my friends. And, if it were necessary, I'd give up my career to save my marriage."

Jane Powell said that with deep conviction. She said it, not just a few days ago, but shortly after her marriage to Geary Steffen began, in November of 1949. At that time, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, she couldn't possibly have conceived that she would have occasion to recall those earnest words, some four years later. But now she knows, as does Geary, of the tremendous pressures which can well up against an apparently impregnable union. With one voice they exclaim, "Why can't we be left alone to settle our personal problems?"

It is a harsh contradiction to face, this discovery that Hollywood reporters, who constantly hailed their marriage as "perfect," should now after one brief quarrel be so apparently convinced that these two are headed directly for the divorce court. Yet, Jane Powell should hardly find it in her heart to blame her reporter friends, for they were not the first to break the news. Hollywood's 300 news correspondents, reading the abrupt announcement from her studio that she and Geary had "tiffed" and "hoped" to work things out, were both shocked and surprised.

Jane, never having been through a situation like this before, was only trying to be her honest self. Unfortunately, however, it was not possible for the press to accept this somewhat questionably worded statement and then sit back calmly to wait for another "handout" that never came. As matters stood. (Continued on page 97)
JOAN AND MARILYN TALK

ANOTHER MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE: HOLLYWOOD'S TOP REPORTER REVEALS WHY CRAWFORD BLASTED MONROE IN

Hollywood loves a feud better than a blood brother. It welcomes any sort of a fight—a battle always makes for exciting copy. So, when Joan Crawford blasted Marilyn Monroe in the bitterest interview one glamor girl has ever leveled against another, the town was torn apart.

I waited until the fire was smouldering and practically out before I talked to the stars of the now famous feud, Joan and Marilyn.

"Why did you do it?" I asked Joan, whom I have always known to be warmhearted, kind and never before too violently critical of anyone. "Why did you tear Marilyn apart publicly? If you thought she needed your help, why didn't you give it to her in private?"

"You'll be surprised," Joan said, "but that's exactly what I wanted to do. I thought, when Bob Thomas came to get an interview with me on the subject of the Academy Awards—which is what he had asked for—that we were finished after we discussed this topic.

"He was half way out the door and on his way to an appointment at MGM, when suddenly he stopped and said,
TO LOUELLA PARSONS

PUBLIC . . . AND WHAT MARILYN'S DOING ABOUT IT!

'Don’t you think Marilyn Monroe was too sexy in Niagara—and don’t you think that dress she wore at an awards dinner was disgusting?'

"Because I was sure our conversation was now off the record, I answered his questions. I was shocked when I later read the interview which contained two lines about the Academy Awards and the rest was all a blast at Marilyn.

"Wish I could say I didn’t say those things, but I did say them! I was not misquoted! But, believe me, in the future I will think twice before I (Continued on page 92)
“People say I’m a flirt, and they’re right,” confesses Mitzi, who jolted all Hollywood by blossoming into one of its most tantalizing women.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

TEMPTRESS

One day last fall three very fancy young ladies marched out of an alley on Main Street in Los Angeles and started walking toward the center of town. Main Street in Los Angeles is not like Main Street in your hometown; it is skid row, an avenue of gaudy saloons and pawn shops and cheap restaurants and burlesque theaters. The alley led to the stage door of one of these burlesque palaces—and the three fancy dolls were what you might call dancers, if you weren’t familiar with the word stripper.

A few minutes later, attracting considerable attention, the girls halted at the box office of the Philharmonic Auditorium, an emporium of the finer things in stage entertainment, and picked up three tickets for the afternoon performance of a show called Jollyana. A fellow smoking a cigarette in the lobby smirked at the doorman as the girls entered the theater.

“Those kids are from the Follies,” he grinned. “What are they doing up here, learning some tricks?”

“Yes, sir,” said the doorman. “They come every matinee—to see Mitzi Gaynor.”

“Mitzi Gaynor?” said the smoker. “Mitzi Gaynor!”

“Yes, sir,” said the doorman.

The customer flipped his cigarette into the street and hurried inside. This he had to see. And he did. Jollyana didn’t travel out of Los Angeles, so you more than likely didn’t see Mitzi Gaynor in that show, but if you had you would have understood why strippers from all over the Southern California area came time and again to see Mitzi, to learn a number of things. One was how to strip without removing any garment. Another was how to tantalize a male audience and still remain a lady. But most important, in Jollyana Mitzi Gaynor was giving lessons in how to dance sexy and still be a wholesome, healthy young girl; how to combine apple cheeks and a naughty wink.

Just the other day we spoke to her at length (Continued on page 99)
The news of his firing came to Mario Lanza like a thunderbolt. He had just finished a transatlantic telephone call to a friend in London. "Look," he'd said, "it's definite. It really is. I go back to MGM on May 5th. Exactly when the studio will start up The Student Prince again I don't know. Joe Pasternak, the producer is going to Italy to do Flame And The Flesh with Lana Turner. But it's all set. I go back on salary May 5th. When Joe comes back from Italy, probably in July, that's when the picture begins.

"Oh, yes, another thing. I spoke to Vic Damone today. He told me that he and Jane Powell had been testing for The Student Prince. This I can't understand unless the studio feels I'm not to be trusted, that I'll walk off the picture. They don't have to worry. I'm going to give this one everything I've got. I've told that to all the executives, and I'm sure they believe me."

While Mario was talking with such unbridled enthusiasm and happiness, his mother-in-law was trying to get through to him from Chicago. She works at Marshall Field, the well-known department store, and as soon as any news or gossip about her famous son-in-law breaks in the papers, any one of half a dozen salesgirls comes running to her with it.

Five minutes after he finished his London call, Mario picked up the phone in the study of his Bel-Air mansion. His mother-in-law had gotten through. Her voice was charged with emotion.

"It says in the papers," Mrs. Hicks began, "that the studio has fired you."

Mario laughed. "What papers?"

"All the papers, Mario. The Tribune. All the papers."

"It must be a joke, Ma. I just finished a long legal hassle with the studio. Everything's fine. I'm going back to work in a couple of weeks."

"But the newspapers . . ." Mario's mother-in-law insisted "... it sounds very official."

"Okay," Mario said. "Read it to me."

Mrs. Hicks read the official studio announcement to the effect that MGM could no longer put up with Mario Lanza's demands and was terminating his employment contract.

Mario refused to believe it. After all, the papers had been carrying erroneous stories on him for months. This was probably another fantasy conjured up by an imaginative reporter. He handed the phone to his wife, Betty, (Continued on page 83)
These are the only color pictures taken of Mario Lanza's family since the birth of his son, and are exclusive to Modern Screen.

Usually a boisterous, noisy person, Mario is always strangely subdued when wheeling Damon in his carriage. He has a very protective attitude towards his baby son.

Little Elissa and a playmate pose for our camera on the Lanza lawn. The children and their friends enjoy having Mario sing to them, and he often obliges.

or was it tragedy? • By Arthur L. Charles
Piper has many dates with casual beaus,

Dick: I like a girl who doesn't need fancy entertainment. Piper and I can have a good time just tripping through the tulips, together.

Piper: Seeing stars is fun—especially if they're tall, dark and handsome, like Dick! But my career usually interferes just at the wrong time.

AN OLD MAID AT TWENTY-ONE?

 Piper Laurie: Well, I'll tell you, it's getting to be like this in the family. I'll say to my mother, "Mom, I've got something to tell you," and she'll drop everything to turn to me instantly. "Yes? Yes?" she'll urge, and her reaction is unmistakable; always the one-track mind, if you know mothers . . . mothers of daughters, that is.

She thinks I'm about to tell her that I've met someone—the one—and it looks like marriage is in the air. But all I've got to
Dick: You can learn a lot about people just yakking, particularly if you’re working with them. Piper and I have spent hours talking about everything, especially show business.

Piper: My mother isn’t pushing me to get married; it’s just that she thinks I’m getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on it. She likes all my beaus equally.

Piper’s romance with Carlos Thompson may last longer than her others… he’s planning to be in Europe the same time she is, so they won’t have to cut their courting short. Carlos, the first Latin in Piper’s life, comes from Buenos Aires.

WHO SAYS SO? HERE, IN DIRECT QUOTES, PIPER, FAMILY AND FRIENDS SPEAK OUT ON THE SUBJECT!

tell her usually is some such piece of news as just being put into a new picture or having to leave on some trip. And when I do her face falls and she says, “Oh, that.”

“Yes, mom, that.”

“Oh, well,” she says (meaning “you call that news”) and, “that’s nice” (meaning “hurry back and let’s get down to the real business of your life”).

You see, my mother would expect to know soon, very soon, after I made up my mind. We’re a family kind of family. I’m a family girl, perhaps even more so than a career girl, I suppose. I don’t think I’ve ever gone out with a boy who hasn’t been to my home and whom mother hasn’t met. So she feels she would know the boy all right. All I have to do is identify him.

The thing is, if we talk boys, why, mother can take them up with me one by one. And, of course, like all mothers, she has her own point of view. Sometimes we agree about a boy, sometimes we don’t. I say she judges them by the way they eat.

She says I judge them by the way they tie their necktie (if they wear one). As you can tell, so far all three of us haven’t agreed—I mean mother, me and a boy!

It’s not that mother is always pushing me. Not that at all. But I feel she thinks I’m getting to the stage where I should sort of concentrate on this prob... well, this issue. If you know what I mean. I mean she is concentrating.

For instance, when I told her about going to Korea (Continued on page 89)
When Cyd Charisse blew into the movies in 1944 people asked "What is Cyd Charisse?" It sounded more like a dessert than a name, and Cyd lives up to the analogy. Tall and willowy, she is topped off by a swirl of dark hair that suggests the color of smoke. Her brown eyes are wide set and tilting at the corners, and her teeth are perfectly rounded white gems that flash in a disarming smile. The combination adds up to a dish that anyone would consider luscious, and a bit beyond reach, too. Cyd looks expensive and her manner on first meeting seems aloof, almost haughty.

If this is true, it is possibly because she is expecting the usual opening gambit—an inquiry about her name. Cyd figures that in all her life she has met perhaps a dozen people who have not immediately inquired as to the nature of and the reason for her appellation. The answer is quite simple. The "Cyd" comes from her older brother's abortive attempt to say "sister," and the Charisse part of it comes from her first husband, dancing instructor Nico Charisse. (Continued on page 88)
CROSBY AND SON

Under Bing's guidance (here at Versailles, France), Lindsay is adapting to life without a mother. He and Bing pal around, and help each other adjust.

This trip to Europe was the first step for a father whose biggest purpose in life is his devotion to four sons . . . Lindsay, the youngest, needed him most . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN
Bing planned the European jaunt with Lindsay because he felt the youngster's grief might be lessened by foreign travel and new interests.

Bing Crosby and his traveling sidekick, a sharp, polite, well-bred boy of 15 who happens to be his youngest son Lindsay, will return from Europe to Hollywood on June 25th.

This knocks into a cocked hat once and for all the rumor that Bing was planning to remain abroad in order to rendezvous in peace with beautiful Mona Freeman, his sometimes dining companion.

When Bing arrived at Cherbourg aboard the Queen Elizabeth last March, reporters descended upon him and asked first, “Is it true, Monsieur Bing, you are engaged to Mademoiselle Freeman?” and second, “Is it not true that you plan to marry Mademoiselle Mona Freeman?”

Lindsay, who loves to see his old man wriggle out of a tight spot, wisecracked with Sue Robertson, Bing's secretary, as the old groaner, momentarily perturbed, collected his wits for a denial.

"Now, look," Bing said, "I've known Mona ever since she was a kid. There's absolutely nothing to that story. Once in a while down at Palm Springs we took dinner. That's all."

And when Bing said, "That's all," he meant it, because in the three months of his European sojourn, Mona Freeman was the one subject he would not discuss.

"We just came over to play a little golf," Bing explained. "I also thought it wouldn't do Lindsay any harm to get around a little, you know, see (Continued on page 95)"
Liz Taylor's voice, softly muted by the deep pink carpet and the yards of pink chintz in her bedroom, wafted through the open glass doors to where Mike Wilding was seated on their small private patio.

"Darling," the voice cooed, "you want to know the two most delicious smells in the world?"

Mike Wilding grinned. "Tell me," he shouted.

Liz shuffled up behind her husband and ever so lightly pressed her lips against his cheek. "Babies and bacon," she mumbled. Then she pulled back. "Let's eat some breakfast."

Each morning before she eats, Liz always runs into the nursery and supervises the splashing bath of her only child. While she does this, husband Mike relaxes on the patio, usually reading the papers and drinking in the California sun he loves. In about 15 minutes, Liz joins him with the early morning report on their heir. Sometimes it's about little Mike's eyes, sometimes it's
Home on the range was never like this! Liz Taylor’s $100,000 ranch house is in a class by itself, even in Hollywood.

BY MARVA PETERSON

The one change Liz and Mike made in the home they bought was the addition of this “lanai” or enclosed patio. The structural stone wall in the living room was extended, a bar built, and the new corner glassed in.

Liz selected the periwinkle blue couch, then decorator Jim Favour added the purple chair and black tables. The matchstick bamboo curtains are threaded with purple, green, gold and blue wool. The bust is by Epstein.

The dining area is set apart by a low stone wall, and all the furniture for both dining and living areas was custom built. The paintings by Augustus John and Benton Scott are from Liz’ father’s art gallery.

CENTURY TANG HORSE ADDED A RICH DECORATIVE NOTE.

ABOUT HIS FUNNY CACKLING. ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING THE REPORT CONCERNED ITSELF WITH THEIR BABY’S CLEAN, FRESH SMELL.

“TELL YOU WHAT,” MIKE, SENIOR, SUGGESTED, “IF HE SMELLS SO DARN GOOD THIS MORNING, WHY DON’T YOU GET CHANEL TO BOTTLE HIM? WE COULD CALL IT ATTAR OF BABY PORKER’ OR CHANEL NUMBER FIVE MONTHS.”

LIZ GIGGLED. “WHY, THAT’S A MARVELOUS IDEA!” SHE SANK HER GLEAMING TEETH INTO A CRUNCHY SLICE OF BACON JUST AS THE PHONE RANG.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)
Liz and Mike's ranch house

Mike Wilding answered it. He spoke a few pleasantries into the mouthpiece, then handed the phone to Liz. "It's your agent, the illustrious Mr. Goldstone."

Liz shook her head and tightened her robe. "Oh, nuts!" But she got up and hurried to the phone, and in less than a minute her face was wreathed in smiles. She put down the phone and her violet eyes glistened. "They've offered me Vivien Leigh's role in Elephant Walk. The studio's agreed to loan me out. Aren't you surprised?"

Liz laughed and whirled herself around the white wrought-iron porch furniture, landing finally in her husband's lap and kissing him twice.

"I've never know you to be so enthusiastic about work," he said.

Mike Wilding was being truthful, because ever since he and Liz bought their mountain-top lovenest, and a baby son came along to round things out, Mrs. Michael Wilding hasn't cared a fig for screen work. She's been quite content to fill her life with pure domestic bliss, keeping house, taking care of little Mike, swimming in her pool, riding around with her husband in their low-slung Jaguar.

Compared to this paradise-like existence, no movie script seemed quite tempting enough so that in the weeks following the birth of her baby, Liz returned to MGM as unsuitable all the scripts sent to her. The studio, in turn, suspended their number-one beauty, stopping her weekly salary check of $3,500. Not even this made Liz change her mind about returning to work. She was happy at home and at home she was determined to stay until she got the right part.

You all know what happened. Vivien Leigh suffered a nervous breakdown on the Paramount lot while doing Elephant Walk. Paramount had already sunk a cool million into the production. A new leading lady was a must. So as it does to all movie mothers, the moment came when Liz had to leave her idyllic laziness and incorporate the new role of mother-wife into the old familiar framework of acting, the only occupation she has ever known.

"It hasn't been too easy going back to work," she admits with resignation. "But now that Michael is working again, well, it isn't too terrible."

"She hated to think of me," Mike explains, "lounging around the house, doing absolutely nothing while she had to (Continued on page 76)
This heated pool, set in the landscaped patio right outside the bedroom windows, is Liz’ favorite place for relaxing with her son and husband. Now back at work she has little time for looting.

Liz had her heart set on a pink bedroom, but Mike, naturally, wasn’t keen on a frilly one, so softly draped pink walls are a happy compromise for both. Liz’ passion for pink even led to a pink bathroom.
Across the Pont Neuf, one of the smaller bridges that span the Seine in Paris, you find the Place Dauphine, a quiet, respectable, middle-class French neighborhood.

On the sixth floor of an old-fashioned apartment house, overlooking this picturesque tree-filled square, Gene Kelly lives with his talented, outspoken, beautiful young wife, Betsy Blair, and their only offspring, a charming, bright-as-a-new-penny ten-year-old girl alliteratively named Kerry.

The Kellys live in a five-room flat sub-leased from a lady who used to reside at the American Embassy, which is why when you ask around the Place Dauphine where Gene Kelly lives, the French children in the neighborhood giggle, do a little dance step for you, then point to the sixth floor and shout, “L’apartment Americain.”

The three Kellys have been living in Europe for more than a year now, and while they’re unusually (Continued on page 94)
catches up with the three galloping Kellys• by Tom Dandy

How many dollars in a Franc?

Kerry's Roman Holiday

Geleise nict überschreiten
Ne pas traverser les voies
Non traversare i binari
Don't cross the lines

If she could only yodel.

anybody here speak Bop?

Ski for two and two for ski
It's here—the day all who love Ann have hoped and prayed for, the day her every dream comes true!

Now if you happen to be reading this on the last Saturday of this month of June it'll be the moment that Ann Blyth, wearing the wedding dress she dreamed she would, is kneeling before the marriage altar with the boy she prayed she would. At St. Charles, in the San Fernando Valley in California, Ann is becoming the bride of Dr. James V. McNulty. And if you asked her anything about anything else she'd tell you it didn't matter.

"Ann," she can only think to herself, "you are marrying in the church of your devotion to the man of your devotion." And it is true. For though this dark-haired, 24-year-old Irish girl has walked in high places she has been known always for her yearning for simple happiness. She did pray to her St. Anne that there would be someone someday like the tall, young doctor at her side; quietly strong yet gentle like him, and with a ready smile and an understanding way. And she is not above telling you, "My prayers were answered."

To every girl belongs such a moment as is now taking place at St. Charles—and this is Ann's to remember forever; solemn with the song of the mass, festive with the flowers and further music, and then, with dear friends and relatives looking on, the fateful hush of the ceremony itself.

Yet it is a moment shared by others; not only do those who fill the church know why they have come, those who crowd the street outside for a glimpse of the bride know why they wait. They are caught by a fairy story. (Continued on next page)
Ann Blyth's Wedding Day continued

Ann Blyth's folks had no riches when she was born. Hers was a childhood of big city nonentity, of bread and milk in the kitchen, ordinary schooling and, seemingly, limited opportunity. But she had riches to give; in beauty of form and beauty of manner as an actress. And here is the magic that touches this wedding—in this country a colleen can become a queen!

None in the church doubts it when she comes down the aisle on the arm of her Uncle Pat Tobin. She seems to move in the white aura of her veil of diaphanous illusion tulle which is as long as the train of her gown of mousseline de soie over white satin. On her head is Chantilly lace, a bonnet embroidered with pearls. Those whom she passes by closely note the tight bodice of the gown, the long sleeves, and that she carries, a rosary and a bouquet of lilies of the valley. If they look at her eyes they know that her soul has risen into them and shines through, luminous with tears and love.

Behind her is her court of bridesmaids and by their names you can recognize some of these, too, as princesses; not hereditary, but risen as Ann in their own personal right through democracy's processes and public (Continued on page 96)
Ann Blyth’s wedding day marks the end of past loneliness, and the start of a glorious future!

Dennis Day, who’s responsible for introducing Jim to Ann, receives his reward!

A long-time friend, Jack Benny was among the first to wish Ann good luck.

Her beloved Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat helped Ann pack her trousseau. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, who adopted Ann when her mother died, highly approve of Ann’s Dr. Jim.

This is the home in which Ann and Jim will start their married life. It’s a Connecticut style farmhouse at Toluca Lake. Ann describes it as “the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you.”

Ann’s home cooking will be the kind her husband boasts about. She’s been taking lessons, so there’ll be no burnt toast and fallen angel cakes in her kitchen! Jim’s a lucky man in lots of ways.
A basically unhappy, fear-ridden beauty, Ava Lavinia Gardner is today happier than she has ever been before. And for three reasons. She is living in Europe. She is convinced that she and Frank Sinatra can make a go of their marriage, and she is content with her work.

This marks the first time in a decade that Ava has been satisfied with her geographical location, the condition of her love-life, the state of her finances, and the progress of her career.

In short, the belle of Grabtown, North Carolina, now has pretty nearly everything she's clamored for, everything, that is, except children, and with a little luck, they may be forthcoming in the future, especially since Frankie has been touring the Continent, flying to Ava's side at every free moment.

Ava's current peace of mind is very much in contrast to her state of misery when she left Hollywood last November. At that time, you'll recall, it was touch and go as to whether Ava and her crooner would separate or stay together.

Frankie had caught his wife and Lana Turner in his Palm Springs house "cutting him up," to use his own expression, and it looked very much as if this might be the swan song to their marriage. But fortunately, there was a reconciliation, the umpteenth reconciliation between the lovers, and Frankie eventually flew all the way to Nairobi in British East Africa, to be with Ava while she was preparing for work on Mogambo.

Ava says she liked working in Mogambo. "At least," she explains, "I understood the part. It wasn't the same old thing."

It was also good having Frankie around for moral support. When Frank flew back to the States, and Ava went out on location in Kenya, the setup wasn't perfect but Ava made the best of it.

John Ford, the crack (Continued on page 67)
Their early married life was a trying one for the Sinatras. Friends of Nancy Sinatra blamed Ava when Frank divorced her, and there were many times when Ava (far left) and Frank (far right) despaired.

Absence did make the heart grow fonder in Frank and Ava's case. Frank, shown here with pal Van Heflin and his wife, found life just wasn't much fun without Ava. He couldn't wait until he joined her in Europe recently.

Ava's friendship with Lana Turner helped mess up her marriage. Frank accused the girls of "cutting him up"; once called the police to oust Lana.

The Sinatras' joyous reunion in May proved to them once and for all how much in love they are. Both feel that their marriage is on stable ground now.

Ava, with a model at a Parisian fashion show, is now as inwardly composed as she looks on the outside. She's complete mistress of herself at last.
Newlyweds Jane and Fred chat on set of *Let's Do It Again*. She's the star, he's the musical director; they fell in love between scenes.

Jane hasn't much time these days for her favorite hobby, painting. She has to squeeze it in between making movies, keeping house, mothering her children, attending parties, and just plain having a good time!

Her career's zooming,
her love-life's blooming, and
Janie's strutting on
top of the world these days.
Everyone's wishing her
luck and saying: Keep it up!

**BY RICHARD DEXTER**

- The Cadillac limousine—one that was almost as long as a bus—purred up to the door of Jane Wyman's home. Six men, all in tails and top hats, got out and stood in a single file from the doorway to the car while their leader rang the bell. When the maid arrived, she grinned a little foolishly, then excused herself and summoned her mistress. Jane appeared in a moment, elegantly strutted to the car, got in, followed by the men, and the limousine slipped into the traffic headed for downtown Hollywood.

Fifteen minutes later the car pulled up before a rather large but modest building on a side street just around the corner from Grauman's Chinese Theater. The alighting procedure was the same. The men got out, formed a line, removed their toppers and stood like wax images as Jane walked into the building. Then they followed as formally as ushers at a wedding. The door shut behind the lot of them—and a ceremony unique to Hollywood behind that closed door.  

(Continued on page 91)
FOR LOST TIME
WHAT IS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S

DOWN, BOY!

by Jack Wade
Scott Brady, his long right leg flung over the arm of a chair, his fingers drumming an angry tempo on the edge of the table, sat quietly glowering. He got up a couple of times and walked around the room, apparently in deep thought. Finally, he pointed a long finger and shook it.

"There's a lot of baloney going around about me," he growled. "You reporters, and a lot of people in this town are messing up my life. The only reason I haven't complained before is that I don't want people to think I'm crying. If you want to know the real truth about my love life—and a few other things—just shut up and listen for a few minutes." Brady stalked around the room gathering his thoughts. His trousers clung neatly to his narrow hips and were cut all right, but it seemed they should be tucked into high heeled boots, regular Tombstone pants. His tweed jacket appeared to be an excellent hiding place for guns, and his shirt was open at the throat, the way a man would wear it if he expected action.

We sat back and did as he said.

As Brady walked up and down he began to look very sorry for himself.

"How do I get this kind of a reputation?" he said. "I hear I'm fickle. Well, I'm a single man and I go out with quite a few girls. But many of the girls I date have been pals for years. I might meet a new girl, like her, and try to get her to go out with me like any other guy, but I'm not fickle when it comes to my old friends. Why, I've never even dated a girl for the publicity department—and darn few actors can make that statement. And that includes Ann Blyth. That rumor was really unfair.

I like Ann very much, (Continued on page 74)
“Religion is something I’ve accepted in sure trust, without knowing its full meaning, just as I’ve accepted the beauty of a blue sky, my daughters’ smiles, or the quiet happiness of a day with Harry.”

My parents drove me to my first Sunday School session back in St. Louis when I was five years old. They let me out in front of a synagogue, which was just across the street from the Episcopal church to which they belonged, and told me to wait there until they parked the car. When they got back I was gone. Nor could they find me with the other children in church. They hunted around the streets and eventually my mother looked into the synagogue. There were no services that day, of course, yet there I sat, all alone in the dark, but unfearful and quite content. Spiritually I have sat thus ever since, boasting no sure knowledge, bathed in no great light, but a believer, trusting and content.

I am still an Episcopalian. My children, whose prayers I hear every night, are being brought up in confidence that there is a Guide who also gives ear (and sometimes it takes them almost an hour to squeeze in all for whom they ask His blessing). Yet I cannot say that I am one to whom religion has come with sharp, clear definition. It is something that I, like most of us, have accepted in such trust, without knowing its full meaning, as I have accepted the beauty of a blue sky, the smiles of my little girls, or the quiet happiness that can fill a household of an evening. There is more to faith than this, I suppose, but for what there is for me, I am grateful. And...content.

It may be that I have yet to come to serious thinking in my life—a life that without much credit to myself has brought me far more, (Cont. on opposite page)
in material success, I feel, than I do in service. When and if such thinking comes, and with it a deeper meaning of the mystery of existence, I shall become it. Yet it is not something that I feel can be hastened. And, of course, I cannot be dogmatic about my belief; I do not feel it has given me a special distinction, I cannot presume in such a direction in any manner.

There are some people who are extremely self-confident and this confidence often extends to every phase of their activity, even to their religion. They seem to know their way in the spiritual world as they do in the temporal one. I have seen such in my profession, moving surely and oblivious to anything which questions the correctness of their attitude. I can wonder at them, admire them, but I cannot emulate them.

I am reminded of an actress with whom I have worked who was such a person. When it was suggested after a rehearsal that she needed further study of her lines (something that would send me flying to my script) she merely replied, "That remains to be seen." And when this girl, as it happened, turned to religion, she did so intensively, even militantly, and sought to convert all whom she knew to her form of worship. Some people can move with such certainty in all they do ... and others, like myself, must feel their way.

I don't think that in my whole life I have ever planned anything. It just hasn't been that kind of a life. Even today, when my husband starts off something he has in mind by saying, "Two weeks from today I think we ought to ...." I always come back with, "Let's don't plan, Harry. Let's just see what happens."

I am not an actress because I planned it—or particularly wanted it. And I was singularly devoid of ambition. I didn't care for dancing school when my mother brought me to it. It was her idea for which I'll be eternally grateful. I honestly feel that she has had more satisfaction from whatever success came my way than I have. And her instinct is still the same. "You can be a better dancer, a better singer," is a steady refrain from her lips. I know; but I am content. When my elder daughter, Vicki, wanted to take ballet I agreed. When she got over the notion, I forgot about it too. I don't consider a career essential to happiness however much happiness it has given me.

I have never pressed for anything with a desire so strong that it shut out everything else, and, I suppose, it is a form of irony that such a girl should have so much. I admit it. My own reaction, in fact, is to compensate for the good fortune by thanking God for it and refraining from swinging my weight around to the disadvantage of others. It is the best I can do ... now. Perhaps some day a way will open up to do more.

A friend once asked why I didn't insist to the studio heads that I be given a certain part which she thought would be wonderful for me. She wouldn't believe it when I told her that not once since joining the studio have I ever done this. The closest I came was to have my agent suggest a few years ago that I liked the idea of starring in a musical which was out on the market and would be pleased if they bought it. The name of it was Annie Get Your Gun. They didn't buy it, as you know. MGM did, and starred Betty Hutton.

Only recently there have been a lot of reports around Hollywood detailing my disappointment at not being assigned to Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. My reaction to this talk has been a mixed one—and without any sense of disappointment in the mixture. First of all I cannot understand why others have (Continued on page 66)
You can have an engagement book or an engagement ring, but not both at the same time, says busy Kathryn Grayson, who refuses to love on the run.

BY SUSAN TRENT

Kathryn Grayson has no time to sing the blues. Rehearsals for her new pictures, and playing with her daughter Patty Kate, keep her much too busy.

Too busy for Romance

— The new blonde walking around the Warner Brothers studio recently was drawing a lot of wolf whistles from the employees. Most of them figured her to be a new starlet, well worth the whistles, and they were completely surprised when on closer inspection she turned out to be Kathryn Grayson. Katie has joined the ranks of those actresses who offer up the natural color of their hair on the sacrificial altar of their career, and that's just about the way she feels about it. Told that the new silver blonde topping for the role of Grace Moore is extremely becoming, she smiles her thanks and then shrugs.

"I'll put up with it until the picture's finished," she says, "and then back it goes to its natural shade. I can't be bothered with keeping it this way. There isn't enough time."

That statement is the key to Kathryn Grayson's life today. There isn't enough time. Each day is filled to the hilt with activity, both in her professional and personal life. This daily hustle is partly responsible for the fact that her name is seldom seen in gossip columns as having been seen here or there with this oil man or that business tycoon. There are too many other things in her life, things she feels are important, to devote precious hours merely to being seen at the "right" places with the "right" people. Katie had never gone in for the Hollywood social whirl, and actually couldn't care less about it. Home is too much fun. Work is too important.

Katie bought the house where she lives with Patty Kate, her four-year-old daughter, and her parents, long ago, before her first marriage, to John Shelton, and hasn't the slightest intention of moving into another one. It now consists of 16 rooms, a playroom having recently been added, and is large enough to contain the hum of activity that goes on every day. The entire family, including 15 nieces and nephews, is musical—"They can't help it," laughingly explains Katie. "You see they all have
Katie thrives in a household like this. Music has always been the greatest love of her life and it is a blessing to share her home with people who also share her enthusiasm for pizzicato, pianos and pear-shaped tones. The one slight drawback is the fact that almost every night, when she gets home and seeks out an album she'd like to hear, that particular album has been misplaced by a relative who has been playing his own favorites. "Where's the Brahms piano concerto?" Katie bowls. And her father's voice booms down from somewhere upstairs. "It's under the coffee table—under that pile of Flagstaff records!"

A friend once asked Katie if the hubbub and bustle of the house didn't get on her nerves. "Get on my nerves!" she said. "I'd blow my top if it was ever quiet for more than ten minutes."

Actually, she has her own rooms on the second floor—a sort of a suite—a bedroom, dressing room and bath, and Patty Kate's room is next to her own. There is also a room that has been turned into an office, and from here Katie runs the household. She is a rarity in Hollywood in that she has no business manager and feels quite capable of taking care of her own financial affairs, which necessarily are many and complicated. With a flair for organization she works on a budget, makes her own decisions regarding investments, and turns out correspondence which equals that of a small business firm. The paying of bills and salaries alone amounts to a great deal of work, and in addition Katie does all the meal planning and marketing herself.

The "office" is the hub and center of the entire house, as is Katie herself, and she manages things so well that when she is away from home everything runs with the precision of the Greenwich clock.

She is not often at home. Despite the fact she has been averaging little more than one picture a year, her time is absorbed by the myriad chores that go hand in hand with a movie career. The long hours at the studio attending conferences, doing publicity, rehearsing, posing for pictures, taking singing lessons, and the personal appearances, tours and benefit performances. When she finished Lonely To Look At for MGM she went to South America on a goodwill tour for the State Department, a trip that was intended also to publicize the film, Showboat. It was not, as might be supposed, a vacation. There was a perpetual and compulsory round of teas, luncheons and soirees, and while Katie dutifully threw herself into the itinerary with her usual verve, her thoughts were always with the big house in Santa Monica, California.

When she came back she went to work in The Desert Song and shortly afterward was handed the plum title role of the Grace Moore film. Before that picture was begun, Katie was committed to follow it with Madame de Modiste and then a return engagement at MGM to make Kiss Me, Kate. In between her business and her home she sandwiches a large amount of charity work, notably with the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. Three years ago when Patty Kate was hospitalized there with a broken leg Katie noted the need for new linens, and while charity workers around town are hoping for a new wing, Katie is plugging for a whole new hospital. Her heart is always with an "in project concerning children, not only because she loves them without reservation but because she feels deeply that the world we give them today is not a particularly happy one and that the least we can do is to assure them good health and a fine education. This
philosophy is clear in Kathryn's professional life.

The ambitious drive and urgency for fame common to so many Hollywood stars is not shared by Kathryn Grayson. She was old enough to sing, because she loved music. She was no more a child when, 13 years ago, an MGM executive heard her sing and plucked her out of school to give her a contract with his studio.

In the following years she studied all the arts allied with acting—diction, dancing and dramatics. Kathryn was old enough to decide what she wanted to do with her life she was a full-fledged movie star. This was a career handed to Katie on a silver platter; it was planned, written, presented, and directed. Kathryn had nothing more to do than be a good girl and cooperate to the best of her ability. It can truthfully be said that Kathryn Grayson has not done one thing that was not absolutely necessary to further her career, and even today it is improbable that she would walk across the street to ask for a role. She does not say it in so many words, but she gives the impression that being a movie star to her, is just a job. She is tremendously grateful for the advantages given her, for the fame and fortune that came to her through the MGM contract, and she is working hard to deserve it.

Another second thought until she is once more on call to be in makeup at 7 A.M.

Last August she left MGM. In a way it was like leaving her home, for she had spent almost half her life there. The split was an amicable one; she left no enemies nor bitter words behind her. It was simply a matter of time for her to decide what path she was going to take and how to divest her life of the shackles of the studio executive. She had had for years the right to appear at concerts, yet her studio association was so confining that almost every time she agreed to do so, contracts were immediately begun for her to make pictures. The split brought about an immediate beginning plans for So This Is Love. This gives Katie the security she needs, as a breadwinner for herself and daughter Patty Kate, and also a chance to travel and do more of the things she wants to do. From here to there and whenever and whenever she chooses.

Carefree, she feels there is a whole new life ahead of her now. Metro producers had known her since her adolescence and as a result she is able to do much of the thing but a child. When recently one of them saw her with the blonde hair a worried little frown went across his forehead. But the girl is by no means finished.

Kathryn Grayson is now 29, has two marriages behind her and is the mother of a four-year-old daughter. She is no longer a child, a fact which is quickly recognized by producers and directors of pictures. Each has a different reaction, wants to star her in a different type of role, and to Katie the whole future outlook has become one that is exciting because of the variations offered.

While her career seems to have taken wings, is does not make for complete happiness, for Katie is the natural product of a large and warm-hearted family. She had hoped, like most girls, for a happy and lasting marriage blessed by a parcel of children. But having been twice burned she is extremely careful about a new venture. She dates, of course. There is a mile-long list of men about town who dial Miss Grayson's telephone number quite frequently. They run the gamut from acne-ridden zoological park keepers to the highest echelons of business. She is fortunate enough to tie up Katie for an evening. She is too busy, she says, to take time away from home.

Columnists have rumored a romance here and there and at one was foolish enough to report that Kathryn had been gifts with some fashionable jewels. Miss Grayson promptly denied the statement. She was not, she said, she had been jeweled from one, and furthermore she would like it understood that she did not own one thing that she had bought with her own earnings.

Some of the men she dates could be classified as playboys. That is, they are sufficiently wealthy not to have to devote a great deal of time to work. Katie may as well face the fact that being a movie star, but it is doubtful if she will ever marry one. She has worked long and conscientiously herself that she cannot conceive of a man who marries and does not understand his marriage. If and when Katie marries again it will be to a man who, wealthy or not, will be well established in a business or profession which he enjoys and understands. It could take many hours. If she ever falls in love with such a man she will be perfectly willing to give up her movie career the minute her existing contracts have been fulfilled.

Van Johnson's thumbnail description of Any Alibi: "That million-dollar laryngitis!"

The sooner Katie falls in love the better. She very much wants to have more children, not only for herself but for Patty Kate, whose four years already 'would put a question mark over Katie's work. Katie may as well face the fact that she is babies yet to come. It was brought home to Katie quite poignantly last December when she asked her small daughter what she would like for Christmas. Patty Kate didn't hesitate a second. "I want a baby," she said.

In the interim, Patty Kate lives in a big house that is overrun with people, including her parents, her grandmother, her aunts and uncles as well as a couple of nieces and the child of the couple who take care of the house. The three children are 9, 11 and 13, respectively, and while Patty Kate approves of the fact that all of them share her world of childhood, she is quite adamant about the necessity of having babies around the house. Her association with the older ones is weakening, and it won't be long before her years. "I think," says Kathryn, "that she would have been that way regardless. She seems so wise for her years and sometimes I feel she knows more than I do."

Patty Kate has had an advantage not offered to many children of Hollywood film stars. She has never had a nurse, but she has been grown up in the bosom of a large and devoted family. Kathryn's sister and two brothers have produced among them 15 children, all of whom live in the same house as the star and her husband, and it is a rare week that at least half of these selection does not show up for dinner or the weekend. The three children are trailers at all from the fact that her mother is a career woman. On the contrary, it all rolls off Patty Kate like water off the proverbial duck's back. Quite some time ago the child watched her mother on the set of "Your Eyes." The script called for Katie to cry a bit as she sang, and inasmuch as it happened to be about the time of her divorce from Johnston, the entire cast and crew seemed to feel it was an occasion for everybody to weep. They all stood around with tears in their eyes and as soon as the director called "Cut" Katie put her handkerchief to her face and wiped away all the necessary furtive tears. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she laughed. "Everybody come off it!" And then she noticed that Patty Kate, then little more than a year old was also crying. She knelt and put her arms around her daughter, "Look, darling, Mommy's only making believe." She squeezed a few tears from between her lashes. "See, it's just a jolly crying trick. I want to Isn't that funny? Now you watch. I'm going to do the whole thing again for the cameras."

The lights were turned on once more and Katie went into her song. This was the perfect rendition and the director was obviously pleased. And then, right in the middle of the scene and the song, Patty Kate let go with a king-sized giggle which registered quite clearly on the sound track.

Part of Patty Kate's charm is the fact that she is so unpredictable. When the studio suggested that she portray Grace Kelly she didn't want to. Patty Kate is quite willing that her daughter be tested for the part. Patty Kate, said her mother, was a small hambone, and it might be a good way to broaden her sympathy and understanding. A time was set for the test and scene chosen. Patty Kate, star of the day, couldn't have been more pleasant. She was obediently respectful of all suggestions offered when the cameras started rolling, went through her lines beautifully. Director Gordon Douglas was charmed, but in the manner of all directors, asked that the child be a bit more sensitive. The child was worked on, but obviously, was not to be tempted. A time was set for the test and a scene chosen. Patty Kate, star of the day, couldn't have been more pleasant. She was obediently respectful of all suggestions offered when the cameras started rolling, went through her lines beautifully. Director Gordon Douglas was charmed, but in the manner of all directors, asked that the child be a bit more sensitive. The child was worked on, but obviously, was not to be tempted. A time was set for the test and scene chosen. Patty Kate, star of the day, couldn't have been more pleasant. She was obediently respectful of all suggestions offered when the cameras started rolling, went through her lines beautifully.

So Patty Kate stayed at home while the picture was made, and Kathryn was just as glad. Kathryn has had no objection to Patty Kate making a career for herself some day. "It's unavoidable," says Kathryn. "She has a singing voice."

She says this with a mixture of pride and resignation and you wonder whether Katie, in spite of touting show business, wouldn't just as soon stay at home. She gets a bit excited when she tells how she finds time to run a house, be a mother, read the books she wants to read and sing as much as she wants to sing—and have a singing family.

We asked if she sometimes didn't feel that life was slipping away from her, if not round a daily round of a dozen things to do wasn't so compelling that she was losing a chance to live anything like a real woman. "How could I feel that way when my life is so full and happy?"

"That's all," said Kathryn. "I couldn't go through this every day."

So Patty Kate stayed at home while the picture was made, and Kathryn was just as glad. Kathryn has had no objection to Patty Kate making a career for herself some day. "It's unavoidable," says Kathryn. "She has a singing voice."

She says this with a mixture of pride and resignation and you wonder whether Katie, in spite of touting show business, wouldn't just as soon stay at home. She gets a bit excited when she tells how she finds time to run a house, be a mother, read the books she wants to read and sing as much as she wants to sing—and have a singing family. She herself loves show business. She likes the people in it and understands their troubles, their foibles and their happiness in their many different aspects. You might think that Kathryn, with the way her daughter conducted herself, in the way she seeks nor shuns love, but it is safe to say that when love does come, when a man finally appears on her horizon who meets her rather rigid specifications, she will at long last take time out for love."
Be Lux-Lovely this Hollywood way... with the specially-designed

"Two for Beauty" Brush

Complexion Brush
... detachable Nail Brush

Actual Value $2.00
yours for only 65¢ and 2
Lux Soap wrappers

- Crystal-clear DuPont Lucent
- Nylon bristles for permanent wear
- Brushes fit together as one
  ... separate in a wink!
- Inch-long bristles in Complexion Brush
  ... half-inch in Nail Brush
- Stands upright for quick draining!
- Lovely companion to Lux
  ... compact for travelling!

Now you can own this new "Two for Beauty" Brush, designed especially for lovely Hollywood stars! Till now, used only by Hollywood stars.

Lux alone, the beauty soap of these glamorous stars, offers it to you. Try fragrant Lux Toilet Soap in your bath... see how smooth it leaves your skin... how this Hollywood brush wakes glowing all-over beauty! Yes, you'll be Lux-lovely all over... you'll know why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux.

Send for your "Two for Beauty" Brush today! This Hollywood beauty "must" is yours only in this Lux offer!

Get your Hollywood Beauty Brush now!

JAN STERLING co-starring in
"THE VANQUISHED"
A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor

BEAUTY BRUSH, Box 2130, New York 46, N. Y.
Please send me the new Hollywood "Two for Beauty" Brush. I am enclosing 65¢ and two Lux Toilet Soap wrappers.

Name
Street
City Zone State

This offer good only in Continental United States, Alaska, Hawaii... and is subject to state and local regulations. Offer closes August 30, 1953.
the quiet happiness

(Continued from page 61) I've been able to worry so much more than I have about the matter. Secondly I cannot get over an impression that those who sympathized with me did so because they unconsciously put themselves in my place. They would have felt terrible had they been eligible for the part and lost it, therefore I must. It is a human way to reason, I suppose, but only if you are the sort with drive behind you.

The world needs such people, undoubtedly; progress apparently depends on it. An actress who has had tremendous ambition and who has driven herself steadily until she has risen to the top, probably gets a tremendous amount of satisfaction out of any achievement . . . and a sense of shock out of failure. But I am not such a one. My career made steady headway and it seems as if I just went along for the ride. It is impossible for me to take myself too seriously as an artist, and certainly not as an important person. When I do, something brings me right down to a realistic evaluation again. I remember five years ago, driving home in a new car and getting for a moment, as girls sometimes will, a sort of Queen-of-all-the-world feeling. I was listening to the radio when an announcer come on with some news flashes. The very first one proved to be a dilly. "It has just been reported," he declared quite calmly, "that Betty Grable has been killed in an auto accident while on her way home from the races."

When I could get over my amazement, which came only after I was able to convince myself that it wasn't so, and that I was alive, not dead, I gripped the wheel as hard as I could and drove the rest of the way very carefully. It was just a wild rumor turned into a wilder news bulletin . . . but it sure had a punch in it for me.

Or, just the other evening I took my little girls, Vicki and Jessica, to see Call Me Mister. After a few minutes of watching me on the screen, Jessica, who is five and has seen her movies mostly on TV, started to twist in her seat restlessly. "Mommy," she asked, "could we tune this out and get another program?"

No . . . whatever happens to me, professionally, personally, whatever my spiritual future, I think I will know who I actually am and not be confused by what I am painted to be in billboards or newspapers. When you read that I have turned down a picture (as I have sometimes been known to do) it is not always because I felt the picture was not good enough for me. Some time ago I refused an opportunity to star in a new film (Pickup On South Street) because I thought the part was too good for me. I couldn't see myself doing it justice. Lack of self-confidence? Maybe. I like to think that it was a case of having a sense of responsibility to the public. But perhaps I am just making excuses for myself. People do that, and Betty Grable, as I have tried to point out, can never pretend to be anything but people.

People are happier, everyone agrees, when they are doing that which gives them the most satisfaction. Perhaps this is why I sometimes think I was as happy working in the chorus as I have been in pictures. I know back then, that I was the best dancer in the line. That was something. Now . . . well, I won't discuss how far I might be from being the best actress in my profession.

I can remember vividly my stage fright the first time I ever played a straight part in a picture, instead of just dancing and singing my way through the production. The name of the film was A Yank In
getting to know you

(Continued from page 54) director of Mogambo is a man who wears bras knuckled on his tongue. He gets good performances from stars by treating them as equals, no deference, the commands are clear and concise. Occasionally, he waxes bitter and sarcastic. In one particular scene in which Ava was working with Clark Gable, Ford didn't like the actress' performance and told her so in no uncertain terms.

In the old days when this happened to Ava, she would withdraw, retreat, and break into tears. This time she spoke up. "Look," she said to him, "I know you think that way about me, you'll get nothing out of me at all. I'll clam up, and we'll lose this picture good.

From that point on, Ford handled Ava gently, and she performed superbly. The director, however, had half a dozen baseball caps with long visors—the kind pilots wear—flown into Africa for the members of his selection committee. Saté, Kelly, Bob Surtess, the cameraman, Win- gate Smith, his brother-in-law, and a few other close friends. Significantly enough, Ava wasn't on any of these caps. But she didn't care.

Location work over, she flew back to London. Frank cancelled a television date from New York, thereby sacrificing $5,000, and flew to her once again.

Sinatra has an aze talent agent in Lon- don, a fellow by the name of Jimmy Harding. Jimmy saw to it that Ava had very convenience. An apartment formerly occupied by John Lewis, a one-time member of the British Parliament, was sub- leased for Mrs. Sinatra.

It's a large apartment with three bed- rooms. It's well located in Regent Park. It's tastefully decorated, and Ava makes it her European home headquarters. This is where Frank joins her whenever he gets into London.

Jimmy Richards also hired for Ava a beautiful, blonde, tactful secretary named Eileen Thomas. They are all after a happy mar- riage between Ava and the world of newspaper men who are always trying to get through to her.

Ava doesn't particularly like to live alone because she gets lonely very quickly. And so when Frank is not with her, Eileen Thomas is there. These two became such fast friends that when Mogambo was finished in London, Ava went with Eileen to Madrid. Ava loves to travel, and Eileen is Spanish and not because of Mario Cabre, either. She has a dear friend, Noreen Gratt, an English girl who lives there, and every chance she gets, Ava will fly off for Madrid or Seville, phoning Frank long distance to try to meet her there.

Frank is more bothered by movie fans or reporters. He has no respect for, and this is what she likes. She hates reporters who try into the status of love-life or who ask embarrassing questions about her old-time fights with Frankie.

When cornered, however, Ava gives rep- orters the impression that she is being frank, honest, and down-to-earth. "Look," she recently told one in London, "I've never knocked myself out studying dramatics or screaming about my career. I consider myself darn lucky being a movie star.

It may seem odd but in a way I am grateful. There is no temperament to worry over, no attitudes that might be ex- pressed as, "I am a special person. I'm a dancer!" or "You have to make allow-ances for me—I'm a musician!" If either of those things is true that on the other we'd both have to burst into tears.

We had other things to learn about our- selves; the sort of life we like to lead, for instance. Soon after our marriage we bought a big house in London. It's immense, a marvelous place to entertain. But, in time we realized that we never entertained. With Harry away on tours so long for long stretches at the studio those periods of being together at home came too seldom to be dissipated in the clamor and fuss of parties. We wanted to enjoy our home, quietly, as husband and wife, and mother, much more than we cared about entertaining and it festively, as host and hostess.

All this we had to learn, and for what we would have to have—well, a word—honesty. I think all people realize that from instinctively know that the solid happiness, the peace-of-mind happiness, has to be built on a foundation of honesty, with one's self and one's own convictions.

I have friends who tell me the reason I have gone so far with my career is not just luck. "You must have been thinking right," they say of the word a spiritual sig- nificance. Well, I would believe them. But who would be kid- ding? How would this solve the big mys- tery I've known about for so long—the mystery why so much fortune doesn't come to others who for right? And why do I me beat a mile? No, it was luck or fate, call it what you will. I haven't found yet a job is not to forget this, to know that there is someone to Whom I should be thankful and should pay devo- tion. I am and do.

END
When each wave comes rollin' in, you're the most alluring picture by the sea in your Sea Nymph glamour suit! Curve-channeling sheath with smooth front panel outline-shirred, cuffed sweetheart collar. Lustrous faille in a dazzling range of French Riviera colors.

Sizes 32 to 38. About $11.

Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
Sea Nymph glamour suits come in Juniors too!
Sizes 9 to 15.

at better stores everywhere, or write
Ann Ford, JORDAN Manufacturing Corp., 1110 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal

crooner of his age. And this is what has worried Ava sick from time to time.
A friend who once discussed Frankie with Ava reports that the second Mrs. Sinatra cocked her head to one side after the discussion and said, "I know it, all right. Frankie has been around."

When Ava married Sinatra she was not expecting a model celibate. She merely hoped that Frankie had reached the stage in life where he was tired of sowing wild oats, where one woman was capable of giving him all the love and companionship he required.

Ava is now fairly well convinced that Frankie has arrived at that point. Certainly, Frankie has proven it to her. In Hollywood while preparing for Eternity, he dined occasionally with Marilyn Maxwell, a flame of yesteryear, but usually he was seen as one of a threesome. Many times he went to dinner with Judy Garland and Sid Luft.

Before he finished Eternity and winged to Europe to join his Ava, Frankie was always afraid that someone might carry a ridiculous bit of gossip about him back to London. This would upset his brunette beauty, and when he arrived, there would be a battle royal.

It hasn't come to pass. The European meetings between Ava and Frankie have been warm, rapturous, even tempestuous. Frankie stays away just long enough for Ava to miss him terribly and vice versa, so that when at last these two catch up with each other—well, the homecoming is memorable.

There has been talk in Spain to the effect that Frankie may remain in Europe with Ava until her 18 months are up, early in 1954.

If Frankie is able to satisfy the Internal Revenue people in Washington, and they okay his passport, this may very well come to be. In fact, Frankie's agent in London has been looking around for a country home that these lovebirds might rent. Not that Ava doesn't like her Regent's Park apartment. "It's just that a house would be so much better, so much nicer."

Other than for Sinatra's estate in Palm Springs, Ava has no home she can call her own.

Most of the Hollywood stars who are working abroad are motivated in part by the advantageous tax laws. Ava would work abroad regardless of the tax laws, because she prefers living in Europe.

Sure feels that the movie colony atmosphere is not too conducive to a happy family life. She knows this from experience. She knows that movieland is beset with temptation. She knows what life was like in California with Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. But as a friend recently pointed out, "Ava has grown enough intellectually to realize that geography does not motivate the sex life so much as a man's basic character. If a husband is going to play around, he'll be just as faithless in New York or Glasgow as in Hollywood or Santa Monica.

"It is my own particular analysis," this friend continues, "that the reason Ava doesn't like Hollywood, that she prefers Europe is because Hollywood arouses a guilt complex in her.

"We might as well face facts, and the number-one fact is that there are many people in the motion industry who feel that the first Mrs. Sinatra, Nancy, got a raw deal. They're wrong, of course, but they blame Ava for the divorce. They point out that if she hadn't been around, Frankie would've returned to his wife and three kids. They don't realize that Sinatra might have pushed for a divorce in any case. They point out that Frankie had left home before and that after his flings, he'd always returned. This time the temptation of Ava was too great, the pull of (Continued on page 71)
The off-the-shoulder silhouette is the fashion darling of the hour—big news for both daytime and evening wear—a favorite style with the stars—an exciting trend for the Summer bride's trousseau. With this glamorous silhouette the strapless bra plays a most important role—assures the maximum in figure flattery.

Perma.Lift's new all-nylon taffeta and embroidered marquisette self-conforming strapless bra. Features—wires that are graded and curved for flexibility and perfect fit, elasticized low back, famous Magic Inset. White only.

About $4. Cotton (eyelet top) not shown, about $3.

PERMA.LIFT BRA'S (AND GIRDLES)
AVAILABLE AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.
You'll get a "double take" when you wear Seamprue's beautiful lace-trimmed acetate and nylon (Ny-ron) slip that features a lace trim front and back (perfect cover-up over bras—looks lovely under sheer blouses). White only. About $4. With it, Seamprue nylon hosiery.

Top 1: Hollywood-Maxwell's new low-cut V-ette Whirlpool bra of all nylon sheer. Dainty pink and blue blossom trim—separate elastic front piece for flexibility. White only. About $3.50. Top 2: Peter Pan's Merry-Go-Round—a plunge bra that features a rib-band that is designed to prevent curling. Broadcloth (shown), about $3; nylon taffeta, about $3.50
getting to know you

(Continued from page 68) passion was too strong, and he succumbed. Ava Gardner, therefore in the eyes of a large segment of the population, particularly those of Sinatra's religious faith, is regarded as a femme fatale.

"Ava is a perceptive girl. She knows all this. She knows that Nancy Sinatra has many friends in Hollywood. These people are also Frank's friends. When they visit Frank, I'm sure Ava wonders what sort of stories they will carry back to Nancy. Ava has always been unsure of herself, especially in Hollywood where so many people remember her as a silly, sexy, drawing girl from North Carolina who was used as a plaything by Mickey Rooney. Hollywood remembers Ava with Howard Duff, Artie Shaw and others. These aren't pleasant memories.

"In Europe, Ava is treated as a famous international movie star. There is nobody in Europe who knew her when she was married to Mickey Rooney, when she acted fatuously and talked foolishly. Abroad, she is a woman of stature who conducts herself with decorum."

In many ways, this analysis rings true. In London, by way of illustration, Ava never makes headlines nor does she cavort around the nightspots. When she is not working on her latest film, in this case, Knights Of The Round Table, she drives out to Richmond, a suburb, and spends the weekend with her friends Richard Attenborough and his actress wife Sheilah Sim who are currently starring in an English play, The Mousetrap.

Anyway, overseas Ava is infinitely happier than she is in Hollywood. As for Frank, his major forte is adaptiveness, and he can get along anywhere. If the Nevada State Gambling Commission approves of his application for buying into the gambling casino of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, he may very well be assured of a large income for life, in which event he and Ava would undoubtedly spend many years away from the rumors, gossip, innuendo and temptations of the movie colony.

In addition to children, all Ava Gardner has ever asked of life is peace of mind. Of late, she's gotten some. After 30 years in this world, it's just about time.

END

gable and a girl named kelly

(Continued from page 24) with blonde, young, beautiful Grace Kelly is purely professional. Except that a few years ago when he was going with Lady Sylvia Ashley and was asked if he contemplated matrimony, he told reporters, "Now, look, boys, she's a very fine woman and I enjoy her company. But insofar as anything serious is concerned, that's out."

Even when he was paying his second wife, Maria Langham close to half a million so that he could be free to marry Carole Lombard, Gable was still shy about admitting his love.

"Carole and I are good friends," he said at the time, "but I'm in no position to discuss marriage or love or anything like that. Say we're just good friends and leave it at that."

On the basis of his established record, it is safe to say that when Gable insists his relationship with another female is casual, it usually is not. For The King, as Spencer Tracy refers to him, has always been a one-woman man—that is, a one-woman-at-a-time man.

When he courts a girl, he concentrates

the dress of the month

Rite-Fit's Summertime Coolers Sunbacks with a Bolero Topping! Each about $9
on her. He gives her all his ardu, all his non-working time. No diversification for this gentleman, which he feels as if he is living for her, only for her.

In the case of Grace Kelly, members of the entertainment industry, that during the preparation and making of this film, "Gable had big eyes for Grace." In Nairobi and all through Kenya, at Thika, Ramuruti, and Lake Naivasha, all through Tanganyika and Rwanda, it was Gable and Kelly who paired up, Gable doing everything he possibly could to make things easier for the lovely blonde from Philadelphia. Indeed, Gable's large role in motion pictures. Her first was as Gary Cooper's wife in High Noon. When the location-shooting was finished in Africa, Gable and Grace flew back to Europe, and spent several weeks in London, reporters and columnists, catching the twosome together at theaters and social functions, also spread the word that The King and his new sweetheart was in town.

During the entire shooting of Mogambo, Grace Kelly was mentioned as the woman who had stolen Gable's heart. As a matter of fact, she was Clark's constant date. There was no hinting that in London when they attended Her Majesty's Theater to take in Paint Your Wagon they were surrounded by so many fans who kept telling Gable, "You've got a new sweetheart!" That the manager of the theater had to extend the intermission 30 minutes while Gable and Grace signed programs.

A few nights later when I ran into them at the New Theater where they'd gone to see Dear Charles, Gable was irritated when photographers insisted upon photographing him and his beautiful wife, turned his back, walked out, and escaped through the crowd.

In London Clark Gable usually lives at the Savoy Hotel. Since Grace Kelly stayed at the Ritz Carlton, it was a very long walk between the two. These two became so strong, Gable moved into the Connaught, a conservative hotel several miles away. A week or so later Grace's mother arrived from Philadelphia. When Grace knocked on my door I was asked if she were in love with Gable or with her, she said, "I'm afraid not. That's just a rumor and there's nothing to it. Mr. Gable is a very fine gentleman, but he's got my head in the movies and I don't know how to help me in this picture. Because of that and because of working with a great director like John Ford and a talented actress like Ava Gardner, this has been an experience of my life."

"Yes, Mr. Gable and I have been out together, to a few plays, things like that, and we spent a lot of time in each other's company, but he's been very, very hard work on this film, and there hasn't been much occasion for relaxing. "I don't go out with Mr. Gable regularly, and he doesn't go out with me steadily. He's just a close friend, but the rumors have magnified everything into a tremendous love affair. I'm afraid it's not.

When this picture is over I'll be in New York, and Mr. Gable will probably be touring the Continent, but right now that's what we're not engaged, just close friends."

Surprisingly the actor's next picture, following Mogambo, is Gable's Fifth Avenue, that one to be shot in South America so that Gable can stay out of the United States for 18 months and earn a few tax-free dollars; a role that could give him one of the 52-year-old star requested this tall, stately, well-bred blonde, not even half his age, to play opposite him; for romance or no romance, Grace Kelly is one of today's finest young actresses.

Moreover, she is an intelligent, worldly, sophisticated young woman of excellent background, and that's the type of girl Gable specializes in, albeit he has picked them much older in the past.

Grace Kelly is the daughter of the John Kellys of Philadelphia. Her father is one of the best-known building contractors in that city, and her brother Jack is an airline pilot. The young woman who twice won the Henley regatta in London, once in 1947 and again in 1949.

Her uncle is George Kelly, the veteran Broadway playwright who wrote such hits as The Three Penny, The Other Man, and The Show Off.

She did her first stage-acting as a child of 11 and in 1947 left Philadelphia for New York to attend the National Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years.

Grace was a very apt pupil and after reading for Raymond Massey who was directing a Broadway play, the father, of her daughter. Massey at the time, said, "In my opinion Grace Kelly is going places as an actress."

His prediction proved correct. The King and I played on a 20th Century-Fox talent scout one night and tested for a part in 14 Hours, a film starring Paul Douglas. Grace got the part easily. Business was slow, however, and there were no further movie roles, but since she is not a poor girl, Grace had the necessary funds for further dramatic study. She played Bucks County and then acted in plays in London and Ellitch Gardens which is known as the graduate school of summer stock.

Fortunately for Grace, Hollywood producer Stanley Kramer was looking around for a young actress who was young, pretty, yet simple and not much of a star. The King and I was making her a little in the way of salary. He had a western ready to go entitled High Noon. The star of the picture was Gary Cooper whose financial demands are always astronomical.

Cooper had agreed to star in the film for $50,000 and 20% of the profits, a deal which will probably net him a half million.

Because Grace hadn't had very much film experience, Gary nearly hovered over the $250-a-week mark.

Kramer, who is always willing to take a chance on youngsters, signed Grace for the female lead. She was nothing but sensational. When High Noon was finished, Cooper said, "This girl has as much potential as any actress I've played opposite—a great talent."

Now all you need in Hollywood is one big fat hit, and your agent can start making demands and mulling over the various offers that begin to cataract. Grace was very happy in the fast-douche on television, and the high pressure boys from MCA began scouting around for her in Hollywood.

The MCR of the United States America represents dozens of actors, one of the most valuable being William Clark Gable. When Gable was assigned to Mogambo, the story of a trilogy in which a white hunter finds a beautiful young girl, and decides in the end that the red hot baby is for him, MCA asked for the identity of the two women who were to play opposite him.

Twenty years ago Gable had made this story under the title of Red Dust. At that time Jean Harlow had played the vamp and Mary Astor the married lady.

MGM told Gable's agent that Ava Gardner was scheduled to play the Jean Harlow part, but that they had no one for the Mary Astor role. In fact, they said, the British Government wanted them to use British actresses, and act. Gable.

MCA asked Gable if he had any objections to Grace Kelly. Gable said, "No, she's great. Whereupon Miss Kelly was offered to John Ford, one of the few really great motion picture directors Hollywood knows.

After seeing some of Grace's work, Ford nodded, "She's good enough for me."

Grace Kelly was flown to Europe, thence to the British Empire, Africa, and then 750 land miles out into the bush country. It was in that location that she and Gable became "fast friends."

Ava and Grace were the only two female stars of Mogambo. The 6'9" height of Adil was used to hang a lantern outside her tent to scare off the lions, and in this sort of potentially dangerous environment, Gable took a liking to her.

Africa or no Africa, The King is a pretty romantic guy anyway you look at him, and in the span of five weeks' time, Grace Kelly was looking at him plenty.

Back from Africa, there were rumors coupling these two in a torrid romance were in full force. They were so prevalent that Gable became annoyed at them and refused to answer questions concerning his love life.

Reporters are adroit by profession, however, and would start their questioning along this line. Are you really happy with Grace, "I've answered that one was a fast yes, "How do you feel about marriage generally? That is, you've been burned a few times."

"I've always believed in marriage as the best state for man and woman, and I believe in it now. If the right girl came along and I fell in love with her and she comes, I certainly would marry again."

Mindful of the fact that each of his four wives had money in her own right, a reporter asked him how he felt about a wife who had an independent income.

"If a marriage is right, "Gable answered, "a husband will maintain his authority regardless of his wife's income or wealth."

"What qualities are you looking for in a wife, Mr. Gable?"

"I'm looking for a woman who has brash qualities, a certain gusto, a good sense of humor. I'd like her to know her way around both in and out of the home. I myself don't go in for much entertaining but if entertaining makes her happy, she can do it, as long as she doesn't do for."

"After you finish Mogambo what are your plans?"

"I left my car back in Africa. I'm going to fly over to Spain through Suez and settle down in a little house I've rented in Majorca. Did I mind the discomfort in Africa? Heck no. A lot of people were balancing about conditions, but I loved the drive, and then a fast one, the mosquito netting, washing in a canvas basin, even hunting. I shot a crocodile and a python, and a few other animals, but I really don't feel that's hunting. Basically, I'm a lazy man, and I guess all men lazy love to fish."

"Just one more question. Mr. Gable. Is it true that you use the rumor that while you and Grace Kelly were on location fell in love with her and that she is currently your girl?"

"The King's teeth, he's the other. Very, very bad," he said, speaking as if he were speaking as if he were a half-worded boy, "That's absurd." said he a moment later, "Right now I've got no girl."

People in Hollywood who know Gable believe he's right, and there are surprisingly few who know him relatively well, insist that Gable always has a girl, that a womanless for him is as likely as a wireles one is for Tommy Manville."

END
Sensational Step Forward in Deodorants!

Gentle NEW FRESH will give you far greater underarm protection than other leading cream deodorants. Proved by university scientists!

Now Fresh Cream Deodorant brings you the active ingredient recommended by doctors for keeping underarms dry. That's why Fresh keeps your clothes safer; you, lovely to love.

New Fresh stops odor completely. Yet it is still as creamy-soft, as extra-gentle to skin as ever! Use Fresh daily.


Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always
BRADY kicked a little lint off the carpet and made an expression like Bishop Sheen starting a lecture.

"Do you know what the result of all this kind of talk about me and other actors is going to be?" he asked. "The fans who come to Hollywood to see the stars are going to be able to get a look at me in the same way that they see the stars. They're all going to be in hiding. They'll be afraid
to go out, for fear of being lynched. The sightseeing buses will all go out of business. The drivers will be pointing out Mo-
cambo and such places as former night clubs. And the press agents for those night clubs, who plant all the hot stories on
guys like me, will be selling apples."

"Maybe it is the press agents who should be blamed, anyway. One week when I had
the flu I counted the items in the columns
served by those press agents and I was
shocked to find there were about 45
different dames. My agent was going crazy.
He kept calling me up, raising the devil.
"I'm telling the studio you're sick in bed," he
screamed, "and every time I pick up a
paper I see you've been out dancing. What
are you trying to do to your career?" And
the girl I was going with—and whom I
didn't want to see because I didn't want to
give her my flu—called every hour and
told me to die that day. And all the time
I hadn't lifted my aching head from a
pillow."

"I began to feel very unhappy about
Brady. Maybe the man was misunderstood.
"Put this down," he demanded suddenly,
"if you're going to write anything about
all this, tell the truth. I'm a simple man
trying to make a living and doing my best
to learn my business so I can work at
it until I'm an old man. I am not a trouble-
maker. I never give a producer any trouble. I have to stand up for
a few rights—and I have to make my own
decisions about my career. But a man has
to do that in any business.

"And put down particularly that I will
never be a long-hair." (In Hollywood par-
lance it is said of an actor that whenever
he kicks over the traces and gets into a
good role.) ("I don't want to play Hamlet or be
another Charlie Chaplin. I will play any
part a studio asks me to if I think I can
do it, but I don't want to go backward in
stead of forward. I would like to spend
the rest of my life doing domestic comedies,
little light guys who work in factories and
have to hurry to work every morning, just
like me."

"I was going to go to the movies. Once
in a while I'd like an action movie—a
western or something like that. But I'll
leave the acting parts to the big actors,
the people who have a lot of stuff and know
how to do it. I don't!"

We weekly interrupted that speculation
from current reports Scott Brady had set
up an office in Los Angeles, trying to
get away from the film industry.

"If you want to know the real truth
about my dealings with Fox and Universal,
you've got to know what preceded all this," he
said finally. "It was before the Fox and
Universal deals came as a result of the
mes that I got into with Eagle-Lion. Now that
was all my fault. When I got out of the
service I came to Hollywood because my
brother (Larry, and I) were here, and
the rest of the family was planning to
move to California. I had no job—
and nothing in mind—so I just took it easy
around town for awhile, a few months.

"One day I was in a restaurant and a
fellow walked up to me and asked me if
I was an actor. I told him to get lost, but
he stuck around and I heard him say the
thing I knew was on my way over to
Eagle-Lion studio. We went into a little
office and a man sat at a desk behind a
big cigar and just looked at me. He didn't
say
but I knew that he was judging me,
and in a few minutes, eventually, he
seemed to make up his mind, and he
turned to the fellow with me—who was an
agent—and said he'd like to talk over a
deal.

"I found out right then that actors aren't
supposed to have any sense, because they
asked me to step outside while they fig-
ured out what they were going to do with me.
That sounds kind of crazy, but that's
the way they do things.

"Well, to make it short, they 'made a
deal,' and the following morning I was an
actor, mayor, star, at Eagle-Lion. It was
as easy as that.

Brady plucked a cigar from a pocket
and bit the end off and lit a match. And
then his entire manner changed. He didn't
look menacing anymore. His face wrinkled
into a wide grin and he sunk into a chair
chuckling like a small boy. He played with
the cigar as though he wasn't used to
cigars.

"Boy what they did to me at Eagle-
Lion," he said. "I'm not complaining, mind
you, because if they hadn't given me a
chance I might be installing your telephone
here or running up your laundry.
But I became an actor fast over there. The
first picture I was a prize fighter—and I
was terrible. But everybody kept telling me
I was great. I guess if they hadn't I
would have left town in the middle of the night.
Then I was a T-man. Pretty soon I wasn't
sure what I was supposed to be... I was

easy money!

Lo-a-zy do-a-ys! Hot, too. Like some money for an extra soda, but too fast to get out of the hummock? Never mind, just you sit there and swing. MODERN SCREEN

WEATHER REPORT: It's possible to get the next issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started.

You may be one of the lucky winners!

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.

☐ The Inside Story
☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
☐ Hollywood Abroad (M.S. wire service)
☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
☐ Gable And A Girl Named Kelly
☐ The Gay Divorcee (Rito Hayworth)
☐ Dangerous Crossroad (Jane Powell)
☐ Joan and Marilyn Talk to Louella Parsons (Crawford and Monroe)
☐ Temptress (Mitzi Gaynor)
☐ On His Own (Mario Lanza)
☐ Marriage, Anyhow? (Piper Laurie)
☐ Once A Tumbler (Cyd Chorisse)
☐ Crosby And Son (Bing Crosby)
☐ Liz And Mike's Ranch House (Liz Taylor)
☐ At Home Abroad (Gene Kelly)
☐ Ann Blyth's Wedding Day
☐ Getting To Know You (Avo Gardner)
☐ Make Up for Lost Time (Jone Wyman)
☐ Down Boy! (Scott Brady)
☐ The Quiet Happiness (Betty Grable)
☐ Too Busy For Romance (Kathryn Grayson)
☐ Modern Screen Fashions
☐ Take My Word For It (Ann Sheridan)
☐ Make Up For Lost Time (Renee Epstein)
☐ TV Talk by Paul Dennis

Which of the stories did you like least?

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

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

What MAME saror do you like least?

What FEMALE saror do you like least?

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
working so fast and in so many movies.

About this time I began to get wise to some facts about Hollywood. I learned, from just looking around me, that an actor in the movies has to conserve his activities. They say you only last about seven years and I could see myself using up the whole seven years in about two. Sure I was getting experience, but it was killing me off. I was making pictures so fast that I wasn't making any sense in them. And I wasn't making any money. So I decided to make a change."

Brady wagged the cigar as though it was a big stick.

From that time on," he said, "people thought I was a trouble-maker. I got myself two new contracts, one at Universal and one at Century-Fox. I've worked hard at both places. Recently both contracts were called off—and the stories around town about how it happened would curl your hair. I hear that out at Universal I got into such an argument with Bill Goetz that he threw a book at me and chased me out of his office. They tell me he said I was a bad boy who got too big for his britches, and that I wanted to play roles I wasn't able to. The fact is that Bill Goetz and I separated on the friendliest of possible terms—and never had a harsh word then or ever.

"At 20th Century-Fox they had a clause in my contract that I couldn't do television. I wanted to do TV and I did. That broke the contract, I'm sure I'd work there again some day, because I have a lot of friends out there."

Brady flung his cigar, well chewed now, into the fireplace, and stomped up and down to keep his dander going.

"But that isn't the worst of it—being called a 'long-hair.' They have me nude now about my private life. Take for instance the stories that were in the papers recently about me and Anita Ekberg. The way it went was that she and I went to Mocombo, I criticized the way she was dressed, we had a knock down-dragout fight and she stormed out of the place in a huff, leaving me alone. How about that?

"What actually happened was that we went to the Bar of Music, not Mocombo, she had been in a hurry to dress and wore a nice suit. We found out it was an opening night after we got there and that everyone was in evening clothes. We sat down, laughed like the devil for about ten minutes, and then left for some less fancy place together. And we had a wonderful evening.

"But the papers made me look like a real jerk. Look, if I like a girl I don't care if she goes out with me wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt, as long as she looks good. I certainly wouldn't start a beef with a pretty girl in a public place—although the word is around now that I'll slug a woman anywhere. Jimmie Fidler wrote me an open letter in his column that made me hate myself even though I knew all the things I'd been charged with were not true."

Up to this point Brady had been tensed up like a panther on the prowl, and had looked about as dangerous. But at this moment he pulled one of those abrupt about-faces that make him so darned fascinating and likeable. He grinned his wide Irish grin and came straight over to us.

"Maybe you're the guy to set the record straight. Maybe you're the guy to write the truth about me—and my reputation. Just tell them what I've been saying, about my job, about my girls, about my wild, wild ways.

"And another thing. Tell them that I'll be my own man. If I do crazy things, that's me doing them. Not an actor trying to at-
truct attention. I won't try to establish any off-screen character that is not me. I will not assume any eccentricities. If guys like you tell the truth about me, people will say what they like and I won't be in so much trouble."

Brady came over and looked at us closely. He gave us a pat on the head that could almost have been interpreted as a blow.

"Now, don't lose me up," he said. "I've got to go. I've got to get another cigar."

And he went, like a T-man who'd just spotted a smuggler.

We gathered the notes we'd scribbled and looked them over very carefully. They seemed to make sense—and the man certainly seemed to be telling the truth—at least the truth the way he saw it. But all in all he still seemed to come out some-thing of a character.

Let's see. Scott Brady does date more women than any three bachelor actors in town. He walks ahead of them generally, but they don't seem to mind. He opens the car door from his side, not from the sidewalk. We've seen him grab a girl by the scruff of the neck and lead her through a night club door—with a smile on his face, all right, but to her. Maybe that's his kind of affection. Maybe he is a bit of a roughneck with

liz and mike's ranchouse

(Continued from page 46) get up at seven in the morning."

"Why shouldn't I be jealous?" Liz asks. "I imagine having this whole beautiful house all to himself, and playing with the baby, too. But seriously, now that we're both working, we spend all our free time right here, at home. Why, we rarely go to parties. The Academy Awards night was the first evening affair for us in months. We hardly ever dine in restaurants, and only a little while ago Michael bought us a new greyhound. She was so excited she walked on the Wilding brand of homeliness.

The Wilding lovenest is every bit as attractive as the lady of the house. Elizabeth Taylor, because she's working for the past decade, is one of the few fortunate young actresses who can afford a $100,000 house.

Luckily, she also has the taste, breeding, and money to furnish it with care and discrimination. The house is as fine an example of contemporary design and decorating as can be found anywhere in the country today.

Of course, a good many experts helped Liz make her house what it is today, but it was Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wild- ing who started it all rolling, and in every furnishing detail it was she who made the final decision. Expert number one was her efficient, go-getting secreta in London, Liz wrote Peg and said, "Please start looking around for a house you think Michael and I would like." She then explained that the house had in mind was a small place, two bedrooms and possibly a swimming pool, but something away from neighbors, something with clean modern lines, and a house in a place where they could work in close cooperation. The Wilding was excessively lucky. They had peg
specific use—a narrow file for trays, a deep closet for pots, a felt-lined drawer for silverware, and a series of narrow shelves for spoons. Lottie says, “I’ve worked in many kitchens, but never in one so functional. And what a view you get from the kitchen. Honest, it’s like being in heaven.”

Even though they had all these architectural advantages to begin with, the Wildings made a few improvements of their own. Liz, for example, who has a good sense of design and a perceptive appreciation of art—after all, it’s only natural since she’s an art dealer’s daughter—thought that the living room as it was when they first bought the house had an uninteresting shape and too little seating space.

She and Mike discussed the problem, gave it some of their thinking, and then decided to extend the structural stone wall and add a glassed-in lanai thereby turning the room into an L-shape.

They also blanched the mahogany paneling a lighter shade and converted a small bar into a music cabinet and record-player. Liz also stood watch over the house painters until they had changed the earthy brown exterior to the color she wanted, a cool yellow.

When it came to furnishing their living room, Liz and Mike looked around for an interior decorator with considerable talent and a reasonable money sense. They decided on Jim Favour. Jim had done houses for a few of their friends, Stanley Donen, one of Liz’s ex-boyfriends, was one of these, and his work is widely admired.

Unlike some Hollywood decorators whose bills would frighten even the Aga Khan, Jim’s fees are fair, and he insists upon giving his clients a voice in their décor.

Favour says, “The Wildings were helpful and easy to please, a pretty rare combination. They had two requests to start with. Liz told me she wanted a pink bedroom and the dominant note in the living room to be perrywinkle blue.

“We dyed a 20-by-30 carpet a delicate pink. Then we covered a chaise in pink mohair, and painted all the wooden surfaces in the master bedroom a darker shade of pink. Even now we’re changing the bathroom fixtures to pink.

“In the living room we decided to cover a contoured couch in Liz’ blue. With this color we’ve used contrasting and blending shades of purple, green, and gold on the chairs and pillows. The matchstick shades, which are the only curtains in the place, are held together by bands of blue, purple, green, and gold wool. The total effect is one of cleanliness, modernity, and comfort.”

When Jim Favour says “We,” he means of course, Liz, Mike, and himself. “The Wildings,” he explains, “played the major role in selecting things. My office merely made up floor plans and furniture sketches, but Liz and Mike did all the choosing.”

Except for the dining room chairs and the bleached cork coffee table, all the furniture pieces in the house were made to order. The teakwood dining table, the tall breakfront, the ingenious bar with built-in television, all of these are the handiwork of a California craftsman named Dave Edberg.

As you well know, without paintings, books, and art objects all homes lack personality. Liz’ loveliest figuratively reeks with it. This is understandable. Her father, Francis Taylor, is an eminent art dealer, a close friend of such great British artists as Augustus John and Jacob Epstein. Her uncle Howard owns the Young Art Galleries in New York. Her kid brother is a student artist on the G.I. Bill, and her husband Michael once made his living as a painter.

With that sort of background, you simply know that the Wilding house is going to offer the tops in art.

Liz’ parents, for example, gave the newlyweds the colorful Masson painting that hangs over the living room couch as well as the Benton Scott drawings in the dining room. Her father also helped them select the Augustus John oils and the Epstein bronze of a Hawaiian girl which they keep on the stone ledge by the fireplace. It was Liz herself, however, who fell in love with and bought the sixth century Tang horse that occupies such a vital location between the living and dining areas. The Wildings are the right artistic touch. The Wildings have a comic impression of Liz as a mother-to-be. It was painted and gifted to them by director Jean Negulesco. It bears the inscription, “There’s never enough of Liz.”

The Wilding house with furnishings is worth a minimum of $150,000, but this fact does not prevent Liz from giving all her pets free run of the place. What the dogs and cats do to the rugs may drive some of the help crazy, but Liz doesn’t care. “A house,” she says, “is meant to be lived in, not to be shown.”

Mary, the Scotch nana who looks after little Michael, agrees with the mistress of the house but insists that a line has to be drawn somewhere. For the toplunk her baby down in the middle of her tremendous bed for a romp with her four cats. “I don’t think the cats will hurt the baby,” Mary says, “but you should see what they do to the bedspread. Shockin’ it tis. Real shockin’.”

(Liz Taylor’s latest MGM film is Rhapsody. Mike Wilding is in The Scarlet Coat.)
Dinner alone...again?

the woman to blame
may be YOURSELF!

When a husband starts working late,
more and more often, a wife naturally
tortures herself with doubts. Actually,
though, you may find the reason for his
neglect right at home! Have you allowed
yourself to grow careless about intimate
feminine hygiene? Well, it’s not too late
to correct. You can be your own sweet,
dainty self again so simply—so effectively
—by douching with “Lysol.” It’s easier
than ever today!

Gentler “Lysol” will not harm delicate
 tissues. This proved germicide, used in
a douche, completely cleanses the vagi-
nal canal—even in the presence of mu-
cous matter. It kills germ life quickly,
on contact. Yet, “Lysol” is designed for
freedom from caustic or irritant action
when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly—if you remember
that complete internal cleanliness is the
way to counteract unpleasant odor.
“Lysol” does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get “Lysol” today, at your drug counter.
Use it in your douche. Be sure of your-
self—and secure in your marriage!

Preferred 3 to 1
over any other liquid preparation
for Feminine Hygiene

“Lysol”
Brand Disinfectant

In 1932, after long scientific
research, the formula for
“Lysol” disinfectant was im-
proved by the replacement
of most of its cresylic acid
content with ortho-hydroxydi-
diphenyl.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

“You can live only on the surface...or
you can live way down deep, to the utmost.”
That’s the philosophy Ann Sheridan shares
with you in this, the sixteenth in Modern
Screen’s personality series written by
Hollywood’s top name stars.

Take my word for it

by ANN SHERIDAN, star columnist for July

REAL ESTATE PRICES MUST BE GOING UP all over or
is there another reason why dining places seem to
be getting smaller, with room only for tiny tables?
If you want to eat distractedly just order a full
dinner in the average restaurant; the dishes so
overflow the table, they have to be pyramid ed up
on each other. Touch at your food with your fork
and the plates start sliding apart, including always
one or two which fall right off on the floor. When
I make a driving trip I always come home with a
feeling that the brighter the neon sign over a
restaurant the duller the food and the smaller the
Table. The only safe thing to do is to order a
hamburger—well done—and hold it in your hand.
I like to drive because it helps purge my spleen. I talk to the drivers I pass if they don’t
do what I think they should. They can’t hear me,
of course. I’m really talking to myself. But I give
full vent to my feelings and when I get home I feel
sweet and clean inside, and strangely content.

I TALK TO MYSELF WHEN I DRIVE, as I say, but I
never get into a long conversation with anyone
else in my car as women are apt to do. I think
this habit, more than any other, is the reason
women are considered bad drivers. It is when they
are chattering away, very often indulging in a
gossipy tid-bit, that they run afoul of nature’s old
law about two bodies of matter being unable to
occupy the same point in space at the same
time.

Crash!

In driving through the United States one comes
to repose each evening on the hotel or motel bed,
and, as far as I am concerned, this over-advertised
and generally spring-sprung couch is vastly over-
rated. Oh, they are soft, all right, but herein lies
their functional failure. Everyone knows (and a cow pony falling on me resulted in my back
becoming an interesting case for a lot of them) has
advised that for proper rest a firm bed is far better
than a soft one.

FOR YEARS I HAVE SLEPT on a bed that has a
wooden board separating the mattress from the box
springs underneath. Some people I know insist on
a much harder bed; they use hard mattresses on a
wooden support and the devil with any springs.
Today, when I have to sleep in the average, soft
hotel bed, it feels mushy and terribly uncomfortable.
Generally I know I am in for an uncomfortable
night. The theory about the inadequacy of a soft
bed is a simple one. When you lie on it the heavier
parts of your anatomy, the head, shoulders, hips,
calves, heels, dig holes for themselves. Since one
keeps moving while sleeping, the body spends a good
deal of the night climbing out of these depressions. By morning you practically have scaled a mountain. On a hard bed it is possible to roll from side to side easily.

That horse which fell on me was a mare, by the way, and, strange to say, I always remember her gratefully. Horses are not supposed to have any sense but this one showed great consideration, I feel. The fall came because I accidentally pulled her the wrong way while we were riding along a hill. In her almost mechanical obedience to the signal on the rein she was thrown off balance. She landed partly on me on the uphill side, but even in that instant I felt her fighting to roll off. She could easily have rolled over me down hill and badly crushed me, but, as if instinctively sensing this, she went the other way and scrambled off on the uphill side. That was back in 1935. When I pull a horse's reins today I check and double-check to make sure that what I want the horse to do agrees with the law of gravity!

IT'S PROBABLY A WILD IDEA but I can't help wondering whether part of the passport examination of any American should be a quiz on his manners. I'd certainly vote for it.

When Diana Lynn talked about the conduct of Americans abroad in this column several months ago she said something which I endorse completely. I came back from Mexico not long ago and during my stay there I think Diana, was not proud of being American. There were too many other Americans there representing their country on a very low level; they were intolerant, loud to the point of raucousness and all-demanding. Their efforts to appreciate the beauty that exists in Mexico, even if it is often framed against a background of poverty, was nil. Their eagerness to point out the deficiencies of Mexican life was, on the other hand, offensively obvious. I don't know how many Americans when they get to Mexico; they think and act as if they were members of a musical comedy cast. Entirely oblivious of the fact that they are being watched by the citizens of the country they are insulting, they are seized with the impulse to don a sombrero, throw a serape over their shoulders, and caper around with exaggerated Latin gestures for the entertainment of their friends. What the Mexicans must think as they watch the behavior of these "Touristas" I don't know, but I imagine

LIGHT AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters, $1.50, plus tax.

Photograph by Mark Shaw, courtesy of MADEMOISELLE.
Modern Romances is now on the air!

"Modern Romances" true-to-life dramas on your local NBC station every Saturday, feature Kathi Norris as story editor.

Your favorite reading is on the radio now! "Modern Romances" is an exciting new half-hour dramatic program on the N.B.C. radio network every Saturday morning. It's presented in cooperation with the editors of Modern Romances magazine, and brings you fascinating stories of love and romance, happiness and heartache.

Kathi Norris, glamorous radio and TV personality, is featured on the program. Be sure to listen this Saturday, and every Saturday morning. Check your local newspaper's radio section for the exact time.

Take my word for it continued from page 79

that they are puzzled by the contrast between such inherent bad taste and the greatness of our country.

MEXICO IS A LAND OF FLOWERS, and so is Southern California—when you water it well. I have all varieties of flowers around my home in the San Fernando Valley but my favorites, lilacs, disappoint me because with all their beauty there is none of the fragrance of eastern lilacs. I am now considering a drastic treatment advised by a nurseryman. He tells me to dig a deep trench around the roots of the bush, fill it with solid ice, and cover it up. As the roots freeze there is brought on the necessary state of dormancy which, curiously enough, later results in stimulation of the lilac's natural sweet smell. Isn't it funny . . . you have to darn near kill the plant to awaken it to its fullest life!

Still curiously . . . I should go to such trouble to make a lilac smell like a lilac when I don't even bother to glamorize myself in this manner! I mean, I rarely use perfume. I have perfume, love to have it around, but keep forgetting to wear any. It just doesn't seem to mean enough to me. I do like scented soaps, but this I regard as a pleasant feature of the department of cleaning up.

IT'S FUNNY, WHEN I WAS 17 and probably needed nothing in the way of beauty aids my life was quite complicated with them. In time, as you see, the whole process of looking glamorous has simplified itself down to one important ingredient—soap. (Outside of ordinary make-up of course.) There's a moral in this somewhere. Maybe it is that once you have cleansed the surface and permitted the inner quality to shine through . . . you can do no more (provided you work on that inner quality!)

You change. At 17, when I first came to Hollywood, life was something you lived gaily. This was a lovely attitude which I didn't keep too long. Responsibilities crapped up and I settled down to the serious business of living. Various happenings induced the change. There was a period of a year and a half when my education along this line was most intense—I was out of work the whole period. There's nothing gay about facing the future with $3.80 in the bank. I think I got started on the simple and uncluttered life about this time. I developed a great respect for such necessities as eating and sleeping, and a corresponding indifference for fancy fripperies. In time I couldn't help but apply this criterion to people; in a friend I seek heart more than brilliance, beauty, or position . . . only the heart is dependable.

ALL I KNEW WHEN I CAME TO HOLLYWOOD is that which a 17-year-old girl learns in a small southern town—what to do till the minister comes. My mother made her girls (we were four) study our cooking, do kite stunts, she gave us sewing, quilting, crocheting and etiquette lessons, she lectured us on young ladyship generally, and she would not permit us to smoke or drink. We accepted all the facts she gave us but not all of her theories. We cooked and cleaned and sewed her way but we talked to boys our way. We also, all four of us, smoked, but in secret. She found out, of course, about our attitude to boys as well as our smoking, but on the whole she must have figured she was hitting a pretty good average in bringing us up properly.

When we grew up we weren't made to her order, yet, I felt, she was pretty satisfied with us. Our father, who wasn't half as aware as mother about our minor sins, was proud of us. When I made him a pecan pie be acted as if I was just about the best cook in the world; mother, knowing the dozens of things I couldn't do, couldn't be so all-out in her admiration. I guess this is just about the way it should be. I needed my father's pride in me to give me confidence and I needed my mother's more accurate appraisal to forestall my having any illusions about myself.

WHEN I SEE A WOMAN WHO IS UNREALISTIC ABOUT HERSELF (say one who wears slacks even though they make her look like a stuffed laundry bag with legs) I am very grateful not only for having been a mother who pointed out truths to us, but also for being one of four sisters who always pointed out anything mother overlooked. So there was little danger that I would grow up to be a girl who leans to baby talk, or sticks to her curls, or waves her hands about helplessly in the hope that men will recognize that she is just a clinging doll who needs their strong, male protection. It was just as well—it's hard to run into fellows who will keep on thinking you're a doll from 17 to 70. Inevitably they wake up to the truth . . . and this is very tough on dolls.

Before I get too far away from the mention of slacks, bitbhero made, I might say I am not against slacks per se, as the lawyers put it, or informal wear generally. Yet I do think a woman should dress up more when the opportunity presents itself, and that even a shopping trip downtown should be counted such an opportunity. There are certain smart women in Hollywood who have awakened to the fact that the careless habits of the local femininity give them an unusual advantage and they have seized upon it. They are not loath about putting on a tailored dress, hat, and even gloves when they go out, and the result is that they stand out from the other, less carefully outfitted girls.

IN A SENSE, A SMART, WELL GROOMED GIRL is a compliment to every man who sees her and the men appreciate it; a carelessly dressed girl is making light of both herself and them. And they know that, too. This, incidentally, is one theory of my mother's which I fluffed off when I was younger, but to which I have returned with the conviction that she was so right.

FEMININITY IS A GIFT as life is a gift; being able you can either just live, or live to the utmost; being a woman you can be either dully conscious of it or make it a worthwhile experience. Can there possibly be a choice? Reading over all this advice makes me wish that once again I was just a "lil ole Texas gal," just starting out on her career. I do believe I might take some of this advice to heart!
Make your hair obey the new soft way

No oily after-film...just soft shimmering beauty

Now...try the only hairdressing that makes hair obey the new soft way...With miracle Curtisol—so amazingly light, so penetrating it never leaves oily "after-film"! Just a touch "sparkles" hair, prevents dryness and split ends, frizziness after a permanent. Gives you "easy-do" hair instantly. Even after shampoo! No wonder women prefer Suave 7 to 1.

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it

the gay divorcee

(Continued from page 29) Rojas. Both Robertson and Ray have vehemently denied any romance with Rita. Aldo is engaged to marry Jeff Donnell when her divorce becomes final this fall, and such rumors are therefore undesirable, to say the least. They began when a female columnist printed news to the effect that the Aldo Ray-Jeff Donnell romance had blown sky high, and all because of a girl whose initials were R. H. Inasmuch as Rita was then co-starring with Aldo in Miss Sadie Thompson, the busier brains in town jumped to conclusions. The studio also jumped, and the next day the columnist added, "And I don't mean Rita Hayworth." People remembered that Aldo had hung around the set of Affair in Trinidad, Rita's first picture after she left Aly Khan, and that he had said he would like to make a picture with her. He was a novice at the time and people thought him presumptuous to make such a statement. It turned out, however, with Miss Sadie Thompson, that Aldo got his wish, and during the picture's filming he and Rita naturally lunched together. The rumor flared up, the studio dampened it with denials, and although it simmered down to the opinion that the name-linking was all a publicity stunt, Hollywood kept its tongue in its cheek.

Dale Robertson was even angrier than Aldo. No one knows where it started, but the talk around town was that Dale and Rita had found each other. It was printed that they attended a private party together, and inasmuch as Dale at the time was reconciling with his wife following their separation, he blew his stack. He told Hedda Hopper that he wished the columnists would leave him alone, and he denied that he had ever met Rita. The best Hollywood could do was take his word for it.

This leaves Manuel Rojas and Dick Haymes, concerning whom there are no denials. Last spring when Rita and Dick were both in New York, they were seen together everywhere and returned within one week of each other to Hollywood, where they resumed their alliance. Haymes is still married to Nora Eddington Flynn, but reportedly he has once more agreed to disagree. It is rumored that Nora is seeing Nicky Hilton, Liz Taylor's ex, and the romantic flings of each don't seem to annoy the other. It may be a situation where they temporarily are going their separate ways, during which time they will decide if it is wise, or at least inevitable, to suffer through a formal divorce.

Rita and Dick have been seen at Holiday House and Fracat's, both famous restaurants, and at Santa Ynez Inn, a pleasant place situated near the Pacific where one may wine, dine, swim or spend a weekend. It is one of Rita's favorite haunts, and one which has romantic memories for her. About five years ago, somewhere between the divorce from Orson Welles and her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita's romance was an Australian actor, and they spent a few idyllic days together at the inn. He had a room in one wing and she in the other, and each morning they met for breakfast and spun out long, lazy days together. It was a quiet sojourn that went almost unnoticed, and those who do know about it say that it ended with a broken heart for the Australian. Evidently he was given to understand quite suddenly that it was all over, and was so disturbed that he left the inn immediately, without his luggage, for the nearest airport. It was only through a neat detective work that his plane and destination were learned, and his luggage delivered to him before the takeoff. This was an experience typical of Rita's almost mystical effect on men, and of her sudden changes of heart.

Manuel Rojas reportedly is slated for the same fate. Rojas, to the best of anyone's information, is 58 years old and comes from a highly placed and well-moned Chilean family. He came to California last summer, playing polo with an Argentinian team part of the time, and also dabbling in work for the Chilean embassy. According to rumor, the rest of his time was taken up in the pursuit of lovely ladies. Rocky Cooper was among the first, and town talk had it that this was building into a big romance when Manuel met Rita at the Cooper house and suddenly switched allegiance. Not long after he found himself out in the cold when Rita took off to Europe once more to try for a reconciliation with Aly Khan. Rojas became engaged to an American oil heir, which lasted only until Rita returned to America, and Manuel was her escort at the party she gave the night before leaving for Reno to pick up her divorce. The oil heiress sent back her ring to Rojas, who was still so much in Rita's favor that he met her when she returned in March from publicizing Salome in New York. As this is being written Rita is seen almost exclusively with Dick Haymes, and Hollywood expects that Rojas will soon get his walking papers. It is said that Rita feels he is a social climber, yet on the other hand it is understood that his family in Chile is highly 8...
displeased by his wandering ways with women. It is strange, when so much higher education should be considered to be social climbing in Hollywood, yet Hollywood has a ladder all its own.

It may be that Manuel will get no notice as happened in the case of Victor Mature. That was back in the days during the war when Mature, in the uniform of the United States Navy, was shipwrecked off into the North Atlantic, along with a few thousand other sailors. He wasn't sure of his destination or of his chances of returning alive, so he wrote back to Rita. About this time, Rita announced her engagement to Orson Welles, and Mature, in the middle of the big briny, caught the rumor as it spread from one shell to another until he reached land to put in a phone call for confirmation. He wasn't at home to settle the matter, but a pal of his who was appearing in a show off Broadway in half an Orson in his magic act, did the honors for Vic. Mr. Welles was punched squarely in the nose.

Orson was perhaps the most battered of Rita's former suitors. For he was also one of the probable two great loves of her life. Theirs was a stormy romance and even stormier marriage. For a long time Welles had made a point of seeing every Hayworth movie; he thought her face was the most beautiful he had ever seen. When she joined his magic act Rita fell madly in love with him, and the story goes that she felt life wasn't worth living unless he married her. They were married in September, 1943, four months after Rita's divorce from her first husband, Edward Judd, a marriage that was to be final. She and Welles squabbled continuously, making all kinds of headlines including funny ones, such as the time when Rita had refused to see Orson Welles by placing a ladder to her apartment window. There was a definite split and then a reconciliation when they went to Mexico to "start over again." They honestly tried to make the marriage work, but it was squelched. In 1945 Orson surrendered to the inevitable and made her only statement to date regarding a divorce—"I can't stay married to a genius."

During the marriage Welles wrought one great change in Rita. She became accustomed to an intelligent man, and found such to her liking. This was undoubtedly the best thing that had happened to her. The feeling was mutual and they were always friendly. But their love had been a-directed, married and the other had been directed. As a result there was a deep breakup between them after a few years. During their marriage, she and Orson used to spend many evenings in the company of Feldman and his wife, but at the time Rita returned from Europe Mr. and Mrs. Feldman were resolved to the proposition which Orson had made to her agent, he necessarily spent a good deal of time with Rita, but nevertheless it was rumored to be pleasure as well as business.

In the spring of 1952 Rita moved from the hotel to a home in Beverly Hills, a house that was a real find and also of Gilbert Roland. Roland also had known Rita for a long time and their friendship is easily resumed at any time. She invited him to dinner several nights and eventually it was rumored that Roland was with a British actress. In point of fact, he telephoned columnists, "She's an actress—if she wants to have an accent, let her." By July of the same summer, Rita was dating Kirk Douglas. It was a short whirl, the first two dates promised Hollywood another big romance, but something happened on the third date that precluded a fourth. Rita seemed not to care, and three days before Aly Khan arrived in Hollywood to talk things over, Rita had a date with Richard Greene.

Aly Khan went off like a dampener on the merry-go-round. During his visit here in August, the only question was whether or not she would divorce him. She had established the fact that she was married by the preceding summer and could pick up the papers whenever she wished. The upshot of it, of course, was that Rita went back to Spain with no more to try once more. As the world knows, what the divorce did was abruptly left him in Paris and went to Spain. The minute this news hit Hollywood, several big men thumped a little faster, and one a little later, then for Europe to seek out Rita, although nothing ever came of it. In Spain she was at the same with Miss Jose Maria Villa Padierna.25 and the two of them went all over Madrid with him. Tongues wagged that this was a new romance, and again denials were scattered by both parties. Back in New York in December, Rita was reported waiting to welcome the Count to America, and in the interim dining with producer Ramon Hakim. And Hollywood began to bounce happy headlines about the future of the bright young star getting back in her old form and could once more be depended upon for headlines—this time at home.

Since then she has been living up to expectations, keeping the town guessing about her current dates. Since then she has also been disappointed in her attempts to get into Hollywood as a director for her daughter Yamin. She picked up her divorce in January, and in April the Reno court ruled that Aly must pay an annual sum of $450 for support. The court had hinted that Aly must be in the state of Nevada in order for the ruling to have any validity. However, it was then alleged that Rita's balding ex-husband has settled down in an all-nighter Trocadero not, dearth of money will never be one of Rita's worries as her career has zoomed rather than suffered from her recent screen absences. As for her home life, she returned to Brentwood and settled her two daughters there while she continues to pursue her career.

At this writing Rita has left for Honolulu where the finish of Miss Sadie Thompson will be filmed. Her leading man in the picture is Aldo Ray, a young man of the earth type sometimes preferred by Rita, but people are wondering if reports are true that this coupling is merely a publicity gimmick, who will be Rita's romance during the island sojourn. Frogmore To Eternity is also being filmed in Hawaii, and gossips have run their fingers down the list of men in the cast of this movie. They shake their heads at Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift. Oh, but you never know who will step when they come to the name of Jose Ferrer. There, they say, is a likely prospect. A brain, and charm, and Cuban to boot, and they wonder if Rosemary Clooney has thought of the same thing.

Sirens may come and sirens may go, but they have to go far to outdo Rita, who at 35, is the girl in the film right now. And the film is The Bubble, which can turn on the type of glamour that enchanters man. She proves that it takes more than beauty to be a real charmer, for there are many a lovely face, perhaps as beautiful, but can't hold a candle to Hayworth. They can talk all they want to about other beauties, but a lot of them spend a lot of love in crafting that Hollywood glamour. Not Rita Hayworth, unless of course she wants to, and that Hollywood says in high good humor, would be a very rare evening indeed.

Jane Fonda
July 7

The exciting August issue of Modern Screen with bewitching Betty Grable on the cover.

It will be on sale July 7.
(Continued from page 37) and walked through the living room, an enormous rectangle 30 feet wide and 50 feet long, to answer the knocking on the front door. Lanza pulled the door back and there standing in front of him, his face ash white, was Bob Kopp, Mario's lawyer. "I guess you've read the papers," he said.

In that one moment Mario realized that what his mother-in-law had told him was true. Unbeknown to him, the studio had released the news that it no longer wanted his services.

Mario's first reaction was one of impotent rage. He raved and ranted. For a week he had given a lengthy legal disposition to Loew & Loeb, the MGM lawyers. For a month his own lawyer and his own agent, MCA, had been negotiating in great friendliness with the studio. Mario, in fact, had previously signed a letter which said in part, "I shall report at the time specified and I shall perform all duties required of me."

In writing he had given his word that the studio would have no more difficulty with him. All he wanted to do was to complete The Student Prince. After all hadn't he spoken to Eddie Mannix, the studio's general manager? Hadn't Mannix taken his hands, clasped them firmly and said, "Let's get bygones be bygones?"

If the studio hadn't wanted him for the part, why all these involved, prolonged negotiations? Mario couldn't understand it. He still can't. If you have it in your mind to fire an employee, why discuss with him his return to your employment?

Mario's lawyers insisted upon phoning long distance to Nicholas Schenck, chief of Loew's, Inc., in New York, the corporation which controls MGM.

In essence they told Schenck this: That Mario Lanza had stated in writing his willingness to complete The Student Prince under any conditions at any time.

Schenck said that Dore Schary was running the studio from Hollywood, that he could not intervene, that he could not disrupt his organization by countermanding an order, that if Schary wanted to fire Lanza he probably had just and sufficient cause, and that was all there was to it. Lanza hadn't been an angel. He had cost the studio thousands of dollars. He had been edgy and temperamental. He had loused up work schedules. He had antagonized fellow employees. True, he had earned some $20,000,000 to $30,000,000 for Loew's, but Schary was in charge of production, and if he wanted to make The Student Prince with Vic Damone and Jane Powell instead of with Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth, if he wanted to get Lanza out of his hair once and for all, he, Nick Schenck, would have to go along with him.

By last August MGM was pretty well fed up with the Lanza antics. Mario had carried on in the most astounding manner. To astound Hollywood a star really has to be unique, because over the years, its population has numbered some pretty wacky characters—but never in the history of motion pictures has there been anyone to equal Lanza.

For example, he once hobbled into Dore Schary's office, broke a cane over Schary's desk, and threatened to throw the executive out of the window. Schary, who is the kindest, most thoughtful and the most reasonable of all the executives in Hollywood, thought for a minute that Mario was joking. But Mario wasn't. He was deadly earnest. He had been bawled out because of his personal habits on the sound stage and he was furious. In language unrivaled since the dawn of time,
Ambitious, amiable, possessed of great personal magnetism, Gus Burgoyle lived in a world of thick steaks, expensive cigars and luscious women. He was a man who loved the gaudy excitement of the circus, and whose dream was to own the greatest show on earth. But he was more than this. He was a man who loved the women in his life with a love so rich and robust that it touched on madness. Love was a ceaseless hunger in him that led him on to wild and foolish dreams and deeds... to such shame and glory that few men know.

You'll really enjoy this story of his troubles with women... of his victories and failures and of his thrilling experiences as a circus man. It's a whale of a novel... Don't miss it!
"NO ONE NEED SUFFER THE EMBARRASSMENT OF PIMPLES"

New! Amazing Medication

'*STARVES' PIMPLES*

SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

PROVED EFFECTIVE BY DOCTORS...ENDORSED BY NURSES IN NATION-WIDE TESTS

DOCTORS' AND NURSES' *OFFICIAL* TESTS prove that CLEARASIL, a new, scientific advance, brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers.

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 say they prefer it to any other pimple medication.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION. CLEARASIL actually starves pimplies because it removes the oil that pimply 'feed' on. Anti-septic, too...stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored...hidjes pimples while it works. Greaseless, stainless...pleasant to use...can be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults everywhere have found that CLEARASIL actually clears them, it is already the largest-selling specific pimple medication in America, GUARANTEED to work for you as I, and as doctors...back. 89c at all druggists. Economy size 88c.

Special Offer: Send name, address and 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous two-weeks' trial size. Casco, Inc., Box 12A0, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires August 10, 1935.

*One-activity of certain oils glands is responsed to authorities on a major factor in acne. According to actual store surveys.

Quickie interview with
Loretta Young

--- Quote: I am a motion picture actress. I love going to stage plays, but my fascination with the footlights is only as an out-front member of the audience. I've had offers to go on Broadway but I have turned them down. I'm content with Hollywood, which has given me a wonderful life. Should mothers be afraid to send their daughters to Hollywood? I don't think that it's what's so wrong about Hollywood that causes girls to wind up with something so wrong with them. It may be what's wrong with the girls in the first place. Is it wrong of a girl to 'short-change' her friends by looking careless in private life. Besides, I don't go for slacks and hair blowing in the breeze. I'm not the type. Are there any homebodies in Hollywood? There are a lot of us. For instance, my husband and I once tried to tear ourselves away from home for "a change." We went to Palm Springs, which is a beautiful place, but it wasn't beautiful enough for us. We were restless when the sun went down. I wanted to be in my own home. Everyone to everyone's own taste, but I can't see myself spending two or three nights in a week in a night club. I don't see myself with the men at the end of the day...do I? I know I have a weight problem. Not to lose weight, but to maintain it. I ate about six times a day—little snacks, like nuts and sandwiches or milk and fresh fruit, with friends in the evening. How can people be happier? Well, I'm not the world's greatest authority, but if you are discontented, try to develop a hobby for your work. Say to yourself every day, "No matter what happens I'm going to enjoy what I do today." The first thing you know, you actually will start to enjoy each day, and should be a lot happier for it! End quote.---
**FRECKLES**

**Do Freckles Embarrass You?**

Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream today. It is not only a freckle cream, but a beauty cream. Thousands of girls and young women use it for a softer, smoother, more radiant and appealing skin. Do you know that a radiant, youthful skin adds sparkle to your personality... makes you more charming and attractive?

For your copy of "The Joy of New Personal Charm," write

THE STILLMAN COMPANY

Box 36

Aurora, Illinois

---

**Another Modern Screen Special!**

An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities

---

**TV TALK**

by Paul Denis

---

**RELIEVES PAIN OF**

HEADACHE • NEURALGIA • NEURITIS

FACT

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

**Here's Why...** Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

---

**WALLET SIZE PHOTOS YOUR CHOICE MOVIE STARS**

NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL! SPECIAL

For the first time—separation of photos in LARGE WALL SIZE. Gild, printed on heavy high gloss 7-ply gold foil finish paper. FREE CATALOG of 215 PICTURES OF STARS with your order only

DELUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 619

Box 947, Church St., Anna, New York 8, N.Y.

---

**MAKE MONEY ADDRESSING!**

Typists or longhand! National Mail Order concern wants you! Work evenings at home.

Oriental Miniatures, Fillertan 4, California

---

**Corn**

**SUPER-FAST RELIEF!**

Quick Removal

No waiting! Super-soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain in a jiffy... remove corns one of the fastest ways known to Medical Science. Also in sizes for Callouses and Bunions.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

---

**EDDIE FISHER'S PALS:** When Eddie Fisher was about to come out of the U.S. Army, the Paramount Theater, New York, booked him—to open the morning he became a civilian. Eddie told the theater, "I've got a friend, Joey Forman. He's a comedian and I want him on the bill with me." The theater, amazed, answered, "We've never heard of Forman, and, besides we've got all the star comedians we want." But Eddie insisted "If you don't take Forman you can't have me." P.S.—Forman, 23, and an unknown, got a feature spot on the bill... Behind this story is a tale of true friendship. When Eddie was a Philadelphia high school student he and Forman and Bernie Rich (an actor) promised each other they would try their luck in New York together—and that, never became successful first, would help the other two. Eddie, the oldest, made it, and now that he's got Forman started, he's opening doors for Rich.

---

**JOHN DALY, LOVELY:** John Daly hates to admit it, but his wife calls him Lovey. It's an old Southern expression she picked up when she went to school in Virginia. Daly retails by calling her The Duchess, in private. When others are around, he calls her Dave or Kit, although her name, actually, is Margaret... Daly, incidentally, is looking forward to his next meeting with Basil Rathbone, having just discovered that Rathbone was also born in Johannesburg, South Africa. Although they're friends, they never realized that the other came from the same home town.

---

**GODFREY'S FAVORITE THOUGHTS:** Arthur Godfrey has clipped down on interviews, claiming he's too busy and too worried about his leg operation. But the many mottoes and inspirational sayings hanging on the walls of his office do much to reveal his thinking:

"Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there."

"The fellow who waits for something to turn up may find that his toes do first."

"We haven't got so far to go as we had, regardless of what we are doing."

"The great thing to get your work done, and see and hear and learn and understand."—Ernest Hemingway.

"If you don't like it, get out. But while you're there, defend it."

"Individual freedom alone can make a man voluntarily surrender himself completely to the service of society. If it is wrested from him, he becomes an automaton and society is ruined. No society can possibly be built on a denial of individual freedom. It is contrary to the very nature of man, and just as a man will not grow horns or a tail, he will never exist as a man if he has no mind of his own. In reality, even those who do not believe in the liberty of the individual believe in their own."—Mahatma Gandhi.

---

**THE HAL BLOCK TALE:** The replacement, by Steve Allen, of Hal "Dimples" Block on "What's My Line?" caused a rumpus because Hal had become enormously popular. His fan clubs howled, as a bush settled over the mystery hiring. Now here's the true story: Block had become too prunkish and had developed the habit of leaping up to kiss pretty girl contestants. He also talked out of turn, and drowned the lines of Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen and Bennett Cerf. The program's producers warned him to correct his ways, but Hal, a wealthy former gag writer, kept forgetting.

Hal didn't need the salary he got on that show, but his ego was immensely gratified. The show was Hal's first contact with fame—and he loved it like a true ham.
JERRY AND DEAN’S FRANK: Sponsors have been complaining of the high TV costs, much of it due to poorly organized rehearsals. Yet the zany Martin and Lewis recently saw a prep bed on a TV set and climbed in, to catch up on missing sleep. The director didn’t have the nerve to wake them up. Result: lost time and money.

ARLENE FRANCIS INHERITED: Arlene Francis starred on a recent Hollywood Screen Test, and in one scene, she had to throw a pie into the face of an actor. She refused, and confessed to director Alton Alexander that she simply didn’t have the nerve to do such a thing. Alexander solved the problem by having the actor trip and fall on the pie as she held it... Arlene, incidentally, has bought a $73,000 New York town house and is giving up her Park Ave. apartment.

FRED ALLEN STOPPED: The acidulous Fred Allen was stopped on the street by a gushing lady, who grabbed him by the arms and gurgled: “You’re Fred Allen! Oh yes, you are! Just think! Little ole me, a nobody from a small town, talking to the famous Fred Allen! Isn’t that just wonderful? Doesn’t that prove we’re living in a great democracy?” Fred said, dryly: “Not until I answer yes...” Incidentally, Fred is feeling much better and will probably have a half-hour comedy quiz on TV this fall.

A MATTER OF DIGNITY: Dagmar posed for a picture, at a Runyon Fund show, with Walter Winchell and Christine Jorgenson. Miss (or is it Mister?) Jorgenson later called over the photographer (Seymour Zee of the Journal American) and said she didn’t want to be in the same photo with Dagmar, because, “It’s not dignified.” The photographer promised to destroy the photo—but it ran in the paper the next day anyway. Weeks later, Miss-Mr. Jorgenson saw the same photographer at another affair and refused to pose for him.... How Dagmar feels about this, we don’t know yet.

LUCILLE TONES DOWN: Lucille Ball has tinted her flashy red head to golden red. You won’t notice the difference on TV, but Lucille did it for her children. “I didn’t want my children to think of me as ‘brassy’ when they grow old enough to notice,” she says. Jinx Falkenburg, who has two children, has taken an opposite course: she’s just dyed her dark hair blonde. Flashy blonde, too!

ARTHUR MURRAY DOESN’T DANCE: Kathryn Murray, who’s become quite a TV star, enjoys dancing with the instructors at the Arthur Murray Dance Studios: But she doesn’t dance with her own famous husband. And the reason is that Murray has the same trouble most husbands have: he can’t dance with his own wife.

BOB’S SMOKING EARS: On his “My Hero” show, Bob Cummings gets laughs when he kisses his beautiful office secretary (Julie Bishop) and smoke comes funneling out of his ears. Fans are always asking Bob how he does it, and he explains, “It’s simple. Just kiss Julie Bishop. It happens to everybody!”

JACK WEBB AND THE COPS: Jack Webb who flew to New York to meet the press, tells how pleasant it is to be greeted by policemen everywhere and recognized as TV’s famous Sgt. Friday. “But in Los Angeles, my home town,” he says, “when a cop gave me a ticket, he stopped and exclaimed, ‘Hey, you’re Sgt. Friday!’ and then somehow it was too late to tear up the ticket.” Oddly enough, Jack is not an honorary member of the Los Angeles police force he glorifies on TV.

ODDS AND ENDS: Peggy Lee is thrilled the way her daughter Nikki, 9, has accepted her new daddy, Brad Dexter. Right after the wedding ceremony Nikki whispered to her mother, “Mommy, make this one do, please.” Virgilia Peterson, the erudite moderator of Author Meets the Critics, lives in a plush New York apartment that has everything. Well, almost everything. It doesn’t have a TV set. She says she doesn’t feel a TV set is worth buying... "Tallulah Bankhead slipped quietly into Doctor’s Hospital, New York, to be near her face lifted. She wants to look nice for her $25,000-a-week debut in Las Vegas... Peter Donald is knee-deep in legal maneuvers, following separation from his wife, Jo, former radio actress. . . Former kid movie actor Freddie and the one who has split with his wife after six years of married life. It’s the first marriage for Freddie, now a New York TV director, and the fourth for Mrs. Bartholomew, a publicist. . . Don Hastings, who’s the Ranger on Capt. Video, is 1A and may be called into the army this summer. He’s been dating Joyce Hahn, of Newark, N. J., but says he won’t marry until after he finishes with the Army. Now 19, he plans to try Hollywood after his Army stint. Wants to be a cowboy actor.

DIANA LYNN SHIFTS: Diana Lynn, who’s no longer wearing her wedding ring but who refuses to cut off her divorce, says she intends to split the next two years between New York and Hollywood. She intends to do more TV work, and maybe another play on Broadway. She did quite a bit of dating while in New York, and Bill Doris, Joan Fontaine’s ex, was a favorite.

EAST AND WEST: Sally Forrest, who’s now settled in New York to be with her husband, CBS executive Milo Frank, is making TV her career. . . . CBS has been trying to get Jackie Gleason to move his show to Hollywood, thinking the Coast may be a pacifying influence on Jackie’s restlessness. But Jackie, who tried Hollywood several years ago and didn’t like it, prefers the excitement of the Toots Shor’s crowd. He just rented a huge mansion at swanky Sands Point, Long Island, and plans to live it up this summer. . . . Meredith and Rini Willson will again summer in Hollywood, where they own a modern house on the side of a hill.

PAUL WINCHELL BACK: After a six weeks’ illness, Paul Winchell is all right and back in New York to await the birth of his second child. . . . Margaret O’Brien joined the Easter Parade in a demure and jolly getup: large white straw bonnet, white blouse, and full blue silk skirt. Margaret is doing more TV and apparently not hurraying back to Hollywood. Momma is constantly with her, and they dine quietly at places like the Stork and the Colony. There doesn’t seem any evidence that Margaret’s ever had a date without Momma around. . . . Gerald Farley, Belleville, N. J., asks about Dave Bruce (Donny, on the Beulah show). Bruce, former movie actor, seems to be off the show and Stu Geiger has the role. . . . Send me your queries about your favorites, and I will try to give you the right answers.
Once a Tomboy

(Continued from page 40) She is one of the few to enter Hollywood's golden circle of contract signs, with three of them: MGM, was as high flying, as fancy and as distinctive as a name could get, and even their experts couldn't dream up anything better.

Few people know it, but Cyd's original moniker was even more breathtaking. She was born Tula Ellice Finklea, in Amarillo, Texas. The Tula stemmed from her father, Cyd's uncle, and the Finklea is of Welsh derivation. The fact that she grew up in Texas astounds most people because Cyd's exotic appearance plus her European background suggests that she has floated to these parts on an alabaster slab, cushioned with carpets from Baghdad and fanned by Nubian slaves. Amarillo comes as somewhat of a shock.

As a matter of fact, wherever Cyd goes, she is taken for a native. Her bloodline includes not only Welsh, but French, English, Scotch, and a bit of American Indian. While she does not remark that she looks French, when England she is taken for an upper class Limey, in Italy they accept her as another Latin, and although she has one foot on an Indian reservation, she knows what to expect in the way of comment on her first visit.

She looks expensive, it comes naturally. Her father was a jeweler, and one of Cyd's favorite playthings as a child was the scale on which the diamonds were weighed. The scale was allowed but the diamonds were not, and happily enough the hands-off policy where gems were concerned left Cyd with no frustrations. She can take or leave valuable jewels, and is just as content with a costume-ballerina as she would be with a diamond that would have fractured her father's scale.

Here is where the illusion of Cyd's aura of splendor begins to fall apart. It takes a while to probe it, for she has a natural reserve that doesn't lend itself to easy conversation. But once you get past her personality begins to come out in the wash of an interview it is even more surprising than the bit about Amarillo. Cyd Charisse, by all counts, is a little girl who still likes her dolls and dresses drowning in ruffles. She should sit in a beautifully appointed drawing room and look more like a formal portrait than a human being. But she does not, she is as much a child as a work of art, and most of all, of whom are long gone on the happy fact that they are boys, and they do little to quash the evidence. The house is normally quaking with noise and activity, and more often than not Cyd is contributing herself.

Nicky, now ten, is teaching her how to blast the seams out of a punching bag, and from 7 to 11 A.M., the family spends hours making ruffles, having garnered grudging respect from her elder sister for her athletic ability. Nicky is not old enough to realize or to grasp the extent of her good fortune, but her good mother, who seems always to float through the house, was once one of Amarillo's best-known tomboys.

It was unusual for Tula Cyd. "I had an old brother," his name was Earnest E., the namesake of his father, and to avoid confusion the family referred to him as "E. E.," which Cyd admits sounds something like "I am older than your kid sister, and in the absence of a brother he latched on to Cyd and taught her how to kick footballs, scale fences, knock a Texas Leaguer and, most of all, to climb trees. The two kids built a tree house all their own and disappeared into its heights so often and so long that their 38 mother was frantic and their father read The Theory of Evolution by Darwin.

The art of handling a punching bag requires two attributes—timidity and muscles—and Cyd has both. They are two of the reasons why she has enjoyed spectacular success. She was taught to dance at an early age by her mother, and she doesn't want to lose her endurance. She can pick up a cane and a lib a dance that is breathtaking. I don't believe there'll ever be another Fred Astaire!"

The tribute came from her two days after she had finished work with him in The Bandwagon, a time that gave an acid test to reactions, for it is well known that Mr. Astaire is a perfectionist and works so hard that others working with him automatically strive for the same results. Other dancers have been known to retire with a step for months afterward, but Cyd came out of it still filled with awe and respect for the man she calls "Mother." 

For part of her reading Marilyn Monroe picked "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran. She was so much under its spell she didn't like my question, "What do you think it will make a picture?"

I asked her why she wanted me to read "The Prophet. She said, "It is very inspiring, it is more or less a pattern of everyday living."

Robert E. Slater, The N.Y. Journal-American

Her dancing career was begun, unwittingly, by a doctor who recommended lessons as exercise. At 12, Cyd, whose golden ruggeds winters kept its children indoors for a good part of the year. So she began to study with a local teacher who had been taught in the famous Los Angeles ballet school. She was eight years old then, and by the time she was 13 her parents decided to send her to live with friends in California where she would have more training and enjoyed with her father. But it was what she wanted, for she was happiest when she was dancing and her parents, particularly her father, looked back on the summer years she studied in California attending the school of Nico Charisse, and when she was 15 she auditioned for Colonel de Basil of the Ballet Russe. Her father was immediately telephoned back in Texas and asked that his daughter be permitted to join the troupe. Mr. and Mrs. Finklea were not the kind of people to argue the way they did about a child, and despite Cyd's youth they let her go. Her father worried about it considerably but her mother was so calm that to this day Cyd laughs at the thought. "It made me realize I am an adult, and everything would be all right—didn't so much as turn a hair. Maybe it's because I was tall for my age and had always seemed older, but at any rate I knew I could handle it. But her grandchildren—they're different! The boys can't stumble over a doorstep that Mother doesn't have hysterics."

For a year she was with the ballet during which time her father saw her debut as a soloist. It was providential that he did—he was so proud of her—for it was not much later, at a time when Cyd was en route to Hollywood, that she was married.

She was 16. At that time a vacation was announced for the company and Nico Charisse went to Europe to see her. Not many weeks later, in 1941, he and Cyd were married. This time Cyd's mother was considerably roused—"A little upset," says Cyd and smiles softly. "She wrote that she thought it was premature."

The newlyweds returned to California at the outbreak of the war and Cyd was married to Gene Rayburn, and the meeting resulted in her dance specialty in the director's picture, Something To Shout About. There was another brief bit of dancing, and then in 1945 she walked into a solid Hollywood career with her portrayal of the ballerina in Ziegfield Follies. In that picture she was introduced to Fred Astaire, and although Cyd had already established star of the dance world, she was only 20 and at the beginning of her movie career, and it is doubtful if she could have been more closely to her heart, but it did little to further her career, as audiences saw her purely as a terpsichorean and had no opportunity to catch her personality.

In 1948 her luck and her life began to change. At a party given by her mother Mrs. Goldstone she met Tony Martin, another of Cyd's closest friends. He is a dark and handsome men who were also celebrities, Cyd was not particularly impressed and later refused his first invitation to dinner. When she did go out with him he took her to a Hollywood nightclub and proceeded to table hop all during the evening. She was even less impressed until she reminded him he had been in the Army and was just released from the Army and so deliciously happy to be home again that he couldn't resist saying hello to all his friends.

They were married in May of that year, and if Cyd had been misled by Tony Martin as a table-hopping date, she was even more nonplussed when they became the country-hopping husband.

In his profession as a singer Tony is constantly traveling to theaters in New York, and nightclubs in Miami, and particularly, was a series of forced separations. It has got to the point where Cyd is happiest when Tony is busy at a studio from 8 A.M. until midnight. When he's at home, he is at least in the same city. This is assuming, of course, that Tony makes the pictures in Hollywood. His last film, Easy to Love, was shot off to Florida for two months, and Cyd worked overtime to finish her role in The Bandwagon so that she could go with him. Cyd herself is due to start work in Mexico for the filming of Sombrero. Tony went for her that
The Day

PIMPLES
Don't share your Mirror!

New Flesh-Color Medication Conceals As It Helps Heal Pimples, Acne, Blackheads!

The truth about "bad" skin—Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Contains antiseptic Dermurn® to discourage bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

No one needs—Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to hide pimples, blemishes, blackheads... Blends beautifully with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

Guaranteed to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59c. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

Special offer: Send name, address and 10c in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 216B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless® Flesh-Tinted® Antiseptic

Wunder-skin
Another Fine Purepac Product

*Purepac brand of G. 9®-meta-bylen bis(b). 4, 6-phenylphenoxy).

Free Photo

LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR mailed from Hollywood with photo, we include FREE CATALOG, associated with finest stars. Lists 1000's of names, tells how to get their photographs, autographs, movies, books, records, etc. ORDER TODAY—SEND COUPON—SEND CHECK together with only 10c to Documentary Filmworks

Hollywood Screen Exchange


Women love the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche. This restful, trustworthy way to lose feathery hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissues.

Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4c a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drug store—for sample send coupon to MU-COL Co., Dept. D-7, Buffalo, N. Y.

Name:

Address:

City:

Zone:

State:

98

The Day

PIMPLES
Don't share your Mirror!

New Flesh-Color Medication Conceals As It Helps Heal Pimples, Acne, Blackheads!

The truth about "bad" skin—Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Contains antiseptic Dermurn® to discourage bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

No one needs—Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to hide pimples, blemishes, blackheads... Blends beautifully with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

Guaranteed to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59c. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

Special offer: Send name, address and 10c in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 216B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless® Flesh-Tinted® Antiseptic

Wunder-skin
Another Fine Purepac Product

*Purepac brand of G. 9®-meta-bylen bis(b). 4, 6-phenylphenoxy).

Free Photo

LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR mailed from Hollywood with photo, we include FREE CATALOG, associated with finest stars. Lists 1000's of names, tells how to get their photographs, autographs, movies, books, records, etc. ORDER TODAY—SEND COUPON—SEND CHECK together with only 10c to Documentary Filmworks

Hollywood Screen Exchange


Women love the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche. This restful, trustworthy way to lose feathery hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissues.

Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4c a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drug store—for sample send coupon to MU-COL Co., Dept. D-7, Buffalo, N. Y.

Name:

Address:

City:

Zone:

State:

98

The Day

PIMPLES
Don't share your Mirror!

New Flesh-Color Medication Conceals As It Helps Heal Pimples, Acne, Blackheads!

The truth about "bad" skin—Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Contains antiseptic Dermurn® to discourage bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

No one needs—Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to hide pimples, blemishes, blackheads... Blends beautifully with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

Guaranteed to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59c. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

Special offer: Send name, address and 10c in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 216B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless® Flesh-Tinted® Antiseptic

Wunder-skin
Another Fine Purepac Product

*Purepac brand of G. 9®-meta-bylen bis(b). 4, 6-phenylphenoxy).

Free Photo

LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR mailed from Hollywood with photo, we include FREE CATALOG, associated with finest stars. Lists 1000's of names, tells how to get their photographs, autographs, movies, books, records, etc. ORDER TODAY—SEND COUPON—SEND CHECK together with only 10c to Documentary Filmworks

Hollywood Screen Exchange


Women love the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche. This restful, trustworthy way to lose feathery hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissues.

Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4c a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drug store—for sample send coupon to MU-COL Co., Dept. D-7, Buffalo, N. Y.

Name:

Address:

City:

Zone:

State:

98

The Day

PIMPLES
Don't share your Mirror!

New Flesh-Color Medication Conceals As It Helps Heal Pimples, Acne, Blackheads!

The truth about "bad" skin—Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Contains antiseptic Dermurn® to discourage bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

No one needs—Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to hide pimples, blemishes, blackheads... Blends beautifully with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader's Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

Guaranteed to help your skin condition or money back. Large tube 59c. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

Special offer: Send name, address and 10c in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P. O. Box 216B, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless® Flesh-Tinted® Antiseptic

Wunder-skin
Another Fine Purepac Product

*Purepac brand of G. 9®-meta-bylen bis(b). 4, 6-phenylphenoxy).

Free Photo

LARGE SIZE of your favorite MOVIE STAR mailed from Hollywood with photo, we include FREE CATALOG, associated with finest stars. Lists 1000's of names, tells how to get their photographs, autographs, movies, books, records, etc. ORDER TODAY—SEND COUPON—SEND CHECK together with only 10c to Documentary Filmworks

Hollywood Screen Exchange


Women love the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche. This restful, trustworthy way to lose feathery hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate tissues.

Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4c a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drug store—for sample send coupon to MU-COL Co., Dept. D-7, Buffalo, N. Y.
hating. Nothing serious. Sometimes I just happen to say, "You know what I'd like to do, Piper? I'd like to go to a wedding."

PIPER: It's not as if it were my fault. I mean, it might be my fault but there are other things to consider. Someone who was right mean something. I'm off on the road again, or else retakes have to be shot and I'm busy on the set all day and rehearsing most of the night. So how it's worse right after I get to know a man whom I'd like to go on knowing. But it stops right there. My friends think it's quite a joke. Every time they say, "Well, Pip, whom are you leaving now?"

Just lately I met a young man and we've been dating quite a few times. I might as well identify him partially. I can't seem to be able to see each other for a long time, for reasons which I will give below, there is no point to my naming him. He is very handsome, unusually well-made and himself very much when we were out. He is not only a fine performer but quite literate and a conversation with him is not just a time-passing exercise but a rewarding experience. I've been spending most of my time these past few weeks with him, but it's all over now, for a while anyway. So I am going to Korea. Wherever he is he is due to go to Europe for a picture. Just about the time he returns I'll be taking off for South Africa. So nice to have met you!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Of course we can't talk for Piper but we can supply some facts for the benefit of any readers who might be wondering about some of the actor's movements here. Following the premiere of Call Me Madam Piper attended a party at Romanoff's and was introduced to Carlos Thompson the Argentinian importation. Both were members of different groups, neither had a partner, and almost immediately they paired off. They sat and danced together for the rest of the evening. At the following awards for city newspapers she was escorted by Carlos. He also took her to the big party at Chasens afterwards. They were seen together again not long afterwards in the first performance of Iolanthe at the Westlake School in Bel-Air, and they topped off that night by dining and dancing at the Macayo in Santa Monica, Carlos, dined with Piper. It was the ideal English. He is sharply handsome, and he is certainly "literate" since he is the author of a book printed in Argentina entitled, "All Is God," And, just to tie this in, it is in a little closer, it happens that he is leaving soon for Europe on a picture, and is reported to have used rich, romantic words in describing Piper. Yes, the man could very well be Carlos. And if it is he will be the first Latin in her life.

PIPER: My sister Sherryre, who is two years older than I, was married at 17. This doesn't make me a lady of very much distinction around the house socially. Sherryre has made her mark as a woman while I'm still claiming.

Until last year Sherryre used to talk to me a lot about boys and how to convert boys generally into the boy specifically when, shall we say, a female is OF girlishhood. She made a big effort to sort of give me the proper viewpoint about this process. And I think she was satisfied with my progress last year because she told me, "Well . . . by this time next year you are sure to be married."

Well . . . here we are . . . this year . . . and Piper is still unattached. And Sherryre has now nothing to do. She just sits kind of baffled and studies me till I 90 think she is seeing me 20 years from now . . . a squaky old maid, dry and withered.

MRS. SHERRYRE WADE (Piper's sister): Of course all this talk about worry over marriage is silly as far as Piper is concerned. She is as little a girl she, like a lot of youngsters, thought she would surely fall in love at 16. A girl of 21 seemed then to her like an elderly adult. And she was thinking she ought to get on to Piper. But as far as that goes she could be married now if she wanted to drop her standards . . . which I'm quite sure she won't. Young girls who marry like props do; it's something to sing about and you can't sing until the music starts. You just have to keep listening for it.

PIPER: Any girl my age gets the "whens" . . . you know, when do I meet him, when will he say the word, when will we wed? (And if he doesn't hurry up I'll supped he'll have a bitter girl on his hands!)

So I keep thinking of it all right. And when I don't think of it things happen which bring it to mind. I have a cousin, Joan of Detroit, who is only 18. Somehow, in my mind, she is just a baby; in fact I used to baby her and give her advice like Sherryre gave me (if I can pass the word, with a very wise look in my eyes). Well, Joan has just let the family know . . . she is being married in June.

A smart girl is one who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—dumb. —Marilyn Monroe

As if this wasn't enough, consider what happens with the old high school crowd. There were 25 of us who stayed pretty close; anything that happened to one was supposed to be passed on to the other 24. Well, eventually, after this risqué began to fade of course. The first one got married, then another, then soon there was a half-dozen who could say, "Call me Mrs." But it didn't stop there. In the past year and a half there has been a grand rush and the score is now 23 married, two single.

Not that it made me drop anything after all I had had nothing, I was busy, I had little time to get around . . . I kept telling myself. And all the time I had one tiny consolation; I had company; I hadn't the last. The 25th was gone. It was the only one of it, the thought of the other 24 girls saying, "Poor Piper! Can you imagine? Still single!" All that sympathy . . . a girl could drown in it.

Two days ago, two days before I wrote this, I dropped into Wil Wright's for some ice cream and ran into a man I knew—the brother-in-law of the other remaining single girl. She told me that he was breaking into a faceful of news that he just had to tell me. "No! Not that!" I said to myself. But it was. She, Karlyn Glasser, the last girl still hangs on and utter (if nothing else), I suppose, ignominy, was engaged. She'll be married this summer. This summer . . . when I'll probably be on a train, or a plane, or on the lucky way to the African veldt by counting antelopes or gnu or whatever they use out there for sheep.

That great news!" asked Karlyn's brother-in-law. "Wonderful!" I cried, but I didn't blame him for looking at me in surprise. My voice did sound funny, I tried to tell myself I knew that deep within me I was happy for Karlyn's sake. But what did it make me? When the ice cream came I took three spoonfuls and couldn't taste a thing, so I just left it there.

VIVIAN LEWIS (waitress at Wil Wright's): I remember the night Piper came in. She had always finished her ice cream. It was quite a blow to have her leave her dish practically untouched. We thought it was us.

BETTY MITCHELL (Studio publicist): Poo! Don't let Piper kid you. She's young, beautiful and famous. Also happy.

ROSE DONOHUE (Betty's assistant): Yes, but she wants to be young, beautiful, famous and in love. And she knows only that will bring a real happiness.

PIPER: Of course, there is my father who never talks much and has to be really drawn out on the subject of romance. I wonder how the festivities, as they're bound to be, are going to turn out. Piper, will be too. From what I hear she has gotten a lot of proposals but she says the boys are kidding.

ROCK HUDSON: I proposed to Piper while we were doing retakes on The Golden Blade. I said, "Piper, after this picture is over let's go to Mexico. Of course I'll marry you. I guess that wasn't the way to frame a proposal properly. But anyway she said, "Thank you. And now let's get back to work."

DICK LONG (currently in All American at Universal): Of course Piper and I have discussed marriage. We theoretically first worked together in Universal's dramatic school three years ago I guess we've yakked about everything under the sun at one time or another. You know that people just yakk and yakk. especially when you're working with them. Piper's a good sport . . . concentrating on her career . . . (the hours we spend talking show business) . . . but interested in other things and other people and their problems. Her mother and father are like that, too . . warm, friendly and comfortable to be with. And date with Piper is always fun—and sometimes unusual. For instance Christmas 1951. I was in the service then . . . enroute to Korea. There Piper's publicist would show up but Piper. There to do camp and hospital shows. Was I glad to see her!

PIPER: Everybody kids a girl about marrying. My Aunt Dorothy was visiting us and asked me if I was thinking of marriage. I said, "Sure." She said, "Wonderful! You'll be able to attend the ceremonies while I'm still here."

The grips on the set always ask me when I'm going to get married. The camermen have a whole lot to say about it too. They seem to be worried about a haunting look creeping into my expression. They say I really must do something about it . . . like going to my own wedding. Marriage, anybody?
making up for lost time

(Continued from page 57) The building into which Jane Wyman walked that night was the famous Hollywood Masquers Club—and one of the most of the kind ever to enter its portals. Definitely she was the only lady movie star to be accorded the privilege. The occasion was unusual, the incident appeared. For that night the Masquers provided Jane Wyman an honorary dinner, something they have reserved for only the most renowned male actors—and a feast and tribute to none other than Jane Wyman, ever thought would be accorded a female.

The Masquers, who were there that night will tell you there has never been a happier evening in the club, nor an hour of the enthusiastic speeches ever aimed at a celebrity. Two hundred men sat about the room, the dais was jammed with stars, executives and officers of the club, and in the center of the circle, Jane Wyman. The speakers rose and, as they do at such banquets, told of the qualities of the guest of honor and of the laurels she had won. Throughout the proceedings, Jane Wyman, who spoke of the early days in Jane's career and told how she had never changed with success. "But she didn't tell," Jane said. They had heard her feed me when I was hungry," the head of Warner Brothers, who modestly said. "Jane has been working for me for nearly 15 years—and just for that she ought to be given a banquet."

Then Jane was called upon to speak. She had prepared something in her mind, an outline; and thanks for the honor of the hour. But as she stood up to talk it all went out of her head, and she just looked down at the table cloth, so they wouldn't see the mist in her eyes, and spoke extemporaneously. She started with the man at the foot of the table and she told how good a friend he had been—and then went on to the present and all about the room, and she picked familiar faces from the crowd and gave credit for her success to all of them by one. Afterwards they all drifted about the club house and a few words were exchanged from Ronald. When the doors closed finally in the small hours of the morning, the caretaker shuffled off to his quarters muttering helpfully that it had been the grandest Masquers banquet of them all.

Thus, it would seem that in 1953 the star of Jane Wyman has risen to its zenith. That with almost 20 years of service being acted by her she has reached the pinnacle of her career. She has received just about every recognition Hollywood gives its own, as well as tributes from the public and press of almost every country. She has been named as the sexiest of the leggy young contract girls—and she lasted to get an Oscar for a belle of a performance in "Johnny Come Lately." She has been married, has had children, has been divorced and married again. And today she stands as proof that in Hollywood anythin can happen if a girl has talent and fortitude. And luck.

What is Jane Wyman's life like today? Well, those who have known her since she first came to Hollywood, the blonde young dancer say that the years have been more than kind to her. She has embellished the face and figure that even as a child were well filled. She has all the vigor she started with, and certainly the health. Time has brought her riches, too—and she lives a bit differently than the early days—in a fine home, with the ice box and deep freezers well filled.

With her husband of a few months, Fred Karger, Jane has a household of five—her children, Mike and Maureen, and Fred's 11-year-old daughter Terry. They live a rather simple life, built around the activities of the kids when they're not working. But in the evenings, except for the few occasions when they dine out or go to small parties, Fred makes it a family affair around the TV set or a con- popper in the fireplace.

"What I really want out of life," Jane said, pert as a 9-year-old impersonating a grown-up, "is the relaxation that is supposed to come after a long stretch at the factory. I want to take it easy between pictures now, and maybe between assignments get a chance to travel to Europe and see the sights of the world I've been too busy to look at before."

Actually, it is a little difficult trying to think of Jane Wyman as a real person. An average day in her life consists of rising at 6:30 a.m. for an early studio call, keeping the make-up staff in stitches as she gets ready for the day, coming on to the set like Gangbusters and flittering like a Minah bird until lunch, doing a publicity interview from 12:00 to 1:00 and then back on to the set with the same enthusiasm as before. At night she's ready for a hearty dinner, a party, fun with the kids, or a quiet session with a novel before turning out the light for a few hours' sleep. This routine is not pressed upon her. She demands it.

A few weeks ago Jane threw a party. Most of the people attending were from the movie she was making or they were working behind the scenes. About 11:00 the few that were left started for the shut-eye that was to last her until six or so the next morning, she frowned. "I guess they didn't have a very good time," she said. "Nobody wanted to stay."

"Yes, dear," her husband said, not troubling to remind her that other people weren't made of iron. Fred Karger has been saving up for the lucky star she manages to cram into every 24 hours now. For the past five years, ever since she has been divorced from Ronald, she has been a bachelor girl, with most of the spare time on her hands that the average bachelor girl falls heir to. Although she has been linked with many men, she has few times during the five years that she has been alone and the romances few. She had interests, all right, but none of the purpose a girl can find with a man of her own. Now she is catching up.

Fred Karger, Jane's husband, is a perfect mate for her. He is not at all the Hollywood type, the playboy sort who haunts the parties and does a different doll every night. Fred comes from a rather well-to-do family, but he has always worked for a living. For a few years he has been the leader of an orchestra that played for most of the society parties given in Los Angeles and Pasadena, and a few Hollywood parties. During the day he is composer and supervisor of a musical director of Columbia Studio. As a matter of fact, although they have known each other casually for years, it wasn't until three and a half years ago that the two were linked. They first became more than casually attracted to each other.

Music is a kindred interest with Jane and her husband. Fred is a fine pianist and an accompanist, and there is nothing that pleases Jane more than to have someone...
suggest she sing. If you’ve heard any of Bing Crosby in their Paramount pictures, you know she’s not bad. With music for a starter they began discovering other compatible likes and now they are practically one on every subject. This is quite a feat with a girl as singularly positive as Jane Wyman Karger.

"I don’t know how anybody stands me sometimes," she says. "I get an idea about something and that’s it. Maybe sometimes I’m wrong, but while I think I’m right I can’t be fooled with. It must be a kind of providence or something. I would seldom get a chance to make movies together. But it looks to me as though Jane and Fred will be able to overcome this problem. Jane is definitely interested in making pictures, as well as records, and Fred can be the musical advisor around the house. Even if a film isn’t a musical there is always a score. This makes it possible for them to go abroad if they want to and still not have to give up part of the career of one of them.

Professionally, Jane Wyman has never been in better shape. Not even right after she won the Oscar for Johnny Belinda. She has a couple of unreleased musicals in the can and as this is being written she is getting ready to begin one of the most demanding roles of her career in So Big.

"The thing that bothers me about this picture," Jane said, "is that I have to look 18. Then I go to about 60. That’s a big jump."

Well, Warner Brothers aren’t too concerned. She can play 18 without make-up, and a bit of old grey hair and a swab or two of pallid make-up, a twist of wrinkles and she’s 60. But the studio does feel that So Big is one of its most important films in years, they plan it on a grand scale, so Jane can carry the picture. When it is released she will have another important dramatic offering to offer the critics and award-givers.

One of the early maddening ambitions of Jane Wyman’s life was to be a dramatic actress. And it was at Warner Brothers, where she has made her biggest hits in the past few years, that she developed many of her most awful frustrations. Casting a picture in those days of box-office magic, when, as the saying goes, all the theatre managers were up on their toes and stand out of the way to let the customers charge in, was done according to a casting book. If a producer had to make a picture in which an actress was to lose her baby to a rich husband, all he had to do was get an actress who could cry. If he wanted a comedy, he got an actress who could tell a joke or hit a leading man in the face with a ripe tomato.

Jane Wyman, in the casting books, was a cute little buffoon who could dance. The director tried to tell the men in the front office that she could also cry—and would like to get a chance to make an audience cry, too. One day a part came up for a woman who was a janitor in an office, and Fred had wanted one for some reason or other couldn’t make the starting gate. Jane, who usually walked around the lot in slacks and sweaters, decided to try and find herself a part she thought she could do, and for a week or two she wore what were practically widow’s weeds to the studio. Nothing happened. She’d sort about like a saddened woman in her new dress. She put on the sour puss and waited. Sure enough he came over to her table and gave her a closer inspection. Finally he spoke.

"Do you think," he said, "that you could play a burlesque dancer? I’ve been watching you—and you seem to be just the right sort for it.

"Out of my way," Jane cried and dashed from the commissary.

The way she got Johnny Belinda is that producer Cary saw her dressed like a cute one day and, being a great believer in off-beat casting, decided she was just the type to play a deaf mute. It is strange to think that today, after topping all the laurels she needs as a dramatic actress, Jane Wyman likes nothing better than to have her agent call up and say that somebody wants her for a crazy murderess.

Time has been kind to Jane Wyman—and the Jane Wyman of today will be the first to tell you that. Along with the progress of picture making she has been fruitful. While she was married to Ronald Reagan she was very much the housewife and early mother. They were serenely happy together, and the divorce brought no hurt to them. When the separation did come it was not one of the ugly messes that are so common in Hollywood, but a grown-up facing of a marriage which was unhappy. And even after the divorce when most movie couples are victims of sniping tongues and speculations, Jane managed to keep a dignity in her position of grass widow.

The only other thing of consequence she has ever had were the ones with Greg Bautzer, which she herself would admit was just fun, and the short-lived engagement to Travis Kleefeld. There has never been a nicer young man to invade the stars’ domain than Travis, so there was no finger of defamation pointed at either. Jane has kept her lady-like character and was still able to keep her reputation as a fun girl and, incidentally, a great spit.

This year is a new beginning of the road for Jane Wyman. What has happened to her in her life before this year has been wonderful, but it has happened so fast that it is not satisfying. She. began 1953 with a rainbow shining across the hill from her bedroom window on New Year’s Day, and she vowed, she says, on that morning looking out at the bright things that are promised folks who find the end of that rainbow. During the early part of the year she fell in love and her home was not for a little while. But now she is at an age now where she appreciates the comforts that can come from children, and where she can look long at the trophies of her craft that fill her den and feel a warm glow.

She wants to build a dream that will come true.

I guess I haven’t knocked around much, she says, “but somehow I feel as though I have and I want the fruits of the hard work I have done to be about me from now on. I’ve loved my home and my family but, you know, as much as now. This is my time to move.”

There will be another ceremony at the Masques Club in Hollywood one of these nights soon. One that Jane has not been invited to was The Spelvin Award. It has been given to very few actors and, again, no actresses. It is named after the legendary actor who has appeared on the big screen for many years and who is George Spelvin. George Spelvin is the name used in the theater when an actor plays two roles—and does not desire to be billed in one of them. It is actually a tribute to a performer of great versatility.

One night soon the long limousine from the Masques will again pull up before Jane Wyman’s home. The six men who have the top hats will alight again and escort her to the club. She will once again be the only woman in the place, a girl and 200 men. The usual speeches will be made. And Jane will be called upon again to make an address, to talk to and about the fellows she has known all of her professional life. And then the Spelvin Award will be presented to her. If at that time she is still a star, which is likely, she will put it in the breakfront along with the rest of her prizes and she’ll treasure it always. But it won’t mean the cap on a career for Jane. No, sir, she’s still ahead. She’s still going to get going in 1953.

Joan and I have been friends for many years now and I feel I understand her very well. I sincerely believe she would give anything in the world if she could be an actress like Marilyn. But, once the damage was done, you’ve got to admire her spunk for saying she was not misquoted! She was in the firing-line—but she was standing. It is said she was sorry! You’ve got to admire a girl like that.

Joan leaned toward me and said quietly, "There’s a feel 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.

The fight seems to be more with her stunts (great stress the Press against me rather than the fans although I have had a few letters of criticism.

"One was from a sergeant who is great Marilyn Monroe fan. He had enclosed a tall silk hat with my hair all fizzly. The caption was to the effect that I was skyrocketing like the Fourth of July. The sergeant wrote: ‘This is exactly how I expect to feel tomorrow, you haven’t her good points!’"

It was typical of Joan to tell this on herself.

She went on, "I wrote to the sergeant and told him that the blatant picture most certainly was me. But I explained that I had since learned that flaunting your sex in clothes, photographs or in action is not good."
help Marilyn because I had worked so hard to overcome the many things wrong with me and I am still grateful to my many friends who gave me advice and criticism—along the way.

It was almost time for us to rejoin my guests unless I was going to be a rude hostess and say good-bye to Joan. She nodded.

Then, as we rose, she said:

"Louella, just one more thing. I do want Marilyn to know how bitterly sorry I am that this interview was ever printed. But for this I cannot blame you, as though someone had been murdered, is ridiculous.

We now lapse-off (as they say in movie scripts) back to a conversation I had with my husband after Joan's blistering interview hit the press.

She had been crying her eyes out all night. Her voice was so choked up she sounded as though she had a terrible cold.

"I don't believe—and those things about me," she whispered.

"Everybody's calling, calling, calling, to see how I have to say. What shall I do?"

"Say (Mrs. Grable) everything—and then you can't get in trouble," I divised my little blonde friend.

But three weeks later, with letters from the fans pouring in, I called Marilyn again and told her this time it had come for her to say something.

The intervening weeks had calmed Marilyn down to a noticeable degree. This time she really was ill-at-ease, as though she had been out of the hospital just 24 hours when she dropped by my house in the afternoon.

She looked very pretty if still a little ill and her suit was simple and in good taste. I remembered the first time I had met her, just as she was starting her sensational climb, at a party by Joseph Schenck's home. The dress she wore was cut too low and she looked like a siren—until she opened her mouth.

Then I realized what a shy, ill-at-ease girl she really was, despite all her lush, dreamy beauty. Her over-abundant press had given her confidence—but not much.

Marilyn slipped into a chair and tossed her jacket back because the day was warm. After we had chatted a minute about this and that, she got to the point.

"Miss Parsons," she has never called me Louella—nor does she call many people by their first name, "I don't want to feud with anyone. All I want, Miss Parsons, well again and get good pictures at the studio and learn to become a better actress.

"I think the thing that hit me hardest about Miss Crawford's story is that it came from her. I've always admired her for being such a wonderful mother—for taking four children and giving them a fine home. Who, better than I, knows what it means to have two homeless little ones.

"Although I don't know Miss Crawford very well—I met her once at a dinner party, she was a symbol to me of kindness and understanding, and I could use some help.

"At first, all I could think of was why should she select me to blast? She's a great star. I'm just starting. And then, when the first hurt began to die down, I told myself she mustn't have meant me. I've been Thomas impulsively, without thinking.

"In view of many things that have happened since the article appeared, I'm beginning to look on it as arising in disguise. If it had never been printed, I might never have realized how many friends I have, even ones I've never met.

"Lots of GIs wrote me letters saying, 'We like you the way you are and your person, that meant a lot to me.' It's one thing that made me decide to go to Korea if I never do another thing in my life. I couldn't get off my mind, how many kids were having it so bad themselves, didn't want me to have my feelings hurt.

"That's not all. People in our business were so unexpectedly kind. As you know, I don't know many stars outside of the few I've worked with. Think of it, Betty Grable, the biggest star on the 20th lot asked me to lunch with her and she said: 'Marilyn, don't let this get you down. I've taken plenty of criticism and so have other people. Just keep plugging. The important things are your career—and trying to improve yourself.'"

Marilyn enthused, "I love Betty," noting she doesn't call her Miss Grable, "she's such a good person. Maybe this seems silly, but we were doing a scene for How To Marry A Millionaire and Betty had no polish on my toes as I had worn in my new day's work. She ran and got that polish and put it on herself.

"There were no press agents or newspapermen around and so she didn't do it as a grand gesture.

"And Mr. William Powell is another who went out of his way to be kind to me. He said they reminded me of everything—and then you can't get in trouble," I divised my little blonde friend.

How to use a feminine syringe

You'll find many helpful suggestions on feminine hygiene in the book offered below. One important suggestion is to use a gravity-flow syringe, like those used in hospitals.

The B.F. Goodrich "Sejour" is a gravity-flow syringe, holds two quarts yet fits in a handy water-proof case no bigger than an evening purse. It's as easy to pack as your toothbrush when traveling, easy to store at home.

To get our 116-page book on how and when to douche, sick care and feminine hygiene, send the folder packed with each B.F. Goodrich syringe, water bottle or ice cap to The B.F. Goodrich Company, Dept. 73, Akron, Ohio. This informative book, written by a nurse, will be mailed promptly.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

B.F. Goodrich RUBBER PRODUCTS

FREE PHOTO
Studio portrait of your favorite MOVIE STAR
DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTIONS
Illustrated in colorizing all STARS!
FREE! List of STARS. Some name of your choice.
Send STARS, INC., 861 N. Norton, Hollywood 26, Calif.

High School Course at Home—Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and ability permit. Curriculums, instruction, examination, study guides, latest textbooks, course outline maps every step of the way. No need of a teacher. For graduation requirements, write to: American School, Dept. Hb 14, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

SPOFAS
doesn't ruin my outdoor pleasures

SIORE
Learn how hundreds of thousands of users have found Siroil tends to remove perspiration odors and to prevent pit stains. Tested and guaranteed in the shop. Additional 116-page booklet. Free! Write for free booklet, Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. D-24, Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 24, Santa Monica, Calif.
at home abroad

(Continued from page 48) adaptively and speak French fluently.—Betsy and Kerry went to the Berlitz School in Los Angeles—they're still as American as Main Street.

Like all innocents abroad they hunger for homecoming. Summertime beckoned them to Beverly Hills come September of this year.

'I've worked and traveled all over the Continent. My home is France, England, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, all these places have got their strong points, but for day-to-day living, you can't beat the United States, and that's where I'll be living in Pittsburgh next week,' said the 'Hollywood.'

Kerry Kelly, who is her father's image, feels that, too. "Daddy was doing a picture in Munich," she recalls, "when we first came over here, but I never went to school in Germany. I went to school in Paris. It's called La Petite École. It's sort of a semi-private school. It's very nice, and then I went to school there."

Daddy was working on Invitations To The Dance. And in Switzerland I went to a school where you go to class in the morning and ski in the afternoon and, really, that's the best school of all. Everything in Germany, I can't wait to get back to Beverly Hills."

By June, 1933, Gene Kelly will have been away from the U. S. for 17 months. In that time he has completed three films, The Devil Makes Three, Invitations To The Dance, a picture in which there is no dialogue, only ballet, and Crest Of The Wave.

In those 17 months, Kelly has been the toast of every city and town in every gossip campaign as has ever been directed toward any actor. First, it was said that he and Betsy had separated and were planning to divorce, and secondly, that he sold his pictures rights for $10,000 and that his patriotism is open to question because, after a year and a half abroad, he does not have to pay any Federal income tax.

Both Betsy and Kerry Kelly have never been happier, and Gene is as honest, patriotic, and law-abiding as any man living. During the last war he volunteered for duty in the Navy and pulled a good long stretch.

But we'll get to that tax and patriotism question later. First, the matter of his domestic situation.

"I don't know how those rumors start." Gene insists, "and I don't care. They're not true, and I don't even want to honor them with any discussion. Ask Betsy for her opinion. She's got some ideas on the subject."

Betsy says, "It's very funny, no kidding. Friends back in Hollywood send us clippings all the time. Gene and I are breaking up, they say. That's the tenor of most of them. Where these columnists get their information I don't know. Probably from our dog, Mickey."

"Geographically, it's true, that Gene and I have been separated, but that's only because he was working in London, and I was working in Hollywood."

"Where we're working, in London, we were living in Robert Donat's house, and Gene was working very industriously on Invitations, I tried to get a job, any kind of acting job. A bit in a film, stage, something, but I met a lot of people, and I had a lot of spare time. I read for a part, a good role, in something called Letter From Paris. They liked my audition and said 'We have a part for you.' Only I couldn't get a labor permit."

"Just about then, Tola Litvak (Anatole Litvak the director) asked me to come to Paris and work with him as dialogue director and general assistant. He was starting to prepare The Girl On The Via Flaminia, and he needed a couple of assistants to teach the cast English. Sidney Chaplin, Charley's son, and I luckily got the jobs. 'I came to Paris, Gene and Kerry and Lois (Lois McLelland is Gene's sister and a very close family friend) remained behind in London."

'Right there the stories started. Gene and Betsy had each gone their separate ways. A few months passed, and Kerry called me back to London practically every Wednesday. Kerry was in school from nine to four every day. It worked out extremely well. It so happens that the first time Litvak took a pretty long time. Tola is a very careful director, you know. Everything has to be just so."

Eventually the entire cast and crew went down to Nice. Tola insisted that Sidney and I stay in the same hotel with him. He didn't want us to corrupt the cast. There was no question of the picture, and he didn't want them to get too good. Someone found out about Tola's orders that the dialogue directors stay in the same hotel, and the again another rumor started.

"Anatole Litvak was going to make Betsy Kelly a big star. He was going to give her the leading in the picture. Lead? I didn't even get a bit. Anyways the gossip mongers had me coupled with Tola. It was laughable, but that's how the rumors got back to the States. Supposedly 'The Devil Makes Three' was an English film, by first Christmas, Gene and I were both free, and we took Kerry to Klostiers in Switzerland. She stayed there and went to school for a while, and I went to work."

"In March, all of us jumped into our Sunbeam Talbot and toured Spain. In May, Gene went back to London to start work on Crest Of The Wave. So any day now you can expect the divorce rumors to start all over again. Kerry and I plan to go skiing, probably in the south of France near the Alps. Someone threaten is you'll be happy to hear, I'll tell the truth, that he's working in London. And you'll see the gossip will begin once more. Just a vicious cycle. Honestly, it gets on Gene's nerves."

"If people knew how hard dancers worked, they'd realize that someone like Gene hasn't got enough strength or inclination to fool around after a hard day's work."

As to the tax setup the Kellys find themselves in, Betsy has a few words on that subject, too, but better to let Gene speak for himself."

First, however, some background. In 1951 the Congress of the United States passed a tax law in which it is stated that any income earned outside the continental U. S. A. for 18 consecutive months need not pay any income tax. This law was passed because the Army of Occupation in Europe, and behind it standing all over the world and was finding it increasingly difficult to secure defense workers.

In order to make the overseas job openings in such uncomfortable countries as Austria, Belgium, Italy, and Morocco more enticing, the law was passed, primarily, as an incentive to recruit manpower. Now it so happens that in 1951, Gene Kelly of MGM had his income figured and it was found that his income had passed set a minimum of $5,000 a week. He was earning less than that figure, Taxes, expenses, and commissions being taken out, he was in danger of putting aside only a small amount of savings for the proverbial rainy day.

When Gene's contract expired, he offered to return to the States. He could have picked up $10,000 a week at Las Vegas. He could have shared in the profits of independent productions. He could have gone back to Europe to produce films.

The executives at Metro knew all this. They knew most of all that they must under no circumstances lose Gene. After all, hadn't his American In Paris won all the top awards, and him, the first time in ten long years an MGM film had garnered that honor?

What sort of incentive would keep Kelly at MGM?

One of the biggest shocks of Loew's, Inc. had the answer. Congress had just passed a new law. Anyone earning outside of the U. S. A. and all his earned income after 18 months would be tax free.

The proposition was made to MCA, Kelly's agents. They investigated in detail. Gene, of course, and the legal men insisted that he would do absolutely nothing that was not 100 per cent legal and above board.

"Look," he was told, "geologists, oil workers, engineers are going overseas every day in the week under the identical tax setup. Why should you penalize yourself, because you're an actor, MGM has made it simple for you. The only way they can use that money is to make pictures in foreign countries. It is no legal sin to make a film in London or in Paris or in Italy."

Gene Kelly thought it over. He discussed the proposition with Betsy. If he made three or four pictures overseas, would she come to Italy? Would she have any objections? After all, Metro was going to make the pictures, anyway. Betsy said sure, she'd come along.

As it turned out, Gene flew to Europe first. He stayed behind to sublet the house and then, with Kerry and Lois, followed a few months later.

After the Kellys had been in Europe for about seven months, they were not the first Americans from Hollywood to take advantage of the favorable tax law —an employee of MCA, the Music Corporation of America and the largest talent agency in Hollywood, began pointing out to a prospective client what a wonderful deal his agency had set up for Kelly.

"He'll have about half a million dollars taxes that he would have to pay if he stayed here, "because we're on the ball every minute of the day, MCA doesn't miss a trick."

In a few weeks the particular actress who was the prospective client, called her agent to see that her agent obtain for her the same deal. "You dope," she told him, "if I make films overseas for 18 months, I don't have to pay taxes. It's legal, you dummy. It's part of the new tax laws. Don't you ever read?"

It wasn't very long before pretty nearly everyone in Hollywood climbed aboard the tax ship. Evelyn Keyes was the first, then Gary Cooper, Ava Gardner, Kirk Douglas, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Alan Ladd, Lana Turner.

It is estimated that some of those stars may not have had the question of taxes in mind when they left the U. S. But then again it's entirely possible that the tax forgiveness was the main idea. Because of this Hollywood exodus, Gene was regarded by the studio as a one-man unit.

In 1951, Kelly according to Hollywood standards, should have been earning a minimum of $5,000 a week. He was earning less than half that figure, Taxes, expenses, and commissions being taken out, he was in danger of putting aside only a small amount of savings for the proverbial rainy day.
Kelly is bearing the brunt of public griping. It is he who is consistently and erroneously pointed out as the first Hollywood star to take advantage of the tax law. What does he have to say about it?

"I was a movie pictures abroad. The tax advantages were pointed out to me. I've made pictures abroad before, even without the 18-months' tax set-up. The law was passed by the Congress. It's on the books, and it's proper and legal. I would sooner cut off my right arm than do anything shady.

"Actors don't have very longevity careers; that's part of the nature of the game. You can burn yourself out pretty quickly. In saving some money for my old age and providing for my family, I don't see anything wrong. In fact, I'm putting in 27½% tax depletion allowance on oil wells, because the Government expects them to run dry. Creative people run dry, too; but you don't get any depletion allowance on the inevitable slow-ups of age. Actors are ordinary human beings. We have the same hopes and fears; only our careers don't last very long. I'm sorry but I don't consider it a sin to put some money away for the day I can no longer work."

The thing to remember about Gene Kelly is that he is essentially a creative artist, a man who dances because of a life force which propels him. He would dance and sing whatever his career. To treat him as a "money man" is to defame his character and to detract from his contributions to international cinema.

Whatever the history of the motion picture industry is, the career of Gene Kelly will stand boldly through its pages, and only one adjective will do him justice: "great."

CROSBY AND SON

(Continued from page 42) Europe, study a little art. He may have some talent along those lines. He paints fairly well for a kid.

Actually, Bing came over to Europe for two reasons: (a) he likes privacy, to do whatever he feels like doing without attracting public attention and (b) because he knew that it was the next few weeks the antedote to Lindsay's sadness brought about by the death of Dixie Crosby.

As a matter of fact, Bing over the years has made it a practice to spend as much time away from Hollywood as he can. Once he finishes a film and tapes a few radio shows, he takes off for the house in Carmel, the one up at Hayden Lake, or the ranch in Ontario. Last year he and the boys undoubtedly went up to Nevada and work on the ranch during the summer.

In Hollywood, Bing has the feeling that he is being tracked by bloodhounds. As a writer friend of his once put it, "Let Bing ask for change of a dime, and right away some reporter is hunting a big thing of it." That's why, after Dixie's death, Bing took Lindsay out of school and went down to Palm Springs. But even there he couldn't get away. The papers played up this thing with Mona Freeman, it was all a full-fledged romance. It wasn't.

BING Crosby is an Irishman who lives in a kind of quiet upper-class sufficiency. He has few close friends, his closest being Bill Morrow, his writer.

Crosby confides in no one, especially about affairs of heart. He is not a man who weeps, even in his sleeve. In fact, for a man who makes his living as an actor he is the most atypical actor in the business. The Crosby legend in which Bing has been painted as the gay, carefree, light-hearted, insouciant crooner with no depth of intellect or emotion is at complete variance with the facts.

Bing is a little on the sullen side. He prefers solitude which is why he loves to fish and hunt. He is a man who meditates, who has his own philosophy of life, a man in moods and temperaments and discernment. Take, for example, English Europe. Most American stars who come to Paris check in at one of two hotels. The Lancaster or the Georges V. These are lush, expensive hostelry, primarily for foreigners, and if you ever catch a Frenchman living in one of them, the chances are that you'll be rewarded with the Legion of Honor. They have become known in show-

business as Hollywood hotels. Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Olivia de Havilland, Clark Gable, and even Bing Crosby, to touch Paris, right away it's the Hotel Lancaster or the Georges V.

Crosby, on the other hand, stays at the Trianon, a quiet, expansive, picturesque hotel out in Versailles, ten miles or so from Paris. "It's a good spot," his son Lindsay agrees. "Dad and I can get in the morning, shoot a round of golf. Nobody bothers you. The service is swell, and of course, it's very historic. Marie Antoinette and all that. Good for my history.

Bing prefers to make Versailles his executive base. He brings his newest, the newest papermen in and around there rarely bother him. They interview him when he arrives and when he leaves and what he does with his time in the near is his own business. There is no daily accounting of his schedule. Der Bingle loves anonymity.

During the middle of April, for example, he, Lindsay and Bill Morrow jumped into their car and pulled out of Paris, heading for the Spanish border. Their itinerary was their own affair. No one cared. No one asked them. No one asked them anything in any towns along the way.

When the trio arrived at Biarritz, they stayed for a day at the home of the celebrated French comedienne, Gabrielle Dorzige, known to Hollywood as Mona Freeman, and a great deal of potential as an artist. "I like to paint," he says, "and I learned a lot in Paris, but I don't really know yet what I want to do." Lindsay's twin brothers want to become ranchers and his older brother Gary talks of becoming a football coach.

When Bing took Lindsay out of private school in Beverly Hills last year, the opinion was offered that the boy's education might suffer. Actually, Lindsay be-
lieves, “I’ve learned more these past few months than I have in years of schooling.” Bing believes in formal education very strongly—he sent his boys to Jesuit preparatory college and he himself went through Gonzaga, but when Dixie died, he realized wisely enough that for a few critical months, months of transition, he would have to be the father and friend to Lindsay. He would have to give him both affection and companionship.

Bing has done the job extremely well. Lindsay has not, however, seen himself to live without his mother but new horizons, new vistas have been opened up for him. Bing has seen to it, subtly and seemingly without effort but always at the right light and alert without being pushing or forward. In France he and Bing began to speak French to each other, and they had some pretty riotous riotous sessions.

In view of the fact that Bing took Lindsay to Europe this year, he can’t very well put himself in the position of playing favorites which means that comes next year, he will undoubtedly have to do the same for Phil, Dennis, and Gary.

Just what effect Bing and his four sons would have on continental Europe is very difficult to tell. Sometimes, Europeans refer Americans for no good reason at all.

Take the incident of Bing and the British Amateur Golf Championship. While Bing was in Paris he said he planned to enter a golf tournament at Hoylake whereupon columnist Desmond Hackett of the London Daily Express sat down and nastily wrote that Bing should be barred from the tournament at Hoylake and insisted that the crooner had turned the 1950 Amateur tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland’s oldest golf course, into a cheap circus. He also accused Bing of “Golf illusory” and “even a bigger ass of British golf.”

The attack on Crosby who was playing for charity seemed so unfair that it infuriated Bing and he blasted Bing and insisted that the crooner had turned the 1950 Amateur tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland’s oldest golf course, into a cheap circus. He also accused Bing of “Golf illusory” and “even a bigger ass of British golf.”

The attack on Crosby who was playing for charity seemed so unfair that it infuriated Bing and he blasted Bing and insisted that the crooner had turned the 1950 Amateur tournament at St. Andrews, Scotland’s oldest golf course, into a cheap circus. He also accused Bing of “Golf illusory” and “even a bigger ass of British golf.”

It is the course of Bing’s nature to do the right thing. Paul Whiteman who gave the crooner one of his first jobs, has said of Bing, “He is one of the few men who work hard to help people, and where he can’t help, he always makes sure not to harm. He is a credit to America, a credit to show business, and a credit to the revered memory of his wife.”

There is this homage.

If any of Bing’s four sons grow up to be half the man their father is, the world will hold them in high esteem.

A bride’s hope must be filled with memories and these are the ones that must fill Ann’s mind. The home they bought, the Connecticut-style farmhouse in Toluca Lake. It was raining when she went first to see the house and thought she would never like it. Yet she loved it and when Jim wanted a description she said, “It’s the kind of house that just reaches out and puts its arms around you.”

Her first reaction to everything she had said was much because she hadn’t wanted to influence him, and when they went to look at it together she said not another word and it was that was enough. It seemed to her that she thrilled as she had at everything; the slant roof, the wide, inviting stairway that greeted you as you entered, the Dutch place, the warm, yellow kitchen, the den you could see into from way out in the back through picture windows. They took it. She was a bride not only with a diamond solitaire in platinum, but with a house to take over and furnish and live in.

They decided they wouldn’t try to buy all the furniture at one time but instead to pick up pieces slowly, matching and suiting as they went along. But he had nothing to say about the first household article that came her was the marriage band—a glistening pin with cookie mold attached.

For the first time since she had met Jim he visited her at the studio. She took him to the MGM and introduced him to everyone from Bob Taylor and Stewart Granger to her hairdresser, Florence Erickson, and the wardrobe lady, Tommy McCoy. But now she found herself referring to him—without planning or thinking.

Only a few days before his visit the marriage scene from the picture, in which she and Bob Taylor were wed, had been shot. She had worn not only the engagement ring but the second gift, pearl earrings. Now everyone kidded Bob Taylor on his role, telling him that he had been only the stand-in for the real thing.

Well, here before the altar with Jim this is the real thing. Nothing else matters. Only this moment when he takes her hand in his and places the marriage band on her finger and marks the end of loneliness; this moment, the first of many wonderful ones that will stir her heart.
dangerous crossroads

(Continued from page 31) editors across the country immediately clamored for follow-up news. Jane and Geary had agreed between themselves not to discuss the matter, which everyone admitted was their privilege. They kept on working together, but where was the second bulletin stating that they had not really separated? Clearly, someone in the press department had " goofed, " for the only alternative now was for reporters to go out and play detective on their own.

The results were both comic and grim. One columnist fairly stated that the entire affair was caused in a hurry. Another stated, without foundation in fact, that Geary had moved away from home to an apartment of his own. Into print went another story about a leave paper that Geary was "jealous, " and in another, featured from Palm Springs where Geary had taken Jane for a rest, a pointed anonymous item hinting that the young husband of a certain well-loved dancing and singing star was courting disaster with his outside romantic interests. The top story was the prediction that Jane's personal appearance for two weeks was telltale. Fortunately, Las Vegas was for the express purpose of establishing residence in Nevada in order to obtain the so-called painless six-week divorce decree.

Most of this news was pure conjecture for Jane and Geary had at least temporarily made up their private differences. Then, reluctantly, Hedda Hopper reported in her column that Jane Power had stated from her husband George Steffen shocked me profoundly. I don't believe she'll wait long before getting a divorce. Since she has a night club, it would be difficult for me to believe she wouldn't be surprised if she stayed there the required six weeks and got her divorce. The guy she fell head over heels for is dancer Gene Nelson, who recently separated from his wife and is the father of a small child."

All Hollywood, including Hedda, hopes that this will not be the case, and in fact the couple has apparently been more interested between Jane and Gene "sat on" the gossip. They hoped they would be just another case in which the leading man and his leading lady were separated, but they didn't realize they were each other during the production of a picture. It happens frequently, as it apparently did with Jane and Gene on the set of three Sailors and a Girl. But in most instances, the romance atmosphere is the over the temporary unreal romantic in front of the camera days away and everything is forgotten. Sometimes, however, it gets out of hand, rumors blossom and become fact. Then unless all parties are willing to forgive and forget, divorce becomes inevitable.

Boiling down, this type of rumors and romances come to this factual situation of the Powell-Steffen situation: Usually the husband is the last to know in a marital situation of this sort, but unlike other pending divorces, Jane and Geary have remained under the same roof. Up to a day before she left for her recent Las Vegas tours in the east and in Canada, Jane and Geary were together in their Brentwood house, and there had been no physical separation. They both admitted there was a lot trouble, but that they had arrived at a definite plan. Jane was to go to Toronto, then to New York, and on to Las Vegas for her two weeks there beginning the 12th. But time they would consider themselves in a trial separation period.

Columnists, hearing this situation, insisted on the story with the fact that Gene Nelson would be in New York at the same time with her.

Jane said nothing. She was uncommunicative. But intimates insisted that even then she knew exactly what Geary was planning. For what they did not know is that Jane was also on her knees, praying equally as fervently in another church. They both had the same wish: to be given strength in the difficult weeks ahead and wisdom in making their decision.

Let's see how this situation has affected Jane Powell. The truth is that Jane and Geary have long had a thorough understanding on the subject of leading men. She's worked with dozens of them, but she has never been one to "swoon." Jane has a "honey," a favorite form of show business salutation; she's listened to their romantic woes, soothingly shrugged off their meaningless and habitual passes. In this case, after the picture was over, Gene Nelson happened to be present at Ciro's the night Geary tossed a birthday party for Jane. She danced with a half-dozen men that night. Certainly, if there has been a case to take serious objection to any male behavior, Geary could have handled it. The son of the great fighter, Willie Ritchie, Geary is a boy himself. No one wants to irk him usually in his presence or behind his back.

No, whatever the rumored "evidence" concerning the cause of their disagreement, the fact is that Jane and Geary decided not to discuss it was much more complex than any real or imagined flirtation.

Jane is such a trooper that no one thought to inquire into the state of her health. So, we come to facts. Her second baby was born on November 21st, last year. Being used to rigorous picture schedules, she didn't have a chance. 19th was too soon to begin work in Three Sailors and a Girl. Unfortunately, the schedule for this film was tightened considerably, due to Warner's decision to close down for a short period. Dance numbers which normally would have been done in two or three days were ordered completed in one. So close was Jane's complete physical exhaustion that she fainted every Christmas card name-printed frames. 21 Christmas cards, holiday gift sets, boxed cards: "MOTHER'S DAY" Vendome, F.P.G., MGM, RKO, Universal. One card for wife, one for baby. For the remaining 12 cards, see insert. £4.75, box of 100, $5.00, box of 250. Nine different cards. 50 for $1 and No Minimum. Write for EMPIRE. 2728 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

PHOTO CREDITS
Below you will find credited page by the photographs which appear in this issue:

6, 7, Paramount; 8—top, left; Scott; bot., left, Beerman, Parry; bot., right, Globe; 10—top, left, Savoy Plaza hotel; top, right, INP; bot., bottom, Scott; Scott; bot., left, Beerman, Parry; 30—top, Beerman, Parry; bot., right, Warners; 30, top, left, Beerman, Parry; 33—top, right, White World; 35—bottom, left, Scott; 42, top, left, Beerman, Parry; right, bottom, Scott; 44—right, Beerman, Parry; 45—MGM; 45—left, Beerman, Parry; 44—bottom, left, Scott; 47, top, left, Stinson; 50—top, left, INP; Globe; upper, Graphic House; lower, Globe; bot., left, right, Beerman, Parry.
friends maintain that if she hadn't gone back to work so soon after the last baby this might never have happened. This is not to say that she became completely unreasonable and ill-tempered, or that she stopped answering. Privately, both have admitted to close friends that they each feel responsible for their differences of opinion. By so doing they display the necessary touch of humor that is required to help them through this difficult period in their marriage.

Interestingly, it is a Hollywood habit to read a headlined story at it immediately as an unbelievable truth. For this reason, a large portion of the movie colony, preoccupied with their own lives, assumed that Jane and Geary actually had separated. The reason they hadn't appeared in public has been the official recognition of their split. Very few people noticed that two days later Jane appeared at the airport late at night with Geary to keep an important arrival. She drove a three-wheeled English car, the Regal, in which they have an interest, together with Barron Hilton and Quay Sargent. Jane stood around for an hour in the rain, with the luggage from the Slick Airplane waiting to bring the car in. Then she posed with the remarkable machine for publicity photos needed in connection with a new movie showing at the annual Los Angeles Sportman's Show. If she and Geary were losing their mutual interests, Jane most certainly would have been in the Regal, which travels at speeds up to 70 miles an hour, doing 50 miles to a gallon of gas and selling for just over $1,000, is but one of Geary's carefully planned investments of what was a long future in his job at the time as Sonja Henie's skating partner. Strictly un-Hollywood in his thinking, he was determined to enter a profession which would support his wife and future family, even if she were to never again set foot on a studio lot. So Geary prepared himself carefully in the insurance business.

In the meantime, Jane was followed, Geary has established himself as one of the most-liked business men in Los Angeles. True, his daily associates are people with whom he has a long future in his job at the time as Sonja Henie's skating partner. Yet, because he has constantly helped "ordinary guys" to build up their estates, he is a solid man in his community. For proof of this, ask around a little about Jane.

As one example, consider what the operator of a small machine repair shop has to say: It took Geary six months to convince the machine man that his was inadequate. Without the protection he sold me, my trip to the hospital would have set me back $1,000. Not only did Jane save me, he gave me a solid grip on my job. I am a young and have gained self-confidence and the assurance of a good life. And I am a man who has been able to keep on working.

For proof of this, ask around a little about Jane.

As one example, consider what the operator of a small machine repair shop has to say: It took Geary six months to convince the machine man that his was inadequate. Without the protection he sold me, my trip to the hospital would have set me back $1,000. Not only did Jane save me, she gave me a solid grip on my job. I am a young and have gained self-confidence and the assurance of a good life. And I am a man who has been able to keep on working.

Hollywood One night, before they were wed, Geary asked Jane, "What do you think ruins most marriages around town?" They agreed that there are four major causes: career trouble, financial trouble, infidelity and failing love. At that time they took inventory of themselves and believed that they would be able to survive these major obstacles. Today, they have only one hurdle left to jump-career trouble and failing love.

The career trouble Jane knows very well. "I just realized that it's something I can't fight against. Currently, there are stories that Jane's new Metro contract was partially dependent on the promise that she wouldn't have another major starring role in a big picture for a year. That no such clause can be put in a contract, legally, although it might be "understood." Another factor, blown up out of all proportion, perhaps, is the feeling that Jane's major responsibility is to concentrate on glorifying all of its female stars. Most of them now regretfully tell their friends in the press that they can't pose for photos of children; it is against studio "policy."

As for Jane, the policy is an unfortunate complete reversal. Of course, until very recently she was asked by the studio to star in a little girl part. This, however, can be blamed more on the short-sightedness of certain producers than on a healthy public interest in her private life happening. The studio has concentrated on glamorous and dramatic parts going to other girls on the lot, a less balanced girl than Jane would have decided that the only thing to do to her career. She has been the one thing the studio has not been able to do to her. There is something besides gingham roles would be to "do a Lana Turner on the night club trail." Instead, Jane has never sought to "showcase" herself and has turned a blithe but cool shoulder toward romantic intrigue in private life.

And to what end? Today she commands tremendous money on personal appearances. It appears certain that she will take over the part of the girl next door in the new film of Prince. But if Faye should cost her that role, one of the most important of the year—would she lose it to a glamorous girl? No, the most likely star to play it would be Jane, a shy, sensible girl and a girl who has always been far from the "glamor type."

If there is anything wrong with Jane's career, it is probably that she is a "career expert" who would give another false veneer. Taken out of context, Jane's statement in a recent interview, to the effect that, "I had a little secret ambition to play a bubble of flapper or burlesque queen...there's something earthy and vital about girls who do those things..." sounds a little like a publicity man's idea. Certainly, if the burlesque queen or fan dancer were asked if she'd change places with Jane Powell, "nice girl" roles and all, she'd doubtless give an earthy answer. Yes, girl.

To business again, as matters stood at last report, Jane and Geary had moved into their two story white colonial mansion on Sunset Boulevard, set far enough back from the street so that it is a mere house. Matter of fact, they moved into the place while the gossip about them was the heaviest and friends were speculating that they might be about to separate. Instead of being separately "out on the town," they were moving in bits of furniture and personal belongings they didn't want to trust to the storage vans. The furniture was bought a year ago. If the buying was full of new furniture, they are installing the old pieces, planning to purchase new traditional furniture as they go along. So interested in furnishing the house was Jane when Geary asked what she wanted for her birthday she made him promise to buy only things they could use in the new house—nothing for himself.

Even now, Jane is reported to have cancelled plans for arranging a property settlement and cut short her tour to meet Geary.

These facts should stand up well against the opinion of skeptics who insist that since that once there was the slightest break in a marriage, the end will be a quick one. In the final parting will come. Even so, a veteran observer is greatly tempted perhaps by wishful thinking that if Jane and Geary could stay together, they can each other can go right on with the job of solidifying their marriage.

In fact, he may even mark it down as a certainty as he did when Jane and Geary started. One thing was to wit: "You've got to make an effort to be happy. You can't just think that you're something special and entitled to it. I have my career; George has his. The other thing more important together. Something we both share—our home and our family. That's what makes a good marriage something a share of that goes, then I think that love goes, too."

Jane Powell said that in 1951. Now, in 1953...?
was really gathering in her wiggle, when it carried her with a waiter, a dreamer of the same kind. The waiter was a cute little blonde, naturally, with a well-dressed suit and a small hat with a veil that almost covered the tip of her nose. Her lips were bright with the proper shade of lip rouge and her eyes were outlined in heavy penciled line like a Vague model. It didn't look like the same girl at all.

Mitzi Gaynor today could well be called the sexiest-looking woman in Hollywood. She is five feet six inches tall and weighs well-distributed 125 pounds. Her measurements are at least adequate, even if you're a perfectionist in this matter. She carries her head high and struts just a little when she walks, not enough to call it a wiggle, but enough to do her justice. She has a body beneath the petticoats. She has been blessed with high cheek bones and a narrow chin, which gives her something of an exotic contour of the neck. But it is her eyes that do the real work. They are dark and brooding and very slanted and wide, and Mitzi Gaynor knows how to use them.

On-screen, it is possible the figure you'll remember most about Mitzi Gaynor. In her recent pictures she has been leggy and narrow-waisted and snug-hipped, and she has her eye on the boy. If Mitzi Gaynor were a girl, she'd be a dancer all my life, but they've always had me in pantaloons or hoop skirts. Nobody thought I had legs. Well, when they began to talk about costumes for I Don't Care I was afraid for a while that I'd end up walking out on the stage with nothing but a ribbon across my middle reading 'Compliments of the Century-Fox.' But it turned out all right, didn't it?"
The Bargain of the Year!

Like to be the first in your gang to hear the news? Well, that's just what a subscription to Modern Screen will do for you. It brings the stars to your doorstep and 40 pennies to your pocket. . . . that's the money you save over the newsstand price, so remember. Just fill out the coupon below, clip it, and mail it with your remittance to the address listed. Then sit back, and like Paul Revere, get ready to spread the news.

SUBSCRIPTION IN THE USA FOR ONE YEAR $2.00; TWO YEARS $3.50. IN CANADA, ONE YEAR $2.00; TWO YEARS $4.00. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS $3.00 A YEAR. PLEASE SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ONLY.

MODERN SCREEN Subscription Department, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY   ZONE   STATE

7/3

END
IT'S YOURS WHEN YOU MAIL COUPON BELOW JUST TO PROVE HOW EASILY A FEW SPARE HOURS CAN EARN YOU

$50.00 IN CASH!

Never before a “get-acquainted” offer to match this! We want to prove you’ll find it easy as pie to take orders for CHRISTMAS and ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also 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 for the very first time:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We’ll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Greeting Cards as illustrated, plus other sample boxes on approval. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 14 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

YOUR TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS
—AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1¢

The reason we’re making this unheard-of 1¢ offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards, we’re sure you’ll say to yourself, “Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy cards from me—both Christmas and All-Occasion Cards. I’m going to use my spare time to make lots of extra spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!” Just to prove it, we’re willing to “give” you one box for a penny.

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

Naturally, this offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. Get an early start on the profitable Christmas Card season ahead! Rush coupon!
That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

If you're looking for a prettier complexion, look no further! This dimpled darling has an answer—a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap. That's her beauty soap, and it should be yours. For more doctors, including skin specialists, advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap.

Models on magazine covers have it... so can you!

Don't waste time envying Phyllis Walker's smooth-as-silk complexion. Spend time instead, as she does, with pure, mild Ivory Soap! For, says this stunning model, “Daily Ivory care is the best beauty insurance I know. I never skip it!”

99.5% pure... it floats

You can have That Ivory look in just one week!

Yes, there's new loveliness waiting just one week away... if you do one simple thing! Change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. Then, in seven short days, your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking. You'll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
ANE POWELL: 
can she forget the past?

LANA and LEX: 
they scandalized Europe

BETTY GRABLE
New! a shampoo that
Silkens your hair!

I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So-o-o silky to touch, so silky bright. One shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

New magic formula . . . milder than castile!
There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

Magic . . . this new lightning-quick lather . . . because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so wonderfully obedient.

Just see how this luxurious new Drene silkens your hair! You have an exciting experience coming!
Out of the West's Indian country of 1869... and right to you!
The dazzling color, the grandeur, the dauntless courage,
as close as if you were there... through the miracle of

3 DIMENSION

THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER

NEW 3-D THRILL HISTORY FROM WARNER BROS.
MAKERS OF 'HOUSE OF WAX'!

STARRING
GUY MADISON · FRANK LOVEJOY · HELEN WESTCOTT · VERA MILES · DICK WESSION · JAMES R. WEBB · GORDON DOUGLAS

MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

WITH THE MAGNIFICENT ENRICHMENT OF
WARNERPHONIC SOUND

"WE MAKE OUR STAND AT THE RIVER...
AND WE'LL STAND TILL THE RIVER RUNS DRY!"
stories

WHAT DIVORCE DID TO ME ........................................... by Mona Freeman 16
THE BATTING WAYNES IN COURT (John Wayne) .......... by Sandy Cummings 24
THE SHY MR. COOPER (Gary Cooper) .......................... by Alice Hoffman 29
CAN IANE FORGET THE PAST? (Jane Powell) ............... by Jack Wade 31
THEY CALLED THEM "SHOCKING!" (Lana Turner-Lex Barker) .... by Tom Dancy 32
LEAVE HIM TO THE GIRLS (Rock Hudson) by Piper Laurie, Vera-Ellen and others 35

THE PRICE OF FAME (Tony Curtis) ......................... by Marsha Saunders 36
PECK'S A GOOD BOY NOW (Gregory Peck) ................. by Pamela Morgan 39
CAN SHELLEY HOLD VITTORIO? (Shelley Winters) ....... by Sheliah Graham 41
"I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE" (Van Johnson) .......... by Steve Cronin 42
RETREAT TO PARADISE (Jan Sterling-Paul Douglas) ....... by Marva Petersen 45
"WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE"? (Betty Grable) ......... by Jim Burton 47
SOME CHANGES MADE (Jeanne Crain) ..................... by Susan Trent 51
IT WAS A BALL (Frank Sinatra) .................................. by John Maynard 52
SUSIE'S GOT EVERYTHING (Susan Hayward) ............. by Imogene Collins 55
A POCKETFUL OF DREAMS (Tab Hunter) ................. by Kirtley Baskette 56
GOD LIVES IN EVERY CHURCH ................................... by Richard Widmark 58
departments

THE INSIDE STORY .................................................. 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS ............................ 6
MOVIE REVIEWS ................................................... 18
SWEET AND HOT .................................................. 25
HOLLYWOOD ABROAD .............................................. 78
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT ........................................... 84
TV TALK .................................................................. 90

On the Cover: Color Picture of Betty Grable by John Engstead
Miss Grable's dress is by Don Loper, her jewels by Hobe.
Other picture credits on page 90

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

SUZANNE EPPEL, story editor
CAROL PLAINE, associate editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date.
Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 and copies returned under
Label Form 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York.

of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office,
251 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delcore, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada.
International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic
Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20¢. Subscription in U. S. A.
$2.00 per year, $3.00 two years, $5.00 three years. Canadian Subscriptions one year, $3.00, two years
$4.00, three years, $6.00. Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the
Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of
characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a
coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
GET ABOARD

The Band Wagon

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

M-G-M's
most romantic, most lyrical musical ever...
with the best of the Dietz-Schwartz songs!
Exciting entertainment in the tradition of
"An American In Paris" and "Singin' In The Rain"

STARRING
Fred Astaire Cyd Charisse

Oscar Levant - Nanette Fabray - Jack Buchanan

James Mitchell - Betty Comden and Adolph Green
Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz
Vincente Minnelli - Arthur Freed - An M-G-M Picture
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. Wasn’t the basic trouble with Jane Powell’s marriage in the fact that she and her husband were of different religious faiths? —T.Y., SELLERSVILLE, PA.
A. They are of different faiths, but that had nothing to do with the breakup.

Q. Isn’t it true that Zsa Zsa Gabor was once Liz Taylor’s mother-in-law? —K.W., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A. Gabor would have been Liz’s mother-in-law if she had remained married to Conrad Hilton a few months more.

Q. Did June Allyson leave MGM because she wants to make pictures with her husband, Dick Powell? If not, what’s the true reason? —S.W., MIDDLEPORT, N. Y.
A. For the past two years, June and MGM have seen not eye to eye on story material.

Q. How much money does Shirley Temple have and would she return to films if she got the right picture? —M.A., FT. WAYNE, IND.
A. She is reputed to be worth seven million, insists she will never return to motion pictures.

Q. I understand Paulette Goddard and some writer are really blazing. Who is the writer? —T.R., FINDLAY, OHIO
A. Eric Remarque, author of All Quiet On The Western Front.

Q. Didn’t Liz Taylor have a miscarriage in May? Isn’t that why Paramount had to hold up production on Elephant Walk? —S.A., INDIANOLA, ILLINOIS
A. Miss Taylor suffered no miscarriage. A tiny sliver of steel was blown into her right eye. It infected the eye which was cataractized by Dr. Gilbert Stubble.

Q. I read that June Haver used to support her mother. What is Mrs. Haver doing now that June has entered a convent? —R.R., DALLAS, TEXAS
A. Mrs. Haver plans to open a dramatics school.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton is a devout Catholic who once studied for the priesthood in Indiana? —G.T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
A. No.

Q. Isn’t the Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassman marriage just about over? —Y.T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
A. No.

Q. I’ve been told that Marlon Brando’s new girl is Mary Murphy, his leading lady in The Wild One. Is this the same actress whose name was coupled with Bing Crosby several months ago? —V.G., FT. WORTH, TEX.
A. Yes.

Q. I heard on a broadcast that Bette Davis was suffering from cancer of the jaw? Is that true? —F.R., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. No. Bette suffered from osteomyelitis, a jaw-bone infection, but she will be as good as new in three or four months.

Q. Have Gail Russell and Guy Madison reconciled? —G.T., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
A. A reconciliation is in progress.

Q. I hear the Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis marriage is floundering. First the Donald O’Connors, then Jane Powell, now the Curtises? Why can’t young people remain married in Hollywood? —D.E., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
A. At this point there is nothing wrong with the Curtis marriage.

Q. Has Clark Gable ever paid any support to Josephine Dillon, his first wife? —R.F., SANTA FE, N. M.
A. No.

Q. How old is Gene Kelly—38, or 43? —C.R., SCRANTON, PA.
A. 43.

Q. Now that he’s a free agent what does Mario Lanza plan to do? —G.Y., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A. Make concert tours, more record albums, more motion pictures.

Q. Isn’t Marilyn Monroe terribly ashamed of having posed for those nude calendars? —H.Y., BURBANK, CAL.
A. No; it was an economic necessity.
An Exciting New Girl is coming into GREGORY PECK's life...and yours...she is AUDREY HEPBURN in William Wyler's production of ROMAN HOLIDAY with EDDIE ALBERT

A princess-on-the-town! And when the town's Romantic Rome...and the season is Spring...there's no limit to the gay times—and tender love affair—you can share with them.
LOUETTA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Good "medicine" for Mario Lanza . . . What's the matter with Arlene Dahl? . . . Liz Taylor has a narrow escape . . .

I AM very fond of Arlene Dahl—but she couldn't be acting sillier than she is since she fell in love with Fernando Lamas.

To ask for a retraction of a line in my newspaper column which merely stated that she and her producer Bill Pine and actor John Sutton were going to Atlanta for the premiere of their picture Sangaree is the most ridiculous retraction I've ever been asked to make!

Wailed Arlene, "I love Fernando Lamas and he loves me and I wouldn't go on a personal appearance tour with anyone but Fernando. Now I ask you!"

How silly can the gal get? John Sutton is married and so is Bill Pine. Certainly no one could possibly have read anything verging on a romantic angle in a mere business trip.

But Arlene raised so much you-know-what that Sutton's trip to Atlanta was cancelled and he was re-routed to San Francisco!

Arlene, Arlene—what's come over you? All this silly nonsense is the best way in the world to lose a man. Under similar circumstances, I doubt very much if Lamas would have cavorted in such a manner.

THE BEST thing in the world happened for Mario Lanza when he returned to MGM to record "Beloved"—part of his settlement with the studio calling off all legal fireworks.

When Mario finished his song, every technician on the set stood and cheered and yelled, "Bravo," and, "Mario—there's no one like you."

It did something wonderful to this man who has been so bitter, who has been suffering from the almost neurotic belief that everyone was against him.

His face lighted up with the happiness of a child's. Tears of gratitude came to his eyes. He made the rounds, grasping every hand in a warm handshake.

Maybe this is the medicine he's been needing.

ONE OF the nicest things ever done by one columnist for another was the beautiful party Walter Winchell gave in my honor at Ciro's.

Plenty of people were surprised, Walter and I are touted to be "rivals" but if my New
IN HONOR OF LOUELLA PARSONS! ALL OF HOLLYWOOD’S MOST GLITTERMING PERSONALITIES WERE THERE!

Jeanne Crain is a sexy beauty now. Her low-cut gowns, and fetching new hairdo (for more about the clipping that gave her a new outlook on life, see page 51) turn heads when she and Paul Brinkman step out.

In spite of her publicity, Jane Russell wore the most covered up dress at the party. Lucille Ball, who sat in back of Jane and her husband Bob Waterfield, wore a gorgeous emerald pendant necklace.

One of the loveliest stars at the party was Esther Williams, escorted by husband Ben Gage, naturally. Esther confided to Jane Russell that "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!" She’s good at both!

The guest list included such sophistcates as New York’s Cole Porter and the Continental’s Marie O’鞭on, Cole’s new musical, Can-Can, had just opened on Broadway, but he flew West for the party anyway.

York confere had planned the affair for his guardian angel the table couldn’t have been more loaded with beautiful flowers—or girls.

When Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe walked in arm in arm, both in decolleté white gowns, diamond earrings, and long white gloves, I thought the place would come down in a heap.

Betty’s husband, Harry James—and Marilyn’s beau, Joe DiMaggio, were both out of town so Betty brought Marilyn to the party. The friendship between these two girls is really wonderful.

Esther Williams, in pale green, sat across from me and I had to laugh when I overheard her telling Jane Russell, "I do two pictures—and one baby—a year!"

Jane, for all her bosomy publicity, was the most covered-up belle of all; her sleeveless white dinner dress having a modest stand-up collar.

Lucille Ball’s beautiful emerald pendant necklace was a striking contrast to her red hair. She and Desi Arnaz seldom go night-clubbing, so Lucy had as many cameramen around her as the Monroe-Grable team.

P.S. To the catty critic who said Marilyn didn’t know her Emily Post in keeping on her long white gloves all through dinner—one of the gloves stuck and wouldn’t come off—and Marilyn thought it better to keep both on than to sit there, one off—one on.

The redest face in Hollywood was Burt Lancaster’s when he checked into Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for a minor operation and they wouldn’t assign him a nurse until he bought some pajamas!

Burt doesn’t use ‘em—and plumb forgot about the, er—complications of being without them until he was told in no uncertain terms he’d have to buy some male lingerie.

After Burt recovered from his initial embarrassment, he kidded his nurse with, "I didn’t think there was anything about me that hadn’t been seen before in a hospital!"

E lizabeth Taylor told me, "No one will ever know how hard I prayed and how deeply grateful I am that I did not lose the sight of one eye after that accident on the set."

(Continued on next page)
Liz had been working in the face of a wind-machine on the set of Elephant Walk when a bit of rusty lint blew into her left eye—and for five breathless days this beautiful girl did not know whether her sight would be saved. It was a terrible experience for Liz who says, "I shall never stop returning thankful prayers."

There have been few pictures more jinxed than Elephant Walk—first Vivien Leigh’s breakdown and then this near-tragedy to Liz, who replaced her.

Thank heavens the doctors say she is no longer in jeopardy.

There was an odd expression on Geary Steffen’s face as he sat ringside at Jane Powell’s nightclub debut in Las Vegas when she sang “Bye, Bye, Baby” and “It’s Too Late Now” more or less in his general direction.

His pals say Geary is burning over the “maybe-and-maybe-not” attitude Jane is taking about their reconciliation.

After Geary flew back to Hollywood, Gene Nelson flew up to Las Vegas. But Jane still says she’s taking a lot more time to make up her mind.

When Bob Wagner returns from location on Twelve Mile Reef in Florida, he’s moving out of the apartment Debbie Reynolds decorated for him—and into a house.

This time, Terry Moore is doing the decorating honors.

Maybe my original guess that this was a location “publicity romance” was wrong.

Frank Sinatra and Montgomery Clift became very buddy-buddy in Honolulu shooting From Here To Eternity. The whisper is that the boys had almost too much fun doing the nightclubs.

But it doesn’t show in their work. I hear both boys are great.

Everything happens to poor Shelley Winters. No sooner did she get her man, Vittorio Gassman, back in Hollywood after months of separation than he came down with the virus flu.

They had successfully dodged all their friends and slipped out of town for a second
They Don't Make 'Em Any Bigger or Better!

JANE RUSSELL * MARILYN MONROE

in

HOWARD HAWKS'

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

20th Century-Fox's Musical With Everything PLUS!

TECHNICOLOR

Tres chic! Tres terrific! The Broadway bonanza about those "two little girls from Little Rock" who set out to conquer the world from New York to Gay Paree is the screen's No. 1 musical extravaganza!

co-starring

CHARLES COBURN

with ELLIOTT REID * TOMMY NOONAN
GEORGE WINSLOW * MARCEL DALIO
TAYLOR HOLMES * NORMA VARDEN
HOWARD WENDELL * STEVEN GERAY

PRODUCED BY
SOL C. SIEGEL - HOWARD HAWKS - CHARLES LEDERER

DIRECTED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY

BASED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY BY
JULE STYNE and LEO ROBIN - Presented on the Stage by HERMAN LEVIN and OLIVER SMITH

JOSEPH FIELDS and ANITA LOOS
I dreamed
I went on a tiger hunt in my
maidenform bra

I'm the daring young lady from Niger,
Who smiles as she goes hunting tiger;
My figure is svelte,
The best on the veldt ...
Or anywhere else, says the tiger!

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Maidenette®
in acetate satin and lace, broadcloth
and lace; or nylon taffeta
with nylon marquisette ... from 1.50
There is a maidenform
for every type of figure.®
Send for free style booklet.
Maidenform, N. Y. 16

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

honeymoon at Laguna Beach when Vittorio's
teeth started chattering, he ran a high fever
and every bone in his body ached.

Ten hours after their departure—Shell and
Gassman were back home!

"Some second honeymoon," yipped Shell.

But she went about setting up two nurseries
at home—one for baby Vittoria as far away
from her ailing pappa as possible; and an-
other for Vittorio and his medicine bottles.

Gossip from London is that Lauren Bacall
gave Humphrey Bogart a hard time for
dining with a Greek beauty on several occa-
sions before she arrived in Europe.

Bogey said the Greek was a guide to
museums, etc.

"Since when did you become interested in
Greek culture?" Baby is supposed to have
yelled at her lord and master (????????).
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

**Instant Neutralizing**!

Amazing New Neutralizer acts Instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive *Wave Conditioner* gives you a wave far softer... far more **natural** than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

**BRAND NEW Lilt**

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
- A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
- A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
- A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!
- Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

**No test curls needed**, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave... even on the very first day.
The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed... plus extra glamour for your hair!

**HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE**

©1953, The Procter & Gamble Co.

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
Have you tried new Delsey® toilet tissue—the only one that’s fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex® tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey’s double-ply for extra strength. Don’t you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Continued

how much I had helped him and other young players on the way up and it touched me very much.

The Masquers’ party was one evening I hated to see come to an end and I shall always be grateful to my 400 “beaux.”

DON’T HOLD your breath until Liz and Dan Dailey reconcile. All the excitement about their being together for a weekend in Santa Barbara with little Dan, III—was purely an accident.

Liz took their son to the famed Allsail Ranch to get over a cold.

Unknown to her, Dan was in Santa Barbara to ride in a horse show. When he heard his ex and his son were there, Dan came a-calling and took them out to dinner.

“All the bitterness between us is over,” Liz said, “and it’s best for our boy that we be friends in the future. Dan is a wonderful father and little Dan loves him so much.”

“But it isn’t true that we have plans to reconcile. We have never discussed the subject.”

I asked, “Liz, would you like to resume marriage with Dan?”

She said softly, “I don’t quite know how to express myself—but what I mean is that I don’t want to close the door to such a possibility.”

Are you listenin’, Dan?

If TONY CURTIS and Janet Leigh are having their secret troubles they’re the best actors in the world. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen such tenderly passionate love scenes as Tony and Janet play in Houdini. The radiant warmth that these two feel for one another is caught by the camera and turns the story of the world’s greatest magician, Harry Houdini, into an enchanting young love story.

You’ll see a new Janet here—she’s just utterly delightful. While Tony doesn’t physically resemble the great Houdini, he gives a fine acting performance and an equally fine job of the magic tricks.

I TALKED with June Allyson over the telephone just a few minutes after she and MGM came to a parting of the ways after ten years association. (Continued on next page)

Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherby are so happy they’re amazing gossips who sold their marriage short. Joan’s latest film is Column South.
Live with Dry Skin and love it!
by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

If your complexion is dry, you know its problems — the flakiness, the 'grainy' look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that age your whole appearance. But do you know how lovely dry skin can be—if...?

Your dry skin, with proper care, can be much more delicate-looking, much freer from blackheads, enlarged pores and unattractive shininess than other skin types. And by proper care I mean a cream you can use effectively in as little as 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The whole secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream lies in a penetrating ingredient called Penaten. All dry skin creams contain softening ingredients, of course, but most of them simply 'grease' the surface. The Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, on the other hand, really carries the lanolin and four other rich softening ingredients deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.

Five-minute routine does the trick

With your fingertips, smooth extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for 5 minutes...tissue off...and see in your mirror a fresher, more youthful look than you ever dreamed possible. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that 5 minutes is ample—but you must do it regularly every day! Start tonight and see the lovely difference tomorrow. You can get a generous introductory jar for only 25¢ and the big boudoir size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 97¢, plus tax.

Kathryn Grayson replies to a reporter

Dear Miss James,

Thanks for your wonderful review of my new Warner Bros. picture, "So This is Love," in Technicolor, (the Grace Moore story). As for my beauty care, it Woodbury Cold Cream made with Penaten—to help the fine oils penetrate deeply. It cleanses and softens deeper than any cream I've ever used. Woodbury leaves skin so radiant it gives you that pose that makes beauty more than skin deep.

I'm sure you'll give Woodbury "resounding applause," too.
Sincerely,
Kathryn Grayson
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

“...and the billion dollar dream of Glory he battled into the biggest bonanza of them all!

Universal-International presents

JAMES STEWART
JOANNE DRU
GILBERT ROLAND
DAN DURYEA

COLOR BY
Technicolor

with MARCIA HENDERSON • JAY C. FLIPPEN • ANTONIO MORENO • ROBERT MONET

Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Screenplay by GIL DOUD and JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

“I feel I’m doing the right thing,” June told me, “although naturally it’s a wrench to leave old friends and associates. As you know, I’ve wanted for a long time to make pictures with Dick (Powell, her husband, who has just turned director).”

June went on, “And in a few years, I expect to retire to that old rocking chair—or at least to a farm!”

So, our gal starts retiring by signing for The Glenn Miller Story with Jimmy Stewart and So This Is Paris for Milton Sperling at $150,000 per picture!

Personal opinions: Rita Hayworth has lumbago—and it’s painful. But why did they have to publicize it? Of all the unglamorous ailments for a glamour girl—this is it.

There are many things John Wayne could have said in his property settlement fight with Mrs. Wayne which he didn’t... There is no more casual girl in Hollywood about her career than Betty Grable. She’s on suspension again from 20th for refusing a loanout to Columbia for The Pleasure Is All Mine. Betty could be happy with her husband, her children and her horses for the rest of her life without ever making another picture...

My money says that Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman will resume dating as soon as he returns from Europe. When Bing first left with Lindsay, Mona heard nothing from him. Recently, she received a big, fat airmail letter telling her all about their adventures. After looking over the Continental beauties, I guess little Monie seems the prettiest.

Close-up of Jeff Chandler: He’s the most mentioned star in my fan mail this month. Surprisingly, he seems to appeal to both ‘teen-agers and more mature women... At

June Allyson’s delighted with her new status as a free-lance actress. She’s very anxious to work with her husband Dick Powell as her director.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

Sarah Lewis it, think devasting big. It's His no seafood becoming. This very Paris in it.

THE LETTER BOX: "I may be as old fashioned as my name which is Sarah," writes Sarah Murphy, Atlanta. "But I just don't get all these unmarried movie stars traveling around together with no one seeming to think a thing of it." Oh, yes "somebody" thinks something of it, Sarah. The studios hate it but don't seem able to prevent it.

What a fan Red Skelton has in Barbara Behrman, Westfield, New Jersey. Her ode to Red covered six typewritten pages! Barbara's favorite movie gal is Doris Day.

MODERN SCREEN take a bow! Keith Walker writes from Cheshire, England, that M.S. is the "best written magazine in the fan field. I can't stand the slush in most of the others." Jo-Nell Wolfe, Washougal, Washington, accuses me of failing to note what a fine actor Rory Calhoun is becoming. "He should be taken out of Westerns and given important things. I think Rory would have been wonderful in The Robe."

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

Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

Bing Crosby's companion at a big charity ball in Paris was the Countess des Cars. Will she be giving Mona Freeman future competition?
I read this romantic nonsense about myself and Bing Crosby and I marvel at how the gossips can really dream it up.

Actually, I don't quarrel over every word printed or said about me—no one in the public eye can be that sensitive. But I shudder at the effect speculations and assumptions have on wives who read them. And I don't laugh it off. I think it does a lot of harm. The idea that divorce is a license to do what you please is not only mistaken, but a bad and dangerous example to hold before every housewife who is weary of hard work and dull routine.

The total effect of all the printed gossip is to give the impression that divorce gives a woman a chance to go have a mad fling for herself. It just isn't so. I've known more heartbreak in the past year than ever before in my life.

I didn't budge out of my apartment for six months. And now I'm pictured as a gay party-girl. Reading some of these recent magazine stories people must think I'm out doing the town. It is not true.

The public does not notice how much time has elapsed. To them, it seems that one minute you are married, the next you are divorced, and then you're living it up, just having a ball for yourself. I don't blame them. But, as a divorcée, I know how ridiculous these gossip-inspired opinions are.

Stories about anyone in the film industry grow (Continued on page 22)
Now! A Panty Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits... all revealing summer clothes... you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!

Hidden "finger" panels are molded in to flatten your tummy, smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top tapers and belittles your waistline, stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside... feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is... a brief that really slims you... a brief with all the natural, figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle... a brief that gives you the figure and the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washes in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've ever worn a brief, you'll see the difference. If you think you can't wear slacks or revealing playclothes... let Magic-Controller Brief show you how, now!

©1953 International Latex Corp'n... Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95
at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs. Playtex Living Panty Brief turns your swimsuit into a slim suit. $3.50
Playtex Pink Ice Panty Brief is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel. $3.95
Playtex Fabric Lined Panty Brief with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin. $4.95
Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube.

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
THUNDER BAY

James Stewart and Dan Duryea, just out of the army, lead for Louisiana with schemes of being the first wildcatters to pump oil out of the Gulf of Mexico. Jay C. Flippen, an oil company president, stakes them and thereby nearly falls into bankruptcy. The local shrimp fishermen hate these guys whom they accuse of dynamiting their hauls to Kingdom Come as well as sullying their daughters (Joanne Dru, Marcia Henderson). But not so. Stewart and Duryea are men of principle where those daughters are concerned. And Stewart's a man obsessed by the dream of finding that "black gold." Naturally, their money runs out, their time expires, squalls come up, the fishermen grow belligerent. The screen's so wide the Grand Canyon would be lost in it—well, almost. Anyway, the screen's the thing that lifts Thunder Bay out of mediocrity and makes it exciting. And then there's the sound—stereophonic is what they call it, which means you never know where the next voice is coming from. It's directional, supposed to come from wherever the speakers actually are. This is Universal-International's first go at the new, improved medium so you can't be too harsh on them. You really get to see how an offshore drilling operation works and capture some of the thrill that comes with a strike, which incidentally, bathes that screen in oil. Cast includes Gilbert Roland, Antonio Moreno, Robert Monet, Henry Morgan. Technicolor, too.

ALL I DESIRE

Ten years ago (that was 1900) Barbara Stanwyck walked out on her husband (Richard Carlson) and three children to avoid a scandal about her and Lyle Bettger. Barbara went into vaudeville, wound up below the dog acts. Now a letter from teenage daughter Lori Nelson brings her home. Carlson's now a school principal, quietly admired by Maureen O'Sullivan. Barbara hops it at home, is willing to stay, but Lyle Bettger's still around to press his dis-honorable suit. He goes a little too far and gets shot by the lady. Accidentally, of course. But Barbara's ready to run again. Only this time, her husband bests himself to act like a man—U.I.

LET'S DO IT AGAIN

Jane Wyman's built—and almost all of it shows in this Technicolor foolery. She's married to songwriter Ray Milland who has a penchant for taking business trips to Chicago. Actually, he never leaves Manhattan, just disappears into the bistros with Valerie Bettis who specializes in grinding out tribal ritual dances. So Jane cooks up her own romance—which unfortunately leads to divorce. Enter Aldo Ray a straight-from-the-shoulder millionaire. He goes for Jane Milland sneakers and goes for Karen Booth, but you know where his heart is. And where Jane's heart is—Tough getting back together. But they make it.—Columbia

YOUNG RESS

An all-star cast in lavish Technicolor makes Young Bess an impressive historical drama. It is based on the life of Elizabeth the First (Jessie舜11ang), Early in life she fell in love with Thomas Seymour (Stewart Granger) who became Lord High Admiral of the English fleet, but this love was doomed. Charles Laughton plays Henry the last king who racked up wrongs like an adding machine. Deborah Kerr is the softy beautiful Catherine, one of his wives who later married Thomas Seymour. Rex Thompson is the sickly little boy King Edward. Kay Walsh, Guy Rolfe, Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Arthur contribute to this costume masterpiece.—MGM
Bobbi’s soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new “Capri” style. No nightly setting necessary.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this new “Cotillion.” And you get your wave where you want it.

What a casual, easy livin’ look this “Minx” hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual “Ingenu” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. No help 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. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that’s all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

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.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.
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... a girl with breath as sweet as the blossoms in her bridal bouquet.

Listerine Antiseptic not only stops *halitosis (bad breath)* instantly... it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

**No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this... instantly**

Germ are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth. Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including the bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

**Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste**

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against. That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an antiseptic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used antiseptic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.
Army Colonel Ken Tobey, noted paleontologist Cecil Kellaway and several psychiatrists. Kellaway’s assistant (Lee Hunter) thinks Christian’s sane enough to marry. Strange things start happening from Nova Scotia to Massachusetts—fishing kites destroyed, lighthouses ripped to nothing, docks strewn with debris. Comes the day this animal crawls onto the Fulton Street pier and terrorizes New York. An exciting wind-up brings things back to normal.

—I W. F. L.

**TAKE ME TO TOWN** This is the tale of Vermilion O’Toole (Ann Sheridan) who started out in a dance hall and ended up teaching school. Ann’s being exiled to prison (she was framed) with bad boy Philip Reed when she jumps the train right into the life of Sterling Hayden. He’s a preacher, also a robber, a widower with three sons (9-year-old Lee Aaker, 5-year-old Harvey Grant and 3-year-old Dusty Henley). When Dad leaves them for a few days on a job they pick up Ann, bring her home where they hope to install her as their new mother. The town ladies flip their lids, especially prudish Phyllis Stanley. When Sterling returns he tells Ann to go but next day she saves Dusty from a bear, cooks a wonderful dinner and looks quite gorgeous in Technicolor. It’s love, and when Sheridan stages a show to get money to build a church, it’s marriage to Sterling plus a new job teaching Sunday School.

—U.I.

**REMAINS TO BE SEEN** Based on a Broadway comedy, Remains To Be Seen is a snappy story of the murder of a millionaire (Morgan Farley) who is found dead in his Park Avenue apartment, and two minutes later he’s dead someone sticks a bread knife in his chest. Crazy goings-on involving the house manager Van Johnson, the corpse’s unloving niece June Allyson, his attorney Louis Calhara, his doctor John Hodi and a slightly schizoid woman of mystery, Angela Lansbury. Between finding the murderer (if you can call it murder) and falling in love, June and Van see each other all over the place. Van’s a jazzy addict, but on drums; June’s a jitterbug, quick on the upbeat. It’s true matting of minds.—M.C.M.

**FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN** Donald O’Conno, copy boy on a big New York City newspaper, has a real flair for bringing in news stories before they break. This is very helpful to gossip columnist Nancy Goddard (whom he adores) and crime reporter Larry Gates (whom he hero-worships). But these two just use him for their greater glory, pin him down where he gets his information. Simple, he says, he gets it from Francis the mule who gets it from the police horses. Every time Donald admits this, he’s given a psychiatric examination. But he has his day—in court, where he’s on trial for murdering tycoon Lowell Gilmere. Only person, or thing, that can prove Donald’s innocence is Francis.—U.I.

"**I know Playtex babies are better actors...and so safe to hold, too.**"

Soys Jan Sterling

star of Paramount's "Vanguished"

Color by Technicolor

Shown as a baby—and today.

PLAYTEX babies are happier babies...neater, sweeter, cleaner, cooler

---

**Only Playtex Panties**

Give your baby this sheer comfort... this complete waterproof protection

Whether your little darling toddles or crawls, PLAYTEX Panties promise him protected comfort. Made of lightweight, creamy latex, they’re as soft as a kitten’s ear. PLAYTEX Panties stretch all over to give all-over comfort... as no ordinary panties do; for there are no stitches, or seams to mar their smoothness. On and off in seconds; they rinse fresh in a wink... put dry with a towel. Accurately sized by baby’s weight. Let PLAYTEX Panties keep your baby “Socially Acceptable” always. Get several pairs today!

*Featured at your favorite Department Store and wherever Baby Needs are sold.*

More babies wear PLAYTEX than any other baby pants!
Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of
Truly beautiful hair

Luxurious RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO
is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely, it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home permanent, treat yourself to RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE

what divorce did to me

(Continued from page 16) and grow, just like Baron Munchausen's cherry trees. You hear about yourself in places you've never been, and with people you've never met. One person tells another, it's printed in one place, rewritten and added to for another publication. Everybody gossips about a divorced person. I probably did it myself until I was divorced. I'll never do it again.

I used to read the kind of stories they are writing now as exciting bits of news. Now they excite only my anger.

The plain truth is that I am having a hard time getting adjusted—and so does every other person who goes through a divorce. How about giving us a chance? I know I am just one of too many thousands, but every other person who has gone through a divorce and is a parent will, I am sure, understand my problem.

I have a child, whom I dearly love. She has to live with my decision and the world I have created or torn apart. It is my responsibility, for which she will either blame or thank me. No mother wants to make her child's world one of bewilderment, full of strangers.

MONIE has to go to school and face the inquiries and comment of her schoolmates. I do not forget this fact. Above all, I hope for the chance for Monie to grow up normally.

Normal growth and normal home life are becoming more and more unusual in our society today. It is a growing rarity to find a happy marriage. Many young couples are having a difficult time, trying to hold their marriages together.

If they pick up a newspaper every day, they are constantly confronted with broken marriages. Next, they read about these divorcing couples dating freely. It all sounds like a merry exchange as it is dinned upon by the radio, newspapers, magazines, columnists, etc. With this unending barrage, it is no wonder that so many couples decide that it is so much easier to call it quits and get a divorce. Many of them are victims of this propaganda of our times—which sells newspapers and magazines, and sells marriage out.

Divorce is a serious matter, but you'd never realize it from most of what you read or hear. I can say, from my own experience, it is not attractive, or easy.

My religion means more to me today than it ever did before. It has been the only thing that has helped my troubled mind and spirit, and given me hope for the future. It has disciplined my thinking a great deal, too. And I believe I am gaining a perspective. Some of the things which used to be most important to me are more properly rated now, I'm sure. I think a long time before I arrive at an inflexible opinion. It takes two people to make a successful marriage, and it takes two people to make a marriage fail. While I still do not think it at all probable that my husband and I will ever go back together, I am not going to destroy the friendship we saved from our marriage, and I am not going to think a reconciliation is utterly impossible.

IN most cases, pride and ego are the worst hazards to reconciliation. Those qualities, plus emotional or economical insecurity often bedevils logical thinking.

During a tense period, such as often leads to divorce, almost any married person gets the feeling of being trapped. If the family economic situation is bad—that adds to it.

Actually, once the idea of divorce enters the picture as a release—when the wife
starts figuring how much alimony or child support she can get—and the husband starts wondering how much he would have left to support another wife—that couple is ready to tell it to the judge. If they decide that their income can’t stand the strain of the economical necessity—that is a tragic set-up for all concerned. But most couples act in haste. There’s nothing new to acting in haste and repenting in leisure.

And believe me, “going home to Mother,” isn’t an automatic answer. Parents don’t particularly want you back.

They may dread the day when their daughter leaves them to be married, but most of them adjust after the wedding—and dread it more when their son-in-law becomes an ex—and the daughter wants to come back home.

Then there are the specific, unpublicized problems in the life of a divorcée. No. 1—Loneliness. Perhaps men think of divorcées as “fair game” but women never think of themselves as “fair game.” They only think of themselves as lonely. They don’t think of every man they meet as a potential husband, but they do think about and they do need emotional security—someone to believe, trust, and be fond of. Sex is not at the top of this list. You think twice before marrying again, even when there is not a religious barrier. That year’s necessary wait in California, between the interlocutory and final divorce, is the best law the state has!

One thing I have discovered over and over since my divorce is the inability of most people to face their problems. They try to hide them, evade them, not talk about them, which just adds up to problems unsolved. The resultant tragedy is that few people truly understand each other, or have any idea of how to help another human being. I guess all of us hide behind false faces all too often.

I have spent a great deal of time in Palm Springs since my divorce, most of it as the guest of Mousie and Bill Powell.

I find myself thinking more and more about a lot of the people I see there. Most of the people who can spend a lot of time at resorts are rich in material things, and most of them have problems too—that their money can’t buy them out of. And there are any number of terrible things people can have to cope with. But they smile and they laugh and they sit and drink and talk about getting their poodles clipped. Or who is a good manicurist. Or complain about the way their hair is done. Or the kind of canasta hands they’ve been having. Gee, but they’re lonely, too. Always in a crowd and always alone.

I get frightened.

The thing that scares me is to see people concentrating on the details of material living and letting the big problems go unsolved or enduring them with no hope of solution. And I believe that is exactly what too many of us are doing.

I can “escape” to Palm Springs, but I hurry home because, once I’m there it kind of upsets me. It is okay as long as I am playing tennis, which I love, or basking in the sun, or seeing good, reliable old friends—but I can only take just so much of that, too. It is this that has made me revalue my life and re-appreciate the invaluable help and protection of my religion.

I want to understand my problems, and I am working on them. I want to live a good life and to be a good mother. I read inferences and innuendos about what I’m doing and it sounds like I am racing down that primrose path so vividly described by some of the writers. I’m not racing anywhere. I’m walking slowly, carefully, on the path all divorcées know.

It is not a journey I would recommend to anyone.

---

John Robert Powers selects the perfect Bobby Pin

Because beauty is the business of John Robert Powers—America’s foremost authority on glamour—he devotes personal attention to his girls’ grooming, complexion care, hair styling. That’s why he examined all makes and styles of bobby pins... and selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as the perfect bobby pin. That’s why, too, his lovely Powers Models use Gayla HOLD-BOB... the world’s best-made bobby pin! Be a Gayla Girl like the Powers Models... use Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins.

Gayla

HOLD-BOB®

World’s Largest Selling Bobby Pin

Now... Style YOUR Hair the Powers Model Way
Do you know what is your most glamorous hair-do? The Gayla Girls Glamour Guide will tell you. It is a unique hair style selector created by John Robert Powers, America’s leading beauty authority.

Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-3
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois
Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla Girls Glamour Guide.

Name________________________
Address________________________

City________________________Zone____State________________________

© 1953 G.P.I.
The verdict isn’t in yet, but the preliminary rounds indicate that the divorce between Duke and Chata Wayne will be the bitterest in Hollywood history.

BY SANDY CUMMINGS

- This happened just before John Wayne left for Mexico, for Camargo in Chihuahua to be exact, where Duke is making Hondo for his own independent motion picture company, Wayne-Fellows, Inc.

  Wayne was striding out of Superior Judge William R. McKay’s courtroom when I edged up to him and said, “How’s it going, Duke?”

  The actor took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. “You know,” he said, a wry grin forming itself on his lips, “I may never get married again.”

  And Duke wasn’t kidding, either, because his second wife Esperanza Bauer Wayne has been giving him a real bad time in the California law courts.

  Ever since they agreed to separate on May 7th, 1952, after six years, three months, and 20 days of marriage, Duke and the former Mexican film star have been at loggerheads.

  “Chata” Wayne—the word means “pugnose” in Spanish and is what Duke used to call his wife in happier times—first filed a suit for separate maintenance last year when she hired famed legal light Jerry Giesler to represent her. Duke answered that suit by announcing that a separation wasn’t good enough for him. What he wanted was to be completely free from this 30-year-old beauty, whereupon he in turn filed a divorce suit which is scheduled to come up this October, and it’s going to be a lulu.

  After Duke filed his suit for divorce, the lawyers for both parties got together. Wayne’s financial worth is indeed a complex affair, and it took some time for lawyers Jerry Giesler and Frank Belcher to arrive at some equitable financial settlement for “Chata.”

  Just before such an agreement was to be resolved, the second Mrs. Wayne decided to substitute lawyers. She hired an attorney named (Continued on page 95)
Percy history was trying to take a second place to her.

ANNA—Title song by Al Caiola (Victor).

Al Caiola is a fine guitarist, but, like everyone who has made other versions since the sultry Silvana Magnana's (revised here two issues ago), he has to

LIMELIGHT—Theme music by Frank Chacksfield (London).

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY—There's Music In You by Freddy Martin (Victor).

RETURN TO PARADISE—Title song by Percy Faith* (Columbia); David Rose (MGM); Nat Cola (Capitol); Camaroto (London); Alan Dale (Coral).

Looks as if history is trying to repeat itself—the same star (Gary Cooper), the same songwriting team (Ned Washington and Dimitri Tiomkin) and the same strange fascination about the title song that you found in High Noon. The Percy Faith version, which runs to two sides, has no vocal but is the most interesting performance.

RUBY GENTRY—Ruby by Harry James* (Columbia); Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

The James treatment is a pleasing job, featuring the accordion work of young Tommy Gumina, who's been on tour with the James band for several months. Vaughn's version is less impressive. Incidentally, it was one of the last records made before he broke up his band. He's on his own now, big enough in movies and night clubs not to need an orchestra.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—My Flaming Heart by Nat Cola* (Capitol).

POPULAR

JUDY GARLAND—Send My Baby Back To Me* (Columbia).

Judy makes her Columbia record debut with a gay, swinging performance on which Paul Weston's orchestra helps bounce her along. The ballad on the other side, Without A Memory, is a good dramatic job.

KAY STARR—Allez Vous En* (Capitol).

Kay does a nice job on this Waltz, one of the better songs from Cole Porter's generally disappointing score for the Broadway show Can Can. Capitol has several of the better records on other songs from the production, including Gordon MacRae's C'est Magnifique.

Jazz

HARRY JAMES—One Night Stand* (Columbia). A 12-inch LP record of hits.

THE LOOK HE LOVES...

"Petal-soft and faintly glowing!"

Cashmere Bouquet

Face Powder

You'll be so beautiful! With complexion so alive-looking... so soft... so faintly glowing! Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder is wonderfully fine in texture... and it clings and clings! Just puff it, fluff it on... then smooth it out... no flaking, streaking, or shine! The colors are as natural as Nature—there's one for every type of complexion—and exquisitely scented with the 'fragrance men love'!
For those blisters, cuts—

**Band-Aid** Plastic Strips. Flesh-colored, won't loosen in water. 39¢, 59¢

PRELL

Shampoo in the handy tube leaves hair "RADIANTLY ALIVE," soft and smooth. 29¢, 57¢, 89¢

**Palmolive** Lather Shaving Cream:

15¢, 35¢, 53¢

Brushless: 29¢, 47¢

**Vitalis** Hair Tonic for men helps prevent dryness... keeps hair lustrous, easy to groom. 29¢, 53¢, 83¢

Don't let sunburn rob your sleep! Get relief in seconds with non-greasy, medicated NOXZEMA. 12¢, 35¢, 49¢

**Prell**

For easy shaves!

Handy! GILLETTE Super-Speed Razor Set, dispenser of Gillette Blue Blades, travel kit. $1

**Colgate** Ribbon Dental Cream!

Cleans breath and teeth, helps fight decay. 15¢, 27¢, 45¢, 63¢

**Tintex**

Make last year's cottons, wools, nyons look colorfully new! Tint with all-fabric Tintex. 13¢, 25¢

**Modess**

You travel confidently, comfortably... with new modess. Junior, regular, super. Box of 12: 39¢, 48 for 1.49

**Vaseline**

For minor cuts, chafing, skin irritations... VASELINE Petroleum Jelly. You'll find it oh, so soothing! 15¢, 25¢

**Modess**

Junior, regular, super. Box of 12: 39¢, 48 for 1.49

**Tintex**

Make last year's cottons, wools, nyons look colorfully new! Tint with all-fabric Tintex. 13¢, 25¢

STOP PERSPIRATION ODOR BEFORE IT STARTS... WITH DIAL SOAP. Bath size, 2 for 37¢. Complexion size, 2 for 27¢

**Vitalis** Hair Tonic for men helps prevent dryness... keeps hair lustrous, easy to groom. 29¢, 53¢, 83¢

Why "run out"? Take along extra GILLETTE Blue Blades, 10-blade dispenser, 49¢, 20-blade dispenser, 98¢

**F. W. Woolworth Co.**

†Woolworth's shopping report
Woolworth's

on't miss a minute of fun and romance... but do member this. That wonderful sun can be cruel to skin and hair... unless you take care. That heavenly moon in the moonlight can wilt your freshness, specially when the night is warm... unless you're wary. Seems a shame to look less than your loveliest, when Woolworth's has all your vacation grooming needs.

With just a dab of Fresh Cream Deodorant, you stay morning-shower-sweet all day. 13c, 35c, 43c. Child's, 10c.

Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder dusts yourself with daintiness after bathing or when changing... with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. 12c, 30c, 43c*

Exciting Dura-gloss Nail Polish! Pastels, new iridescents, perfumed shades, 25c.* Regular shades, 10c*

Skin sun-dried? Pacquins Silk 'n Satin Lotion makes you soft and satiny all over. 25c, 49c*

So thrifty, so gentle, so absorbent! Doeskin Tissues, box of 400, 35c. Box of 250 in assorted colors, 27c

New tones... finer texture... a lovelier you with Lady Esther Face Powder. 15c, 29c, 59c*

So thrifty, so gentle, so absorbent! Doeskin Tissues, box of 400, 35c. Box of 250 in assorted colors, 27c

New tones... finer texture... a lovelier you with Lady Esther Face Powder. 15c, 29c, 59c*

No hair-do woes, when the wind blows... if you use Helene Curtis Spray Net. Keeps hair softly in place. 1.25*

Stays on longer... even when you eat, smoke, kiss... Hazel Bishop Lipstick, 1.10*

Sunshine in your hair when you use White Rain, Toni's gentle lotion shampoo. 30c, 60c, $1

Solitaire Cake Make-up complements sun tan, conceals tiny skin faults, won't clog pores. 33c, 65c*

Helene Curtis Spray Net. Keeps hair softly in place. 1.25*

New tones... finer texture... a lovelier you with Lady Esther Face Powder. 15c, 29c, 59c*

No hair-do woes, when the wind blows... if you use Helene Curtis Spray Net. Keeps hair softly in place. 1.25*

Stays on longer... even when you eat, smoke, kiss... Hazel Bishop Lipstick, 1.10*

Sunshine in your hair when you use White Rain, Toni's gentle lotion shampoo. 30c, 60c, $1

HELENE CURTIS Suave Hair Dressing makes hair glossy, manageable... when sun, wind, water make it dull, unruly. 50c, $1

HELENE CURTIS Suave Hair Dressing makes hair glossy, manageable... when sun, wind, water make it dull, unruly. 50c, $1
JULIA ADAMS says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than 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 hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. 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.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to $2 in jars or tubes.

. . . and thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos! Lustre-Creme Shampoo now available also in new Lotion Form, 30¢ to $1.00.
His fans may think he's a bashful beau, but the women in his private life know better.

For 27 years, the entire length of his motion picture career, Gary Cooper has led a charmed life.

His virtues have been exploited, and his faults have been neglected.

To the world at large he has become the symbol of the typical American Westerner—tall, quiet, and a perfect physical specimen. He has never in his career played "the heavy," so that in the public mind he has always been rated gallant, trustworthy, singularly simple and loyal.

In the past year and a half, however, ever since his separation from his wife, Coop has been examined with a more realistic eye.

After reviewing his life and the women in it, an incredibly varied assortment of international beauties, after reading for two decades a succession of headlines involving him with Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, Countess Di Frasso, Pat Neal, Dusty Miller, the Mexican charmer called Channele, and now the French beauty, Gisele Pascal—even the most fanatic of Cooper's fans have come to the belated conclusion that Gary is (Continued on page 73)
In one brief moment Jane Powell threw away the most honored and admired reputation in Hollywood. Her husband, her fans may forgive her, but...

**can Jane forget the Past?**

It's a big room, the supper room at the Desert Inn at Las Vegas, one of the biggest, flossiest night club rooms in America—and it was jammed to capacity. More than 500 people sat hunched together over white table cloths waiting for something to happen. If you were an idle observer you might naturally think they were waiting for a show to go on. And they were in a sense. The billing outside on the huge electric sign said "JANE POWELL," and the report was she was getting $5,000 a week. Yes, they were waiting for Jane Powell all right, but not just to hear her sing.

Most of the people sitting in that room that night had known Jane Powell, from seeing her on the screen and reading about her in the newspapers and magazines, ever since she was a kid of 14. They had known her as an exemplary wife and mother. But for the past couple of weeks they had been reading a different kind of story. "Will she or will she not divorce her husband, Geary Steffen?" "Is she or is she not in love with Gene Nelson?" There was tension in the room as the audience waited to get a look at her and maybe make a judgment for themselves.

Every opening night is tough, but this was a particularly tough one for Jane, because she knew what they were waiting for, too, and she had to go on with the show as though the customers out there weren't buying anything but her songs. She sat in her dressing room and thought about all this.

(Continued on page 71)
They called them “shocking”

Travelling together through Europe, Lana and Lex found themselves the center of attention everywhere. (Above) A street vendor in Cannes presents flowers to Lana. (Below) A boat ride with friends.

Even Europe’s Worldly-Wise Cole

- This past April, an hour before Lana Turner’s plane was scheduled to land at Orly Airport outside of Paris, a group of French reporters were discussing the actress.
  “Do you think,” one asked, “she will come alone or with Texas Barker?”
  “His name is not Texas Barker,” explained a newsman who had pulled a stint in Hollywood. “His name is Lex. It is kind of an American nickname for Alexander.”
her constant escort, Lex, journeyed to the Isle of Capri. In spite of the dark glasses, the actress was easily recognized everywhere.

TINENTALS WERE STARTLED BY LANA TURNER’S FRANK AND OPEN BEHAVIOR WITH LEX   ●  BY TOM DANCY

"Tex or Lex," the first reporter insisted, "makes no difference. Is he coming with her or is he not?"

"I heard," volunteered a third reporter, "that they tried to book their flight under an assumed name, something like Richardson."

"What I can’t find out," one photographer interrupted, "is whether they are married or not. I heard or read somewhere that they had been secretly married."

"I do not even think they are engaged," a French movie representative said authoritatively. Then as an added thought, "His name is not Tex. It is Tarzan."

For half an hour conjecture was thrown about with reckless abandon. One reporter said that Lana would undoubtedly arrive alone, that Lex Barker would meet her at some appointed rendezvous in France or Italy. "It is the only diplomatic way," he pointed out. "Otherwise there will be talk."

"Why should there be talk?" someone else asked. "This Tarzan is merely her bodyguard. She hired him because she is afraid of Fernando Lamas. He is her real lover."

The announcement that Lana’s plane was arriving cut the conversation short. The reporters raced (Continued on page 96)
Five lovely girls, all intimate friends of Rock Hudson, speak their minds frankly about this eligible—but very elusive—bachelor.

leave him to the girls

BY PIPER LAURIE

To begin with, I can't think of anyone I'd rather discuss than Rock. It's so easy to say nice things about him. Maybe this won't make Modern Screen happy, because they've asked me to lower the boom on this character, but I honestly can't think of anything horrible to say about him. With some people you can, and when you're asked what you think of them you have to go around corners to think up something nice. But Rock's just as genuine as he is big.

I could, of course, talk about his appetite, which is unlike anything I've ever seen. I remember I first met him the afternoon he came over to the apartment where I lived with my parents on Western Avenue. We were to make our first test together, and he dropped in to talk over the scene with me. Mother asked him to stay to a chicken dinner, and she's never been so thankful that our larder was loaded. I didn't keep track, but I could swear he ate three whole chickens that night. We've teased him about it ever since, but it doesn't seem to dampen his ardor for food. One night when we had a dinner date he arrived at the house before I was ready. About ten minutes later I walked into the living room and found Rock munching on a sandwich mother had made for him. We went directly to dinner after that, and before he brought me home we stopped for a snack in a drive-in. We always do, unless I have to get home particularly early, and even then I'll bet he stops off somewhere by himself for a steak to tide him over until morning.

The wonderful thing about Rock is that he enjoys kidding himself as much as he does teasing others. Like the night he was due (Continued on page 75)
Tony's learned a hard lesson, at last. It takes more guts to just accept the dirty digs you get, than to start swinging back.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

the Price of Fame

In Hollywood there are two reactions to newly arrived stars: (A) "He's a jerk and he'll get what he deserves," and (B) "He's a nice guy... I hope he keeps his head."

People in the movie industry know, more or less subconsciously, that as success comes to each new star, so also comes a personal battle, one that is often lost. The mental attitude known as Hollywooditis comes as a result of sudden fame and fortune. It is a disease characterized by a swelling of the head and a loss of a normal sense of values, and those strong enough to resist it are few and far between.

Tony Curtis was around town a long time before his good looks were noticed by movie goers, and once that happened his popularity grew to such proportions that his studio was forced to star him in a picture. To Tony, success came overnight and when hand in hand with his flood of fan mail he was accorded an equal deluge of publicity, the people in Hollywood suddenly came to know him... the columnists, the publicists, the head waiters, writers and parking lot attendants. They all accorded him the reaction given the nice guys; they hoped he would keep his head.

Tony was a new and refreshing type. His zest for living, his easy laughter, his pleasure in relating the homey incidents of his life on the drearier streets of New York, all in a vocabulary flushed with idioms that could come from nowhere except the Bronx... these things made him well liked. They also made him, because of the great contrasts shortly to come into his life, a likely and susceptible victim of Hollywooditis.

In three short, bewildering years he has progressed from a bicycle to a Buick convertible, from a bachelor life to a highly publicized marriage with the glamorous Janet Leigh, from a routine existence in the little frame house in the valley with his parents to a well appointed penthouse on Wilshire Boulevard's fashionable row. And (Continued on page 87)
TONY AND JANET MANAGE TO SQUEEZE A SUMMER'S WORTH OF FUN INTO ONE JAM-PACKED DAY ON THE LAKE.

A quick look around, and "this is the life for me," exclaims Tony. Janet heartily agrees.

"Now, yo do it this way, see?" instructs the expert. But wait and see who gets the first bite!

"Reel it in, reel it in," he cries gleefully ... but Janet's so excited the lucky fish gets away.

Lunchtime, so Janet gets stuck with K.P. But no one remembered to bring a can opener.

The day wouldn't be complete without snapshots to show the folks. Janet poses, Tony snaps.

On the way back to shore, the Curtises troll their lines in the water, catch a few more.

"Can you cook it in white wine?" asks Janet, when they deliver their dinner to the chef.

A day's outing can certainly mess up a girl's coiffure ... but a wash and set works wonders.

Sunburned and happy, the Curtises wait in the Hotel Flamingo's dining room for dinner.
Peck's a good boy now

Mrs. Greta Peck (right) and film actress Hildegard Nef (left) are friendly enough in public, but intimates hinted at bitter rivalry a while ago. Hildegard's name was linked with Greg's when they made Snows Of Kilimanjaro, but they're never together now.

Surrounded by admiring women everywhere he goes, Gregory Peck finds it difficult to keep out of the spotlight. But, his trip abroad taught him that a movie idol's life must be above reproach. No more casual feminine companions for him, at least, not in public.
Greg, Greta, and their three sons all went to Europe together ... but Greta cut short her stay, and returned with the children.

One of the first facts of life that a motion picture star must learn is that his public consists of the entire movie-going world. Gregory Peck has found this out now but he learned it the hard way, through personal experience, and he knows the sad truth: that a movie star can't fool around at all, however innocuously, without the world gleaning some glint of truth and magnifying that glint into a juicy news story of domestic discord.

As a result of his behavior in Europe since last June, Greg has seen his name smeared across the front pages of a hundred newspapers.

Practically every columnist in America who deals with affairs cinematic, has announced that Greg and his wife Greta have separated, that a divorce is under discussion, that these two fought like cats all over Europe, that Greta and the three Peck boys left France in a huff because Greg's marital conduct left much to be desired.

Greg has read time and time again the printed innuendo linking him with the Parisian model (Continued on page 81)
SHELLEY WINTERS IS HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ADORING WIFE AND MOTHER. BUT HOW LONG CAN SHE OVERLOOK HER HUSBAND'S SEEMING
CAN THIS
KEEP THIS TOGETHER?

With Vittorio away, Shelley was alone before and after her baby's birth in February.

If the marriage of Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman survives, it will be chiefly because Shelley has never lost anything she really wants. And she wants the elusive Italian—for better or worse—and to date, it's been rough going.

To say that Vittorio has put our emotional Shelley through the wringer is to understate the case. But she's taken it amazingly well. To me it was unforgivable that he was far away when a woman needs a man most. I find it hard to believe his excuse that the Italian government wouldn't release him for one little week, so he could fly to Shelley in Hollywood, when she was giving birth to their baby. But who am I to get mad, when it was all right with Shelley? But let's face it—anything Vittorio does is all right with his adoring movie star bride.

It was really pathetic. Everytime Shelley received a letter from him, she called the columnists to rave of his reviews in the plays that were keeping him 6,000 miles away from her. She was terribly proud of spending $500 a month on telephone calls to her beloved Gassman. It would be (Continued on page 93)
YOU CAN WIN AND LOSE A FORTUNE AT LAS VEGAS. BUT VAN JOHNSON DID BETTER THAN THAT. HE WON HIMSELF A WHOLE NEW SLANT ON LIFE.

“I’m not afraid any more”

by Steve Cronin

One evening last April Van Johnson walked into the spotlight at The Sands hotel in Las Vegas. It was his first nightclub appearance in a dozen years but those years didn’t show. His almost orange hair, the spray of freckles across his face, the perky maroon bow tie still added up to the American boy—even at 36.

This was the night for Van Johnson. He was about to test himself before the toughest audience of all—a live audience, sitting out there in the dark waiting to be amused.

He spoke his first word as if he’d just discovered he had a voice. But one word led to another and then he was singing. And when the music hit a certain beat he went into a dance.

He worked with a kind of reckless charm, covering the stage like a whole Broadway chorus and everybody thought he was having a wonderful time. Nobody suspected he was so tensed up that if he’d been hit on the head with a piece of the rafter he wouldn’t even have felt it.

There was a song he sang about Hollywood and how he didn’t want to play there anymore. Goodbye Esther Williams, ditto June Allyson, farewell to all the girls who ever cast a tender eye on this eager, bashful Romeo. And let Leo the MGM Lion roar: Van’s ears were plugged.

That song went over big. His wife Evie, who was sitting at a ringside table with Marlene Dietrich and Peter Lawford, applauded along with everybody else. This was Evie’s night, too, in a way. She’d rarely been able to drag her man within five miles of a nightclub, and here he was kicking up his famous red socks all over the floor.

Van was a hit, all right. But a couple of odd things happened after that performance, although not necessarily in the following order.

People started saying that Van Johnson wasn’t kidding about that farewell song; he really was through with Hollywood.

And Van Johnson (Continued on page 64)

Paul Douglas is a deceptive man. He looks a little like a mug. No doubt about it. Wide-angle nose, jut-jaw, sandpaper voice, truck-driver's shoulders, and practically no neck; so that when you look at Paul and try to imagine what sort of home this rugged, talented star lives in, your first guess is that he occupies an ostentatious pent house or maybe just a simple room in the Hollywood Athletic Club.

There is absolutely no correlation between Douglas' screen personality and his environment.

Douglas and his beautiful, well-bred wife, Jan Sterling, live in one of the great showplaces of the movie colony, the kind of tastefully-furnished, landscaped estate (Continued on next page)
The black and gold chairs and table in the dining room are modern copies of Chinese Chippendale. To offset the rather ornate furniture, the colorful floor, drapes and walls have been kept simple in design.

Because they do lots of their living in their spacious bedroom, Jan and Paul placed many of their favorite books and paintings here. They breakfast lazily on the roomy coffee table when they're not working.

Paul found this three-paneled Chinese screen (left) in Tokyo, on his way back from his first Korean trip. It serves to camouflage their record unit. The twin alabaster lamps on either side of the couch (right) are antique urns, found in a little shop in Los Angeles.
The Douglases, like most movie stars, make use of their pool. It's beautifully landscaped, and they are able to swim there almost all year round. Jan's latest film is Alaskan Seas. Paul's in Forever Female.

Although their seven-room house, located in the Hollywood Outpost Estates section, is rural and in a quiet neighborhood, it's only a five minute drive to the heart of town. They spent $60,000 for the place.

Paul's office, which used to be the fourth bedroom, is a wonderful place for spreading himself around. Here, he spends a lot of time watching sports on television, and catching up on his reading.

retreat to paradise continued

you might expect of a Rockefeller or a DuPont or even a Vanderbilt, the type of home that exudes an air of gentility, refinement, and fifth-generation money.

It doesn't look like the kind of house most people imagine that actors live in.

Located on 13 acres of woods that have been manicured with careful casualness, the Douglas property resembles a slice of New England countryside transplanted in California.

Rural and deceptively quiet, it is only five minutes by Cadillac, the approved movietown method of transportation, to the corner of Hollywood and Vine. This district is known as the Hollywood Outpost Estates, and 25 years ago when movie stars lived nearer the studios, it was considered the most exclusive residential district in town.

In fact, it filled up so rapidly that actors who now have the money must go further West to Bel-Air, Brentwood, and the Pacific Palisades for their homesites.

The people who live in the Outpost Estates built their homes soundly and with surprisingly little show so that, for the most part, the basic architectural motif of the district is not rococo; and the sightseeing buses stay clear of it for that reason.

In all truth, Paul and Jan Douglas were extremely lucky in buying their house. The previous owner, another named Douglas—Melvyn Douglas—had sunk more than $150,000 into the property but had to move East to star in a long-running Broadway comedy. Whereupon (Continued on page 92)
"Where do I go from here?"

asks Betty Grable
"Where do I go from here?"

asks Betty Grable

“One day I'll just up and quit,” threatens Betty. And intimates suspect that day'll come when business starts interfering with home life.
Harry James gets more of a thrill playing his latest records for his family than filling an engagement in any of the swankiest, big-time night spots.

Jessica and Victoria have a pet parakeet, and teaching it to talk has become a family project. But so far ... no luck!

Harry's away a lot with the band, so his homecomings are always exciting. Betty rarely accompanies him; she'd rather stay home with their daughters.

Betty, Harry and their horses keep the James' trophy room well stocked. Big Noise, a colt they bred, is their most famous horse.

and the band leader are with one another.

BY JIM BURTON

It was a lousy, gloomy day in Beverly Hills when Miss Betty Grable, who'd a lot rather you'd call her Mrs. James, stood in the library of her green home and said:

"One day something will happen that'll decide it. Something will come up that I can't walk away from, can't sideswipe, can't meet head on without fracturing something. If it's a locomotive, I'm the one fractured. That's when I'll leave pictures. That's the answer to that question 'Is Betty Grable Through?' If it's an answer."

And what form would it be apt to take?

"Well, for instance, I make a picture. The script is good. The preview is good. The critics like it. The studio likes it. Even I like it. (Continued on page 66)
Here are the first pictures of the sensational new hair-do that told Hollywood Jeanne Crain had kicked over the traces. Here's how it happened.

BY SUSAN TRENT

Jeanne Crain has always maintained that she is no pace setter where fashions are concerned. ("I stuff my purse with notes about other women's clothes.") Last spring, however, she took off on her own and got a haircut that has the whole town talking. The Bobcat Bob, as it has become known, was wholly Jeanne's idea, and she directed every nick of the razor to complete what she enthusiastically calls "the most wonderful haircut I've ever had."

Hair-dos in Hollywood have run the gamut from shoulder length hair for men to a random razor hacking for women, but Jeanne's is different on two counts. First of all it's an exceptionally good haircut for reasons which will follow, and secondly it is indicative of her current rebellion.

Psychologists have said that when a woman shears off her crowning glory she is getting ready to kick up her heels, and this holds true in Jeanne's case. The impulse to cut her hair to a minimum coincided with her urge to leave 20th Century-Fox, the studio with which she has been under contract ever since her movie career began, ten years ago. It is not easy for an actress who has been given her break, her fame, her training, her stardom and her entire professional career within the (Continued on page 79)
The little guy sat there quietly, remembering ten years ago, not saying anything.

"But what about it, Frank," his friend asked. "How was it? Were you happy?"

"Happy?" For a moment he was baffled by the word, as so many hyper-active people are prone to be. Perhaps it wasn't a specific word. But he shook it off. "I was—I was everything. Happy, I don't know. I wasn't unhappy, let's put it that way. I never had it so good. Sometimes I wonder whether anybody ever had it like I had it, before or since. It was the damnedest thing, wasn't it?" He spoke in honest wonder. "But what it really was like, I was too busy ever to know whether I was happy, or even to ask myself. I can't remember for a long time even taking time out to think, which I guess was all for the best. Anyway, what time was there? But I did get my thinking in before it was too late."

What thinking?

"About when and how it was going to end and what I'd do then. I don't care what they say, I never had any ideas about it going on forever. I wasn't kidding myself. But it was my business to get a cushion ready for the fall, make sure about the balloon, you know. Some balloons, they burst, and some, the air goes out of them gradually, it depends on how you treat the balloon. I had to level off slowly or else. It was the only problem that kept me awake nights. It was serious. I think it's worked out all right but it didn't have to. And of course, I was bound to go into a dive at first. And when that happened, some of my pals—" He made a small motion across his throat with his index finger.

"The jerks who loved Frankie, they never even called me up to ask how I was, not a single word. It was like they'd never (Continued on page 69)"
This past Easter when titian-haired Susan Hayward, Brooklyn’s 33-year-old gift to Hollywood, was touring Europe with her husband, blond, handsome Jess Barker, these love birds checked in at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

Accompanying them on their first Continental journey and delayed honeymoon—the Barkers had no honeymoon when they were married nine years ago—was an affable young man of 23 who had been loaned to them by the Paris office of 20th Century-Fox to act as a combination guide-secretary-chauffeur. His name is Jean Papote.

In Rome, Jean was approached by several newspapermen and magazine writers. Was it true, they asked, that Miss Hayward was notoriously chary about granting interviews?

“Exactly the opposite,” Papote told them. “She is most cooperative.”

The next thing anyone knew Susan Hayward was being interviewed and photographed as only the Italians can do it... with verve, gusto, and endless questions.

One Roman reporter who spent a good deal of time with Susan later ran into me in front of the Excelsior Hotel which is a lot like Schwab’s drugstore in Hollywood. 

Susie's got everything!

by Imogene Collins

Susan’s first bullfight was a thrilling experience... particularly when one of the toreadors, Julio Aparicio, (right) dedicated a bull to her. Susan (left) returns the hat he threw her as sign of the dedication.

After the bullfight was over, Susan and her husband, Jess Barker (center) posed with one of the other toreadors, Antonete. Susie particularly wanted the picture to send back home to her twin sons, eight year old Timothy and Gregory.

Susie did lots of sightseeing so she could tell the twins about Europe. The Barkers are planning another trip, the next time with the boys.
Most youngsters have one special dream. Tab Hunter had lots. But the most glorious of all—becoming a movie star—he never even dared hope for!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

a pocketful of Dreams

Tab's always been wild about horses, so a visit to an amusement park wouldn't be complete without a ride on the carousel! Gloria's next picture is *Twelve Mile Reef*. 
A tow-headed, 13-year-old kid sat down at a kitchen table one afternoon a few years ago and wrote a letter to the girl of his dreams:

"Dear Elizabeth Taylor," he scribbled with a stumpy pencil, "I have just seen National Velvet and you are my favorite actress. I think you are wonderful, also your horse, King Charles. I love to ride too, especially jump. Would you please send me a picture of yourself on King Charles going over a fence? Yours sincerely, Arthur Gelien."

After he'd licked the envelope and smudged on a stamp, the kid looked across at a blue framed photograph of a goddess in spangles poised airily on the point of one skate. Every night he prayed, "God bless Mama, God bless my brother, Walt, and God bless Sonja Henie," then kissed the picture good-night. Now, with a sigh, he turned it to the wall.

Not long after that, this same romantic kid was wrapping Christmas packages in Barker Brothers' furniture store on Hollywood Boulevard to earn his living. He picked up one addressed to "Miss Linda Darnell", held it until the boss stared suspiciously, then busily gift-wrapped it with special care. "Brother," he told himself, "how I'd like to deliver this one in person!" That being out, he daringly printed "Merry Christmas, Linda!" in tiny letters, quickly covered the box with brown paper and spent the rest of the day knotting twine and wondering if his new idol would find the message.

Of course, what teen-age Art Gelien was doing—dreaming romantically of glamorous spheres far removed from his own—was not particularly unusual. But what happened to Art and those dreams is.

(Continued on page 60)
I THINK GOD HEARS YOU WHEREVER YOU CARE TO TARRY TO THINK ABOUT HIM, FOR I BELIEVE THAT . . .

God lives in every church

by Richard Widmark

- I am not a Catholic but one day last winter just before Christmas I dropped into St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue in New York. I hadn't planned to enter. I was walking along, my thinking tied to various difficulties related to my eastern trip, including a heavy schedule of radio appearances, when the cathedral loomed up ahead. Almost automatically I turned up the steps when I got to the entrance and found myself a seat in a back pew. For a half hour I sat there while my mind seemed to give up its thoughts and was bathed, instead, with the deep peace that pervaded the quiet, vaulted interior.

I wasn't conscious of any deliberation of any sort as I sat there, yet when I walked out it was with an ease of being that stemmed from problems solved; what courses I should take about them seemed clear now. It was as if the factors of doubt that had beclouded my judgment before had not been able to enter the church with me, and with these eliminated, the solutions I sought became readily apparent.

This happened in St. Patrick's. It has happened to me also in other churches of other (Continued on opposite page)

HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH
I grew up in a household where denominations... to none of which I belonged. I was always grateful that the absence of an official relationship with religion did not affect me at an end to a spiritual afflity with the religious concept of life which I always want to have. I came close to hating all churches in my time; it was a long, arduous climb back to a level where I came to a faith. All my beliefs now, not borrowed from their clay is the molding of an Unseen Hand.

Religion was no comfort to me in my childhood and youth; it was an irritable, restless thing that I could not hold in the home. My father was a Lutheran, my mother a Christian Scientist, and her mother a Catholic. I was tossed up for grubs. There was a period in which I used to talk about God, all argued about me, hotly, furiously. And then I stayed strictly away.

I don't have to tell you how a child instinctively reacts who is pulled this way and that without his even knowing, or even having the ability to understand, what all the furore is about. He resents it. He says, in effect, "A plague on all your houses." Not aloud, of course, to himself. And then he tells himself he will live his own life, and, unfortunately, looks for proof to discredit all who have been tug-ging at him.

For instance, the man counted most religious in our home town was related to our family and I had a good opportunity to study piety as publicly approved in him. He was a rough, tyrannical, and was known to beat his wife. He also gave me some nasty liceics. The resentment I felt for him also took in the institution with which he was so prominently identified--the church, I'm afraid.

Nevertheless, I didn't turn heathen completely. The essence of many philosophies is that life is a search for truth. I was just a boy but this is the only way I can account for my actions for the next 10 or 15 years. The clue to truth was the vague feeling that was "upward." Evil, of course, was in the other direction. By the time I was in the fifth grade, having attended the Lutheran and Church of England, and my mother and father, I discovered that many of my boy friends were Presbyterians. I found myself impelled to go with them and see what theirs was like. I visited the Methodist church, and later again, through high school, I was back in Christian Science.

But never through these years was the open-hearted convert. The old bitterness had not left me completely and I had a sharp eye for religious "cheaters." Nothing angered me so much as those whose good faith could not be accepted as genuine. I doubt if anything they draped about themselves when the day clothes. I think that any psychologist will recog-nize in this sort of thinking an inner and uncompromising conflict with my faith, with any faith, with a faith that was not firmly rooted in a religious ideology, or in the presence of impure motivations in what should be the purest human manifestation--spiritual community.

I realized then, as I do now, that there had to be Someone, well let's call Him an Understadher, much bigger than I, Who had created this unfathomable phenomena called life, and who governed it, and who would take care of it. I sensed so, as do now, that it was good for the soul of man to seek closeness to this source of his being. Religion was a very powerful and im-portant to me. But the more I felt this the more I questioned the ways in which I saw it practiced all around me.

I remember when I left the Christian Science Church, I remember about my high school days, it was not in any spirit of criticism of the church but a dissatis-faction with myself. I could not evade self-incrimination flowing from the feeling that I was selfishly holding the church as a crutch. I ran to it when things didn't go well. I saw the same thing on the part of others. They leaned on the church, or used it as a safety net, and I had a compulsion to show you, in the most perfect possible light, or any service to turn over all your troubles to Him.

People who were born into a church and no longer attend often describe the action of the break by saying that they "drifted" away. What I was fighting against was the easiness with which you could drift to it! Religion wasn't a thing in my life to be just washed toward it because this was the thing to do, this was popular.

I remember talking to a friend about it and he was a boy who only went to church because it helped make them socially acceptable. "Would you want churchgoing to be a secret habit?" he asked me.

"You're asking me to go to God, or feel that this is what you're doing is an intimate process," I claimed.

"That's true," he said. "But in any community there is a comfort to be gained from seeing your neighbor drink at the

Show me children who go to Sun-day School and I'll show you citi-zens of tomorrow.

Macdonald Carey
a pocketful of dreams

(Continued from page 57) Because one day, in practically no time at all as goes, this same Art was chatting intimately with Elizabeth Taylor on her La Mode set, coming from Savo Savoy Hotel and hearing her ask him, "When you get back home will you exercise King Charles for me? He's getting too fat." The next day, another day, he was gliding on the same rink with Sonja Henie, a champion ice skater himself. And on still another a dark-haired, beautiful lady was presented with a handkerchief at the scene of picture stills toppled by a great big one of herself embracing that lady, and signed, "Devotedly yours, Linda." He was Linda Darnell's leading man in their first, whose title sheet called him Tab Hunter.

Maybe things like that could happen in some other place besides Hollywood, California, U.S.A. And maybe they could happen in a natural and hiking touch, she learned to believe positively in his dreams or not. But the point is—Art Gelien did, and as a result he's seen them and a lot more come true.

Right now Tab is perched rosily on the doorstep of great expectations in Hollywood. He's not rich or really famous yet. He has only three pictures to his name with production. But he's swamped with 1,000 fan letters a week, has plenty more screen jobs coming up and looks like a steady TV contract, too. Those are the object of self and his future—a good looking male animal, with a pleasantly sculptured face, dazzling smile, soft, artistic eyes and a sun-bronzed torso like a God, who is his own natural but still unpolished talent. Some more is because Tab has been at the right places at the right times. But mostly it's because of his unassuming faith in the importance of himself and his future—a faith that didn't flag during some fairly rough going when he was about as unimportant a kid as you could imagine.

Tab was born July 11, 1931, at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. Tab Hunter's folks weren't fashionable—they were poor, desperately poor. His mother, Gertrude Gelien, came from Hamburg, Germany, married to a man named Charles Kelm who made a living, when he made it, as a mechanic. But today Tab proudly boasts of every penny he owns and where he is today or what he does is of no interest to him whatever. He was wiped out of Tab's life when he was only two years old. He took his mother's family name, Gelien.

Before that Tab remembers only flashes of an anxious babyhood in cramped, cold war-time flats, which at times moved out on the streets by rough men. He remembers being pulled on a sled to the corner grocery one day when they didn't have any market money, and tumbling off and licking flavor to fly, with miraculously a crumpled five-dollar bill someone had dropped there—which meant a meal that night for the family.

It was in the streets of New York where Tab developed for Tab and his brother, Walter, 11 months older. His grandfather, John Gelien, a chef on the Hamburg-American steamers, came along from Germany and taught him an unreasonably unhappy life in which his daughter was trapped, provided an escape. He bought passage for her and the boys aboard the Great Lakes boat bound for San Francisco and stowed them to two months' rent on an apartment there.

To earn their living, Gertrude took a job aboard the Matson ships. A woman with a natural and engaging touch, she learned physio-therapy to qualify as a shipboard nurse. But this meant that Tab and Walt had to be staked out around at pay homes and boarding schools, while she sailed between Hawaii and sometimes Australia. At four and five years of age, kids need their mothers, no matter how good the foster care, and sometimes Tab and Walt would eat other times bad. If they showed signs of mistreatment, though, or bad food, their mother yanked them out and found another in the four days or so for his and her desolate day when the ship sailed out the Golden Gate, but when it came back in, Tab remembers, that was Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and a perfect Mother's Day.

Then their mother spent her pay on trim little navy blue suits, white shirts, new shoes and beansies to dress them up, sending them to their Indian, or rather, American, schools, where she whisked them off to the places they loved to go—out to Golden Gate Park, the zoo, for a swim in Fishracker plunge, to Fisherman's Wharf. Nothing was too good for her boys when Gertrude Gelien came home, even though each time it seemed she wore the same shabby but clean and well-pressed suit or dress. Even as a kid, Tab remembers, she'd see herself everything to give them the very best care in her power, but he didn't know that she got her reward when people

When Sidney Skolsky's daughter was little, she—not the father—was attending the races, and she constantly begged to go. Finally, Sidney told her they wouldn't let little girls in. She was satisfied until she saw a signed radio broadcast from the track.

"A perfect day for the big race! enthused the announcer. 'A wonderful day for all the old!'

Steffie began to sob. 'Daddy, you lied to me. You heard what the man said—and I'm older than that!'

H. W. Kellick

Soon after Tab was six he didn't have to rely on lonesome dreams any more. Gertrude Gelien moved her brood south to Long Beach, and after one or two more trips in the Matson line, stayed on shore for good. As a matter of fact, she got married to a forlorn fisherman and they happened to have one of the best deals in the world for Mom. 'Guess it still is.'

In Long Beach Tab got a healthy start on the smooth-muscled, six-foot body he owns today. With Walt he played endlessly in the tumbling surf and swam in the big pool. Tab, though until he learned to paddle he'd have to dive off the high board and calculate the exact spot where he'd come up shining, was a likable fellow. He might have been able to dive and swim and think about dreams, too, although he didn't know it then. He saw his first movie, Robin Hood, with a girl next door, who told him archly, "For you I'll wear my new Easter hat!" With Walt Tab and his mother bought the tickets.

Girls and movies played a big part in Tab Hunter's boyhood. He was nuts about them both. "I guess I liked girls better than boys," he admits now, grinning. "I wasn't a sissy, or anything, but they just seemed to talk more about me." It wasn't much of a problem for Tab to keep what Walt called disgustedly "Art's harem." Smitten misses swarmed in. For Walt, when he was a couple of dimes from our Moms and hop a bus downtown. Her mother worked in a restaurant there so we got a free lunch. Tab had to work and he handkerchiefed around, with the dimes wrapped inside and set through two shows at Loew's State. It was my big thrill of the week. I couldn't say that was because of Beverly of course.

Of course, all of Tab Hunter's boyhood wasn't spent making like a junior wolf. At 68th Street, St. John's Military Academy, they're 'The Wharf' School and Mount Vernon Junior High, where he bounced around, he was mixed up in everything. At sports, he didn't shine as much as the more rugged Walt did. When they were first-string football, Tab struggled along as second-string guard getting his face shoved into the dirt. But he made the band, the La Jolla High School band, and when he was getting even a private school luxury, which Grandfather Gelien financed, ran out. At St. Paul's he sang in the church choir, until the Christ-man was supposed to solo with "Adeste Fidelis." He was too full of life, he thought, for nothing came out. But it was at Mount Vernon where Tab's yet vague and unrecognized yearnings got their first airing. "A kid of action. Tab was the dreamer. And in the long, lonely stretches between boat departures and arrivals he had plenty of time to dream," says. They were free.

"It was usually the sea and ships then," recalls Tab. "I wanted to be a pirate, then I switched to an explorer. But whatever it was, the big idea was to play mouth and band, or to have the trombone in the band, although his arms weren't long enough to push the slide out for the low notes. At St. John's he wound up with the Exeys, maybe we should have something."

Looking back though, Tab Hunter doesn't remember any infection by the acting bug. "I always felt there was something big important right for me to believe that," he says, "even as a kid..."
Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

Halo Shampoo
Foamy lather. Brings out the beauty... the hidden highlights in your hair.
10¢, 29¢, 37¢, 89¢

Stre-Creme Shampoo
More lovely, luxurious-king hair. Lanolin rich!
Or Tube: 27¢, 55¢

Veto Deodorant
Art, instant way to stop v... check perspiration actively.
39¢, 59¢

NOXZEMA Skin Cream
Greaseless, medicated...ideal suntan and cooling complexion cream.
12¢, 35¢

FRESH Cream Deodorant
Creamy, gentle to the skin; stops underarm odor instantly. Never sticky. 12¢, 27¢, 43¢

HELEN NEUSHAEFER
Lipstick...and Nail Polish with Plasteen. Unequaled! Still only 10¢ for Nail Polish; 39¢ for the Lipstick!

DOESKIN Tissues
Finest quality! So soft, so gentle, so absorbent! Keep a box always handy. 27¢, 35¢

GET AMERICA'S FAVORITE TOILETRIES AT...
BUTLER BROTHERS
but what it was I didn’t have the faintest idea. Acting—like all stars I worshipped in those movies? Why, that was out of my world! There were too many things in it to bring me down to earth."

**The Geleniens were still poor as churchmice.** They lived chronically in tiny apartments. Tab’s mother just managed to eke out a living with her nursing. But sometimes she’d go without bread and do without firewood. And sometimes, too, she’d have to take on a factory job at places like Lockheed Aircraft. Both the boys helped. Tab got a paper route for a while, then an errand boy’s job at a drug store; he cut lawns and cleaned out garbage. At home both boys made the beds, cleaned the house, washed the dishes and often cooked the meals. But there wasn’t anything dreary about all this to the Gelen boy’s. Their youngish mother had a rough struggle but she never let a defeatist psychology creep into their noggins. “For every door that closes, two open,” she always told them. “You just have to think right and you can do anything. Always have a goal—when you reach it, get another.” Those homilies were sincere. She felt that that way—

**It wasn’t anything to raise your blood pressure learning his yeoman’s stuff at Gertrude Powers’ school.** And you’d think so—such as but on the weekends Tab saw sights plenty—and in the very place he started out from—New York. He went there every Saturday and caught the New Haven train back Sunday night. It was certainly a different New York from the dreary place he remembered as a baby boy.

Tab had a friend, Dick Clayton (now his agent), who’d have a fling in films and was trying his luck on Broadway. Dick kept an apartment in the Village and gave Tab the key. With a sailer suit, a few bucks in it, the looks and personality Tab Hunter has, a guy can have himself a ball in the Big Town, Tab did.

But the ball was soon over and Tab was back in San Pedro clacking away on his typewriter at the base, or on those dreary industrial streets of Class Gelen. Each week, though, he’d hitch-hike the 54-mile round trip from the base to DuBrock stables, and to another place, the Polar Palace ice rink where he’d rent skates and learn a few loops and twirls. “Somehow when I was on a horse or skating along the ice I felt like those kids back in New York,” reflects Tab. "I was on wings."

One night, after Dick Clayton came back to Hollywood he called up Tab and took him to a performance of The Skin Of Our Teeth at the Lincoln Theater. A fellow named Paul Guifolosely was directing the play. Dick knew him and afterwards introduced Tab. Guifolosely shot a keen look at the big, blond Adonis.

“Interested in pictures?” he asked.

“Why,” said Tab, "I don’t know. I never thought about it.”

“I thought I was telling the truth,” Tab says, “but he had his doubts. ‘Maybe acting was what I was after all the time. Sometimes you just don’t know.’ Anyway nothing came of that—not then.

For the next couple of years Tab Hunter lived for skating. He studied and practiced—meditations, nights, and mornings—when ever his odd jobs let him. He skated for the Los Angeles Figure Skating Club down south. He entered competitions. He’s got a dozen cups, plaques and medals lining a shelf at home in the Pikes Peak, Pacific Coast, Pacific, National, West, and National Meets, for pair, free style.

Tab was just leaving the Polar Palace one day when a Hollywood agent named Henry Willson, who makes a specialty of discovering new stars ( Cambodia Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun and Bob Wagner among others) tapped him on the shoulder. "Want a job in a picture?” he asked.

"Yes,” said Tab, "I’d have to turn pro to skate for the movies.

"I don’t mean skating—acting. Just a bit. But it’s worth $250 a week."

"Oh,” said Tab, “then—sure—why not?”

He headed for the Los Angeles Figure Skating Club, down south. He got a fast $500—and a faster new name. Nobody could ever pronounce Gelen, they called him Tab. And he’s the guy this tab guy?” they asked at the studio.

"He likes horses—you know, jumpers and hunters,” suggested Dick Clayton, who went with him. So Tab Hunted just from then on. Now that he’s stuck with the name, Tab thinks it’s okay enough but a little kiddish. ‘What’ll Tab sound like when I’m 40?” he wonders. Ironically, for Tab, and for Hollywood, the tab hat is considered all the good that quickie bid did him. Everyone forgot Tab Hunter fast—except his friend, Dick. Tab went back to his job to keep himself reimbursed.

Things like that happen all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let down. They can leave scars and even careers. Tab had his, but there was luck. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning.

Tab had a chance to do all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let down. They can leave scars and even careers. Tab had his, but there was luck. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning.

Things like that happen all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let down. They can leave scars and even careers. Tab had his, but there was luck. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning.

Tab had a chance to do all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let down. They can leave scars and even careers. Tab had his, but there was luck. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning.

Tab had a chance to do all the time to good-looking boys and girls around Hollywood. The crazy chance, the jarring let down. They can leave scars and even careers. Tab had his, but there was luck. Luckily for Tab, that wasn’t the case. He was still wrapped up in figure skating, feverishly prepping for the Nationals, and the movie was just beginning.
Now...Walt Disney brings
a New Measure of Excitement to Romance!

In this story of a defiant love that rocked two kingdoms,
you'll thrill to a new kind of motion picture excitement.
Here is an experience new in its intensity of suspense, new
in its emotional impact, new in its spectacular sweep of mighty
scenes and the mightier passions
that set the Age of
Chivalry aflame!

Walt Disney's
The Sword
and the Rose

from the famed adventure novel
When Knighthood Was In Flower

Slashing through webs of intrigue, a desperate
soldier of fortune strikes back at the
conspiring kings who would have his head
because a princess has his heart.

Starring a new romantic team

RICHARD GLYNIS

TODD JOHNS

AN ALL LIVE ACTION PICTURE

Produced by Perce Pearce Directed by Kenneth Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

The giants
of Adventure's
Golden Age
live again!

Mary Tudor and Charles Brandon,
the princess and commoner, whose
romance made thrones tremble.
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
COPYRIGHT. WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
They say it's a man's world. I don't mind one bit being a woman in it.

Marilyn Monroe

People who read about me think I'm a cut-up at parties," Van says. "That's a laugh. I'm a mouse at parties—or was. I was quiet when I was in a corner."

As for those flaming red socks—Van's badge of unconventionality, his symbol of extraversion. Those socks, Van sighs. "I was just like the guy they would have asked what an analyst would say about them."

But an analyst isn't going to get the chance to say anything. "Three years with an analyst couldn't have accomplished what five minutes the other night did for me," Van says. "It's finding out you can do something that counts. One night in the casino a woman came up to me and said, 'You're not one of us, are you?' Frankly, my dear, I hadn't thought I'd had you in your life. That's what I mean."

"When I get back to Hollywood I'm going to try this lunch at Romanoff's routine—" It's the way, when you walk down those stairs and everybody turns around and looks at you. I used to have to turn around and leave. Now I've got a side bet with Evie. If I keep going, I'll never be the same again. I feel free."

The future doesn't scare him a bit, although he keeps wondering about the past, trying to figure out how he became so what he is.

He remembers the time when he was a schoolboy in Newport, Mass. One day his teacher asked all the kids to write down what they planned to do when they grew up. There were a lot of would-be doctors, lawyers and engineers in that group. But suddenly the teacher drew herself up and a sly smile crossed her face. "Here's a boy," she said, "who has in common with me wants to be an actor."

"She gave it a certain something," Van recalls. "I don't know what. Everybody laughed enough so that sticks with me."

But the scorn in that teacher's attitude wouldn't have permanently damaged a boy who wasn't susceptible. All that incident could have done was reinforce Van's new determination.

A few of his friends trace his anxiety back to the time when the bobby-soxers "The Unmarried Woman" played in New York. They remember his return to New York at the height of his popularity. MGM threw him a big cocktail party at the Waldorf. It was obvious everybody was glad to see him. He walked in that Van was terrified, but he managed to find a few friends and surround himself with them. However, one persistent young woman pushed her way through the crowd and told Van she'd be free to fly back to Hollywood with him and there conduct an extended series of interviews—for the press, of course.

"Oh," Van muttered, "but I don't think..."

This girl didn't care what he thought. She was miles ahead of him. Van's eyes began to roll like a frightened horse's, his hands were sweating, he was in no shape to think of to do was stand there and drink milk by the quart (MGM had provided this nourishment especially for Van who didn't touch liquor).

"Are you always run," Van says. "I knew that whatever I did or said would be wrong. Finally, someone led this girl away. I was petrified, but still I got used to it."

Van has grown a little during his four years in New York where he was a chorus boy waiting for a break, and as the breaks came through, too slow for a guy who never thought enough of himself. But Van didn't crack up. He was the kind who grew up. A little late, maybe, but it's never too late for that.

Now Van feels enough to develop as an actor, to branch out. Once he wanted to learn through fear of failure. Now it's through a real desire to improve, to get the most out of himself for his own enjoyment.

That's why there'll be some changes made in his Hollywood career.

His Metro contract is up in December and he's going to renew it, although the option's his. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "I love Metro. Metro's been wonderful. But a rut can get too comfortable. There's something more I've got to do."

"I'll be 27 in August—how long can you be a juvenile? The pictures I worked in were nice, and they made money. I just don't want to do that anymore (co-starring Esther Williams) and I'll make another before I leave."

"What I'd like to do is make two pictures a year, pictures I want to do. How about making one where you really get to cast stuff—it can do wonders for a career. I've begged the front office for a heavy, a real dirty dog, a baby-faced killer."

"I'm pretty much of a creature," Van adds. "And then maybe—a Broadway show, Look at Roz Russell and that Wonderful Town thing. Terrible."

Van's unwillingness to sign a long term contract won't be too much of a shock to MGM. June Allyson's cut loose from them. And stars like Jane Powell and Kathryn Grayson are making and planning several single picture agreements.

The only surprising thing about Van's decision is he's anxious to take a chance. It may be a long shot, but he's decided to break the way rather than rest on his laurels in Hollywood and rake in the dough.

"If I flop in New York, then I flop," he says. "It's an experience. But maybe not a flop. And he's thought of that, too."

"No one applauds when you finish a scene in a picture," he says. "That noise went away when I went to the Hopi."

This metamorphosis he's undergone—what's wonderful, too. "I just feel bad it took me so long," he says. "Listen. You have to walk right into this shy problem. Make it as tough as you can for yourself. You might scare yourself silly, or lose a few meals, but the cure can work. Just look at me. I'm not afraid anymore. It's absolutely amazing."
Dramatic

There's a trace of the exotic in Ruth Roman's dark-eyed beauty... in the exciting glow of her skin. She enhances its loveliness every day with the very gentlest of care.

"My beauty care really makes skin smoother!"
says Ruth Roman

And that's what you'll say... when you try Ruth's daily Lux Soap facials. They're a sure way to softer skin!

Who could give you better beauty advice than this glamorous star... whose own complexion is so creamy, so radiant! Ruth says, "Try my daily Lux facials. They're a perfect way to make skin sparkle, look its very smoothest."

Yes, daily Lux Soap care treats your skin to a vital beauty benefit—a wonderful toning action! It's this gentle stimulation that helps your skin to new softness... that fresh, luminous look.

And Ruth tells you, "You'll delight in the mildness of Lux as you cream in the rich lather. Then you just rinse warm, splash cold... and right away your skin is lovelier!"

Why don't you try Hollywood's favorite Lux Toilet Soap today! See how soon you win compliments on your smoother, fresher skin!

"Steak's on!" Ruth's recipe is a secret... but not her beauty care. "Everyone knows—in Hollywood, we use Lux for smoother skin!"

Playing badminton with Ruth, it's hard to keep your eye on the game. Her complexion is so radiantly fresh... so Lux lovely. Try her beauty care.

"What a difference Lux facials make!" Ruth tells you. Yes, you'll see your skin is softer, fresher, with just one cake of Lux!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux for complexion care... for a bath-time treat! Gentle Lux care is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company to improve any normal skin, or your money refunded.
where do I go from here?

(Continued from page 49) But it loses money. It’s a bad film. I thought my way was Betty—you’ve had it. Get out while you’re on top. That is a law I laid down for myself long ago. Quit when you’re ahead. Just so I’ll have the intelligence to know when I am ahead. But this much you can bet on—when it happens, it’ll happen like that. The way it’s always been with me, when I don’t like something, I walk away from it. So far I’ve stuck with only two. Or, if I have to, the old collision. Anything, so long as it’s action. I’ve never sat around and waited for developments. Some people can do it. I can’t. Stepping, you know, in your own juice, that’s not for me. If there’s going to be an end, let it come.”

But the end was not yet?

“I’m 38,” said Betty Grable James: “That’s no state secret. I think I must be one of the happiest people on earth. That’s really a shame, isn’t it? For your purposes, I mean. Does anyone really want to read about happy people? No neuroses, no problems. I’m a terrible disappointment to interviewers. I want to say something real—real electric. But I can’t. I’m too lucky. And there’s nothing earth-shaking about luck, but unless it’s at a dice table in Las Vegas. I have Harry, a husband I’m in love with. The children. Home. Career. And the weird part of it all is, every year I feel better. That sounds like a gag, but it’s true. Every year I feel better, more full of zing. The problems shade down one by one so along with the zing comes a feeling of peace.

Am I too corny for you? Sometimes I’m too corny for you. You know, when I was younger, I was real corny about corn. Very disdainful. Now I know it for what it is, and I love it.”

There was no intention, then, except to go on as she was, professionally and personally speaking both.

“No intention. No other intention. Definitely. I’ve been asked, somebody asked me, ‘What makes Betty run?’ I don’t know, maybe it was a snide question. You get the implications. Over-ambition, too much adrenalin, whatever it was they meant. The way I understood it, they were saying, ‘She’s got everything, but everything. So why doesn’t she ease up?’ Well, she doesn’t ease up—I don’t ease up, you mean—because I like to work. It’s as simple as that. I’ve conditioned myself to work. And I love the work I do. You see what I mean about luck? Or wait. Listen to this: I love to stop the work I do and come home to the other part of my life that’s waiting for me, and that I love more than the work, if that’s possible. And it’s possible, all right. It’s only possible, it’s a fact. Now with all this, how could I tell you or anyone else the something’s gripping me? How could I complain? How could I put up any kind of beef without people wanting to throw rocks at me? I think some girls must dream that kind of thing happened to me. I know one girl who dreamed about it anyway. Me. Betty Grable. And I’ve always figured I’m pretty much like the rest. I’m the norm. I think that’s what audiences have liked in me, the audience that did like me. So you see how rich I am—not money, to earn, but—just rich. So they ask—what makes Betty run? Questions are answered. But there’s another question. I’m not running. I’m just cruising. I’m not bearing down and there’s plenty of gas in the tank, you’ll pardon the turn of phrase.

IT was pardoned. It was a good turn of phrase. Betty Grable James in the Year of Our Lord 1953 spoke the truth. Ten years of married life, and nearly 25 in show business and for a spell, she’s at the most improbable 36 ever conceived. She wore a cool print dress and her platinum hair very short and close to her head like a beehive. But—she is a pigeon for bright red shoes or bright red anything—had high heels, and these did the usual wonders for her legs, which are too skinny. The gentlemen will please put this in the book. Mrs. James’s own appraisal of her legs—too skinny—and here is hardly the time or place to dispute the lady. So long as we are on the subject of her management, however, her regard for her own singing, dancing and acting is likewise no more than lukewarm. She has never been heard to comment on her justly celebrated complexity and her marriage a year and a half ago, Mrs. James had sported roughly a chin-and-a-quarter, she was now pared down to one. She was neat and bright and lovely and—normal.

“No, but it’s true,” she went on presently: “I don’t bear down. I don’t barrel into the turns. Not any more. Would I have taken a ten-month suspension if I cared that much? Or here’s another: I wouldn’t do Pickup On South Street. Would a worrier have refused?”

Miss Grable turned down Pickup On South Street for a good reason: “It was drayma. The girl was a floozie, a B-girl. She has been thrown in her face, she’s knocked down. That’s one sort of part I can’t and won’t do. Comedy, song-and-dance, sure. But this was real heavy. There’s something else: people do come to identify you with the parts you play, and a lot of them know I’m a family type, mother of two children. It doesn’t jibe any too well. The main point is, though, it’s not for me. Jean Peters should be wonderful in it.”

Miss Grable also took a ten-count for declining to participate in The Girl Next Door, which subsequently went to June Haver. She, Miss Grable, went home, worked around the house, rested, rode horseback, read the Sunday paper, was happy, and didn’t brood about a thing. She was—for her—on edge when she accepted the layoff. For the first time in her life, public curiosity irritated her, and when she and James became the subject of group attention in the turf club of a swank local track, she became aware that she wasn’t wholly on the beam. “But I settled that problem,” she has said. “It was an overreaction. I will have nothing to move and move quick. You have seen how I was then. I wish you’d seen me a month later. I sat back and taught myself all over again that attention is part of our

easy money!

How’s that new air-conditioned movie down the street? Real cool? Well, MODERN SCREEN is saying, “Be our guest at a double-feature, and don’t forget the popcorn. Here’s how. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners!

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.

☐ The Inside Story
☐ Luella Parsons’ Good News
☐ Hollywood Under Fire (US wire service)
☐ What Divorce Did To Me (Mama Freeman)
☐ The Batting Waynes In Court (John Wayne)
☐ The Shifty Shells (Gary Cooper)
☐ Can Jane Forget The Past? (Jane Powell)
☐ They Called Them “Shocking” (Lana Turner-Lex Barker)
☐ Leave Him To The Girls (Rock Hudson)
☐ The Price Of Fame (Tony Curtis)
☐ Pick’s A Good Boy Now (Gregory Peck)
☐ Can Shelley Hold Vittorio? (Shelley Winters)
☐ “I’m Not Afraid Any More” (Van Johnson)
☐ Retroat Ta Paradise (Jan Sterling-Paul Douglas)
☐ Where Do I Go From Here?” (Betty Grable)
☐ Some Change’s Model (Jeanne Crain)
☐ Susie’s Got Everything (Susan Hayward)
☐ You Have A Banana Split Sinatra
☐ A Pocketful Of Dreams (Tab Hunter)
☐ God Lives In Every Church (Richard Widmark)
☐ Take My Word For It (Mitzi Gaynor)
☐ Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein
☐ TV Talk by Paul Denis

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?

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.
business, that deep down we really love it. Then there was nothing to worry about. If I’d kept on getting annoyed, then I’d’ve thought it was a good time to get out. But I didn’t worry about the layoff, that’s the main point. I didn’t worry about—oh, Marilyn Monroe, say, or whoever else was doing worse box-office ratings or not being on the screen. That’s one good part about layoffs. If my box-office drops I just say to myself, “Well, you haven’t had many releases, have you, after all?” and I feel all right again. Maybe it’s a way of kidding myself, but I don’t think so. Anyway, what’s so awful about kidding yourself? In small things, I mean. A lot of times it’s worked for me. That doesn’t mean I pre-
scribe it for others. What’s good for me may be terrible for someone else. That’s why, please don’t ask me for advice. It seems arrogant to dish it out. Just my own case, that I know.”

Well, how about Marilyn Monroe? “Well, how about her? I should be able to answer that, it’s been asked me so

many times, but I don’t know what I’m supposed to answer. She’s a nice girl, I like her, she’s fine to work with. You’re not
gonna make headlines with that, but it’s how it is. Then I have a stock answer. I’ve
given it so many times in so many different

situations, it’s a cliche. I’m going to have a

record made of it. There’s room at the top

everyone. And there is. Not very flashy, is it? I’ve read flashier. But I haven’t a

thing in the world against Marilyn Monroe. If we’re going to set the world on fire,

we’ll have to find another way.”

This much brought us to a spot—

and if the present article were an orches-
	
tral rendition, we would ask now for a

prolonged roll of the drums. Miss Grable

was to report to Columbia the following

Monday for her first loan-out in years and

years, the starring role in a project called

The Pleasure Is All Mine, from a Somerset

Maughan job. How did she feel about this?

“Fine,” said Miss Grable happily. “It’s a
good part and a cute script. I’m married to

two men.”

And how did the Johnston Office feel

about that?

She smiled. “Well, one’s supposed to be
dead. Only he isn’t.”

But she had no objection to the loan-

out? Eh?

“Why should? Fox didn’t have anything for

me. You know how it goes. I heard I

had objections. You hear everything. Un-

less you stop listening. No objections. No

anything. I’m happy in this way, happy in

that way, more ginger every day, and I’ll

go right on working until all of a sudden

I stop.

“But when I do stop,” she said, “it won’t

worry me too much because I have a lot
to fall back on. It’s the girls who live

only for their careers that have the prob-

lem of retirement. The reaction of idleness

could be too violent for them to stand.

They’re sort of, you know—one-dimen-

sional. But I have Harry, my children, my

home. I’ll just turn my back and that’ll

be that.”

The next Monday, as reported by the

trade paper Variety, Betty Grable was

suspect by Fox for the third time in two

years for refusing to report to Columbia

for the picture The Pleasure Is All Mine.

Miss Grable also “revealed” (Variety

again) that she was “trying to get out of

her 20th-Fox contract, which expires in

September, 1954.” The reason ascribed to

her for the Columbia balk was Columbia’s

refusal to tell her the identity of her co-

players; Variety assumed she had been

counting on William Holden and Henry

Fonda, as earlier reports printed in the

column of Louella O. Parsons. No
SweetHeart’s
More Luxuriant Lather
KEEPS ME FRESH ALL DAY

“Beauty is my business,” says lovely cover girl Eloise Sahlen, 
“and pure, mild SweetHeart is my beauty soap—for facials and beauty baths, too. SweetHeart’s more luxuriant lather—so rich and fragrant—keeps me fresh all day. And, most important of all, SweetHeart Care keeps my complexion soft and smooth!”

Change to regular care—with SweetHeart. In 7 days see how much softer, smoother, younger your complexion looks.

SweetHeart the Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

reason whatever was advanced for her flare-up at Fox. Apropos Columbia, she was quoted directly as follows: "They won't tell me who will be in the film. I didn't want to start extensive rehearsals without knowing. I'll go back in it when they tell me. I hate suspensions, I don't like trouble. But I feel entitled to know who will be in the film."

Thus the time for turning away may have arrived. To Modern Screen's post-interview queries, Fox spokesmen proffered bullelment, Miss Grable was elsewhere. Columbia did not even deign to return the call. The entire situation was a top secret operation. At the time this is written Modern Screen can only accept Betty's own statement to us: "All of a sudden I'll stop." Monday was sudden all right, that Monday in May.

That's Betty Grable, 1943. At the top of her beauty and talent and drawing power. But ready to stand dead cold pat on a principle. Do not think for a moment she was trying deliberately to mislead anyone in the talk you have overheard. There is no more honest woman in pictures. Everyone knows it. She has the utmost respect of friend, enemy and neutral. If she doesn't want to talk to you, she won't. But she won't mislead you. Variety's report presumably was reliable, if a short-lived firecracker. In the absence of denials, then, it must be that Miss Grable changed her mind over a weekend for reasons that seemed to her just and reasonable.

She had something else to say about retirement. "I could travel," she resumed. "Look at all I have to look forward to. When I've decided I won't miss the screen, I just won't miss it. You know, I've never been out of the United States. Oh, Canada for a little while. You won't believe it, but I've only been in Palm Springs once in my life, getting over an operation. Or the stage. I've done some of that, with orchestras, and then Du Barry Was A Lady in New York. I'd adjust myself to it again, the way I'm adjusted to pictures now. There are so many things to cushion the retirement. I don't ever want to be in the position of the players who can't quit, for money reasons or because they can't change the tempo. Go scurrying for character parts. When I'm through, I want to be through, and living it up in another way."

An enormous portrait of Harry James hung over the mantel. Ten years. The night of July 4, 1943 in Las Vegas, Nevada, was stilling and James' train, due in from New York for the wedding, was hours late. Midnight dissolved into morning, which doesn't normally bother Vegas, but the Justice of the Peace who was to perform the ceremony wanted to go home. So did the necessary clerk. A publicist in attendance proposed an alternative; he would sit on their heads until the train got there. The bride reached the edge of hysteries, and finally left the Last Frontier Hotel to wait at the station. At long last the City of Los Angeles wheeled its noble way to a stop, but with James' car far down the platform. The station proper was surrounded by a knee-high guard-rail in those days to discourage wanderers from getting mowed under. Miss Grable didn't know about that or didn't remember. She ran joyfully forward until she hit the guard-rail. The middle-rail was airborne, the landing impressive but painful. But a few cinders weren't going to foul up that day. They were married in early morning, and there was a wedding breakfast replete with friends, well-wishers and displaced crapshooters who, confronted with a staggering layout of goodies, decided they'd faded destiny and gone to heaven. Ten years ago. There was the customary doubt in Hollywood, which extended best gambling with side-bets on a six-month— and—not—a-day—more—hitch. "A no this is how it's turned out," said Mrs. James. "Quiet, domestic, no hoopla, none of the problems that go with hoopla. You spoke of crowds, too much attention. As a problem, it doesn't exist. We don't go out. When Harry gets home from the road, he wants to be home. So do I. And he's away a great deal, as he is now, so we don't entertain."

"You seldom entertain?"

"We don't entertain. Not in the Hollywood sense. We're entirely happy living as we do. The horses, the outdoor life, living for the children. What would we want beyond that?"

"No bruises whatever?"

"Minor. Very minor. Once or twice when I went on the road with Harry, I went strictly as Mrs. James, and then I wasn't too happy. I had a notion I could divorce Betty Grable from the maestro's wife. Same person, of course. It didn't exactly work. And once—" she began to laugh—"I got real frisky about it. Harry was playing a date in Venice. (Venice is a place near Hollywood, whatever Venetians may think about it.) So I got traped up in a black wig, covered my wedding ring in some way, and went down there. I was a sensational flop. Our friends were there. 'Hi, Betty! Dyed your hair? Don't tell us what you're made up for, let us guess.' Oh, I was the one. Only one person didn't recognize me. Harry, I was 'introduced' to him. He was real nice. So nice. So very nice. That's when I got mad."

"He didn't know he didn't know all along?"

"He didn't know. It was pretty funny. Hollywood was then, as it doubtless still
That was chalked up to more experience.

She got out of town and turned up in a Barbara Stanwyck–Frank Fay play, Tattle Tales, staying with it for several months. Movies yawned prodigiously.

During this time, whirling Fry Roth, the handman.

Eight months more. Hollywood went so far as at least to stifle its yawn. She was cast in a Wheeler and Woolsey comedy. She made a few shorts. She hit the road again, with her mom. Once back.

Back once more. RKO. Two years. Eatin' steady. Paramount. Two more years. But pictures that never got away from the campus. "Betty," reports the Fox biografia, "is dead. At least, nail and mallet, "simply didn't care to be the perennial schmo for eternity."

Their personal appearances. She stunned 'em. The assistant M. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox was most stunned of all. He "beckoned," as Hollywood always does. Never writes, phones or wires. Has to be summoned, but first she had the DuBarry Was A Lady commitment on Broadway. She stunned 'em in that, too. Then Alice Fay took poor Miss Grable. Was summoned—one in a great Hollywood family way—and took over Miss Fay's part in a historic movie titled Down Argentine Way.

The rest is a list:
Names of pictures.
Itemized grosses—and nets.

Marriage: July 5, 1941.
A daughter: Gail, 1943.
A daughter: Jessica, 1947.

Boxoffice Ratings:
1. Betty Grable.
1. Betty Grable.
1. Betty Grable.

And—1953? With the inevitable question mark.

She was married to Jackie Coogan once. As you can imagine, there were letters or pos- sessed a number of homes. This one is Home with a capital H. It's green, the greenest home you ever saw. Big, too, but not overwhelming. She handles all of it herself, even helps driving the children back and forth from school. She loved it. Fourteen rooms any- way.

The dank air blew through the front door and Betty Grable James shivered in her short-sleeved dress. Goodbye. Thanks a lot. Sorry it couldn't have been more exciting. Could it have been less so?

Betty Grable, 1953, is exciting enough any Friday.

END
biographers. Sinatra, at any rate, is intensely preoccupied with it and full of details. It all began with Major Bowes, the legendary and sometimes tyrannical arbiter of amateur radio talent back in the bad old days of the 1930's. Sinatra's voice won approval of the good Major, and by and by he found himself a member of one of the numerous Bowes units that toured the country, stopping over in the various hotels where he made several unsuccessful efforts to get his idol, Bing Crosby, to come to a telephone.

Back in New Jersey, Sinatra turned professional in an extremely modest scale, singing with the band in a run-down saloon for coffee, cakes and $15 a week. He doubled on a bong. But it so happened that he was properly wired and within the orbit of a New York radio station which, late at night, made a practice of switching from one outlying bistro to another. A member of Tommy Dorsey's various orchestras. The audience for this program was small but select. Even better, it was mainly professional, and among its group was a distinguished alumnus of dear old Bennington College, who at one time was considering striking out on his own. His name: Harry James.

Sinatra himself did not learn of the broadcast until much, much later, but James had fallen into the habit of waiting for his bit, and one night the trumpeter turned to a friend and said: "If we ever have a band of our own, that's going to be the singer."

Destiny now went into a buck and wing. It was not long after the James declaration that Sinatra decided he'd had a gut-full of it and decided to make a mind change. He stuck it out just one more week before giving up the saloon and trying his hand at sports writing, a branch of newspaper endeavor with which he was now familiar. That decision came on the afternoon of his night off.

History, however, was not taking any backtalk from balladeers. The girl singer with whom Sinatra alternated wanted that night off herself and asked Sinatra if he'd mind swapping with her. He agreed to stick around, and about midnight, doors and entourage turned up. Sinatra was under no illusion as to who his visitor was, but remained cool under fire, since he hadn't the faintest idea he was being hoodwinked. He did a couple of numbers and James called him over. The band was formed: would Sinatra care to be his vocalist?

"All I could think of," Sinatra said not long ago, "was, 'Lock the doors! Board up the windows! Don't let this guy out! I had hold of his arm so tight, his fingers were blue."

Thus it was James who dropped the starting gate for the stampeede of the decade, James whose sensitive ear first detected what a whole generation subsequently called "the swing," and James who called it over. Sinatra's feeling for him is akin to reverence.

The James experiment had its troubles - but Sinatra was an assured hit. He was good enough for James to boost his salary from $65 to $85 a week during a date in Cleveland, and in those days that was considered money. At a time when major double-money to Sinatra, whose daughter Nancy was, so to speak, en route. Sinatra was good enough, too, to be summoned, during the Detroit World Series, involving most of the name orchestras, in to the anointed presence of the man whose company provided the greatest frame of all to the band. Benny Goodman, Dorsey spoke his piece, and what he had to say was sweeter than his trombone.

But the tough part was ahead. Sinatra went back to James' hotel room. "He was reading, I walked into the room. I walked out again. I must've done that four times. Then I walked around in circles. Finally Harry put down his magazine. 'What's bothering you?' Seven-year itch? So I told him. I've been happier opening a vein. Dorsey wanted me."

"Harry called to his business manager: 'Bring in Frank's contract.' When he had it, he sat there and tore it into little pieces. He did that just because I had a better offer. No getting sore, no talk about letting him down, then or later. How do you like a guy like that? I'll tell you this much, I like him fine."

Sinatra stayed on with James for many weeks after that, the time it took to break in satisfactorily a new singer, who also did well, a youngster named Dick Haymes.

Then he joined Dorsey, the maestro who believed in the commercial advisability of spotlighting his singers and building them up into artful, and the juvenile female of the species did the rest.

He indulged in a brief session with reverie, then snapped out of it. "One thing I'm very sure of. Mr. Sinatra will go through the whole period what you'd call abnormally calm. I was—I well, I think you could say I was in a state of shock. That's a good way to put it. A state of shock."

"But don't make me sound as though I were talking in the past tense. I'm still in business, you know. In entertainment, one of the bad gimmicks about being up there was, I was there in the freak sensation class, there's only one way to go from there, and they begin washing you up as soon as there's an empty seat in the house. Ben He had never been a great guy working for two months, they want you to bury it, and the fun being buried alive. They want to do interviews with me now about the great Frank Sinatra. Frankly, I don't think I've been away.

"Believe me, I'm a happier man today than I was then. It's all levelled off now. I've been a professional, and I sleep right and I'm just another guy making a living. I don't know how long I've been able to stand it at the old pace. Probably would have snapped my cap before it would have happened. I think I'd have to worry any more about where it's going to end, and then what? I've found out—and you know, it wasn't half as bad as I was afraid. I think I'm growing up, too. Crooners do, you know, just like everybody else."

There likely was something in what he had said. The traces of belligerence that sometimes appeared, particularly vis-a-vis the working press, had disappeared. Columbia publicity people were unabashedly fond of him, both for the egotistical mannerisms nothing, and off it, which means a lot.

Sinatra had faced at least one very serious problem, which he acknowledged without calling it by name. "Everyone," he said clearly in his conversation, "sometime or later comes up against something—something terribly big. You stand up to it or you don't. It's too easy to read in between the lines. It's a thing you have to be looking for. More probably he simply didn't want to talk for the benefit of the next book. "You don't have to lie, but you have to do something about it."

The walk in front of Romanoff's contained no more than a scattering of mink stoles and no bobby socks. In 1944, Sinatra showed up in New York and toured the country by the cloistered Presidential exit, and his well-informed legionnaires would be waiting for him even there. Then he signed on as a radio commentator, stepped to talk with a friend, and answered a final question—a perfunctory, casual query in view of Sinatra's avowed distaste for donning his public persona. "Ava's fine," he said, "and everything is just great." She had not returned from Africa and England yet, from the making of the Metro picture with Cagney under dire circumstances. "Ava's fine," he said, "and everything is just great." She had not returned from Africa and England yet, from the making of the Metro picture with Cagney under dire circumstances. "Ava's fine," he said, "and everything is just great." She had not returned from Africa and England yet, from the making of the Metro picture with Cagney under dire circumstances.

Sunday night's high profit, and his first major hit, was "Bye Bye Baby, I'm a Fool Again," in which he included the words:

"The tumult and the shouting dies. The captains and the kings depart."

But he didn't say what happened after that. An improved digestion, conceivably; a clearer perspective, and a sounder nervous system. Sinatra drove buoyantly off, up South Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, in a Ford V-8, and friendly traffic was normal as all get-out.

The biggest buy in summer reading is modern screen's September issue on sale August 7. Luscious Elizabeth Taylor is on the cover.

"The rest," those two words alone, comprise a staggering overs-simplification, evading the issue in kind. One or two serious efforts have been made to get at it, most notably a small book stemming from a profile in one of the country's more urbane publications, but his wound wasn't so much thin and one-dimensional. "I couldn't give the guy enough time," Sinatra has explained. "There wasn't enough time for anything."

"The rest," as the world surely has not forgotten yet, was lapel-grabbing and clothes-tearing, police escorts, the goggle-eye. He's pointed certain thoughtful elements among the elderly public, while it's the only source from all sources that has to be heard to be believed.

"I know," said Sinatra, "$8,000,000 in income tax so far, take or give a little. So I guess I can raise $100,000 more."
can jane forget the past?

(Continued from page 31) Out front, a comedian posing as a waiter was having a rollicking time swiping drinks from tables, knocking elaborate coiffures askew with a huge palm tree he was tilting around and generally messing up the joint. He finally got to a table in the rear at which Geary Steffen was sitting with a party of friends. He looked into Geary's sombre face. "One order of herring!" he cried, then dashed to the kitchen and emerged with a huge rubber fish, which squirted water all over those at the table. Geary smiled tightly, but the others laughed heartily.

Backstage, Jane stood up now while a seamstress sewed swiftly on a white boudoir evening gown. She was very nervous. Chorus girls muttered softly about costumes that didn't fit. One performer groused about his billing, and the trainer of a couple of chimpanzees was having a heck of a time with his charges who had never worked in a café before and were going wild over the aroma of sizzling steaks and the tangy scent of centerpieces of piled fruit.

A man came backstage and announced it was going to be a tough audience. "Danny Kaye's out there," he said, "and Jack Haley and Florabel Muir of the L. A. Mirror, who calls an act as she sees it. Places, everyone!"

The show began. The chorus girls pranced out on the stage as the curtain parted and saucily tossed their spangled rears at the audience to the brassy accompaniment of a good-sized orchestra. Jane Powell stood in the wings. She'd have to face them in minutes now and she began to count.

Janie stood there and watched the chimps. Suddenly one of them lunged from his chair and headed for a pile of fruit. An assistant dashed from the wings to retrieve him and slip him a bit of banana. Then the other chimp took off and headed right for Danny Kaye, threw his arms around the comedian and planted a wet kiss on his ear. "He's loved me," Danny roared, "ever since we played the Palace together."

It was all fun, and all unexpected, but it held the show up and Janie Powell had to sweat out those extra minutes. But finally the orchestra began to play her entrance cue. Janie rubbed her moist hands together and stepped to the center of the completely dark stage. Then a spotlight hit her with a ribbon of white, and she began to sing.

"Falling in love with love is falling for make-believe," she sang. Her delightful lyric soprano voice seemed thin in the big room. A voice that seemed to be right at her side spoke. It was Danny Kaye. "The mike, Janie," he said. "The mike's too high."

Janie fumbled for the microphone but couldn't quite make it, so a stage hand slid out and adjusted it for her. She hadn't stopped singing. Tears of exasperation filled her eyes, but no more than half the audience saw them. The rest, thinking the lyric a little ironic, were looking the other way—at Geary Steffen.

The next song was "Good-bye, baby, I'm leaving you...." A woman muttered, "What bad taste!"

Geary Steffen looked straight ahead, paying no attention to the rest of the people in the room. Maybe the song had no significance for him. He'd heard them all hundreds of times. But maybe they did. Janie's next number was a hot torch song, something they never let her do in pictures—and the audience ate it up. And

"Soaping" dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry... does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
The last number was a tear-jerker for the whole crowd. Everyone, that is, but Geary. His were the only dry eyes as Janie sang “It’s too late now...”

The show was over. Janie could have taken her dressing room key and left, but she took only five and hurried back to her dressing room. Geary got up from his table and walked backstage to see her. She sat at her dressing table, her head in her hands.

“I was awful, wasn’t I?” she said. “I was terrible.”

Geary said she wasn’t, kissed her gently on the forehead and retired to a corner of the dressing room, the well-known Inn press agent, came in with his report.

“How did I do?” Janie begged.

“Nervous, but great,” Murphy said. “You began on a high note and left on a high note.”

“Tell me the truth,” Janie pleaded. “How was I, really?”

“There’s a sweet little old lady out there, George,” he said. “She’s still standing up screaming full force. Look—in a couple of days you’ll have the feel of the room and you’ll have no problems. But right now you can consider yourself a smash.”

Danny had cousins to visit another performer, stepped into the room. Jane threw him a kiss.

It was lucky for me, we were out there tonight, Danny, she thought. Thanks. Thanks.

Danny grinned. “You’ve done the same for me,” he said. “I just spoke to the orchestra leader and he told me that from the way things went at rehearsals he thought you’d be just another wavy coloratura, but tonight you exploded into a full-bodied lyric soprano. That’s quite a compliment from him.”

“I know,” Janie said. “But the noise out there. It was awful.”

“If you intend to work night clubs,” Danny said, “you’re going to have to get used to it. If you can’t, quit right now.”

“Thanks, Danny,” Janie said. “I’ll remember.”

Danny left, but a lot of other people had squeezed into the room. Gene Murphy showed up at the door. Soon Geary and Jane went to the bungalow they shared on the hotel grounds.

It was maybe just an opening night, just another beginning date, but then, too, it might have been an impotent night to the lives of two kids, Jane and Geary Steffen.

Anyway, it was full of excitement and promise of drama. A new experience in the careers of the Steffens, a step forward or back in Geary’s effort to hold his wife.

As they walked across the wide lawn, this reporter couldn’t help thinking about the girl who had been together—times when no spotlight shone on Jane or her career. For instance, the time Geary picked her up at the hospital after the birth of their first baby. He helped Janie through the doorway and then, instead of his ‘49 convertible, was a shiny black Cadillac sedan.

“Geary!” she said, “you shouldn’t have done that. You know we can’t afford a car like that right now.”

“It’s all right, baby,” Geary had grinned. “I borrowed it from my boss for the day.”

That was a scant two years ago. Much has happened during those two years. Many plans were made. Many promises made. Many words were spoken from the heart—and many secrets shared. During this time, the young woman had a lot, together. He became the top insurance salesman with his company. Jane got a new cream-colored Cad and a new career. They had another baby. Now they were both talking about rising to the top.

The question, then, was, and still is, can Jane Powell forget? Can she forget all the plans and promises and secrets? Can she have another opening night in her life? Not on the stage, but in her life? She’ll have to forget if she does.

According to Florabel Muir, who interviewed Jane at the Sands Hotel before the opening, Jane hasn’t made up her mind yet. Quoting Florabel: “... she says the verdict isn’t in yet. As far as she is concerned, about their future, she doesn’t know what we wanted to discuss. Young Geary was with her—when she could catch him. ‘Coffee?’ she asked, as we sat down. We took a cup, and dodged another one that the butler threw. ‘Sorry to barge in on you like this,’ we said, ‘but magazines have to go to press. And there are four million readers of Modern Screen who want to know what is going to happen. Did Florabel Muir quote you properly?’

‘Of course it was right,’ Janie said. ‘Florabel has never misquoted me. However, you’ve got to understand that Geary and I can’t issue statements for every newspaper or magazine that has a deadline, even though we appreciate the interest everyone seems to have in us right now. Actually, we don’t know what’s going to happen anywasy. But I do know that I was happy Geary came to see my opening.’

‘Geary says,’ we told her, ‘that you’re the finest wife and mother he’s ever known.’

‘I’m glad he thinks that,’ Janie said softly. ‘And I’ll tell you this, I’m a lucky girl. We’ve been together a long time and I think that as a man, a husband and a father he’s as wonderful now as I’ve always said he is. No matter where our paths lead, we’ll always love the same way about each other. That may sound like an old song to you, but it’s the truth.’

We decided to press a little. ‘Remember the night...’ we began. Janie cut us short, her bright blue eyes a little chill. ‘I remember everything and anything you said. Your “dad was up, too, last night,” we asked, “wasn’t he?”

“Yes, he was,” Janie added. “We’ve always been close to Dad. He helped us build our apartment house, you know. He’s a contractor.”

It was an irrelevant bit of information, but we noticed she still used the words “us” and “our” when talking about Geary and herself.

Little Geary whacked the table with his spoon and demanded to be fed. Then he held up and planted himself in the lap of a portly business man he didn’t even know.

“There goes everybody’s friend,” Janie laughed at her father. “Look, how about getting into a pair of trunks and getting wet? This desert air is drying me out.”

To thanks, we said, “Before you go, tell us a little about your immediate future—the professional future.”

“That,” said Jane, “is the easiest question anyone has asked me in weeks. I think my next assignment will still be Hit The Deck, probably with Vic Damone. And while you’re writing about my tour, you might say something nice about the wonderful people of Toronto, Canada. I played the Casino there and I couldn’t do anything wrong. I’d like to go back there soon, and stay a whole month.”

“I hear they’re great,” we said, “but now when you’re not working, you’re working the waiters here stopped serving drinks. They don’t do that for very many performers.”

“I hope it will always be like that,” Janie said, “wherever I go. People can be so kind.”

“But reporters,” we said, “like me, have to pry. We have to ask you questions and look into your private life whether we like it or not.”

“But sometimes it’s so cruel,” Janie said.

“Living is sometimes cruel,” we reminded her. “Like right now I’ve got to go find a typewriter or a slot machine or something and get on with my half-vacation and half-job.”

“Well, if you find a typewriter,” Janie said, “put something down for me. Write down all you can remember for me, but that Geary has gone away. And that my son is busy making social contacts, as you can see.”

“Anything else?” we asked.

“Well,” Jane said softly, “you can say that I’m alone—all alone—for awhile anyway.”

We took our leave, and walked across the lawn to the lobby of the hotel. And we looked back and saw Jane heading for the pool, a lovely doll of a woman, curvy and tiny and eager. Young Geary was still with her, too, in the third glass of milk he had caged. There were just the two of them. It didn’t look right.

After awhile we found the typewriter. We’d come to get a bit of sun and cover an opening night. We’d seen drama and maybe heartbreak in the making. And two courageous young people with a big difference in the romance of pretense. Then there was Gene and Jane Powell, and what was very ordinary and that nothing was terribly important except the height of Jane’s mite and her career.

The typewriter began to rattle. We remembered the note. She’d told us that Jane had “matured incredibly as an artist.” We knew that she had also matured incredibly as a woman. That she was piling up a credit at a rate. We hoped she’d never have to regret the memory of that opening night at Vegas, the night she might have decided that Geary and she were through. We watched her tell the story of the day she told us. “Tell them Geary has gone away. Tell them I’m alone.”

A lot of people forget the things that have happened to them in the dark past of their lives. But we have a feeling that Jane Powell is not like them. No Jane Powell will never forget.
the shy Mr. Cooper

(Continued from page 29) just about as typical as Siamese twins and just about as simple as the formula for the hydrogen bomb. Instead of being the shy, shoe-sculling bashful cowboy—"Pleased to meetcha, Ma'm"—Gary Cooper is one of the greatest lovers Hollywood has ever produced. He is the American answer to Don Juan, the Montana reply to Casanova, and the West's challenge to Prince Charming. In off-screen love-making he is the originator of the technique of underplaying.

No flowery phrases, no Shakespearean sonnets, no ardent wooings, and no Latin outbursts—only the blue soulful eyes, the clenched teeth, the few choice words, spoken menacingly and haltingly in an almost whispered voice. But above all a sincere man, for sincerity is the keynote of the Cooper approach.

Take, for example, Coop's latest adventure. After finishing Blowing Wild in Mexico, he flew into France a few weeks ago to take part in the Cannes Film Festival. There he met Gisele Pascal.

Coop, like most of the American stars at Cannes, was put up at the Carlton Hotel. As soon as he registered, all the excitable Frenchmen began referring to him as Monsieur Garicoupaire, and the local belles began phoning the Festival officials, requesting that Monsieur Garicoupaire be placed in their charge.

In fact the feminine demands for Coop's company were so great that the actor was warned to stay away from the beach in his bathing suit lest he start a riot. Having had his clothes pulled off at a preview many years ago, Coop abided by the advice and took his morning swim at a private beach.

Of all the French beauties who were out to enchant Gary, Gisele Pascal was the one siren no one thought he would take up with. For in Europe this charming, Gallic long-limbed actress has long been recognized as the great and good friend of Prince Ranier of Monaco, the tiny principality in which Monte Carlo is located.

Gisele is one of France's leading actresses, and it has been supposed that eventually Prince Ranier would make her his Princess. Only now, who knows? Because apparently Gisele has fallen for Gary, and the Prince is furious with himself for having given his lovelight permission to attend the Film Festival.

It was at Cannes that Gary and Gisele met at a luncheon. Gisele speaks much better English than Coop does French, and it wasn't very long before these two were gabbling away like old friends.

Somehow the place cards at this luncheon were moved around, and Gisele found herself sitting next to Gary. There was more conversation. Had the American actor been abroad before? Yes, he had. Did he know Cannes and the French Riviera? Not very well. How would he like to see it some evening? With whom? With Gisele, of course. The Mediterranean was very beautiful at night.

They went riding together and dining together; and back in Monaco, Prince Ranier blew his top when Gisele didn't return that night. In fact, she didn't return for a week, and during that whole week she was seen with Garicoupaire, almost always with Garicoupaire.

In Mexico, especially in Acapulco, Cooper could date any girl he pleased, and the chances of it breaking into print were very small since there are no gossip columnists in Acapulco.

In Cannes, however, more than 400

The "moisture shield" in new Fresh is a gentle extra-effective astringent that acts like an invisible shield...to protect your clothes from perspiration stains, stop embarrassing odor.

gentle new Fresh has moisture-shield to keep underarms dry...

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful News! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 150% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants...and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try new Fresh today. There's a Fresh with Chlorophyll, too!

New Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love Always
Coop did come to Paris. Checked in at a hotel. And Gisele was not far behind. She had not returned to her Prince. She had followed Gary’s trail northward.

For the press pounced on Coop. Was it true that the American film star had stolen Gisele’s heart, that she had renounced her royal friend for him? Was it true that he and Gisele were madly in love? Was it true that he planned to divorce Madame Garicoupage and make Gisele his second wife?

"Look," Coop drawled. "I don’t know what this is all about. I’m a married man, and my wife and daughter are coming here soon."

"Aren’t you divorced from your wife?" the reporter asked.

"No, sir," the actor answered. "I’m just in a state of legal separation from my wife."

There were more questions, all embarrassing to Gary, and finally he ended the interview by saying, "I don’t care who’s in town or who is not. I’m leaving for Brussels tomorrow morning."

Gisele was delighted. She and her friend had come to Paris for some peace and quiet. She had nothing to do with a contract for a movie and knew that she was still married to Gary. She kissed her friend goodbye, and Coop and she left for the countryside.

Clara Bow discovered this a quarter of a century ago when she was the number-one box office attraction at Paramount and Hollywood was her show. She was the “it” girl. Coop was a relative newcomer to the public world of Hollywood—but Clara picked him out because he had "it," too—and the rest of the world agreed.

When Coop met Lupe Velez, the original Mexican firecracker, his love affair with this strange, uninhibited, kind and tragic little firebrand must go down in the annals of the teempestuous of all cinema-land romances. And, as things that live at fever-pitch must, the romance cooled down—at least for Gary.

So much for Gary Cooper. He’s a lonely man, that poor little fellow while; and when he did, a part of Lupe Velez died, and that part never came to life again.

Coop was the one great love of her life, and Lupe knew that the great love had come and passed. And although until her tragic end she continued her gay, giddy life, tumbling in and out of love, those of us who knew her, realized that in her heart Gary Cooper was inimitable. There would never be another like him.

The romance with Lupe a thing of the past, Coop went to Europe and promptly fell in love with actress and advertising star Di Frasso. That’s the trouble with Gary. Women always find him irresistible. They seek him out, and being a gentleman, he always succumbs to their blandishments. It is said that Coop and Di Frasso polished Gary from a rough diamond into a slick star. This is not particularly true. Coop has always known the score. He may act the hayseed off-screen as he does on, but this is purely an act. He aroused the maternal instinct in women, makes them want to baby him, guide him, map out his life.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., used to be a heavy gambler, as well as an excellent producer. He thought nothing of dropping a few thousand dollars at one sitting at the gambling table. One day when Carl Laemmle, Sr., was at the 52 window, a friend said, "How is it, Carl, that your son bets so heavily, and yet you never bet more than a few dollars at a time?"

"Well, you see," answered Carl, Sr., "my son has a rich father."

— H. W. Kellick

As for Coop, he drowned his sorrows with a girl named Dusty Miller. While he was dating Dusty, his wife and daughter were in New York. Every two days, took her out dining, shopping, to the theater. He saw Rocky on numerous occasions, and there were half-a-dozen false announcements about them being engaged. While these were being blared around town, the American Don Juan took off for British West Samoa to make Return To Paradise, a 15-month tax-free tour of overseas duty. When Paradise was finished, he flew back to the States, but only for a day or so, and thence to Canada and Mexico. South of the border he made another film and found another girl, Channele. When the Cannes Film Festival people invited him to come to France, expenses paid, Coop gave his characteristic slow nod and took off.

In Cannes, two nights after his arrival, he took up with Gisele Pascal; and you all know what happened there.

As he heads for 53, Gary Cooper realizes that in all probability he’s had his final fling—after all, Rocky has let him have almost two years of bachelor-life in Hollywood. But you read these words, Gary and Rocky are bonded and have high hopes that your children will find even higher hopes because of whatever marital stability the Coopers may have.

The French have an old saying, and it goes like this: "Give a husband enough rope, and if he doesn’t hang himself, he will find his way home."
leave him to the girls

(Continued from page 35) at our house for dinner after we'd finished a day's work together in the Golden Blade. He told me on the set that he didn't think he'd better come.

"Why not?" I said.

"Because I'll eat too much and embarrass myself. Maybe I'd better tuck in a couple of sandwiches before I come over."

"Don't be silly," I said, and forgot all about it until the doorbell rang at home that evening. The mail opened the door but no one was there, and then down on the doorstep she found a peanut butter sandwich wrapped in wax paper, with a note attached, "Nobody loves me. Nobody eats me. I wish I were dead." Daddy found Rock hiding out in the driveway and dragged him in to dinner.

He's the nicest person to have around because he's so much fun. He laughs at everything and his laughter is so infectious that everyone around him feels happy. Rock concentrates on having fun, and it's one of the reasons he's so refreshing as a date. He doesn't try to be the romantic type of glamorous boy whose only goal for an evening is to impress his girl; he's completely natural.

I've seen him in a serious mood only a couple of times, and both of them concerned his work. He's quite sober about it, and when we sat in a projection room to watch a rough cut of the Golden Blade, he began hacking himself to pieces with criticism. There was one scene in which I thought he was quite charming, but he hated every second of it and kept muttering to himself. I know him well enough to agree with him if I think he does a bad job in a scene, but we can have a knockdown-drag-out when I disagree with his self-criticism.

Although I've seen him serious only about his work, I suspect that Rock has a much deeper side that most people don't know about. I can't put my finger on it, but it's there somewhere, and I think he tries to hide the fact from people.

As a matter of fact, I suppose a girl could know him for a long time, figuring he really understood what made him tick, and never suspect that he has a lot more to him than the gaiety that runs on the surface.

The girl who wins him as a husband is going to be a very fortunate and happy person. He has a lot of common sense and knows what he wants in a girl, and he won't make any mistakes. The best assurance I have for the statement that Mrs. Hudson will be lucky is the fact that when I appeared with Rock on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" program, I met backstage all his relatives and friends who have known him for years. When they spoke of Rock it was with deep affection, and there wasn't an insincere compliment given him that night. I don't know how to explain it, but to me that was a real test, and I could sense that all these people, who know him so well, feel that he is the salt of the earth.

By LORI NELSON

I've known Rock ever since I first came to Universal-International, three years ago. I was pretty much of a kid then, with books under my arm and braces on my teeth, and I used to kid a lot with me when we attended drama classes together. I never really thought of him as a date in those days, and I'm sure he never got any kick out of looking at me, with those braces. He was always more like a big brother to me. We've had dates together

For "picture perfect" hair styles...

Your Hair Stays Set

WITH

Liquinet

"Our stars choose Liquinet," says Universal Studio hair stylist Joan St. Oegger. "The invisible mist that keeps hair carelessly soft, lustrous, manageable. And you can easily keep your hair as perfect as the stars, with Liquinet. Just press...pouf...Liquinet spray captures the "just-combed" beauty of your hair...holds each curl and wave naturally in place for hours...even in wet, windy weather!"

Set It—Liquinet It! When you roll up your pincurls, use Liquinet for longer-lasting curls...for a fast set. Dries almost instantly!

Combing out your curls...another quick Liquinet spray...and your hair becomes gloriously obedient, gleaming with sparkling highlights.

Pride In It! Day and night, 'round the clock, for breathtaking hair beauty, insist on the original and genuine spray hair net...Liquinet!

At all leading drug and cosmetic counters. 3 1/2 oz. $1.25 (plus tax)

FOR SETTING
AND AFTER SETTING

Liquinet

Be sure you get Liquinet
the original and genuine
SPrAY HAIR NET

75
recently, and whenever I know I'm going to spend an evening with Rock I get in a happy mood even before he comes to call for me. He's so crazy—you never know what he'll do on the next day, and it's still for two minutes and spends the evening bouncing, whether it's in his seat at a premiere, or bowling along in his car from one place to the other. When he laughs you can hear it for blocks, and you can't help laughing with him.

He isn't the smooth, polished type of escort. I remember one time he brought me to a movie, and I was reminded so much of me as though he were passing the salt. "Here," he said, and started to rifle through a magazine on the coffee table. He's so nimble when he gives me silly little presents, like the stuffed bunny he brought over Easter morning, or the goofy little doll at Christmas.

He's an awful tease and if he ever gets something for dinner that I can't eat, he just stands there and won't even let you forget it. One time he and I went to a movie on Hollywood Boulevard and when we came out of the theater and were walking toward the parking place, I felt something tickling the back of my legs. My petticoat had decided to leave me and in less than a second it fell in a heap around our feet. As nonchalantly as I could I stepped out of it and picked it up and put it in my purse, but I needn't have bothered to be so ladylike. Rock was bent double laughing at me, the big goon, and so many people turned to stare at me that I had to beat a hasty retreat away from the scene. Since then, he's never failed to remind me of it whenever I make any efforts at being glamorous.

He's unusually self-conscious about people and quickly notices little habits or manners of speech. A mutual friend of ours, for example, has an absent-minded way of coughing that has been compared to a Venetian blind or the links in his key chain, and I don't think he realized it himself until Rock began imitating him one day. As the studio gets knots in her stomach if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. Rock discovered it, and if he's in a room when Betty walks in, there's always this one great smile, and the laughter begins. He's such a tease. He kids me about my habit of puckering my mouth when I'm thinking, and every once in a while, out of the blue, he'll say, "Make a punch for me"—his way of describing the pout.

A date with him is always sure to be fun. He's always eager to shop talk, and he's a wonderful dancer. Best of all, whenever we're with Rock I have a wonderful sense of security. He's still like a big brother. I have a feeling that if I ever had any big problem I could go to Rock and do everything he could to help me. I'll even go so far as to say that, if it were necessary, he'd bring in a few punches in my behalf. I think he'll always be one of my favorite people.

When Rita Hayworth began her career, she was about the ugliest of all the starlet taildraggers ever to come to Hollywood. The casting director who first signed her was considered out of his mind.

When the studio bosses looked at her, they were far from impressed. Rita Hatch, said, "This girl is about as attractive as my maiden aunt, age 56." This remark upset a girl hairdresser and she introduced Rita, who was in tears.

"What can she do, anyway, the girl told Rita, "is a remodeling job. So Rita went into a locket—


One week and $1,200 later, she was a raving beauty. Almost three inches of hair had disappeared between her hairline and her lash eyelids. So she returned for a high hairline and a solid bit part in a film called Susan and God.

Today studio executives shudder at the thought of almost lost Rita by a hairsbreadth!

Carl Schroeder

I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come up from New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in Mr. Abbott's Country I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular that I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion. It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and I just happened to bring up to a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a vulgar--I never thought he was a man who had any depth, but I was wrong.

I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come up from New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in Mr. Abbott's Country I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular that I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion. It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and I just happened to bring up to a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a vulgar--I never thought he was a man who had any depth, but I was wrong.

I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come up from New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in Mr. Abbott's Country I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular that I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion. It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and I just happened to bring up to a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a vulgar--I never thought he was a man who had any depth, but I was wrong.

I guess I met Rock just in time. I've been in Hollywood only a short time, and until I met him I was beginning to think I'd never meet anybody out here with whom I could find a basis for real conversation. I come up from New England, and I grew up with books and with people who have retained the almost lost art of conversation. When I started work in Mr. Abbott's Country I met Rock for the first time. I knew, of course, that he was an established star and a single man who is quite popular that I never dreamed that here was the one person who could give me point for point in a serious discussion. It all started one day on the set when we began talking about the picture's title, and I just happened to bring up to a conversation about religious and spiritual concepts. I couldn't have been more surprised. Rock appears to be such a vulgar--I never thought he was a man who had any depth, but I was wrong.
Palmolive Soap Is 100% Mild
To Help You Guard That
Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better
For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care"
With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Brighter Skin—that
Schoolgirl Complexion Look—most women can
have it. 36 doctors proved it in actual tests on
1285 women. What's more, these doctors found
that Palmolive’s Beauty Plan is unquestionably
better for your skin than "just average care"
with any leading roller soap.

So don't lose another day! Change today to
Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . gently massage
Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin
for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold
and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother, brighter
skin. Yes, Palmolive brings out beauty while it
cleanses.

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

Nature's Chlorophyll*
Is In Every Cake Of
Palmolive Soap . . . That's What
Makes Palmolive Green!

100% MILD! DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE BRINGS OUT BEAUTY WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR SKIN!
AYA AND FRANK SINATRA have again alienated influential segments of the Press, this time in London and in Rome. In London, Frank and Ava fought with airline officials and in Rome, the crooner scuffled with a photographer.

It began when Ava, Frank and 11 pieces of luggage turned up at the London airport seven minutes before their plane was scheduled to pull out for Milan.

"I'm sorry," explained one of the airport men, "you're too late to fly. All passengers must be at the airport at least 30 minutes before departure time."

Frank roared, "This is the last time I ever fly BEA." (British European Airways).

"I'd rather swim the Channel," Ava added.

"I'm sorry," the official continued, "we can't inconvenience a plane-load of 32 passengers just because two people are late."

Ava and Frank caught a plane to Rome instead of to Milan. A photographer there tried to snap their picture. Frank charged and there was a scuffle. The police broke it up. Ava and Frank left the airport muttering to themselves.

CLARK GABLE in Venice, following the completion of Mogambo, has been seen with an attractive beauty. Although Gable would prefer she remain anonymous, her name slipped out. It's Suzanne Dedelot. Gable has asked his hotel to say absolutely nothing about the girl. Clark was miffed when the papers discovered his so-called "friendship" with Grace Kelly. This entente was highly publicized in England, in fact so well publicized that Grace's mother came over from Philadelphia for a look-see. A few weeks later, Grace, who played opposite Gable in Mogambo, left for home with mama, and the Metro star departed for Paris. It would surprise no one, however, if Clark requested Kelly for his next film. Until MGM decides what that will be, Gable continues to squire beautiful women around Europe.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT who will shortly wind up her 18-month stay abroad with approximately $300,000 tax free, refuses to discuss her marital status with Dr. Joel Pressman, one of the crack ear specialists in California. Claudette insists that her marriage is perfectly okay, that she's in Europe merely to make pictures, and that she's not running away from discord of any type. In her latest made-in-Italy film, the 48-year-old actress, who was born in Paris, plays an American woman whose G.I. husband was killed in Italy. She comes to Salerno to visit his grave and learns that he had fathered an illegitimate son.

KIRK DOUGLAS, a poor boy who rose from anonymity to fame, is a classic example of what success can do to a man's hat size. Douglas not only fought with director Anatole Litvak while working in Italy, but at the Cannes Film Festival he made it a point to date a new girl every night. "We think," wrote one French reporter, "that this Kirk Douglas is really a frustrated Aly Khan."

OLIVIA DE Havilland, wherever she goes in Europe these days makes new friends. Livvy arrived in Paris a few months ago with her 3-year-old son, Benjie, and she has not only sat for mass interviews but has posed for American sight-seers. "I'm honored, she says, "when my countrymen recognize me." Kurt Frings, Livvy's agent, has been asking $175,000 per picture, and it looks as if he's got her an offer in London to do Deep Blue Sea for Wolff Brothers.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR and VITTORIO GASSMAN are expected in Switzerland for Rhapsody in July. After Liz finishes that one she is scheduled to meet husband Mike Wilding in London. Actors who have worked with Wilding and who can be as petty as vindictive schoolgirls, insist that Mike is really 43, as if his age made any difference to Liz.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER is smiling once again now that his wife Vivian Leigh is well on the road to recovery. Olivier would love to make a film in Hollywood with his wife, "providing, of course, we could find the right vehicle."

Incidentally, there is no truth to the vicious rumor that Vivien Leigh feigned illness to get out of Elephant Walk because she didn't like the story. If she hadn't liked the script she wouldn't have started on the film in the first place.

ROBERT TAYLOR when he checked into London to star in Knights Of The Round Table, was recognized by no one despite the fact that this is the third film he's made in England since the war. Conspirators and Invahuan were the other two. Taylor arrived with a three-inch growth of beard. "I prefer the comfort of my own whiskers," he explained, "to the torture of gluing (Continued on page 91)
It's a nice, comfortable thing to have a steady salary coming in every week and not easy to forfeit it, but by the time Jeanne began work in Vickie she had made up her mind to leave the studio and free lance. She wasn't at all sure what kind of offers she would receive, if any, but she needn't have worried. Within two hours after formal notice had been given that she and Fox had come to a parting of the ways, she had invitations to star in two Broadway plays and in several promising movies.

It was during the filming of Vickie, too, that Jeanne got the urge to cut her hair. It not only showed that she was raring for her freedom; it followed the old principle that when a woman makes any sort of major change in her life she often changes her appearance and personality along with it. Then, too, it happened in the spring, a time of year when everyone feels along with nature a longing to present a bright new face to the world.

Jeanne's own personality has been undergoing a lot of changes in the last year or two. The rebellion against the gingham-type roles into which she had been cast resulted in her effort to prove to everyone that she had evolved into a mature woman. The fact that she was married and four times a mother seemed to have little influence on the brass hats at her studio, so Jeanne tackled the only other way she knew.

It wasn't hard for Jeanne to do. She has the basic element necessary to glamour—complete femininity. She is an eye-stopper in any crowd and has a flair for the unusual which makes her a stand-out even among her screen sisters. She loves clothes, both for herselfs and for what she knows they do for her, and often remarks with wonder that while California women buy some of the most expensive clothes in the world, they don't take particular joy in wearing them. Life in the movie capital tends to be so informal that much of her female population feel more natural in blue jeans than they do in what is called out here "New York clothes". Jeanne, on the other hand, doesn't feel comfortable unless she is dressed to the hilt for the occasion.

She feels that her Bobcat Bob is her favorite hair-do of all time not only because it gives her an exhilarating sense of freedom that ties in happily with her new professional status, but also because it lends itself to any kind of dress, any type of hat, and any sort of occasion. It is so shaped that it can be brushed forward to cap the face, or reversed and worn off the face. It can be something compelling to go with lace and mink, or something very casual and practical for a set of tennis.

She wore her hair long for many years, during times when other girls were bowing to fashion and visiting barbers regularly. This was out of deference to her husband who, like most men, preferred his wife with long hair. When she was preparing to make People Will Talk, director George Cukor had just returned from Paris, and having noticed that short hair was the rage there, asked Jeanne to have hers cut. She did, but never really liked the style. It was fine for a speed boat ride but it was shaped for a definite part and was a sporty coiffure that could be worn only one way. She recalls the night she was dressing to go to the ballet and tried to pin a rose behind her ear. "It was pretty much of a shock when I realized there was no hair to pin it to."

Jeanne says her Bobcat Bob was done on impulse, but one to which she gave a lot of thought.

She said nothing to anyone about having it done. "I used to be sensible and ask..."
people for their advice on everything, but these days I have to urge to respect my impulses. I haven’t any more than anyone else, but I’ve noticed when I obey them, the results have always been fine. I think they’re important, steering you to what you really want to do, and they happen in everything through life, even in romance.

Something wonderful happens to you when you meet a particular man. Maybe you don’t even know it for five minutes, but call it chemistry or whatever, it’s impulse. That’s the way it was with Paul and me. And anyway, it’s no fun asking people for advice. You always wind up being what they want you to be doing what they want you to do—instead of being yourself.”

She closely watched the fashion magazine, especially the pages with the models who were those she disliked And when enough time had passed after the completion of Vickie she consulted the models she had met when making the movie, and the Marriage Broker. She had spent a bit of time with them, learning their tricks of posture and carriage, and noticed that their hair was invariably worn in the latest fashion.

“Who told you that you’re the best haircut in town?” They all said the same thing—the Bentley Salon in Beverly Hills.

Paul didn’t know a thing about it until he got home from work that night. Jeanne knew he liked long hair, but she also knew that he would appreciate a change when he got used to the new idea. “I think change is the essence of life,” she told him. “In a way, it’s a woman’s weapon. We all know that men have a roving eye, and wives who look the same year in and year out tend to become boring for granted. If a girl can give her husband a new look to face to look at every once in a while, he’s more likely to stay as interested as he was the first time he met her. Why are women so fascinated with clothes? It’s the easiest possible way to look different. Sometimes you have to gamble on reaction, as I did with Paul and the haircut. But it proved my impulse was right, and it immediately and by this time is so in love with it that he probably wonders why I didn’t do it sooner.”

Bentley himself says he has never done a haircut exactly like this. Jeanne explained to him what she wanted, and they worked it out together. He cut it well, with a straight edge, but the results were so admired that the salon has since swamped with hundreds of requests for an identical cut. It can be done effectively very fast, fine hair as the cut automatically turns it into a different hair style. It is cut quite short in back, where the hair merely brushes down. On the side and the top it is about four inches longer. This, of course, is no part of a combination which allows for many changes. It can be shampooed and dried in the sun and then brushed to whatever style one sees, and then it’s always combed—always brushed.

“Actually,” says Jeanne, “it looks short, but isn’t. I don’t think a boyish sort of bob ever appealed to men, and I feel this is the most feminine haircut we ever had. It’s even coquettish. It’s short enough so that it gives a clean, well-groomed look, and it also shows the neck and shoulder line, which I think is very feminine in classic Greek Sculpture, you’ll notice there were few women whose hair hid that line. It gives you sort of a regal feeling and a new lift to your carriage that comes without even trying.

“I think the ideal of every American boy is a girl who looks well but doesn’t appear to work at it, and this haircut is so simply casual that it gives that effect. It’s wonderfully adaptable for American life, both for daytime and evening, and you can do dramatic things with it, or with jeweled coronets in the hair.”

Jeanne is one of those rare young women who refuse to permit marriage and a home to be drawn into a rut. She retains a keen interest in adventure, and now that she is free of a long-term contract, intends to have a complete change of pace in her professional life. “I feel ready to meet any challenge that comes along,” she says, and is looking forward to doing a variety of movie roles and, in a year or two, a Broadway play.

The first new adventure on her docket is a picture to be made in Europe, Gentleman Marry Brunettes. In it she will sing and dance, and, she says with an ecstatic smile, "I'm going to make it in Paris. The picture will be made in both France and Italy, and as much as this is her first trip to Europe, Jeanne at the moment is living in a climate of anticipation. Seeing Europe has always been a dream of her life, but in ten years of being contracted to a studio there has not been an opportunity. The only time she has taken off has been devoted to having her children.

She is well equipped to enjoy Europe to the hilt. Both her father and uncle are language teachers, and it is said that Jeanne speaks French and Spanish rather fluently. History has always been one of her favorite subjects, she is an avid reader and has always been interested in painting and sculpture that she places Florence higher than any other city on her list of anticipations. She is taking with her a special traveling case filled with sketching material and oils, and those impressions done by her own hand, as well as by camera lens. There will be ample time to see things while the picture is being made. It is planned for her to stay for a week or two at the start of the trip, as long as she can spare from her business and then rejoin her for another week when the movie is completed.

She worries a great deal about leaving all the children, even though she is certain they will be well cared for, as this will be her longest separation from them.
peck's a good boy now

(Continued from page 39) Julienne, the Parisian reporter Veronica Passanie, the German actress Hildegarde Neff—while at the start this gossip had no visible effect upon him or his conduct, it certainly has now.

Gregory Peck is behaving himself in a manner beyond reproach. He is living the quiet, respectable, middle-class life in an apartment at 45 Grosvenor Square in London.

He has sub-let the apartment from producer Sam Spiegel and has hired a Hungarian cook, a middle-aged woman who not only prepares the most delectable dishes for him but for such guests as Maggie and Leo Genn, Audrey Hepburn's mother, Ronald Neame, and the scads of Englishmen Peck has known since he made Captain Hornblower in England a few years ago.

Greg has always liked home-life—he knew so little of it as the exchanged child of divorced parents—and rather than stay for any considerable length of time at a London hotel, he moved out of Claridge's early this spring and rented Spiegel's flat so that he could relax, entertain in his own way, and for three or four months stop living out of suitcases.

Peck is starring in The Million Pound Note at Pinewood Studios—this is an old Mark Twain story—and will probably not finish the film until some time in July. He is then scheduled to go to Sweden for Assignment In Stockholm and to India for The Purple Plains.

By that time his 18 months abroad should be up, and he'll be able to return to the U.S. with $300,000 or $400,000 tax free.

Greg doesn't mind returning to California with some tax-free dollars, but he doesn't want to come back with the reputation of a Great Lover, which is the kind of reputation someone like Kirk Douglas has been building abroad by flattering one girl to another.

This is why Greg in London gets up at 6:30 A.M., takes some breakfast coffee, drives to the studio, acts opposite his leading lady, 23-year-old Jane Griffiths, a dentist's daughter from Rottingdean, Sussex, then drives back to his apartment at Grosvenor Square—"It's usually eight when I get back"—has dinner, reads until midnight, then retires.

He is rarely seen in public with any single or unattached women, because he knows now that if he is, the newspaper boys are waiting to splash it all over their papers.

Peck knows, too, that he has an obligation to his wife and three sons, Jonathan 9, Stephen 7, and Carey Paul 4, and that his behavior in Europe must in no adverse way affect the lives of his loved ones across the Atlantic.

Greg realizes now that you cannot date a single girl on several occasions without imbuing in that girl the hope that somehow and in some way she might become the second Mrs. Gregory Peck.

This is the error in tactics the tall Lincoln-esque actor committed last year when he began seeing Veronica Passanie even while Greta and the boys were in Europe.

VERONICA is a plain-looking, dark-eyed, brunette of 21, half French and half Russian, who lives with her mother in a small apartment in Paris on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt. She works part-time as a reporter for the Paris Presse, an afternoon newspaper, and when you ask her about her relationship with Peck, her eyes flash and she becomes furiously defensive. (Continued on page 82)
DIAMOND HEAD
by Houston Branch and Frank Waters

Civil War Adventure . . .
South Sea Island Love!

Could two young Confederate officers with one wooden raiding ship swing the tide of war? Could the bravado of their plan completely wreck the North’s whaling fleet, scattered all over the high seas?

And what about the girl now living in a puritanical New England town . . . who had once tasted the pagan pleasures of the South Seas? Would she keep their secret?

A grand adventure-romance historical novel that you’ll find exciting and absorbing.

THE RIVER ROAD
by Frances Parkinson Keyes

A Novel of Today’s South by One of America’s Top Ranking Authors

The story of two generations of a proud old-line Southern family . . . its run-down sugar plantation . . . its beer and shrimp parties on the levee . . . its wildcat hunts in the forest . . . and its loves and conflicts.

Here’s a sympathetic story of the southland told by the well known author of “Steamboat Gothic,” “Dinner At Antoine’s” and other best sellers.

“I’m a journalist,” she says, “and when Mr. Peck arrived in Paris, quite naturally I went to interview him. He was very nice. I went out sometimes with him. I am not going to discuss love. What do you mean, do I love him? What business is it? He is a very nice man. It was professional. I am a professional journalist.”

“That’s obvious,” I said, “but how come you followed him to Rome when he was making Roman Holiday with Audrey Hepburn?”

“I follow him? I did not follow anyone. The paper asks me to go to Rome to do a story.”

“What story?”

“To do a story, and while I am there I run into Gregory Peck. He is a very nice man. He recognizes me. So.”

“So what?”

“So Gregory Peck is just a friend, and I am a journalist, and I have a career, and I am not going to answer any more questions.”

But isn’t it true that you’ve told some of your girl-friends that you might one day be his bride?”

Mademoiselle Passanie bristled. “Who tells you I say that?”

“Some girls. I’m sorry I can’t reveal their names.”

“I never said that. All I say is that he is a nice gentleman and a friend. I am a journalist, and I work here in Paris. I will not answer any more questions about Gregory Peck.”

“Okay, just tell me this, and we’ll drop the whole subject. Aren’t you flying over to London Tuesday specifically to see him?”

“No, I am going to Nantes this Tuesday and about me and Gregory Peck is nobody’s business, and I do not answer more questions.”

“Gregory Peck aside, how old are you?”

“Why you ask?”

“Because indirectly Peck has been accused of being a cradle-snatcher, figuratively speaking that is.”

Veronica Passanie said she was 21.

“Don’t you think you’re a little too young for Mr. Peck?”

“Not more these questions. I am a journalist and I do interviews myself.”

In Paris today you can still hear vicious, unfounded rumors to the effect that Greg and Veronica have been meeting in London, but these aren’t true. Aware of the international stir his friendship with Veronica had caused, Greg realized some months ago when he left Paris for London that this one had best be terminated.

Actually it was a fluke that he met Veronica in the first place. She had asked a Paramount publicity man if she might interview Peck, and the press agent had arranged it.

Months later, Greg was invited to a small gathering in Paris, and everyone was amazed when he showed up with Veronica instead of his wife who was at that time also in Paris.

It seems that Greg and Creta had engaged in a serious spat, that dishes had gone flying all over their place, and that Greg was seeking his feminine companionship elsewhere. Shortly after this squabble, Creta took her three sons and sailed for home on the Île de France. Greg saw them off. As soon as he was footloose and fancy-free, reporters approached him.

“Oh,” one of them said, “tell us the truth. Are you and Mrs. Peck separated because of your interest in Hildegarde Neff and Veronica Passanie?”

Peck said, “Sure, we’re separated, but only by the ocean. Mrs. Peck went back to California to put the boys in school.”

“How about you and Hildegarde Neff?”

“That’s just nonsense. I met her in Lon-
don at premiere of Snooks (of Killimanjaro) and I haven’t seen her since.”

“But you won’t deny seeing Veronica Passanie?”

Peck said, “Sure, I know her. I’ve seen her in Paris. But there’s nothing serious to it. Never was.”

“Is there any truth to the story that Mrs. Peck plans to return to Europe in July or August?”

“I don’t know about that yet.”

IN Hollywood, Mrs. Peck says, “I don’t think I’ll be able to meet up with Greg this summer. All the boys and I haven’t been away too long, and we have to get readjusted. But we hear from Greg all the time. The boys write him—of course, they miss him a good deal. He used to take them down to the beach and go for long walks with them. He’s always been a wonderful father.”

When Greta Peck returned to California from Europe, she took off for Las Vegas, and immediately a rumor was circulated that she was going to sue for divorce.

“I never had any such intention,” she says. “I went to Las Vegas because I’d never been there before, and one of Greg’s old friends, Ken Neff, is there with his wife. I think to attend somebody’s wedding. That’s right. Elmer Schneider, a business manager, was getting married and we just went along.”

“Everyone said I was getting a divorce. I can tell you that such a thought is farthest from my mind. I hear a million stories about Greg in Europe. If I believe everything I hear, I’ll go crazy.”

“Greg’s going to stay out there until this winter. His father and brother will probably go out to join him. Undoubtedly his name is going into the names of some beautiful women. But he’s a grown-up man. He’s the father of three children, and he knows how to take care of himself.”

“I realize that it’s very hard being a famous movie star, working in Europe away from your wife and family. There are many temptations. A lot of young girls throw themselves at you. Not only in Europe but in this country as well. A man has got to practise self-control or he can wind up in a lot of trouble. The newspapers are going to live down those stories and coupling him with Hildegard Neff, the beautiful German actress who, during the war, traded her last blouses for a loaf of bread. He is being accused of soft-pedal rumors linking him to Veronica Passanie, la jeune journaliste, by attending strictly to business.”

He’s been told his reputation among movie fans is much too good to endanger that he’s worked too hard and too long to fumble his career, and as a result he’s determined to lead a circumspect existence and, although it certainly won’t be a monastic one, Greg has always liked the girls and he’s not going to deprive himself of feminine companionship completely.

For example, on his way to Cannes to attend the last days of the Film Festival, he stopped off in Paris to see Veronica Passanie, although the French press said, without naming names, that “Gregory Peck left Paris where he was held by an affair with a young journalist to go to Cannes.”

BETWEEN now and December when he returns to California, you may still hear about Greg and Veronica or Greg and some other European beauty, but it won’t be anything too serious.

 Eldred Gregory Peck has learned his lesson. He is promising nothing but good company, and from here on in, he’s playing it very safe.

“A divorce,” he says, “is the last thing in the world I want.” And he means it. END
"It's that mysterious thing called technique that turns the trick," says Mitzi Gaynor. Here Hollywood's hottest date-bait tells her secret of attracting and holding a man.

TO ATTRACT A MAN IS ONE THING, but then comes the important part of a girl's life—the how, when and whether of holding him.

Every girl has her successes, every girl her failures. Out of this, in the exchange of knowledge and experience, is evolved technique. In this spirit, and this spirit only, I offer what I know and think.

I TACKLE THE PROBLEM of holding a man (or not holding him) from the first instant I am aware of him. If I am at a party and a man makes it his business to meet me (and provided I like him), what goes on in my head is something like this:

What was I doing, what was I saying, the first moment he saw me? What angle did I present to him? Did he see me from the side, the back, the front. Was he busy with someone else when he saw me or wasn't he doing anything anyway?

Maybe I realize that when he first saw me I was in an unusually gay mood and he may have the impression that I am just a mad lighthead. Since I like him I want to correct that idea. Life is not just for laughs as far as I am concerned. I try to let him know.

Maybe I am wearing a dress of a certain color and I feel he was attracted by it. Mister, if we keep knowing each other you are going to see a lot of that color. I'll remember. That's a girl's business.

Maybe, on the other hand, I caught him turning his head to look at me when I happened to mention the name of someone important (I hate name droppers so much that I hate myself when I happen to mention anyone who comes under that category). So, that's something to keep in mind. It may not be he is interested in... but the fact that I know somebody he wants to be interested in him. Well, he can find some other way.

WHAT IS THERE ABOUT HIM THAT I LIKE? Is he making sense with his talk, casual, interesting talk, or is he just talking... maybe trying to impress me? What about me? Am I making sense in my talk, et cetera? Does he stack up like a double A date, the one I'd like to dress up for and go out on a Saturday or Sunday evening? Or is he just someone I'd like to go to the beach with, maybe a cocktail party, say... but not the all-out boy friend.

The fellow any girl is looking for, of course, is the all-around date, the one you have fun with going anywhere, doing everything or even doing nothing... just being with him. Until a girl finds such a person she is never completely happy with any man.

Is he that one? How do you judge? By a feeling you get, of course. But there can be more. By
You can look far lovelier... have more beautiful eyes. It's ever so simple! Dramatize your lashes with Maybelline Mascara—they'll not only look longer and darker... but your eyes will appear larger, lovelier. And for graceful expressive brows... just a touch of soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Give your eyes romantic beauty with

Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

MASCARA * EYE SHADOW * EYEBROW PENCIL

ANYONE $1000 $1100 OR MORE
Can Make TO In Spare Time

With These Sensational New Christmas Cards!

Get These Money-Makers on FREE TRIAL!

SEND NO MONEY!

Amazing offer proves how easily you, too, can make extra money! Get 4 leading Christmas Card Assortments and Personalized Samples ON FREE TRIAL. Show them to friends. They'll be thrilled and will buy our gorgeous 21-card $1 Assortments on sight. You make up to $50 on each dollar—$50 on 100 boxes. Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards low as 3½ apiece and other new fast-sellers double your earnings. You don't need experience. See for yourself at our risk. Send certificate for money-making FREE TRIAL Samples today!

FREE TRIAL CERTIFICATE

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
761 Way St., Elmir, N. Y.

This entitles me to receive your Money-Making Kit including leading Assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name: _______________________________________

Address: _____________________________________

City & Zone: ____________________________ State:

If for organization, give name below:

(Continued on page 86)
Take my word for it
continued from page 85

Look, the over-emphasized maiden, unless you never want to see the fellow you are missing again. Because, you can't keep it up, you know. Sooner or later you are going to revert to your usual self... and then, flooey! Where he might have accepted you, and liked you, for what you really are, it's not so easy to watch you sink from something higher to your real level. He might still like you... but with a sense of long lost beauty. There is little of advice I try never to forget when I meet someone new whom I like: “Don’t sell yourself!” You’re not a car! You don’t have to demonstrate all your good points in one grand demonstration. The idea is not to make him go home and add you up! He’s not looking for an article. He’s looking for a relationship which he can develop and grow with time. A pleasant impression, something he may not be able to define, is the perfect start.

THE IDEAL STATE OF AFFAIRS IN LOVE as far as women are concerned, would come about if men were more interested in women than women are in men. Unfortunately the reverse of this is true. That’s just the way it is, that’s all. This means that the girl must do most of the thinking in the romance. By your beauty and personality you have attracted him, but so help me, and no matter how beautiful you are, it’s by your thinking that you are going to hold him in the long run. Let me prove it: If only beauty counted the relationship would never grow much past what it amounts to the first time because the strongest impression beauty makes is usually the first one. Beauties don’t become more beautiful; they can look more beautiful if, fortunately, the beauty has been enhanced by other attractive qualities stemming from character and acquired knowledge. A girl can grow and grow in a man’s heart by what she does and how she does it, by the fact that she looks as beautiful today as yesterday.

A GIRL WANTED TO INTRODUCE HER NEW BOY FRIEND to her own crowd. She held a party at her house. She had him come a half hour before any of the others were due. In this way he didn’t have to brace the whole bunch of them at one time by walking in when the others were there. Meeting a roomful of people, all of whom know each other but none of whom know you, can be a bit of an ordeal. He was very grateful for this. He thought his girl had brains and a fine social sense. These are qualities a man would appreciate in a wife. It didn’t hurt her a bit. Incidentally, if a man were planning to introduce his new girl to friends it might not be better to do that very early in the evening when everyone else is assembled so she could be the queen bee and make a grand entrance? Shows you how complicated these things can be.)

Another girl I know liked a boy very much but she didn’t like the way he dressed. Being intelligent she never revealed her feeling. Instead she complained to him as the day went by that every time he happened to wear something that was in good taste. Since he liked her he liked her praise. Without knowing it he tried for more. There was only one way to do this... by experimenting with his clothes. Gradually, he learned what would bring a pleased look to her eyes and what wouldn’t.

To think about a lot about your romance with someone does not mean to be so concerned about it as to let it become unbalanced. It seems to me that a lot of girls I know have a two-phase cycle of their affairs: 1) They go round and round madly in love, 2) they go round and round horribly miserable because (they think) it just hasn’t gone well. Actually, they, the girls, have pulled the solid underpinning away from under themselves by being too nervous about it all.

One big mistake a girl can make is to be a good sport. Men take good sports on casual dates, call them up at short notice, kid around with them—but never marry them! How do you become a good sport? By letting things ride, by being afraid to cause a fuss when he has committed a fault or is otherwise guilty of failing to maintain his end of the relationship properly. If you have gone with him to a gathering of his friends and he soon deserts you while he takes up old issues with this one or that one... that’s the time to call him on it right away. What’s the use of overlooking this sort of careless attitude to you? Is the possibility of a break-up worse than the probability of a lifetime of heartache? A major change of attitude is required here if you are ever going to be happy and you had better find out right away if he is capable of making this change.

A MAN SHOULD NOT BE A BRAGGART. If he is he is deliberately misrepresenting himself in an important matter... a friendship that might develop into a lifelong association. A girl is always conscious of a man’s potential; will he have character, will he have strength, will he make a place for her in the world? She is conscious of it because there is an important role she must play, as a wife and a mother, and she will need strong support. Can he give it? Not if he’s a liar about himself. Not if he is so indulgent about his mistakes that he laughs them off and expects her to do the same. Not if he is so self-centered that he rarely can see her point of view.

How do you find out these big things about a fellow? By carefully noticing and adding up the little things.

If he really likes you he’ll be interested in what you like. If you find yourself keeping many things to yourself that ordinarily you would talk about— it’s time to start wondering how long you can keep it up. If you find yourself going again and again to places which absolutely have no appeal to you, and he hasn’t even once gotten the thought that this might be the case... how close is he to you, how close can he ever be?

I don’t mean that a girl should be crassly independent. I mean that she should be thoughtfully analytical about not only of her feelings, which can lead you God forbid where... but of the facts. She should stand aside and look at herself and him as two other people. What would you think of your romance if your friend was in your place? Would you see things about yourself that you don’t see now?

A wise man once said that lovers lie to each other... but not as much as they lie to themselves. Is true, no?
the price of fame

(Continued from page 36) his salary has doubled itself several times.

He was asked how he had come to be a Hollywood star. He said, "I don't know. I guess I was lucky."

The reason he gave for his success was, "I don't know what it is."

He then talked about his early days in Hollywood.

"When I first arrived in Hollywood," he said, "I was a nobody. I had to work hard to make a name for myself."

He told how he had to sleep in his car and eat at the cinema. But slowly, his name began to spread, and he was offered more and more roles.

"I guess it was my good looks," he said, "or my ability to act."

He also talked about his early days in the movies. He said, "I was a good actor, but I wasn't a great one."

He told how he had to improve his acting skills with every new role. He said, "I had to work hard to keep up with the other actors."
true, that every Hollywood star must learn to let these things run themselves out. If every maligning star acted on his impulses, there wouldn’t be a straight nose in town.

Tony didn’t cease being angry; he was furious and rightly so, but he learned the first price of fame in this day and age. A name in the news cannot risk a brawl and the resultant bad publicity in order to defend his honor.

He went only to the parties he wanted to attend. These were given by his and Janet’s friends, of whom they have many, and despite outside pressure to attend social affairs, Tony steered away from them.

As for his clothes, he had trouble

learning about them. He’d been used to styles that tended toward the too-suit, and it was difficult for him to tone down his taste. By now he has learned the value of the dark suit and conservative tie, but once in a while he can be seen writing an article that according to Wall Street

Bank and Sunset Boulevard is all wrong. For the first time in his life he has enough money for gimmicks and his natural exuberance is beginning to show in his fads. The string tie with the tux was one of these things. If Tony had been there in the theater when the audience groaned, he would have been.

Concerning his hair—with the exception of his Navy days when it was shorn to a crew cut, Tony has always worn it rather long and it always, as snapshots will prove, flopped over his forehead.

The criticism of his accent at first bewildered Tony and now amuses him, for by this time he knows the answer. He is certainly the only man of the French tramp of the Bronx, yet he knows full well that should he make a studied effort to deliver Oxford English wrapped in pear-shaped boxes, he would be the butt of even more.

Tony learned to ignore remarks concerning his finances. He didn’t buy himself a Cadillac despite it being a perfectly good car and (b) he couldn’t afford a more expensive automobile. For the same reason, they lived for a year or so in a small apartment, and when a young couple they hope for a home of their own they can but instead of following the Hollywood pattern wherein newly made stars buy homes beyond their means, before the ink is dry on their contracts, they lived in crowded quarters in order to save for the home they want. They moved to the penthouse simply because they needed a bigger place. They didn’t look to a penthouse; the apartment they liked just happened to be one.

They do want children but they are both young, and wise enough to plan their family in a manner that, when the children do come, they will have a more normal life. Both Tony and Janet are at the beginning of their careers and, as is usual in Hollywood, this is the period in which they are working the most steadily. If there were a baby at home now they would seldom see it, but if their respective careers follow the trend, it is probable in two years they should find them working in fewer pictures.

When Tony was cautioned against conceit because of the adulation he received from them, he shrugged. “If two people like me, that makes me happy. That’s all I need. If 2,000 people like me, that’s very nice, but the difference between ten thousand and two thousand doesn’t affect me at all.”

The hecklers are always there, but they don’t bother him. He knows that anybody in the public spotlight has to contend with them, which is why he is the head of the Plumbers’ Union or the President of the United States. A few of these hecklers got close to Tony and seeing that he is extremely capable of handling his fists, backed down. To some of them he has said, “You look like a nice guy. Why do you want a fight?” And the resentment has left them well. Tony is a professional boxer.

Somebody once consoled Tony concerning the brickbats by telling him, “Nobody shoots at dead eagles.” And so when people go out of their way to be rude, when people in public hurl these things upon them (one girl did this deliberately, twice, at the time Tony was on crutches because of his fractured ankle), he knows it is only because they are envious of him for one or many reasons.

None of the slaps has made him quite so angry as the letter from Korea. “Sure, I'm sorry he's there, but it's no reason to single me out as a guy who's sleeping comfortably in a feather bed. I did my job and I'm happy to have a room six by six. When I'm not there, I sleep on a sofa. I wanted in the worst way to write that guy, I wanted to tell him I had switched places with him when I was in the Navy here doing my geography homework. But you can't do that to a guy who's over there now. I wish I could tell him face to face after he gets out.”

Tony’s honesty is one thing he will not surrender to his career. When he was told he couldn’t speak of his dislike for a particular actress, Tony cried, “Why not? Am I a block of wood? Am I a blessed angel? Everybody in this world dislikes at least one person, and I’d be a hypocrite if I said I didn’t.

The comments that he is over-publicized are a perfect example of the fact that no matter which way a star faces, he is peiled by both. Imagine actors refuse inter views and photographs they are roundly scolded by the press, yet when they cooperate to the fullest, as have both Tony and Janet, they are told they are too obsessed. Tony believes the best way to best be explained by his honest statement to a Paramount publicist when he went to that studio to make Houdini. “Whenever you do things, don’t call me up. Day or night, Sundays or holidays. I know I didn’t get where I am through my acting because I haven’t had that many pictures. I owe it all to the press. They started me off and by now they’ve put me in a spot where I have a chance to prove I’m an actor.”

Needless to say, he is a favorite of the press, who have always found him courteous and helpful. When he and Janet were presented last December with the Golden Apple award for cooperation by the Hollywood Women’s Press Club he said simply, “You shouldn’t thank me. It’s my place to thank you.”

Tony’s career has brought him great happiness, including a sound and wonderful marriage with Janet and a star on his dressing room door. The temptations and taunts he endured only to make him, outwardly, a little better than he was used to be, but inside he is still the same effervescent boy who wants to play with the world. He has done what people want him to do—take his head, and he proves this when he says, and means it, “I love the acting game and I love Hollywood, but if it ever starts making me feel like a nickel and take off, I can always do something else for a living.”
on the false stuff.” One of Taylor’s European girlfriends, the dancer Ludmilla Tcherina, has been signed by Universal, which means that Ursula Thiess is going to have some competition when Bob returns, probably in September.

ANNE BAXTER touring Europe after her breakup with John Hodiak, hasn’t had the European men laying siege to her affections. At Connes one young actor explained that, “your Miss Baxter is too mental for Franchmen. She gives me the feeling that she wears brass knuckles on her tongue.” It is also true that Anne isn’t fantastically wealthy. She’s in Munich now making Carnival with Steve Cochran.

JEANNE CRAIN: salary would have jumped to $5,000 a week had 20th Century picked up her final option. Jeanne asked far out so that she could go to England to star in Gentlemen Marry Brunettes. The film is scheduled to get underway on July 15th in London with Jeanne receiving $45,000 in cash, $25,000 in escrow and $5,000 for European expenses.

ERROL FLYNN now that Patrice Wymore is expecting, will have the dubious distinction of having fathered four children by three different wives. In Italy with a dozen other Hollywood stars, Flynn says that he is preparing his fourth made-in-Italy film, William Tell. Back in Hollywood, Nora Haynes, the actor’s second wife, claims Errol is delinquent in his support payments. His first wife Lili Damita, who has never remarried, claimed the same thing.

GENE TIERNEY who sent her mother back to the U.S. so that she could spend more time with Aly Khan, recently spent three weeks at Aly’s Irish farm in County Kildare. Gene and Aly are inseparable all over Europe. A wedding announcement should be forthcoming very soon. If not, friends say, Gene will be the most disappointed young woman in Europe.

FRANCHOT TONE is having an extremely tough time trying to collect $65,666 on an insurance policy from Lloyd’s of London. Tone claims the company owes him that sum for accident injuries suffered in his 1951 fight with Tom Neal over the affections of Barbara Payton. Lloyd’s, on the other hand, alleges that Tone was in “a state of intoxication at the time,” and not only provoked the fight but exposed himself to “deliberate and exceptional danger” in circumstances barred by the disputed insurance policy.

SONJA HENIE a money-wise woman if ever there was one, is touring Europe with what she calls her Coronation Ice Revue. Sonja, who is worth a minimum of $4,000,000, travels with her husband Winthrop Gardner, a wardrobe mistress, a secretary, a hair stylist, and her own cook. Only member of this entourage who encounters any trouble is the cook. Seems that the hotel chefs on the Continent resent him. Sonja who was faced with a $5,000,000 suit when the grandstand collapsed in Baltimore at her ice show, has won the case. “If I had lost,” she says, “I would’ve been broke, flat broke.”

### Attention Crossword Puzzle Fans!

Here’s a giant crossword puzzle magazine guaranteed to keep you on your toes for many hours. Eighty pages of puzzles, quizzes, cryptograms and anagrams... all brand new!

Get this new crossword puzzle magazine

**DELL Crossword Annual**

at your favorite newsstand—only 35c
**EYELASHES WITH A KURLASH CURL LOOK LONGER, LOVELIER!**

Give your lashes a glorious, sweeping, lasting curl in only seconds—with KURLASH! Curled eye-lashes look longer and more alluring. Curled lashes let in more light, help eyes look larger, brighter. Over 16,000,000 smart girls and women have bought KURLASH! Exclusive KURLASH clip refill snaps in and out for quick changing. Only $1.00. Purse Pack KURLASH $1.25. Also Available in Canada.

P.S. KURLENE Eyelash Pomade applied to lashes aids curling, lends lustre to lashes and eyebrows, gives eyelids dewy, exotic sheen. 25¢, 50¢ and $1 plus tax at cosmetic counters everywhere. Kurlash Co. Inc., Rochester 4, N. Y.

---

**RUN A SPARE-TIME CARD & GIFT SHOP AT HOME**

If you want to earn extra money for yourself, your church, your organization, here is an easy and friendly way to do it in your spare time.

**NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED**

We will send samples of our new 1953 Christmas greeting cards and gifts. Show them to friends and neighbors—take their orders—and earn up to 100% profit for yourself.

**IT COSTS NOTHING TO START**

Send us your name and address. We will rush a full set of actual samples on approval with details on how to get started.

**REGAL GREETING CARD CO.**
DEPT. DM-8, FERNDALE, MICHIGAN

---

**UNWANTED HAIR? IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT**

Quick as a wink, superfuzzless hair eliminated. Completely removes all hair from FACE, arms and legs. Checks future growth. Leaves the skin petal-smooth.

**ZIPO**

Like magic, Milady's skin becomes adorable. For the finest down or the heaviest growth, seems miraculous, but our 19 year experience proves it is the scientifically correct way. Odorless. Safe. Harmless. Simple to apply. Superior to ordinary hair removers. For 15 years ZIP-Epilator was $5.00. Now only $1.10. Same superior formula, same size. Good stores or by mail $1.10 or C.O.D. No Fed. tax. Above guaranteed, money back.

JORDREAU INC. Box H-20, SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

---

**Another Modern Screen Special!**

An intimate report on the private lives of top television personalities

**TV TALK**

*by Paul Denis*

**MOTHER GOES ALONG:** Toni Arden, who's 23 and has been on the road since 16, confesses she's never been away from home one night without her mother going along. "Mother feels a girl on the way up needs protection," says Toni, who's also a Columbia recording star. "I love to have Mother with me. She's a great comfort to me. She's been with me every day of my show-business life, including one-night tours, and you know how tiring they are. It's her only interest in life is that I should be happy. But she doesn't want to be a typical stage mother, so she stays in the background. She doesn't like to be photographed for publicity pictures. She avoids the limelight. And if I ever meet somebody nice and want to go out, she encourages me. She tells me to get married when I feel it's right." So far, Toni's been too busy singing to settle down.

**BEHIND THE OPERATION:** Behind Arthur Godfrey's decision to submit to surgery, to repair two jagged hip bones, is the hope he'll be able to stand without pain. And, almost as important, is his eagerness to eliminate the wobble in his walk—a cause for much scurrilous talk for years. "A lot of people thought I was half crooked," Godfrey says. "My hip wouldn't allow me to mount a horse properly. Once, at a horse show, after I was helped up, the word spread all over town that I had been too drunk to get on alone." Arranging for the operation became almost a high state secret. Godfrey rested for a week in Virginia, but not at his farm—because that was being watched by fans and reporters. When he checked in at the Boston hospital, a special guard system was set up to protect him from too-eager fans. Before the operation, Godfrey had received more than 20,000 messages of good cheer, and newspapers ran editorials and cartoons lauding him. The hospital was flooded with mail and tourists, much to the delight and amazement of the hospital's publicity woman. Other hospitals tried frantically to persuade Godfrey to change his plans and use their facilities. Newspapers demanded exclusive bedside interviews, and harassed hospital officials.

In New York, CBS revamped its publicity setup on Godfrey. Walter Murphy, Godfrey's press agent the last few years, was dropped and Mel Spiegel brought in. Spiegel hopes to persuade Godfrey to be at least occasionally available for press interviews.

**GLEASON'S HIDEAWAY:** With two cars in the garage (one from Frank Sinatra and one from his TV staff), Jackie Gleason decided to do something about it: so he took driving lessons and got his license. Now he drives out to his rented mansion in suburban Sands Point, L. I., almost nightly. "I'm getting sleep for the first time in 20 years," he explains. He wanted to put in a lot of swimming, but discovered that the water's polluted. So he's buying a boat.

The year before, he rented a house in Stony Brook. "But, by the time you walked out beyond the rocks, you were too far out to throw back your sneakers." Jackie's also planning to get in some golfing, now that his Sands Point house is only a couple blocks from golfer Perry Como's house.

**EDDIE'S TANK:** When Eddie Fisher returned to civilian life, at the New York Paramount Theater, the dressing room windows were closed tight, and an oxygen tank supplied fresh air. The reason was that Eddie suffered from a bronchial infection he picked up in a London fog, while still in the Army. A couple of weeks later, Eddie did collapse from overwork, but recovered in time to make his London Palladium booking, as scheduled. Incidentally, Eddie's publicity staff is playing down the romance angle on the theory that
Dinah's not-so-secret secret: Dinah Shore and George Montgomery visited New York for the first time in a year and a half. They saw a lot of shows, and insisted, "We didn't see one bad one." Dinah went to Washington to sing before President Eisenhower. George is still chuckling over the way Dinah was tricked into appearing on This Is Your Life, believing she was to work with Eddie Cantor. "I knew about it for four weeks," George says. "She, in turn, thought she was keeping from me the fact she was going to guest on Cantor's show." 

Bette said no: Ed Sullivan tells how he visited Bette Davis backstage to persuade her to do her Tallulah satire on his CBS-TV show for a $10,000 fee. She agreed, and then phoned him the next day to say: "Don't argue with me, but I can't do the Tallulah number. I don't think enough people know who she is." Sullivan protested, and Bette replied: "As for the $10,000, forget it. I can't do it." Sullivan says, "The greatest person who's ever appeared on my TV show since I started it, is Helen Hayes." 

White-haired Neil: For a long time, Neil Hamilton used to leave Hollywood Screen Test rehearsals to hurry off to the Royalton Barber Shop every week. Finally, writer Alton Alexander asked, "Do you get a hair cut every week?" Hamilton explained, "No. But my hair's white, and I have to touch it up every week." Hamilton no longer goes to the barber's weekly. Apparently, he's learned to touch up his hair by himself. 

No romance for Joni: Joni James, whose career is zooming, complains she hasn't had a day off since September. A girl who's always had a lot of beau, she has decided to concentrate on her career. "I've dated one boy for a long time, and I'm very fond of him," she says, "but I wouldn't know what to do with a husband and a career at this point.

Betty's daughter: Betty Furness' 13-year-old daughter, Barbara, wants to go into show business. She's going to camp this summer and studying dramatics. In a year or two, she'll become an apprentice in summer stock, with Mamm's approval. Betty thinks summer stock is perfect for Barbara: "A year or two of acting in New York really good. If you have any real interest in it, you can watch the actors develop their parts. It's also a lot of fun.

La Rosa's trip west: Julius La Rosa plans to take a month off from the Godfrey show this summer for a slow motor trip to Hollywood and back. "The furthest west I've ever been was Hot Springs, Ark., and that was when I was in the Navy," he says. "I want to see the Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City, the Mojave Desert, and Hollywood. One of my Brooklyn buddies will go with me."

Janis Carter moves to N. Y.: Janis Carter, after making 36 movies in seven years in Hollywood, has settled down in New York. She's leased the big penthouse apartment formerly occupied by Margaret Sullivan, and says she's making TV her new career. She's been doing the Revlon commercials and evening panel on shows, displaying a bright, glib, erudite personality. She's living alone, with her 17-month-old miniature dachshund, Lichten. She insists there's no big romance in her life at the moment—but I don't believe it.

Hero of the smart set: Gabby Hayes and his beard went to the Colony Club for lunch. And, although celebrities are a dime a dozen at the snooty Colony, a dozen mink-coated ladies begged Gabby for his autograph. Gabby says it's the same thing when he goes to the Metropolitan Opera: "I get more requests for autographs than when I'm in a lunch wagon." Gabby's NBC-TV show is such a success, Gabby has settled in New York for good, moving into an apartment in snazzy Sutton Place. His wife, Dorothy, ill much of last winter, is much better.

Nancy Gould does everything: Nancy Gould, with her husband and daughter Liz, is summing in France. When they return, she will resume her courses at Hunter College, New York. She's going for a B.A., degree, majoring in philosophy and psychology, and says she won't drop her Where Was I? show on TV. She says she can raise a family, run a household, pursue a career, finish an education—and still manage to look like 17—"because I like what I'm doing."

Clarabelle is a new man: With practically no one knowing it, the clown on Howdy Doody's show, Clarabelle, has been changed. The new one is Bob Nicholson, who once conducted the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra and who has settled in Larchmont, N. Y., with his wife and two children. Clarabelle was originally an NBC male usher, brought in to keep the kids quiet during the show. Speaking lines would have classified him as an actor and made it necessary to be paid an actor's union salary. So he was kept silent and put in a clown's costume.

Romance: hot and cold: Lisa Ferraday and TV furrier Milton C. Herman are going steady. . . . Jack and Joan Carter have finally split, and agreed on a settlement . . . Sydney Smith and Larry Comer's producer, Lee Cooley, have divorced. The Donald Richards marriage ended up in divorce, too . . . Rosamond Clooney and José Ferrer do their romancing in hot jazz joints . . . Sally Forrest returned to Hollywood to sell their home, while husband Milo Frank, CBS executive, is readying their new Sutton Place apartment in New York. Her daughter, two of whom have lived in New York, has loaned the rumor that the Franks are having a trial separation . . . Milton Berle gave a big diamond brooch to Ruth Cosgrove the day before her birthday, and a surprise party in his home the night of her birthday, May 14. He's been dating her steadily, and exclusively, for months.

The ONLY vaginal suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE

That Can Make ALL These Claims!

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stannless. They contain the same great germ-killing principle that makes ZONITE liquid so effective.
2. They are not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to release their powerful and deodorizing medication. They assure continuous action for hours.
3. Zonitors are non-poisonous. They do not irritate or burn.
4. They eliminate all odors. Leave no lasting tell-tale odor of their own.
5. Zonitors help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
✓ Individually foil-wrapped, or
✓ In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new booklet revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. Z348, 83, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _____________________________
State ____________________________

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

91
retreat to paradise

(Continued from page 46) Paul and Jan took out their bankbooks, studied their balance, and made an offer of $80,000.

ELVYN Douglas accepted, and Paul and Jan moved in.

"I can't tell you how happy we were," Jan says in retrospect, "to rent the house. It answers all our needs. I remember when we first started looking for a place. Paul and I both felt that we didn't want to live so far from town that we had to spend two hours every day driving back and forth from work. Also if after dinner we wanted to go into town, well, we didn't want another long trek.

"What we wanted was a place with trees, privacy, and a feeling of country living not too far away from our work."

That these demands were difficult to meet, Paul acknowledges, "but we landed in a little lady, 30, who rented her house for the summer."

"We want you," one real estate agent told them, "is a country house a couple of miles from Times Square.

"It so happens the Douglasses got the California equivalent. On the outskirts of town, and Paul lurched for it. After a few minutes he turned to Jan and said, "The Melvyn Douglas house is up for sale."

Jan Stearns would like a girl who has just been given a footstool. "I know that house," she said, "I know it well. Melvyn invited me home for dinner one evening."

Paul Douglas arched his eyebrows. "Did you say one time?"

"Don't be silly, Paul. We were playing in something called Thre Blind Mice. It must have been ages ago," he said. "Why don't you come up to the house for dinner?" and I said, 'Sure.' And I remember I loved it.

"Loved what?"

"The house, you goon. Really, Paul, if it's not too expensive or too run down, let's buy it."

"Let's buy it. Just like that, eh First," said Mr. Paul Douglas, "I'll have to look at it."

"The Douglasses house looks much larger than it really is. Actually, it boasts only seven rooms and a surfboard over two levels of terraced hillside.

A three-car garage, a store room with work bench, and what is now Paul's office occupy the first floor. From here a brick walk leads to the picturesque front door on the second level.

Inside on the higher level you find a book-lined room, a spacious dining room, a large kitchen and four bathrooms. Soon after they plunked down their hard-earned $80,000 and moved in, Paul and Jan sensibly decided that they didn't need four bedroom suites, they remodeled one of the smaller ones into a dressing room for Paul who happens to be a most fastidious dresser.

"I was getting pretty tired," Jan says, "of listening to Paul's cracks about how my clothes took up all the closet space. Now he has a whole walk-in closet for himself. Paul sometimes mistake it for Grand Central."

Another bedroom has been turned into what the Douglasses call "the televiewing room." Paul used to be a crack sports announcer, so it's only logical for him to spend much of his spare time in this room watching fights and ball games.

A third bedroom is decorated in shades of pink, and it's the home of Paul's 10-year-old daughter, Maggie, (child by his third marriage) who comes to visit on weekends and vacations.

Their master bedroom is a large comfortable rectangle with deeply recessed windows and the door leading to swimming pool and brick patio.

"Right here," Paul says, "is where we do most of our living. That's why we've furnished it like all sitting room books, paintings, things like that. We can have breakfast on the coffee table and when we're not working, we spend lots of time in this room just gabbing and reading.

"Jan's feelings about the bedroom are similarly enthusiastic. "It's a wonderful spot to wake up in," she explains. "It reminds me of an awful lot of the rooms I knew when I was a little girl."

JAN Sterling is one "little girl who grew up to be an actress" who had a happy childhood here.

From the time she was eight until she was 14, her family lived in the Passy section of Paris, then in the fashionable section of London called Chelsea.

In both of the homes, the European rooms had high ceilings, recessed windows, and cozy window seats. Each bedroom featured a fireplace with a beautiful mantel and overmantle, which explains why Jan persuaded her husband into letting her do the bedroom in a modified Victorian décor whereas the remainder of the house is contemporary.

"When Jan first saw some old bibelots," Paul points out, "like these glass-enclosed flowers on the mantel, I talked like a roped steer. Then when she got 'em in, I said they're kind of charming, don't you think?"

Paul's contribution to the interior decoration of his favorite room consists of the paintings. He's been back to Paris for a couple of years, he's been an art collector. He owns pictures by Jean Dufy (Raoul's brother) and Dufy, Bonnois, Edgard, and many others. The owner of half a dozen friends of his. In fact one of the most valuable of his paintings is a portrait of the actor done by Abe Birnbaum. Abe painted it, an evening on a scaffold; wood using oils from the tubes and a fountain pen.

Douglas also had a hand in selecting colors for the master bedroom. The boys at Toots Shor once may kid him about this, but it was he who went for the buttercup yellow walls, the green rug, blue couch, the coral and pink pillows.

As a matter of fact, one of the most distinctive features of the house is that the owners showed courage in colors and open-mindedness in their choice of furnishings.

"When we first bought the house," Douglas recalls, "all Jan and I had in the way of furnishings was books, clothes, paintings, and more books. So we rented the furnishing that came with the house for six months. Within a month, we were spending all of time in which to buy furnishings, but then we got busy. We did a lot of pictures, then we flew to Korea to entertain the troops. We have known Paul to spend six months in Korea, it was in Korea, Paul said, it was just another day to buy a double bed and a dining room table. We also had time to wait for delivery. I then realized that what we needed was one man who could get into the house and decorate it well and quickly. Some friends of mine recommended Lillian Schary Small, and it turned out to be the answer to all our problems."

Mrs. Small is the sister of Dore Schary, head of MGM production and she commands the same starry field as her brother does in his. She talked over the decorating ideas the Douglasses had. She spent a few suggestions of her own, and within a few weeks Paul and Jan were well into having a finished home.

THE house has ideal architecture for California in warehouses, doors that open onto gardens and terraces, so the only basic changes Lillian Small sug-
can Shelley hold Vittorio?

(Continued from page 41) interesting to see his telephone bills to her. I'll make a bet they were under two figures.

I don't want to say that the phone call on Vittorio, even as he did finally return to Hollywood after Metro recalled him to do Rhapsoody here with Elizabeth Taylor. Also the European attitude towards women taking the same risks that men do, and the welter of evidence everywhere promises to "Obey," the males take it literally. The temperamental Shelley, who doesn't know how to obey, has always been a doormat for any man whom she feels almost to the point of seeming to fear him.

When he was a little boy, after he'd promised faithfully to be here to get his first look at their daughter, he had been allowed to everyone—the chagrined Shelley didn't take it up on him. She called Mrs. Charles Vidor and bawled hell out of her, complaining that Charlie was deliberately shooting unnecessary location shots with Vittorio in Italy. After an hour's tirade, Doris slammed the phone in Shelley's ear. Vidor is a good director, but he can't control the weather, and it was rain that delayed the unimpatient father of Shelley's baby.

The handsome Italian is analytical and reserved by nature. Co-workers have worked with him, but not with me. Mrs. The Glass Wall tell me that the reason he didn't come across as a sympathetic person in the picture, is that he's too cold and contained. Never has he been. Maybe that's why he was so excellent as the heavy in Bitter Rice. Actually Vittorio hasn't made a good picture yet in this country, although he has a good own language, and is rated Italy's No. 1 actor.

It's one of those unexplained mysteries why Shelley and Vittorio fell in love with each other in the first place. They were friends and known two people who seem to have less in common. Opposites are supposed to attract each other, but these two seem so far apart, emotionally and in every day interests, that I can't begin to be wiser.

You'd think them'd be acting in common. But they're further away on this than anything else. Shelley believes that acting is a cerebral process—that you can only play a role by thinking and believing you are that person. She reads everything there is to know about the character she has to portray. Vittorio says acting is instinct—that you merely have to learn some technique, then let yourself go.

Vittorio is reticent. Shelley is a noisy exhibitionist. She lets you know everything she's ever done, is doing, or is doing. But I never know what Vittorio is even thinking.

This baby! I never met a mother who wasn't delighted to be expecting. But we heard every little ache, every little flapping of the stork's wings. We can tell you to a dime how much it cost her. And it's really cut the women who just happen to have 30 or 40 snaps of the baby on her. One thing's for sure, she'll make a wonderful mother. But I never saw a less palpitating papa than Mr. Gassman. Anyhow, he says he'll take me to the hospital as soon as he has any evidence to prove that he doesn't feel strongly for his daughter, is buried deep behind his unemotional facade.

Take the dressing in the way they dress. In the early days after the elopement, she was very concerned about getting him American clothes. But he didn't like them and preferred the tailor in Italy. Apparently he didn't think she dressed so well herself, and I sometimes think it was just as well for their marriage that Vittorio didn't see the weird and unwonderful things she used to do, by Shelley while she awaited motherhood. I'll never forget on one particular get-up—a black velvet taffeta at the back of her blouse, undyed hair, black velvet pants—since when have pants been good matrimony wear?—and that old, long polo coat. And can you tell me one good reason why a woman who is expecting a baby, should not use lipstick in public? Shelley didn't use a smidgen of it.

But now she's improving in the dress department. I understand the black pants, tan, et al., were burned before Vittorio got back. I don't know whether it was love for Vittorio, or her press agent's prodding, but anyway, she went to Don Loper to buy quite a glamorous evening gown, to Jean Paul Gaultier, the famous Parisian shop in Beverly Hills, to get some sexy underthings for her Gassman's gaze. So, she's trying, and you can bet she'll try harder to hold the man she loves 'not wisely, but too well.'

Vittorio is the only person who can make Shelley shut up. I'm sure she doesn't mean to scream so much, she just gets carried
away with enthusiasm for whatever it is she's selling at the moment. But she embarrasses Vittorio. Like the time she gave the party at Naples, after she had sponsored his show at the Circle Theater. She was yelling around, singing, "Hello, seating people. He just looked at her, said a few words in Italian, and she sat down.

And I have been interesting if Vittorio had been in love with Shelley she was due, when Shelley was a tinsome with Farley Granger at the Mocambo. I don't know what either of them were trying to prove, but the photographers had a field day. And when a call the room shouted to Shelley, "You publicity find," she roared with laughter, and hollered, "I can sit at home. Every few minutes she left to phone her mother, who making it the baby was okay. She'd had a couple of dates with her old Farfel in the same week, all of which proves that her "engagement" to Granger is largely suspected, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

There've been some extra suspicious people, who believe that Vittorio merely used Shelley to help his career in Hollywood. And while she didn't really extraordinary help to get started, he is smart enough to know that his talent could open any door. And he isn't the type who would pay the performing that girl didn't love for favors rendered. Here, incredibly in love with Shelley, and I hope he still is, for sake, frankly, more than his, because you can't help liking Shelley and even feeling sorry for her.

The way Shell tells it, it was love at first sight when they met in Italy that time she went to Europe with Farley, when we all assumed they were going to get married. She was like a fresh breeze from this wonderful America—blonde, breezy, and with limitless energy in a country that was tired, shabby and cold. But after the first meeting, he told Shelley, "Of course you know I'm going to marry you." He liked her legs, her hair, everything about her. I just didn't understand what she said, but that didn't matter.

It matters now, because he hates scenes and Shelley doesn't breathe right unless she's promiscuous. Like the time she tossed a glass of milk into his lap at Ciro's, because she thought Zsa Zsa Gabor was flirting with her—or vice versa. She rushed in tears, but he took his time to amble off with a smile. And he brought home for the last time.

Now that they're together again—as of this writing—in their duplex apartment house on North Oakhurst, Shelley will have to change on her emotions, because it's my guess Vittorio didn't stick around long with an hysterical woman. He's used to associating with some pretty chidy chicks in Europe. So Shelley will have to watch herself in the acting department. By super-human power will she reduced to normal screen size before Vittorio sees her face. But she's the type who tells everyone she's going on a salad for herself, and eats the potatoes, and cheese cake off everyone else's plate. She's the type to call attention to her overweight and the first to scream when we write about it!

Shelley can be a hypochondriac. And so can he. He hates the climate when he first arrived, all the time of feeling ill. They would eat out all the time, so I guess he didn't like Shelley's cooking.

Vittorio likes to feel free. Shelley is terrified, because the hoes to let him out of her sight, and he's never sure, to Mexico for Sombrero, she tagged along, got sick, and she must have been really ill to come back without him. Then she had trouble with her teeth, and her moaning and groaning was heard the length and breadth of Hollywood. She

SHELLEY, after agonizing weeks of indecision, finally signed a new, long-term deal at U/I. Unless she wants to be on perpetual suspension, she won't be able to go and go with Vittorio. So she'll have to decide which is the most important to her—her husband or her career. Sounds corny, put this way, but it's the way she put it to me. Because if they are separated six months of the year, this marriage won't have any chance to be tough enough, without the extra strain of the other. It's my guess that when it comes to the actual deciding, that the unpredictable Miss Winters is going to up her picture career. She's been too lonely and too afraid to risk losing what she regards as Love.

She wants to do plays with him. She wants to play Ophelia to his Hamlet. He'll be the greatest Othello. Because great love can accomplish the impossible. It could make even cement this un-matched couple. And it would be great to make liars of all the Jeremians. As it stands now, there is only one person to whom I've talked about Shelley and her Gassman, who believes they have a chance to live happily ever after—her agent, Russell Birdwell. But then, she is notoriously optimistic.
(Continued from page 24) Jerry Rosenthal to replace Gisler. Several weeks later she sought a restraining order to prevent Wayne from molesting her and disposing of their common property, to defraud temporary alimony pending outcome of her separate maintenance suit.

Simultaneously she charged that Wayne had both struck and molested people in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

In addition to having the court keep Duke away from her, Esperanza Wayne also asked the court to settle the matter of her allowance because she and the actor had been unable to agree.

"Chata" claimed that her husband averaged at least $12,661 each month in salaries, plus "large gains from oil, movie, land, and other investments." She judged his income to be somewhere around a million a year.

As for herself, she said, she had earned only $6,685 last year as an actress. In addition, Wayne had been giving her an allowance of $1,000 a month. She was entitled to a larger allowance. She said, too, in her petition that she was living "in fear" because of Duke's attacks and she wanted him legally to be prohibited from "inflicting indignities" on her.

She told the court that all she wanted was a "reasonable" alimony and that when she and the actor were living together they used to spend $12,661.12 each month. Something commensurate with that figure, Mrs. Wayne implied would be "reasonable." Maybe even $9,000 a month.

Wayne's answer was that he was already paying Esperanza $1,100 a month plus $1354 per month upkeep for the house she was occupying in Encino. He was willing to pay her $9,000 a month temporary alimony, he added, and "she should get a cheaper house." Wayne also said that his net income last year after taxes and business expenses had come to about $89,000 which was a far cry from being a millionaire.

The discrepancy between what "Chata" wanted and what Duke was willing to give her, the court was told between the actor's and his wife's individual estimations of the Wayne wealth were so great that only a Superior Court judge could decide who was right; so late in May the case came to trial.

Mrs. Wayne said she should get at least $9,000 a month alimony.

Mr. Wayne was prepared to go as high as $900 a month, not a cent more. A difference of $8,100 prevented an agreement.

When Duke marched into the courtroom flanked by his legal entourage he was pretty soft. He had "been killed" by detectives for many months, detectives supposedly hired by the opposition to obtain embarrassing information they might use in the divorce mess.

As a matter of fact, a few months ago the shadowing had become so ridiculous that Duke had copied the number of the car driver's following him. He learned the driver's name and had called him up the next day. "Look," he'd said, "why don't you ride around with me in my car? It'll be a whole lot easier."

There had been many such limitations, and now he was being compelled to make public his entire financial history.

After he was sworn in, Duke testified that what he made was not necessarily what he keeps. He admitted that he earned approximately $40,000 a month but said that after he paid taxes, tips, expenses, and so forth, "there's not too much left."

He testified that he had made gifts of $8,000 to actor friends who were hard up and explained how he had spent thousands on gifts for studio crews who worked on his pictures.

"As a rule," Duke told the judge, "at the end of every picture, studio crew members are remembered. I don't know how much these gifts cost. I do know lots and lots of my film salary and I believe that I gave many remembrances to my professional and personal friends."

The 44-year-old actor, his hair grown long for his role in Honda, declared that his net income was $59,366 last year and that during his six years of marriage to "Chata" he had saved nothing.

"We spent everything we made during our six years of marriage," he testified, "and I even had to pay my income tax with money borrowed from my life insurance policy," Duke also pointed out that he had ample funds in public relations, that he gave extra large tips to everyone trying to build-up good will, and that he was also saddled with the insurance policy of paying his first wife, Josephine Saenz, for her support and the support of their four children, 20% of the first $100,000 he earns each year and 10% of everything above that.

He added that last year between May 25th and June 30th he had collected $122,000 from RKO but insisted that his gross income didn't mean very much since what was left to him was all that mattered. He said that he thought any single woman could live fairly well on the $900 a month he was prepared to offer Mrs. Wayne.

Jerry Rosenthal, Mrs. Wayne's lawyer, then went to the attack. His grilling was relentless. He asked Duke how many suits he owned, how many companies he had interests in, with what he kept his restaurant checks, his gasoline bills, his laundry bills.

Duke explained that, "I'm practically a small business and have to rely on other people to handle my affairs... I have only seen one of my pay checks in 13 years... They go directly from the studios to the Beverly Management Company which looks after my financial affairs."

As his wardrobe the actor said that as an actor, of course, he had to be well-dressed. "But I never bought a suit unless I needed it... and if I had my way I'd seldom wear a necktie."

When he was questioned as to whether or not he sought to conceal his assets from Mrs. Wayne, Duke stated flatly that he had spent the last three years in part trying to get his wife to attend various financial meetings so she could see. "She was spending too much," he contended, "to get together and figure out some kind of household and personal budget program. I tried my best to keep our home together. I never concealed any assets from my wife. She was made to figure out about money. But we never did arrange any kind of a budget."

Mrs. Wayne's lawyer then suggested that perhaps there was some reasonable idea of his finances. After all, so many people worked on his books.

Duke declared, "I know what's going on in my affairs. When I want to know how I stand in any matter I ask the men I trust to brief me. They do so. I'm not an accountant but I certainly think I have enough horse sense to understand what expenses I have."

The judge agreed with Duke. "When you get a prescription from a doctor," he pointed out, "you don't go to a chemist and say, 'I don't know whether I've been prescribed. You take your doctor's word for it.'" In court with Wayne was a small army
of accountants, tax experts, and agents, and when one of these, Be Roos, who was on the stand, he admitted that Duke had paid income taxes last year of $178,000.

It was also shown that Wayne's earnings from 1950 to 1951 totaled about $1,026,072, and that he had earned $126,000 in the last 11 days this year, and that instead of taking 10% of the gross of $90,000 Duke paid, he had accepted $100,000 for each picture. He did this when Herbert Yates, president of Republic Pictures, had explained that, "We cannot pay you 10% of the gross on each of these pictures and still buy a single director's services."

Duke had a bit of trouble identifying the various contracts and financial documents handed to him and admitted at one point that, "My attention doesn't always catch me. Should read before signing and I do, but that doesn't always mean I understand it."

The sad part about the Wayne legal mess is that the two parties involved, the man and wife who once loved each other tenderly, should now be out "to get" each other.

Duke and "Chata" are enemies. The love they once felt and enjoyed has soured into hate. This whole dispute might have been settled amicably without recrimination, and name-calling. But instead what we have and will have is a no-hold-barred fight. It looks as if all the dirty linen will be aired in public.

Why?

One intimate of Chata's says, "I think what upset her was when Duke decided that he had had enough. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and my own personal opinion is that, Duke, I expected Duke to come running back to her. When he didn't last year, she I think her vanity was hurt. She obviously feels that financially she isn't in the clear; otherwise I don't think she would've gone into court."

"I mean when you've been accustomed to spending $13,000 a month on a house-hold, well $900 doesn't seem very much."

Another thing, and here I think Duke was wrong. When Chata petitioned to use the name Esperanza Bauer, then after all, he is hers legally, Duke fought against it. He wants her to use her maiden name of Esperanza Bauer. That got her sore, too. I'm not an expert on domestic relations, but I do hope they don't mess out of the divorce courts, because it's not going to be a very nice one."

One of Duke's friends says, "There's only so much a woman can stand, and money Duke has taken an awful lot of punishment in his marriage to "Chata." He's seen her twice in the past year and on those two occasions people were present and then she goes ahead and charges that he struck her.

"I don't have to come to Duke's defense. He has many friends in Hollywood than probably any other star. How come, by being a cheat, a money grabber? Heck, no. He's loyal and he's sincere and above all he's fair. He's willing to give the same $900 a month. A month, how much was she earning when he first met her in Mexico?"

You can live darn well on $900 a month south of the border and no one can tell me differently. Chata wants $900 a month plus another $20,000 to appraise Duke's books. That's more than a hundred grand a year. She wants more than Duke is paying his first wife, four kids, and she wants it all for herself."

"The whole thing is an unholy mess, and if Duke takes my advice he'll swear off women."

ONLY Duke Wayne has a "new woman," 23-year-old Pilare Pallette, a Peruvian beauty. The chances are extremely good that she will become the third Mrs. John Wayne.

More than anything else, this one fact is probably what motivates the second Mrs. Wayne. Wayne has heard that the actor who is the number-one box office attraction in the nation, and wishes right now that he wasn't.

they called them "shocking"

(Continued from page 13) out of the waiting room. The plane landed, taxied down the runway, and came to a halt. The portable stairway was rolled beside the cabin door. The door was open and the passengers began to alight.

Lana was the eighth or tenth passenger to descend; and as she did, there was Lex Barker, at her left following directly behind her, her only bodyguard, was put his eyes scanning the set-up as if he were determined to protect Lana no matter what might happen.

A bouquet of roses was stuck in Lana's hand. She cradled them in her arms and said, "Thank you, it's wonderful being here." The photographers began shooting away.

Then a reporter ran up to them and said, "The tall one, the one without a hat. He is Tarzan Barker." The lensmen shot Lex, too.

Lana and her escort were rushed through customs, bundled into a car, and driven to the Hotel Lancaster in Paris.

Lex was officially registered at the hotel, but when he arrived for Lana a few days later they told her that she was occupying, "the apartment of a very dear friend not too far away from the Lancaster, but she is around here sometimes."

Employees of the hotel said later that of course, Lana Turner was staying there. Only they had been asked to say absolutely nothing about the guests.

Lana had been to Paris before; in 1948 to be exact, on her honeymoon with Bob Topping, and some of the French reporters knew a good deal about her.

With Lex, however, it was different, and for those who were upstairs they were under the false impression that he was Fernando Lamas, not knowing about the Lamas-Lana battle of last year.

In fact at a fashionable cocktail party off the Champs Elysées Lex and Lana had been invited, Anatoile Litvak, the director, pulled the prize social boner of the evening. He walked up to Lex Barker whom he've never met before, said, "I'm so glad to see, Mr. Lamas, that you and Miss Turner are still together."

Not long after that, Lana and her broad-shouldered traveling companion pulled out for southern France, again, an major hit among for the European audience.

FOUR days there was a news blackout concerning them as they lived and jour-neyed on the Balearic Islands, and all this time Europeans kept asking, "Are they married or aren't they?"

The answer to that, they finally learned, is that Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl isn't final until this winter; so that as regards California law, he and Lana cannot get married until then. They might get married contrary to their choosing before winter, but under such circumstances, the marriage would not be recognized in Los Angeles where Lex has his legal residence to which Lex.

When the film festival opened at Cannes, Lana and Lex flew in from Majorca and were each assigned separate rooms at
Lana and Tarzan was inevitable, that it would take place momentarily, that when it happened, one should not be surprised because these two talented Americans were really very much in love and this trip of theirs wasn’t an American publicity stunt. “Actually, they are crazy about each other.”

Later on in Italy, newspapers in Rome said much the same thing. “The two handsome American film stars, Lana Turner and Lex Barker, are vacationing on Capri. They love each other very much and will be married soon. But first Miss Turner has to make a table under the stars in Rome. It is understood also that Lex Barker will make two pictures here to be produced by Giorgio Venturini. One concerns jungle adventures and the other gangster adventures. First, however, there is a visit to Hollywood for another film. He and Miss Turner will probably be married in Europe upon its return.”

In France, parts of Spain, and of course, Majorca which has been a great lover’s retreat for half a century, people are broad-minded. They understand human nature, and there was no vicious gossip about Lex Barker.

After all, there shouldn’t be, because as everyone knows, they are both beyond moral reproach. But in the other countries on the Continent, movie-fans asked each other if Lana might not have compromised her reputation by traveling with a male. “It may be all right for some anonymous scribe,” said the British journalist. “But surely eyebrows have been raised all over Europe concerning Miss Turner and her protector, Tarzan. After all, Europe is not the African jungle. Miss Turner is a figure of international fame. She should watch her step.”

In Scandinavia, there were similar cracks. “It would be all right,” one theater manager explained. “If they could pass this Barker off as her press agent or even a baggage porter, but he’s much too good-looking for that.”

To date, Lana Turner has been unable to hold any of her sweetheart, even those who developed into husbands, and in Europe today there’s a good deal of discussion as to whether or not her intentions towards Lex are serious and vice versa.

An American actress currently in England who has known Lana for years, says that “all the stories about Lex Barker are wrong. I’m not an authority on the subject, but I think Lex would marry Lana in a minute. Why shouldn’t he? And he probably will. But to me, marriage, in order to be successful, must have a little mystery. A man and wife must get to know each other as they grow old together. Otherwise, boredom sets in too quickly. Lana is intelligent, pretty and the looks are taken with her glamour. That particular quality is not too profound. I’d say it’s superficial. A man exposed to it, can get fed up pretty quickly, that is, if he’s at all perceptive.”

Back in Hollywood where Lex Barker is probably making a picture for producers, there is a stronger belief that Lana may never marry Lex. This girl,” according to one press agent whom I interviewed Saturday, “has finally learned that she does not pay to rush into marriage. She eloped with Artie Shaw; she pulled a quickie with Steve Crane; she was rushed off her balance by Bob Topping; and in every case she lost—not only love but money and position as well.

This time she’s (Continued on page 98)
The Modern Romances

And now you can hear...

If you like stories of young love ... young problems ... young romances ... you read MODERN ROMANCES.

Tune in on Saturdays to your local NBC radio station and hear well known star of radio and TV, Kathi Norris, and a group of fine actors bring your favorite fiction to life. See your newspaper for time and station.

Moving slowly. Personally, it's a good thing, as I see it, that she and Lex couldn't get married immediately. When they were down in Palm Springs together they were very much in love. Had Lex been legally free, I think they would've been married at once. Now, I'm not sure. Lana's had time to think. She's always talking about a home and kids.

Lex has two children by his first marriage. She has one by Crane. Together they've been married six times. Lana knows that she can't retire from show business.

"If they get married you've got the same old problem of two motion picture careers in one family. Very rarely does that work out.

Lana's no dummy. She knows all this. On the other hand, no man has been as kind and as thoughtful as Lex. He comes from an excellent family, and while his formal education was cut short, he's been around and can hold his own in any type of society. He can give Lana the confidence, the social poise she's always lacked.

"Then there's another thing. This chicken isn't getting any younger. Eligible husbands are growing scarce. There are millions of guys who'd love to date her, but how many would want to put a ring on her finger? No doubt about it. The choice is Lana's. She's toured Europe with the guy and has seen him in action under all sorts of conditions.

"I grant that she's a notoriously poor judge of men. But she's learned from experience, and she knows what to look for in a potential husband. If Lex fills the requirements he's got the job. My own belief is that Lana used their European junket as a trial period. You know, to see what sort of companion he'd turn out to be in a foreign environment."

Lana Turner spent some time in Europe five years ago, and her honeymoon then was a tragic experience which she has tried to forget. She conceived a child which she lost. Her husband dropped a small fortune in midget auto racing. The foreign press lampooned her mercilessly. It was a nightmare.

With Lex Barker at her side, Europe has been completely different. It's been an ecstatic heaven. And from what evidence now exists, it looks like wedding bells for Lana in the months to come.

Whether Lana can hold Lex when and if she gets him in matrimony is a hypothetical question which at this point no man would like to pass prophecy upon.

Each time Lana Turner gets married she says in her heart that, "This time it's for keeps."

Somewhere along the line, this talented, tolerant, courageous actress has got to be right.

Let's hope she finally finds the true happiness she deserves with Lex Barker.

Susie's got everything

(Continued from page 55)—It boasts so many movie stars these days.

"I have just met," he announced enthusiastically, "the one movie star who was everything. Your Susan Hayward."

"When did ...?"

He raised his hand in a halting motion.

"Please, no arguments. I have seen everything in the way of femininity you have sent from Hollywood—Jennifer Jones, Bette Davis, Gabor, Darnell, Colbert, Shelley Winters. No one is more beautiful than Hayward. No one so smart, no one so shrewd, no one so happy. This girl has everything, even twins."

"Obviously," I said, "she hypnotized you.

Either that or she bought you lunch."

The Italian referee shook his head. "All the time you Americans are joking." He took out his notes and scanned them. "Do you know," he asked this in the tone of a man who has made a great discovery, "that your Miss Hayward earns $5,000 a week—that is more than 600,000 lire every week in the year?"

"You don't really love her," I said contemptuously. "You love her American dollars."

No answer. Only a continued recitation of his notes. "Do you know that she has starred in Hollywood's best pictures?" He read them aloud, "Song in My Heart, David and Bathsheba, Snows of Kilimanjaro, President's Lady, White Witch Doctor."

"Get away from me," I protested. "You sound like a stunt press agent."

"She is also happily married," my reporter friend went on, "and what is more I like her husband. He is no David Selznick. He is a moral man. He comes from South Carolina. Very smart, too. They have twins, two boys eight years old, Timothy and Gregory."

"The above is a small sample of the enthusiasm aroused by Susan Hayward on her recent trip through France, Spain, and Italy. Wherever Susan stopped, people were impressed, first of all by her beauty, then her naturalness, then her honesty and her intelligence, finally by the success of her family-life and her career."

Now that she's back in Hollywood hard at work on The Story of Demetrius, she makes light of her European vacation, but it was really a triumphant tour, because for many years the fans overseas have had a muddled impression of the real Hayward, not knowing whether she was dainty, sharp, reclusive, fearful, aggressive, or money-wise—all of which have been used to describe her.

The Haywards in Europe was charming, graceful, diplomatic, and tactful, a beauty who had no worries, no cares, a girl whose mother was looking after the children back home, an actress who was determined to enjoy Europe and her husband.

Susan and Jess had a low-slung Jaguar waiting for them when they arrived in Paris aboard separate planes. "We always travel in separate planes as protection for the boys. After all, if one plane crashed, there would still be someone to look after Tim and Greg," she said matter-of-factly.

They stayed in Paris only three days and with Jean Papote beside them, headed for Spain. They took two cameras, a Rolleiflex and a Stereo, and shot some 40 rolls of film. After touring the French chateau country and southern France they crossed into Spain where Susan saw all the historic sites she'd read about when she was Edythe Marrenero, a Brooklyn teenager at Girls' Commercial High School.

In Spain, too, they ran into Gene and Betsy Kelly, teachers in the Peninsula with their little girl, Kelly. Of course, stimulated thoughts of their own two boys. So that night, "we put in a transatlantic call to California, and we spoke to Tim and Greg, and we cried perfectly, but they could hardly hear us. But it was reassuring to know that they were both in good health, and we had nothing to worry about. So after Spain we flew to the Mediterranean and then headed for Italy."

Susan Hayward is one girl who has worked hard for all her triumphs, first as a model in New York, then as a nondescript actress who was kicked around War-
SUSAN is also sensible enough to realize that these are the best years of her life and to be grateful for what she has—a seven-year contract for $5,000 a week, the prestige and position of being her studio's number—one female star, beauty, travel, a wonderful home, money in the bank, three large houses, and most important of all, the love of a good husband and two healthy sons.

In the words of the Italian reporter, Susan Hayward is "the one movie star who has everything."

When an actress reaches such heights as these, there is only one thing she can do. She must give of herself to the countless thousands everywhere who have adored her, but who have been indirectly to her great happiness. And Susie certainly does!

**REVERIE:**

- did you ever . . . ???
  - meet a movie star?
  - see one doing something unusual?
  - overhear one talking to another?
  - write and tell us about it . . . (in not more than 200 words, please)?
  - We'll pay $5.00 for each of "I Saw It Happen" or "It Happened To Me" that we print.

Remember . . . it must be true . . . and it must be an out-of-the-ordinary experience.

---

**HEROES:**

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not only one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.
MAIL THIS COUPON

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 8MG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

☐ Queen's Gift ☐ Corcovado to Xanadu ☐ A Many-Splendored Thing
☐ Saracen Blade ☐ Complete Stories of Great Operas ☐ The Comanches

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Mrs.                                 Mr.                                 Miss
Address
City & State

Please Print

105 Book Club, Dept. 8MG, Garden City, New York

SAVE MORE THAN 2/3 ON NEW BEST-SELLERS

Regular Value of These 3 Books $11.00 in Pub. Editions!

EACH FULL-SIZE, HARD BOUND!

When Lady and Servant Want the Same Man!

The ravishing, unscrupulous Baroness Anne enjoyed the thrill of conquest, and when she met handsome young Dr. Angus Moray, her restlessness flamed as always. How was she to know that she would have to pit her experience against her own servant, pretty Sylvia Hay, who wanted the doctor with all the ardor of first love? You'll enjoy "Queen's Gift"—the delightful new bestselling story of early Carolina. Pub. ed. $3.75.

When you join the Dollar Book Club, you can purchase these three wonderful books for only $1.00 plus a few cents shipping cost.

Sensational "Get-Acquainted" Offer!

ALL THREE

Best-Sellers for only $1.00

Inglis Fletcher

Queen's Gift

Caravan to Xanadu

SOLD ON THE SLAVE BLOCK—and in Love with Her Master!

A slave had not the right to love, but her owner was young Marco Polo the Venetian, handsome and broad of shoulder, and Mirana adored him even though he planned to sell her at a profit, Caravan to Xanadu is a tale of strange passion in the fabulous lands of Kublai Khan. Pub. ed. $3.50.

WHAT A BUY! 3 great new best-sellers (all full size, hard-bound books) yours for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. A big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings you enjoy as a member!

WHAT a buy! 3 great new best-sellers (all full size, hard-bound books) yours for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. A big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings you enjoy as a member!

MAIL THIS COUPON

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 8MG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

☐ Queen's Gift ☐ Corcovado to Xanadu ☐ A Many-Splendored Thing
☐ Saracen Blade ☐ Complete Stories of Great Operas ☐ The Comanches

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Mrs.                                 Mr.                                 Miss
Address
City & State

Please Print

105 Book Club, Dept. 8MG, Garden City, New York

SAVE MORE THAN 2/3 ON NEW BEST-SELLERS

Regular Value of These 3 Books $11.00 in Pub. Editions!

EACH FULL-SIZE, HARD BOUND!

When Lady and Servant Want the Same Man!

The ravishing, unscrupulous Baroness Anne enjoyed the thrill of conquest, and when she met handsome young Dr. Angus Moray, her restlessness flamed as always. How was she to know that she would have to pit her experience against her own servant, pretty Sylvia Hay, who wanted the doctor with all the ardor of first love? You'll enjoy "Queen's Gift"—the delightful new bestselling story of early Carolina. Pub. ed. $3.75.

When you join the Dollar Book Club, you can purchase these three wonderful books for only $1.00 plus a few cents shipping cost.

Sensational "Get-Acquainted" Offer!

ALL THREE

Best-Sellers for only $1.00

Inglis Fletcher

Queen's Gift

Caravan to Xanadu

SOLD ON THE SLAVE BLOCK—and in Love with Her Master!

A slave had not the right to love, but her owner was young Marco Polo the Venetian, handsome and broad of shoulder, and Mirana adored him even though he planned to sell her at a profit, Caravan to Xanadu is a tale of strange passion in the fabulous lands of Kublai Khan. Pub. ed. $3.50.

WHAT A BUY! 3 great new best-sellers (all full size, hard-bound books) yours for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. A big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings you enjoy as a member!

WHAT a buy! 3 great new best-sellers (all full size, hard-bound books) yours for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. A big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings you enjoy as a member!

MAIL THIS COUPON

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 8MG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

☐ Queen's Gift ☐ Corcovado to Xanadu ☐ A Many-Splendored Thing
☐ Saracen Blade ☐ Complete Stories of Great Operas ☐ The Comanches

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Mrs.                                 Mr.                                 Miss
Address
City & State
This Big Beautiful Box of 21 Christmas Greeting Cards is

YOURS FOR ONLY 1¢

Yes, it's yours simply by mailing coupon below—just to prove that a little spare time can earn you a clear profit of

$50.00 IN CASH!

Are you one of the many men, women and younger folks who want to make extra pocket money writing orders for Christmas Cards? All you need is a little spare time! We can show you how easy it is to make $50.00—$100.00—or even more! And this year, we start you off earning money with our sensational 1¢ Sale plan. Here's our amazing new offer to every reader of this publication:

We will send you this brand new 21-card box as illustrated—one of the most beautiful collections of Christmas cards ever created. And your cost will be just 1¢. Yes, one single penny is all you pay for 21 stunning cards and envelopes—and you must have dozens of friends who'd gladly pay you $1.00 for it! It's YOURS to do with what you want. You won't be asked to return it.

We Make This 1¢ Offer to "Open Your Eyes" to Easy Profits!
The reason we make this generous 1¢ offer is that once you see and feel the quality of these cards, richly printed on fine papers, you'll say to yourself, "No wonder they sell so easily! It must be child's play to make $50 cash profit taking orders!" And your confidence will double when you see the other appealing items you will offer! Name-Imprinted Christmas Greetings, Personal Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Ribbons, Greeting Card Assortments for All-Occasions—all at prices that make your customers gasp with pleasure!

Only One to a Family! Limited Offer!
Naturally, this one-cent offer is limited "one to a family" and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments On Approval, together with complete Money-Making Plan and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—this special one-cent offer may not be repeated.

RAISE FUNDS FOR YOUR GROUP!
Ask for Special Plans that show you how to collect money for your church, club or society.

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.
666 Adams Street • Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — DO NOT SEND PENNY!

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.
666 Adams St., Elmira, New York

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF CHRISTMAS CARDS for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name________________________________________

Address_______________________________________

City & Zone____________________________________ State_________________________

☐ Check here for facts about FUND RAISING for your church, club or organization.
Why did you change to CAMELS?

SMOKERS have been changing to Camels and staying with Camels for years. So much so that today Camel is ahead of all other brands by many billions of cigarettes per year!

Camel's mildness and flavor agree with more smokers than any other cigarette... so try Camels, too.

Try Camels for 30 days—and see how you keep on enjoying their rich flavor and cool mildness, week after week!

There must be a reason why MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE.
Jane Powell and Gene Nelson: HOW WE FELL IN LOVE

Liz Taylor
Now! Let new Camay pamper your complexion, bring new luxury to your daily Beauty Bath!

Exciting beauty news! Now Camay—and Camay alone among leading beauty soaps—contains precious cold cream!

Whatever your type of skin—dry or oily, new Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling marvelously cleansed and refreshed. And now Camay brings added luxury to your daily Beauty Bath, too!

Of course, you still get everything you’ve always loved about Camay... the softer complexion that’s yours when you change to regular care with Camay, that satin-smooth Camay lather, famous Camay mildness and exquisite Camay fragrance.

NEW CAMAY is at your store now—in the same familiar wrapper—at no extra cost. There’s no other beauty soap like it!
The Albert A. Dodds of Ridgewood, N. J. are one of more than three million families who prefer new white Ipana to any other tooth paste.

Important—especially if you can’t brush after every meal!

NEW IPANA® DESTROYS DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!* Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal...to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking...and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

And when you brush your teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana, you effectively fight tooth decay. That means less pain and trouble, less risk of losing your teeth.

What’s more, brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Ipana also brings you a new minty flavor. Thousands of families who tried it liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We’re sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped Ipana carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

New, White—

Scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with Ipana reduces mouth bacteria (including decay and bad-breath bacteria) by an average of 84%.

Product of Bristol-Myers

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED... INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL
modern screen

stories

BING CROSBY: "IT'S TIME TO QUIT" ................................................. by Jack Wade 26
WHY DOESN'T HE MARRY THE GIRL? (Robert Taylor) ................ by Consuelo Anderson 29
HOW WE FELL IN LOVE (Jane Powell-Gene Nelson) ............... by Pamela Morgan 31
HOLLYWOOD MUDGIE (Don O'Connor, Dan Dailey) ............... by Sandy Cummings 33
GREAT DAY COMING (Virginia Mayo) ........................................... by John Maynard 35
IS LIZ LOSING HER BEAUTY? (Liz Taylor) ............................... by Susan Trent 37
BEAUTY IS EVERY WOMAN'S JOB ................................................. by Terry Hunt 39
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (Doris Day) .............................................. by Carl Schroeder 41
SHE OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES (Elaine Stewart) ....................... by Jim Henaghan 44
HE NEVER SAID "CAN'T" (Gordon MacRae) ................................. by Louis Pollock 46
IS TERRY MOORE HEADING FOR TROUBLE? ......................... by Steve Cronin 48
DON'T PLAY IT SAFE ........................................................................ by Jeff Chandler 56
"WET SHE IS...DRY SHE AIN'T" (Esther Williams) ....................... by Jane Wilkie 58

departments

INSIDE STORY ...................................................................................... 4
LOUILLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS ................................................ 6
HOLLYWOOD ABROAD .................................................................... 14
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT ................................. 16
MOVIE REVIEWS ............................................................................. 19
SWEET AND HOT ............................................................................. 23
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS .......................................................... 50

On the Cover: M-G-M’s Elizabeth Taylor, soon to be seen in Rhapsody. Picture credits on page 70.

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor
DURBIN HORNER
executive editor
CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

SUZANNE EPPES, story editor
CAROL PLAINE, associate editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEIXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BERT PARRY, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 263 Ninth Ave., New York, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 47, No. 4; September, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 211 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres., Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price $0.25. Subscriptions in U.S.A. $2.00 one year; $3.50 two years; $5.00 three years; Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.50; two years, $4.00; three years $6.00; Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1920, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778
That "Bad and Beautiful" girl in the arms of "LATIN LOVERS". She's gorgeous in Technicolor!

M-G-M's tingling, tropical musical romance, starring LANA TURNER.

Ricardo John Louis Montalban • Lund • Calhern

with Jean Hagen • Eduard Franz

An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Music by Nicholas Brodszky • Lyrics by Leo Robin • Dances staged by Frank Veloz • Directed by Mervyn LeRoy • Produced by Joe Pasternak
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 been told that Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel are involved in a bitter feud. Is this true?

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** Will Marilyn Monroe really fly to Korea to entertain our troops or is that just ballyhoo—T.E., Seattle, Wash.

**A.** If the Defense Department grants permission, Marilyn plans to fly to Korea in September.

**Q.** Does Bing Crosby own the Westex Boot Company of Wichita Falls, Texas?

**A.** Crosby is part-owner.

**Q.** That Carlos Thompson-Yvonne de Carlo romance—was it on the level or a publicity stunt?

**A.** Publicity.

**Q.** Does Janet Leigh ever have anything to do with her first and second husbands? Does she ever see them?

**A.** No.

**Q.** I've read that John Bromfield and Corinne Calvet sleep in Hollywood's biggest bed, something 11 feet wide. Do they really?—V.T., Paris, France.

**A.** Corinne says the family bed is only seven feet wide.

**Q.** What is Betty Grable's true age?

**A.** 37.

**Q.** Didn't John Wayne file for divorce from his wife because he found out about her romance with Steve Cochran?

**A.** No; Mrs Wayne never met Cochran until the divorce was filed.

**Q.** Could you please give me Piper Laurie's real name and let me know if she ever actually ate flowers?

**A.** Rosetta Jacobs; the flower-eating was a publicity gimmick.

**Q.** Which actress in Hollywood gets the most fan mail?

**A.** O.K., Seattle, Wash.

**Q.** Does Sue Ladd keep Alan Ladd on a very strict allowance? How many times has Sue been married, anyway?

**A.** B.Y., Hyde Park, Ill.

**Q.** Does Arlene Dahl plan to marry Fernando Lamas in October when her divorce is final?

**A.** W.L., Bellingham, Wash.

**Q.** Lamas has not as yet popped the question.

**A.** Generally speaking, what is the attitude of movie stars towards fan mail? Do they like receiving letters or do they consider them silly? Which stars answer their fan mail regularly?

**A.** V.M., Syracuse, N. Y.

**A.** All stars like to receive fan mail and consider the quantities as popularity indications. Mario Lanza, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, and Janet Leigh, to name only a few, try to answer all fan mail.

**Q.** Why was Vic Damone disliked so much when he was in the Army?

**A.** T.Y., Monmouth, N. J.

**A.** Through no fault of his own, Damone was assigned a soft berth in Special Services, he also made the foolish error of driving around Army camps in his Cadillac convertible, a move not designed to win friends among fellow soldiers.

**Q.** Is it true that Bob Wagner refuses to date girls unless they've been married at least once?

**A.** D. E., Vero Beach, Fla.

**A.** Wagner has no dating prerequisites.

**Q.** My uncle, who works in Hollywood as a publicity man, tells me that Dale Robertson is the most uncooperative young actor out there. Why is that?

**A.** W.Y., Cheyenne, Wyo.

**A.** Dale has a theory that too much publicity is bad for a star; therefore, he has cut down on the number of interviews he'll give.
So this is the dazzling darling from Jellicoe, Tenn.—the honey-voiced honey they couldn’t stop till she reached the show-world’s glittering top!

So this is the big music-and-love story — of how a Greenwich Village cellar-café started one of the brightest careers the bright-lights ever knew!

So this is the laugh-ringing, love-rapturous life—and the men and melodies in it — THE RAGTIME-TO-RICHES STORY OF GRACE MOORE

All its Songs!
From the toe-tapping ‘OH ME, OH MY’ and ‘REMEMBER’ through ten other show-stopping melodies to the timeless ‘TIME ON MY HANDS’
GWEN O’CONNOR, who wept a bit on the stand divorcing Donald, wasn’t so upset she couldn’t keep a dinner date the same evening with Dan Dailey.

They went to one of the less prominent cafés to avoid photographers. But the headwaiter nearly threw them when he spotted Gwen and then said to Dan, “Right this way, Mr. O’Connor.”

On second thought, there’s nothing in the property settlement Gwen received from Don to upset her.

They divide $100,000 cash.

Then she gets 20% of the first $100,000 Donald earns; 10% of the second $100,000 and 5% of additional annual income.

Gwen retains custody of their little girl, Donna, age 6, with Don contributing an additional $150 monthly for the child’s support.

He gets reasonable visitation concessions.

The kid himself—I mean Donald, of course—gets the family dog, O’Flynn, an Irish wolfhound about the size of a Shetland pony with the appetite of a horse,” according to Gwen’s testimony.

Oh, yes—I almost forgot—the ex-Mrs. O’Connor keeps the family home in the Valley and Don has just bought a new place in Beverly Hills.

One of Gwen’s charges was that Don refused to cooperate in their social life. “He frequently walked out right in the middle of dinner, or else didn’t show up at all. And, he hated to go to parties.”

In view of all this, it’s amusing that his second night as a “free man,” Don tossed a party for 25 in his new house and planned the whole thing himself.

AVA Gardner and Lana Turner, who were so chummy-chummy in Europe that Ava thought they could make a star team, were evicted from their Beverly Hills home during one of Ava’s and Frankie’s more violent fights.

They even called the gendarmes and had them evicted—remember?

Ever since that time, Lana’s been on Frank’s deep freeze list—so, in order to maintain the current peace (subject to change without notice), Ava isn’t seeing Lana any more.

It’s just that Frankie can’t stand the sight of Lana ever since he overheard her and Ava “cutting him up” in Palm Springs during one of Ava’s and Frankie’s more violent fights.

He even called the gendarmes and had them evicted—remember?

Ever since that time, Lana’s been on Frank’s deep freeze list—so, in order to maintain the current peace (subject to change without notice), Ava isn’t seeing Lana any more.

THE MOST-PONTEd REMARK OF THE MONTH: When Gary Cooper was asked by French reporters if he was happy to be reunited with his family, Mrs. Cooper and daughter, Marka, who has just flown in to Paris, big Coop said, “I’m very, very happy to see my daughter again.”

I just can’t remember ever being at a bigger or better, funnier or more sentimental party than Dolores and Bob Hope gave honoring Bob’s birthday, the wedding of Ann Blyth...
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Gwen divorces Donald O'Connor

... Frankie breaks up friendship of Ava and Lana ... A new feud for Corinne Calvet ... What's happening between Shelley and Vittorio?

and Dr. James McNulty, and the singing Trapp Sisters from the East.

Although almost every glamor girl in town was present it was also a sort of family affair with the Irish mother and father of Dr. McNulty and Dennis Day (they're brothers) plus Ann's aunt and uncle, the Tobins; plus all Bob's brothers and cousins and four children stealing a lot of thunder from the movie guys and dolls.

The beautiful home and gardens of the Hopes in the Valley looked like a section of Honolulu had been flown in—and it almost had. Francis Brown, archi-drunk of the islands, had literally buried the house with beautiful orchid blooms, just flown in from the islands.

I've never seen Dolores look so pretty or so happy. She actually glowed when Bob cut his birthday cake flanked by all the children. I couldn't get over Linda and Tony, really grown up.

The hostess' dress was a lovely pink lace—and I noticed how many other lovely ladies were in pink. Maureen O'Sullivan and Irene Dunne among them.

I fell completely in love with Jim's and Dennis Day's mother and father. Before the evening was over I was calling them Molle and Pat and they called me Louella.

Jack Benny, George Burns, Pat O'Brien and Fred MacMurray (it was before his Lily was stricken with a fatal illness) had everyone bent double with their gag that they were just about to put on an act—and then never getting around to it.

From hilarious laughter we swung to sentimental tears when the Trapp Sisters sang a beautiful love song to lovely little Ann Blyth and her handsome doctor, so much in love and so happy it catches at your heart to watch them together.

I was particularly touched during the song when I saw the aunt and uncle who raised Ann reach for each other's hands.

Just about the time the buffet supper tables were set up on the lawn, the moon came up; the scent of the flowers almost overcame us with their sweetness; glasses clinked in toasts to the health of the birthday boy and the young lovers; lovely string music softly filled the air—well, all I can say is that it was a beautiful evening and one long to be remembered.

Pretty 19-year-old Audrey Dalton (she was so good as the daughter in Titanic) has been secretly married to James Brown since January.

Audrey is one of the three girls brought over by Paramount from England for Girls Of Pleasure Island.

She would like the fans to know that the James Brown she married is a student at UCLA—not the actor by the same name.

Geary Steffen finally had something to say about his break-up with Jane Powell.

"It's all in her mind; there's nothing really wrong between us. But if she doesn't want..."
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. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, wonderful right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

LOUETLLA PARSONS' good news
Continued

me, I don't want her.

"Anyway," he gulped, "Jane is the most wonderful person, and wonderful mother in the world."

Jane still wants "out" although I hear her romance with Gene Nelson is getting cooler and cooler.

When I talked with her, Jane had a bad cold and seemed weary. "I just want to rest and let our lawyers settle all the problems. If Geary is entitled to 50% of all I've earned (community property—which means everything is equally divided between a couple after marriage—no matter which one has done the earning—is a law in California), I guess his attorney will see he gets it.

"He needn't worry, however, about the religious upbringing of the children. I promised him at the time of our marriage that they would be raised Catholics and I will keep my word.

"Our home is on the market for sale. It's too big, and besides I want to close all doors behind me after our divorce."

The only cloud over the otherwise perfect love story and marriage of Ann Blyth and Dr. McNulty was trouble in the bridesmaids' ranks.

Two of Ann's closest friends, Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor, could not be attendants because they are divorcées. Jane had already been fitted for her bridesmaid gown—but when she and Geary Steffen hit the headlines—Janie bowed out because she did not want to embarrass Ann, who is a devout Catholic.

But, the final blow came when it looked as if matron of honor, Jane Withers Moss, wouldn't be able to serve for the same reason as Jane's.

The trouble between Jane Withers and Bill Moss hit the papers—but because it was not a definite break, and they are trying to patch things up, little Ann was able to keep her closest girl friend as her matron of honor.

Jeff Chandler has been dropping into Ciro's regularly to sing with the band. He's practicing up for his tour of army bases with disc jockey Johnny Grant.

As a singer, Jeff's no Bing Crosby. His voice is untrained, but pleasant—and he usually gets a hand from the crowd, many of the customers not recognizing him.

A woman said the other night, "That guy singing looks like Jeff Chandler."

PERSONAL OPINIONS: As I write this, Dick Haymes is singing love songs to Rita Hayworth in Honolulu and it's serious between
Now They're Goofy Golfers...Runnin' Wild in High Society!

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS

THEIR NEAREST AND FUNNIEST...AND SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE THEATRE!

in

THE CADDY

Co-starring

DONNA REED · BARBARA BATES

with JOSEPH CALLEIA · FRED CLARK

Produced by PAUL JONES · Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Screenplay by EDMUND HARTMANN and DANNY ARNOLD
Additional Dialogue by KEN ENGLUND · Story by DANNY ARNOLD
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

THAT'S AMORE (THAT'S LOVE)
MINE TO LOVE · ONE BIG LOVE
WHAT WOULDCHA DO WITHOUT ME
IT'S A WHISTLE-IN' KINDA MORNIN'
THE GAY CONTINENTAL
YOU'RE THE RIGHT ONE

Songs...to help you laugh and love!
5 GOOD REASONS TO WEAR TAMPAX IN HOT WEATHER

1. Tampax is invisible, once it's in place. Because Tampax is the internal kind of monthly sanitary protection, it doesn't even "show" under a bathing suit that's wet or dry!

2. Tampax is unfelt, once it's in place. There's all the difference in the world between cool, comfortable Tampax and hot, "chafey," irritating external pads. Try Tampax and see!

3. Tampax prevents odor from forming—saves you from even the thought of embarrassment. It can be worn in shower or tub, too—an important thing to remember when you're away visiting.

4. Tampax is easy to dispose of—even when vacation resort plumbing is not quite up to par. You can change Tampax quickly, too, in a matter of seconds.


LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

them. But, I'm not banking on it to stay this way by the time you read this . . . .

Hear that Marty Melcher has decided he's kept Doris Day too isolated from the press, public, and Hollywood social affairs and is going to let her be seen around more in the future. High time, I say . . .

W asn't Tony Curtis (who wants a family very much) being a little bitter when he said, "Jane's career is going so well now—it would be a shame to interrupt it."

Unless the wife of a very popular actor doesn't stop her insane imaginary jealousies, they may become real. He's irritated to the breaking point . . .

I'm sorry Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin seem to be in hot water ever since they left Hollywood for Europe. They followed their flare-up aboard the Queen Elizabeth by being inexcusably late for an appointment with the Lord Mayor Kerr of Glasgow—so late he wouldn't receive them. You boys don't act this way in Hollywood. Better come home, kids . . .

Rock Hudson has gone in for a red car and red furniture. How about redheads????

It was a blue, lonely birthday for Marilyn Monroe on June 1st.

She and Joe DiMaggio had slipped away to Ensenada for a quiet celebration. But they no sooner had arrived than Joe received a telephone call from San Francisco with the sad news that his brother Mike was dead—drowned.

They hurried home immediately, Joe leaving Marilyn in Los Angeles to fly to his grief-stricken family.

"With Joe so heartbroken about Mike, I didn't feel like going anywhere or having any people in for my birthday," Marilyn said, "I just wanted to be alone and wait for his calls when he felt like talking."

Make no mistake about it, these two are deeply in love and hope to marry soon.

I don't care what she says to the contrary, Judy Garland is happier and healthier when she's fat!

The strenuous diet and exercise she has been undergoing preparatory to starting her comeback movie, A Star Is Born is beginning to show in her strained expression and a returning nervousness. (Continued on page 12)

Need a new pencil-box for the fall semester? Get your eye on a season pass to all the home games? Don't hit dad for a raise in allowance. Here's how to earn your own. All you have to do is read all the stories in this September issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right away. You may be one of the lucky winners.

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.

- The Inside Story
- Louella Parsons' Good News
- Hollywood Abroad
- Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- Sweet and Hot
- Bing Crosby: "It's Time To Quit!"
- Why Doesn't He Marry The Girl? (Robert Taylor)
- How We Fell In Love (Jane Powell, Gene Nelson)
- Hollywood Muddle (Donald O'Connor, Dan Duryea)
- Great Day Comin' (Virginia Mayo)
- Is Liz Losing Her Beauty? (Elizabeth Taylor)
- Beauty Is Every Woman's Job
- Sentimental Journey (Doris Day)
- "She Oughta Be In Pictures" (Elaine Stewart)
- He Never Said Can't (Gordon MacRae)
- Is Terry Moore Heading For Trouble?
- Don't Play It Safe (Jeff Chandler)
- "Wet She Is . . . Dry She Ain't" (Esther Williams)
- Modern Screen Fashions
- Movie Reviews by Florence Epstein

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?

My name is
My address is
City
State
Occupation
Age
ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent method with "Instant Neutralizing"!

Amazing New Neutralizer acts instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer...far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
- A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
- A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
- A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair...makes it softer, more glamorous!
- Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave...even on the very first day.
- The best, long-lasting wave too!
- Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed...plus extra glamour for your hair!

~HERE'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE~
Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!

NOTE! Party Curl Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives far more natural-looking curls that stay lovely day after day. Nearly twice as fast to give as any leading children's home permanent! Refill, 1.50 plus tax.
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

Nothing is worth it, Judy. We love you fat, thin, or in between—so don't overdo this reducing thing.

Debbie Reynolds just sat down and had a good cry when she learned that Gentleman Manny Brunettes had been postponed for European production until October. She's never been abroad and she was jumpin' at the idea.

"I'd bought all my clothes," she wailed. "But, Debbie," I laughed, "taking clothes to Paris is worse than hauling cool to New castle. Don't you know you're supposed to buy clothes there?"

"Not me," she shook her head, "that's all right for the glamor girls like Ava Gardner and Lana Turner. I wear cute things and where, oh where in all of Paris could I buy a polka-dot bow for under my chin?"

Bob Wagner let his hair grow long for Prince Valiant and his flowing locks never fail to set Terry Moore into gales of laughter.

"You look just like me," she giggles. Fine thing for a guy who's courtin' a gal!

Never has a girl battled with stouter heart than Shelley Winters to keep rumors of trouble away from her marriage.

When gossip was all over town that Shell and Vittorio Gassman were quarreling in cafés and that often she broke into tears when they appeared in public, Shelley told me:

"Oh, they're always trying to separate Vittorio and me. I guess the latest gossip started at the Hollywood premiere of Shane.

"For some silly reason, MGM wouldn't let Vittorio wear the dinner clothes which he had made in Italy—did you ever hear anything more ridiculous than that?"

"Everyone else was dressed formally and Vittorio was so angry about the whole thing I suppose people thought he was quarreling with me."

Shell, who is nothing if not honest, added wistfully, "I guess we did argue a little, Lou ella, after I told him it was silly and not to be

While Geoey Steffen attended the wedding of their old friend Ann Blyth, John Powell went out dancing with her new friend Gene Nelson.
upset about such a little thing. Anything like this wouldn’t bother me at all. But, it’s important to Vittorio.”

She’s such a really good girl at heart, I hope Shelley is always important to Gassman.

Now it’s Corinne Calvet and Joan Fontaine feuding on the set of Flight To Tangier at Paramount, and I mean, feuding.

We no more than got past the Marilyn Monroe–Joan Crawford battle than Fontaine and Calvet take over the spotlight.

Seems that Joan, who has an unruly sense of humor, keeps needling the French Corinne by constantly mispronouncing her last name: Keeps calling her “Miss Culvert” or “Miss Culprit” or “Miss Cravet” as the crew chuckles and Corinne burns or freezes as the case may be.

It isn’t amusing for anyone to be ridiculed, but I sometimes wonder if Corinne doesn’t go a little out of her way to inspire these feuds.

Just a few months ago she and Zsa Zsa Gabor were locked in a legal battle after Zsa Zsa said Corinne wasn’t French at all but a Cockney.

After all the publicity had been milked from this incident, le Calvet dropped her suit.

The letter box: A very cute letter in surprisingly good English from Kousuke Nishi, a first year high school student in Fukuoka, Japan, who reads Modern Screen “amendently” (?) and thinks American fans would like to know:

“Most impressed by American movie High Noon and feel restless with the news that Ivanhoe and The Quiet Man is coming. Is this surprise?”

“Japanese fans elate over quality. Please, who is Debbie Reynolds, Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie we read about but have not optically known?”

“Very pleased to write you, and American movie fans, in English.” Thank you, Kousuke, your English is most “amendently” understandable.

There’s not enough space to mention those of you who are “shocked beyond words” over the parting of Jane Powell and Geary Stoffen—the letters still pouring in over this unhappy rift.

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

Use new White Rain shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

It’s like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it’s so easy to care for!

CAN’T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN’T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni
AVA GARDNER and FRANK SINATRA are no longer quarreling, but their marriage isn't going too smoothly either. Frank is playing the British provinces on his concert tour while Ava works in London on Knights Of The Round Table. Unfortunately, Frank's Scandinavian tour turned out to be a great lemon. Scheduled to appear on the stage of a theater in Malmo, Sweden, for at least one hour, he walked off in half that time. Next day Swedish newspapers announced, "Sinatra flops . . . Singing horrible." Whereupon Frank grabbed the first plane and winged to London. Here, he took his bride to the Turpin-Humez prize fight at White City. During the course of the fight, one fan nodded at Ava and said, "Take her up in the ring, Frankie, and show us some real fighting."

GEORGE SANDERS, who almost suffered a nervous breakdown while making New Wine with Ingrid and Roberto Rossellini in Italy, was furious in a most sophisticated way, of course, when he learned that his wife Zsa Zsa Gabor was playing around with Partirio Rabirasso, ex-husband of Doris Duke. "George shouldn't be angry," Zsa Zsa explained in Paris. "After all he had a romance or two in Rome while I was working hard in Hollywood, He will get over it."

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS who arrived in England with an entourage of 19—founded trip fares for the group came to $26,000—completely devastated British audiences in Glasgow and Scotland. One night Martin and Lewis were taken to the swankiest dinner club in London to watch Noel Coward perform. During the meal Dean jumped to his feet and bowing to the waiter, said, "Shall we dance?" A moment later, Jerry went into his act. Smearing his face with ice cream and crossing his eyes, he shouted, "I don't want you people to think I don't know how to behave in a ritzy joint like this." The Duchess of Marlborough and other members of the British nobility sitting nearby were incredulous. "Who are these strange Americans?" the Duchess asked.

PAUL DOUGLAS is extremely popular in England these days. With what the British consider typical American modesty, Douglas keeps telling reporters, "I'm so ugly all you have to do is put any girl next to me, and she looks wonderful." Paul's wife Jan Sterling who flew over to London with the actor, has winged back to Hollywood leaving Douglas a temporary bachelor. "I love Hollywood, too," Paul says, "except that the work now is over here, and an actor's got to go wherever he earns his bread and butter."

ANNE BAXTER and STEVE COCHRAN, who have just finished Carnival in Munich, were linked together as a romantic item by a hard-working press agent. The truth, of course, is that there is nothing between them. Anne is primarily intellectual and Steve basically emotional, so emotional, in fact, that last Christmas he clouted a party-crasher over the head with a baseball bat. Nurtured in Munich that he would have to pay the party-crasher $16,000 in damages, Steve said, "I'm not gonna take this lying down. My lawyer and I, we're gonna appeal." Carnival, incidentally, will be Anne Baxter's last film for some time. After leaving Munich, she met with Charles Laughton in London and signed a contract to tour the U.S. with him and Tyrone Power in a recitation of John Brown's Body. The tour begins in Los Angeles on September 20th, and the last time Anne appeared on the stage for a regular run was in 1938 in New York.

CLARK GABLE, whose MGM contract expires later this year, was one of the few actors in Europe who failed to show up at Queen Elizabeth's Coronation. Instead of returning to London, Gable spent his time with Suzanne Dadele, the statuesque Parisian model who gave up her job to travel with him. Together they celebrated Gable's final divorce decree from Lady Sylvia Ashley by sunning themselves on the Isle of Capri where Gable kept saying, "I'm a tired old man after two pictures in a row . . . Don't know what I'm going to do next."

LANA TURNER and her constant escort, Lex Barker, have succeeded in muddling most of the Italian newspapermen assigned to cover them. Lana keeps insisting that she has no marital intentions for the near future, and Lex Barker keeps confiding to the same newspapermen that he'll get married in October when his divorce from Arlene Dahl becomes final.

BEAUTY IN 3-D

Even Good Features

Need Flattering White Skin

To Bring Out Their Beauty

Use MERCOLIZED CREAM, the only cream that guarantees you a whiter, lovelier and more flattering complexion — in just 10 days. MERCOLIZED CREAM can make this positive guarantee because of its time tested, medicated formula which bleaches your skin gently, effectively. Buy a jar today. Money back if you're not thrilled with the results.

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS

MERCOLIZED CREAM
For a limited time only . . . a trial-size jar of MERCO-
LIZED CREAM is yours if you send 25c to MERCOL-
IZED CREAM, Box 400, 2350 North Cly-
bourn Ave., Chicago 14, Ill. (U.S.A. only)

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City________________ State_______
Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the easy, natural continental look of this new "Capri" style. No nightly setting necessary.

What a casual, easy livin' look this "Minx" hairdo has... thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the natural-looking wave necessary for the casual charm of this "Cotillion". And you get your wave where you want it.

Bobbi is perfect for this casual "Ingenue" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. 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, fussly 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. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out — and that's all. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners.

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.

Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Institute.

$1.50 plus tax.
SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor, who look alike and dance alike, ran into each other at Ciro's and exchanged very cold hellos. Jerry Lewis phoned me to ask why the columnists in Hollywood are always hinting that he's breaking up with his wife or that Dean Martin is breaking up with his. I suggested that perhaps they give reporters reason to think so. Jerry said, "When and if the day arrives when I fight with Patti, I'll give up my career, buy two one-way tickets, and take Patti back to Newark with me. My wife is much more important to me than making movies!" Best dancers in town: Gwen O'Connor, Donald's estranged spouse, and Dan Dailey. Fernando the Fickle showed up with a brunette (but Arlene's a redhead!) at LaRue. Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe, 20th's top blondes, merely nodded to each other until they started working together in How To Marry A Millionaire. And you know something? Despite all their denials of any enmity whatsoever I still think there's no love lost between the twain!

June Allyson tells this wonderfully funny story about the unfunny illness of her husband, Dick Powell: "Six days after his appendix burst it was necessary to operate in an attempt to save his life. I saw him right after the operation. There were tubes coming out all over him. Tubes in both nostrils, tubes into his swollen abdomen, tubes in both arms. The doctor said, 'Go in and talk to him, June.' I did. It was the only time I had ever seen Dick give up. You've read about people who just give up? Well, Dick had. I began talking. I don't remember the things I poured out. Who can at such a time? And then all of a sudden he opened his eyes to look at me and his lips began to move. 'This,' said Dick, 'is a heck of a way to quit smoking!' And then I was sure he was going to make it!"

LONG HUNCH DEP'T.:

Clifton Webb, who ought to know, tells us he thinks Marilyn Monroe will develop into the biggest femme star who has ever hit Hollywood. "No," says Clifton, "because she's so all-fired talented but because she works so hard. It's nothing for Marilyn to go home after a 12-hour day at the studio and stay up till 2 A.M. studying with Natasha Lytess, her dramatic coach. And anybody who works that hard has to be successful." So you thought it was all glamor, hey? The first syllable of Keefe Brasse's surname—Brass—suits him well. Little Sir Ego, as he's called, is due for the year's most brilliant boost to stardom, thanks to his portrayal of Eddie Cantor in The Eddie Cantor Story. Just wait, you'll see this miraculous piece of acting!

Ann Sheridan was dubbed "The Oomph Girl," remember? Clara Bow was "The It Girl." And now comes Jack Palance, who's been dubbed "The Cruellest Face on the Screen"... Greta Garbo swept out of Hollywood in a 1953 model streamlined buff. Too many attempts to invade her privacy, she said, and trotted off to an unannounced destination where she can be alone... Oh, almost forgot: the guest list for the Blyth-McNulty wedding reception contained 786 names. A girl has a right to invite a few of her friends... Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor spent two whole afternoons together in Paris when I was there last month scrubbing their diamonds in a sink in Zsa Zsa's apartment... Ann Miller also has jewelry to burn—but a different kind. A hot admirer gifted her with earrings made of anthracite... What do you suppose it (Continued on page 24)
Rose Point  
sterling in the mood of romance

A legend of love in silver—Wallace's Rose Point!  
It was inspired by the wedding veil of queens, the  
legendary Rose Point Lace. Centuries ago,  
a Venetian nobleman found in his gardens a full-blown  
rose, enshrined in a delicately spun web. He challenged  
his finest lace-makers to duplicate it and Rose  
Point Lace was born—a wedding veil for his bride.  
In Wallace's Rose Point the full-blown rose,  
surrounded by silver pearls is sculptured in sterling  
by famed William S. Warren in exclusive  
"Third Dimension Beauty." Like every Wallace  
"Third Dimension Beauty" pattern it is a  
masterpiece—beautifully formed not only  
in front, but in profile and back—  
giving you sterling perfection  
from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Rose Point, $35.75.  
Settings of other patterns from $35.75 to  
$47.75—all prices include Federal Tax. To  
learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling,  
call Western Union by number and ask for  
Operator 25. She will give you the names  
of the stores nearest you.

Read the exciting design stories of  
each Wallace pattern in the 32 page  
book "Treasures in Sterling." It also  
contains many helpful table-setting  
ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover post-  
age) to Wallace Silversmiths, Depart-  
ment 936, Wallingford, Connecticut.
Yes, “soaping” your hair with even finest liquid or cream shampoos hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights... leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No special rinses needed. Scientific tests prove Halo does not dry... does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair with your very first shampoo!
movie reviews by florence ebstein

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY The cast reads like a Who's Who in Hollywood but what makes Main Street To Broadway more than a showcase of big names is the artful way in which the plot is interlaced with celebrities acting as themselves. The plot is simple. Young playwright (Tom Morton) sits up nights torturing dialogue into existence. He has a girlfriend (Mary Murphy) who's excited by his feverish approach to life, but she's from a small town and she thinks she'd rather go back there and marry a nice, quiet guy who putters around in the garden on weekends. The nice young man turns out to be Herb Shriner. While Mary's making up her mind, Tom's suffering in New York—but Gertrude Berg is there to feed him soup and hold up his head. Finally, he finishes a play for Tallulah Bankhead. His agent (Agnes Moorehead) says it's terrible, she won't even show it to Tallulah. So Tom tosses it into the river, although he's not far enough gone to jump in with it. The police pick him up, and maybe you don't believe it, but Ethel Barrymore and Louis Calhern come to his rescue. And Tallulah does that play (Tom kept a copy). There's more—there's Mary Martin singing. There's Helen Hayes. Shirley Booth, Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Faye Emerson. Leo Durocher, too. Ev

MELBA Sixty years ago Nellie Melba was the toast of several continents. She was one of the first opera stars who looked as good as she sounded, and she took advantage of her assets. Another operatic star, Patrice Munsel, brings her to colorful, wistful life in Melba. Her story begins in Australia where she was born. She had a sweetheart there (John McCallum) whom she leaves for Paris and the promise it offers. In Paris, a young Englishman (John Justin) falls in love with her and helps her snare the great Mme. Marcelli (Martha Hunt) for a teacher. After much study Nellie makes her debut and is an instant success at Covent Garden in London. Admirers swarm about her and she enjoys them all, but love seems remote. Until the day John McCallum turns up—in Monte Carlo—and marries her. Life with John is beautiful but brief, because Nellie must choose between him and her career. He goes—and she goes on to greater triumphs alone. Patrice sings arias from Melba's most popular operas (this is the first musical that uses stereophonic sound). The screen is wide, the staging lavish and in color, Robert Morley and Sybil Thorndike are in it too.—U. A.,

THE MAN FROM THE ALAMO Glenn Ford's the man. He would have died a hero like all the Texans who defended the Alamo, but lots were drawn to send one of them back to Oxbow where Mexicans were destroying homes and families. Ford arrives too late. His wife and child have been murdered, his ranch burned. Only a little boy (Butch Cavell) has survived. Ford takes him to the next town where he, Ford, is branded a coward and traitor. The little boy tells him that Americans disguised as Mexicans were the actual plunderers at Oxbow. Since Ford can't convince anyone of this he decides to round up the criminals himself. Victor Jory's their leader and Ford joins his gang. The good men want to hang him and the bad men don't trust him. Fortunately, for Glenn, Butch is around to pick him up off the ground when the going gets real rough. And there's Julia Adams who kind of trusted him from the start. Rounding out the Technicolored cast are Chill Wills, Hugh O'Brien, Jeanne Cooper.—U-I.
Wonderful things are happening to you!

Wonderful dreams are coming true—
with this keepsake of love—
your diamond engagement ring.

Because it is endowed with such special meaning,
your diamond ring should be chosen with infinite care,
mindful that the finest quality diamond
is your best buy. Remember, Keepsake
is the guaranteed perfect diamond ring.
In a wide range of styles from $100 to $10,000.

The diamond in every Keepsake engagement ring is a perfect gem, guaranteed and registered by the Keepsake Certificate signed by your jeweler and endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BEGGER'S OPERA When this highwayman (Laurence Olivier) comes riding, riding, all the girls start sighing, sighing even as he robs 'em. In bawdy England he is a hero but he also has a price on his head and this lands him in Newgate Gaol. The night before he is taken to be hanged, a beggar is tossed outside his cell. The beggar has written an opera about the bold and brave Captain Macheath. When he discovers that Olivier is Macheath he shows him the score and the opera unfolds. All about a carefree ladies' man of 300 years ago who is finally betrayed by the women he has been so gaily cavalier to. A man so free of moral obligation can't come to a good end—unless he's awfully charming. Olivier sings—as does the entire cast—to music written by Sir Arthur Bliss. Playwright Christopher Fry provided the lyrics. It's in Technicolor—Warners.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE Richard Carlson's talking up romance to Barbara Rush when what looks like a giant meteor flashes across the western sky and explodes in the desert. No coward, he, Carlson walks right into the seething crater, comes out swearing he saw a space ship. Those are rocks, the Army tells him, staring fixedly at his head. But eerie things begin to happen. People disappear in thin air and when they re-appear act like zombies. Some of them don't ever re-appear. Simple, really. Those spacemen are so ugly they're afraid to show themselves—each one is a viscous blob with a large eye floating in the center—instead, they take the shape of whatever people they find. But try telling that to Sheriff Charles Drake who's dying to blast 'em back to Mars. The movie, written by Ray Bradbury, is in 3-D on a wide screen with stereophonic sound.—U.I.

SOUTH SEA WOMAN When Marine Sergeant Jim O'Hearn (Burt Lancaster) is brought up for trial the court can't even believe the charges. Desertion, theft—that's all right. But who ever heard of a marine sinking a saloon? Not only a saloon. But almost the entire Jim set free in Calif —and without permission. But as you'll discover, if any marine could have done it, that marine was O'Hearn. Virginia Mayo (the one who met him in Singapore) and Veda Vent (she met him on an island where she ran a hotel) take the stand. So do various other characters who crossed O'Hearn's path during his exploits. All of them piece together an hilarious story. The whole trouble started when Burt's protege (Chuck Connors) wanted to marry Virginia and Burt tried to rescue him. Somehow the light went out (they were in a saloon) and they all woke up in the China Sea. Don't ask me what happened. Ask Warners.
THE AFFAIRS OF DOBIE GILLIS If anyone who was responsible for this picture ever even saw a college I'd like to know the name of it. But go fight MGM who has Debbie Reynolds on their side. She's really interested in learning, can she help it if she meets a traveling-salesman type freshman (Bobby Van)? Together they blow up the chem lab, make monkeys out of their professors and turn the campus into a musical comedy set. Barbara Ruick and Bob Fosse—add a couple of pleasant songs and dances to the hardened air. It's not surprising that Debbie's father (Hanley Stafford) is reduced to a gibbering idiot in his efforts to isolate her from her frolicsome friends. He sends her to New York, but that doesn't work. He even calls the cops, and almost gets himself arrested. Well, it's all in fun, as they say. And Donald O'Connor had better watch out for Bobby Van.—MGM

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR Once again Africa (in Technicolor) provides a thrilling background for romance and darker passions. The year is 1907. Nurse Susan Hayward arrives in the Congo to work at a remote hospital post. Right away she meets Bob Mitchum who is being attacked by a wild gorilla (he sends 'em back alive to various zoo). She thinks he's brutal; he thinks she's frustrated. While they're falling in love, witch doctors are trying to cast spells over their competitor (that's Susan) and Walter Slezak (Mitchum's partner) is thinking up ways to steal gold from the dread Bakuba tribe. He gets his chance when Susan is called to the Bakuba village to tend the chief's son. To complicate the situation, Slezak is advancing on the village with greed in his eyes and dynamite on his porter's backs. The real excitement, though, lies in the sound of the drums and the shots of native dancing—20th

AFFAIR WITH A STRANGER Romance in the big city generally involves cab drivers, motherly landladies, starving artists and models. Affair With A Stranger's so different. It's a woman's story with a handsome buck of man in it. That's Vic Mature, a playwright, unpublished. On New Year's Eve, in the middle of Times Square, he finds Jean Simmons and his worries are half over. She very conveniently falls in love and is shortly providing him with all the meals he'd otherwise have to steal from the automat. But before his movie's through, Mature owns a house larger than Long Island and is rumored getting a divorce from Jean. Flashbacks trace their courtship, his first Broadway flop, the birth of their baby, the strike-it-rich days. These are the days that usher in screen blonde Lewis. She stars in Vic's plays and makes exes at him off stage. He resists her for a while—he question you may ask is, how long? You may tell ask—RKO (More movie reviews on next page)

Lady Esther's fabulous
NEW POWDER SHADE

makes you look all a-glow

- Don't be afraid to try "Honey" no matter what your coloring. It's fabulously flattering...like no shade ever before. Not too dark...not too light—It gives your skin the most enchanting glow, like radiance from within. Don't wait till you've used up your powder. Start being a "Honey"...today!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

P.S.
Rated first of all 46 powder brands tested—Including $3 powders!

Surprisingly priced at 59¢, 29¢, 15¢, plus tax.

21
Are you in the know?

To start school with a bang—
- Be a hide-beater
- Gong up
- Try soloing
Don't let those hermit blues set in! Have you a special talent, hobby? Gang up with kindred souls who share it. Help with the school paper, or posters for the fall prom. Or, hop on the bandwagon (who knows—you might be a Rosemary, junior grade!). And don't let calendar cares nag you. With Kotex, you can beat off "outlaw" blues, for those flat pressed ends don't show—so, your public will never know!

Are these autographs likely to go—
- To her head
- Round her waist
A walking album — your scrapbook belt (new fun fashion)! Make-believe leather with vinyl plastic "window", it holds your heroes' autographs, snapshots — whatever suits your fancy.

What's on a smart job-holder's mind?
- The future
- The clock
- New material
Your heart's set on a big-time career? Better keep your mind on the future instead of each visiting fireman. Show the boss you're dependable. Promotion-worthy. What's more, come "those days", don't count on heaven alone to protect the working gal. Choose Kotex! That safety belt gives extra protection—and you get lasting comfort, for this softer Kotex holds its shape!

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 dunkings; stay flat even after countless washings. Why not buy two... for a change!

SHE HAD TO SAY YES Here's a small town in Arkansas that just sets there and lets the rest of the world go hang. They don't even mention money in this place. They pay each other in livestock and eggs. The town doctor, Bob Mitchum, is more interested in landing a trout named Hercules than any patients. People like Edgar Buchanan, Wallace Ford and Raymond Walburn run the stores and the jail, none of which are ever crowded. Suddenly an hermit (Jean Campbell) slides into town in a Buick Cadillac and wreaks enough havoc to last a hundred years. All she wants to do is repay the people of this town for saving her life when she was a baby. They sent her to a hospital when her father, who was still sniffling for those old wells, couldn't afford it. How she repays them (mostly by disrupting the entire economy) and how she falls for Dr. Mitchum is what this movie's all about.—RKO

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE In 1745 every Scotsman worth his salt was fighting George II. Unfortunately, George II won and no Scotsman could go home again (if he did he was hanged for a rebel). This is Errol Flynn's problem. He owns a castle in Ballantrae, and has a fiancée (Brenice Campbell). He does manage to see her one night for a kiss, a promise of marrying love and some money. The money will take him and another rebel (Roger Livesey) to France. But someone tips off the Redscoots and Flynn is shot, falls into the sea. Dead? No. They fall in with a crew of pirates, find them, toss a rival pirate overboard, and finally amass a fortune. They return to Scotland, stage a war with the Redscoots in their own castle and Flynn is locked up. Redscoots think they're going to hang him, but they don't know about the secret passage.—Warners

SEA DEVILS This movie crosses the Channel so much you get seasick. It takes place in the days when Napoleon was threatening to invade England and there were so many spies you never knew which side they were on. That is Rock Hudson's problem. He's a smuggler, owns a little boat. One night Yvonne de Carlo, draped in mystery and a low cut gown, asks him to take her to France. She wants to ransom her brother, she says; he's being held by the revolutionaries. A few hours later Hudson lovingly drops her on the coast of France. Next time he sees her she is all dressed up like a countess who is a French spy. Rock doesn't think twice, he kidnaps and delivers her to the British. Naturally, the British send her back to France, because she is no spy. That is, she is a spy but an English spy. When Napoleon finds that out, there's trouble! And Rock's crossing the Channel again. Among those ashore are Maxwell Reed, Denis O'Thea, Jacques Brunius.—RKO
**Light and Bright**

by Richard Hudnut

Light and Bright has brought back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix "It's simpler than setting your hair!"

Light and Bright is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, tension or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters. \$1.50 plus tax.

Richard Hudnut of Fifth Avenue
Now! A Pantry Brief that does more than most girdles!

Wear it under shorts, slacks, swimsuits . . . all revealing summer clothes . . . you'll think you've lost a full size, no matter what your size!

Hidden "finger" panels smooth and support your figure in Nature's own way. Boneless non-roll top stays up without a stay. See the lovely textured latex outside . . . feel the cloud-soft fabric inside.

New Playtex® Magic-Controller Panty Brief!

Boneless non-roll top and hidden "finger" panels make a difference you can measure—no matter what your size!

Here it is . . . a brief with all the figure-molding virtues of the Magic-Controller Girdle . . . a brief that gives you the figure and the freedom for summer's revealing clothes.

It hasn't a single seam, stitch, stay or bone—hidden "finger" panels firm and flatten you, tone and support you naturally from waist to thigh.

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95 at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

Ask to see these other famous Playtex Panty Briefs: Playtex Living Panty Brief turns your swimsuit into a slim suit, $3.50. Playtex Pink Ice Panty Brief is a translucent sheath, pats dry with a towel, $3.95. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief is all latex, fabric lined, one piece and wonderful. It's invisible under your sleekest slacks, washed in seconds, and you can almost watch it dry!

If you've ever worn a brief, see the difference. If you think you can't wear revealing playclothes, let Magic-Controller Brief show you!

Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Brief, $6.95

means when David O. Selznick checks into Lebanon Hospital for a physical check-up and lists not his wife, Jennifer Jones, as his closest friend and/or relative to be notified in case of an emergency—but Joseph Cotten??!!

QUICK QUOTES:

Asked if she knew anything about love, Debbie Reynolds said, "No, but I'm ready." Wow! . . . Evelyn Keyes, asked why it is she looks prettier and younger than when she was here two years ago, replied, "With me the new switch in show-business isn't 3-D but 3-L: Eat Lightly, sleep Late, always be about to fall in Love." . . . Know how a gal gets all a-flutter and a-fluster when you ask her if she'll marry a guy? Well, I asked Rosemary Clooney if she'll marry José Ferrer and this is her word-for-word answer on my tape-recorder: "If you say in your Modern Screen column that I'm going to be married—uh, well—I'm afraid to say definitely that I will be! That is to say, you see, you can say I might be at the time your readers read this and not look stupid to your readers—oh, you know what I mean—because I still have marriage very much in my mind and so does José!" (!)

ODDS BODKINS:

Terry Moore's been complaining to everyone that the publicity her studio gives out about her isn't very dignified. But hey, Terry, what about those sexy poses you get yourself into for the photos? . . . Farley Granger sends out form letters telling romantic girl fans of his why he can't marry them. Mitzi Gaynor can say, "Look, no scar!" Since her sawbones performed a plastic job on her appendectomy.

Movie star who never lets her public down: Joan Crawford. Always bright and shining in hat, gloves, furs, simple jewelry, sharp makeup and driving a crazy car, that's our Joanie . . . Anna Maria Alberghetti, the girl you liked so well in The Stars Are Singing, is really growing up. She has been signed to fill the tights originally intended for Jane Russell in Red Garters—and once more she'll be playing with her pal, Rosie Clooney. Janet Leigh still hasn't seen Jet Pilot, the movie she made with John Wayne for Howard Hughes. The necklines of her dresses four years ago, when the picture was made, were much lower than they are now!

Dottie Lamour got over the mumps in time to celebrate her tenth wedding anniversary with Bill Howard and guess what? I'll bet they'll celebrate 50 more! . . . Ingrid Bergman's ermine wrap is still hanging in a Beverly Hills fur storage vault, after all these years. Once a year the storage bill goes to her attorney, Greg Bautzer . . . Sunset Strip sight: Charlie Chaplin, Jr., and his ex-stepmother, Paulette Goddard . . . Frank Lovejoy has lowered his sports car two inches so that he can strike matches on the pavement.
... June Haver loves the packages of cheese her Hollywood pals have been sending to her in the convent. She is also enjoying the caramel corn.

SEX APPEAL:
Hey, what did you think of Janie Powell in Small Town Girl? Grown-up all of a sudden, isn't she—all this and pretty, poised and surprisingly sexy! ... The script for Joan Crawford's new picture at MGM, Torch Song, describes the woman who plays the leading role (and kids, I do mean Joan herself) as having beautiful legs. So, first day back on her old home lot after a ten-year absence, Joan got herself rigged out in leotard and mesh stockings for her dance rehearsals with Chuck Walters and, sure enough, there they were—the most beautiful legs in town!

Incidentally, Penny Edwards has plenty upstairs too but have you ever noticed her gorgeous gams?

Whewee ... Something I never expected to see: Shirley Winters in hat and gloves ... I had a feeling George Sanders would emerge as an entirely new character in Call Me Madam, and sure enough he did, opening up a brand new field for his acting services. His fan mail now shows that you gals are drooling over him, and about time ... And you guys will be oh-ing and ah-ing little Natalie Wood pretty soon. Here's a child star who's growing up into a real looker.

Despite Rita Hayworth's denials, her biggest romance since Aly Khan is Manuel Rojas (pronounced Ro-hass), the Chilean polo player. They sizzle when they're together! ... Richard Burton, an independent cuss, has this to say about himself: "If I saw myself on the screen I would room for improvement so I don't see myself. Anyway, I don't have any sex appeal and I don't like movies!" ... Wait and see if I'm not right with the prophecy that Herb Shriner will be a big star, on the order of the late, beloved Will Rogers, when Main Street To Broadway hits the nation's screens...

FUNNIES:
Farley Granger thanked Don McNeill for asking him to make a guest appearance on Don's "Breakfast Club" radio show: "After eight months of being suspended by Sam Goldwyn, I needed a free meal!"

Tommy Morton wants you to know that Hollywood's a place where every kick in the pants is a step forward. Jean Peters asks if you know the difference between a buffalo and a bison? A buffalo is an animal that roams the plains and a bison is a receptacle that an Englishman washes his hands in ... Fascinating problem submitted by Dale Robertson: What does a drunkard see when he staggered into a 3-D movie—6-D? ... Bob Wagner's definition of a Hollywood phony: a guy who has a million things on the fire but hasn't got a pot to cook in ... Rory Calhoun says the only thing they use radio for any more is to sell television sets ... Gossip item mentioned that a producer was seen with a gorgeous blonde. "That was no gorgeous blonde," shrieked his wife. "That was me!"

Which do you want to be? So much depends on you ... on whether your breath is unpleasant or fresh and agreeable. To be extra careful not to offend, remember ... use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date.

Four times better than tooth paste in clinical tests
Listerine stops bad breath instantly and usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. In fact, in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

No Chlorophyll Kills Odor Bacteria Like This ... Instantly
Listerine instantly kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath ... the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. Chlorophyll does not kill germs; brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Listerine does!

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

ON TV ... LISTERINE "SUMMER THEATER"—See your paper for time and station
The year’s biggest shock to the entertainment world was Bing’s calm announcement that he’s ready to retire. He has private business to attend to.

BY JACK WADE

bing crosby:
"it’s time to quit"

It was in June, just before he and his boy Lindsay pulled out of Europe that a jaunty little man named Bing Crosby sat in a large rococo hotel room in Paris and with typical Crosby levity announced his impending retirement.

"I’m 49," Bing said. "I’ve been around a long time, and I think I’ve earned a rest. They’ve got me penciled in to do White Christmas with Fred Astaire—I guess that’ll roll in August—and then another Road picture with Hope, and that’s it.

"Of course, if something very good comes along,"—Bing pressed his right thumb and index finger together—"the pièce de résistance, I’ll probably do that one, too. But I’ve had it, and it’s time for me to stop. Why, man, I’m as old as Hope."

"Is Bob Hope thinking of retirement?" someone asked.

The Groaner ran a hand through what is left of his hair. "Of course not," he grinned. "The public isn’t that lucky . . . Well, I’ve got to hit a few today. I’m entered in the French Amateur (Golf Championship)."

And with that Der Bingle was off. Casual, nonchalant, seemingly light-hearted, he attached no importance to his announcement, didn’t even consider it newsworthy enough to call a full-fledged press conference. The most fabulous career in motion pictures was on the verge of coming to an end, and its possessor considered it on par with a round of golf.

As a matter of fact that same day, Bing drove out to Chantilly, some 30 miles from Paris, to compete (Continued on page 72)
Thrilling Beauty News for users of Liquid Shampoos!

LUSTRE-CREME is the favorite beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars... and you'll love it in its new Lotion Form, too!

Marilyn Monroe
starring in
“GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES”
A 20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor

Marilyn Monroe says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be your choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo also in New Lotion Form!

NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a new creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos... all unlabeled. And 3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

* Lather foams more quickly!
* Does not dry or dull the hair!
* Easier to rinse away!
* Leaves hair easier to manage!
* Cleans hair and scalp better!
* Hair has better fragrance!
* Leaves hair more shining!
* More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...
Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Now! Take your choice:

Famous Cream Form or New Lotion Form

Pour it on—or cream it on! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form you prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.
That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Best-known beauties have it... so can you!

Cathy Avery's complexion wasn't always the peaches-and-cream perfection it is today. She says a change to Ivory and regular care worked the magic. "I'd like to tell every girl," says this popular model, "what wonderful things Ivory's purity and mildness can do for her complexion!"

Brand-new beauties have it... so can you!

Young as she is, this little Miss has a beauty tip for you—a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap. Famous for pampering delicate skin like hers, Ivory is advised by more doctors and skin specialists than any other soap.

You can have That Ivory look in just one week!

It takes so little time to have a lovelier complexion if you just do this: change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory. In seven days your complexion will look smoother, softer, younger! Yes, you'll have That Ivory Look.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
Constant dates in Hollywood made Bob so lonesome for Ursula in England, he flew to the US to join her in a visit to his hometown.

**HERE IS MODERN SCREEN'S FRANK ANALYSIS OF THE ROBERT TAYLOR-URSULA THIESS COURTSHIP.**

**Why doesn't he marry the girl?**

by Consuelo Anderson

- It is an unwritten rule in Hollywood that every actor who gets a divorce eventually re-marries.

  Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Michael Wilding—the list goes on and on including practically everyone except Spangler Arlington Brugh, a strikingly handsome 41-year-old actor who for 19 years has been playing in motion pictures under the name of Robert Taylor.

  More popular than ever before—the result no doubt of his appearance in *Quo Vadis, Ivanhoe, Above And Beyond, All The Brothers Were Valiant, Ride, Vaquero, and Knights Of The Round Table*—Bob Taylor admits that he has lost his heart to Ursula Thiess, the German actress now under contract to RKO. "But I don't know about marriage. After all, my divorce first became final in 1952, and I'm here in England, and Ursula's back in Hollywood, and who knows whether anyone's ready for marriage?"

  Now, Bob Taylor is one of the few actors in the business who talks modestly, honestly, (Continued on page 74)
They shouldn't have fallen in love—but they did.
So with courage and honesty these two decent people are facing their greatest problem together.
BY PAMELA MORGAN

One sunless afternoon in a small bachelor's apartment overlooking the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox, a tall, lean, well-muscled actor sat in an easy chair reading the afternoon newspapers, reading in fact, his own journalistic cremation.

Like most talented artists, Gene Nelson is a sensitive, easily-hurt man, and when he read that, among other things, he was a "home-wrecker, a regular junior Don Juan, an actor who obeys his first impulses and nothing else," his large blue eyes grew small and flinty. He bit his lower lip hard and there burned into his mind the unforgettable realization that for love, the true love, a man must be willing to sacrifice everything—his reputation, his work, his money, his life.

Sitting there in that furnished apartment, his soul filled with a quiet fury, Gene Nelson asked himself what crime he had committed that such a vicious attack should be visited upon him.

He had fallen in love with Jane Powell, a beautiful, honest, talented young star who had fallen out of love with her husband. For this, he was being treated like a Bluebeard.

The simple truth is that the Jane Powell-Gene Nelson romance is one of the truly great love affairs in Hollywood's long and tempestuous history, also one of the most honorable and sincere, because these two kids are young people of candor, integrity, honor, consideration, and background.

No woman can padlock her heart to love, no man blind his eyes to beauty and it is a tribute to the character of Gene and Janie that never once in this whole romance has either of them stooped to deceit, evasion, or falsehood.

Both were dissatisfied with their marriages long before Janie was borrowed from MGM to star opposite Gene in Three Sailors And A Girl. (Continued on page 81)
Gene Nelson and Jane Powell:

“HOW WE FELL IN LOVE”
Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor are in a whirl, they're together constantly, but both keep on dating their ex-spouses, too! Who's in love with whom? Not even the O'Connors and the Daileys know themselves!

BY SANDY CUMMINGS
We're more mixed up than this spaghetti," cracks Don O'Connor about his and Gwen's marital problems. But Hollywood suspects he's just laughing to keep from crying. With Gwen concentrating on Dan Dailey (left) there's little chance of an O'Connor reconciliation.

When Donald O'Connor's attractive, 26-year-old wife stalked into the California Superior Court a few weeks ago to pick up her divorce, reporters were a little disappointed to find Gwen unescorted by lanky Dan Dailey.

Ever since her marital breakup, Gwen had been seen practically everywhere with the tall, talented hoofer, and it was anticipated that in her hour of need he would remain at her side, a bulwark of comfort and reassurance.

In Judge Otto Emme's court, however, there was no sign of the great Casanova that particular day. A friend offered the possibility that he might be enjoying the company of half-a-dozen horses or half-a-dozen girls.

Anyway, Gwen O'Connor, demurely dressed in a tailor-made suit, her marriage ring removed, ambled into court flanked by her attorney Bernie Silbert, a rotund old hand at Hollywood divorces and by Nancy O'Hanlon, the former Nancy Clark of films who is married to George O'Hanlon, the TV comic. Nancy came along as a witness to corroborate Gwen's testimony as to what a bad boy her husband had been.

(Continued on page 84)
Great Day Coming!

Even for first-time parents Virginia and Mike started shopping early for their baby. They're going to completely remodel their house, too.

Horses and long-horn cattle will be O'Shea Junior's pets, but until he's really old enough for ranch life he'll need some gentler companions.

Virginia and Michael O'Shea have no preference for boy or girl. As Mike admits, "I'm crazy about little girls, but so it's a baby, so it's ours, so we'll love it." They have definite ideas about the advantages they want to give their child: education, sound religious background, lots of friends.
Due to one thing or another—the noonday sun of the San Fernando Valley, maybe, or simply the fact that the baby was still six months off—the expectant couple did not look terribly expectant at the moment. They did not, for example, look anywhere near as expectant as their bulldog, who appeared ready to expire from sheer button-eyed anticipation at any moment. It was hard to know what he anticipated, but then, bulldogs are inscrutable that way.

Michael O'Shea, cast these days in the role of incipient pappy, wore denims, a baseball cap and a warmish look. He'd earned the last; an enormous tree-felling job was going on back in the stable-area of the O'Sheas' ranch, and O'Shea had helped fell a few. Virginia Mayo O'Shea was a lot cooler. She is disqualified from lumberjacking until after early November at least. She had on bright red pedal-pushers, their usual accoutrements, and she was not yet entitled to be called Fatso O'Shea to the contrary.

"Fatso," said O'Shea, "should you sit out in the sun?"

"Certainly," said Miss Mayo. "Don't you start that now. You know," she said in another direction, "what surprises us is that there's so much interest in all this. Not that it's not flattering. But it seems so—"

"People do have babies," said O'Shea. "I have it on excellent authority. Some people after a year, some after five, some ten. We've been married six years. We refuse to look on it as a miracle."

"As a matter of fact—" began Miss Mayo.

"As a matter of fact," said O'Shea, "this one has (Continued on page 87)
Nobody wants to believe it. But everybody in Hollywood is worried about The Most Beautiful Girl In The World...

IS LIZ LOSING HER BEAUTY?

by Susan Trent

At Hollywood sewing circles these days, a frequent subject under discussion is that of Liz Taylor’s looks. The girls get together behind closed doors and pound the subject into the floor. “Have you seen Liz lately?” “Don’t you think she’s losing her looks?” “What do you suppose is happening to her?” It’s all part of the girls’ fun, the age-old feminine twist of jealousy where a beautiful woman is concerned. Much of it is cattiness and wishful thinking, despite the fact Liz is a well-liked girl. But the talk would never have started if there had been no basis for comment.

If it is true—and the cameramen who know are beginning to notice it—Liz had best look to her laurels among the other beauties of Hollywood.

There was a time, last May, when an accident on the set of Elephant Walk came near to causing her the loss of an eye. The blast of a wind machine lodged a tiny sliver of steel in her right eye, and the doctor removing it found it had penetrated 3/4”. If it had gone 1/16” in the opposite direction, he said, it would have pierced the iris. It was an extremely painful injury, and less than a week later it became infected and Liz was taken to the hospital, where she remained for a week.

This was a near-miss that was beyond Liz’ control, but the thing that people are talking about is not. She has a God-given gift of beauty, a beauty that was evident from the time she was a tiny child until she blossomed in adolescence into a strikingly lovely young woman. The combination of her pale skin and black-lashed, violet eyes has been enough to make men wish knighthood were once again in flower, that they could do daring deeds to win the heart and hand of such a maiden.

Now there is talk that the freshness of her appeal is beginning to fade. If so, it is the course of nature, for every girl has a beauty of her own, whether or not she looks like Elizabeth Taylor, during her teens and early twenties. The firmness and the brightness begin to disappear along with the years. (Continued on page 90)
Beauty is every woman’s job

Not all women are born beautiful. But each and every female has an obligation to herself to make the most of her natural equipment. It takes hard work... but the results are worth it!

By TERRY HUNT

Bob Wagner took a long, lingering look at Terry Moore’s delightful figure which at the moment was filling out a clinging bathing suit to the male viewpoint’s utmost satisfaction. "Terry," he exclaimed, "I just don’t believe it!"

"Just don’t believe what?" Terry asked.

"Why, the story that you work out in a gym with barbells. Where are all the bulging muscles?"

Terry laughed. "You're behind times, boy," she replied. "It's true—I do work out with barbells. So do a lot of other girls these days. But we don’t wind up with bulging muscles, and we're not trying to become lady weight lifters. We're just following the latest scientific methods to stay fit."

Terry Moore puts it simply by explaining that the science of beauty and health is keeping step with the progress being made in many other fields in this atomic age.

As a veteran in the field of keeping glamor alive in Hollywood, I can report that great strides are being made in the profession of physical fitness, particularly in relation to beauty and mental health. Such educators as Dr. Laurence E. Morehouse, of the University of Southern California, Dr. Harvey Billig and Evelyn Loewendahl of Stanford University, and Eleanor Metheny, author of "Body Dynamics," have accomplished amazingly valuable research in this respect.

However, the purpose of this (Continued on page 86)

---

Gloria Gordon started her exercises with this thigh, calf, and ankle exercise. Take position as illustrated, with ankles locked, under the weight. Bring feet up until the knees are locked, then return to first position.

An excellent conditioner for the arms, bust and back is this exercise. Take position as illustrated, then slowly pull bar down to chest. Next, return to original position, slowly. Watch your breathing, making sure you inhale as you let bar up, exhale as you bring bar down.

This exercise keeps the hips and thighs trim and supple. Lying as illustrated, on a heavy table, grip the sides of the table and kick scissor fashion with the knees stiff. Swing the legs for about 30 seconds. Do two sets, resting between for a minute.
Barbell exercises aren’t hard to do. Start off with this simple one: Place barbell on floor, then pick up, bring up to chest, as illustrated. Then raise it above the head, and lower to back of neck. Next, reverse the procedure, and finish by placing on floor. Be certain not to perform with a jerky movement. Repeat exercise six times, and increase every other day to a maximum of 12 times. This exercise is not to develop big muscles, but to develop the back, arms, bust. You’ll be very pleased with the results.

For toning up hips, thighs and mid-section, take position as illustrated. Then move legs in bicycle fashion for about 30 seconds. Breathe at will. Begin with two sets a day. Increase one minute only after you can do the exercise without strain on midsection.

This bicycle exercise is excellent for the legs. Terry, whose physical education programs are used by the Army Air Forces, recently opened a new Health Club exclusively for women at 12446 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, near Republic and-U-I studios in Cal. Gloria finishes up her exercise regimen with a few minutes on the hip-reducing machine. There’s no work to this one . . . just lean back and let the machine whittle away excess poundage. It’s easy as pie.
The early bird around Del Monte catches Doris up looking scrubbed and sexy and “full of beans.” After she gets full of eggs and bacon and a mountain of wheat-cakes, she’s ready to go. The rest of these pictures show where she went—and what she did.

Doris won’t stop for anything but dogs when she’s touring; and she’s constantly hungry. Her dilemma’s solved by her carry-all. It holds a picnic or a puppy.

**THE PRESENT’S PLUS-PERFECT. THE FUTURE COULDN’T LOOK ROSIER. BUT DORIS AND MART**

---

**MEMO: TO THE EDITOR OF MODERN SCREEN**

“Dear Chuck: I hope this report will explain about that picture you wanted of Doris Day in the red bathing suit, and a few other things . . . .

There has been a lot of nonsense written about Doris Day, which comes from the fact that she has been interviewed over 600 times by well-meaning writers who could only be allowed about an hour during lunch time at the studio.

So, like you requested, Boss, I talked Doris and her husband, Marty Melcher, the astute young agent, into accompanying them on the last lap of their vacation,
The good old days were never like this. Doris and Marty, who never go night-clubbing, made a historic first appearance at California's historic first night club. In Hollywood they prefer stay-at-home fun with Doris' son Terry.

Marty and Doris, who never go night-clubbing, made a big thing of dancing at the Del Monte Lodge. In Hollywood they prefer stay-at-home fun with Doris' son Terry.

Her feet may give out after a busy day—but never her appetite. Doris designed her smart evening dress with a jacket herself.

TOOK A JOURNEY INTO EACH OTHER'S PAST—AND FELL IN LOVE ALL OVER AGAIN EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

along with our photographer, Mr. Bob Beerman.

"It is sort of a dirty trick," Marty said over the telephone, "but you have caught us so to speak just as we are going out the door, so you may as well come along. We are headed for Del Monte Lodge. If you can keep up with my new Olds, we're leaving in a half hour and we'll meet you at Blackwell's Corner for lunch."

"It's a date," I agreed, "and tell Doris to pack that sensational red bathing suit. The Boss wants to see how she fills it out."

Well, we barely made it. We picked up the Olds light green convertible just as it turned onto Sepulveda a couple miles behind—that Marty certainly wheels a car—until we got trapped by a big diesel truck. By the time we shook ourselves loose, there was no Olds in sight, so we hit out for Blackwell's Corner. When we pulled up, there was nothing but a gas station and a lunch counter. Some joker, that Marty. Anyway, we stopped for a beer and a hardboiled egg, and by the time we reached Del Monte Lodge, the Melchers had checked in and retired.

Next morning we went into the dining room ten minutes after it opened. Being a little put out, we pulled up chairs alongside Doris and Marty without a word. Doris looked up from behind a yard of breakfast menu and said to the waitress, "I'll have ham and wheatcakes—and could you put a couple of big-eyed fried eggs on top of the cakes?"

Marty gave us an accusing look. "Where were you guys? We were going to meet at Blackwell's Corner."

"A likely story," I snapped. "We followed your road-racing Olds until we lost you. I got a life-size picture of our movie star, here, stopping at that lunch counter."

"Is that so?" (Continued on next page)
Doris countered. "For one thing, we didn’t take the Olds. I talked Marty into using the Cadillac. For another, I can prove we stopped at the Corner."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah—right above the counter there’s a sign reading, ‘If you prefer to put ashes and cigarette stubs in your cup, please tell the waitress—she’ll serve your coffee in an ash tray.’ Now, did we stop or not?"

"You stopped," I agreed. I watched Doris polish off the wheatcakes and order a glass of milk. She had on a white sweater filled in the right places. She was also wearing a scrubbed and slightly sexy look, which is pretty good for anyone to achieve at seven-thirty in the morning. I was beginning to like the assignment.

So I said to Doris, "First off, how about climbing into the red bathing suit?"

She looked out through the huge plate glass window, across the 18th green, out over the blue Pacific. "Don’t be ridiculous," she said, "the sun’s not out. I’m not freezing to death for anybody."

"Okay," I suggested, "let’s get out on the golf course for a few shots."

Marty put in his two-bits’ worth. "Nix," he said. "Doris doesn’t play golf, and she won’t pose for any phony pictures about a sport she doesn’t go in for."

There you get an idea how difficult it is to deal with some movie stars. "Okay, Doris," I countered. "Pebble Beach is the golfers’ paradise, but you don’t play golf. You tell us what you will do."

"That’s a deal," she retorted. "Let’s go."

We did, and I learned a lot of things in the next few hours—about this country we live in, and more particularly about Doris Day and her husband.

For one thing, Doris told me, "You know, we’ve had the time of our lives in the last few weeks. We’ve traveled 4,300 miles. I’ve met a lot of wonderful people and the best thing is I’ve learned to know my husband."

"Oh, I dunno—you’ve been married quite awhile and you seem reasonably well acquainted."

"I don’t mean that," Doris said as we walked through the grounds of the Lodge toward the swank Del Monte shops. "I never quite got Marty’s tastes—you know, always in the dark, quiet business suit. After all, we live in California, where you owe it to your surroundings to go a little overboard with the color and the cut. He claims that some of the outfits I try to push him into make him look like a race track tout. But now that I have visited his home town of North Adams, (Continued on page 62)
YEARS OF MARRIAGE THE BUSY MELCHERS TAKE TIME OUT JUST FOR FUN AND JUST FOR EACH OTHER.

"Anybody home?" When the diver didn't answer Doris' polite "How do," she decided to investigate. Fisherman's Wharf outside Pebble Beach, California, has many such interesting displays.

Marty Melcher comes off a poor second when there's a compatible pooch around. So, while his wife flirted with other lucky dogs, he reloaded the camera for more scrapbook snapshots.

"Get ready . . . get set . . ." then Mrs. Melcher let fire with her miniature silver pistol to start the sailing races. She got hungry before the finish, dived into the galley; still doesn't know what yacht got what.

Portrait of an agent spoon-feeding a client. Or better still, a devoted husband pampering his wife who loves it . . . and him. Keeping this girl fed requires mountains of food—and she wasn’t thinking of hamburgers.

Meet Miss Cinderella of 1953! She's Elaine Stewart, the girl who dreamed her way straight into the hottest new career in Hollywood.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

"SHE OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES!"

Things were going very well at the first press screening of an MGM picture called The Bad and The Beautiful. If you saw the movie, you'll remember it was all about Hollywood—and how a producer made the town click according to formula. All the familiar elements were there, all the familiar success stories. The rise of a writer, a director and a star. It ran like a collection of Cinderella stories.

In the back of the projection room on the Metro lot, the publicity man assigned to the screening leaned against the wall and felt good about the whole thing. He knew what was in the picture—and he knew how it was going to be received.

Then something went wrong. Not exactly wrong, maybe, but different from how it was supposed to go. A tall, dark-haired girl appeared on the screen and the audience began to get restless. Some of the reviewers took their programs out of their pockets and held them up to the light, to see who this girl was. Her name was Elaine Stewart.

The next morning the press agent was in the producer's office.

"It was the doggondest thing," he said. "The minute this kid showed up on the screen everyone sat up and took notice. There was a whispering murmur and a shuffling of programs you'd have to hear to believe."

"Hmmm," said the producer.

Now "Hmmm," in Hollywood can mean many things. But one thing it does mean is action. Good or bad action, maybe, but action. In this case it was good, because as soon as the producer was alone, he picked up his inter-com phone and called a meeting of his staff.

As soon as they had gathered in his office, he said, "We have a great report on this new girl, Elaine Stewart—and I have a hunch we have a winner. Let's get moving with her. The coaching, the dancing, the works. And let's put her into something quick. I want more reaction, fast."

That was several months ago, quite a few months ago. Today, the success of Elaine Stewart as a movie star is assured. Her name is up in lights on her own. The press and magazines have adopted her. She's at the point in the story where the glass slipper has been tried on and fits. It all began in a dark projection room, where the rustle of programs indicated interest. (Continued on page 76)
He never said “can’t”

Gordon MacRae’s family life with wife Sheila, children Meredith 9, Heather 6, and Gar 5, is as successful as his career.

Any guy but MacRae would figure he’s got it made and sit cozy.

He’s got a different slant:

When you’re at the top there’s no place to go but UP.

BY LOU POLLOCK

When we all start riding space ships through the solar system, and the scientists get around to outfitting them with the inevitable jukebox, the first nickel in the slot will probably get you Gordon MacRae’s voice. It will ring out confidently amid the cosmic rays and darting meteors just as if it belonged there. And as far as Gordon is concerned it does. They’ll need song up there won’t they? How are the acoustics around Mars and Jupiter?

It isn’t that he considers himself the biggest name in popular music; others are heard more frequently perhaps. But that is only because they have sought to secure their positions in the one field. Not Gordon. Against a background of success as a movie, radio and recording artist, he spends little time contemplating where he is compared to the thought he gives about where he is going; in addition to the three pursuits already listed there is TV for him surely, concerts and multi-thousand-a-week night club engagements undoubtedly, opera very likely, and after that—well, that’s where the space ships will fit in nicely.

That’s why nobody worried about Gordon’s plans when Warner Brothers decided to shut down for a few months pending a study and preparation period for 3D production. With other stars wondering about their next step Gordon was up to his baritone tonsils in projects that range from opening a Lake Tahoe night club with Peter Lind Hayes to studying opera at Milan, and from offering to sing at Ann Blyth’s wedding to starting off on a nightclub tour.

Accustomed as Hollywood is to high (Continued on page 68)
Warm love scenes with Bob Wagner on sunny Floridian sands sent "engagement" rumors flying back to Hollywood.
IS TERRY MOORE HEADING FOR TROUBLE?

TERRY'S A PRESS AGENT'S DREAM THESE DAYS WITH HER CURVES AND HER FAMOUS BEAUX. BUT . . . IS SHE LIVING HER PUBLICITY UP JUST A BIT TOO MUCH?

- From Florida, where the moon hangs low over the palm trees, and a press agent's thoughts turn, naturally, to love, came the news: "Terry Moore is going to marry Bob Wagner."

That news, flashed to Hollywood, hit the town like a bombshell. That town had learned to expect amazing things from Terry, but this was something! She had been out on only a couple of dates with Bob before they left for location in Florida. And now she was going to marry the boy?

It turned out the story was a phony. It was as much a bombshell to Terry and Bob as to Hollywood. Here's how it happened:

The press agent for the 12-Mile Reef company in Florida was looking around for ways to publicize the picture. It happened that Terry's divorce from Glenn Davis was to be final the next day. So he wired the three press services to that effect. Like a good press agent, he added that Terry was being linked romantically with Robert Wagner, her co-star in 12-Mile Reef.

Two of the press services sent the news out as it had been reported to them. The other burst out with: "Friends of Terry Moore and Robert Wagner said the pair will be married next week."

Nobody was able to find out how the erroneous story started. One clue was a line in the script. Bob had a line in which he said to Terry's parents, "We're married." Perhaps someone overheard it and misunderstood.

Or it might have been caused by Bob's jaunty routine with gals he knows. He'll say to them, "Hi, doll, why don't we get married?"

Whatever the cause, pandemonium broke loose. The story hit front pages everywhere. Bob's sister called him tearfully and said, "You might have waited until the folks got back from Hawaii."

Terry's lawyer long-distanced: "For heaven's sake, don't get married until I send you the divorce papers to sign. It won't be legal!"

Terry and Bob spent most of their time telling people that they weren't getting married. They were, (Continued on page 69)
A clear blue sky, colorful flowers, trees, and beautiful music, played by world-famous violinist Harold Stern and his orchestra, set the gala mood of the Modern Screen Hollywood fashion party. The Modern Screen Star Board

Members who viewed, approved and voted the fall-winter fashions and accessories are shown above—left to right: Bob Horton, Barbara Ruick, Barry Sullivan, Mona Freeman, Jeanne Crain, Jeff Hunter and Keenan Wynn.

hollywood
goes to a fall
fashion party

Going places—whether you're a career gal, country gal, school gal or just a lucky stay-at-home gal—these wonderful basic glamor-wise award winning fashions are for you! The new fall and winter fashions of 1953, modeled by Hollywood's top mannequins, were paraded before Modern Screen's Hollywood Fashion Board of terrific motion picture personalities at a fashion luncheon party held on the fabulous estate of society's Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Putnam in Bel-Air, California. Hundreds of balloons decorated the grounds, goodies were served by the famous Brown Derby and exciting door prizes were given by top manufacturers. After the show stars posed in the winning fashions for these and the following fashion pages. (Continued on page 67)

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES ON PAGE 66

Ann Blyth in Doris Dodson's classic sharkskin jersey frock—angora trim, patent leather belt. Sizes 7 to 15. Dark green, red or navy. About $18. See Ann in MGM's new Technicolor film All The Brothers Were Valiant.
Elaine Stewart and Ursula Thiess pose with colorful party decor, Lee-tex balloons—all "easy on the eye."

Bob Stack, Louis Calhern, Barry Sullivan and Ricardo Montalban discuss the male viewpoint on newest fashions with lovely from Haen.

Mona Freeman and Cyd Charisse get a party souvenir from Keenan Wynn—Paper-Mate pens engraved, M. S. Fashion Party.

Shelley Winters draws the number of some lucky door-prize winner, Jean Hagen watches and hopes.

Hostesses of TWA, United and American airlines give hints on career clothes to Bob and Barbara.

Mrs. Cleveland Putnam, hostess of Modern Screen fashion party, presents Greer Garson, a door-prize winner, with a Crosley radio.

3-D triumphs in the Holeproof hosiery exhibit at party—the model wears cerise and chartruese—colors of the Holeproof hosiery box.

Keenan and Bob congratulate guest, June Taylor, for her spectacular swimming performance.


Mitzi Gaynor in Joselli's wool suit—velveteen trim. 7 to 15, also 8 to 18. Grey only. About $50. Holeproof nylons, full-fashioned 15 denier 60 gauge. Samsonite luggage. Mitzi is now in 20th's There's No Business Like Show Business.
Debra Paget, appearing in 20th's *Prince Valiant*, pretty as a picture in Princess Junior's frock of acetate and rayon flannel (crease resistant finish). The full, flared skirt is trimmed with Soutache braid to match the contrast buttons and belt. Grey, tan or blue. Sizes 7 to 15. About $11. Debra wears a Waltham watch; holds an American Beauty compact.

**NYLON HOSIERY STYLES FOR YOUR SHOE WARDROBE BY HOLEPROOF**

For open toe and heel dress sandals as Debra wears, left—15 denier Nude Foot seamfree nylons with sheerest shadow toe reinforcement. $1.50.

For an open toe pump as Anne wears, right—15 denier 60 gauge Shad-O-Bar—contrast color outline heel and seam in navy, black or brown. $1.65.

For casuals as Mona chooses, far right, or for spectator pumps—15 denier seamfree nylons with shadow reinforcement in the heel and toe. $1.35.

For evening—the newest 12 denier, 60 gauge full-fashioned nylons, mere wisps (with sheer and delicate reinforcement) to color-shadow your legs. $1.65.

hollywood goes to a fall fashion party

**HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 66**
Anne Francis poses in Doris Dodson's two-piece dress of sheer wool with fringed stole. The blouse has a turned-over collar and cuffed raglan sleeves. Huge fringed patch pockets trim the skirt that has an inverted front pleat. Plaid—rust, beige or red with black; black top only. 7 to 15. About $25. Anne, a 20th star, is in Warners' new film A Lion Is In The Streets.

Mona Freeman, last seen in RKO's Angel Face, in another Doris Dodson frock. The blouse with its ruffled jabot-like tab is of wool jersey. It is trimmed with the fabric of the multi-color striped taffeta of the widely flared and gored skirt. 7 to 15. Blouse available in mauve, orange or blue—multi-color striped skirt only. About $18.

All decked-out in her pretty fashion, Barbara Ruick shows guest Louis Calhern her gift of a precious Waltham watch.

Happy-go-lucky and ready to take off, Mona, with her wonderful gift set of handsome Samsonite luggage.

Gifts of Holeproof hosiery for the stars—Jeanne Crain accepts her ribbon-tied box from the Brown Derby captain.
HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 66
Dawn Addams and Shelley Winters chit-chat about the latest Hollywood doings on arrival at the M.S. fashion party.

Ricardo Montalban helps Cyd Charisse select her luncheon from the bountiful table of Brown Derby specialties.

Anne Francis and Jean Hagen were delighted with their exquisite American Beauty compacts, gifts at fashion party.

A Puritan maiden lifts her full, full skirts to show Bob Stack the very sheer beauty of her Prim nylon hosiery.

Lassie Maid's coat of checked wool that goes places in style is worn by Jean Peters, now in 20th's Vicki. About $50, in beige, rose or medium blue. Jean wears Prim's Career Girl, 15 denier—51 gauge Prim nylon that feature preferred styling—the Color-Genic heel, delicately shaded with a tone-on-tone effect to lend ankle-interest.
Jeff says if you look before you leap maybe you'll never get your feet wet—but it's a cinch you'll stay where you are longer. So if you're in a hurry for success . . .

I wanted to act. Didn't know how.

It was tough... Mom was so protective.

I got a fast shuffle. Quit my first job.

don't play it safe!

by Jeff Chandler
When I was 14 in Brooklyn, our grade school Alumni Association held a benefit auction. As president of the Association it was up to me to maintain order. Shortly after the auction began a half dozen tough kids of the neighborhood walked in and began heckling the proceedings. They paid no attention to me when I called to them to stop. My duty was clear. I walked down among them to enforce my orders. They showed no respect for the president at all. They gathered in a half circle and let me have it... good.

Although I was big for my age and weighed more than any of them, I did a poor job of defending myself. I didn't know the first thing about fighting. They didn't need six to lick me—any one of those kids could have done the job alone. While they clouted away and I kept ducking away from one blow right into another I kept telling myself bitterly, "This will be a lesson to me." It was.

The lesson wasn't just about the advisability of taking up boxing. The lesson also dealt with the fact that you can't play life too safe. That's exactly what I had done up to that time. My mother had always been over-protective about me and I had fallen into a pattern... almost unconsciously. I had never climbed a tree because I might fall, I had never been on a pair of roller skates because I might break a leg, I had never tangled with any kids because I might get hurt. Well, I was getting hurt in that auction, but the blows those guys were landing were doing more than just (Continued on page 78)
"Wet she is—dry she ain't!"

Ply her with Shakespeare—tempt her with Shaw. Esther won’t climb out of her pool. Not while she’s the biggest splash in the world.

BY JANE WILKIE
While escorting her sons to a studio party not long ago, Esther Williams was approached by a writer of movie scripts. "I want to write a picture for you that will make you happy," he said. "Let's get you out of a bathing suit for a change and give you a really dramatic part. Something that will make them sit up and take notice."

He followed with a tirade against her past pictures, referring frequently to the lukewarm reviews. Esther heard him out, smiling, and when he was finished she said, "But you don't understand. I like the kind of pictures I've been doing. Perhaps I want them better, but I want to continue with the same type of thing, including the water."

All of which goes to show that Esther Williams understands her own career a lot better than most people think. When, ten years ago, she first splashed onto the nation's screens, she became an overnight star. She has remained top box-office ever since, despite the fact her pictures have been ignored by award-giving organizations. With the exception of some really stunning water ballets, they have not been considered works of art. The flintier critics have reveled in bombasting her movies, and show people have latched onto the bandwagon of Esther Williams jokes. A reference to water in any sort of comedy script will inevitably draw Esther's name into the act. Tallulah Bankhead, talking about the picture Lifeboat in her first nightclub appearance, said it was during the making of that movie she first met Esther Williams. "She wasn't in the picture—she was just swimming by."

Esther has become the epitome of the mermaid and of the bathing beauty, and since the inception of her career, American households have switched from Weissmuller to Williams when referring to anything from a soggy state to a well-stacked form. She herself joins in the banter, and recently remarked that for her, life was one damp thing after another.

Some of the merriment has been barbed, such as the comment of the late Fanny Brice, "Wet she's a star—dry she ain't." This sums up the attitude of the critics, who lambast her "dry scenes" and who feel that Esther's continued submergings for the screen are eventually going to erode her entire career. They are growing tired, they say, of seeing Miss Williams inevitably dunked in a pool, as was Paulette Goddard in a bathtub.

The point is that Esther's fans are not tired of watching her swim, and according to reaction gathered from all over the country, would scream for a refund of their money if they saw their favorite in a film that did not include a tub, pond, lake, river or ocean. It has been established that movie goers expect Fred Astaire to dance in a movie; Bing Crosby to sing; Roy Rogers to ride; and Esther Williams to swim. It is a point that critics overlook.

To make her fans happy she must swim, and to make them happy, she must also be Esther Williams and nobody else. This is a fact which reviewers might well think over, in the event they wonder why, with mediocre films, Esther stays in the top ten on many polls. There are actors who are such fine thespians they can submerge their own personalities in each role they undertake, and while these people are highly regarded, they seldom attain the rush of popularity held by those who, regardless of their role, are always themselves on the screen. John Wayne is an example, Bette Davis another, Bing Crosby yet another. They (Continued on next page)
may play Tom or Dick or Harriet, but they are themselves, and they are so strongly niched as personalities that you know before you see the picture what kind of a movie will be. Esther, too, falls into this category.

Why does she consistently hold her position in the top ten? By academic standards she is not beautiful, yet here is a portrayal of a smiling hazel eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Her five feet and eight inches towers above the average girl, yet she moves with such easy grace that you would think the fair only skin that she possesses a strikingly lovely figure. Her personality has neither the atomic quality of a Hutton nor the dignity of a Barbra Streisand. What she lacks are the simple sincerity. It is this personality that the fans like. They think of her as glamorous, because she is a movie star, but they also feel she would be easy to know and fun to know. They have told her, her as a person through the medium of movies, and they are perfectly content with the kind of movies that star Esther.

So is Esther. But she wasn’t always. Five years ago she approached MGM executives in determination to end her movie career. “I want to have children. I want to stay home,” she told them. “I’d rather have babies than put myself through this torture.”

It was a decision made because of many things. First, she wanted children and the chance to be at home with them and with Ben. Possibly she would have foregone this point had she felt she was making any kind of contribution to films, but she was certain she was not. She found the career itself a tiresome one which included months of rigorous rehearsals for her swimming numbers, an exhausting procedure without any foreseeable reward. Secondly, she disliked pictures and particularly had grown tired of the exception of throwing an occasional bone in the form of, “Naturally, the numbers are beautiful.” How, said Esther, could they be charming from helicopters and whirring down greased streets was “naturally” beautiful? These things had cost her long hours of back-breaking labor, yet critics tossed them off as a “naturally.” She had asked Ben, and she wanted to go home and stay home. MGM brass hats then ladled over her the tonic that they keep in preparation for many years, and while it may be a much-used concoction, it is one that contains considerable truth. They pulled some statistics out of a desk drawer and pointed it to Esther that she had hit the top tier. Then they told her that she at last arrived, after an investment of a great deal of energy both on their part and on her own. She was now a movie commodity, a “real” picture a year. Each requires two months of rehearsals, three months to shoot, and a month of publicity and retakes and dubbing. This results in the work over-lapping. There is no time to think or be alone, which is necessary, when pregnant. She is now expecting a third baby, and is luxuriating in the days spent at home with her two sons. “I’m like a fish out of water,” she said, “I’m not very good at this.”

Esther makes an average of two-and-a-half pictures a year. Each requires two months of rehearsals, three months to shoot, and a month of publicity and retakes and dubbing. This results in the work overlapping. There is no time to think or be alone, which is necessary, when pregnant. She is now expecting a third baby, and is luxuriating in the days spent at home with her two sons. “I’m like a fish out of water,” she said, “I’m not very good at this.”

Esther’s marriage to Ben, as any marriage in Hollywood, undergoes stress and strain far beyond that endured by the average couple. For Ben Esther is one of the most generous and understanding of people, but Esther is irritated by the superficial attitude of people that Esther is the “star” of the family. He has his fingers in several business ventures, and in addition to him she’s got two sons. There is a storm in the air and she can sense it. She is protective of Esther and advises her to watch her career and to steer clear of any more than she can handle. “It’s not a career,” she is told, “but a job,” and Esther simply won’t accept.

The October issue of Modern Screen is loaded with extras! Delectable Marilyn Monroe is on the cover. Photos of the fabulous "girls wanted" contest winners inside. On sale September 8.
WINNER OF MODERN SCREEN HOLLYWOOD FASHION AWARD

wear the same beautiful clothes picked by the stars

PRECIOUS-TRIM PASTELS

Step into the spotlight with Doris Dodson’s glamour-touched dresses and wait for the applause. You’ll get it! (Left) Pearls and glitter on satin dramatize this important soft suit dress in acetate and rayon Ottoman crepe. Pink, blue, off white; also in black. 9-15. About $18. (Right) Elegant mink trims the belt of this Kasha cloth dress (70% wool; 15% nylon; 15% fur.) California pastels: pink, yellow, blue, natural. 9-15. About $25.

For name of your shop write DORIS DODSON—Dept. MS-9, St. Louis 3, Mo.
Glorify Your Hair

3 wonderful ways with
Nestle COLOR

1 GLAMOROUS COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS

Your hair when you use Nestle Colorint. Colorint is a "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. It adds glorious color-highlights and exciting sheen—makes hair so easy to comb and manage. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out. 5 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

Nestle COLORINSE

2 RICHER COLOR TINTS

 Beautify your hair when you use Nestle Colorint. For Colorint enhances your natural hair color—adds exciting new color—blends in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. It's more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair shining soft. Take your choice of 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

Nestle COLORINT

3 LIGHTER, BRIGHTER COLOR . . . as much or as little as you wish in ONE application . . . with Nestle Light. Why fuss and muss with repeated applications when Nestle Light makes your hair up to 10 shades lighter at ONCE! Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, accentuates red tones in brunette hair, adds golden streaks. Contains no ammonium . . . enriched with Processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. $1.60. Retouch size 70¢.

Nestle LITE

HAIR LIGHTENER

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color

sentimental journey

(Continued from page 42) Massachusetts, I understand a lot of things."

"Like, for instance . . . ?"

"Well, like something for reluctance to discard his early environment—the things that built his character. Most people hate change, and so did Marty. Now he's beginning to like sports clothes, but he tempers his feminine tastes with just the right amount of conservatism. All of us live under certain restraints. When it comes to Nestle Englanders like Marty, the proof of that is the way he combs his hair, how he wears clothes—or conversation. But when it comes to other things—well, stand back and look out!"

"Meaning, in Marty's case, for instance, something like potato pancakes. You know, a lot of people grow up thinking about how great the pies were that Mama used to bake. But when they go home and get a taste of those pies, they realize that Mother wasn't a good cook at all. She was too easy to learn, raising a big family. They just thought she was a good cook, because they were hungry all the time. In the case of Marty's mother, when the family gathers at the old home, they feel so sorry for the absent members, and simply being there to taste Minnie's potato pancakes that they send them wires of congratulations."

"So, aside of the potato pancakes, you like Marty's family, too?"

"Why not?" Doris Day asked. "Sure, I live in Hollywood, and I'm certain people must get a funny idea, sometimes, reading about one of their relatives, an actress, true, and proud of it, but I'm more of my home town of Cincinnati than Hollywood, and that's not trying to compare the region, of course."

"I've heard it said that actors don't know that other people are alive. That isn't true. I love the movie business, and there are many wonderful people in it. Acting is not so tough, or as easy as people make it out to be, but the profession does consume a lot of your time. For instance, it's a crying shame that I had to go all this time without seeing my brother Marty's brother, Harmon, and his wife. We just couldn't get away, that's all, until we visited them this year in Athens, New York, in a big place, but it has that wonderful home town atmosphere. You know, we drove up there, arriving in the early evening. After dinner, we went upstairs to talk. We were just sitting there when we heard voices. We looked out the window, and the big tree was loaded with children, peering in. Outside, before the evening was over, there seemed to be hunting for the whole street. People had made with a lot of autographs. There was no yelling and pushing and screaming. They were polite and well-behaved. They'd never seen the actress before and simply wanted to say hello because they felt curious and friendly. I really felt humble."

All of a sudden, Doris stopped talking like this and began talking too much. She had begun to shop when Doris begins to shop her name might as well be Doris.
Opie Thorpe of Double Dubuque, Iowa. In other words, like every other woman, she forgets where she is.

She tried on a white sports hat and bought it. She tried on a few other things and bought them. She progressed to the jewelry counter and looked at Marty with an inquiring look.

"No money," he said, solemnly.

Believe it or not, at that moment a large French poodle walked in and gravely put his paws on the counter, gazing intently at all the baubles.

"Look at him," Doris said, "he's loaded!"

We used up most of the morning trying to get our feet out of the door of those fascinating little shops—prices just as low as in Hollywood, too. Marty held back when Doris steered him into a place called Cabbages and Kings, Ltd., but a moment later he lost his head in miles of tweed yardage. He delved into the cloth like a thirsty man at cocktail time. Then he paused, as if looking at Doris inquiringly.

"No money," she said, solemnly.

They went from there to a place called Pebble Beach Interiors, because their house is furnished in French Provincial. "We used to be Early Americans," Doris explained, "but every time we went somewhere to visit, our friends' homes were done in Early American. We felt like we'd never left home. French Provincial isn't as stuffy as it sounds. Very informal, depending on your selection." They looked at a magnificent chest of drawers—it must have been more than a hundred years old, and turned to photographer Beerman with a double inquiring look. "You're an expert at a lot of things," Doris said to Bob. "What do you think?"

"Never mind about the money," Bob replied carelessly. "It's only $750," Doris made a note of that.

At this point if my report moves a little too fast for complete details it is because Doris Day was not in a mood for stopping. She took off in a small whirlwind for the Del Monte Lodge Beach Club for her initial and somewhat furious tennis lesson from the popular professional, John Gardiner. John, ex-captain of the Penn State Teachers' College team, ex-football coach at Monterey High, found Doris a more than satisfactory pupil. "My specialty is teaching children," he said, "and Miss Day has every bit as swift a grasp of the fundamentals as a 12-year-old, which is about as high a compliment as I can pay. Not only that, but with all respect to the swell football players I've coached, if every member of my team had the coordination savvy she has we'd have won a couple of state championships."

John didn't really have to say it. Looking at Doris it was apparent that she isn't going to be a beginner very long. Marty, watching her swing at the tennis balls pitched into her, commented, "I play a little tennis myself, and I may be sorry I ever suggested this."

While Doris got busy sweeping the court off with a tennis ball clearing contraption Pro Gardiner had invented, I casually asked Marty, "What one of Doris' records have you liked the best?"

"Curious you should ask that," he replied. "My favorite is a platter that was a rare thing for Doris in that it didn't break any records selling. It was 'Something Wonderful,' from The King And I."

"Mine's 'Mr. Tap Toe.'"

"Well, everybody to his own taste," Marty replied, "but I suspect that anything I say to you is liable to find its way into print, so you might throw in a word for her album of By The Light Of The Silvery Moon—and her newest release, a real gone thing called 'The Purple Cow.'"

Paul Francis Webster and Fred Spelman

Exquisite carryall, with golden tone floral design engraved on satin silver finish. Compact, cigarette case, accessory compartment, lipstick case, money holder, mirror...all in one, for all her vanity needs. $25.00.

Tempting twosome, this smartly matched cigarette case and compact. Lovely three-toned floral design engraved on satin finish golden tone. Cigarette case holds regular or king-size. $15.00.

Stunning compact, with dainty "fleur de lis" motif in bright-polished golden tone, contrasting with chased silver finish. $4.95.

for women who follow the stars

It's an
American Beauty

Winner of the 1953 Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Award

In the current issue of Modern Screen, read how Hollywood's most glamorous names chose American Beauty to win the coveted Hollywood Fashion Award for excellence in styling. For glamour rivalling that of the stars, choose American Beauty compacts and fashion accessories...for every time, every occasion. At your favorite counter.

Compacts - carryalls - Mirror-Lipsticks - lighter - cigarette cases - Case-O-Matics - dresser sets

© 1953, AMERICAN BEAUTY DIVISION, ILLINOIS WATCH CASE CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS
wrote it, and they won't care if you plug

doris came up and broke into the con
versation, "i'm going to start the yact
race. let's get with it."

we did. there was some confusion at
first. some of the yachtsmen paid more at
tention to doris than they did the starting
line and had to jockey around again for
position. eighteen people and two dogs
came up to say hello. then doris fired the
starting pistol. to be frank about it, we
never did find out who won. for all we
know, they may be out there yet, because
doris announced that she was famished.
she could use a big lunch.

"i could handle a hamburger," marty
stated.

"i was speaking of real food," doris put
in as marty turned the cadillac toward
carmel.

happy to see that they didn't agree on
everything, i asked, "do you two always
bicker like this?"

"we're human," doris returned. "all hu-
mans bicker. they also sometimes have
arguments. we have arguments. marty, do
you remember the time...?"

comedian sid caesar was invited to
a party where the then gen.
dwight eisenhower was a guest.
caesar did his impersonation of a
russian soldier, and later eisen-
hower congratulated him: "how
did you ever learn such perfect
russian?"

caeser confessed: "sir, i don't
understand a word of it. it's just
double talk."

"eisenhower laughed; "well, you
certainly had me fooled!"

marty remembered, but he couldn't re-
call what started the small beef. the first
times they knew the trivial matter was
on the verge of becoming important. so,
as usually happens in any normal family,
one or the other began to laugh. this time
it was marty. he said, "if we can't see
it my way, i'm going to pack up and leave."
doris retorted, "go ahead, see if i care."

but their son, 11-year-old terry didn't
see her grin. he quietly went upstairs and
was back down again in a couple of min-
utes, carrying his erector set case.

"if marty goes, i go too," he declared
loyally.

in the laughter that followed, terry
knew his mother and dad were kidding.
when he went out to play, he left his erec-
tor set behind. doris looked into it and
pulled out two pairs of blue jeans. she
looked at marty through a vague little
mist in her eyes. he put one big arm
around her. "personally," he said, "i think
the lad is getting careless. if we were
really going to leave he should have at
least packed his razor and a few blades."

yes, mr. and mrs. melcher bicker some-
times, but they have a graceful way of
giving in to each other. take the matter
of the hamburgers. marty found us a place
to get them, but there was a line of citi-
zens waiting, and no place to sit down.
doris asked marty if he'd ever had a
mexican hamburger. he couldn't say that
he had, so we crossed the street to carmel's
favorite mexican restaurant. here, marty
learned that doris' idea of a mexican ham-
burger is a taco. for the uninstructed, a
taco is a pile-shaped piece of crust with
beef nestled in a nest of shredded lettuce
and red hot sauce poured in the open end.

if you've never had one the reaction can
be like swallowing the hot end of a cigar.
marty complained somewhat bitterly then
he ordered two more and downed them
with relish.

"just like a man," doris observed.

"afraid to try anything new, and then he
goes overboard. tonight he'll accuse me of
preparing his hamburger and tomar-
row he'll want to come back to the same
place."

as we left the mexican restaurant, the
sun burst out through the dissipating fog.

marty suggested we take a walk around
the fabulous 17-mile drive along the coast.
"all right, you tourists," doris announced,
"here's something we've never seen be-
fore."

just ahead of us a road sign indicated
which indicated that a ship called the john
b. stetson had been wrecked there, run-
ning aground on the rocks in the wild
night of september 4, 1894. doris clam-
bered on a huge rock, struck an orantorial
pose. "here," she declared, "is the finest
meeting place of land and water in exist-
ence.

"hey, doris," i suggested, "you ought to
be a writer."

"not me," was robert louis stevenson
who said that. i've been reading the bro-
chure. she pointed toward a monstrous

\[...\]
“Many a miner passed through this
door,
Who swore he’d never come in any
more.
’Twas here they eased him of nug-
ggets of gold,
For this was the place the booze
was sold.
One drink was enough to make him
want more;
And pretty damson he was flat on
the
floor.
On sobering up he would always
swear off,
Then come back the next day for
a
drink for his cough.”

Inside the theater the charming custo-
dian, a Mrs. Stewart, served as our guide.
She took Doris up on the tiny stage which
is almost exactly like it was when an ad-
venturous ex-sailor named Jack Swan
built it better than 100 years ago. Plays
are still given up times a week.

“Gee,” Doris said, “I’d like to give a per-
formance here, sometime!”

“Why not now?” we encouraged.

So Doris sang some old songs and the
long empty benches seemed to be suddenly
filled with the ghosts of early Californians
who had cheered their favorites in this tiny
little place. Marty, who had been in one
of the side rooms, rummaging around
in the ancient wardrobes, came out from the
wings, first in a policeman’s helmet, then
in a stovepipe hat. “I always knew the ham
would come out in me some day,” he said.
It’s a little difficult to put it clearly, but
these two people have a great reverence
for the historic old places they’ve visited
all over the country on their sentimental
journey even though they clown a little.

Afterwards we roamed through the
streets of Old Monterey, stopping by Gen-
eral José Castro’s headquarters, the House
of the Four Winds, so named for its weath-
er vane, and other storied buildings. Then
we headed for the pier where Marty dis-
appeared to prowl around the salmon boats
and ask the old salts how fishing was. Doris
poked into the dozens of little curio shops
and cafes, autographed pictures for sol-
diers. We lost her in the crowd. Ten min-
utes later, we found her, leaning over the
rail of a pier extension, gazing at a sea lion
circling around in the back of the restaur-
ants waiting for a handout. She seemed
lost in her own thoughts.

“Sea lions lead a very happy life, I am
convinced,” she said.

“I know,” I replied, “you’re hungry
again.”

“However in the world did you know?”
So we walked up to Marty, located a spot
for a steak sandwich, and the last we saw
of Doris and her spouse, they were headed
for church services in Carmel. (Doris is a
Christian Scientist.)

Next morning, Doris and Marty planned
to be up at six-thirty to leave for the last
leg of their vacation in San Francisco.
Photographer Beerman and I were up
earlier, packed and ready for the return
trip to Hollywood.

“Come on, Bob,” I urged, “we got to
get back early!”

“Wait a minute,” Bob said. He went over
to a house phone in the lobby of the Lodge.
I heard him ask for Doris. There was a si-
cence, and then he hung up.

“What was that for?” I asked.

“Oh,” Bob replied, “I just thought I’d
take one more try at getting Doris to pose
for me in that red bathing suit.”

“What happened?”

“Well, I got Marty on the phone—and he
said Doris would be simply delighted to
climb into a red bathing suit at six-thirty
in the morning. The only trouble was that
she was sitting in a red bathtub and said
for me to go take a running jump in the
Pacific!”
modern screen's
hollywood approved fashions
for fall

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

AMERICAN BEAUTY (compacts)—Pgs. 51, 52, 55
At your favorite jewelry counter.

CATALINA, INC. (sweaters)—Pgs. 51, 54
At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

COLLEGE-TOWN (skirts)—Pgs. 51, 54
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild-Kohn
 Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Henegar
 Charlotte, N. C.—Durham's
 Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens
 Cleveland, Oh.—Shilling's
 Columbus, Ohio—H. P. D. Lazarus
 Dallas, Texas—A. Harris
 Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
 Detroit, Mich.—Hudson
 Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
 Houston, Texas—Morris
 Los Angeles, Calif.—J. W. Robinson
 Memphis, Tenn.—Loewenstein
 Milwaukee—B. F. Bloomingdale
 Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
 Pittsburgh, Pa.—Block
 Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy & Co.
 Spokane, Wash.—Famous-Barr
 St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
 Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

DORIS DODSON (junior dresses)—Pgs. 50, 52
Augusta, Ga.—Frank Goldberg Co.
 Barstow, Cal.—Kopf's
 Baton Rouge, La.—Rochelle
 Birmingham, Ala.—Birmingham's
 Boston, Mass.—R. H. Whitney
 Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
 Buffalo, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
 New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
 Carteret, N. J.—Lillian's Dress Shop
 Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Rumney's
 Charlotte, N. C.—Helen of Charlotte, Inc.
 Chattanooga—L. A. Bowman's
 Cortland, N. Y.—G. H. Wiltsie Co.
 Detroit, III.—Steele's
 Florence, Ala.—Roper's Inc.
 Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Hunter's-Pearl
 Ft. Worth, Texas—Gilberts Ready to Wear
 Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Alden
 Honsa, Long—Palais Royale
 Huntington, W. Va.—Belle's
 Jersey City, N. J.—Bird-Thayer
 Lancaster, Pa.—Hyteler's
 Liberal, Kan.—Grister's
 McComb, Neb.—H. C. Capp
 McKeever, Pa.—Cox's
 Memphis, Tenn.—Dry Bros.
 Miami, Fla.—Harley's
 Monroe, La.—Silverstein's
 Montclair, N. J.—Honor Rice
 Nashville, Tenn.—Armstrong's
 New Orleans, La.—Maison-Blanche
 New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
 Olympia, Wash.—Paulson's Salon
 Ottawa, Ohio—Reardon
 Pampa City, Fla.—Lillian Kilpatrick
 Philadelphia—Oppenheim Collins
 Portland, Ore.—Herman's
 Princeton, Ind.—Gilbert-Stephens Co.
 Rockford, Ill.—Haerler-Son
 St. Louis, Mo.—Stie, Burr & Fuller
 St. Paul, Minn.—Macy's
 San Antonio, Texas—Food Bros.
 Santa Fe, N. Mex.—Santa Fe
 Spokane, Wash.—Eastern Co.
 Springfield, Ill.—Roland's
 Tampa, Fla.—Foster
 Tucson, Ariz.—Levys
 Washington, D. C.—Jelley's

HOLEPRO HOISERY—Pgs. 51, 52, 53
Albany, N. Y.—John G. Myers Co.
 Atlantic City, N. J.—M. E. Blatt Co.
 Baton Rouge, La.—Goldblau
 Berkeley, Calif.—J. F. Hint & San
 Biddles, Mont.—Hart-Albin Co.
 Birmingham, Ala.—Shain Bros.
 Boston, Mass.—Jordon Marsh Co.
 Bridgeport, Conn.—The Boulevard Dry Goods Co.
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa—The Killian Co.
 Dayton, Ohio—Parkar Co.
 Elgin, N. Y.—Sherman, Dean & Co.
 Evanston, Ill.—Lord's
 Fort Worth, Texas—Monroe Dry Goods Co.
 Greensville, S. C.—Relo Simpson
 Hartford, Conn.—Bronn-Thomson
 Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Co.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—C. B. Harley Bros.
 Lincoln, Neb.—Gold & Co.
 Little Rock, Ark.—The M. M. Cohn Co.
 Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
 Manchester, N. H.—Leavitt Stores
 Milwaukee—Tate's
 Milwaukee, Wisc.—Gilbert's
 Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
 Minneapolis, Minn.—Maurice Rothschild-Young Onimilian
 New Bedford, Mass.—New Bedford Dry Goods
 New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
 New York, N. Y.—Saks 5th Ave.
 Oak Park, III.—Elaine Bros.
 Omaha, Neb.—Carman
 Omaha, Omaha—Dundie & Sons
 Orlando, Fla.—Dickson & Sears
 Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
 Portland, Ore.—Meyer & Frank
 Salem, Oregon—Miller
 San Francisco, Calif.—Upton & Harbach Co.
 San Francisco, Calif.—City of Paris D. G. Co.
 Schenectady, N. Y.—H. S. Barney Co.
 Seattle, Wash.—Kohn's of Seattle
 St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr
 St. Louis, Mo.—Saks 5th Ave.
 Stamford, Conn.—New England Co.
 Syracuse, N. Y.—Devereaux Co.

JOSELLI (suits)—Pgs. 51
Birmingham, Ala.—Bergan-Phillips
 Chicago, Ill.—H.S. Freeman
 Cincinnati, Ohio—Gibson
 Cleveland, Ohio—Peddie Co.
 Detroit, Mich.—J. S. Ingalls
 Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock
 Newark, N. J.—J. H. Haue & Co.
 New Orleans, La.—Mark Isaac
 New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
 Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
 Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
 St. Louis, Mo.—Macy's

LASSIE MAID (coat)—Pgs. 55
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
 Cleveland, Ohio—The May Co.
 Detroit, Mich.—J. J. Lyman
 Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
 Newark, N. J.—Hance & Co.
 New York, N. Y.—R. H. Altman
 Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
 San Francisco, Calif.—Emporium
 St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr

MOXEES (casual shoes)—Pgs. 51, 54
Anchorage, Alaska—Northern Commercial
 Atlanta, Ga.—Shain Bros.
 Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild-Kohn
 Boston, Mass.—Gichries
 Buffalo, N. Y.—Heuz & Kelly
 Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
 Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
 Detroit, Mich.—Crosley Miller Co.
 Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
 Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
 Los Angeles, Calif.—J. H. Haue & Co.
 Miami, Fla.—Richard's
 Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Boston Store
 Minneapolis, Minn.—Peddie Co.
 Newark, N. J.—J. S. Ingersoll
 New York, N. Y.—Macy's

Omaha, Neb.—Larry's c/o Phillips
 Philadelphia—John Wanamaker
 Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Co.
 St. Louis, Mo.—Sirs, Bage & Fuller
 St. Paul, Minn.—Pershing Co.

PRIM HOSIERY—Pgs. 55
Baltimore, Md.—Haltman Bros.
 Baltimore, Md.—N. Hess Shoes
 Beverly Hills, Calif.—Joseph Shoe Salon
 Chicago, Ill.—Charles A. Stevens
 Cincinnati, Ohio—Goding Co.
 Cleveland, Ohio—Barley Bros.
 Dallas, Texas—Margo's
 Des Moines, Iowa—Levy's
 Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
 Evanston, Ill.—Joseph Shoe Salon
 Jacksonville, Fla.—French Novelty
 Kansas City, Mo.—Rothschild's
 Los Angeles, Calif.—Hansen Shoe Store
 Los Angeles, Calif.—Wetherby-Kayser
 Minneapolis, Minn.—Famous-Barr
 Minneapolis, Minn.—New York, N. Y.—Blanchard
 New Orleans, La.—Keller-Zundel
 New York, N. Y.—Blanchton Fifth Ave.
 Omaha, Neb.—Hershey's
 Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
 Richmond, Va.—Rich's
 San Francisco, Calif.—Joseph Magnin
 St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's
 Tulsa, Okla.—Street's
 Washing., Va.—Woodward & Lothrop
 Wichita, Kan.—Lang's

PRINCESS JUNIOR (dresses)—Pgs. 51, 53
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
 Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn
 Beaumont, Tex.—Petersen-Haman
 Birmingham, Ala.—Lovemans
 Boston, Mass.—Talbott
 Charlotte, N. C.—Belle's Dept. Stores
 Charleston, S. C.—Leggett's Dept. Stores
 Petersen-Hamn-Yon Maur Co.
 P. W. & A. T. Clothier
 Hartford, Conn.—Brown-Thompson, Inc.
 Huntington, W. Va.—Woolworth's Dept. Store
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Parchyns
 Knoxville, Tenn.—S. H. George & Son
 Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
 Miami, Fla.—Rich's
 Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster
 Newark, N. J.—Hance & Co.
 New York, N. Y.—Woolworth's
 Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
 Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels
 Phoenix, Ariz.—Pembina's Inc.
 Pontiac, Mich.—Arthur's
 Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
 Sacramento, Calif.—Winston Lubin
 Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.

SAMSONITE LUGGAGE—Pgs. 51, 53
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
 Boston, Mass.—Pilkem
 Chicago, Ill.—N. Hess Co.
 Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
 Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee's
 Dallas, Texas—Dau
 Denver, Colo.—Dawry Dry Goods
 Detroit, Mich.—Dawry Dry Goods
 Easton, Md.—Johnson's
 Grand Rapids, Mich.—W. W. Wurzburg's
 Houston, Tex.—Foley's
 Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.
 Louisville, Ky.—Stewart's
 Miami, Fla.—Budnick
 Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
 Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith's
 New York, N. Y.—Bloomdale's
 New York, N. Y.—Imperial
 Oakland, Calif.—H. C. Capwell
 Philadelphia, Pa.—1st Brothers
 Phoenix, Ariz.—Braukman
 Portland, Ore.—Oregon-Meyer & Frank
 Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer's
 San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
 Seattle, Wash.—Ben Marcus
 St. Louis, Mo.—Sirs
 Toledo, Ohio—La Salle & Koch
 Washington, D. C.—Hecht Co.
fashion party

(Continued from page 50) The excitement and activity of the Modern Screen Hollywood fall fashion luncheon party began the minute the stars stepped from their limousines onto the vast Putnam estate. Annie Francis (Mrs. Ben Price), Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter) holding the arms of their handsome husbands, Greer Garson, Louis Calhern, Shelley Winters, Jean Hagen were the first to arrive. The members of the M. S. Fashion Board were seated close to the ramp where the models paraded the fashions. Shortly after luncheon was served by the Brown Derby waiters, the music played the introduction to the event and the show was underway. The merchandise shown included—suits, junior dresses, coats, sportswear, casual shoes, hosiery and jewelry—flown to Hollywood from all over the country. The smartly styled junior dresses—a size, not an age, were shown in groups and the garments from the groups were viewed, approved and voted. Dresses in the new miracle fibers woven to give the smart jersey—look, as well as ever-popular 100% wool jersey, won the unanimous vote of the Board. Wool suits, separates, coats and skirts in classic styles also won top honors. Sweaters in wool and new washable Orlon came through with flying colors, too. Casual shoes, flattering to the legs and smart with classic togs, were shown and approved. The nylon hosiery shown was a display within itself. The stars gave the hosiery the act—for construction, sheer beauty and for new fall costume colors. Seamfree hosiery was a favorite style for sportswear; full-fashioned, of course, won the vote for daytime town clothes; and sandal foot, full-fashioned or seamsfree, for evening costumes.

The gals—Jeanne Crain, Mona Freeman and Barbara Ruick—were the fashion experts on the Board and gave the boys—Barry Sullivan, Jeff Hunter, Bob Horton and Keenan Wynn—a helpful hint, and the woman's viewpoint! But to the gals' surprise the boys were wonderful judges because when the votes were compared and counted the boys had selected the same fashions and accessories as the gals. The guest stars on the sidelines were very helpful as they applauded and voiced Oohs and Aahs while the fashions were shown. After the fashions and accessories had been selected, some of the stars posed in the winning fashions for the M. S. fashion pages. Then the stars on the Board as well as the guests drew numbers for the door prizes. American Beauty compacts, Crosley radios, Paper-Mate pens, Sherwood lighters, Coty's famous "Emeraude" Toilet Water, Waltham watches, boxes of hosiery and, last but not least, Samsonite luggage were among the coveted gifts. Mona Freeman was delighted to win a two-piece set of Samsonite luggage, and thought it a wonderful start toward a complete set—adding a piece in the same pattern and color at any time (page Santa, please).

A spectacular swimming exhibit was given by guest, June Taylor, American Amateur champion of Solo Synchronized Swimming for 1951. June's dramatic swimming performances with music in her red devil's costume and, in her sequin, pearl and rhinestone one took the star's breath away—nearly a glamor finale.

Board Film Credits: Bob Horton, MGM's Arena; Barbara Ruick, MGM's Affairs Of Dobie Gillis; Barry Sullivan, MGM's Cry Of The Hunted; Mona Freeman, RKO's Angel Face; Jeanne Crain, 20th's Vicki; Jeff Hunter, 20th's Sailor Of The King; Keenan Wynn, MGM's All The Brothers Were Valiant.

The "moisture shield" in new Fresh is a gentle, extra-effective astringent that acts just like an invisible shield...to protect your clothes from perspiration stains, stop embarrassing odor.

**Gentle new Fresh has moisture-shield to keep underarms dry**

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

**Wonderful news!** Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor! Yes, you're really protected with Fresh! For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants...and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Creamy-soft, Fresh is gentle to skin, not sticky or greasy. Try Fresh today. There's a Fresh with Chlorophyll, too!

*Fresh is a reg. trade mark of the Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

New keeps you Lovely to Live Always

Bob gown by Edith Small. Her deodorant, new Fresh.
he never said "can't"

(Continued from page 46) compression egos it is just getting around to realize what makes Gordon zing as well as sing. Everyone who knows him has a different way to explain it, but what they all put ends up the same picture—that of a fellow who is so sure of himself that his dreams have trouble catching up with the actual facts of his accomplishments and background. But Bing Crosby. The first time he was out with Gordon he gave forth with an impressed, "I'm!"—and Gordon, wasn't even singing at the time, just playing golf. He made a walk to the Bing's home, 718 West 53rd Street, and saw Bing, who wanted a look-see at the new rival he had been hearing so much about, Gordon was both pleased and thrilled with the meeting. But he wasn't about to let him get himself a birdie on the first hole, a par on the second and a hole-in-one on the third. That's when Bing delivered his opinion. "Nothing around here is going to stop this boy," he said, and repeated it to his friends in a number of variations.

"In the first place," as Gordon says, "I'm not shy by any means. My father taught me to make friends—it's an old family tradition. I strongly dislike anyone you meet, no matter who they are? And in the second place I've known for a long time what I wanted to be: wouldn't I be a fake, I was thinking, a phony, a helpless kid if there's anything that makes me quote someone, quote, I mean, that I knew from the first time I met him, what he was?"

"That's a matter of fact Gordon won't have to wait to see two years to go on TV shows. Just the other day his studio announced a sudden reversal of policy; certain of his films would not only be released but he'd be permitted to make video appearances. Gordon, of course, is one of these.

"What is it with you, luck or what?" they asked him the same day.

"What's the difference?" asked Gordon. "Look, I'd be just as satisfied if I didn't get into TV for two years, or for ten more years as far as that matters. There's been in TV in 1953, I've got lots to do. There's a whole world of opera I'd like to explore, I'm a half-baked artist—I know a little, but I want to get there on both sides and know a lot more."

"If you start studying opera you may get out of the public eye," he was told. "Would that be wise?"

"He's a singer to round out his talent," came Gordon's reply.

Dorothy Kirsten, Nadine Connor, Rissa Stevens guest-shot on my program and we sang opera, and played the piano and popular repertoire. Now I'd like to reverse the process, add another dimension to myself and sing in their field. I'd be a 3D performer then."

A gal reader who wanted a date with Robert Taylor explained: "Not for the usual reason but because he, P.S. me, His Highness. The "I'm writing my diary" Earl Wilson N. Y. Post

There was the problem of his recording affiliation. For some years he had sung for Warners by making a real hit number. "Move to another outfit," he was advised steadily. Then his contract with Capitol ran out. Now he was in a position to change his friends fully and to make a firmer arrangement. Gordon signed right back with Capitol again.

"What's the idea?" they asked.

"Oh, I don't see why I should walk out on them," he replied. "I've been with Capitol for five years and I think that rates a little loyalty between people, don't you?"

"Don't worry," he told him. "They didn't hear him crazy. Whereupon he made a record for Capitol entitled "Congratulations To Someone," backed up on the other side of the platter by a song called, "How Do You Spay a Safecracker?" It caught on with the record buyers and sold like 79-cent nylon in a bargain basement.

"Nothing happens in a man's life that doesn't happen for a reason," Gordon threw in.

"You didn't have to worry," someone else at the table asked.

Gordon leaned close. "Cook?" he repeated. "Listen, when I was seven years old back in Syracuse I used to get up some mornings and sit with my folks for family breakfast."

"Why?" he was asked.

Gordon waved that question aside as improper and substituted a better one.

"You and me, plus a few others that I could do. For instance, I didn't have to worry about being nervous and tongue-tied when I talked to producers; talking to columnists is far more fearsome.

As for talking to columnists, Gordon did a lot of other talking in the Army; from 1942 to 1945 he was a bombardier instructor in the Air Force at Ellington Field, Texas. he says, but there he was given the policy for overseas duty but because of his fine record was considered much more valuable teaching combat to others than being in it himself.

The bombardiers were to remain at Ellington Field, Gordon was told. Gordon immediately got the idea of requesting reassignment to navigation. His fellow officers laughed at the idea. They held that that gag had been tried before and never with success.

"I'll ask anyway," Gordon replied, adding, with his usual confidence, "Maybe I'll be the first one to succeed."

He was. It seems that a study of his record at air force headquarters had revealed the fact that Gordon should have been in the first place in all. His friends had hardly gotten around to congratulating him on the successful culmination of this piece of strategy when they were given reason to repeat the whole performance. Gordon was now considered for another tour. A friend said, "Look, Gordie, you can't argue with city hall." He advised me to give up the idea of marriage until the tour was over. This, I'm not good at, and after a lot of arguing, he called in her superiors for consultation. All kinds of statutes and special dispensations were looked up in a lot of big books and when it was all over we got our license."

When Gordon made this last statement he was just finishing off a plate of ham and eggs for his luncheon at the Capitol Club. After he looked over Mr. Hayes, pleased with his meal. "Very good ham and eggs," he pronounced. "Almost as good as if I cooked them myself."

"You don't know what a real breakfast, too?" someone else at the table asked.

Gordon leaned close. "Cook?" he repeated. "Listen, when I was seven years old back in Syracuse I used to get up some mornings and sit with my folks for family breakfast."

"Why?" he was asked.

Gordon waved that question aside as improper and substituted a better one.

"You and me, plus a few others that I could do. For instance, I didn't have to worry about being nervous and tongue-tied when I talked to producers; talking to columnists is far more fearsome."

As for talking to columnists, Gordon did a lot of other talking in the Army; from 1942 to 1945 he was a bombardier instructor in the Air Force at Ellington Field, Texas. he says, but there he was given the policy for overseas duty but because of his fine record was considered much more valuable teaching combat to others than being in it himself.

The bombardiers were to remain at Ellington Field, Gordon was told. Gordon immediately got the idea of requesting reassignment to navigation. His fellow officers laughed at the idea. They held that that gag had been tried before and never with success.

"I'll ask anyway," Gordon replied, adding, with his usual confidence, "Maybe I'll be the first one to succeed."

He was. It seems that a study of his record at air force headquarters had revealed the fact that Gordon should have been in the first place in all. His friends had hardly gotten around to congratulating him on the successful culmination of this piece of strategy when they were given reason to repeat the whole performance. Gordon was now considered for another tour. A friend said, "Look, Gordie, you can't argue with city hall." He advised me to give up the idea of marriage until the tour was over. This, I'm not good at, and after a lot of arguing, he called in her superiors for consultation. All kinds of statutes and special dispensations were looked up in a lot of big books and when it was all over we got our license."

When Gordon made this last statement he was just finishing off a plate of ham and eggs for his luncheon at the Capitol Club. After he looked over Mr. Hayes, pleased with his meal. "Very good ham and eggs," he pronounced. "Almost as good as if I cooked them myself."

"You don't know what a real breakfast, too?" someone else at the table asked.

Gordon leaned close. "Cook?" he repeated. "Listen, when I was seven years old back in Syracuse I used to get up some mornings and sit with my folks for family breakfast."

"Why?" he was asked.

Gordon waved that question aside as improper and substituted a better one.

"You and me, plus a few others that I could do. For instance, I didn't have to worry about being nervous and tongue-tied when I talked to producers; talking to columnists is far more fearsome."
is terry moore heading
for trouble?

(Continued from page 49) as the old Holly-
wood saying goes, good friends.

The 'engagement' facet apparently was
no fault of Terry's. But it adds another
chapter to her blossoming career in the
public prints. This career has proven
stimulating to her film fortunes and it
may continue to do so. But it might also
spell trouble for Terry.

Terry Moore shows signs of becoming
a top and exciting star in the Hollywood
fimament. Few young players have
evoked as much attention in the film col-
umns in the past year and a half. And
few actresses can boast of an Academy
nomination at the tender age of 23.

But a view of Terry's career also shows
danger, signals, which she might do well
to study. There are indications here and
there that could blow up into serious
personal and career problems some day.

Terry was the quiet, home-type girl
during her early film career. She started
in Maryland when she was 11, and ap-
ppeared as Ingrid Bergman as a girl in
Gaslight. She was Helen Koford then.

Several years later, she landed a contract
at Eagle-Lion as Jan Ford. Columbia,
which had her for a previous picture, re-
discovered her for the important role in
The Return Of October. The studio took
over her contract and again changed her
name, since she was appearing opposite
Glenn Ford.

She was a wholesome, ambitious girl,
but thoroughly unsophisticated. When
she was making Mighty Joe Young, she
appeared so naive that hair-dressers had
to take her aside and give her some blunt
facts on how life is lived in the film
business.

Terry enjoyed five profitable years at
Columbia. But although she had gained
good experience, she was hardly dis-
guishable from a dozen other young
actresses. When her contract came to
option time, she wasn't renewed.

"You seldom get a second contract at
Columbia unless you're a Rita Hayworth,"
an executive explains. "Terry was earn-
ing about $1,000 a week. That meant she
was too expensive for the producers of
smaller pictures, and she didn't have
enough draw for the bigger producers."

Being an alert kind of a girl, she started
looking around. She heard about the role
of the young girl in Come Back, Little
Sheba. It sounded like a natural for her.

Armed with the sexiest photos she could
find of herself, she marched into Hal
Wallis Productions and did a selling job
on herself. Eighty-seven other girls were
considered, including Marilyn Monroe.

Terry landed the part.

She was determined to escape the "girl
next door" kind of typing that had begged
down her career. She told the publicity
chiefs bluntly; "Let's make this the sexiest
publicity campaign on record. Let's out-
Monroe Monroe."

The publicists were happy to cooperate.
The basic story of Sheba concerned a
middle-aged couple. That wasn't very
salable from an exploitation standpoint.
A livelier gimmick was needed. Terry
ominated herself and was promptly
elected.

Terry pitched in with amazing vigor.
She told one reporter that the studio
wanted her to display a quiet kind of
sex in her role.

"They've done everything they can to
make me look less sexy," she com-
mented. "I started out wearing sweaters

Richard Hudnut reveals two secrets of
Truly beautiful hair

Luxurious RICHARD HUDNUT ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

is the first secret. It's made with real egg formula. And egg is a natural beautifier
for hair. This rich golden lotion creme cleanses so quickly, rinses out so completely,
it leaves your hair dandruff free, shining clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair,
limp oily hair, shine up like bridal satin. Permanents take better. Then: after each
shampoo take one minute more to give your hair a beauty finish with Richard
Hudnut Creme Rinse. This pretty pink liquid creme rinsed through just once makes
hair lustrous, fragrant, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly, are
bound to last longer. For truly beautiful hair: after each shampoo, home perma-
nent, treat yourself to RICHARD HUDNUT CREME RINSE

by RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue
in the picture, but the director, Danny Mann, wouldn’t let me wear them. “I have to wear blouses, and my bra is every bit as important to the curve. My hair style couldn’t be simpler, and I’m not allowed much makeup. “Because I play a college girl, I can’t do obviously sexy things like casting sly glances or undressing. The director told me to put sexiness into my voice and told me to think sexily. The only way I can get across the idea is with my eyes.”

Terry, as millions of movie-goers can attest, got it just right.

The same kind of change—from tender rosebud to full-blown rose—carried over from Terry’s professional life to Terry’s personal life.

No one knew much about Terry’s romances until Glenn Davis came along. It’s possible that she didn’t have any. Her dates consisted largely of childhood chums who lived near her Glendale home. School proms, ice cream sodas and that sort of thing. Her only dates with Hollywood personalities were at beach parties and other events staged strictly for movie magazine layouts.

But Davis changed all that. He may not have stayed in her life very long, but he certainly caused some changes.

As it happens, Davis had been thrown over by Liz Taylor and was nursing a six-foot torch. If anyone was ready for a rebound marriage, he was.

He found her when he first saw Terry. She seemed to him the wholesome, outdoor type of girl with the same kind of California upbringing he had. There were none of that indoor sophistication he had come to dislike ever since Liz gave him his gold football back. Terry and Glenn had a couple of dates together, then she was called to Chicago for a tax break. She asked if he could come along, and the benefit sponsors were happy to have him appear. Shortly afterward, he was slated to tour Hawaii as a full exhibition. He invited Terry and her mother to take the trip as his guests.

An engagement was inevitable. Anyone who has been on a boat trip knows how the heart becomes the moonlight on shipboard. Love, they thought, found Glenn and Terry, even though her future mother-in-law was along on the trip.

Terry was chatty with the opposite sex were a fairly new matter to her. She had led a sheltered girlhood and was too wrapped up in her work to have much time for boys. Now the famous all-American football star, with the body of an Adonis, was saying that he loved her. No wonder she lost her heart. What girl, Liz Taylor excluded, wouldn’t?

This happy marriage was a highlight of the Glendale social season. The all-American boy and the beautiful movie star went off smiling in a shower of rice. The smiles didn’t last long. Terry and Glenn separated two months and 25 days after the wedding.

What broke up the marriage? Let’s look at the evidence. When she applied for divorce on April 15, 1952, Terry complained that she kept her in “a constant state of turmoil.”

“He would go around asking my friends if they thought I could really act,” she told Judge Louis H. Cohn.

“When people complimented me and told him how well I was doing as an actress, he would say they were all a bunch of frauds and said things like that to belittle me.”

She added that once he drove her to tears by driving her and some friends at the speed of 105 mph. “I cried and cried and begged him to slow down, but he just laughed and said it was all very funny,” she said.

Of course, the evidence needed for a divorce under California law seldom tells the whole story of a marital breakup. Primarily, it’s the woman who wants to give up her career and live with him in Lubbock, Tex. Being a talented and ambitious actress, she would naturally revolt at this. Terry found out that Glenn was just like a movie star,” an intimate report.

“He had been in the limelight even before she had, and he enjoyed it. There just wasn’t room enough for two stars in one family.”

Then came a new kind of legend.

Hollywood buzzed with the report that the film tycoon had come between Terry and Glenn. Adding fuel to the report was the wildfire rumor that the athlete had beaten him up.

After the Davis episode in her life was finally over, Terry began to see her millionnaire suitor more and more.

Once she was entertaining some family friends in her hotel suite during a personal appearance in New York. A distinguished stranger appeared at the door bearing a lovely mink coat.

“‘Mr. So-and-So sent this’ he announced. Then he turned and left.

A shocked silence followed. Terry hastily explained that the tycoon had taken her to the airport in Los Angeles. She had left her mink coat in his car, and he dispatched an agent to retrieve it by special messenger on the next plane.

“‘Hm,’ said the old friends politely. But it was an awkward moment.

“I can’t especially approve of Terry’s all-out sex campaign—though he’d never noticed her till she embarked on it. He actually put the kibosh on one press agent. The tycoon had been sent to demonstrate that a girl could be dressed—even or less—in one handkerchief, if that handkerchief was artfully draped, but the tycoon said it ‘wasn’t dignified.’ Regrettably, Miss Moore declined to pose.”

That was about the only curb she placed on herself, however. In Europe, to make Men On A Tightrope, she explained to reporters that playing a whip-cracking circus queen had added an inch and three-quarters to her bust.

“The movement develops your pectoral muscles—that or a more even movement, but with those pectorals.”

Home again from foreign shores, the new Terry Moore continued to operate. “I’ve got a terrific body, why not promote it?” she told a friend. Sheilah Graham. She confided to someone else. “It’s not what you’ve got, it’s the way that you sell it.”

She and the tycoon seemed to be washed up in a lot of limelight, and Nicky Hilton began to go night-clubbing. One-time fans talked snidely. “She’s going in for Liz Taylor’s cast-offs.”

She became the favorite of a half-dozen young olimes from Texas who would fly

**PHOTO CREDITS**

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

6, 7, 8—Bert Parry; 12—J. B. Scott; 13—International News Photos; 26—INP; 29—Staff, 32, 33—Pic-Tory; 34, 35—Beerman, Parry; 36—MGM; 38, 39—Beerman, Parry; 41, 42, 43, 44—Beerman; 44—Bert Parry; 51—Mike Brodsky; 52—Warner Brothers; 48—Globe Photos; 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55—Globe Photos, Photographers: Carlyle Blackwell, Nate Colter, Larry Barbier, Jr., Jack Stager; 56, 57—Beerman, Parry—MGM.
to Hollywood in their private planes just to have a date with her. Before her Florida location, she was dating heavily with attorney Greg Bautzer, who usually squirmed more mature stars like Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. Another favorite boyfriend was Al Balsalick, the playboy-golf champion.

Then came Bob Wagner. They hadn't met until they started wardrobe fittings for 12-Mile Reef. They dated for the Academy awards and the Romanoff's party afterward. They saw a lot of each other in Florida, what with water skiing, dancing and other pastimes. They liked each other's company, but marriage was the farthest thing from their minds. Bob has said repeatedly that he isn't ready for marriage.

All these affairs could react negatively on Terry's career. If she continues to play the field with such vigor, she could hit the same kind of reaction that Liz Taylor faced after her two engagements and her short marriage to Hilton.

Another danger signal for Terry Moore is the kind of publicity she has been getting since Come Back, Little Sheba. It came about as a normal reaction to her awakening to the facts of life in Hollywood.

She posed for some of the most sizzling art to come out of the studios. She pitched in enthusiastically on the sweater layout to end all sweater layouts. She posed in eight kinds of woollen garb, illustrating degrees of sexiness that can be achieved. Her mother, who makes much of her wardrobe, fashioned the sweaters for her.

She sponsored quotes of this quality: "Men always amaze me. I get to like a man and I think he's nothing but a good friend. I'd like to keep that way, but suddenly I find out that he wants to get serious."

"That happened with a man I know, a business executive. I thought he was a very good friend and nothing else. Then he starts to get all kinds of telegrams and things from him, asking for dates. He already has a wife!"

This line of publicity is splendid for attracting attention and establishing a personality. Certainly Terry has progressed farther in the past year than she did in all the rest of her Hollywood career. But no Hollywood career has been successfully sustained on sex alone. Somewhere along the line, ability and talent have to prove themselves. Although Terry nabbed an Oscar nomination, she has yet to make a real dent as an actress.

Also, there is a point when the sexy buildup can be a deterrent rather than a stimulant. Marilyn Monroe found that out. She zoomed to the top as a brilliant new name after one of the most effective publicity campaigns in Hollywood history. But then things began to get out of hand. The sexy routine was overdone, and the result was bad for her and her pictures. The climax came with the now famed attack by Joan Crawford. After that, Marilyn modified her tune.

Terry faces an added hazard. Since her ascent to fame, Marilyn's has produced little of a sensational nature; she has concentrated on a guy named Joe. But Terry has played a wide and exciting field in the romantic game. This reputation, plus her sexy publicity, could make for a bad impression on the movie fans.

Terry Moore is a vital, interesting and likable girl. That's one of her main troubles—she wants to be liked.

"She wants to be all things to all people," said one of her closest observers. "She tries to be the Laughing Girl, The Serious Student, The Outdoor Girl, The Indoor Girl, according to the likes of the person she is with. She wants to please, but the trouble is you can't please everybody."

Terry tries to please the person she is with at the moment. But that sometimes means hurting another person who is not present. Take a recent happening.

A public relations counselor undertook to advise her on her publicity. The young fellow's arguments sounded logical, and she wanted to please him.

A few days later, the man who directed publicity for Come Back, Little Sheba received a letter from Terry. It was a sharply worded statement that indicated she was displeased with the publicity on the Sheba campaign. Hereafter, she wrote, all her publicity would have to be cleared through the young man who had counseled her.

Needless to say, the Sheba press agent blew his top. Hadn't the Sheba campaign resulted in an Academy nomination for Terry? He called her home immediately.

Her mother answered, "Terry isn't here," she said.

"Just tell her I got her letter," was the reply. "Tell her there will be no need to clear any publicity. There won't be any. I'm clearing out the files on her and destroying all the photos."

A few weeks later, Edith Head, the designer, called the Sheba publicist. "Terry Messina is here," she said. "She wants to borrow a dress from the picture to wear to a premiere. It's just a formality, but I had to get your okay."

The answer is no.

Two minutes later, Terry was in his office, sobbing that she had never seen the letter he received. But press agents, like elephants, never forget. She didn't get the dress.

On another occasion, she was on a personal appearance in San Francisco. Ardent Palmolive Soap Is 100% Mild

TO HELP YOU GUARD THAT

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Brighter Skin — that Schoolgirl Complexion Look — most women can have within 14 days. 36 doctors proved it in actual tests on 1285 women. What's more, these doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is necessarily better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan . . . gently massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, see if you can't have softer, smoother, brighter skin, because Palmolive brings out beauty while it cleans your skin.

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.
Nicky Hilton had flown up to rendezvous with her. She pleaded the publicist ac-
cepting her husband's judgment. And it came out that he's up here seeing me," she said.
An hour later, the publicist overheard
her on the phone. She was telling Louella
Parsons that both Hilton and Nicky had come
to San Francisco to see her. It was the same
old story of Terry wanting to please.

Y ou can’t always do that in Hollywood.
The town is full of people who live off
movie stars. They will use the stars to
their own advantages, and that means
hurting someone else, almost inevitably.
Terry can’t please everybody, and she
will do anything to please friend.
She will be willing to work and
brush off the others. There is no malice
in her makeup. The petty things she might
do are usually the result of someone else’s
offense.

Terry has all the elements for a sturdy
success in pictures. She has a pretty face,
a sexy build, lots of vitality and an eager-
ness to please. She has worked hard to get
where she is, and she can go higher—if she will heed the danger
signals.

(Continued from page 26) in the
golf tournament against a Frenchman named
Pierre Bouchayer. Glad in a bright yellow
sweater, his favorite checked cap, and
playing effusively in the rain, the Groaner
won his match handily.

The next day Bing lost his third round
match and was put out of the tournament.
"Even Lindsay could do better," he
cracked, and then he planned to go over
to England to watch the Coronation
of Queen Elizabeth from the window of the
Alan Ladd's hotel suite.

Bing's announcement concerning his de-
parture from the motion picture field
doesn't mean that he's giving up show
business. Entertaining is in his blood. He
likes to sing. He loves to make people
happy. But he no longer sees any sense in
becoming a slave to time. This is why
the advertising agencies and the various
cinematic outlets are finding it impossible
to pin him down to accepting any of
a half-dozen different television offers, and
why he will not put his name to any mo-
tion picture contract which calls for him
to make a certain number of films a year.

"The way he feels now," a writer friend
of his recently explained, "Bing wants
to taper off, maybe do guest shots and
his recording. He's decided it impossible
to make a definite commitment such as a radio
show, then he's tied down. For example,
on this recent junket to Europe, he was
recording half-a-dozen shows.

"He's a man who has never liked to
work, and he's spent the last 25 years doing
exactly that. He doesn't regret any of
his accomplishments. He's glad he's done
all the things he's done. But if it weren't
for Dixie and the boys, if it weren't for his
brother Everett constantly making deals for
him, Bing would have been just as
happy as a part-time crooner on some two-
bit radio show.

"I know this sounds kind of scary be-
cause this guy is loaded with a hefty bank
account, and he could do anything with
it. But even as a young guy he realized that
money didn't necessarily mean happiness."

Strangely enough, no one in show
business, to the best of my knowledge, has
discussed Bing's retirement plans seriously although the man has a
long record of saying exactly what he
means.

In fact, one week after the crooner said
his days in films were limited and that
he just wanted to relax, play golf and take
it easy, a representative of the Ford Motor
Company rang him up in Paris.

"Ding," B in g ex plained. "The Ford
Motor Company is having a two-hour
television show on two different
networks. Part of our 50th anniversary
celebration. We want you to appear on the program.
How about it?"

"I don’t mind," Bing said, "except that
I'm here and you fellas are there, 3,000
miles away."

"Don’t worry about that," the Ford man
said. "We'll hop a plane and photograph
you in Paris." Whereupon Mr. Wiililie
C r ider, a vice president of Kenyon &
Eckhardt, the advertising agency that
controls the Bing Crosby Broadcasting
Corp., flew to Paris in time to meet a plane
from San Francisco.

A day later Bing, and a friend of his who
plays the guitar, turned up in a local
Parisian studio where the future program
was being made. The friend was
asked what he’d like to do on the show.

"Let me see," he said. "Over the years
I've sung a lot of tunes. The one that's
done the most for me is White Christmas.
That's the old crooner tune," he added.

"with all the Paris distractions of
the Louvre and other art works, who can
learn new material!"

Bing asked if Bing Hope had been
signed for the Ford TV show. When told
that Hope wasn't appearing, the Groaner
cocked his left eyebrow in feigned sur-
on everything else. And speaking of old
ski-nose, you know something? I've been
eating so much pressed duck in these
French gastronomic parlors that I'm start-
ing to walk like him."

It took a little less than an hour,
and the advertising man had his Crosby tele-
film. He winged back to the States
that same night, and 48 hours later, Bing, living
in the house on the Riviera, Mrs. Bing Crosby was being
seen and heard on more than 50,000,000
 television sets throughout the U. S.

The people who caught Crosby on one of
his television programs remark that
he looked very much like the gay,
carefree, insolent Crooner of old, but
the underlying grief hasn't been
seen and heard on more than 50,000,000
 television sets throughout the U. S.

It's not secret that one of the reasons
Bing and his son Lindsay went to Europe
this past Spring was to get away from
familiar surroundings, an environment
which would arouse old memories of
Dixie.

Bing can't run away from him-
selves, and it's in Bing's heart and mind that
he carries the most poignant memories of
the little woman who married him in
advance of his 40th year. For how long
has his widow been going around with
a heavy heart.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.

In Europe, for example, whenever he
was interviewed, he somehow always
managed to say in one way or another, "Dixie
has left a very big void in our house."

And then a veil of sadness would pass
over his eyes, and he would take out his pipe
and add it to tobacco and say something
that would make you think he'd been
blessed him with four boys on the way up.
Make your hair obey the new soft way
No oily after-film... just soft shimmering beauty

Suave

End dry hair worries with miracle Curtisol—Only Suave has it

Champs, and every once in a while, Claude Dauphin comes along with me. He's a great guide, shows me all the sights. And a very fine actor, too."

And can you speak French very well, Monsieur Bing?"

And Crosby would grin and explain that, "I've been to France four times and some of the phrases are very difficult, but I've managed to learn one, and I use it quite a bit. I know how to say, 'Go away, you're bothering me.'"

But eventually the talk would get down to the youngest Crosby, Lindsay, and how he liked Europe; and then everyone would quickly realize that Bing was playing both mother and father to his son and in fact, would have to look after his four offspring without the help of Dixie, who had done the lion's share of raising them.

There is little doubt that Bing wants to spend more time supervising the educational progress of his boys than in furthering his own career.

This is probably the motivating reason behind the projected abandonment of his motion pictures. Of late he's tried to do no more than two films a year.

While his boys were small he had so much to do, with what pictures, road trips, recordings, radio programs and all of his many business interests, that he didn't see too much of them.

Last year when Dixie was ill he supervised the boys rather closely, but not so closely that Gary, the oldest, wasn't on the verge of "busting out" at Stanford.

"I made a mistake with Gary," Bing told me a little while ago. "I gave him a car as a graduation gift when he got out of prep school. He took it up to Stanford, and I don't think he cracked a book. Dixie wrote him a strong letter—that's putting it mildly—and told him that if he failed in his studies we'd see to it that he went right into the Army. Well, he didn't fail."

Of course, Bing has always made it a point to spend at least one month every summer with his gang up at the Crosby ranch in Elko, Nevada. And he's always seen to it that his boys work diligently for their salaries. In fact he's been so intent on not spoiling them that occasionally a friend will tell him that he acts more like a Prussian drill master than a loving father.

Bing admits that friends of his offspring frequently regard him as a two-headed monster but he also recalls Dixie's recurrent criticism of his behavior as a father, "Bing, you're too easy on the boys."

It was also Dixie's contention that her husband overlooked his sons on their table manners and their general social decorum.

Dixie pointed out that in many ways a celebrated father is a handicap to sons. Sometimes they feel that they can't hope to equal the old man in achievement so they never try. Dixie also knew that there was a tendency for the boys to slide through on their father's reputation. She was afraid that the boys wouldn't do well in school because they had no incentive. She and Bing had set up large trust funds for each of them. Why would they study and make something of themselves? Basically it would come down to character, to breeding, to training, to the thoughts and ideals and objectives she and Bing had imbued in them.

If the boys turned out well, then she and Bing had made a success of their marriage. If the boys didn't, then she and Bing had failed. On that they agreed.

Now that Dixie has passed on, and Bing must shoulder the full load, he is determined to see that his sons develop into men of character. "They're got to have a goal in life," he says, "a philosophy. They've got to know where they're heading, and they've got to make their own way. And until each of them is 21, I'm going to lay right on their tails seeing that they stay in line."

Bing promised his Dixie that he'd look after their sons, and if that calls for abandoning his motion picture career in order to get more overseeing time—well, that's nothing.

Two decades ago, a bright young actress at the pinnacle of success abandoned her career for husband and children. Dixie Lee Crosby abandoned it permanently for what she felt was a woman's real work in life.

In Bing's mind, he's merely finishing the job they started together. He hopes to get the time to finish it well.
why doesn't he marry the girl?

(Continued from page 29) and straight to the point, and while he admits the warmth and affection he feels for Ursula, and the undoubtedly feels for him, he is nevertheless afraid to broach the subject of marriage, because in his own heart and in his own mind, he's afraid to take the fatal step. And not without good reason, he now Bob knows much about the transience of his own affections. And he simply doesn't want another marriage that won't last.

All Hollywood, however, insists that the ceremony is as inevitable as the rising of the sun, and moreover, this is most unusual, everyone prophesies that a Taylor-Thiess marriage would be lasting and certainly the best thing in the world for these two people. Separated, they are lonely and miserable, while together, they are vivacious and happy.

Late in May, for example, before Knights Of The Round Table got under way, Bob flew South for a little less-production work. Excitement was riding the crest in England—it was just before the Coronation—and there was much to do and much to see in the old city. Only Bob was homesick for his Ursula.

Being a man of action he picked up the phone in the Savoy Hotel and called his pilot, Ralph Couser, back in California. "Things are awful bad for me," he said.

"How about you flying mother and Ursula to Beatrix?" (Beatrice is a picturesque city of 12,000 in Nebraska where Bob was raised.) Couser said, "Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to catch a plane out of here," Bob said, "and you can pick me up in Chicago."

Bob Taylor has owned a twin-engine Beechcraft for many years, one of the few luxuries he indulges in; and not long after he hung up on the transatlantic phone, his mother, his girl friend, and his pilot were heading for Nebraska.

Bob, in turn, took off from London, landed in New York, then went on to Chicago where Ralph and Ursula picked him up, taking him eventually to Beatrix.

Bob and Ursula had only three days together in Beatrix, but you can be awfully happy in three days.

"We just drove around," Ursula says. "Bob showed me where he had lived and played as a little boy. He pointed out the Methodist Church where his parents used to take him. They had some of their little things."

Whether Bob and Ursula arrived at any agreement in Nebraska concerning their future, neither is saying—even that in all their conversations they have scrupulously avoided any discussion of marriage. It's as if the topic were taboo, as if it would destroy the climate of their relationship.

"We have both been married," Ursula says. "We know what the experience is. And we have absolutely no plans, either with each other or anyone else."

Yet when Bob kissed Ursula goodbye in Nebraska, reports spread like a prairie fire that the German-born actress would meet him in Europe later this year and perhaps even honeymoon abroad.

There is no doubt but that in her heart, Ursula Thiess hopes this will happen, although she is much too tactful to give voice to her hopes. Ever since she first met Bob over a year ago—it was at a party thrown by her agent, Harry Friedman—she has refused to date any other man. She regards Taylor as the one perfect gentleman, and like most girls of Germanic background, she doesn't consider herself to be his equal.

All she wants to do is to cook for him, to clean for him, to serve him and make him happy, because her greatest joy in life is giving of herself.

If Bob Taylor asked her to give up her acting career, she would do it in a minute. She has none of the aggressive spirit, none of the overwhelming ambition, none of the force which drives Barbara Stanwyck on to enders work.

As Bob's mother, a very discerning and intelligent woman, says, "I like Ursula. She's a lady. No drinking, no carousing around. She never complains. She lives alone in her little one-room apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and I like to see her occasionally. I'm not a matchmaker, and I know absolutely nothing about how Bob and Ursula feel toward each other. I do know, however, that Bob is entitled to any woman he can get. He has always been a good son, and I always felt that a little man and upstanding life. He's a sincere man and he always expected his marriage to be as happy as mine and his father's. As he's always said, Ursula has grown a little disillusioned. But I'm glad he has Ursula for a friend."

No matter what she may or may not say, Ursula Thiess believes Bob will be affected when this September, their first child will make her a mother for the first time. Ursula hopes to go back to Hamburg this Fall and to collect her daughter and son, Manuela 9 and Michael 4, and move home to Taylor somewhere on the continent.

Bob likes children. He always has, but whether he would marry the mother of two offspring, whether this would have any effect upon his marital outlook—are the things no one knows.

Bob is 41, although he looks much younger, and perhaps a ready-made family would be better than the children his friends think so—but he himself doesn't know his own feelings. It is quite a responsibility to make a home for a woman and two children. Ursula has packed off very neatly and then added twins to the family package. But whether Bob Taylor will see his way clear to assume the same burden remains to be seen. How much he wants Ursula Thiess as a wife?

Not many people know it, but Taylor has never reached the financial brackets of, say, a Clark Gable or a Spencer Tracy. He started out at 200 a week. He made his first $3,500 a year, and 15 years reached a $3,500 a year, and 15 years reached a $3,500 a week salary. When he was divorced from Stanwyck, Barbara not only got their home—sold it for $140,000—but also insisted upon a little clause in the financial settlement which calls for her to receive 15% of Taylor's gross income until her remarriage. The basic truth is that Barbara Stanwyck has earned much more money in her career than Taylor has, but Taylor has never uttered a single word about that financial settlement.

The point, however, is that financially he may not feel himself able to take on Ursula and her children. He bought his mother a little house in Hollywood, and the servants quarters and hangs his clothes in a kitchen alcove; and he pays all the bills plus upkeep of his plane and salary of his pilot, and what with taxes, he doesn't have very much left at the end of a year.

Unlike other actors who have gone abroad for 18 months to escape Federal income tax, Taylor's discussion of marriage is that to his studio although it would have been extremely simple for him to have stayed on in Europe after he finished Quo Vadis?—he was afraid to break the contract.

Ursula Thiess, of course, earns a weekly salary from RKO although she has yet to make a film there, but it is a relatively small salary, and I'm sure she would abandon it if Taylor would ever get around to proposing marriage.

Wives are together in Hollywood Bob and Ursula like the best time at her apartment where the actress prepares delicious home-cooked meals. "We like being at home, like to talk to each other. I like to cook, and somebody already told me here in America—that is the best way to a man's heart. It is nice to talk to Bob. When he is away, I am extremely lonely, unhappy. I have few friends, but right now they are in Europe; and when people talk to me, reporters—well, I am extremely horrified. I read only recently about such terrible stories concerning me and Barbara Stanwyck and Bob. How you can it,
Ursula Thiess was born Ursula Schmitt-thuth in Hamburg, Germany, 27 years ago. Her father was an importer of sorts, and when the war broke out in Europe, his business went to pot. An only child, Ursula was married at 18 to film director George Thiess. They had two children.

Luckily, the family managed to survive the allied bombings and the general devastation of the conflict. The Thiess marriage was not that lucky. It was dissolved in 1947 with Ursula and the two children going home to live with her mother.

Faced with the necessity of earning a living, the tall, beautiful German girl became a photographer's model earning very little money, just managing to keep body and soul together.

Then came the lucky break of the Life photographs and the RKO contract. In four months, a ridiculously short time, Ursula learned English and learned it so well that she was ready to accept major speaking parts.

Florence Enright says, "I've had bright pupils before, but Ursula was one of the best. She showed great industry. She worked hard."

A few days after Ursula was pronounced "ready to work," an independent production outfit called The Film Group checked in at RKO and asked for an actress who might play the lead in Monsoon, a Technicolor film to be shot in India.

RKO said, "How about trying Ursula Thiess? She has a face like an angel and a body like a goddess."

The boys from Film Group took a fast train. Liking what they saw, they put Ursula aboard a plane to India. Three months later the film was finished and Ursula en route to Hollywood, stopped off in Hamburg to see her family. It was a joyful reunion, of course, and Ursula told them all about America and India and Hollywood; and she promised to do her best about bringing her children to California, a very difficult process since Ursula herself has only a visitor's visa and unless it is extended, she may be deported from the country.

After Monsoon and back in Hollywood, the German beauty with the grey-green eyes worked hard and long on her dramatics. At her agent's party one night she met Bob Taylor. It was an informal introduction, "Miss Thiess, may I present Bob Taylor?"

Taylor is one man who uses the slow approach. No fast line. No aimless chatter. He is handsome, debonair, and socially at ease, but he never tries to impress. He let a few days go by, and then he phoned Ursula. He asked her out to dinner. She suggested dinner at her apartment. That's how it began, and it's grown bigger and better since that beginning.

At the moment Bob Taylor is the hardest working actor in motion pictures, seven grade A films in two years and three more coming up. And as one friend has said, "This guy has been so busy he's scarcely had time to read his mail. No kidding. Besides, by nature he's sort of a lone wolf. Likes to hunt and fish. Maybe concentrate on one dame. The kind of schedule he's had this year, it's lucky he could even manage a coffee-date."

Ursula Thiess has never gone hunting or fishing with Taylor, and I once asked Bob why. It seems that years ago he tried talking Barbara Stanwyck along with him on these jaunts. She didn't particularly like them, and now he's convinced that all women feel the same way about his outdoor activities.

What he doesn't know is that Ursula Thiess is one woman who would follow him to the ends of the earth at the mere beckoning of his index finger. When he does realize that fact, he'll probably marry the girl, because he is basically a man who loves a home and wants a woman to cherish.

In Hollywood today they are giving even money on a Taylor-Thiess marriage—either late this year or early next or "just as soon as this guy gets enough time off to realize what a beautiful babe he is holding in his heart."
“she oughta be in pictures”

(Continued from page 45) but from that point on the public—the only true Prince Charming in show business—took over and made the story of Elaine Stewart come true. The public, then, ought to know about her. Here is her story.

It all began, of course, before Elaine was born. A young girl, of Spanish ancestry, decided to abandon Europe and start her life in America. She was 18. A young man, of German descent, made up his mind to the same thing at the same time. He was also 18. On a murky day, early in the century, they boarded the same boat in Holland and set sail through an early morning fog for the new land. An hour after sailing time they met at the rail of the ship, and together watched the land slide out of the European coast slip into the distance. Then they turned and looked at each other.

Love at first sight is an expression that has been kicked around a good deal by the fiction writers, but the meeting of Ulrich and Hedwig was pretty close to it, at least as far as Elaine's dad was concerned. Within two days he was trying to get the captain of the ship to marry them, and making a great to-do about the matter. The captain, however, would have none of it, and Hedwig, a sensible girl, had minor objections, among which were the simple facts that Ulrich was a smart 18, had no money, was going to a strange land, didn't know the language and had absolutely no prospects.

It was five years later, after a long-distance romance between Chicago, where Hedwig settled, and New York, where Ulrich had gotten a job, that they finally married. And after a couple of years of nothing happening in Manhattan, the Steinbergs moved across the river to Montclair, New Jersey, and settled down for life.

Elaine Stewart (then Steinberg) was born in Montclair, the eldest of four children. Her father by that time was a policeman and the family, although not in dire circumstances, didn't find it too easy to get along in a wealthy community on an honest cop's take-home pay. So Elaine was no pampered darling, and at a very early age, particularly after the other kids came along, learned the rudiments of cookery and house cleaning and the chores a girl in a poor family has to apply herself to instead of play.

But she was a dreamer. Mornings, as she walked to school, she'd vision a future that didn't seem probable. At first it was just pretty clothes and leisure and all the money she could spend. And then, under the spell of movie magazines, there came the dream of being a famous actress—but this was the most improbable of all, because even though she knew the Cinderella story had happened really, she couldn't picture it happening to her, or anybody in remote Montclair for that matter.

But the impulse to get closer to her dream was strong and when she was 13 years old it was decided she ought to get a job after school to help bolster the family income, she headed right for a movie theater and went to work as an usherette.

As Elaine herself remembers, she was not a particularly pretty girl, although others say she was. It was too early for her desire to be an actress to be called an ambition; it was still only a dream. But standing in the dark at the top of an aisle, watching the handsome shadows flit across the screen and listening to the voices she felt very close to them, almost part of the life they lived. She found herself part-tending her dress, in a modest way, after
The stars she saw and inadvertently mimicked them. And, unlike most kids who have a job she wanted to work, she would hardly wait to get to her job each afternoon. It was better than classes.

There were times she almost lost her job. She was more popular than others affected like her a drug. One time she was The Postman Always Rings Twice, an MGM picture incidentally. She was so taken with the loveliness and artistry of Lana Turner in this one that she staggered through the run of the show in a heady fog of confusion, often trying to seat several people in one seat—and not hearing a word that was said on the screen. It was about that time that the manager decided she'd be better off in the air, and transferred her to the box-office, where she spent the next couple of years selling magic wands in a small round hole in a plate glass window.

Elaine was not a particularly popular girl in high school, something that would be hard to understand without her own explanation.

"We didn't have very much money," she said, "and most of the kids who went to school with me came from pretty well-off families. My mother taught a seamstress and skirt and one blouse—and I was always ashamed to go to parties and things like the other kids. Consequently, I didn't go out much, didn't mix with the other girls much, either."

Necessary finally took her away from the cinema. She was about 18 and the time had come to either marry or get into a line of work that offered a better future than a girl would find in a movie theater. She wasn't interested in any special boy, so she left her box-office and went to work as a secretary-nurse to a doctor. For a whole year she thought she had found her niche in life.

It may have been about this point in her life that Elaine finally took a good look in a mirror. She liked what she saw. Then she looked at some of the fashion magazines and decided that most of the girls she saw on the covers were in the ads had nothing more to offer than she had. So, without any knowledge of how to go about it, she started for New York one morning to become a model.

The modeling business in New York is almost as difficult to break into as the movies, but Elaine didn't know that. She had read somewhere that a general agent named Harry Conover was big in this line, so she took a subway to his Vanderbilt Avenue headquarters and presented herself to his secretary.

Now getting to see Harry Conover personally without an appointment, and generally a letter of introduction, is almost as easy as paying a casual call on the mayor. It just isn't done. Truck Conover was rather astonished that anyone would try, and for that reason she brushed away many of the objections and after a few hours underlined Elaine into the presence of the big man.

Harry Conover's first impression is worth noting. "Never," he said, "have I seen such a get-up. Elaine was dressed as she thought a model ought to be and I was starting to say the least. She wasn't wearing an outfit, but a costume—all wrong. She was wearing as much make-up as the average clown. True she had beauty beneath it all, and, more important, poise and class."

As Elaine remembers it, Conover stood behind his desk for a few minutes and stared at her pop-eyed, as she asked her a few questions and then came around and gave her some advice.

"Get rid of those clothes," he said. "Get a simple black dress with nothing on it."

Then wash off all that goo and come back here next week. We'll see."

On the appointed day, Elaine showed up at Conover's office a different girl. She was wearing a black number as simple as they sold at Macy's and just a trace of lipstick on her face. And her hair was pulled back tight from her forehead. No jewels. This time Conover liked what he saw and got out an application blank. Elaine Stewart was a model.

Within a few months Elaine was one of the hardest working models in New York. She still lived in Montclair, but she came to New York every morning and made the photographers when Conover had no assignment for her.

"One of the reasons I got so many jobs, she said, "was that I worked when it was dry, no matter how I'd look forward to rainy days. In bad weather more of the models stayed home, unless they had to go out, so I'd trot around to the photographers and advertising agencies and pick up the work that came along."

Elaine is photogenically almost perfect, so Elaine's face soon began to appear on the covers of magazines—and pretty soon she didn't have to worry about jobs any more, they came looking for her. She thought for awhile that this was life she'd live, that she would always have a good income, and the work was pleasant, so why try for anything more. Hollywood was still a dream, still not an ambition.

If it hadn't been that models began working in television Elaine might never have even concerned the dramatic arts. But after appearing on a few shows, just to show her face and figure, she decided she'd better learn a little about theatrical deportment. She began to study and the next thing she knew she was acting. It was just as simple as that.

Hall Willis was the first producer to believe that Elaine Stewart might have something for pictures. He had seen her on a TV show and arranged to have her come to see him in his office. Willis is a canny man, noted for his discovery of unknown talent, and he liked the presence Elaine had. So, without a test, and knowing well she had no theatrical background, he signed her to a contract and sent her to California to appear with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in Sailor Beware.

They may be the greatest comics in the movies, but Martin and Lewis are the toughest actors in show business to debut with, no matter how beautiful you are. The only supporting player who ever gets any notice with them was a chimpanzee. Elaine was good in their picture but lost in the mad, mad shuffle. And when her option time came around she was dropped automatically, because they had nothing for her to do. Elaine might have gone back to New York, but she met an agent named Johnny Darrow.

Darrow is the kind of man who doesn't believe anybody ever gets anywhere giving up, so he took Elaine in hand and escorted her to the studios where he wore out ears in both of a couple of days telling big shots how wonderful his client was. The result was twofold: Elaine got a job at MGM, and found herself the possessor of a driving ambition to be a movie star.

Elaine made five pictures at MGM and very few people knew she was on the lot. True, her parts were small, but they were the type known in Hollywood as build up roles. Elaine was a happy girl. She was studying and learning fast and every time she walked away from in front of a camera she knew something she hadn't known before.

It all came across at once in The Bad And The Beautiful, in which she played, a wonder treatment for 4 "Young Skin" problems

Are these "young skin" problems spoiling your looks?
Skin oily—yet flaky?
Pores beginning to "spread"?
Blackheads popping out?

Such an unkind but common trick of nature! Suddenly, the oil glands start over-working. At the same time, skin grows sluggish—can't throw off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. This mixture of oil and dry skin cells begins to build a "claying" layer over the pore openings. Nonsized pores, even blackheads are on the way. Your skin needs help quickly.

A 1-Minute Treatment by Pond's now brings you new help for these four common "young skin" problems—over-production, sluggishness, enlarged pores, and blackheads.

Right away...this remarkable facial cleans off...brightens... softens "young skin"

Just cover face, except eyes, with a snowy-white, greaseless 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves oil and dead cells. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—skin is clean. See how tingling-fresh and completely un-greasy your skin looks! How smooth it feels.

Get a jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first 1-Minute Mask tonight. You'll see encouraging results right away.
"Young skin" doesn't like heavy make-up!
A sheer touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.
Oddly enough, the girl who walked into a big studio and took away the star’s seat. That was just the story she had dreamed when she was an usher at the Bellevue Theatre in Montclair, and Lana Turner was the star she dreamed it about.

You may have noticed in the past few months that Elaine has been getting a lot of publicity as a new sex queen of the movies. MGM is really not responsible for that. It just so happens that a girl must have more than just a beautiful face and body to cut the mustard at the box-office. It has been spontaneous—and it has Elaine worried.

“Obvious sex,” she said, “is bad. I know. I was an usherette and I knew what the customers thought of it. Selling sex like fish is not only bad taste but the worst possible approach to success an actress can take. There are so many other emotions in life that people like to see on the screen. I don’t want to be a sex star.

A Sked what she thought a star should sell, Elaine said: “I think you might call it glamour. Marlene Dietrich has it—and more than likely always will. She has it even that grandmother of that Turner has it. She’s never been obvious in her screen portrayals. It’s her talent—and her glamour—that have kept her a star for years. I have to be like her can’t be tossed out into the front row. Most of the youngsters I know who go to the movies want to be like the stars they see—so they have to admire them. You can’t really adore a girl if she’s just plain...”

Elaine Stewart today lives just about that kind of a life. She is, off-screen, a quite simple person. She dresses in good but simple taste and makes visits to a small apartment she shares with another girl who works at the studio. Her private life is very much the same as it has been all her life. She has no steady beau, and goes out only a couple of nights a week—and then to places that are not too fancy, but gathering places for the ordinary people of Hollywood.

That has been, Elaine’s biggest drive is earning a living. She has not forgotten the struggle the Steinberg family had when she was a little girl—and she doesn’t intend to. She wants to make something of herself, and if her dad and mother, the lovers of the immigrant boat, are comfortable in their declining years.

She wants to see that her brother becomes an engineer who can build the bridges he dreams about now. She is fanatical about her family and carries a wallet full of pictures of them, which she shows to anyone who will look at them.

She may not be a top star yet, but MGM predicts without reservation that she will be. To assist this prediction the studio sends her out on the road to attend premieres of her pictures, and to show her to exhibitors about the land. One of these trips recently took her back to Montclair—and led to a citizen of that town making the understatement of the year.

Elaine’s return to Montclair was a big event. Naturally there was a police escort; page six of the local newspaper gave the event wide play. There were parties and receptions and personal appearances galore. But Elaine did manage to get a few free moments and at these times toured the city alone, looking in on the places she knew as a girl.

She’s changed considerably since her high school days. Quite considerably. So it will be a by the time she sees her same old friends on a Montclair street with a bunch of cronies, saw her coming out of a store and gave the longest whistle of appreciation he’d ever gotten out.

“Hey, Don’t you know the red head?”

“That,” said one of his pals, “is Elaine Steinberg. She used to live here a few years ago. She went to school with us.”

She used to live here. In an apartment on the second floor of an apartment house, in a room that had not apparently seen the parades. “She ought to be in the movies!”

Well, old boy, she is. But good!

Don’t play it safe!

(Continued from page 57) giving me pain, they were hammering out a new policy of living for me.

One of my chest today are still faint scars attesting to the resolution I made that afternoon. Because I went out and did climb a tree. Going up wasn’t bad but coming down was. I had a gauze and bandaged the trunk so tightly that I nearly cut a groove in the rough bark, or rather, it was the other way around and I got grooved. There is a floor in a New York skating rink I must go to. The floors is made of granite, which I did get on skates and I did fall—repeatedly. And there are fellows around my old neighborhood who can recall, if they want to, I really don’t. I wasn’t such a sucker for a left hook; at least I did learn how to look back.

But there is more to it than that. Checking the route I took to get where I am today, I ran beef of safe stations I reached on the journey and I remember how strong the temptation was each time to stay “put” and not take any chances on what might be further down the line. I see an office in New York where I might still be sitting, hunched over an art desk, my yearning for an acting career probably long stifled. I see a store, a lot of stores, where I might still be clerking. I see, too, a restaurant where I might be serving up hamburgers and coffee (or maybe by now I would have worked up to de luxe dinners with choice of soup or salad).

I remember half a hundred times where I wrangled into a secure little niche and lived a secure little life. The urge to do it was strong; I was brought up to think this way. But my lesson was a strong one and I didn’t. My lesson was that if I want something besides of preserving one’s self the way that’s the way to do it—“hole up” somewhere where you won’t get harmed, like a piece of moss satisfied with the dampness of the wall. And the rest of my lesson was that being alive means more than this; being alive means developing as well as growing, using what you are to become what you can.

My mother’s constant solicitude for me probably stemmed in good part from the fact that I was not only half child but all too habit to show for a broken marriage. She tried to guard me from a life that had shown her very rough corners and she thought she could anticipate trouble for me by doing my thinking and even trusting to my own emotional reactions. Some of the ordinary phases of a boy’s development, that are taken casually by most parents, or at least accepted,

Important!

Your hair needs LOVALON

For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. LOVALON removes duff film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach—LOVALON is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.
philosophically, tended to cause crises in our household. When I was about 11 years old and in mother's opinion, ready to know all about the bees and the flowers, she was in a deep quandary on how to impart the proper knowledge. Like many mothers in such cases she turned the whole job over to someone else—in this case, an uncle of mine.

He called me out to the sun porch one afternoon for a private "talk" in which not a word was said; he just handed me a 900 page book on eugenics which had been laying on a shelf in the house for years. What he and mother didn't know was that I had already read the book in secret early morning sessions. I don't know how much good I got out of it morally, but toting that big volume around certainly helped develop my muscles physically.

From earliest memory I had always wanted to be an actor and from a time just about as early there didn't seem to be anything definite I could do about it. Yet, I know now, that the reason I pushed for class presidency several times, and won several times, was to satisfy instinctive yearnings to "perform." Getting on my feet to make a speech to my classmates was the closest I could come to getting on a stage and portraying a role. Just the same, when I graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn it was to take art training rather than enter a school for drama. My mother, while not opposed to my ideas about acting, couldn't get herself to think of that stage in terms of a definite future for me. "You'll be getting a steady salary sooner as an artist than as an actor," she said. She was quite right.

The salaries I eventually got in my early acting days were not steady and, in fact, were no salaries; they were "handouts."

After several years as an art student I got a job, doing advertising layout work in New York. My salary was $18 a week and in return for this I not only did my own work but found time to assist the fellow at the next desk who seemed always to have tough going with his assignments. One day he showed me his paycheck; he was getting $35 a week.

"That's a little underpaid," he advised. "You can see what you can do for yourself."

I confronted the boss with my request for a raise and he finally agreed to up it to $25 a week. But my next check remained the same and when I complained he told me that all raises had to be approved by the home office in Chicago, a process which might take weeks or even months. I felt exactly as I did the day the six kids chucked me at the auction.

"Cancel my application for the raise," I told the boss.

"Oh, fine!" he said, approvingly.

"Also cancel me," I went on. "I'm quitting."

I had decided to seek new vistas, but those I found were not new enough. Returning to the art institute I was given a berth as an assistant instructor with free additional training as my only payment. For spending money I reverted to a childhood pursuit—gathering up pop bottles and turning them in at the market for cash.

I wasn't a very happy boy in those days; not because I was short of money, but because I was short of a satisfying prospect in life. It took a little time for me to figure things out but after a bit I decided that I needed a little love—and what I loved was the stage. One evening a pupil of mine took me to the Lyceum theater where the Feagin School of Dramatic Art was staging a play, and the marriage was made. The next day I walked into the school and announced that I was willing to do any kind of work for any length of time.

"No one need suffer the embarrassment of PIMPLES"

New! Amazing Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

PROVED EFFECTIVE BY DOCTORS ... ENDORSED BY NURSES IN NATION-WIDE TESTS

DOCTORS' AND NURSES' TESTS PROVE THAT CLEARASIL, a new scientific advance, brings entirely new hope to pimple sufferers.

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 say they prefer it to any other pimple medication.

AMAZING STARVING ACTION, CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. Antiseptic, too, stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored... hides pimples while it works. Greaseless, stainless... pleasant to use... can be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults everywhere have found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is already the largest-selling specific pimple medication in America. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' and nurses' tests or money back. 50¢ at all druggists. Economy size 98¢.

Clearasil

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA (slightly more).

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS are DEFENSE BONDS

If You Like to Draw
Sketch or Paint...

You may have talent that could earn you $75 to $500 weekly! Trained artists are needed. See if your talent is worth training. Take the famous Art Talent Test, at home, alone, in spare time. Developed by world's greatest home study art school, it's helped thousands toward art careers. No fee or obligation. This coupon brings it. Write today!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 8693
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please send me your Talent Test (no fee).

Name
Address
City
State
Occupation
Age

Phone
Zone

---

See ad facing page 79.
if only they would teach me acting. It was a bargain, the best I have ever made. I had lots to do but they paid off with a scholarship that made me feel rich.

It only takes a few moments to tell all about them, but actually this started off a period of years in my life when I earned only pitiful pennies, at a time when jobs were plentiful and wages good—and yet I envied no man. The truth was I was buying the kind of work I wanted, stand work, with the salaries I might have had doing other things. And I was happy to do it.

When I was invited, about this time, to take a job as assistant stage manager at the Millpond Playhouse in Roslyn, Long Island, at $10 a week plus room and board, I didn’t take a moment to think about it. I had quit one job because they were slow giving me a raise to $25 a week, I saw nothing inconsistent in the fact that I stuck up on the playhouse when my $10 dollars was cut to five dollars a week, and even when the five failed to show up for weeks at a time! With each dime I didn’t get, my option on a fine future was stronger, or at least that’s the way I felt. I wasn’t living a safe and sane life, there were nights in the playhouse when we had to scrounging around for money to keep the theatre from freezing up. But I was very hopeful one! Why I actually played lead roles at the playhouse! No fat salary check, no fine clothes, sporty car or comfortable apartment, to give the my life.

Ten dollars a week. It stayed as my top salary for a long time. . . when I got it. It was exactly my salary when I left the playhouse. I wrote to a Bill Bryan, to open up a new summer theater in Marengo, Illinois. We started from scratch, yet I never had a bitter moment. On the contrary I was bathed in a prospect of happiness, every step put on was a successful one and I look back at each day I spent there (it is known as The Shady Lane Playhouse and one of the best known in the country) as a bright page in my life.

Just about this time, as the movie scripts have it, came the war. I had returned to New York from Marengo, and was crossing Seventh Avenue one afternoon, when I saw Bill Bryan walking towards me from the other side.

"Where you been?" I called.

"Just enlisted cavalry," he yelled back, as we neared each other.

"Why don’t you join the same outfit?"

"But I wanted to get into the air corps,"

I rejoined.

"Oh, let’s stick together," he urged.

Just as we met in the middle of the street I made my decision. "Okay?" I said.

If a writer ever gave me such a scene to write, I would tell him it was crazy—but that’s exactly how it happened. In no time at all we were both stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, and I was getting my basic training. During riding which the way the Army does it, begins with learning how to use a shovel.

Nevertheless I got so emotionally involved with horses that when the army moved on I retired with the cavalry. I retired it as bitterly, I think, as any of the regular old army wranglers I had served for. In fact I applied for officers’ training in another cavalry, but still another switch later on, wound up in a horse service as a lieutenant in the infantry. At that time I found myself with more money than I had before the war. Like life, almost $3,000 in cash or due me in terminal pay. It felt good. There was a strong temptation to get a job, try and save more money and build myself up for a real job. And I kid my friends, my friends told me. “You’ve got a chance to be a solid citizen now.”

They might have been right. But even if I wasn’t a kid I still had the same dreams. I decided to bet every penny of my money on myself as an actor. I went to New York and bought a thousand dollars worth of clothes, and started to find a job in radio or movies. In five months my money was gone and producers knew me only as another name on a long list of broke actors which they rarely bothered to check.

“Now will you come home?” my mother asked. I didn’t. I applied for a job as counterman in the White Tower hamburger stands. And almost at the same time I got my first radio job—a few lines to say on a 15 minute broadcast I brought me a total of $14 in take-home pay. But I must have given the show at least 14 dollars worth of acting because I was called back to do it again next week. It was all the encouragement I needed.

I started knocking on doors like crazy. A few more small jobs came my way. Then, one day, upon learning that a radio producer was looking for someone to play an important part in his show of the coming week, I decided to declare myself a con- tender. I approached the situation where I should have found myself on the receiving end of a brush-off. As I turned to leave, I planted a firm foot and asked for the part right then and there. The producer to this was skepticism but agreeable. So I read.

Well, I’d like to report that I got the part. I didn’t. But I impressed the producer sufficiently for him to give me another part on another program.

And from that time on I started to click in radio. Soon, with shows like “Michael Shayne, Detective” and “Our Miss Brooks” to listen to, I began to get attention from the movie studios . . . but not the kind of attention I wanted. It was apparent soon that I could get into pictures but only in small “mugging” parts.

“You don’t think you’re a leading man type, do you?” asked one producer in a credulously.

I nodded. It wasn’t a matter of vanity, I have never considered myself a pretty boy. But from my experience on the stage I knew that an audience doesn’t consider handsome to be the most important requirement. It was a person it can identify with. I knew it was its interest itself. The drama of life, which makes the best kind of drama on stage, happens to all sorts of fellows, including those who wouldn’t be selected to pose for comic ads.

But the producer laughed. He men- tioned a former gorilla-visaged wrestler, now turned actor, as the sort of character he considered me. “I refuse,” he said. “It’s not the right part.”

I wanted to get into the movies and had been willing to accept parts like this cordial, but I was still determined not to play scared about my career. I waited and kept trying out for the kind of part I wanted. One day it would come along and I knew I was going to gamble. One day it did.

When Universal-International decided to make The Desert, I knew I had been right all the time . . . not playing my dreams safe.

This is a story of a group of fighters fighting with a sword, and the producer at Universal-International told me. “They have no place in the world and they want to make one for themselves no matter what. And if you think you can understand the part?"

Understand it? I think so!

(Jeff will soon be seen in U-I’s East Of Sumatra.)
how we fell in love

(Continued from page 30) They said nothing about this because they are people who bear other people's burdens. But both of them, without seeking it, were ripe and ready for the exciting companionship they once had found but could find no longer in their own marriages.

No one ever knows the truth about any marriage except the participants, and in many cases the principals are afraid to acknowledge the dimution in mutual respect and affection. It is common practice to judge the success of a marriage by the exterior trappings—big house, big car. Among our forebears, the standard of measurement the Janie Powell-Geary Steffen entente was a huge success. But was it a big success in Janie's heart? Geary was the first love in her somewhat sheltered, inexperienced life, the life of an unsophisticated 18-year-old girl. Despite the fact that she is Protestant and he is Catholic, despite the fact that he is in show business and she is not, despite the fact that there are great differences in their temperaments, backgrounds, and outlooks, Janie and Geary were married. It was a sudden marriage that Janie matured into full womanhood and could appraise men with a realistic eye.

It is safe to say that had Jane Powell met Gene Nelson before she met Geary Steffen, she never would have married Geary in the first place.

Only she didn't meet Gene until three and a half years ago and the meeting was most perfunctory, "I was down at the beach with Miriam," Nelson recalls, "and Jane was there with Geary. I'd known Geary for some time, had seen him around the skating rinks, places like that. He introduced us to Janie. We said hello and then, as I remember, went back home. I used to ice-skate in the Sonja Henie troupe and so did Geary. Only he came a few years after I left."

Once in a great while there is an instantaneous rapport between two people, a spontaneous combustion of souls. But between Janie and Gene on this meeting-at-the-beach occasion, there was nothing like that.

Jane and Geary went on to have some children, and Gene went on to become a big dancing star at Warner Brothers. The Nelsons and the Steffens rarely ran into each other.

Early this year, however, a small, talented, lyric writer named Sammy Cahn was working as a Warner's producer. Sammy had written the lyrics for Janie at Metro, and when he was putting together Three Sailors And A Girl, he quite naturally remembered the cute little star and sought to borrow her from the Culver City lot.

Having nothing scheduled for Janie, MGM was happy to loan her out for $75-$100. When Gene Nelson heard that Janie Powell was going to make a star, he, a broad grin filled his face. "It's always exciting to have a new partner. When Janie reported to the studio, I was one happy guy. It was the feel of newness. Nothing else.

As anyone who worked at Warner's will tell you, Gene Nelson is the friendliest actor on the lot, also the kind—IT'S IN THE NATURE OF THE MAN TO HELP PEOPLE.

With Janie he was his usual bouncing, effervescent self, joking, kidding, showing her around, taking lunch with her, walking to and from a restaurant called The Smokehouse.

As one publicity man said during the course of the production, "You'd think Nelson and Powell were brother and sister. They're the happiest. Real crazy!"

Every married woman, consciously or sub-consciously compares every man she meets with her husband. And similarly every married man compares the girl he encounters with his wife.

Jane and Gene did exactly that, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, they looked forward to seeing each other. They were glad to leave home and get to work. In a business where many leading women cannot abide their opposites, the Nelson-Powell relationship offered a refreshing contrast. "The truth," one chorus girl told me a few months ago, "is that when Janie Powell and Gene Nelson dance, they look as if they were blown together.

There is no doubt but what friendly propinquity engenders affection, especially if both parties are basically unhappy at home; and it wasn't very long before Jane and Gene became fast friends.

"It was the darndest thing," Nelson recently explained to a friend. "We'd be having a cup of coffee and I'd catch myself looking at Jane and Green, the way one does at some people, and I'd see this glazed look in her eye. Not with my eyes but my heart. I remember giving myself a little pep-talk. You're a grown-up boy. Stop mooning over this kid."

But there is a strange, nameless chemistry in sexual attraction, and each time Jane and Gene would glance at each other, or drop a word, they would smile, their blue eyes would twinkle, and their hearts would beat just a little bit faster.

But everything was under control. Had anyone at that point approached either of these two players and said, "Look, I think you two kids in love," the interloper would have been laughed off the lot. For insofar as they were concerned, Jane and Gene were maintaining the fiction of their individual idyll marriages. They were a pair of respectably married stars who were having one great time making a film together. They worked hard, and they played hard, and whenever there were a few spare minutes between takes, they could be found sitting on the steps of one another's dressing room, gabbing and joking and discussing their next sequence together.

"When we saw each other," Gene says honestly, "for me it was like riding on clowns."

It wasn't that way for Gene Nelson at home. After 11 years of marriage to Miriam, a marriage hampered by one separation and blessed by the arrival of one son, Gene's relationship with his wife had deteriorated into an arrangement of mutual tolerance.

Certainly, it was no fault of Miriam's, for here is a young woman of beauty, intelligence and understandings, who had stood by her man when he had no money, no job, only hope.

Here is a woman who gave up her own professional dancing career when Gene was lucky enough to get a movie contract, a wife who had filled in as secretary, companion, cook, mother, and jack-of-all-trades, a wife who, after giving her man one so-called near-tragic miscarriage last year.

MIRIAM had done nothing to make Gene happy, and he, in turn, had worked his head and feet off to give her and Chris all the comforts and security to which he felt them entitled. Only somewhere along the line, the love they had once felt for each other had cooled. They had tried to fire it up again, to make it blaze with zest and passion, but something inexplicable had been lost. And it was no one's fault. (Continued on next page)
But a man has his work, and Gene has always been happy at dancing, and, with Jane Powell beside him, no one ever imagined that he was not the most well-adjusted actor on the West. But during the filming of *Three Sailors And A Girl*, the terrible soul struggle that was to alter his life began to make itself known: "One afternoon," he recalls, "after Janie and I had been working together for many weeks, we were taking lunch or something. I didn't want to say it, didn't want to lose it all up by getting serious, but sometimes I still feel all checks'll be a jerk. You've just got to say what's in your heart, and mind, and I tried to pass it off as a gag, and I said very lightly, 'Janie, something's happening between you and me.' Jane smiled and said softly, 'I know it, Gene.'"

That evening after work, Gene and Janie had a drink together, and while neither of them would discuss their individual marriages, it became apparent to both of them that there was some inadequacy, some mis-mating along the line—because if these two people were idyllically married to another man and another woman, or if even one of the marriages was so ecstatically happy, what were the two of them doing there in a restaurant, should have been terribly anxious to get home.

This realization, of course, went unspoken. All Jane and Gene knew was that they liked spending time together. Both were very much afraid of delving any deeper.

It was Gene who made the first break, and it came not long after Janie's birthday. On the 3rd day of July, when it had been arranged with his wife, and Marsh and Barbara Thompson and Earl Brent, Janie's arranger, and Andy and Della Russell. It was on the night of April 1st. Janie's 44th birthday. Gene realized that he was very much in love with Janie. That at least is what he named his desire, the desire to see her all the time, to be near her, to work to his heart's content.

Gene Nelson is an honorable man, and what he felt he kept to himself, hoping that somehow the tug at his heart would fade, go away, disappear. But it didn't. The more he decided to do Jane to Jane, the greater the heartache, because he felt that under the circumstances nothing could or would come of what was probably a one-sided friendship. He was just a poor sucker who had gone overboard for a very wonderful, unattainable girl, a girl he was always sure he would love and respect if only from a distance.

Now when a man feels as Gene Nelson felt, his wife can read him easily. One evening after returning from the studio, the dancer was so obviously perplexed by his dilemma that Miriam edged up to him and said, "What's wrong?"

It was a fearful decision to make, but Gene made it. "I'd sooner cut off my right arm," he said, "than hurt you, but there's no sense, Miriam, in our going on. I've fallen in love with somebody else, and I want you to know the truth."

They talked until three in the morning. Was it just an infatuation? Had he ever told Jane that he loved her? No, he hadn't. "Well, maybe it would all pass..."

He wasn't a one-picture romance? Here was a husband hopelessly bedeviled and a wife trying to preserve a marriage which she knew in her heart might not be worth the fight for preservation. But where children are concerned, no rash decisions must ever be made. Then again, a woman's whole life is her marriage and to see one being dissolved after 11 years of effort and heartache is a confession of failure and love lost. No one must easily relinquish what was fought for so dearly.

Under the circumstances, Miriam Nelson was superb, "I'm going to Las Vegas for a while," she said. "I'll give you time to think things out. Maybe this is an infatuation, a quick thing. Maybe you'll get it out of your system.

They took off for Vegas, and the Nelson family friends descended upon Gene. "Are you crazy?" one demanded. "Is it true that you've asked Miriam for a divorce? What sort of idiot are you anyway?"

"No one gets divorced after ten, eleven years." "Think of your son, little Chris..."

"Suppose you are unhappy. Who says you have to be happy all the time?"

They went to work on Gene, and they did a fine job on him. They got him so muddled he couldn't find his way home. Gene, they advised him when working with Jane Powell to say nothing more than, "Good morning," and, "See you at work tomorrow." They insisted that he give his marriage another try.

Gene finally agreed. He rang up Miriam in Vegas and said, "Please, Miriam. Come home, and we'll see if it gets any better."

Miriam came home the next evening, and Gene, who had begun treating Janie as Nelson as if she were a leper. Jane couldn't understand the quick change. "We don't have to be friends," she told him on the set—and there was an unspeakable hurt in her tone, "but let's not be enemies."

Gene tried staying away from Janie. "As the Lord is my Witness," he said, "I won't make any more strictly business. But it killed me. It just did. By trying to kill off the love I felt for Jane I wasn't building up any more love for Miriam. It was just useless. It didn't work."

As for Jane, the knew she had fallen in love with Gene. They had never met her before, but what she felt for him was more intense than anything she had ever felt for Geary.

The weekend the filming finished, Jane decided to go to Palm Springs with Geary and to ask him for a divorce. She knew what such a request would cost her—friends, family, criticism, tears, legal problems. But, of course, she saw no point in living a lie. Why be unhappy with one man for the rest of your life when you could live in joy with another?

She had been a good wife under many trying circumstances, none of which had ever been publicized. Geary had been a good husband, but she had fallen out of love with him. She wanted her freedom, and she knew the price would be heartache, but for love no price is too high.

Jane Powell had not set out to fall in love. It had just happened—the timing, the circumstances, the personalities. Call them what you will, but she had jelled together, and she and Gene had fallen in love.

As best she could, and it was extremely difficult, Janie explained things to her husband and asked for a divorce. Geary reacted just as Miriam Nelson had reacted. Shock, hurt, anger, vituperation—each had its inning.

Call them what you will, but Jane had opened the possibility that what Janie felt for Gene was not true love, just a mercurial and quixotic attraction. The talk was heated and long involved. Each two was of his own happiness, and Geary had much to fight for, but when a man is faced by a woman who no longer wants him, there is only one move to make, to withdraw with understanding; and this calls for insight, tolerance, and tremen-
rious character, three qualities Geary Steffen fortunately possesses.

Geary, however, did not step aside and say, "O.K., since Gene is getting his freedom, I'll give you yours, and you two kids can fly to Nevada, get married, and live happily ever after."

What he said in substance was this: "I think this is just an infatuation, that in time you'll get over it. You're going out on a personal appearance tour for six weeks. You take those six weeks and think everything over. Weigh everything carefully. If after six weeks you still want a divorce—well, we'll talk it over again." A trial separation.

Jane drove back to Hollywood alone that night, and driving, she made her decision. She had a right to a life of her own, a life of love. She saw no point in spending another 30 or 40 years with a man, however kind, admirable and upstanding, she no longer temperamentally loved.

That night she called Gene Nelson. They spoke for hours. Gene knew what a shattering experience Janie had undergone. He'd done the very same thing himself with Miriam. Janie had two children to consider. Undoubtedly she would demand custody of them both. Her parents had been divorced, and she knew what life was like for children under such circumstances.

Gene knew that friends would "get to" Janie just as they had gotten to him, that they would advise a period of watchful waiting, cooling off. They would point up how much Janie had to lose, how millions of youngsters looked to her and Geary as the symbol of happy young marriage. He knew that Janie, in the final analysis, would have to erect her own bulwark, her own protection against the barrage of persuasion urging her to return to Geary Steffen.

They spoke and Gene then went off on a personal appearance tour of his own. He played Toronto. Strangely enough, Paul Small, Janie Powell's agent, had booked his charge into Toronto months previously. It was pure accident, not design, that Janie Powell followed Gene into Toronto.

Before leaving Hollywood, however, Jane said definitely, "I'll file for divorce when I get back—unless there's a reconciliation." She knew there was no chance for one.

Once Janie and Gene met in Toronto, they mapped out nebulous plans for their future. Gene was flying back to the Coast to effect a financial settlement for Miriam and Chris. Janie was scheduled to play Las Vegas late in May and early in June.

In May, Geary Steffen journeyed to Vegas, but there was no reconciliation announcement and he left a few days later for a fishing trip off the lower California coast.

Gene Nelson then flew into Las Vegas. He was separated from Miriam, and Janie was separated from Geary, and he saw nothing wrong in seeking out the company of the girl he loved. However, once again, well-intentioned friends insisted that he and Jane refrain from seeing each other until she had made her divorce announcement official.

When Janie returned from Las Vegas, that's exactly what happened. The die was cast. Janie told her lawyer that she wanted a six-week divorce. Gene Nelson told his lawyer the same thing. The other two parties involved, Geary and Miriam, seemed to favor a California divorce which takes one year before it becomes final.

At this writing, the legal talent is dis-

---

**No other deodorant now asks women to Shave First!**

Actual skin tests prove YODORA SO "KIND" TO SENSITIVE SKIN we can make this bold statement

**FIRST...**...shave under arms. (For faultless grooming — ask your druggist for Yodora shaving booklet.)

**THEN...** apply Yodora immediately with complete confidence*

We guarantee Yodora soothing to apply after shaving... gives day-long protection... won't harm finest fabrics, or your money back.

*If you suffer from skin irritations due to allergens or functional disorders, see your doctor.

---

**YODORA**

your really soothing cream deodorant

---

**Nature-Ettes®**

Super-flexibility... super-comfort!

JACKIE — a new concept in shoe design... smart lightweight leather sport shoes that yield gently to every step for lighter-than-air walking comfort.

Sizes 4 to 10. Choose from fashion-right colors.

499
sometimes the person so harmless the felt saw your unaided touch. It is to be feared that many people fall in and out of love. Undoubtedly there are reasons, psychological reasons profoundly imbedded in the minds of the young and old, but as Gene Nelson herself says, "What caused all this is something far greater than I can explain. We're just praying that eventually it will work out all right."

Nelson didn't want to fall in love with Jane Powell. He realized that she was cute, peppy, frank, beautiful, witty, the sort that would appeal to his amorous and great talent. He never made any overt moves, never muttered one "fast" line, never attempted "a pass" of any kind.

"If someone in Hollywood asks you to explain how we fell in love or at least how I fell in love. We started out being friends and then Jane's friendship seemed to become an indispensable part of my life. Unless I saw her or talked to her, I felt miserable. Sometimes things like this happen, not only in show business but in every business, every walk of life. It's hard to say why, but it's not unique to the movies. I feel that no matter what business a person is in, he's entitled to live his life as an individual, if he can. "I've looked into my heart. I've searched my mind, and I'm trying to do what's right. We're all trying to do what's right."

In tribute to all the parties connected in this case that everything has been honest and aboveboard. There have been no secret meetings, no midnight rendezvous, no rejections or name-calling.

For Nelson, his marriage to Jane will be as an adult, and, in times of crisis, such behavior is extremely rare, especially in Hollywood.

Nelson and Jane Powell hope to get married as soon as their divorces become final. This will be in six weeks or one year, depending on the state in which the divorces are obtained.

Many years ago the movie colony was rocked by a similar marital earthquake when Laurence Olivier, while making "Othello" in love with Vivien Leigh, then the mother of a darling 5-year-old daughter, Suzanne, and the wife of Herbert Leigh Holman, a London barrister.

Realistic and intelligent people they worked and solved their own problems; and in August 1940 when their respective divorces were granted, Laurence and Vivien were married.

Today in sickness and in health, on stage and off-stage, theirs is one of the most envied and cherished love affairs the world has ever witnessed.

With all the fervor it possesses Hollywood hopes the same for Jane Powell and Gene Nelson, two fine kids who are cestituting the dictates of their hearts lest they have no hearts left to obey.
he’s the greatest. Make no doubt about that—the greatest guy you’ll ever see. It’s just that we couldn’t get along. We fought all the time—about such silly things.

"As a matter of fact, it seems to me we fought even when we were going together. We’ve just had a different outlook about everything. He likes golf, I like tennis. He likes cards. I don’t. Things like that.

“We were married very young, and maybe that’s what was wrong.”

But Gwen and Don are both intelligent. They’ve tried many times to save their marriage. They even went to psychiatrists and both, in fact, are still undergoing psychoanalysis.

For a while, friends thought that different religious beliefs had wrecked the marriage. Donald is a Catholic and Gwen is Science of Mind, but Gwen says, "That had nothing to do with it—or maybe it did. Anyway, Donald is being used as a Catholic, and if you know anything about Science of Mind you know that when you come of age, you’ll think properly of the important things. And they had nothing to do with it, and neither did career. I just keep reading about how I wanted a career. That’s not true. I’m not even ambitious. It’s just, I guess, you’d call it mis-mated from the beginning."

"About Gwen and Dan Dailey, that’s a funny bit, because the O’Connors knew the Daileys way back when, before Dan and Liz Dailey were. Whether it’s a question of one understanding the other I don’t know, but Gwen and Dan have been seeing an awful lot of each other. Last time I heard, Dan had been married before—there’s a question of understanding the other. I don’t know, but Gwen and Dan have been seeing a lot of each other. Last time I heard, Dan had been married before—there’s a question of one understanding the other. Gwen is a very pretty, thoughtful, and well-bred gentlewoman. Even when she was in the burlesque, the chorus girls used to say she had class—there’s just that he’s determined to escape marriage "Until I find a girl with whom I can live my own life. It’s just that girls fall in love and get married, and I fall in love with them. He likes his company, but he lives in a private world all his own, a ‘world he is constitutionally incapable of sharing."

Any marriage to be successful must feature compromise and self-sacrifice, an equal amount of give and take by both partners. What Dan is looking for is some mythical back little girl who will slave away and make his interests his interests, who will submerge her personality to his, who will go along with his horses, cups, drums, records, woodwork, and the like. Just how much he is willing to go along with the girl’s interests he isn’t saying. What Dan hasn’t yet learned is that a marriage based on a man’s terms is no marriage at all.

Unfortunately, there are many girls who will accept marriage on any terms. It is said in Hollywood, for example, that if Don Dailey asked her, Liz Hofert would re-marry him in a minute. Having been married to Dan in his most unstable years, however, Don is not going to be burned again by the same fire. He is not interested in marrying his ex-husband, because he is a most entertaining and amusing man, and there aren’t many like him in town—but that’s as far as goes, which suits Dailey to perfection.

In fact he finds himself in an envied position. He doesn’t want to get married, and he has two gorgeous females, Gwen who can’t even think of marrying for at least a year, and Liz who having had him as a steady diet, will now take him only in short doses.

As for Donald O’Connor, the fourth party in this quadrangle—friends say that he is really the happiest of them all. He has a dog, a house, a Jaguar, and a psychiatrist. No sweetheart—not yet, anyway.

(Don’s latest picture is Walking My Baby Back Home.)

New Flesh-Color Medication Conceals As It Helps Heal Pimples, Acne, Blackheads!

The Day PIMPLES Don’t share your Mirror!

THE TRUTH ABOUT "BAD" SKIN—Pimples are the result of temporary excess secretions of oil that the skin can not throw off. Greaseless Wunder-skin is medically-formulated to help free pores of these excess oils... dry up pimples. Contains anti-septic Dermirin® to discourage bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

NO ONE NEED KNOW—Wunder-skin is especially flesh-tinted to hide pimples, blemishes, blackheads... blends amazingly well with skin tones. Quick-drying, stainless! Leave it on day and night for round the clock medication.

Reader’s Digest reported recently on Wunder-skin type medication used successfully in clinical tests. Wunder-skin contains ingredients long prescribed by skin specialists. Your druggist now sells it without prescription.

GUARANTEED to help your skin condition or money back large tube $9.95. Economy size 98c. At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, address and 10¢ in stamps or coin for trial size. Purepac Corp., P.O. Box 216D, Lenox Hill Sta., New York 21.

Greaseless • Flesh-Tinted • Antiseptic

Wunder-skin

ANOTHER FINE PUREPAC PRODUCT

*purepac’s brand of 3D*3Methylenk broil (2,4,6-trichloro phenol)

EASY 56 WANDER-SKIN MAKES 65 With Sensational New NAME IN SILVER CHRISTMAS CARDS!

You earn big money in spare time easily, with new and different "NAME IMPRINTED IN SILVER" Christmas Cards that sell on sight. You make $5 or more on each 100% off.

It’s in Assortments. Write for Assortments on approval. FREE Name-Imprinted Samples. SOUTHERN GREETINGS, 478 N. Hollywood, Dept. 9-C Memphis 12, Tenn.

Send for FREE BOOK on DENTAL NURSING

WAYNE SCHOOL INC. 2525 15th Rd, Des Moines, IA

Ends with accuracy. WAYNE training for DENTAL NURSING is a BIG PAY field, and the Wayne Plan shortens class room attendance through preliminary home study. Send for free book today.
beauty is every woman's job

(Continued from page 38) article is to explain some honest facts in the most simple terms. For instance, the story about Terry Moore and the barbell training: it may seem startling that a considerable number of Hollywood career girls are now working regularly with the barbell system. They consider it very important not only in the development of perfect bodies, but in the mastery of facial beauty and grace. Furthermore, they could, of course, concentrate in such a manner as to become tremendously strong and be able to toss their gentleman friends around playfully. Any girl wants to retain and improve her feminine appeal. She can't do that with muscles.

Unfortunately, an unreasoning prejudice has grown up about dumbbell and barbell work, which sets the above-mentioned girls employed purely as strength builders. Nothing could be more wrong. Of course, you will hear people say, "If you begin lifting barbells and weights, you'll soon become muscle bound." Or, "Once you start that sort of exercise you'll build up musc-les where they shouldn't be, and when those muscles sag you'll be worse off than you were before." Such statements, you may be sure, are made largely by those who are too lazy to take care of their physical well being. Anyone who has never tried a resistance exercise is prone to scoff at it.

The truth is that this type of exercise can make any girl look better in her bra or bathing suit and can develop portions of the body that are otherwise becoming out. Take the matter of legs, for instance. In an earlier day any girl who became a ballet dancer usually became the favorite of the men because her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resis-tance exercise. The supply of figures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.

To further substantiate my points, how often have you seen people exclaim in awe of the "I Love Lucy" show, "How does she keep that beautiful figure?" What an exquisite figure! Lucille Ball was a star in pictures 15 years ago, yet she looks lovelier than ever. I guess she's just one of those people who will photograph you in a bath towel. She takes care of her legs would turn ugly as the result of bulging calves turned soft and strong ankles turned thick. Today, these growing faults are prevented by the accredited resistance exercise. The supply of pictures of movie celebrities like Vera-Ellen and Mitzi Gaynor are absolute proof of this assertion. They work out regularly and have the time of their lives.
ways. the young ladies who view their beauty as a special gift are those who eventually fall in marriage. It's hard to make them realize that beauty is not heaven sent.

Now I know that some readers of Money Screen at this moment may be smiling, sardonically and saying, "Oh, this Terry Hunt—get him—giving off with a lot of clever arguments after all, just words. I'm not going to rush out and buy a set of dumbbells complete with instructions just on his say-so that it will make me live happily ever after. If he's such an expert, why doesn't he say something concrete?"

All right, I will. If this article has made no real sense to you at this point, you are either neurotic or lazy. Worse, you may be both!

I challenge you to take this simple test, if you are between the ages of 16 and 35. Just answer the following questions truthfully:

1. Have you had a physical checkup this year?
2. Do you engage in some sport at least twice a week?
3. Do you sleep at least eight hours every night?
4. Do you take some form of routine physical exercise (not your housework) for 15 minutes every day?
5. Do you participate at least once a week in a purely mental game, such as bridge, chess, checkers or checkers?
6. Do you have a good appetite?
7. Do you seldom worry?
8. Can you gain or lose weight successfully?
9. Are you known for your good disposition?
10. Do you attend some church regularly?

At this point you should have guessed that if all ten questions were answered with an immediate yes, you have very little to worry about when it comes to all around beauty and happiness, other than your own good taste in clothes and a small amount of luck in finding the right man or the best job.

Let's examine the necessity for the yes to each question. Without a doctor's physical checkup, you leave yourself open to the damaging effects of some ailment beyond your ken—an illness that might be checked through early detection. Item number two: the necessity for some physical sport which provides fairly strenuous exercise, whether it be bowling or long walks, is obvious. People, too careless as they are when they sit up too late at night, whether in a beer parlor or in front of a television set. Anyone who declares that she can "get along" on five or six hours of sleep every night is running headlong toward an early age.

Still facing the truth—fairly strong exercise twice a week is something one must be conditioned to. That's where the 15 minutes a day comes in. Equally as necessary is the "mental exercise," by which I mean not just reading, but something that keeps your mind on its toes, even if it's only a crossword puzzle.

If you can answer the first five questions in the affirmative, then I have good news for you. It is almost impossible not to give a yes answer to the last five. Why? That's elementary. Your good appetite, lack of worry, will to gain or reduce your weight and maintain a happy disposition always are the natural result of performing the first five points.

That brings us to the important tenth question. With the above ability to answer yes to all nine questions honestly means that you are a normal, healthy and happy individual. Being so you will certainly have already realized that you can control your own physical well being, perhaps in the face of a serious handicap. Once having achieved that, you then know that the complete fulfillment of the meaning of your life as an individual can be found only through participation with your friends and loved ones in things spiritual. Thus, to make a beginning, all you need do is answer the first or the tenth question with a truthful yes. If you are intelligent and honest with yourself, you can begin at either end of the test and achieve the same result.

I know I have sounded "preachy." I intended to. There is no quick cure that will make you happy with your facial or bodily appearances. Not all of you will be able to take exactly the same exercises as illustrated by the attractive young actress, Gloria Gordon, who posed for the photographs accompanying this article. Some of you who have an adequate supply of energy, would prefer an inexpensive, well supervised gym in your own neighborhood. Those who can't certainly can carry on with the simple exercises you might find in your gym classes at school, being careful to start slowly and stop before you are tired.

Here, I cannot resist this final warning: unless you are prepared to follow this simple program for one entire week, perhaps in order to make it a lasting habit, a lot of you are going "fall off the wagon" of this valuable and healthful program.

And every effort will be a doggone tough job to climb back on! END

great day coming!

(Continued from page 33) been hard to convince it's really going to happen, which is the only thing that would put it in the miracle class (meaning doctors concerned. For a long time, she'll keep asking me, "Are you sure the doctors couldn't be mistaken? You're positive everything's going to be all right?"

So, she's had it mixed up with a studio option, that they drop or pick up. Now she's convinced. We're sure, all right.

"And it's so nice that other people care," said Miss Mayo. "But you get a little embarrassed—"

"We've gone through some pretty misty-eyed sessions, said O'Shea. "Motherhood pulled with the biggest capital M you ever saw or heard. Well, I've got it going right, but we want to take it in stride, too."

He waved a hand at the stable area. "You think motherhood isn't out there? The mares have their foals, nowhere guys at first, and then you watch them grow into handsome. Why, I think of little..."

O'Shea breathed deeply. "Don't let me talk myself out on a limb," he said. "We could prefer a different one"—so it's ours, so we'll love it. But I don't know, sometimes I think little boys get a lot of propaganda they don't entirely deserve, especially a retired monster myself, I could almost swear to it. Little boys are well-behaved. And you know, like when they're all scrubbed and tagged out, which is a speech I usually do to a villain accom paniment. Little boys? Well, I don't know."

"I know of our hosts, there's a little boy who's been brought up sort of, you know—progressive? No restrictions, the idea is, because they'll be frustrated. No wells on the backside if he decides to set fire to the cat. Now, he's a nice kid but sometimes he hides it well. The other day I was..."
over at the house and he was punching his mother. Luckily, the kid's no Marcellino but he was trying. Well, the parents believed him and let him drive. Last time when he gets out of control, they figure they're to blame, which maybe they are but not for the reasons they think. So here we're in another story about straight lefts and right hooks and after a while she figures it's time to go back to her corner and let her seconds work her over; so she says to Junior, 'Why don't you get that bag for a while and pretend it's Mommy?' And the kid says, 'Naah, I'd rather hit you and pretend you're a punching bag.' All right, so maybe that has to happen, but I guess that's not the point. No son of the O'Sheas will get by with that kind of thing. And no daughter of the O'Sheas would try it. No, frankly, about little girls. But let's not make it into an issue.

'They're less of a problem in other ways, too,' said Miss Mayo. 'Once in a while I get frightened about youngsters today, after the 2801 $1.00 Satin Money-Makers! A (see defensive ad) Glamour and not a dope—it's unbelievable. I wish I knew what the matter was.'

'I wish I knew,' said O'Shea. 'But we so often feel we're shaken up by the time our son's old enough to know or care. Anyway, we're going to make provision against it. Listen to that now, I'm talking about a son, and we don't even know. Why will people always do that?'

The "provision" became evident as time went on in the case of Miss Mayo, who, much more relaxed and the build up more mysteriously frantic. The symposium was taking place in the O'Shea patio, flanked by three sides of the ranch house. The house is handsome and stands on considerable space, but there is some doubt as to whether it will accommodate the new O'Shea as well as their town home. Including this detail is extensive but still nebulous. The O'Shea ranch features among other props a pair of the longest horns a longhorn steer, which Miss Mayo, who insults O'Shea with impunity and whose talents with a ladle are astonishing, and two very large paintings of Miss Mayo, one portrait and the other as Diana the Huntress. She looks wonderful in both.

"We could build on the east wing," said Miss Mayo, "but it adjoins my dressing-room, and might not work out. The west wing's mostly kitchen, and we don't even know. Why will people always do that?"

"Or right behind here," said O'Shea. "Enclose the patio entirely. But the thing they do usually in this problem, honey, is build up.

"Up?"

"Right on the roof. The house'll support it all right. Whole nursery, complete with nurse. Of course, we've thought about moving. But to get a place the size we want, we'd have to go to Beverly Hills or some place like that, spend $9,000 or $10,000, and we haven't got that kind of money. Besides, we could never let out of this what we put into it. I think we stay.'

It sounded logical. So what about the child who is not a boy?

The O'Sheas regarded each other with mild surprise.

"We don't know," she said.

" Haven't thought much about it," said O'Shea, "but I'm thinking about a boy or Mary, Virginia or maybe Michael. It won't be Beauregard or Consuelo or one of those professional Irish handles like Kevin or Sean, God save the Irish just the same. Pat's name is Jones, you know."

"Virginia Jones," said Virginia Mayo. "Of St. Louis."

As one of the Jones girls from St. Louis, Virginia always wanted to be a film actress, whereas Mr. O'Shea never doubted that show business was his forte. In other respects, however, they complement each other, both in the matter of their psychology. Miss Mayo's early life was relatively cloistered, and however aportif the parts she occasionally has played, she is a devoted wife.

While her leading man, M. O., was batting around the country in various phases of entertainment and stealing a long lead on Miss Mayo as far as picture fame and attention, she was biding her time in a vaudeville, shortly after graduation from high school in St. Louis. The top man of the act was one Andy Mayo, whose last name she might have known that anything happened. And by and by, the act became a feature of an Eddie Cantor show called Banjo Eyes, which meant Broadway. Why not to Hollywood now?

Billy Rose was and is an impresario who saw Miss Mayo with Cantor, and thought himself of how nice she'd look in his night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, and arranged for her to travel around. Which led to Samuel Goldwyn.

Samuel Goldwyn knew Billy Rose, just as Billy Rose knew Eddie Cantor. Samuel thought that if he could get Oscar Hammerstein and L. Frank Baum to one night. He said to Miss Mayo: "Would you like to work in pictures?" Miss Mayo said, covering the subject in her usual style: "Yes." Which led to Hollywood.

She appeared for Mr. Goldwyn in four pictures opposite Danny Kaye, then as the leading lady in the much-honored The Best Years Of Our Lives. She thus became a film star and met other film stars. Which led to Michael O'Shea. The two illustrating stars was Billy and Michael O'Shea, who led to marriage on July 5, 1947.

Miss Mayo doesn't expect to be working any more until the baby comes—"unless they can cast me in a wheelchair"—but her part in the production of The Best Years Of Our Lives is one of the most important. The character of a South Sea Woman with Warners and Devil's Canyon with RKO. That won't make much difference. The master of the house is richly rewarded for his own acting chores whenever he tears himself away from manual duties.

O'Shea resumed the thread, or a vagrant end of the thread. "I'll tell you this," he said, "and you, O'Shea or girl, will understand the reasons for the orders his parents give him, and there I go on that 'him' again. Okay, pretend it's a boy. It's the same as for a girl. If he wants to know why, he's going to know. Or whatever question he has in mind. I'm stacking up a whole encyclopedia just so I'll be right, and we'll look things up together. We're going to be friends, all of us. I think it's a big item."

"And a religious background," said Miss Mayo.

"A religious background," agreed O'Shea. "Very definitely. Don't get us wrong. What the child wants to be when he grows up, he's going to be. I mean, he'll make his own choice. Of course we don't intend to steer him. If he wants to go into pictures—"

"If he has a talent for it," said Miss Mayo.

"If he has a talent for it and wants to go into pictures, then that's it. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, ball player, it's up to him. But in the— the formative years, we're going to be sure he's bred with a good sense of right and wrong."

That goes back to what we were talking about, this delinquency pitch. We think that with the right fundamentals, he'll beat anything. Maybe, maybe after that, or in spite of that, maybe there's nothing you can do, maybe he'll be wild just the same, what they call a bad boy. With this one for a mother, I don't
“You see? One friend. That's not kidding where it happens. We've got thousands of acquaintances. But no friends. Because no roots. That's how show business is. In your business, too, maybe. You know everybody and you don't know anybody. A lot of very big wheels around here would tell you the same, once they had a couple of drinks. But this one of ours, he'll have friends from school, he'll go home. He'll play the—Time till it comes out of his ears. That must be a helluva rich part of life, that remember-the-time deal. And he's going too, I think.

“You know, they say around here I'm a social sort of guy, only that's not the word I want. What is it? Greg-something. Gregarious. Sure. I travel with the Holly-w... Yes, and it's about time it... Here, and at my age I shouldn't be bending down for grounders, but it's the companionship. I'm making up for what I never had. I live it up now. But my child is going to make up, too. And between time. He's not going to have that fringe feeling. He or she.

“Like the other night, honey, I don't know what I'll do with you in The Club. I went in Beverly Hills, you know the one. They just call it The Club, and all these wheels belong to it, you know, like doctors and lawyers, very substantial people. Well, this guy I was with, he's a wheel, and he wanted me to meet some friends, and of course I did. And you know the routine, the guy would say to the doctor: 'You still killing yourself?' And the doctor, you know: 'Don't believe anything this shyster tells you!' and all that. In our business, we might call it a little corny, but I like the kind. He's got his eyes to be a part of Little O'Shea, he'll have it. Then we went over to meet the wifes of the same men, and they were just that sort of intimate, Casual. It was real warm, and the truth, you feel a little chilly being on the outside of it anyway when you've been out as long as I have. You're never quite there, you know, those friends. Only you can make a guy, and I didn't. And he didn't want I to, I've got nobody to remember it with. But little O'Shea, he's going to be lousy with all that. He's going to have it, if his old man has to drag him into the registrar's office by his heels. Isn't that the way you think about it, Sugar?"

“Oh, yes," said Miss Mayo, packing quite a good deal into it.

“'That's why college,' said O'Shea. Among other things. But principally, that's why...

“I haven't forgotten your daughter," said Miss Mayo.

"Not for a moment," said O'Shea. "It's just that I'd know more about a son, having been one once myself. This one here, she do more of the talking about the daughter.

"Oh, the same religious background," said Miss Mayo. "And then, everything we can do for her. Very good schools, nice associates—and hope.

"A certain kind of background," said O'Shea, "can make you into a certain kind of snob, and it's not always the background you think. Mine's done it for me, but I insist it's a healthy snobbery if it makes me particular about the way my children are raised. I can't fool myself that when they reach a certain age, they're..."
going to meet people that aren't the best for them. But by then, they should have the perspective to see it. That way, at least, we'll provide every advantage we can. Not just the schooling but an outdoor, ranch life, the kind we lead, and a general knowledge of what it takes, and knowing what's right and what's wrong. Then we cross our fingers."

O'Shea went to answer the phone. When he came back, he had resumed the manner of toughness with which he habitually cloaks himself and which reveals with a large amount of charm the native intelligence with which he and Miss Mayo deal with life.

"Do you," he asked, "see any spiritual radiations around Fatso here? Of course, it's early in the game."

Miss Mayo, it had to be admired, looked no more spiritual than usual. She looks too trifile spiritual whether exequiae or not. Miss Mayo laughed encouragingly.

"This—this matter," said O'Shea, "has been approached on too high a level we don't feel quite up to. I said that before, didn't I? It's gratifying in a way, but we have an idea we're not any different from other parents, Prospective, I mean. To put it delicately, the same motive, said O'Shea, prevails, and our baby is going to look like a baby, not that's bad. But some of the dialogue that's gone on on the subject, to me it's been not un-nausing. Maybe the casting office slipped up when it put me in a father bit. But I'm going to be relieved when they get out of the business with the cap again. "One woman wanted to know if I'd belt the kid around if he got out of line. That would look nice, wouldn't it? Belting an infant. How much of a character am I supposed to be? The kid will learn by experience. He, she, it—do you speak of your kid as an 'it'—won't be coddled, but I can't see myself taking to a boy and even lift a bullwhip. I think it'll be nice if he respects his old man, not for my sake but because I wouldn't be so helpful as a parent if he didn't. He's going to respect Fatso anyway because we can help it? I like the idea of ranch life for him, and learning naturally about what comes naturally, and I think all in easy stages, so won't."

Mrs. Taylor, on the sidelines, almost fainted, and the cameramen got ready to jump. King Charles continued his charge within a few feet of Elizabeth, and then he slid to a stop and walked a few steps to gently nuzzle her shoulder.

To one who watched this incident came away without the conviction that this youngster had the courage of a commando and a strange, St. Francis-like power over animals. It certainly proved that there is a depth of people who understand and inasmuch as such a quality seldom leaves a human being, it can be assumed that the Elizabeth Taylor of today still possesses it.

It proved, too, that she has spirit, yet currently she shows little of it. It is possible that the pressures of her movie career, at their height during her formation of a young years, have taken the spark out of Liz. It is also highly probable that the heartbreak of her tragic marriage to Nicky Hilton further removed her glamour. At any rate, she spends her life today in idyllic bliss on her hilltop with second husband Michael Wilding. They seldom leave the house, a natural circumstance considering the existence of their baby, yet it seems unusual that Liz can't be pried off the hilltop for anything except emergencies or studio orders.

The fact proves her present happiness in every way. Miss Wilding is the innocent, mother of the small Mike, but on the other hand this type of sleek contentment can lead to laziness in all things. At 21, Liz is settled in the sedentary life of a middle-aged woman, and she finds great peace of mind, but one without stimulation to lend sparkle to the eye or to the conversation.

If she doesn't care about her movie career, this standstill life is highly commendable. It is obviously the kind of life that Liz loves, and with it she finds complete contentment. But if she does care, she should remember that her face is her fortune. Without stimulation, both physical and mental, a face can become a dead nameless. Too many women have lived up their youth, taking it and its loveliness for granted.
To the average girl, a thunderbolt such as Hedda's candid reaction would have been a shock. It was, indeed, a shock to Hedda. She had been dragooned into going into her exercises. But not Liz. The advice was heedless for several weeks, and the extra pandouge was eventually shed through diet and massage rather than exercise. It would point out that Liz may not be literally lazy, she certainly is not overly-ambitious.

Her quiet acceptance of her tremendous popularity and the workaday world necessary to attain and keep it has made some people think that Liz is a tractable young creature who is content to let others do her planning for her, a girl who does not bother to think very much for herself.

Michael Wilding first met her when she was in England making The Conspirators. She was 16 at the time, and he remembers remarking to himself that "they must grow up very quickly in America." Later, after her divorce from Hilton, he saw her once again, this time on her home ground. And he felt an immediate attraction, this time pulling himself up short by recalling her age, and his. Yet when he telephoned her and accepted an invitation to sit and talk to her about what she was really trying to accomplish, he realized on coming to know her that she is a very select woman, mentally as well as physically.

What did Mike Wilding think of Liz? A man of his charm and wit cannot be an unimportant figure in a girl's life, and it is probable that he, being a very selective enough that he does not succumb to mere beauty with nothing to back it up, knew she was beautiful—a man with hair and more in a split second—but a man of Wilding's caliber requires more than physical attraction to make him pop the question. It is therefore illogical to suppose that he hasn't much between her ears. She grew up in the midst of a well-educated, well-bred family, for the most part in the company of adults. Her parents and their friends were erudite people, interested in literature, art, and painting, and Liz traveled not only among them, but through the world, having crossed the Atlantic more than 30 times.

Those who know the Wildings well report that when Liz is with her husband, her conversation is sharp as a tack, far from being dull, she sparkles like a diamond before a black. It's all there, as the director has said—the sensitivity, the wit, the spirit and the spark. The only thing wrong is that lately Liz shows little inclination to light up for anyone but her husband.

A friend recently said, "Liz is so well adjusted to her marriage that she is forgetting her career. She has never really wanted to be anything else. She often has really resented the glances men have given her. But if she wants the career, she wish she'd pay more attention to it and be better on films, in a way to tell the truth, in a way. I don't think she'd be noticed very much. Her looks are so outstanding that they're the only thing you think of until you get to know her better, and then a nice person she is."

Hollywood's cameramen have noticed that Liz is quite as photogenic as she used to be and than any star, danger signal. We do not mean to criticize, only to caution, to send up a small signal flag for Liz, whose beauty is far above that of the average movie star. It is something that would be sorely missed by all of us, and we wish she would wake up and start caring, before things drift to the point where she must work at that beauty. If that ever happened, it wouldn't be the same.
HUGE BONUS OFFER!
Which 3 of these New Best-Sellers and De Luxe Books do you want for $1!

TAKE ANY 3 FOR ONLY $1
THE STORY OF AMERICA IN PICTURES
472 big pages, nearly 500 vivid pictures. The whole thrilling story of our country from its beginnings up to 1940. Pub. ed. $7.50
COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS—Milton Cross. Every note, all the action of 72 beloved operas—by the man whose radio descriptions have thrilled millions. 627 pages. Illustrated. Pub. ed. $4.95

MAIL THIS COUPON
Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 9DMG, Garden City, New York
Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

Carnival to Xanadu Complete Stories of Great Operas A Many-Splendored Thing
Golden Admiral

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish for the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing extra for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Please Print

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE

Please send me 3 books for $1.49. If not delighted, return all books within 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

THE VELVET DOUBLET—James Street. Exciting new tale of Juan Rodriguez of Tucana and the daring men who risked their lives to sail with Columbus "over the edge of the world." A tale of danger and adventure, love and licentiousness, in Old Spain in the New World. Pub. ed. $3.50
QUEEN'S GIFT—Ingles Fletcher. Two beautiful women wanted the same man: ravishing, unscrupulous Lady Anne Stuart who enjoyed only the thrill of conquest; and her servant, Sylvia Hay, in the flood of first love! An exciting romance of the early Caroline. Pub. ed. $3.75
CARAVAN TO XANADU—Edith Marshall. Marco Polo the Venetian, his amazing adventures in the fabulous lands of Kubla Khan, and the alluring slave girl who tempted him, all spring to life in this new novel that combines exotic background and swift action. Pub. ed. $3.50

GOLDEN ADMIRAL—F. Van Wyck Mason. Beautiful Kate Wyatt loved her impetuous red-haired husband as few women can love. Yet when duty called him away to sea with Sir Francis Drake, she committed a wife's most terrible mistake. Tale of daring passions, high adventure. Pub. ed. $3.95

A MANY-SPLENDORED THING—Hen Suyin. All Hong Kong was shocked by the unashamed "affair" between the young, widowed Han Suyin and Mark Elliott, handsome British correspondent — yet was the kind of woman dreams of! An unpublicized story of the Far East today. Pub. ed. $2.75

THORNDIKE-BARNHART DICTIONARY. Brand-new! Features every advance in dictionary-making achieved in the last 100 years. 96,000 entries, 700 illustrations. 990 pages. Over 500,000 copies in print.

SAVE MORE THAN 1/3 ON NEW BEST-SELLERS
(compared with pub. editions) through Dollar Book Club membership

ONLY $1, plus a few cents shipping cost. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Therefore, you will receive regularly the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming $1 selections, also occasional extra-value books at $1.49. But you buy only the books you want.

SEND NO MONEY—Just Mail the Coupon.

When you see your introductory Three-Book package—and think of the book bargains you will continue to receive from the Club—you will be delighted to have become a member! If not, return all books and your membership will be cancelled, without further obligation! Act at once—supply of many titles is limited! Mail coupon.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
I love it, I love it—how my hair shines. So silky to touch, so silky bright. One shampoo with the new Drene—that's every last thing I did to make it so silky.

**New magic formula... milder than castile!**

There's silkening magic in Drene's new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic... this new lightning-quick lather... because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! Magic! because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so wonderfully obedient.*

Just see how this luxurious new Drene silksens your hair! You have an exciting experience coming!

---

**A NEW EXPERIENCE—**

See Drene silken your hair! See this new formula flash into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so quick, yet so thick!

---

**New Lightning Lather— a magic new formula that silksens your hair... Milder than castile—so mild you could use Drene every day!**

---

**This is a **New** Drene!**

*A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE*
YEARS AHEAD OF THEM ALL

1. THE QUALITY CONTRAST between Chesterfield and other leading cigarettes is a revealing story. Recent chemical analyses give an index of good quality for the country's six leading cigarette brands.

   The index of good quality table—a ratio of high sugar to low nicotine—shows Chesterfield quality highest

   ...15% higher than its nearest competitor and Chesterfield quality 31% higher than the average of the five other leading brands.

2. A Report Never Before Made About a Cigarette. For well over a year a medical specialist has been giving a group of Chesterfield smokers regular examinations every two months. He reports...

   no adverse effects to nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.

3. First to Give You Premium Quality In Regular and King-size...much milder with an extraordinarily good taste—and for your pocketbook, Chesterfield is today's best cigarette buy.

CHESTERFIELD BEST FOR YOU
Important—especially if you can’t brush after every meal!

NEW IPANA® DESTROYS DECAY AND BAD-BREATH BACTERIA

Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!*  
Every brushing fights tooth decay!

Dentists advise brushing teeth after every meal...to remove food particles on which bad-breath and decay bacteria thrive. But when this is inconvenient, you still get wonderful results with new white Ipana.

Even one brushing with new Ipana removes most of the harmful bacteria from your mouth.

*When you use new Ipana in the morning, your breath will stay fresh and clean for up to 9 hours. Even after smoking...and eating anything you please except foods like onions and garlic. Laboratory tests proved it.

And when you brush your teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana, you effectively fight tooth decay. That means less pain and trouble, less risk of losing your teeth.

What’s more, brushing your teeth with new Ipana from gum margins toward biting edges helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Ipana also brings you a new minty flavor. Thousands of families who tried it liked it 2 to 1 for taste.

We’re sure you and your children will like it, too. Why not try a tube today? Look for the yellow-and-red striped Ipana carton wherever fine drug products are sold.

New, White—

Scientists proved that regular after-meal brushing with Ipana reduces mouth bacteria (including decay and bad-breath bacteria) by an average of 84%.

Product of Bristol-Myers

STUDENT NURSES ARE NEEDED... INQUIRE AT YOUR HOSPITAL
modern screen

stories

RITA'S NEWEST LOVE (Rita Hayworth-Dick Haymes) ... by Consuelo Anderson 28
GABLE'S MYSTERY ROMANCE ........................................ 31
I LOVE MARILYN (Marilyn Monroe) .................................. 32
THE LIES THEY TELL ABOUT BOB WAGNER ......................... 36
LOVE IS A LONG SHOT (Betty Grable-Harry James) ............... 38
RING AROUND ROSIE (Rosemary Clooney-José Ferrer) .......... 40
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE? ................. 42
WHY SHIRLEY TEMPLE CAME BACK .................................. 44
THE NOT SO MAD HOUSE (Jerry Lewis) .............................. 46
THE COURAGE TO FEAR (Stewart Granger) ......................... 49
MISTAKES THAT MADE HER FAMOUS (Joan Crawford) ........... 50
OPERATION SKIN DIVE (Jeff Hunter-Rory Calhoun) ............... 52
TONY'S WIFE (Tony Curtis) ............................................ 56
"YOU, I LIKE!" (Red Buttons) .......................................... 58
REPORT ON MODERN SCREEN'S CINDERELLA GIRLS ............... 60

departments

INSIDE STORY .......................................................... 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS .................................... 6
MIKE CONNOLLY'S HOLLYWOOD REPORT ............................. 16
SWEET AND HOT ...................................................... 20
MOVIE REVIEWS ...................................................... 22
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS .......................................... 72
HOLLYWOOD ABROAD ................................................ 89

On the Cover: Ektachrome portrait of Marilyn Monroe of 20th Century-Fox by Trindl and Woodfield, FPG. Other picture credits are on page 97

CHARLES D. SAXON
editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

PAIGE LOHR, story editor
BARBARA J. MAYER, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
FERNANDO TEJIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
BILLY HASKELL, staff photographer
MARCIA L. SILVER, research editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing a possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under
Label Form 3579 to 863 Ninth Ave., New York 1, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 47, No. 5, October, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 863 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 16 West 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y., Chicago advertising office, 200 North LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delestrie, Vice-President. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 50c in U.S. A. and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada $2.00 one year, $3.50 two years, $5.00 three years, Foreign, $3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1953 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Printed in U.S. A. The publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301178.
Flaming Love Feud...
...in the savage heart of the jungle!

A sultry, sophisticated playgirl... and a blue-blooded patrician beauty!
They fought each other like tigresses... for the kisses of the Jungle Boss!

First Time on Film! Man battles wild gorillas!

Technicolor

Mogambo... it means "THE GREATEST!"

Starring Clark Gable and Ava Gardner

With Grace Kelly

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin

Based upon a Play by Wilson Collison

Directed by John Ford

Produced by Sam Zimbalist

An M-G-M Picture
Money-Back Guarantee
Use the 59c bottle and if you are not completely satisfied, return the unopened 50c bottle with your name and address, and get your 50c back.

Free of extra cost

59c Bottle
of this famous

Hair Conditioning Shampoo
when you buy the
$1 size

Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg

Discover—in your own mirror
—the magic effect of this
unique hair-conditioning
shampoo!
Rich, new luster . . . gleaming
highlights . . . wonderful
manageability! Yes, after one
shampoo—and even with
problem hair.

For Helene Curtis Shampoo
Plus Egg is the ONLY shamp-
GO homogenized with fresh,
whole egg. Rich, heavy lather
. . . quick-rinsing!

Look for this
SPECIAL-OFFER
2-bottle package
at any
cosmetic counter!

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 Stewart Granger has
a clause in his MGM contract permitting
him to call Nicholas Schenck, president
of Loew's, Inc., "Nick?"
—C.G., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A. Granger had the clause put in as a
gag.

Q. Is Clark Gable finished at MGM?
—V.F., Eureka, Cal.

A. His contract at that studio expires
late this year.

Q. Does Bing Crosby own radio station
KMBY in Monterey, Calif?
—G.H., Salinas, Cal.

A. Crosby owns 30% of it.

Q. I understand that Pier Angeli and
Marlon Brando are set to star in Romeo
and Juliet. Didn't MGM make this film
once before?
—V.H., Frankfort, Ky.

A. In 1936; Norma Shearer was Juliet,
Leslie Howard was Romeo, and John
Barrymore played Mercutio.

Q. Do you know which actress has the
largest chest measurement?

A. Kathryn Grayson wins with 41
inches.

Q. Can you give me the terms of John
Wayne's contract which he signed with
RKO a few years ago?
S.L., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. Wayne's contract with RKO, dated
November 20, 1950, calls for him to re-
cieve $1,000 a week for 450 weeks. RKO
also holds a $100,000 mortgage on a
house purchased by Wayne. The actor
is paying off this at $150 a week, 2 1/2%
interest.

Q. Has Ronald Colman retired from
the screen for good?
—Q.B., Pittsfield, Mass.

A. Not if the right screen role is offered.

Q. Is it true that Rock Hudson and
Mrs. Gary Cooper are very much in love
with each other?
—F.F., Miami, Fla.

A. They're just good friends.

Q. Jane Russell's husband, Bob Water-
field—has he given up football to
become an actor?
—T.R., Troy, N.Y.

A. Waterfield has retired from pro-
football; acts in his spare time.

Q. Were't Gloria Grahame and Cy
Howard secretly married a month ago?
—V.J., Boulder, Col.

A. No.

Q. I've been told that Vittorio Gassman
married Shelley Winters to further his
own career; that every time he returns
to Italy he makes sure to call upon one
special girl. Who is she?
—B.H., New York, N.Y.

A. His mother.

Q. I read that Doris Day will not pose
for pictures unless photographers pay
expenses at a resort for her and her hus-
band and her son. Is this true?
—H.G., Reno, Nev.

A. This is not true although Miss Day
and her husband prefer to pose for lay-
outs at resorts rather than at their own
home.

Q. I recently read in a newspaper that
a famous Hollywood actor loves to romp
around in women's clothes. Is this true
and can you reveal his identity?
F.F., Baltimore, Md.

A. It's true; his identity cannot be
revealed.

Q. Isn't Bob Wagner seeing an awful
lot of a French girl named Yvonne?
You ask him, and he'll know the girl I
mean.
—G.F., La Jolla, Cal.

A. Wagner sees Yvonne occasionally.

Q. Has Sunny Tufts given up alcohol?
F.F., Ames, Iowa.

A. Yes.

Q. Who is older, Joan Crawford or
Barbara Stanwyck?
—T.E., Topeka, Kan.

A. Miss Stanwyck admits to being older.

Q. What are the religious differences
that are holding up the marriage of Kirk
Douglas to Pier Angeli?
—G.Y., Richmond, Va.

A. More than religious differences are
involved although Douglas is Jewish and
Pier Angeli is Catholic.

Q. Was there a big feud between Zach-
ary Scott and Glenn Ford or was it
publicity?
—B.H., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. It was a legitimate feud.
Nobody had ever seen Dooley scared before. He had nerve to burn—and he’d burned his way to a hot corner of the globe where no man had ever been before—the white-hell of the wasteland. And now against avalanche, hurricane winds and all the fury of man and mountain—he was beating his way back—back to where his woman was!
The phone by my bed rang at six o'clock in the morning. I had forgotten to disconnect it for, as a rule, I don't care to talk to anyone at this time of the day.

The long distance operator said, "Dallas, Texas calling," and I couldn't have cared less until the happiest voice I have heard in a long time came bounding over the telephone wires:

"Louella, it's Rosemary! José and I are leaving in just a few minutes to be married in a little town in Oklahoma about a four hours' drive from here.

I promised you the story before I left Hollywood and that you would be the first to know of our wedding plans. I know it's early in the morning, honey, and I hate to disturb you at this hour, but I'm keeping my promise to you."

Disturb me????????? I could stand to be disturbed like this for the rest of my life because, as you've guessed by now, my happy and excited caller was Rosemary Clooney telling me about her and José Ferrer's elopement plans.

I love this little blonde singer almost as much as though she were one of my own family. I've always found her to be so honest and so sincere. And, perhaps more than anyone else, I know how deeply she has been in love with José for so long.

There were many heartbreak ing moments when they didn't know whether or not they could be married. José's wife, Phyllis Hill, did not seem to be in a hurry to get a divorce. But after waiting for months, she suddenly filed for divorce.

I knew when Rosemary planned the following day for Dallas to join Ferrer who was playing in The Taming Of The Shrew there, that wedding plans were afoot.

I broadcast my "hunch" on my radio show. "Ever since you broadcast that we probably would be married immediately," Rosemary laughed over the phone, "we have been hounded and trailed by Texas reporters. They've been thicker than flies in the hotel lobby."

Suddenly, Rosemary's voice was serious and very sweet.

"I'm the happiest girl in the world, darling, and so very much in love."

And, may you always be that way, Rosemary. You are a wonderful girl and you deserve your happiness.

Joan Crawford and Michael Wilding were in the middle of rehearsing a love scene for Torch Song when Liz Taylor arrived on the set. Joan spotted Liz and froze. Bitting her underlip in exasperation, she said under her breath, "Oh, really."

"Oh, really what?" said Mike who turned his back and walked over to kiss his wife.

There's no love being lost between Joan and Wilding on this picture. If they weren't such good actors, the love scenes would look like they had just come out of the deep freeze.

The trouble apparently started when Mike was quoted as saying this was the first picture he had ever made with his back turned to the camera.

He also said he was consulting "my wife about how to play the love scenes with Miss Crawford."

So far, Joan has said very little (except under her breath)—but oh, my—they need no cool air conditioning on this set!

As I've told you before in this department, I love to give parties and few of my guests ever have any more fun than I do at my own shindigs.

This year, my assistant, Dorothy Monnens, and I decided to co-host a party in honor of Dorothy's husband, John Haskell, and song writer Jimmy McHugh who celebrated their respective birthdays within a week of each other.

So we covered my garden with a blue and white tent canopy with cellophane "walls" so that the flowers showed through, covered the tables with pink cloths lighted by candles and invited our friends to wish the boys "Happy birthday."

Donald O'Connor came with—of course—Marilyn Erskine, with whom he is so smitten (as I write this) that he is dating no other girl.

Marilyn is the girl who plays Ida Cantor in The Eddie Cantor Story opposite Keele Brasselle. She is no beauty but she's cute and pert and evidently is as smitten on Don as he is with her.

I'm not sure how Emily Post would feel about it, but Marilyn spent more time sitting on Don's lap than she did sitting in her chair at dinner.

June Allyson, with a cute new haircut along the straight lines, saw the young lovers and sighed up at her fella, Dick Powell, "Ain't love grand?" Dick agreed that it was—and is.

DEAN AND JERRY PICK UP NEW FRIENDS, NEW ANTICS, AND THE CONTINENTAL MANNER AS THEY FRISK
The highlight of the evening was the "floor show" emceed by none other than Janie Wyman who has never been prettier or more amusing in her life.

George Jessel, himself, has nothing on Missy Wyman when it comes to introducing talent and keeping the ball rolling.

Wonderful musical comedy star, Dolores Grey, who was in Los Angeles with Carnival in Flanders, brought down the house, or should I say, the tent?

Freddie Karger's music accompanied all the talent, including a couple of numbers sung by his bride, Janie.

George Burns did his old vaudeville routine, hilariously funny, and no one laughed harder than Gracie Allen who admits that her husband can break up her composure if he says nothing funnier than "Good morning."

Dorothy Lamour sang Jimmy McHugh's "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" with a lot of vim—and Ginny Simms also gave with some wonderful numbers.

Such Hollywood producers as William Goetz, Joseph Schenck, Darryl Zanuck and Miller Rocknul had a time for themselves sitting back and enjoying the talent without having to do any of the cutting or sewing.

As for the fashion tips—most of the girls wore summer cottons, off the shoulder, with organdy or loosely knitted stoles.

One of the saddest things that has ever happened in connection with my radio show was having to "erasure" the little talk Janet Leigh and I had recorded on tape about her happiness over her expected baby.

Janet had been so happy when she told...
me that she and Tony Curtis were expecting the stork. She said, "It seems so early to make the announcement—but Tony and I are so delighted we just had to tell the world."

The day the show was to go on the air, a depressed Janet called me from the hospital. "We've lost our baby. I've just called Tony in Honolulu (he was on location there) and broken the sad news to him, myself. I just can't tell you how disappointed we are, Miss Parsons."

Janet didn't have to tell me. The hurt and unhappiness was all in her voice.

W hat is it with Rita Hayworth?? Every time she falls in love she behaves as though she owned the Cook Tours the way she chases around with her "heart" of the moment.

Columbia studio is fit to be tied because (as this is written) Rita is incognito in a small town in Pennsylvania hiding out while Dick Haymes fulfills a business engagement in New York. Just before they went east, Dick followed Rita to Honolulu where she was making location scenes for Miss Sadie Thompson.

Remember when Rita and Aly Khan were courting and they seemed to be traveling half around the world and back together before they were finally married at Aly's estate, L'Horizon, in Cannes?

I sometimes think there must be something of the mystery writer in Rita's make-up.

You never saw such a "production" after she made up her mind to go East while Dick was there. She bought a ticket on the Santa Fe straight into New York city.

Then, apparently, she "disappeared" from the scene. Actually, she got off the train in Ossining, New York, and hid out.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Dick was going through some contortions of his own. He, too, boarded a train, got off at the first stop, doubled back to Los Angeles and caught the first plane to New York!

Such carrying-on!

What worries Rita's bosses and the men who handle her publicity is that with all her world-wide tours with Aly Khan, she eventually married him.

With Dick Haymes this won't be possible for a long time. He is still legally the husband of Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes.

J ohnny Grant, the disc jockey who has made two entertainment jaunts to Korea,
It's the screen's biggest 3D Jamboree!

Those Redheads from Seattle

in 3 Dimension Technicolor

Songs
Get set for these five delightful hits!
Take Back Your Gold
Chick-A-Boom
I Guess It Was You All the Time
Baby, Baby, Baby
Mr. Banana Man

Dig all these top disk favorites!
Guy Mitchell! Teresa Brewer! The Bell Sisters!

Starring
Rhonda Fleming • Gene Barry
Agnes Moorehead • Teresa Brewer
Guy Mitchell • The Bell Sisters

Written for the Screen by Lewis R. Foster, Geoffrey Homes and George Worthing Yates
Directed by Lewis R. Foster • Produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas
A Paramount Picture
LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news
Continued

tells me:
"Doris Day is five-to-one the favorite pin-
up girl of our soldiers in Korea. In fact, they'll
trade a dozen pictures of other Hollywood
stars to get just one of Doris."

Recently, Johnny interviewed her on his
show and told her this: "Doris, how can you
keep from going to Korea to entertain these
kids who are so crazy about you?"
Her answer was, "I'm afraid to fly."

Well, then, Doris, how about motoring or
training to some of the nearest camps or hos-
pitals?

The most exasperated wife in Hollywood is
Mrs. Jeff Chandler. Won't even talk to him
on the phone. I hear one of the big troubles
between them is that Marge "can't stand"
Jeff's new personality now that he's trying to be a
singer and a nightclub entertainer plus de-
veloping a corny brand of comedy a la
Jerry Lewis.
Before it was generally known that Jeff
had moved out of their home, someone called
the house and asked if Jeff was there.
"No," Marge is reported to have retorted.
"Cochise Lewis has moved out!!!"

Maybe it’s love and maybe they are very
happy, but Jane Powell and Gene Nel-
sen seem to have nothing to say to each
other when they dine in public. They just sit
at the table silently eating.

The other evening Jane wasn’t even eating.
A wisdom tooth was giving her a lot of pain.

An interested eavesdropper at an adjoining
table reports that their entire conversation all
evening was when Gene said to his girl
friend:
"Can’t you order something you can just
gum??!

Not since the late Susan Peters was crip-
pled by a gun wound on a hunting trip,
struck down in the bloom of her career, has
Hollywood’s heart ached more than it has
over lovely little Suzan Ball.
She has a very serious bone condition in her
leg which may leave her crippled and end her
career.

Yet, in the face of all this tragedy, Suzan
has won everyone’s respect with her cheer-
fulness and courage.
Instead of giving up and considering her-

Despite rumors of discord, Ingrid and Roberto
Rossellini smile like Rome’s happiest couple.
Now...for the First time, a Home Permanent brings you

"Instant Neutralizing!"

Amazing New Neutralizer acts instantly!
No waiting!
No clock watching!

And New Lilt with exclusive Wave Conditioner gives you a wave far softer... far more natural than any other home permanent!

NOW...Better than ever! An entirely different

BRAND NEW Lilt

Only Lilt's new "Instant Neutralizing" gives you all these important advantages:
A new formula makes the neutralizer act instantly!
A new method makes neutralizing much easier, faster.
A wonderful wave conditioner beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!
Beauty experts say you can actually feel the difference!

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!
No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave... even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!
Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed... plus extra glamour for your hair!

Children's Home Permanent by Lilt gives your little girl the prettiest curls in the neighborhood! Natural-looking; long-lasting. Nearly twice as fast as any leading children's home permanent! $1.50 plus tax

HERE'S PROCTOR & GAMBLE'S GUARANTEE

Your money back, if you do not agree that this brand new Lilt is the fastest and best Home Permanent you've ever used!
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

self a martyr. Suzan goes to parties on her crutches, attends concerts and keeps herself "posted on the events of this wonderful world of ours."

Even when it looked for a while as though Suzan’s leg would have to be amputated, this fine little girl kept her chin up and won the love and admiration of complete strangers as well as her many friends.

Another wonderful girl who is having rough going and doesn’t deserve it is former child star Jane Withers Moses. She has been ill with muscular pains and anemia which looked for a time like partial paralysis. But her doctors now feel that Jane’s serious illness has been brought on by emotional upset over the breakup of her marriage to wealthy Bill Moss. The sad part is that they have three lovely children.

PERSONAL Opinions: Lorri Nelson’s face was voted the most perfect to photograph by west coast photographers. Above Elizabeth Taylor’s, Eleanor Parker’s or Audrey Hepburn’s, boys????

Can’t understand why Marge and Gower Champion failed to hit the top popularity polls as movie stars. They are so adorable. Could be that husband and wife teams don’t have the necessary sex appeal to set the teen-agers squawking.

Clearest and most original summer fad—Ginger Rogers’ softly woven straw skirts in all the pastel colors.

Amusing the way Cleo Moore can’t believe she’s really launched on a successful career and keeps on buying canned groceries and staples against that proverbial “old rainy day” when the latter is bare again.

Terry Moore does a lot of table hopping, attimes to the annoyance of her escorts. . .

It could happen only in Hollywood that the billboards are swimming pools! I’m not kidding. Right where Sunset Boulevard turns into Beverly Hills is a huge sign for the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas and built right into it is a real swimming pool. Red Skelton tied up traffic for miles when he jumped in with his clothes on. Oh, Hollywood, my Hollywood!

FOCUSING on Robert Wagner: His hair is clipped so short for the Dutch boy wig he wears for Prince Valiant that he says his crew cut has a crew cut! . . . He can’t look at . . .
Introducing

Newest Playtex® Magic-Controller...

The Panty Girdle with Garters

The latest Playtex advance. Playtex Magic-Controller Panty Girdle with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

The magic starts at the top, making your waistline smaller, higher. Hidden “finger” panels support you naturally from waist to thigh...control those “Calorie-Curves” as never before! All without a seam, stitch, bone or stay! From new non-roll top to garter tab, Playtex Magic-Controller is all latex, one piece and wonderful! It washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry! Whether you wear the smallest size or the largest—you’ll think you’ve lost a full size!

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

Playtex Magic-Controller® Panty Girdle

with 4 detachable, adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95

Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95

FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $8.50

Extra-large sizes slightly higher. Playtex...known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

anything made of steel without remembering how disappointed his father was that he didn't follow in his footsteps in the steel business. . . He has the patience of Job and doesn't even mind being kept waiting for his "dates" to pass with their hair or faces. . . .

Unavoidably, I kept him waiting an hour on a recent interview and instead of being surly about it he said he was sorry I had had so much trouble all day. . . He's six feet tall or a little over but doesn't look it because he does not always stand up straight. . . .

He says this is due to dating and dancing with girls considerably shorter than himself. So I guess this means he likes 'em petite. . . .

He's proud of the fact that he used to caddy for such stars as Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and John Hodiak. . . . Women wearing pink always catch his eye. He approves of make-up, particularly lipstick on gals, but hates eyelash "goop" put on with a shovel. . . . He considers himself quite mature for his 23 years, is sure he acts and thinks older. . . . When he marries he wants to be able to afford many luxuries for his bride, fur coats, diamonds, sporty cars—the works. . . . For a boy so young he has a great deal of gentleness and kindness so perhaps he's right about his "maturity" . . . He has a secret ambition to be a good chef and surprise his friends with the fancy dishes he concocts. This ambition may be deferred on account of he can't understand a cookbook.

The Letter Box: Evelyn Tierney (says she has no relation to Gene) writes from New York that she doesn't approve of her namesake's romance with Aly Khan. "She's my favorite screen star but how can she fail to realize that the outcome of her fling with the Prince will merely be a duplication of Rita Hayworth's experience?"

Joseph Weir, Buffalo, gives three cheers that Guy Madison's career is in high again. "I've been a fan of his ever since his first movie for David Selznick. Since You Went Away, He's a fine actor and a fine man and I rejoice that Warners have big plans for him. Wish his private life were as happy."

"You never mention James Mason," writes Mrs. Leonard Fierfonte of Brooklyn. "Is this accidental or on purpose, Louella?" On purpose, ma'am—on purpose.

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

---

New Ringlet Bra does so much for you... costs only $1.50. Here it is... the fit you love in the bra that makes you look Lovable! A single-needle makes the difference in Ringlet... shaping, firming, molding pretty curves, sewing in fit that won't wear out, won't wash out. It's a prize at a little price! Other Lovable bras from $1. Also in Canada.

Look for the heart... for the Lovable Look

Piper Laurie and current beau Leonard Goldstein leave Mocambo with Jean Negulesco.
THE BOLDEST BOOK OF OUR TIME...

Honestly, Fearlessly
On The Screen!

“There was one thing he wouldn’t do... even for a woman!”

BURT LANCASTER MONTGOMERY CLIFT

“Prew was a hardhead,... the tougher it got, the better he liked it!”

DEBORAH KERR FRANK SINATRA

“He’s such a comical little runt. He makes me want to cry while I’m laughin’ at him...”

“Her and them sweaters. Looks colder’n an iceberg, but I know who taught her the score...”

DONNA REED

“Sure, she’s nice to him. She’s nice to all the boys...”

A Columbia Picture

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH - Based upon the novel by JAMES JONES
Produced by BUDDY ADLER - Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN
WHY LOVELY POWERS MODELS USE THE WORLD'S FINEST BOBBY PINS

To lovely Powers Models, beautiful hair styling is the mark of glamour. That's why John Robert Powers, famous beauty expert, has selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as America's perfect bobby pin! Be a Gayla Girl like the Powers Models—use Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins.

Gayla

HOLD-BOB

World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

Now... Style YOUR Hair the Powers Model Way

Find your most glamorous hair-do with the Gayla Girls Glamour Guide, a unique hair style selector created by John Robert Powers.

Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. BM-10
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 10, Ill.
Enclosed is 10¢ and the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB card. Please send my Gayla Girls Glamour Guide.

Name

Address

City Zone State

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

HOLLYWOOD REPORT

by Mike Connolly

FAMOUS COLUMNIST FOR
The Hollywood Reporter

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun aren't as friendly as they used to be. Now that Guy has suddenly become a big star, thanks to his success in Charge At Feather River, the boys hardly ever see each other.... Very few of Rosemary Clooney's co-workers at Paramount approve of her marriage to José Ferrer. And the studio itself has never approved of the match. Even so, I saw her at the Stalag 17 premiere, accompanied by her brother, Nick, only a few days after the wedding, and said, "Congratulations, Rosie." She flashed that wonderful smile—and kissed me! How can anybody stay mad at a gal like that?...

Diana Lynn filed for divorce from John Lindsay and sailed for England, whereupon John Lindsay started dating Liz Scott—and the day after their very first date I ran into Liz outside her home on the residential end of Hollywood Boulevard. She was wringing her hands. "I couldn't sleep after John took me home from Ciro's early this morning," she moaned. "The police were swarming all over the place last night—because my next-door neighbor committed suicide—and I certainly can't sleep now that I know what happened!".... And whaddya know—the very next night John was out again—at LaRue with Myrna Dell!

Lana Turner has been complaining to friends that Lex Barker is too possessive.... Debra Paget phoned me, crying because I had printed that remark she made to me—that she had finally been kissed, and that the boy who kissed her also gave her a five-carat diamond ring. It seems that other columnists had interpreted this to mean that a studio boss had given her the ring. The boss told Debra to straighten the press out, and here was Debra explaining to me: "I fibbed The ring belongs to my mother!"

Aly Khan was freed from his first wife while traveling around Europe with Rita Hayworth. Now he has been freed from Rita while traveling around Europe with Gene Tierney.... Sharman Douglas and Pete Lawford, a Honolulu twosome a month or so ago, don't even yoo-hoo now.... I've got a feeling that unless Vittorio Gassman keeps those home fires burning more frequently, Shelley ain't gonna throw on any more logs!.... Speaking of money and Rita Hayworth, don't be surprised if the Princess puts up the backing for Dick Haymes to make a settlement with Nora Flynn Haymes, after which pals expect Rita and Dick to wed.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Sunset Boulevard sight: Janie Powell and Gene Nelson following each other down the Sunset Strip, lovingly touching bumpers.... It's whispered around Hollywood that Audrey Hepburn and Greg Peck have been playing some of their scenes from Roman Holiday off-screen.... Rock Hudson has been helping Betty Abbott paint her new bedroom, and greater love hath no man than to pick up a paintbrush when he could be sunning himself on the Santa Monica sands.... Twosomes: Vic Damone and Pier Angeli, Vic Damone and Mona Freeman... And then Mona started dating Lew Ayres.... Upon which Kirk Douglas, supposedly Pier's one-and-only, started going out with Geraldine Brooks in Rome. Did you know that Kirk and Gerry were once very serious? Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are dating a lot again.

Marilyn Erskine told me all about her dates with Donald O'Connor: "Going out with Don is what you call happy times—no pressure—no nothing—just fun—like it!".... For a girl in love, Jeff Donnell looked very unhappy for a spell, there. Could be because Aldo Ray wasn't—for a spell Shirley Temple (Continued on page 21)
Regal beauty in sterling is Wallace’s Grande Baroque! This pattern of lavish brilliance and rich ornamentation glorifies the gaiety of the Baroque period. Famed designer, William S. Warren, has interpreted the grace and splendor of true Baroque in the delicate carving, the magnificent openwork, the unusual blossoms—which vary on different pieces. Grande Baroque is exquisitely sculptured in full-formed “Third Dimension Beauty,” and like every Wallace “Third Dimension Beauty” pattern it is a masterpiece—beautifully formed not only in front, but in profile and back—sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece Grande Baroque place setting, $43.75. Other patterns from $35.75 to $47.75—including Federal Tax. To learn where you can buy Wallace Sterling call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25. She will give you the names of the stores nearest you.

Send for and read the exciting design stories of each Wallace pattern in the 32 page book “Treasures in Sterling”. It also contains many helpful table-setting ideas. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 937, Wallingford, Connecticut.
From the Westmores of Hollywood! Tru-Glo Liquid Make-Up gives satiny, poreless, lawless look. 59¢*

Keep the summer sunshine in your hair, with White Rain Lotion Shampoo. Leaves hair lustrous, soft. 30¢, 60¢, $1

Children's hair? Use Toni's mild Tonette Home Wave. Stays natural-looking without nightly pinning. Refill, 1.50*

A thrilling variety to choose from... in Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. Perfumed shades, pastels, iridescents, 25¢*. Regular shades, 10¢*

So clinging, so smooth, Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder seems like your own complexion. Choice of shades. 15¢, 29¢*

Summer's over! It's time to find out the Fall beauty news... time to see the latest cosmetics shades... time to learn the newest ways to look lovelier, stay daintier. That means it's time to shop at Woolworth's! Whether you're headed back to the books or back to the boss... you're bright and budget-wise to shop Woolworth's first. On these two pages you'll find just a hint of the famous-quality cosmetics and sizes on hand at your nearest Woolworth's.

For that quick, clean, "million-bubble" shave... Colgate Lather Shaving Cream, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

Fast... safe! Dispenser pack of Gillette Blue Blades lets you change blades without touching keen edges. 10-blade, 49¢. 20-blade, 98¢

You clean your breath as you clean your teeth... when you use Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream. 15¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢

Reach inside outside, in-between teeth... with a 2 oz. w/s Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush! Assorted colors, in sealed tube, 59¢. Nylon bristles, 29¢

For that quick, clean, "million-bubble" shave... Colgate Lather Shaving Cream, 35¢, 53¢. Brushless, 15¢, 29¢, 47¢

Fast... safe! Dispenser pack of Gillette Blue Blades lets you change blades without touching keen edges. 10-blade, 49¢. 20-blade, 98¢

You clean your breath as you clean your teeth... when you use Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream. 15¢, 27¢, 47¢, 63¢

Reach inside outside, in-between teeth... with a 2 oz. w/s Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush! Assorted colors, in sealed tube, 59¢. Nylon bristles, 29¢

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... with Vaseline Hair Tonic, 15¢, 29¢, 49¢, 83¢*. Cream Hair Tonic, 29¢, 59¢*

Neat on shelf... and so handy to use! Gillette Super-Speed Razor, Blue Blades, in smart kit. $1

Susan Smart* says "On the campus. all your cosmetics are near... at Woolworth's."
Your hands stay youthfully lovely to hold... when you use oh-so-smoothing PÆQUINS Hand Cream. 10c, 25c, 49c, 98c*

For fragrant daintiness after bathing or when changing... don't forget your CASHMERE BOUQUET Talcum. 12c, 29c, 43c*

Natural-looking radiance for cheeks... with HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. Boudoir size, 1.25c* Purse size, 69c*

For fragrant daintiness after bathing or when changing. don't forget your CASHMERE BOUQUET Talcum.

Fix soft waves into hair, tame unruly ends, with lanolin-rich NESTLE Spraze. Lasts all day. With sparkles, at no extra charge. 89c*

Stay outdoor-fresh indoors... protect clothes... with daily dab of "invisible shield" FRESH Cream Deodorant. 12c, 27c, 43c, 63c*

Why leave a trail of lipstick? HAZEL BISHOP Lipstick won't come off when you eat, drink or smoke. Jumbo Swivel Case, 1.10c* Push-Up Case, 59c*

Stay outdoor-fresh indoors... protect clothes... with daily dab of "invisible shield" FRESH Cream Deodorant. 12c, 27c, 43c, 63c*

Why leave a trail of lipstick? HAZEL BISHOP Lipstick won't come off when you eat, drink or smoke. Jumbo Swivel Case, 1.10c* Push-Up Case, 59c*

Hollywood stars' favorite for glowing, manageable hair... LUSTRE-CREME Shampoo. Needs no after-rinse. 27c, 53c, $1

Glorious color for your hair, with NOREEN Super Color Rinse. For toning-down or blending, too. Shampoos out. 30c*

No neutralizer needed when you use PROX! Home Permanent. Different lotions for different hair types. Refill, 1.50c*

No neutralizer needed when you use PROX! Home Permanent. Different lotions for different hair types. Refill, 1.50c*

Exquisite softness and skin beauty with LANOLIN PLUS Liquid. It's a night cream, make-up base, cleanser. $1 and 1.75c*

Exquisite softness and skin beauty with LANOLIN PLUS Liquid. It's a night cream, make-up base, cleanser. $1 and 1.75c*

Grand powder base... wonderful body rub! That's HINDS Honey & Almond Fragrance Lotion. 10c, 25c, 49c*

Discreet... ready-wrapped in concealed package to keep your secret... softer, more absorbent MODIFI'S in 3 sizes. 19c, 39c, 1.49
YES, AVA GARDNER 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—beauties like Ava Gardner—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 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.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—$1 to $2 in jars or tubes.

Thrilling news for users of liquid shampoos: Lustre-Creme Shampoo also comes in new Lotion Form, 100—30c to $1.00.

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES
RECORD OF THE MONTH

JULIUS CAESAR—sound track album** (MGM).
In the old days it was “No, I didn’t see the picture, but I read the book.” Nowadays, if you miss a movie, you can just say “No, I didn’t see the picture, but I heard the record.” And this record is a perfect example of how much such a statement can mean.

It’s a 12-inch LP running almost half the entire length of the picture. So well has it been edited that none of the overall dramatic impact has been lost.

John Houseman, the producer, personally edited the disc; he also acts as narrator in a few spots where the action needs to be linked together.

The result is an impressive production, with the famous “Friends, Romans, countrymen” speech of Mark Antony (Marlon Brando) as a special highlight. All the principals are heard—James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmond O’Brien. The appearances of Deborah Kerr and Greer Garson are brief but effective; the musical tracks, written and conducted by Milosl Rossa, aid the record as they did the film.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—When Love Goes Wrong by Margaret Whiting and Jimmy Walshei (Capitol).

JOURNEY TO SOUTH AMERICA—Grazziotta (A Peruvian Waltz) by Percy Faith* (Columbia).

LIMELIGHT—Eternally (Terry’s Theme) by Dinah Shore (Victor); Jean Campbell (Okeh).

Too bad they had to fit this pretty melody with such trite, unoriginal lyrics. Even Dinah can’t make them sound like much.

MELBA—The Melba Waltz (Dream Time) by Jack Merley (Okeh).

THE MOON IS BLUE—title song by Ralph Marterie* (Mercury).

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—I Guess It Was You (All The Time by Ray Anthony* (Capitol); Baby, Baby, Baby by Tommy Edwards* (MGM).

POPULAR

TERESA BREWER-DON CORNELL—The Glad Song* (Coral).

Teamed together for the first time in almost a year, Terry and Don are at their best in this one and the coupling, What Happened To The Music?

FRANKIE LAINE—Hey, For* (Columbia).

Carl Smith was the first to record this, but with Frankie’s version it’s become a hit in both the popular and the hillbilly music worlds. Other side is an Irving Berlin song, Stilin’ In The Sun. (MGM).

FRANK SINATRA—I’ve Got The World On A String* (Capitol).

Maybe Frankie’s switch to the Capitol label has brought the long-awaited change in his luck on records. As we went to press, this one looked promising.
will include her husband in any movie deal ... Clark Gable went to Europe to get away from it all, only to find he was so well-known everywhere that there he couldn't get any rest at all, at all ... Terry Moore was nipped by a barracuda while swimming in Florida's waters but won't say where.

Danger signal: the decision of a sweet, wholesome-type girl to start looking sexy—as witness what happened to the marriages of Anne Baxter and Janie Powell when they 'went sexy'! ... Paramount's new cutie, Mal Zetterling (she's co-starring with Danny Kaye in Knock On Wood at Par), tells me she doesn't need to pose for cheesecake photos: her face is sexy enough ... In a press interview, Kathryn Grayson refused to answer any questions about the size of her bust ... Gilbert Roland is getting more jobs in pictures now than he got when he was a top romantic leading man 'way back in the '30's. So you see, it does pay to be a nice guy and a good actor ... Prediction: Gloria Grahame is one winner of a supporting actress Oscar who won't fade into oblivion ... Ava Gardner sent home two leopard skins from Africa so that Frank Sinatra's new car can have new seat covers.

FINANCIAL PAGE:
Tab Hunter will make $25,000 in picture salaries this year ... Since June Allyson left Metro she has made more on one picture—$125,000—than she got in a whole year from her old Alma MGM Mater ... Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield are looking for a Los Angeles location to build a restaurant similar to Esther Williams' and Ben Lyon's Trails ... Gary Cooper bought two Mercedes cars in Europe for $8250 each and Bing Crosby bought one for $8000 so you figure out who's the best trader ... John Payne, who got a wonderful wife and loving mother for his children when he tied the knot with Sandra Curtis (Alan's widow), pulled $30,000 out of the moviemakers' pockets in Roanoke, Virginia, when he staged a personal appearance there for the Children's Hospital.

Maureen O'Hara sold her house in the Hollywood Hills for $90,000 ... Bob Wagner hired a business manager to help him handle his $750 a week. If he doesn't learn to save now, he'll lose plenty when he gets a raise ... Mario Lanza, although he recorded nary a song for RCA Victor last year, has made $400,000 in royalties on records for 1952 so far ... Then as has pits: Dean Martin won the ship's pool, $1300 on the Queen Elizabeth ... Vic Mature hired his wardrobe man, Mickey Sherrard, to manage his new television store on Pico Boulevard. And Vic plans to open two more such stores before 1954. So do you figure that Mature? Works all day starring in movies and then goes to his stores at night to sell TV sets to people who would rather look at TV than go to the movies! ... Marilyn Monroe's business manager would not allow her to spend $200 a month for an apartment, despite her success.

Which is more likely to succeed?

Or to put it more romantically, who will be first to marry? Will it be Enid with her blonde beauty, radiant personality and quick wit? Or Jane, with her shy, retiring ways? You would guess Enid, of course. But you would be wrong. Jane will get to the altar long before Enid, because Jane has something that Enid has not ... a breath that is always agreeable and sweet. She keeps it that way with Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against halitosis (bad breath). Clever Jane! Stupid Enid!

Listerine Antiseptic not only stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly ... it usually keeps it stopped for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's ability to kill germs.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this ... instantly

Germs are by far the most common cause of halitosis. Because they start the fermentation of proteins that are always present in your mouth. In fact, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in your mouth.

Listerine instantly kills these germs by millions, including bacteria that cause fermentation. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you any such anti-septic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs: Listerine does.

Clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

No wonder that in recent clinical tests Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in reducing breath odors than the two leading tooth pastes, as well as the three leading chlorophyll products, it was tested against.

That's why we say, if you're really serious about your breath, no matter what else you may use, use an anti-septic. Kill those odor bacteria with Listerine—the most widely used anti-septic in the world. Rinse with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best.

LISTERINE STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL OR TOOTH PASTE
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY  Adapted from the best-seller by James Jones, *From Here To Eternity* is a brilliant movie. Its focus is that part of the Army composed of enlisted men, professional soldiers, stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, the summer of 1941. But the passions and principles (or lack of them) which rule their lives mirror our times. There’s Prewitt (Montgomery Clift) the uncompromising idealist who gets “the treatment” because, having once blinded a man while sparring, he refuses to join the boxing team. There’s Sergeant Warden (Burt Lancaster) the realist who can adapt himself to any situation because he knows how to yield, and despite his contempt for the pompous fraud of a Captain (Philip Ober) serves him well. There’s Maggio (Frank Sinatra) the uncontrolled, pathetically funny little man who gets into trouble and is broken by the sadistic Sergeant “Fatso” (Ernest Borgnine) in charge of the stockade. Then there’s Karen (Deborah Kerr) the Captain’s wife, a lost, bitter woman who finds love for the first time with Warden, but that love is doomed. And there’s Lorene (Donna Reed) Prew’s girl, a prostitute saving her money for a “proper” life back home. *From Here To Eternity* unites these poignantly drawn portraits of desperate people in a drama you won’t forget.—Col.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES  It has Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell—what more does it need? Technicolor? It’s got that, too. And Marilyn walks, which is even better than her singing. The theme of this movie, like the Broadway play before it, is “diamonds are a girl’s best friend.” Marilyn has plenty of friends. She’s also engaged. Her fiancé (Tommy Noonan) is made of money, only his father (Taylor Holmes) made it and is not about to be taken in by this gold digger. That’s why the marriage is postponed. Marilyn insists on going to “Europe, France,” and takes Jane with her. Mr. Holmes hires a detective (Elliott Reid) to watch her, with a camera, for any hint of scandal. That camera clicks like a Geiger counter. Because Charles Coburn is on board and he’s up to his ears in diamond mines. As for Jane—she’s enamored of the entire Olympic team (also on board) and she likes that detective, too, until she discovers he is one. Most of the songs that were in the original musical by Joseph Fields and Anita Loos are here. The comic effects of the flapper era (the flaming Twenties) are lost in this modern version. But you can’t have everything.—20th-Fox

LATIN LOVERS  Lana Turner’s problem is $37 million dollars, which may seem laughable to you, but has put this girl on an analyst’s couch. Men want me for my money, she says. Doctor, cure me of that neurosis. Some neurosis! The thought of all those millions keeps even the analyst (Eduard Franz) up nights. He’s no help. Neither is Beulah Bondi, John Lund’s analyst. John has 48 million dollars, but even so, Lana can’t bring herself to marry him. Beulah is supposed to make John irresistible. Switch to Brazil where Lund is mixing business with Turner and Turner is switching from him to Montalban. Montalban is masterful. He throws a fit when she’s late, laughs at her dancing, complains about his loss of freedom. Lana is afraid he’ll toss her out when he discovers she’s a gold mine. Fat chance. He’s delirious with delight. That’s no good, either. Lana figures he must have known about the money all along. So it goes—until Lana wakes up and loves. It’s Technicolor, some of it’s funny, all of it’s easy on the eyes. Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen and Archer MacDuffie are in this.—MGM
Bobbi is perfect for this casual “Ingenue” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. 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 “Capri” style. No “nightly settings.”

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.

What a casual, easy livin’ look this “Minx” hairdo has . . . thanks to Bobbi! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls like these.

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.
last year my hair was mousey brown...

although I once was brightly blonde...

now—Richard Hudnut
Light and Bright has brought back natural looking lightness

Nothing to mix or fix
"it's simpler than setting your hair!"

Light AND BRIGHT by Richard Hudnut is the newest cosmetic gift to blondes, brownettes, redheads, with dull or lifeless looking hair. It's an entirely different kind of home hair lightener, a cosmetic really, that gives you natural-looking color that won't wash out because it brings out the lightness inherent in your hair. Not a dye, or rinse, it's a simple, single solution you apply directly to your hair to lighten and brighten a little or a lot depending on how many times you use it. And it's so easy to use. No mixing, timing or shampooing. So safe, too. Light and Bright contains no ammonia and the color change is gradual because you yourself decide how many applications to have. At all cosmetic counters. 1.50 PLUS TAX.

RICHARD HUDNUT of Fifth Avenue
Look lovelier in 10 days

with Doctor’s Home Facial or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier - helps keep it that way, too!

If you aren’t entirely satisfied with your skin—here’s the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you keep it that way!

Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. For this famous medicated beauty cream combines softening, soothing, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Letters from women all over America praise Noxzema’s quick help for dry, rough skin; externally caused blemishes; and for that lifeless half-clean look of so many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn’t you like to help your skin look fresher, smoother, prettier? Then, tonight start this Doctor’s Home Facial:

1. Cleanse by washing your face with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. Noxzema is greaseless, actually washes off with water. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawal!

2. Night cream: Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them fast! Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil-and-moisture that helps keep your skin looking fresh and lovely.

3. Make-up base: In the morning, ‘cream-wash’ again. Then apply soothing, greaseless Noxzema as your long-lasting powder base. Noxzema helps protect your skin all day long!

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women with discouraging skin problems to have lovelier looking complexions. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! externally-caused

LOOK LOVELIER OFFER: Big 8½ jar of Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!
It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

**Can't Dry Your Hair Like Harsh Liquids**
**Can't Dull Your Hair Like Soaps or Creams**

**White Rain**

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
MISSION OVER KOREA This movie is dedicated to the men who scout the skies in Army L-5 cub planes. They don't carry weapons; they just dart in and around enemy fire, taking pictures, observing, getting killed. John Hodiak and John Derek are stationed at Kimpo Field, Seoul, before the outbreak of war in Korea. Hodiak has a wife (Maureen O'Sullivan) and family; Derek is a brash young officer who meets an Army nurse (Audrey Totter) in Japan, but doesn't have much time to woo her. When the fighting starts Hodiak and Derek are in the thick of it, and you get a good idea of the desolation, terror and fury that war brings—even if it is only a police action. You also see how heroes are made and murdered in a matter of minutes. Cast included Harvey Lembeck, Richard Erdman, William Chum.—Col.

RIDE, VAQUERO! Howard Keel is a homesteader, or would be, if Anthony Quinn, leader of the Mexican border raiders, would stop burning down his ranch. Quinn is afraid of men like Keel—they're too smart, too idealistic and too brave—and for them to settle in Texas would mean the end of wild times. Robert Taylor is the silent, cynical right hand man whom Quinn loves like a brother. Together they raise terror at will because life means little to them. One day Keel catches up with Taylor and can easily kill him. Instead he asks for Taylor's help on the ranch. Taylor agrees. He admires Keel. He admires Keel's wife (Ava Gardner). And that's the trouble. When Taylor sees where admiration can lead he saddles up his horse and gits (underneath that brooding exterior lurks an honorable man). He rides into town a few minutes after Quinn has ripped it open and is in the process of slowly pumping Keel full of holes. The movie is fraught with atmosphere, but sometimes you can't help wondering why. Anseco Color—MGM.

EAST OF SUMATRA Jeff Chandler is a mining engineer who sets his crew down on the Island of Sumatra to look for tin. First thing they find is Suzan Ball cavorting in a waterfall. She is the native chieftain's bride-to-be, and that chieftain (Anthony Quinn) is pretty wise in the ways of men. He makes Jeff promise to provide medicine for his people in return for their labor. Chandler promises but he can't help it if his boss (John Sutton) is a rat and won't even part with a Band-aid. Quinn thinks Chandler betrayed him and wants to start a war. "Don't fight, boys," says Suzan, and they don't—until the native rice crop mysteriously burns up. Quinn methodically destroys Chandler's plane and supplies and cuts off all means of escape. It looks like fast starvation until Chandler challenges Quinn to a fight to the death. (They use flaming torches and daggers.) Also in cast of East of Sumatra are Marilyn Maxwell, Jay C. Flippen. Technicolor.—U-I
There are some actresses who, introverted and self-sufficient, can go through life for long periods of time without a man.

Rita Hayworth is not one of these.

Without love and masculine attention she is like a rose without sun and water. She withers.

Rita knows this. Which is why she has found herself a new beau and, potentially, a new husband. He is Dick Haymes, the tall, 37-year-old, handsome crooner from the Argentine whose love life has been every bit as hectic as Rita’s.

As you undoubtedly know, Haymes, four years ago, was involved in one of Hollywood’s juiciest and most publicized scandals. That was in Palm Springs when he took three looks at Errol Flynn’s then-wife, the beautifully lusty Nora, and promptly lost his heart to her.

At the time he was married to Joanne Dru, a girl of quiet but insinuating beauty, and the mother of his three wonderful children. But Dick petitioned for his freedom.

As a matter of fact, he was so smitten by Nora, so anxious to make her his, that he agreed to pay Joanne any sum ranging from $9,600 to $14,000 a year for support in addition to taking out insurance policies for the offspring, paying their dental and medical bills, and dividing the community property.

Joanne gave Dick his liberty. Errol Flynn, his great ego shattered, gave Nora hers plus the promise to pay $550 a month for the support of their two daughters, Rory and Deirdre, a promise, incidentally, which he has been delinquent in fulfilling. On July 17, 1949, Nora Eddington Flynn became the bride of Richard Haymes.

“How does Rita Hayworth fit into this picture?” you ask.

It’s very simple. Early this year, not long after she had lost a baby son via miscarriage, Nora Haymes decided that she and Dick just couldn’t make a go of their marriage. There was a separation which left Haymes free and lonely.

In New York on business, he happened to run into Rita Hayworth who was in town to plug Salome. In fact they both stayed at the Plaza. They ate together. “Steak and black coffee,” according to one waiter who served them. “And they looked very nice, very simpático.” (Continued on page 80)
Now! Make-up that covers perfectly...yet looks so perfectly natural!

Yours only with Max Factor Pan-Cake® Make-Up—when you apply it by the new "Light Touch Method"!

Never before have so many women—women with dry skin, oily skin, normal skin—had such wonderful success with a single make-up base.

The base is Max Factor’s famous Pan-Cake—the make-up that covers so beautifully. And now it gives you an even lovelier, more natural look when you use Max Factor’s revolutionary new Light Touch Method!

The directions are easy. Just be sure to use the light, light touch for make-up that’s so much fresher, prettier... so much kinder to your complexion... yet covers as only Pan-Cake can!

1. Use a sponge that’s really wet (just short of dripping). Rub it lightly over your Pan-Cake Make-Up—only a small amount is needed at a time.

2. Apply very lightly, quickly. Pan-Cake is enriched with lanolin, won’t dry your skin. Wring out sponge; blend lightly with reverse side.

3. While face is still moist, blot lightly with tissue to remove any excess. This prevents “caking.”

4. Puff on face powder generously, but lightly. Brush off surplus. (For an extra-sheer look, pat lightly with clean, moist sponge.)

Your flawless new complexion looks lovely all day long—when you put on Max Factor Pan-Cake Make-Up with the new Light Touch Method!

$1.50 plus tax in 12 fashion shades.
There's Cold Cream Now in Camay

Your skin will love it!
Wonderful new Camay with cold cream for complexion and bath!

Here's the happiest beauty news that ever came your way! Now Camay contains cold cream. And Camay is the only leading beauty soap to bring you this added luxury.

For your beauty and your bath—new Camay with cold cream is more delightful than ever. And whether your skin is dry or oily, new Camay will leave it feeling beautifully cleansed, marvelously refreshed.

Of course, you still get everything that's made Camay famous... the softer complexion that's yours when you change to regular care and Camay, that foam-rich Camay lather, skin-pampering Camay mildness and delicate Camay fragrance.

Look for new Camay in the same familiar wrapper. It's at your store now—yours at no extra cost. There is no finer beauty soap in all the world!
Time was when Clark Gable turned to hunting, fishing and desert resorts for entertainment and relaxation between pictures. Now he turns to the ladies.

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

What does an actor do between pictures? Especially if he's single, wealthy, handsome, and his name is Clark Gable?

In California when he had finished a film, the 52-year-old star used to go fishing and hunting in Oregon or speed down to La Quinta, a desert resort south of Palm Springs. When he was married to Lady Sylvia Ashley, he'd come home to his house in Encino, inspect Sylvia's latest improvements in décor and blow his top.

Only Gable hasn’t been working in the U.S.A. for more than a year now. He’s been in Africa and Europe, making films there in order to take advantage of the Federal income tax exemption. And life in Europe, to say the least, gives actors the opportunity to be infinitely more expansive than they can be at home.

Ever since April of this year, for example, when (Continued on page 88)
As Stengel is to the Yankees—that's how Skolsky is to The Monroe. But he can't write an article about her—he loves her too much.

by Sidney Skolsky

LOVE MARILYN

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
MODERN SCREEN
Dear Chuck:

In reply to your letter, it's nice to be told that what Boswell was to Johnson I am to Monroe, but flattery will get you nowhere. I can't do an article on Marilyn Monroe for you.

Don't forget, Chuck, that when Boswell published his notes, Samuel Johnson was no longer around, and I still have to live with The Monroe. You know what I mean: I still have to see her at the studio, at restaurants, at her house and, of course, get lifts from her. No man ever had a better-looking chauffeur, or a chauffeur to whom other drivers paid more attention.

Look what you've got me saying: "I still have to see her!" This sounds as if it is a duty, which it certainly isn't. I don't know of any celebrity who is more amiable or more comfortable to be with than Marilyn. No, Chuck, if I can pull a line like that so early in just a personal letter, there's no telling what boners I might pull in an article. Honestly, I don't think I'm the boy for the job, despite the fact that I know Marilyn so well.

You probably want an article entitled "Why Monroe Will Marry DiMaggio," or "Why Monroe Won't Marry DiMaggio." I can't write that type of yarn for you. To tell the truth, Chuck, (Continued on page 35)
As a homeless child, Marilyn lived with strangers and relatives, longed for a bed she could call her own. With her first money she bought one—nice and low so she wouldn’t fall out.

Comfort is important to The Monroe, both in companions and in dress. She has no use for girdles and pajamas and not much use for shoes; gets no credit for the lingerie she wears.

As a child, she wasn’t often

First sitting at six months
I really don't know whether Marilyn and Joe will marry or not. In fact, at the moment I don't think they know. I'd hate to have to decide for them, and then find they've done the opposite and be caught with my by-line down. You know this sort of thing sometimes happens in fan magazines.

It could be because I understand Marilyn that I won't hazard a guess as to her matrimonial future. But this much I can definitely state: there is nothing definite. However, at post time (I mean mailing this letter to you) this is somewhat their routine: Marilyn will often rush home from the studio, still in make-up, to cook dinner for Joe. She usually throws a couple of steaks or chops into the broiler. And Joe has taught her how to prepare spaghetti. Since going with him, she drinks Italian wine and knows a few words of Italian. After dinner Joe will stretch out on the couch and watch a Western movie on TV. Marilyn will study her lines for tomorrow, or talk to friends on the telephone. She prefers to lie on the floor or bed when on the phone. "I talk better lying down," she claims.

Joe doesn't try to guide her career or tell her how to play a role. He does occasionally make a sage remark drawn from his own glorious history: "Never mind all the publicity, honey," he'll say. "Get the money."

When Marilyn met DiMaggio all she knew about baseball was that it was played on a diamond and that it was good for publicity photos. It was because of one of those publicity pictures, in fact, that Joe expressed the desire to meet Marilyn. A little over a year ago she had posed with ballplayer Gus Zernial (Continued on page 62)
ALTHOUGH HE NEVER COMPLAINS AND NEVER EXPLAINS, BOB WAGNER IS CONSTANTLY APPALLED

Bob Wagner and Debbie Reynolds were a friendly twosome and a constant one. When they began to see less of each other, Bob was astounded to hear that he had "thrown her over—broken her heart."

He was enjoying his dates with blonde Susan Zanuck when the rumors about that reached him: "He took her out because she was the boss' daughter and he was too smart to miss the main chance."

Robert John Wagner, Jr., is a personable, good natured and well-adjusted young man of 23. It's amazing that some people have been prompted to tell so many lies about him.

Bob is amazed, too. He can't understand why it happens.

"Look," he says, "I'm easy to get along with. I like people and I hope they like me. I work hard at my job and try to do the best I can. I can't understand why people would go out of their way to tell lies about me."

Usually he follows the advice of another performer who is expert in the art of remaining a star—Alan Ladd. Bob used to date Carol Lee Ladd, and he listened carefully to words of wisdom from her father. After all, Alan has been

By Bob Thomas
Bob Wagner

able to keep a large and devoted following through good pictures and bad.

On the question of what to do about false rumors, Alan said simply: "Never complain; never explain."

When major and minor crises arise, Bob remembers those words. Recently a columnist printed the information that Robert Wagner had hired an independent press agent—to keep his name and face out of print. The item attempted to explain that he had been on six magazine covers lately and felt too much publicity would endanger his career.

A studio publicist hastily called Bob for confirmation. The report was false, he said.

"Then don't you want to issue a denial?" asked the publicist.

Bob remembered Alan Ladd's words. "No," he replied. "Let's just let the whole matter drop."

But there comes a time when even such an easy-going guy as Bob Wagner must blow off steam. And so when I asked him to clear up all the distortions, untruths and outright lies that have been circulated about him, he jumped at the chance.

One writer put forth the claim that Bob had been unfair to Debbie Reynolds. The writer quoted a friend of Debbie's as saying:

"Oh! That Bob Wagner! How could he break that poor little girl's heart? I'm telling you that when he threw Debbie over, he broke her heart—broke it right into pieces! And what for? Just so that he could buzz from one girl to the next. I thought he had more sense than that. I really did. He didn't know when he was well off. I guess he'll just have to grow up."

The statement that he broke Debbie's heart is pure nonsense, says Bob.

"There never was anything serious between us," he explained. "We went out together—went out a great deal. But we never had any real romance. Debbie wanted it that way, and I agreed. After all, she is all wrapped up in her career, and so am I. We are both at a very critical stage, when hard work and concentration will make the difference between getting ahead in the business or missing the boat."

"We never (Continued on page 96)"
The wise money didn’t back the Grable-James marriage. So what made it go for ten years? Betty offers a horsey reason.

**JACK WADE**

**LOVE IS A LONG SHOT**

The James’ first big winner, Big Noise, thunders past Grey Tower and Count Me Out to win the Futurity and $100,000.

Once, when she was very young, Betty Grable shed bitter tears over a love that had failed. Like Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley Temple and Jane Powell, who in later years were to experience the folly of too-early marriage against parental objection, Betty cringed from the explosive publicity that accompanied her divorce from ex-child actor, Jackie Coogan, and swore to herself that next time she’d know the real thing. Yet, she admits that when she married orchestra leader Harry James, the “wise money” in Hollywood was betting that their marriage wouldn’t go six weeks. The odds were simply against it. The recipe was one that had never worked.

Take one superb blonde movie star who had become the pin-up idol of millions of service men and the meal ticket for thousands of theater owners. Take one top band leader, required by the nature of his profession to bounce endlessly around the United States away from home for ten months out of the year. Mix them together in a marital state and any sensible person will tell you that the result must be unpalatable chaos.

Today, while the verdict may still be out on the love futures of Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple and Janie Powell, it appears that the marriage of Ruth Elizabeth Grable to a horn player named Harry James on July 5, 1943, has tossed normally sound reasoning into the ash can.

How have they managed to do it?

“We both like horses,” Betty answers simply.

To some of the psychologists who prepare those deep thinking articles, such a statement is ridiculous in the extreme. Yet, the brainy efforts of these marriage experts over the years have done little to stem the tide of divorce. It would *(Continued on page 85)*
There are long faces and short tempers over Rosie's marriage. But nothing bothers the unblushing bride. She's singing and shouting, "Just flippin' my lid! Never been happier!"

BY PETER PRESTON

- When the news broke in Cincinnati a few weeks ago that Rosemary Clooney, 25, of Maysville, Kentucky, and José Vicente Ferrer, 41, of Ossining, New York, had gotten married in a small Oklahoma town, four hours' ride from Dallas, a young woman who had once gone to Withrow High School with Rosemary leaned across the breakfast table. She handed her husband the morning newspaper and pointed to the Clooney-Ferrer wedding announcement.

"Now," she snapped, "I believe in miracles."

The husband of the young society matron read the brief news item and said, "What's wrong with their getting married?"

"Nothing. Except that if Rosemary Clooney can get a famous husband, so can any other girl on earth. Do you know, Dick, that when she was at Withrow, Rosemary was blackballed by four different sororities?"

The husband looked at his wife as a man might regard a backward child, with a mixture of love and pity. "There is nothing more cruel in the world," he said softly, "than the snobbishness of adolescent girls."

There was a time only a few months ago when recalling the hurt and poverty and bitter frustration of her youth, Rosemary Clooney would undoubtedly have agreed with the above statement. But now that she is Mrs. José Ferrer, she is so thrilled with the newness of marriage, so happy in her recently-rented Beverly Hills home, so altogether in love with Joe that the memories of humiliations she suffered as a child are in cold-storage.

And yet to those who knew her as a too-thin, jut-jawed, spindle-shanked girl it seems like only yesterday when she was aboard the Island Moon, an excursion steamer winding down the Ohio. Hundreds of high school boys and girls were heading for the picnic grounds, and Rosemary, dressed in a cheap little frock, made over by her Grandmother Guilfoyle, turned to her best friend. "I'm desperately in love with—" and she pointed out the local handsome Lothario. (Continued on page 77)
Occasionally Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz can be seen at night without benefit of television screen. In today's becalmed Mocambo, it's a wholesome, domestic scene.

Turistas paying cover charges to see intrigue among the stars are delighted to find Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas, disappointed by their party manners.

Jane Wyman is among the few stars who still come out at night. She was one of the Bautzer girls (and Greg was one of the Wyman boys) but now it's plain Mrs. Karger.

Like most of the younger generation, Anne Francis turns up with her husband, seems to have a good time.

A FEW STARS STILL TWINKLE IN THE NIGHT CLUBS, BUT DECOROUSLY. GONE

what's happened to hollywood night life?

By STEVE CRONIN

One night a few years ago in a Hollywood establishment known then and now as Mocambo, a girl of mysterious identity and origin went over to Errol Flynn and broke a coddled egg on his head.

The incident churned up a few local headlines but did not excite anyone unduly. This was in an era when the unsteady graph of what is called "Hollywood night life" was on one of its periodic climbs toward delirium, and in fact, not to break coddled eggs on stars'
heads was considered effete. Actually the incident passed off rather well, occasioning no discomfort to anyone save Mr. Flynn, who underwent the shock you would expect of a man who has no deadly aversion to eggs taken externally but who hadn't happened to order a shampoo.

The red-haired girl had not known Mr. Flynn nor he her. She went over to his table and asked if he were Errol Flynn. No perjurer, Flynn said he was. The Errol Flynn? the girl asked. Mr. Flynn didn't simper. He just said yup. Squooosh.

Mocambo was loaded with filmdom's hot rocks that evening. They laughed appreciatively and resumed the somewhat intense business of roistering in the public eye. A few paid tribute to Flynn's acumen in hiring an egg-plopper all his own, and a few others decided the caper was an authentic one, raising the charitable grounds that Flynn's coiffure and a coddled egg were natural affinities. Ham, that is, was mentioned, but in no more vicious a spirit than a baby cobra might exhibit if stepped on. The girl was hauled away before she could apply pepper and salt and life went on.

Well, that was a normal Hollywood night life item yesterday. Tomorrow it may well be normal again. Today it is simply nostalgic and a little quaint, like a Duesenberg phaeton or a raccoon coat. Today, if truth must be told, Hollywood night life is decorous and becalmed, bidding its time. (Continued on page 101)
Why Shirley Temple came back

by Hedda Hopper

We had scarcely sat down for a chat when a doorbell rang; and one of the most famous young ladies in the world, a pert, svelte brunette, got up to answer. Naturally Hopper had to peep out to see who the caller could be. It was a middle-aged man bearing a yellow envelope.

"I have a telegram for Shirley Temple," he said.

"Well," said the girl, "I used to be Shirley Temple."

The messenger almost dropped his teeth. Scratching his head in wonderment, he stared at the girl and finally said, "If you're Shirley Temple, I must be getting older than I thought."

He seemed a bit dubious about handing her the telegram. I still don't believe he thought the girl was Shirley Temple.

But indeed it was. After two years in the east, where her husband, Charles Black, had served a re-call term with Naval Intelligence in Washington, Shirley had come home—but not as Shirley Temple. She insists on being called Shirley Black. Her hair was a natural dark brunette in color. Though her looks are still bright with youth, they contain a suggestion of the matronly. Those famous childhood dimples are not so pronounced. "I'm a quarter of a century old," she said, seeming to take a particular satisfaction in that "century" bit.

Most outstanding in Shirley's personality is a gentle, mocking sense of humor, which is applied liberally toward herself. In conversation you have to watch that girl, or she'll have your neck in a twist from double-takes trying to find out whether she's serious or kidding. Almost always there is a faint trace of humor in her eyes.

"Well," said I, "you're stuck with being Shirley Temple whether or not you ever do another day of acting. You became an American institution. You grew into the hearts of movie-going people and they'll never let you go. When do you start back to work?"

She reflected for a moment before answering. "Hedda," she said finally, "you must understand (Continued on page 90)
Shirley's two children are good playmates and companions. When Charlie was born, the Blacks "gave" him to Susan, who watches after him like her own baby, shows no trace of usual jealousy.

Her son's first haircut gave Shirley a pang of nostalgia. "A boy's first haircut is his first step to manhood," says Shirley wistfully. "and it makes a mother feel that her baby is leaving her already."

A husky 26 pounds, Charlie is quite a bundle for his petite mother to handle, but he's such a good baby. Shirley has no trouble with him. Shirley came much nearer death at his birth, than most people realize.

Little Linda Susan Agar, the daughter of Shirley and her first husband, John Agar, is a bright, friendly child. She visited the White House with her parents recently, and surprised the President with her aplomb.
THE NOT SO MAD HOUSE

A week before those two irrepressible zanies, Martin and Lewis, were scheduled to appear at the Palladium in London, a British magazine flew one of its top writers across the Atlantic to interview Jerry. After many fruitless expeditions all over Hollywood, the scribe finally located the rubber-faced, crew-cut comic in a sporting goods store. Jerry was trying on golf shoes.

"I'll need an extra heavy shoe for those Scotch golf courses, don't you think, old boy?" That was Lewis' opening remark to the visiting Britisher.

"Why don't you wait and buy a pair in London?" the reporter suggested.

"Ridiculous," Jerry answered. "They're cheaper there." Then turning to the clerk, he said, "Do these shoes come in brown and white, too?"

Told that they did, the gangling screwball ordered identical pairs in black and white, cordovan, and Norwegian calf.

Next he tried on Bermuda-length shorts. They looked good to him so he bought an even dozen pairs in linen, flannel, and tropical worsted. Moving over to the camera department (Continued on page 48)
The two Lewis children share this double-decker bedroom, but they're usually to be found out in their playhouse, the one Jerry had to buy for them after he took over the first one for himself.

No trick staircases, hidden doors or sliding panels . . . Jerry Lewis' house is so normal you'd never know America's favorite screwball lives there.

BY MARVA PETERSON

Because of his insecure childhood, Jerry has many neurotic habits. For years, he used to sleep with a gun beneath his pillow. In this lovely master bedroom, Patti talked him into giving it up last year.

Early American is the motif of the kitchen, but in convenience and modern appliances, it's strictly up-to-date. Along with the mechanical wonders, Patti has installed a magazine rack and a radio.

Guests are sometimes so comfortable in the Lewis guest room they refuse to leave! "Especially my mother-in-law," cracks Jerry. (He's only kidding.) The TV set, chaise lounge, are perfect for relaxing.

MORE→
he ordered half a dozen reflectors and spotlights. “Need these for my camera work,” Jerry explained.

“But I thought Paramount provided that sort of equipment!” the flabbergasted Englishman managed to sputter.

Lewis crossed his eyes and drew an imaginary pistol from his belt, aiming his index finger at the reporter’s heart. “Say that one more time, you varmint,” he drawled, “and I’ll have you sent to the Tower. Do you hear me, you wretch?”

Unaccustomed to Jerry’s shenanigans, the British reporter scratched his head in amazement, whereupon Lewis moved up to him and said, “Look, Hyman, I thought I told you to wait outside and wash the car.”

Finished spending $800 in the sporting goods store, Jerry then raced across Wilshire Boulevard into a confectionary shop. Like a little boy with his allowance to spend, he eyed all the glass cases, finally settling for a pound of licorice, and bags of jelly beans, nuts, and assorted gum drops. “This bulk candy,” he observed, “gets stale very quickly.” He sampled a mouthful of jelly beans. “Now,” he said, “all we have to do is to stop at the framer’s and bookbinder’s—then we’re home.”

At the bookbinder’s Jerry picked up four large scrapbooks handsomely bound in expensive red leather. They contained photographs of their Honolulu Honeymoon #2, party pictures of son Gary’s last birthday, stills from Scared Stiff, and hundreds of newspaper clippings.

At the picture-framer’s there were 15 separate items waiting for J. Lewis. All of his possessions are either bound or framed. This time he picked up his Modern Screen achievement award, a cartoon of his recent knee operation, and a commendation from the Cerebral Palsy Foundation, among other pictures and certificates.

Having been raised in a period of post-war austerity coupled with typical British restraint, the English reporter was staggered by the morning’s shopping spree. “I say,” he timidly asked Jack Keller, Jerry’s press agent, “does this bloke carry on this way everywhere?”

Keller was prepared with a ready answer. “In automobile agencies,” he explained, “he only buys one car at a time.”

“And how about his home?” the writer continued.

“About his home and home-life,” Jack said, “you’d better speak to his wife. She’s absolutely normal and no harm will come to you.”

Patti Lewis really enjoys keeping house for Jerry and their two sons, Gary, eight, and Ronnie, three and a half. (Continued on page 70)
Uncompromising moralist Stewart Granger prefers not to discuss faith. But he believes, “Man is to his God what he is to himself.”

By Lou Pollock

THE COURAGE TO FEAR

The subject of faith is one which Stewart Granger does not care to talk about with strangers—especially strange writers. And the luncheon interview on which this story is based would certainly have been a failure had Stewart not suddenly reminded himself of an old and beloved friend, Peter Bull, whom he recalled as “truly religious.” He had to tell you of his admiration for Peter, and only while speaking of him, did some of Stewart’s own ideas come out.

The Church of England into which Stewart Granger was born is not as possessive as some churches; in the opinion of many students of Christianity it leaves a lot to the individual. One gathers from talking to Stewart that he thinks it is how a man uses this freedom of choice which determines the truth and dignity of his worship. This is where Peter comes in.

“Peter never talked about his religion,” said Stewart. “He had accepted it as a small boy because his father, to whom he was very close, was a believer who fascinated him with wonderful stories of God and the (Continued on page 94)
Mistakes that made her famous

by John Maynard

"It is good to battle, to suffer, to be thrown overboard and left to save ourselves. What we lose in comfort, we gain in energy—and energy is the most precious of man's weapons."

So wrote a man named Wagner a number of years ago. History does not record whether or not his observation knocked his audience as a whole into a spin. But it did induce in Joan Crawford an excited pang of recognition. She wrote it down in one of a number of leather-bound volumes in which, for 15 years now, she has been recording similar capsules of residual wisdom.

In the same manner, she has seen eye-to-eye with a Mr. Irving: "Love is never lost—if not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart."

And with a Mr. Moore: "The difficulty in life is the choice."

The difficulty, indeed. Probably there should be some journalistic ethics against gamboling up to a person of Miss Crawford's professional stature, dignity and beauty, and saying: "You've pulled a few rocks in your time, haven't you, pal, and if so, what were they?" To Miss Crawford's everlasting credit, she did not bridle. She laughed. Laughter should be a musical sound at all times but quite frequently it is not. Miss Crawford's though, is at least as pleasant to listen to as any in (Continued on page 98)
Jeff Hunter and Rory Colhaun are all set, with their face masks and strange underwater weapons, for a day's skin diving. For more pictures and details, turn the page.

A preliminary briefing in the techniques of the sport is given to novice Rory Colhaun by expert Mel Fisher. Jeff Hunter and Bud Keyes, old-timers at skin diving, look on.

The day was hot, the sun was bright, and young Jeff Hunter was wilted. In fact, he felt so little like waiting any longer in the car for his pretty wife, Barbara, to come out of the gates of her studio that he finally walked over to the gateman and asked where he could get a tall, cool drink. The gateman merely pointed across the street and Jeff, being a Twentieth Century-Fox lad out of his neighborhood, had to look twice to see "The Keys," the small bar and grill which caters to the off-duty needs of the folks at U-I.

It was better in the bar, degrees better. Sitting comfortably over his tall, (Continued on page 93)
OPERATION SKIN DIVE

MASKS GO RORY AND JEFF, ARDENT FANS OF CALIFORNIA'S NEWEST HE-MAN SPORT! • BY TOM CARLILE

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE →
Mel's two-pounder gets the boys started. In skin divers' jargon, you "cut a fish" when you spear it, "bump" or "bounce" him if you miss.

Setting off for the deep kelp reefs offshore, Rory, Jeff and Bud swim along leisurely enjoying the view they get of the ocean floor. There is no beauty above land that can equal that of many rock formations played upon by the ever-changing sunlight and shadow patterns here.

Marine catches aren't all flora and fauna! Jeff comes up with an old rubber boot for his first try today. He's an old hand at skin diving, and has done it many times in the warm waters of the Mediterranean. For Rory the sport was brand new—but he's enthusiastic now.
STRIP A MOVIE STAR DOWN TO HIS SKIN DIVING SUIT AND YOU'LL FIND A FELLOW WHO WILL OUT-MANEUVER SHARKS AND SEALS FOR THE SAKE OF A DAY'S FISHING.

Getting ready for the day's skin diving, Rory, Mel and Bud slip on "flippers" over heavy socks. The socks protect feet from sharp rocks. Face masks go on next. The divers breathe through a snorkel tube when their faces are submerged, can see as deep as 50 feet.

Rory questions Bud about the double cock gun, the Tarpon. Cocked with both of its heavy rubber bands, it can penetrate a two-by-four. "Man," exclaims Rory, "this looks like it could kill a whale!"

Shivering with the cold, the boys come out of the deep water. Here at White's Point, one of the most productive spots for fishermen along the southern California coast, the water temperature is about 60 degrees. A diver doesn't feel the cold till he gets out in the chill air.

Jeff poses proudly with his five-pound halibut while Rory clown's next to him, promising big things for his second spear diving excursion. In addition to the fish, the group brought back a huge basket full of abalone, rock scallops and clams, more than enough for all to feast.
what it's like to be TONY'S WIFE
by Janet Leigh

Lots of times when I've been on tour and talked with strangers they've asked me what it's like to be Tony's wife. It may be because they've caught his humor on the screen, or because they've read zany stories about his clowning. Whatever the reason, most people who've never met Tony seem to think life with him is a marathon comedy.

It's that all right, but it's a lot more. They say a woman can be married to a man for fifty years and still discover new things about him. It's certainly that way with me. In the two years we've been married I've continued to learn new things about Tony, and each discovery seems more important than the last. His sensitivity, his aggressiveness, his pride and his humility, his boyish ways and his maturity—all of them keep cropping up. And I don't suppose anything will ever affect me as much as his gentleness when I lost our baby last July.

Most people have to know him a while before they realize that Tony runs pretty deep. He is a truly funny guy, and the humor of our life together is a great blessing, yet it wasn't his humor that I noticed first. When I met him at a Hollywood party I noticed, as any girl would, that he was very attractive. He seemed quiet, and I was impressed by the fact that he had none of the brash quality that so often surrounds successful young men. At that time he wasn't what the town would call successful—he hadn't yet had a leading role in a picture—but his (Continued on page 66)
"You, I like!"

The whole country’s in love with a scared little guy. They’re carving hearts around Red Buttons’ name, and he loves it—when his knees stop shaking!

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

The little guy was scared, but you could never tell it by looking. He laughed and clowned on the stage during rehearsal and he behaved as though he had always belonged there.

He was a brand new TV star, “the brightest comedy discovery of the year,” or so all the critics had said the week before when he made his television debut.

“Then what do I have to worry about, now?” he tried to reassure himself. “I’m in.”

But Red Buttons knew better. At 33, he was a show business veteran. It wasn’t opening night the stars and headliners really worried about. It was the second night. If the critics and audience panned a show when it opened, it didn’t matter much what happened the next night, but if they liked you, if they stood up and cheered, “This boy’s got it! He’s a hit!” then the second night jitters set in.

You’ve got to follow yourself. You’ve got to be as good, if not better, than you were the night before so the fans will continue to say, “He’s a hit!” instead of, “What do they see in him? He’s a flash in the pan. He can’t sustain the pace.”

That was what worried Red Buttons even though the first and second nights for his TV show were a week apart. He had never been in this predicament before. When he was a kid in the Catskills trying out his jokes on an audience of summer vacationers, he was too young and inexperienced to be scared. When he was in burlesque or the nightclubs or theater, the second night jitters weren’t so bad. His act was the same. He didn’t have to worry about new material. All he had to worry about was himself.

Television was different. You couldn’t do the same thing every time. Each week had to be an entirely new show. (Continued on page 81)
WHEN MODERN SCREEN AND RKO PROMISED WORK IN A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE TO THE WINNERS OF THE GIRLS


In the RKO casting office, Janet Camerford signs the proffered document. This is her first movie assignment since she played a baby role.

Always more paper work. Filling out biographical questionnaires accounts for the eight pensive expressions.
Maybe you've never had the experience, but it's a great one. One day the movies are a million miles away—and the next you have a part in one via your winning photograph in MODERN SCREEN's Girls Wanted contest! You wait impatiently in your hometown for the news that Girls Wanted is getting started. When it's postponed you're absolutely ready to die! But, the day you're told that RKO wants you for a new 3D Technicolor film, Son of Sinbad, all of you except mothers-to-be Linda Peppel and Florence Harper toss your things frantically into a bag and kiss your families goodbye.

And what a trip! Your first visit to the studio—will you ever forget it? Your wardrobe as a princess in the harem of the Khalif of Bagdad—will the neighbors ever forget that? And then an unexpected week while the picture waits for Lili St. Cyr's appendix to calm down and you visit the famous nightclubs on "the Strip," chat with the stars (your co-workers!) and eat at the Brown Derby.

Some of you are inspired to try an acting career. Congratulations particularly to Mary Ann Edwards for capturing some TV work! But all of you had a trip straight out of a Technicolor dream—a time to be long remembered not only by you Cinderella Girls, but by everyone who had the fun of knowing and working with you.
I love Marilyn

(Continued from page 35) when he and his team were in Hollywood for spring training. "I never got to pose with such good-looking girls when I was playing baseball," DiMaggio said later. David March, a mutual friend, arranged for them to have dinner with him at the Villa Nova restaurant. Marilyn liked Joe immediately. "I'll never tell what I said to him about Marilyn, Chuck. She has great instincts. She can detect a phony, person or situation, almost at once. She'd much rather, and often does, stay at home by herself, but will probably never be a big movie star or producer or director. I know many who have asked her—particularly some of the names would shock everyone—whether she would ever give them an interview. If you'll think back, you can't recall one fake romantic item about her, and this is the general custom for starlets and young actresses being given being big publicity.

When Marilyn and Joe first started going together, she was asked if she and Joe discussed baseball. She replied truthfully, "No, except that he came up." Since then she has seen a few games with Joe but doesn't quite dig it. She is not an outdoors sports enthusiast. It has never really mattered to her that Big Joe (that's what Marilyn calls him) was one of the truly great ballplayers of all time. What impressed her much more was an incident that took place last Christmas when she had attended a local studio's annual Christmas party, appearing gay, seeming to be enjoying herself. Then she left, with nothing to do but to return home—at that time a single room at the Hollywood Hotel—writing a note for a call from Joe, who was visiting his family in San Francisco. When Marilyn entered her room she found a miniature, folded, hand-written Christmas card, a pasteboard sign on which was hand-printed: "Merry Christmas, Marilyn," and Joe sitting in a chair in the corner.

"It's the first time in my life anyone ever wrote me a Christmas card," Joe told me days later. "I was so happy I cried." This from the blonde who sings "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend."

To tell the truth, sensational story I suspect you'd expect about a girl who can take a conventional product like a calendar and turn it into the talk of a nation. Maybe it's because I know Marilyn so well and am so close to her (there I go again with the kind of remark that could be misconstrued in an article!) that I can't do the type of story I believe you want. Chuck, I find that if I know people too intimately I can't write about them as well as if I don't know much about them. Does this ever happen to you?

It's a unique kind of friendship that Marilyn and I have. Just how it started, I don't know. Nor does The Monroe. We were discussing it the other evening, and neither of us had the faintest idea when we first met, or how we took to each other. I guess our association, like Topsy, just grew.

The only thing I can really recall is that the first time I met her I told her she was going to be a movie star—one of the biggest stars the screen has known. And during the first year or so of our acquaintance, I never thought she was going to make DiMaggio's place with the Yankees. I'm sure I didn't, either. When, after the first few days on the picture Marilyn and I merely greeted each other cordially and stayed with their respective friends, I began to think Marilyn was not that interested in romance because neither knew how to break the ice.

The ice was finally broken when, while rehearsing a scene, Jane and Marilyn offered a suggestion. This was a direct approach to their speaking about their mutual interest in ball players. "Only they play different kinds of ball, don't they?" asked Marilyn. Bob Waterfield came on the set some time later, and said, "Joe DiMaggio never visited. Ultimately Jane and Marilyn became very friendly and Marilyn even attended two of Jane's religious gatherings. "I have always converted myself and my religion," Marilyn related later, "and I tried to interest her in Freud."

By the end of the filming, Jane and Marilyn were real friends—buddy-buddy. "We wanted to steal Monroe," said Joe DiMaggio, "Watch out for Russell. She's got her own cameraman, etc., etc." Marilyn's moist lips would move into smile position. Then she'd say: "Oh, I have the title role and that about even things."

Marilyn honestly likes Jane Russell and Betty Grable. (Continued on page 65)
The most **delectable** complexions in Hollywood are specially cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.

It's hard to find a screen star who **doesn't** use Lux. **Janet Leigh**, for example, has tried a lot of different soaps and still thinks **Lux is the gentlest** and nicest. We think **you'll believe in Lux care** just like the stars do when you use it. Now we wouldn't and couldn't print this and give you a money-back guarantee, too, if it weren't true.

So why not use Lux? And incidentally, we hope you enjoy **seeing** the Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.
NEW TANGEE

looks lovelier...feels lovelier...
and it STAYS PUT!

Instantly your lips feel soft, fresh, youthful because Tangee is extra rich in lanolin... base of the most costly cosmetic creams. No harsh chemicals to dry or irritate your lips... and so easy to apply.

For hours and hours and hours that fresh look STAYS PUT... thanks to Tangee's new miracle ingredient, Permachrome! In 9 thrilling new shades—from fabulous Pinks to the most glorious Reds.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU PAY, YOU CANNOT BUY A FINER LIPSTICK THAN NEW COLOR-TRUE Tangee LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHROME—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN

NEW MIRACLE COSMETIC!
Loveliness glows beneath your fingertips as you touch Tangee's new liquid cream base to your skin. Never masklike or greasy, Miracle Make-Up by Tangee keeps powder on amazingly long. Six basic shades... one will really seem custom-made for you.
(Continued from page 62.) "Betty is the most real," Marilyn says. And there were plenty of reasons for a genuine feud to develop between these two glamor packages. As you well know, Chuck, Betty was the Queen of the Lot until the arrival of the hooded avenging angel of Monroe publicity dethroned her. No person likes being the victim of this and few can tolerate it. But Grable is quite a person. She is as smart as Betty has all the answers and knows the score.

During the few years Marilyn and Betty were at the studio together, their only encounter took place when they chanced to pass each other in the crowded wardrobe and the other from wardrobe. They nodded, that’s all. They never actually met until they were cast in the same picture, How To Marry A Millionaire.

Again Marilyn was frightened. She wanted Betty to like her. (She wants most people to like her, but especially Betty, who was her girlish idol. Marilyn had wanted to be a star like Grable or Lana Turner for so long that she ached from the desire.) I don’t know Grable’s first name, but someplace in their initial conversations, she told Marilyn: “I’ve had it. Go get yours. It’s your turn now.”

Throughout the filming of How To Marry A Millionaire, Betty was trying to get Betty to like her and trying to reassure herself that Betty did like her. Driving me from the studio one evening, Marilyn exclaimed: “Betty told me to-day that I’m the butt—of her!” I hadn’t tried, even subconsciously, to upset her. I guess this means she likes me. I hope so.

Another time I was on the set when Marilyn was doing a shot in which she had to nudge Grable. She did and Betty fell on her fanny! Marilyn was all apologies. “I’m so sorry,” she said. “I didn’t think I had pushed you so hard!” It wasn’t your fault, Betty replied lightly. “I was standing on one foot.”

Marilyn was so distressed by this accident that later, doing another scene, she carefully stepped on Betty’s foot like she had to nudge Grable. She did and Betty fell on her fanny! Marilyn was all apologies. “I’m so sorry,” she said. “I didn’t think I had pushed you so hard!” It wasn’t your fault, Betty replied lightly. “I was standing on one foot.”

I said: “Calm down a minute, and tell me how you really feel about the calendar and posing in the nude.”

She replied: “I don’t feel ashamed. But now I’m scared. My whole career can be ruined. But I didn’t do anything bad. I don’t think it’s a sin. I don’t think so now. . . If I had thought so, I wouldn’t have done it. . . . I needed a job and money to pay the rent. Lots of other girls were doing it. . . . There’s no law against it. They don’t make me feel ashamed, but I’m not. . . . Can’t I just tell the truth? . . . I know I wouldn’t condemn anyone who told me this. . . .”

“Betty, I believe we’ve solved your own problem. Just tell everyone what you’ve told me.” This was my contribution: listening to Marilyn for long enough to talk out her problem. I’ll bet on The Monroe’s instincts and honesty every time.

And Chuck, you know what happened as a result of Marilyn’s own explanation. She told me: “I used to think I was the only person who ever solved your own problem. Just tell everyone what you’ve told me.”

A few months ago I was in the office of a publicity man at Twentieth Century-Fox and couldn’t help noticing there on the wall was a life-size portrait of a gorgeous nude who was captioned “The Flame Girl.” Marilyn wasn’t honored even at her own studio. “Why don’t you have a Marilyn Monroe calendar-head of an outsider like The Flame Girl?” asked the publicity man. I replied: “That’s what Marilyn wanted to know.”

A baby is notoriously the most greedy, egocentric rubbish and grasping organism known to science. Even while it is being tenderly treasured, it is plotting how to get your sunglasses, grab your watch, swallow the nearest safety pin, and scream with rage when unable to take off one of its toes. I find them irresistible.

Ronald Colman on NBC

I trust you realize from the way Marilyn handled the calendar bit that she is a very smart chick. She’s not all physical. She’s brighter than most people think. She knows exactly what her reaction is in every situation that if you’re blonde and not out of shape, you’ve got to be dumb. Don’t sell our little girl short: she knows what she’s doing every minute. For example, she had a chance to experience to stay until the interviewer puts paper and pencil away to say what she really wants quoted. I would say that her seeming helplessness is a giant intelligence utilizing herself. I’d bet, and give big odds, that if Marilyn were placed alone on a desert island, somehow a man would appear.

“All right,” I can hear you saying, “You’ve overdone it. Marilyn is as smart as well as beautiful. But what’s with the article?” We sent a staff photographer to her apartment to shoot some special art work. There must be an article on her by you.”

No, Chuck. Did you ever stop to think that maybe I’m not Boswell? Maybe I’m Pythias. And did you write about Damon? Or Allie? The same kind of thing. I’m just a photographer. When your photographer arrived. I was listening to Marilyn play her guitar and sing. Then I watched the photographer shoot a layout. It’s quite a job posing for pictures. The average reader picking up a magazine might say, “Oh, another picture of Monroe and flip the page. Well, it took from nine until a little past midnight to get those pictures. Marilyn’s performance impressed me. She not only knew her best angles but she knows the best angles for the photographer. She knew if the light was casting a shadow across her face, or what part of her was to be in focus, such as what part of her thigh the blanket should cross. She even combed her hair so it would look uncombed. She doesn’t leave it to chance that photographs of her will be of the same level. Marilyn doesn’t stand in front of a mirror for hours practicing poses, as some people believe. But she does take a long time over the clothes she is going to wear. No, Marilyn doesn’t stand in front of a mirror for hours practicing poses, as some people believe. But she does take a long time over the clothes she is going to wear. She knew the few clothes she was going to wear. She doesn’t own a girdle, but when she considers it necessary—which is often—she is given credit for doing so. She has seen wearing a bra and a boy. It’s usually a white boy, a black or pink bra. She kicks off her shoes the moment she enters her apartment. She sleeps in the raw, or as near as possible. She usually wears the panties of The Flame Girl or a Chanel No. 5 to bed.” She claims she wears it to bed because “it makes sleeping dreamy.”

A bed has always been important to Marilyn, ever since she was a little dewy-eyed dreamer. She claims she has been skipping a bed for years. Marilyn’s bed was always the most important place in her existence. It was close to the floor, because as a child Marilyn was a restless sleeper, frequently had nightmares and would wake up and walk about the room in her nightgown. As you can see in the photos, Marilyn recently treated herself to a new bed. It is higher—not so close to the floor—because Marilyn is more sure of herself. The Monroe publicity man is taking it big: that she’s bubbling over with confidence. Just the opposite; she could use a lot more of it. Back in the age-like dream she needed to be a movie star more than anything else.

She did become a movie star, and what a movie star! Oozing glamour like the great movie stars of yesteryear, when the movies were real movies. Now, in the era of the screen, Marilyn is the most recognizable and successful of a public growing weary of familiar faces, a public no longer believing in glamour.

At the preview of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, I was again pinch-hitting for DiMaggio. I was pleased to have the opportunity. Chuck: If DiMaggio is ever taken out of the line-up, I can continue as pinch-hitter. Before the picture flashed, I have now read that DiMaggio is a low, seductive, and in that low, sexy voice that is natural with her: “Hold a good thought for me.” She always says that when embarking on a venture. She feels much better when you know she will. So don’t forget this, Chuck.

Marilyn didn’t like the way she looked on the screen, especially her hair. She was always asking me to use as many of the numbers as well as she should have. She liked herself, especially her hair, in the “Diamonds Are A Girl’s Best Friend” number. She genuinely enjoyed giving that performance, and the viewer laughed aloud at a few of Jane’s remarks.

I’m telling you all this, Chuck, in case you’ll like to know (strictly for yourself and maybe to whisper to the wife) how Marilyn reacts to herself on the screen. But again, you and I know there isn’t a magazine article in it. I could go on to tell.
you how hard Marilyn works at her job and it would be all I could do to get you to believe it.

I know it’s not good magazine copy that, despite nature’s bounty, she works as hard at self-improvement as any other actress in front of a camera. She still takes singing lessons, and is also grooming herself to appear in a play. The first chance account she ever opened was at Marian Hume, a bookshop on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. She buys books on self-improvement, psychology, the latest plays, poetry, and practically everything on Abraham Lincoln, who is her special hero. She’ll never tell you that they don’t feel her a book or have seen a certain movie, but during the course of a conversation, when the book or the movie is mentioned, she will make a perfunctory statement. She is a secret reader and often sneaks off to the movies by herself.

Marilyn has her own special dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, who is with her on every one of her studio assignments. She’s just seen a movie without Natasha, don’t get the notion (as some studio people have) that Marilyn is a Trillow. Not so. This relation seems merely another example of Milk’s loyalty, as well as of the fact that she never stops working at trying to become a fine actress. All the publicity, the acclaim, the marquee signs may thrill her, but Natasha is always the one to ask. Natasha was the dramatic coach at Columbia Studios, back when Marilyn worked there. Natasha was kind to her and gave her a great deal of encouragement. Marilyn hasn’t forgotten, and since she feels she requires coaching she has insisted on Natasha Lytess.

Marilyn could be standing still on the set and at the same time be going off in all directions. She needs someone with her whom she believes is taking a special interest in her, to take her aside and offer suggestions an encouragement. In Marilyn’s case most of her directors, but cannot help feeling slightly that they don’t devote all their attention to her. Often it takes the directors and performers a while to become adjusted to this in her. Many believe she is putting on an act. The truth I think is that she is working desperately hard both trying to make good and trying to make everyone on the set like her. During Crash By Night, the set workers had to explain to her that by the term “equipment” she meant certain tools and other paraphernalia of picture making. Because when the assistant director yelled to Marilyn, “Watch out for the equipment!” she demurely zipped up her sweater.

There was a scene in Love Nest that required Marilyn to enter her apartment and leisurely disrobe for a shower, unaware of an admiring crowd seated on a couch in the room. Just as she had stripped down to her flimsy underthings, director Joe Newman stopped the scene. Marilyn’s reaction was getting away and forlorn “Did I do something wrong?” she asked.

“No, honey," replied Newman. “You were perfect. But Lundigan was peeking!”

Marilyn’s perception, pensive and given to long periods of solitary inspection. She blames this on her lonely childhood and the fact that in her entire life she has only been a few couples in terms of friends and people who know her. All our chats while you visited Hollywood, Chuck, that this isn’t the kind of thing for fan magazines, but I only mention it here because it’s strange and as it seems, Marilyn Monroe and the fan magazines don’t mix. That’s a honey, isn’t it?

Regardless, I must tell you the piano story. Last week the folks Marilyn lived with as a child, her favorite and the one of whom she has the fondest recollections is the woman she called Aunt Ana. Aunt Ana is an actress who used to act toward Marilyn. Some of their happiest hours were spent around the piano, the family’s proudest possession. For this piano was said to have once belonged to Maria Callas, one of the world’s greatest professionals. When Aunt Ana died and willed this precious piano to Marilyn. Although Marilyn often was not working and didn’t have too much to do, she had heard a piano on the television and borrowed the money to pay for its storage. Now that Marilyn is in the chips and has her own apartment, the piano has been given back to her. It occupies most of the living room. What’s more, Marilyn can play almost two songs on it.

In answer to your main question, Chuck—what do I personally think makes The Monroe sexy?—I don’t think you would print the answer. But I’ll try to tell you in this letter.

It’s obvious that Marilyn is a well-stacked, well-proportioned, unwrapped box of glamor. There are her red lips, always moist, there’s the back of her hair so arranged it appears to have a permanent pillaki, and in fact everyone who talks about her spells out sex and everybody seems to get the message. But I get a special message, and it’s the clincher on why I shouldn’t do the part.

I happen to know that The Monroe’s biggest sex appeal is an accident. What is she most famous for? What feature has been lustiest imitated? Her walk! In Niagara they held a camera on her walk longer than on any other walk in cinema history. It evoked much discussion, pro and con. For Marilyn doesn’t just walk: she wiggles, she twists, she sways, she brushes her hair all at the same time. She has been described as “The Girl With The Horizontal Walk.” She is the only performer in show business who makes her greatest entrance when she exits.

Yet Marilyn, when she walks, isn’t trying to be sexy—believe me. She broke her ankle when she was a youngster and tried to walk so as to favor that ankle. The ankle is still weak, and the walk has become a habit. That’s it. Marilyn is only doing what comes naturally, and my, I can’t imagine anyone doing that for you! See, there are some things about sex that even Dr. Kinsey doesn’t know.

In closing, let me ask you something, Chuck—are there to write about Marilyn that isn’t written? Someone will have to invent a new life for her. Honest, Chuck, I’m not your boy. Maybe you ought to hire an in- house writer to remain with you and friends with you, so why don’t you think it over and then drop me a line saying that you agree with me that I can’t do a fan magazine article on Marilyn Monroe?

Best wishes,

Sidney Skolsky

Dear Sidney:

You may not know it, but you just did write your best complete and final essay on The Monroe.

Kindest regards.

Chuck Saxon
Mrs. Theo Croner of New York does a lot of housework but manages to be pretty as a picture.

"I wash 1400 pounds of laundry a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

If you ever meet Theo Croner, be sure to shake hands. You'll notice that hers are as soft and pretty as a pair of hands can be.

Yet Mrs. Croner (just like yourself) washes almost a ton of laundry every year. And plenty of it the hard way — by hand!

She's grateful for detergents, of course. Those miracle suds really chase grease and dirt. But detergents are a problem, too. That same grease-cutting action could send the natural oils and youthful softness of her hands down the drain, too.

Throw out detergents? Not Theo! She's found a way to keep hands lovely despite all harsh cleansers. It's a simple trick. After every chore, smooth pure, white Jergens Lotion on, right away.

You won't see any sticky film. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion doesn't just "coat" the hands. It penetrates — helps replace softening moisture. (It has two ingredients doctors use for softening.) This is why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

Theo will tell you that Jergens is the reason her hands are so attractive. Her husband may not know the reason, but he appreciates it!

So keep detergents in your house (there's nothing like them). Just keep Jergens Lotion handy, and use it after every chore. It's such an easy habit, and so important to a woman.

Use JERGENS LOTION — avoid detergent hands
(Continued from page 66) some champagne, and he was so appreciative you'd have thought I'd sent over a British truck loaded with a million dollars. Tony wasn't a smoothie; he wasn't a wolf; he wasn't a Beau Brummel. He was just an average boy with qualities that made me like him more and more.

Along with his uneasiness with girls went a strange distrust of them. I've never known why, but it was as if Tony expected me to try to talk with him. As a result, every time he found I'd told him the truth, he was as happy as a puppy with a bone. He has told me since our marriage that when he asked for a date and was told I had an engagement that evening, he used to sit down the street to find out if this was the truth. And when he'd see me leave the house on another man's arm, he was as much pleased as though he'd been with me himself.

I don't know why, but it seems I frightened him. I went to New York soon after we began dating, and before I left he said he was sure he'd never see me again. I told him quite frankly that I was going for a rest, that I had friends there and that I would probably go out with one man in particular. I told him I was not sure I was still believing this was the end of our friendship and that for some reason I was too weak to tell him. He stayed for days afterwards, all during the shooting of his picture. The cast and crew kept telling him to telephone me. "I can't," he said. "She'd hang up on me." But he did call, and was amazed when I talked to him. He was even more surprised when I wired him I was coming home and asked him to meet me at the airport.

Perhaps this idea of his had some connection with the way he presented me to his friends. Tony's friends are of all ages and interests—a wider variety I've never known. He gradually introduced me to all of them, standing on the sidelines and watching to see my reaction. It was as if he expected me to suddenly turn bored or impolite, as if he'd found a golden egg and wanted to make sure it wasn't all a dream. I realize now that he was desperately anxious for them to like me as much as he did. Tony has a tremendous loyalty to all his friends, a love so deep that he feels the compulsion to share his every joy with them. He calls them all friends, a kind of connection that should be kept at all times. It is almost an obsession with him.

I have thought that this might be the reason he never knew I was his. He was in New York traffic. Tony lost track of Julius and it was the last he ever saw of him. The tragedy was such a shock to Tony's emotional heart that it is perhaps the reason he must know, despite his

**going...going...gone!**

When Old Mother Hubbard got to the cupboard, you know what happened to her. The shelf was as bare as that rack at the newsstand when MODERN SCREEN has been sold out before you get there. Why take a chance on missing a single copy? You can have MODERN SCREEN delivered right to your doorstep every week of the year by subscribing today—and at a saving of forty cents over the newsstand price. Now, there's economy you can't afford to pass up! Remember, just fill out the coupon below, clip it and mail it with your remittance to the address listed. Then, stand by to receive your copies of MODERN SCREEN.

SUBSCRIPTION IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA FOR ONE YEAR $2.00; TWO YEARS $3.50; THREE YEARS $5.00. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS $3.00 A YEAR. PLEASE SEND CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ONLY

MODERN SCREEN Subscription Department, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

10/2
nounced gleefully to the whole house that we were going to be married. I don't think Tony really wanted to stop him—he wanted the whole world to share his happiness.

I saw Tony's strength when he stood up to his studio. They didn't want him to marry so soon, but Tony said, "If my popularity is only because I'm single, I might as well give up acting right now." Their disagreement upset me, but Tony made sense, and we were married—in Greenwich, Connecticut. I left shortly after to come back to Hollywood to make a picture, and that brief separation affected him so much that he actually got sick, and the studio allowed him to come home for a brief week-end. I began to understand how violently emotional Tony is, how he gives himself so completely to those he loves.

Then his father had the heart attack and again I saw Tony's strength. He telephoned the doctor and the hospital, long distance, made all the arrangements, canceled his tour and flew home to his dad. He spent all day every day at the hospital and I joined him there after work every day. We stayed until 9 P.M. and then ate dinner on the way home. In his devotion he forgot himself completely, and I worried that he might collapse. I remember the day he came to the set where I was shooting. He looked terribly haggard and he came to me in my dressing room and put his arms around me. I knew then that he had done with being strong, that he needed my help, and much as I had admired his strength, I loved him more that day for showing human weakness.

All of this happened in the first month of our marriage, and I think in that period we lived a lifetime. The stress and strain put on our marriage, which at that time should have been a carefree honeymoon, gave it the most solid foundation possible. If you can go on loving and understanding through adversity, you build something wonderful with each other.

I learned about his generosity. With Tony, what's his is everyone's. Jerry Gershwin came over one day while Tony was shaving and admired his razor. "Here," said Tony, "take it." He is possessive only where people are concerned, and he finds it hard to let them go. If a friend disappoints him in some way, Tony tries to find out why it happened. If there is no reason for a friend's misusing him, that person no longer has Tony for a friend.

But Tony suffers real torture in the process of disillusionment. He is gradually learning that open trust can be betrayed, yet even then he is deeply hurt again.

I learned that he dislikes arguments and hates to fight. In our marriage he can't stand loose threads of misunderstanding, and has proved time and again his willingness to try to work things out for the better. He has pride and humility, and is never too stuffy to say, "I'm sorry." We are really 50-50 on that score.

I learned about his moods. Sophie Rosenwhig, who was dramatic coach at Universal-International before her death, once asked Tony if I had ever seen him when he was "in one of his moods." He told me about her question, and I laughed and said he couldn't scare me. After our marriage, I knew what Sophie had meant. Once in a while Tony became very withdrawn, and when I questioned him about it, refused to talk. "Look," I said. "If you're enjoying a mood I don't want to break into it, but in the interim I'm blaming myself for your unhappiness. I wonder if I've done anything wrong, if it is my fault." Gradually he began telling me, and I came to know that many times he was upset...
the not so mad house
(Continued from page 48) The house, in turn, reflects and radiates this happiness. Never had Jerry and Patti been so delirious with joy. We had decided to limit ourselves to a phone call every other day, but when I phoned Jerry the news the telephone was in the open. He hates writing letters, but he wrote me every single night we were apart. I will always treasure the letters about the baby. He wrote that he was reading serious books in every spare moment, books about the earth and religion and life itself to help him to understand our own miracle.

And then when I lost the baby, we had again that round robin of strength and depravity. Jerry called on Saturday, when I was feeling a bit rocky, and although I said nothing about it he detected something in my voice. He called the next day and said that I go strong, and I know something’s wrong. What is it?” He called again on Monday, my birthday, and I assured him everything was all right. I lost the baby Tuesday evening, and although I was too hurt to say anything, he knew something was wrong and put through a call. That deep bond again, the closeness he feels with those he loves. He called regularly, and I never answered, and then called his parents. My own folks had told the Schwartzes that the doctor had given me a sedative and put me to bed, and when Mother called Jerry told me he had. He said he had the next night and called at the hospital the next morning, and afterward, once he knew I was all right, he wrote the most beautiful letter I’ve ever read. It was a letter of love and with the days that followed, his letters and phone calls gave me the strength I needed. Then, imperceptibly, I began feeling a restent.

In the meantime, while Tony was working in Hollywood and calls me ten times a day from his set, “What’s the matter?—Doesn’t he trust you?” But I know this, and he knows it, if I were to say, “It’s Tony,” and he must know that I am here and well, that his world is still safe and happy. I like it this way, this being loved so much and needed so much. That's what it's like to be Tony's wife.

End

(Tony Curtis can now be seen in Universal’s All-American.)
Now! the WASHER that turns into a DRYER—right before your very eyes!

Thi... this will say "POOH! POOH!"

They won't believe that a single machine could wash clothes so clean and then go right on to fluff and tumble them completely dry.

Now you see it washing—then you see it drying! Set the dials just once; the Bendix Duomatic washes and dries clothes automatically in one continuous operation. Clothes come out ready to wear, iron, or put away.

Or—suppose you want to use your Duomatic as a washer only? You can! As a dryer only? Yes; that, too. You can stop it to add clothes while it's washing... even stop it while it's drying to remove some clothes for ironing before they're entirely dry. It's a complete laundry unit, and completely flexible!

What's more—because of its own "Magic Heater" that gets wash water extra-hot... and because of its new bi-lift, deep-surge Tumble Action—the Bendix Duomatic washes clothes cleaner than ever before known!

It even dries a new way. Cycle-Air action fluffs clothes in pure warm air, sends heat and moisture down the drain, so it needs no venting. You can use it in any room—36 inches of wall space is all it takes!

All this—yet so inexpensive your old washer probably will provide the down payment. Ask your Bendix-Dealer for full details—or use the coupon below.

**BENDIX DUOMATIC washer-dryer all-in-one**

BENDIX DUOMATIC washer-dryer all-in-one

FREE!

Send now! Free booklets tell the whole fascinating story of the fabulous Bendix Duomatic—what it could do for you in your home!

Please send me the booklet that tells the Duomatic story.

Name
Address
City State
Mail coupon to: BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, Dept. E10, 1329 Arlington, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

END
“Soaping” dulls hair—HALO glorifies it!

Yes, “soaping” your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no
soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals
shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable! No
special rinses needed. Scientific tests
prove Halo does not dry . . . does not irritate!

Halo glorifies your hair
with your very first shampoo!

ACCESSORIES
ARE YOUR
STYLE
KEYNOTE

It’s the little things that count and add up to glamor—the sheerest stockings, lush lingerie, dainty slippers, smart lounging wear, exquisite appointments for your handbag, to make a treasure chest of it for sure, and—of course—a captivating fragrance that is the final fillip to perfection in exquisite grooming. Basic, classic clothes need these glamor touches! This choice bit of advice came from ‘the gals and the guys “in the know” on our Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion Board at their recent conclave in Hollywood. Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Louis Calhern, Greer Garson and Bob Stack gave close attention to every detail of fashion as they watched models present the clothes and accessories for their discussion and votes. Surprise gifts for the stars included bottles of Coty’s Emeraude Toilet Water, Crosley Radios, Cameo Stockings, American Beauty Compacts and Paper-Mate Pens.

Description of fashions, opposite page

2 Jeanne Crain poses in a toasty, soft Cuddleknit Balbriggan for lounge or sleep. The striped blouse is cardigan-cut, the trousers are designed ski-style. Green, navy or red with white stripes. S.M.L. About $6. By Luxite. Golden Slippers by Savage-Wayne. About $3, for complete details see page 79.


4 Barbara Ruick poses in Belle Bride’s lovely nylon tulle wedding gown—Dé-luxe coronet wedding veil. The Interlocking wedding and engagement rings are by Feature Ring—see drawings and descriptions of rings on page 79.

5 Cyd Charisse is enchanted by the beautiful gifts: an American Beauty compact, Cameo stockings and Coty’s Emeraude Toilet Water.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79.
WHAT: Modern Screen Hollywood fashion luncheon party.
WHO: The M. S. Fashion Board of motion picture stars (above) and guest stars.
EVENTS: Discussion of the importance of accessories in fashion—presentation of clothes and accessories to the Board Members for their vote—photographing of the winners for our M. S. fashion pages.

1. Without a moment's hesitation, Jeanne Crain chose this casual balbriggan for her photograph.
2. Dawn Addams preferred a more feminine costume for her sitting—she chose a pink nite.
3. Recently a bride herself, Barbara Ruick thought it great fun to pose in another wedding ensemble—rings and all!
4. After the party the stars were given armloads of gifts—Cyd Charisse said it was all just like Christmas!

For Fashion Details See Opposite Page
Hollywood approves fall fashions

Janet Leigh, exquisite in Ceil Chapman's full length gown of ivory satin and black velvet—accented by Deliah pearls. Pretty as a picture, too, in the mirror of her American Beauty compact (see details of this compact right). Janet, MGM Star, now in 20th's Prince Valiant.

All Compacts By American Beauty

Elaborate compact finished in silver with colored floral design on cover. Powder door. About $4.95.

Bronze compact with bronze florentine design on enamel. White, red or black enamel background. About $3.95.

Barbara's mother-of-pearl compact is inlaid on jeweler's bronze, with powder door. About $7.50.

One of the nicest gifts you can give a bride! Barbara Ruick, who became Mrs. Robert Horton recently, received this mother-of-pearl American Beauty compact—a treasure to own as well as to give. Thanks again, Barbara, for playing our M. S. bride.
Honeybugs Slippers for Lounging

A felt Moccasin with Tuxedo collar. Royal, black with red contrast trim or green, black with sand colored trim. $3.99.

Velvet Espadrille—jeweled vamp. Black, red or royal blue with colored stones and gold embroidered vamp trim. $4.99.

Nylon quilted satin—spaghetti bow. Two heel heights. Black, red, royal, navy, Lt. blue, pink, green or white. $4.90.

Soft sole Indian beaded plug Moccasin—matching bunny fur collar. Red, royal, Lt. blue, pink, white or black. $3.99.

Jean Hagen, appearing in MGM's Latin Lovers, poses in a chic, comfy double-breasted, full length quilted robe of printed cotton. With this robe, choose one of the Honeybugs styles shown on the right. Robe—calico print on red, black or green background. Sizes 12 to 20. About $9. By Loungees.
Cyd Charisse, last seen in MGM's *The Band Wagon*, features stocking as an important part of her evening costume—a beige gown by Renée of Kay-Selig. Cyd's stockings are Cameo's *Ballet Toe*—exciting brand new 12 denier finest knit seamless ever made. The other award winning Cameo styles in Cyd's stocking wardrobe include: *Burmilace*, the 60 gauge *Can't Run* daytime stocking with "eye appeal" and "wear for real"; *Wonder Top*, a wispy, full-fashioned all-purpose stocking with magic top (to ease all strain); Cameo's 66, a full-fashioned 12 denier glamor stocking reserved for late day and evening. Cyd's pearls are by Deltah.

Gifts galore—Cameo stockings for all! Cameo was presented the M. S Fashion Award for superior construction, styling and beauty.

Ricardo Montalban views Cyd Charisse's gift—a lovely compact. And in turn, Ricardo watches Shelley Winters give her stockings the acid test. The Captain of the Brown Derby serves Greer Garson her gift while Bob Stack looks on.

Stretched lightly in French hand mirrors to show sheer perfection and variety of weave, a Cameo stocking wardrobe delighted the stars.

Gifts galore—Cameo stockings for all! Cameo was presented the M. S Fashion Award for superior construction, styling and beauty.

Ricardo Montalban views Cyd Charisse's gift—a lovely compact. And in turn, Ricardo watches Shelley Winters give her stockings the acid test. The Captain of the Brown Derby serves Greer Garson her gift while Bob Stack looks on.
(Continued from page 40) "I'd give anything to have a date with him."
"It's all set," the friend told her. "I know him very well. Don't worry, Rosemary. I'll fix it." So she went to this boy and told him that. Rosemary Clooney was just dying to meet him, and the teenage Don Juan said, "Sure. Bring her over. I'll give her a whirl." So Rosemary was brought over and was introduced to her secret love.

The boy took one look at her—the flat chest, the crooked teeth, the large mouth—and closing his eyes as though they could not stand the sight of this teen-age female horror, he shook his head in violent disbelief. "Oh, no!" he wafted. "Oh! No!"

Rosemary Clooney's youth was filled with such incidents. "I used to look at myself in the mirror, and it was awful. . . . We never had a permanent home. I was never much to look at. . . . No sorority really wanted me."

With what is amazing candor for any woman, these are the sort of remarks which used to sprinkle Rosemary's reminiscences. But now that her love, long prison-pent and repressed, has been released in marriage, she feels fulfilled and requited. Whereas she has felt bitter towards those who scorned and snubbed her because of her poverty, she now looks back upon them with pity and understanding. For in her life as a newlywed there is room in her heart for nothing save love and José Ferrer—which she considers synonymous.

When Rosemary, the daughter of an impoverished Kentucky house painter, eloped to Durant, Oklahoma, with José, the son of a wealthy Puerto Rican attorney, no one in Hollywood was the slightest bit surprised. For Rosemary had been Ferrer's steady girl for months.

Paramount tried to put the silencer on the news because technically Ferrer was still married to his second wife, Phyllis Hill, and the studio was in the process of giving Rosemary a Cinderella build-up—but the Ferrer-Clooney love affair never was a secret.

As soon as Ferrer could arrange a financial settlement with Phyllis Hill, all of his friends expected him to make Rosemary the third Mrs. Ferrer. As one of them points out, "Rosemary complements Joe very nicely. He's so intense, and she's so matter-of-fact. There's a very good balance there. Complement instead of conflict."

There is also the question of physical attraction. Some detractors insist that all of Rosemary's sex appeal lies in her vocal chords. Others are of the opinion that she generates as much sex as a grape. There is no accounting for diversity in human taste, but when José Ferrer first met the Clooney girl in Lisa Kirk's Manhattan apartment, he liked what he saw in the way of figure, face, and personality, and he liked it very much.

A man of depth and probity, Ferrer has never picked his wives on the basis of physical beauty. The mind, the mentality, and the manner—these have always intrigued him.

In Rosemary he found a young girl who has not, to date, been disillusioned by life. He found a simple, honest, ambitious girl without polish, erudition, or background; and whether she appealed primarily to the Pygmalion driver characteristic of so many actors and directors, he isn't saying. But she intrigued him, and they began to go around together.

Rosemary first made certain that Joe

The "moisture-shield" in gentle, new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts as an invisible shield to protect clothes and stop embarrassing odor

gentle new deodorant has moisture-shield to keep underarms dry!

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with "moisture-shield," used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor. Yes, you're really protected with Fresh!

For the new Fresh formula is superior in anti-perspirant action—acts instantly like an invisible shield to keep you from offending—your clothes safe.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants . . . and it's the astringent action that keeps underarms dry.

Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today.

Regular or Chlorophyll.

Fresh is a trademark of the Phar-Mor Corporation. Manufactured and distributed in Canada.

Fresh keeps you Lovely to Love.
was definitely estranged from his wife. “When we go out,” she said, “I want it to be in the open, not sneaking around to hide it.”

It was a transcontinental courtship with these two. They ate at Sardi’s in New York, Chasen’s in California, and all the while, Ferrer’s lawyer, Edwirt Reiskind was going to work on some sort of settlement which would satisfy the second Mrs. Ferrer and give Joe his freedom.

When the second Mrs. Ferrer went into a New York hospital for surgery, it looked very much as though there would be no Ferrer divorce this year. After all, when Phyllis Hill was able to get away to establish six weeks’ residence in Rubyville, there was only one solution—a Mexican divorce. It is possible for a citizen of the U.S. to obtain a divorce in Mexico without the parties going there.

On July 6, this year, Mrs. Phyllis Hill Ferrer filed for divorce in the First Civil Court of Juarez, Mexico. She was in New York for the summer, and her husband was in Dallas, starring in the stage version of Kiss Me Kate. The suit stated that the Ferrers had been married in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1948, and had been separated since May, 1952. Incompatibility was the major charge, and the divorce was granted.

Whereupon Rosemary Clooney, having just finished Red Garters over at Paramount, caught the first plane to Dallas for a rendezvous with her lover at the Stoneleigh Hotel.

Ordinarily, Joe and Rosemary Ferrer are cooperative and communicative people, but when reporters asked if they intended to get married in the near future—an intention as obvious as Marilyn Monroe’s physical endowments—both of them said, “No comment.”

They waited for Joe Shribman, Rosemary’s manager, to fly into Dallas, and for Ed Reiskind, his secretary, and Ketti Frings, and Olivia De Havilland and the cast of The Dazzling Hour—Ferrer rehearsed the cast in Dallas for the play he later staged in New York—and after a week’s rehearsal, and Ed Reiskind had checked on all the legal requirements for marriage in and around Texas, Joe and Rosemary decided to take the big step. “We wanted it done quickly, simply, and without any fanfare.”

Early Monday morning the prospective newlyweds, accompanied by Joe’s agent, Kurt Frings and Mrs. Frings, climbed into Ed Reiskind’s car and drove to Durant, Oklahoma. Joe Shribman came along, too. The lovers took blood tests, filled out the marriage license, and then marched into the chambers of County Judge Seth Shoemaker who performed the short ceremony.

There was the usual kissing at the end of the rite, and then the drive back to Dallas. That night, Jose went to work in Kiss Me Kate, and when the final curtain came down, everyone went over to Mario’s, an old-time country club — for the Ferrer wedding party. It was a humdinger, considering the fact that Ferrer had to work the next day.

There was no honeymoon. In fact, the following day, Rosemary kissed her Joe goodbye and took off for Hollywood with Kurt Frings. Kurt left his wife Ketti in Dallas to work with Ferrer on the role of the Dazzling Hour.

In Hollywood, Rosemary posed for some Modern Screen photos, had her hair trimmed, tried on a new dress for the première of Stalag 17, announced that “I came back because I love Hollywood, Nick, it’s going to be the service, and I promised I’d go to the preview with him.”

She was so happy, she was jumping, “Flippin’ my lid,” she cried. “Just flippin’ my lid. Never been happier.”

Hollywood wonders how long this ecstatic happiness will last, since the years have shown consistently that two acting careers in one family usually lead to discord and divorce.

There is one particular group in the movie colony who dislikes José Ferrer on the basis of his politics. These people insist that the only thing José Ferrer can ever stand to marry is to his career. They warned and advised Rosemary not to marry the producer-director-actor, but the Clooney girl decided to follow her heart.

There are other groups in Hollywood that insist that Joe is one of the most intelligent, versatile, and sensitive talents in the business. Not only that, but that his background, education, and perspicacity are hard to match, and that as a human being, he is kind, tolerant, warm-hearted and generous. For years he has carried countless persons on his payroll. A young dancer in Paris, for example, receives a check from him every month, merely because he knows that she needs the money.

José Vicente Ferrer Oteryo Cintron was born on January 8, 1912, in Santurio, Puerto Rico. Both of his parents were born in Spain, later becoming American citizens. His father attended St. John’s College and won his law degree at Syracuse University. His mother graduated from Sacred Heart College in New York.

When young José was six, his parents took him to New York where he was enrolled in a series of private and public schools. At 14, the boy was considered a piano prodigy, and for while he hoped to become a concert pianist. But his folks shipped him off to Switzerland for more schooling, and when he returned to the States, he entered Princeton’s School of Architecture.

While he was in college, Ferrer organized a six-piece band known as Ferrer’s Pied Pipers. It was quickly expanded to include 18 members, and during the numbers, it used to tour Italy, France, and Switzerland, which is one reason Ferrer speaks five languages with surprising fluency.

While he was at Princeton, Joe—this is the name by which all his friends call him—decided to become a teacher. He took a year’s graduate work in French literature and then moved on to Columbia University where he studied for his Master’s degree.

At Columbia, Ferrer decided to forsake teaching for the theater and got himself a job as an assistant stage manager in Joseph Losey’s production of The Sunflower, in New York. From there he worked himself up to his current eminence.

Now, let’s take a look at Rosemary Clooney’s background. This singing chick was born in the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky on May 23, 1928. Her father, Andy Clooney was a house painter. He was encouraged to paint houses to paint, especially when another daughter and a son were added to his family.

In fact, things were so bad in the Clooney household, financially that is, that the marriage came apart, Rosemary’s mother going to work in a dress shop in Lexington, and Andy looking around for a new start in Washington.

The Clooney kids were moved around from grandparent to grandparent. Grandpa Clooney, the perpetual mayor of Maysville, owned a little corner store and a shoe shop, but he had no money but when Rosemary was nine, Grandma Clooney died, and the little girl was moved over to Grandmother Guifoy’s. A woman with nine children, her own to look after, Grandmother Guifoy’s found it extremely difficult to bring up Rosemary and her sister. There just wasn’t enough money to go around.

Rosemary had to do hand-me-downs and makeshifts. Dental treatment was neglected. Family security was lacking when she needed it most.

In short, she suffered all the pains and heartaches and humiliations which walk hand-in-hand with poverty. The wonder of it all is that Rosemary Clooney is an optimistic, lively, and stimulating young lady.

While she may suffer from an inferiority complex brought on by the lack of physical beauty, she certainly gives no blatant manifestations of chronic insecurity. Rosemary tells of her parents’ poverty years with poignancy but she always points out the lighter side and the happy moments. She talks about the wonderful breaks she got when she first went to work at WWO in Cincinnati, when she signed with Tony Pastor’s band and when Joe Shribman, Pastor’s manager, got her a recording contract with Columbia Records.

Blue-eyed Rosie was often hurt when she was a child. While these hurts undoubtedly have left their mark, they have not marred her personality or outlook. Rosies believes that people are capable of becoming a big motion picture star. Right now she has a personable way, a pleasing voice, and a little acting talent.

Miss Ferrer, however, Rose is likely to improve as an actress. She will have an excellent influence in the house. There is no doubt that but José can and will enrich Rosie’s life. He looks like a man who is going to be a little like a virtuoso; he paints and sculptures; he produces, directs, and acts, he lives every day as if it were his last.

At Sunday, Casey Wales was asked what Rosie could contribute to that marriage. Her retort: “What is this? France in the nineteenth century or Hollywood in the twentieth? All a woman brings to a marriage in the twentieth century is a little bit of her—sometimes that’s a lot. In Rosie’s case, I can tell you—it’s enough!”

(For José Ferrer can be seen in two Columbia pictures, The Caine Mutiny and Miss Sadie Thompson.)
modern screen’s
hollywood
approved fashions

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores
If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept.,
Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

AMERICAN BEAUTY (compacts)—Pp.73-74
At your favorite jewelry counter.

BUR-MIL CAMEO (stockings)—Pg. 76
At leading department and specialty stores
throughout the country.

HONEYBUGS (slippers)—Pg. 75
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s Inc.
Baltimore, Md.—May Company
Boston, Mass.—B. F. Gondin Co., Inc.
Baton Rouge, La.—Derby, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengeler Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Columbus, Ohio—Rich’s Inc.
Dayton, Ohio—Elm & Market
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Jamaica, N. Y.—B. Gerts, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—Geo. K. Peck Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Eastern Columbia
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company
Minneapolis, Minn.—Davidson Co.
Newark, N. J.—L. Lamberger & Co.
New Haven, Conn.—C. D. Hall Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Haliburton
Pawtucket, R. I.—Meyer Brothers
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lee Brothers
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Company
San Jose, Calif.—Law Company
St. Paul, Minn.—Golden Rule
Youngstown, Ohio—Streussle-Hutchins
Or write to Honeybugs, Inc., 97 West 34th Street,
New York 1, N. Y.

LUXITE (balbriggan)—Pg. 73
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Atlantic City, N. J.—M. E. Blatt
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Carnegie, Porti Scott
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Detroit, Mich.—Crosley’s
Dublin, Ohio—O’Reilly
Fargo, N. D.—Herbert’s
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Watson
Kansas City, Mo.—Chamoff’s
Lincoln, Neb.—Gold & Company
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schusters
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
New York, N. Y.—Saks’ 34th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels Brothers
Portland, Ore.—Meyer & Frank
Roswell, N. Y.—M. Croyden’s
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach’s
San Francisco, Calif.—Roos Brothers
Washington, D. C.—Lanham’s
Or write to Luxite, Division of Hothproof
Hattery Co., 481 West Forty-third Street, Milwau-
kee 1, Wisconsin.

SAVAGE-WAYNE (Golden Slippers)—Pg. 73
Baltimore, Md.—The Hecht Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.—The Wm. Hengeler Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. S. Fugate Co.
Dallas, Texas—Tischer-Gertnering Co.
Detroit, Mich.—C. J. Hudson Co.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—DeBakers & Desert Co.
Ft. Worth, Texas—Learders
Houston, Texas—Foley Brothers Dry Goods
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Watson Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—The J. C. STORE Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Company
Memphis, Tenn.—Eisen’s
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lee Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels Brothers
Portland, Ore.—Olds, Wirtman & King
San Francisco, Calif.—The White House
Seattle, Wash.—MacDougal & Southwick Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

DEBRA PAGET
starring in pictures for 20th Century-Fox
producers of THE ROBE
in CineMamScope, color by Technicolor
...likes the fine performance
of this beautifully-brushed manswear
flannel

COLLEGE-TOWN SKIRT

Your precious diamonds always remain in
clear view when you choose a Feature Ring
Interlocking wedding band and engagement
ring. The secret! A tiny lock swings out
from a sliding plate on the wedding band—
easily interlocks with the engagement ring.
This lock does not bind, pinch or retard
movement of the finger, rather it adds ease
and comfort. Feature Interlocking Rings may
be bought at your favorite jewelry counter.

Your precious diamonds always remain in
full view when you choose a Feature Ring
Interlocking wedding band and engagement
ring. The secret! A tiny lock swings out
from a sliding plate on the wedding band—
easily interlocks with the engagement ring.
This lock does not bind, pinch or retard
movement of the finger, rather it adds ease
and comfort. Feature Interlocking Rings may
be bought at your favorite jewelry counter.

FEATURE ATTRACTION of any wardrobe
...trim, slim and sporting ...a brilliant
color for all your blouses and sweaters. Pro-
duced by College-Town in rich-feathered pure
wool flannel, with its own top-grain cowhide
belt. Menswear Grey, Banker's Gray, Banker's
Navy, Banker's Brown, Banker's Green, Brown,
Green, Brandy, Royal, Redberry and
Navy. Sizes 36 to 50, Junior sizes 9 to 17.
about $8

write to

WINNER OF MODERN SCREEN
HOLLYWOOD FASHION AWARD

COLLEGE-TOWN SPORTSWEAR
210 Lincoln St., Boston, Massachusetts
Rita's newest love

(Continued from page 28) From that point on, Haymes and Hayworth have been virtually inseparable. Even when Rita flew to Hawaii for location work on Miss Sadie Thompson, she took Dick with her. She fathered 'them all herself, and he had his agents arrange a concert tour in the Islands, and while it didn't come off too well, it brought him close to Rita.

When Aly returned to Hollywood with Joseph Bernhard, who is also in Miss Sadie Thompson, Haymes was again on hand to continue the romance.

Dick has been Rita's constant escort, so constant that he has had no time for anyone else. Not even Nora Haymes, his separated wife, could contact Dick with any regularity. A newspaperman in the Hobnab, a Beverly Hills eatery, overheard her complaining to her friend, Beesty Wynn, "I can't get with this bit. I don't know where Richard is keeping himself these days. I want to talk to him about putting up some loot for the divorce, but it's easier to get in touch with Eisenhower."

"Everybody I ask tells me to try Hayworth's house. Can you imagine my difficulties?"

Even Bob Eaton, Dick's lawyer, couldn't find him for long periods of time when he needed to discuss the divorce from Nora. "I don't know where he'll be all these days," Eaton confided to reporters. "My assumption is that he's out of town."

By this time, of course, the Haymes divorce papers have undoubtedly been filed; and there is no doubt that the proper interval before Richard and Rita make their romance officially public.

Under the circumstances, however, Rita is naturally reticent about discussing her divorce.

When asked about him in New York after they were seen dining, all she would say was "He's a very nice man."

In Hollywood, however, especially before the Haymes divorce papers were drawn up, the ex-Princess was extremely circumspect, particularly for her.

When a friend, a long-term friend who has watched through the arduous, lengthened and sometimes very personal marriages, asked at her swimming pool one day, "What goes with you and Dick Haymes?" Rita would only smile and say, "Let's not intime.

A few days later the actress took off for a short vacation, and coincidentally, Richard Haymes left town at the same time.

All of which goes to prove that having found each other, Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth are determined to hold on. For many years now, both of them have been in love with love. Since both of them have Spanish blood in their veins and Latin backgrounds, there is undoubtedly much more to their mutual attraction than pure physical attraction.

Whether this is enough to lead eventually to marriage one can only prophesy.

Right now, Rita is a little disillusioned because her third child, a beautiful, dark-haired girl whom they named Yasmin, was born a big event duly reported throughout the world, but it didn't keep Aly at home, and it didn't curb his reckless spending. In an effort to keep up with her husband's profit, the star put herself forward and, wearing the husk of her hard-earned cash, approximately $150,000. And in the end, all her sacrifices, all her attempts to remodel her life, to become the world's biggest star, all this came to nothing.

One morning the realization burst upon Rita that she was married to a man whose nature was basically inconstant. That's when she took all of her European tent and sailed for home, a wiser, smaller, younger woman. She was determined, nevertheless, to get a financial settlement of $1,000,000 for these babies bounce back from loused-up long affairs like a couple of pogo sticks.

"Take a dame like Hayworth. Aly Khan gives her a terrible time in Europe; so she returns to New York, gets a divorce, and establishes residence. She tells everyone 'I don't want a penny for myself. All I want is support for my child.'"

... Boris Karloff, who sold his home in Beverly Hills, is looking for a place. If he can't get one, he says he'll guess you might say I'm house-hunting."

Sidney Skolicky
N. Y. Post

"What happens? Aly Khan comes to Hollywood. Whispers a few sweet nothings in Hayworth's ear, and goes down to Buenos Aires. He takes off for Paris and a rendezvous. All that trouble for one evening, and the next thing anybody knows Khan has blown this ball out, and everyone's gone to work. Errol Flynn is off into the Andes. She's hurt, Hayworth is; so she gets herself this Spanish count for an escort, one of Aly's old pals, Count Villa Padiera; only this guy won't go to Hollywood. Aly Khan alone. This time she's good and sore at Aly; so she gets the divorce. The Nevada courts tell him he has to pay $48,000 a year for the support of Yasmin. It's a big joke. This is like telling the king of Sweden he has to drink German beer.

"I'm not kidding when I tell you that Hayworth's just like Lana Turner. They're both the world's lowestest pickers of lovers."

"Take this Dick Haymes. He's a nice, loused-up kid, very personal, very charming, maybe a year older than Rita, but lacks Rita. I mean-talk. He's a very proud kid, too, and an honorable one.

"Haymes is a man with an eye for beauty. When he gets that mating call, watch him. He's Errol Flynn. Joeane Dru, a swell dish, for Nora Haymes. After four years with Nora, that's finished. Instead of concentrating on his work, he concentrates on Hayworth."

"But Dick's a crooner. He's the kind of crooner that Hayworth is really something to concentrate on, but just take a peek at that long list of predecessors, Eddie Judson, Orson Welles, Vic Mignogna, Tony Bernhard, Ted Stauffer, Aly Khan, Peter Lawford, Cy Howard,love, Gilbert Roland, Richard Greene. Kirk Douglas. In her day, Hayworth has had no bigger league Talent."

"Like I say, Dick is a nice boy, but what chance would he have as Rita's husband?"

He'd lose his own identity. Marrying Rita is like marrying a national institution. You've got to come out second best.

"If I had been the boy who could manage his wife's career like some of these fast-flying boys. When he falls in love, he's always sure it's for keeps. With Rita it's a little different. She's just ready. Life's a ball right now because tomorrow maybe Aly Khan will walk through the front door."

Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, who fell so rapturously in love with Haymes that she gave the skidoo to Errol Flynn, has long been recognized as one of the most regular females in Hollywood.

Honest, straight-shooting, and never- complaining, although she certainly has plenty to wall about, Nora says, "When Dick and I separated in March, he was free to get married. And he's gone. We're definitely not—we're not suited to each other any more.

"As for his personal life, I don't know what he is doing. I'm not inclined to talk about his personal life."

That's Nora's way, but she's been an awful lot of Miss Hayworth. When I was married to Errol Flynn, she came aboard our boat with Orson Welles for about two weeks; and she's really a person for the proper price.

"Friends tell me that she's got Dick wound around so tightly that he doesn't know whether he's coming or going, but you can't go into that."

"But I've been in it and seen it, and you don't do that.

"You say has Dick asked for a divorce because he wants to marry Rita? He's never mentioned her to me at all. Richard is a romanticist, a dreamer, a wonderful guy. He can't live in love without a girl who wants to marry her. He's a wonderful guy. I hope he'll be happy."

In Hollywood the general consensus of opinion is that Haymes is cut from a fabric different from many crooners. A boy he studied for the priesthood in Argentina. As a young man he succeeded Frank Sinatra with the Harry James band, and for a period of time he was extremely hot with the Bobby-soxers.

During the war, Dick was classified 4-C, a citizen; and when he was discharged from the service, he was married to Joanne Dru during World War II. Dick is suitably successful until Dick met Nora Flynn in Palm Springs.

Unfortunately, for Dick, his career has been shown down all over now that his marriage to Nora. He left his agent, Bill Burton; his recordings began to diminish in popularity; picture work became increasingly scarce; but careers based on business are unpredictable. But they say in Hollywood, "all you need to get on top is one good break."

Whether Dick's next "good break" was meeting and falling in love with Rita Hay- worth only the calendar will tell.

Right now, Hollywood is betting on only one thing. Proximity to lovely Rita is not going to reduce the crooner's high blood pressure.

(Dick Haymes can now be seen in Columbia's Cruising Down The River.)
Consider a man’s eye view of your hair

SAYS RICHARD HUDNUT

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!
1000 Hints Beauty magazine reveals the secrets of leading specialists in all Beauty fields!

Simple, easy-to-understand instructions will teach you the basic principles of skin care, make-up, posture and diet.

Here in one exciting magazine is everything you need to know to make yourself more charming... more alluring.

Whether you want to attract whistles from the stag line—or an appreciative smile from a proud husband—the helpful tips in this magazine will make your beauty care simple... and more effective!

Ask for 1000 Hints BEAUTY

It's designed for YOU!

mother cut his bangs and substituted a long pants blue serge suit for erewhile Saturday and Sunday best, a sailor outfit with white stockings and black shoes. The blue serge was his choir singing uniform, worn when his sweet, clear soprano voice rang out in answer to the Cantor's chants in the local synagogue. If any fellow members of the "Rinky Dink," his own block gang of which he was the undisputed leader, ever referred to his angelic face or singing in any but the most complimentary manner, they had the soprano's fists in their kisses to prove he was no sissy.

When Papa Chwatt got a small increase in salary, he moved out of the lower East Side uptown to East 176th Street in the Bronx, so his family could be brought up in better surroundings.

In P. S. 44 in the Bronx, ten-year-old Aaron quickly established himself as a popular, versatile personality. He played on the baseball team, portrayed one of the frenetic leads in the school's version of "The Katzenjammer Kids" and generally ingratiated himself with his teachers and fellow students. He would stop at nothing to keep his audience entertained.

His buddies, among them Arthur Brent, now a partner with Red's brother Joe in the ABCO Hardware store in the Bronx, knew that Red had one peculiarity. He couldn't pass up a mirror, whether in a store window, a living room or a washroom. Whenever he spotted a looking glass, he stopped whatever he was doing to peer at his likeness, not to admire himself but to distort his features into weird grimaces.

"Whatcha doin', Aaron?" his surprised companion asked at first.

"Practizin', just practizin'," he answered without getting out of character. "If I'm gonna be an actor, I gotta be able to act."

Muggsy Buttons, Rocky Buttons, Salty Buttons were conceived in a mirror. As Red watched the mannerisms and expressions of each one emerge before his very eyes, he also developed another characteristic. Shaking his finger at his mirrored reflections, he admonished them waggingly, "I like you. You, I don't like."

He wasn't too engrossed in his career to be unmindful of the fair sex. The girls tagged after the cute redhead jester, but his favorite was a long-legged Brunette. They demonstrated their mutual affection by playfully throwing stones at each other in lieu of cupids' darts.

Nothing but applause was hurled at the 13-year-old boy the night he appeare in an amateur contest at the Fox Cretona theatre a few blocks from his apartment house. When he sang "Roll On Mississippi, Roll On" and "Sweet Jenny Lee," he brought down the house and won first prize prize blue ribbon.

His reward was a singing spot in the turnover to the vaudeville acts. Nightly, for 15 weeks until the Children's Society stepped in and stopped him, the slight, shiny-faced, redheaded singer stood on a soapbox in the orchestra pit and in his good blue serge suit and bedding alto bade the Mississippi roll on.

For a couple of years after the Children's Society rang down the curtain on him, his only brush with show business was when he subways downtown and went to the Palace to hang around the stage door or when he climbed over the fence of the old Biograph Film Studios in the Bronx.

On one of these excursions, he met Bud Pollard, a Biograph film producer who took an interest in the boy.

"Show business isn't easy, kid," the older man advised. "You've got to work hard to get there. You need all the breaks you can get and then when you do arrive, if you're one of the lucky few, the toughest thing is to stay on top."
A movie star attended a show, in which an amateur was impersonating the star. After the performance, the amateur asked the star, eagerly: Tell me the truth! What do you think of my impersonation of you?

"Well," said the star, "one of us is really awful!"

Soon, he hoped. Occasionally during the winter, he sang for free at parties given by his father's co-workers. At one of these parties, Red met somebody who knew somebody who owned a hotel in Catskill Mountains. The chain of hotels dotting the Catskills was known as the Borscht Circuit because good food, borscht included, was its only attraction. In the summer hostilities, the customers had to be entertained, too, but management preferred to pay less to their entertainers so they could pay more to their cooks.

Red Buttons could be bought cheap. The Beerkill Hotel in Greenfield Park, New York, hired him as a singer at $1.50 per week plus room and board.

That was the life. It seemed too good to be true and midway in the season Red awoke one morning to find his worst fears justified. Something had happened to change him. He had become boyish and there was no place on the program, he knew, for a singer with a crinkly smile and a crackly voice.

"They'll fire me. They'll fire me," he worried. His desperation was readily apparent when he confronted the program director with his crisis.

"Don't worry," Red, the showman said, "the summer's almost over. I've seen you make the jokes. You're pretty funny. Stay on as a comedian.

"But it's not the same," Red didn't find it hard to make the people laugh. He added to the audience was his family and his friends. He always could make them laugh so why not these people who came from the same, warmhearted kind of background?

As the basis of his humor, he fell back on an exaggeration of his childhood experiences. He never wanted to be funny at anybody else's expense. His pixie face, impish expressions and slight stature made his memories of the lower East Side seem incongruous and funny.

"Where I came from," he announced, "anybody with teeth in his mouth was considered a sissy. In school they used to have recess just to carry out the wounded. We were evicted so many times my mother made curtains to match the sidewalks. Then he'd swing into the worst swagger and stammer of my generation and the tough guy tones of Edward G. Robinson, the screen bad man of his youth.

Cupping his hand over his ear, he illustrated his alleged encounters with "Oyi, oyi," and broke into a little dance. In time he was to change the "Oyi, Oyi" to "Ho-Ho" and add to it a musical introduction of more quips and patter, "Strange Things Are Happening."
SPECIAL GREASELESS TREATMENT FOR
Blackheads Oiliness Enlarged Pores Flaky Skin

MANY A girl has her worst skin troubles when "looks" count most!

Abruptly, the oil glands start to overwork. The skin turns sluggish. Dead-skin flakes begin to build up in oily layers over the pore openings. Then, large pores, even blackheads, are on the way.

Now Pond's recommends an effective, greaseless treatment for these "Young Skin" problems: oiliness, enlarged pores, blackheads, flakiness. It's quick, easy—and it works.

Give your complexion this "YOUNG SKIN" TREATMENT every night

Cover your face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens, dissolves off dead skin flakes. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally. After 1 minute—wipe off. Rinse with cold water.

Hundreds of girls with "Young Skin" problems tested this treatment. Improvements showed within 2 weeks! Oiliness disappeared. Blackheads, large pores decreased. Often blemishes cleared away.

"Young Skin" doesn't like a heavy make-up! A touch of greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny base. Really holds powder!

José Ferrer had chosen him for the juvenile lead in a musical with a Pearl Harbor locale. The play was due to open December 8, 1941, but that was the day after Pearl Harbor was bombed and The Admiral Takes A Wife was blasted off Broadway before it got there.

He was set for a role in a James Cagney film but another actor got the part because he also got less money.

The day he was due to leave for Hollywood and a Paramount movie, his draft notice showed up. It looked like the end of everything for him. According to the accepted movie tradition, his worst break proved to be his best. In the Army, Moss Hart picked Red for a lead in the Army Air Force musical production, Winged Victory, and later the comedian also appeared in its movie version.

In 1945, the khaki-clothed comedian emceed a show at the Potsdam Conference before Harry S. Truman and Winston Churchill. They agreed unanimously that Private Red Buttons was funny.

When he went out of the Army, he knew he could always earn a good living, at least $500 a week or so, with his nightclub routine, but he still hearkened back to those days as an East Side kid when Broadway was his dream. He wanted to be in the bigtime. In order to do so, he took a salary cut to appear in the plays Barefoot Boy With Cheek and Hold It. His notices were better than the plays' notices.

BACK he went to his old faithful, the club dates and theaters. In the winter of 1949, he was playing a nightclub in Miami Beach, Florida. A petite black-haired girl with the elfin features of a Leslie Caron, Helayne McNorton from Ohio, was working as a manicurist in a Miami hotel. She saw the comic work and said to herself, "I'd like to know him."

After the show when Red came out front to sit with some friends, Helayne did meet him. They exchanged hellos and she realized he hardly noticed her, but she didn't forget about him.

That summer, she was in Lindy's restaurant in New York one evening and was re-introduced to Red. They exchanged hellos again, and she recognized him on his part. Several nights later, they met once more in Lindy's. This time Red said, "Doll face, I'll drive you home."

There were other people in the apartment Helayne shared with her roommate and they made scrambled eggs and coffee for the late visitors. "I'll help you do the dishes, Doll face," Red offered. It was the first and last time he dared the dishes, but for Helayne, once was enough. Red Buttons was the boy she wanted to marry.

"How about meeting me tomorrow night at Ten's Shor'?" Red suggested. Helayne had met actors before. Sometimes they didn't show up for dates so the next night on the pretext of being delayed, she called Shor's and asked for Red. To her surprise, he was there.

"I'll be right over," she told him. She fell in love with him that night. Her future was Red, she knew he had been hurt deeply by the failure of his first marriage and that he didn't want to get burned twice. She was willing to wait.

Early in the relationship, he broke other dates to be with Red, which caused much serious offense. He didn't joke and clown as much as when he was a kid but his admirers were fast and furious.

When he at times, Helayne once about breaking a date she disarmed him with her straightforward reply, "I'd rather be with you."

"Why waste your time with me?" he said, "I don't want to get married."

"You will," she countered.

Three and a half years ago they were married.

They lived in an apartment in the West 50's within shouting distance of Broadway. Helayne went to cooking school so she could wield the pots and pans with as much agr as Red dished out his humor.

Last fall they signed a lease for an expensive five-room apartment on exclusive Sutton Place, just 51 city blocks north of the East Side tenement where Aaron Chwatt was born.

THEN television, which devours talent like a hungry tigress, wanted new stars. Red Buttons was a comparative unknown outside of New York and Florida, but Marlo Lewis, a CBS-TV variety show producer, realized the capabilities and potentialities of the versatile comedian, who was 33 but looked 23.

Red was anxious to try the medium. It was his only chance for national recognition. The movies wouldn't hire him because he didn't have known so TV offered him the culmination of a dream.

"Where did this kid come from?" everybody wanted to know after his sensational debut. He had something in his act for everyone and appealed to all kinds of Americans. Within a few weeks, the "Strange Things Are Happening" routine swept the country. Audiences chimed in and some viewers chanted, "Ho-ho, hoo-hee, stra-a-a-a-a-ange things are hap-pen-ing."

Milton Berle had just returned from Hollywood, where it had rained almost a month. He met Charlton Heston, who asked, "And how was California weather?"

Berle answered, "The sun was coming down in sheets."

Paul Denis

Up in the Bronx on East 176th where they both live for the past 24 years, Michael and Sophie Chwatt didn't think there was anything strange about their son's success. Their boy, Aaron, had to make good because he was good. He never hurt anybody and it made them laugh. He was kind and generous. Every winter since he could afford it, he has sent his parents to Arizona for the cold months. Their warm air is good for Mrs. Chwatt's asthma.

A darling, dimpled, plump version of her son, Sophie's story, too, is a success story. An immigrant at 16, she raised a boy who became America's favorite actor, Horatio Alger. When she goes to the grocery store or the neighborhood stationer's to buy a birthday card, the tradespeople point her out, "That's Red Buttons' mother," but for Sophie the greatest thrill is always her frequent visits from her second son, her Aaron, who says, "Hi, Ma," and kisses her. Up in the Bronx, in brother Joe's hardware store, the school kids flock in to ask Joe to have Red autograph pictures for them. "Ho-ho," he signs, "Red Buttons."

She lives in the same apartment on Sutton Place, Mrs. Red Buttons (the legally adopted name) doesn't think it's strange that success in a bigtime way has come to her husband. He always went out of his way to help his fans, especially his little ones. She knew. And Red was due for the big break.

She and Red wish they had some littleButtons teasing around the house. Monday nights at all the strange and wonderful things that have happened to him. Because to Red Buttons, every Monday is Opening Night.
love is a long shot

(Continued from page 39) seem, then, that any young Modern Screen reader pondering matrimony would do well to ignore the advice of the big thinkers in favor of the "horse sense" apparent in the life of Betty Grable.

"Harry and I have one big mutual interest to which we anchor our love," Betty explains. "Then, too, there are other elements in our successful life together. We respect each other. I suppose I could feel sorry for myself because he spends more time on the road than a traveling salesman. I don't. I admire him for sticking with his band even though business hasn't been very good in the last five or six years."

During wartime, when the country took to the dance floors to relieve its tension, Harry James earned upwards of a half million dollars a year. Now, with the decline of interest in orchestras, his earnings have been cut to around $200,000. Like a man used to earning a hundred dollars a week who is cut to fifty, Harry could well become morose and difficult to live with.

"He isn't," Betty points out. "Harry likes the band business more than ever and wants to stay with it, even though he doesn't have to. A lot of musicians don't know anything else; some of them can't even read music. But Harry can arrange and conduct. He could easily get a job in some studio or do radio and TV work. That would make life a lot easier for him. But he sticks to his band.

"He maintains the quality of his organization, too. Some band leaders disband their outfits when they come back into town. But even when he's home and not playing dates, Harry keeps five key men under contract and on salary. He pays them too much money, too. Right now he's got Buddy Rich with his band, and he's great."

Although musicians are supposed to be a shiftless lot, Betty finds that living around music is the best possible existence for her. She refused for years to bring scripts home from the studio or rehearse scenes at home. Despite the fact that she held all sorts of records for being the biggest money maker in pictures, there is no evidence of movie star Betty Grable's triumphs in the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry James.

"Yes," Betty says, "I think it's true that 'love is a long shot.' Certainly, I'm the luckiest girl in the world. But I want to make it plain that with Harry and me it has never been a case of emphasis on fame or money, whether anyone will believe it or not. We've worked for happiness, not for money—and we've had setbacks that could have cost us our last dime in the end if we hadn't worked together."

Betty and Harry didn't start out in the racing and breeding of thoroughbred horses by throwing sevens and elevens. When they first decided to enter the "sport of kings," they took the plunge like a couple of naive chumps. Betty had been crazy about horses since she was a tiny tot. Her mother had to bribe her to take dancing lessons by promising pony rides afterward. And Harry James fell in love with horses while he was playing with circus bands.

A few years ago, they cut a huge slice out of their savings to purchase a string of horses at a fabulous price. The result was a big nothing. Only about one of these expensive buys amounted to a thing. Betty and Harry felt that they had a legitimate squawk, so they took the case to court, claiming rank misrepresentation on the part of the man who acted as agent. The case never reached trial. A settlement

GIVE YOUR EYES personality-plus

From out of the "ordinary"... into radiant new loveliness. That's what Maybelline does for your eyes—Mascara for longer, darker appearing lashes.... Eyebrow Pencil for expressive brows.... and Eye Shadow for a subtle touch of color. It's so easy with Maybelline—just try it and see the difference!

Modern Romances is now on the air!

"Modern Romances" true-to-life dramatics on your local NBC station every Saturday, feature Kathi Norris as story editor.

Your favorite reading is on the radio now! "Modern Romances" is an exciting new half-hour dramatic program on the NBC radio network every Saturday morning. It's presented in cooperation with the editors of Modern Romances magazine, and brings you fascinating stories of love and romance, happiness and heartache.
was made out of court, but Betty and Harry had learned a cold, hard lesson the hard way.

Instead of brooding about this defeat, they talked it over and came to the conclusion that the money spent on a horse race would not be a disaster but would be a moderate combination of breeding than ever to breed and raise their own horses. They dipped into their savings still deeper to purchase a thirty-eight-acre farm in the San Fernando Valley.

Meantime, the thinking about their folly was even more severe than the cheerful abuse heaped on Bing Crosby for his non-winning nags. Today, Betty and Harry have only six brood mares, but in the last three years from this small band have come two brilliant stakes winners. (In racing, "stakes" means a big money race, like the Derby or the Santa Anita Handicap.) One of their victorious horses is Big Noise, named for Harry's high-falutin' trumpet, and has earned for them a fortune in a day when their underlings at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track in the $100,000 Futurity Handicap.

She was close to tears as she trained her broodmares on the big chestnut horse who was approaching the starting gate, kicking up his heels and giving jockey Ralph Neves a bad time. With her fingers crossed, Betty swung him around and started him upward toward the "reef hill," where there were hundreds of people who couldn't afford the admission price to the track. In a moment, she located Harry sitting in his sleek convertible, looking hot and bothered. They had been sitting next to Betty, but he was left to a band engagement in nearby La Jolla.

"They're off and running!"

Betty closed her eyes as the pack thundered past the grandstand the first time. Second's later, she opened them to see that Grey Tower, the horse they feared most, was a length and a half in front. Big Noise, number six, was trailing next to last.

"Come on Beautiful, get moving!" Betty yelled in anguish. Her voice was lost in the roar of thousands, but the big chestnut horse began to gain on the leaders. He was on their heels as the horses rounded the far turn and on the homestretch. Ralph Neves barely touched Big Noise with the whip. They passed Grey Tower like a breeze and nosed ahead of the number four.

As they swept across the finish line, Big Noise winning it by a length, Harry James stood up on the back seat of his car and held his hand up to his brow. "You can count," his head in a victory salute, looking Betty could as she walked on air down to the winner's circle to accept congratula-
tions on their first big winner. To the delight of anyone bet on them, Betty got a big kiss on Jockey Neves' dirt-stained face, an act that caused the dimutive rider later to exclaim, "I've been in the saddle for my two years, and of the winnings I've won; it's the kiss I get from Betty when I win. Wow! She's the greatest thing that's happened to me so far -- the invention of the starting gate!"

That night at a ringside table as Harry James toasted his trumpet victoriously, Betty was complaining about the day that had meant to them both. "When you ride your own horses, whose mating you've planned by poring over pedigrees for months, wins a big stakes, your ego of joy runs over the roof. End of story. But when you have a horse that has no equal. The praise and profit are like bubbles in a windstorm compared to the urge--yes, passion--to have your own convictions bear such a marvelous harvest. To win like this is something you know cannot be assured even with the help of unlimited money. Many fortunes have been bracketed by people who have accepted the challenge because they thought they could "buy" success in breeding. That's ridiculous. Too many people have the idea that money and happiness go hand-in-hand. Well, in my case, I needed money to start with, but all it takes is one good colt to win a race, and plenty of people have done it on a shoe-string.

"Betty went on to tell, two years later, of the excitement and misfortunes attendant to the ruling love of their lives. Early that year, their stable fell into a slump. Every time a horse won, neither of them was present. Each accused the other of being the jinx. When Harry went back east for band engagements, Betty trailed along along the road. It was won another feature race and the stable manager wired them both to "stay lost."

Arch Oboler, movie producer-writer, visited Africa in 1948, with a tape recorder and movie camera. On a ranch near the place called Ruhereni, where a couple of thousand natives had gathered to sing and dance while he recorded the story, a group of small children came forth to sing a tribal song to the accompaniment of native flutes. As they sang, the melody became more and more familiar. Soon, there was no doubt about it. The children were singing the American melody to "The Star Spangled Banner." Betty didn't want to admit it. "We're not a Republic," she said. "But, somehow, the title was "Over The Rainbow, You Kicked Me."

However, Betty came home, defying superstition. It was then that their horses, Bingo, Laughin Louie and James Session won a mile race as a kitten with a ball of yarn. The pressure was all on Harry. Betty called him every night by long distance telephone to re-

Harry didn't bend his trumpet over her head. He said he'd stick around and prove that she was right. "I've proven it even though they act that way. The truth is that every member of the family feels personally responsible for their racing stock. I'm a part of the "gang" from the seven to the six, are also wild about the nags. They take a personal interest in every horse, and sometimes even in the riders, too. The little girls have seldom been to the track, however. Harry says it's a sort of isolation during the long waits between races.

BETTY chooses to ignore the fact that her career has been no anap all the way. While she was still a small girl in St. Louis, they decided to buy a ranch located in the south-

floor in the family apartment so Betty could practice her dance lessons at home. From the time her mother brought her to a Hollywood studio in 1929, Betty was being pushed toward the stardom she has so longed joyed. There was no lot of heartbreak and disappointment along the way.

Still, when Betty became the unofficial Queen of Hollywood, they were winning a hundred thousand dollars. When I was suspended for refusing to go to Columbia Studios on loan-out, James Session opped a $20,000 stake race.

But Betty was bursting out all over with joy when she showed up late, and the studio wanted to keep me. They didn't seem to have any important pictures planned for me. The only thing I thought about was that they were worried that I might go out and make a lot of money for someone else.

"I figured that it was time to leave the studio. I had wonderful years there, but I don't think it's smart to stay with one studio for more than ten years. I was interested in being a new- comer."

Betty has made no secret of her unhappiness with the studio during the past two years. "It's been a little better since my marriage," she says. "Every little thing has been a little hurt by the way it was done. I put in a request for a little rest. The next thing I knew they had suspended me. I didn't even expect to come back. It's amazing, but I think I should be treated in such an im-

personal manner."

The next two suspensions deepened the well. Betty claims that the studio once offered her; important stockholders rankled over her whopping salary. "It was different in the old days," Betty explains. "Then I could go in and discuss problems. Like you and I, I'll tell you Janelle Zanuck wanted me to do The Razor's Edge. Later played by Anne Baxter. I went to Darryl and convinced him that I was wrong for her. She was a second-rate story and the whole the part was so beautifully played by Anne that she won an Academy Award."

Now that Betty has her freedom, she's not going to go jumping into new enterprises. For the first time in a long while, hard-working Harry James took five weeks off from his band engagements. Betty decided to go to Del Mar for the racing season. At the time, Betty said: "I won't sign another studio contract unless I have the right to do outside pictures of my own choosing. I'll take the studio on their contract with a 'good girl' clause that cuts off the money every time I don't do exactly what the studio executives have planned."

"That's why I'm going to cut a "bootleg" record with Harry, because his vocalist got sick at the last minute. Betty filled in and the record came out under an anonymous name. Betty did more recording on her own. About tv she says, "Maybe yes, maybe no: it all depends. I'm the kind of girl who never plans her career ahead. I just let nature take its course."

The field of the family apartment so Betty could practice her dance lessons at home. From the time her mother brought her to a Hollywood studio in 1929, Betty was being pushed toward the stardom she has so longed joyed. There was no lot of heartbreak and disappointment along the way.

Still, when Betty became the unofficial Queen of Hollywood, they were winning a hundred thousand dollars. When I was suspended for refusing to go to Columbia Studios on loan-out, James Session opped a $20,000 stake race.
well. Although she claimed to be lazy, she always worked hard. Her pictures required weeks of tough dance rehearsal, consuming as much as six to eight months for the entire production.

A hardboiled old grip, learning the news of her leaving the studio, had tears in his eyes as he said, "I'm sorry as hell to see her go. Most stars have a bunch of flunkeys hanging around to keep their eggs boosted and their temps cooled. Betty didn't go for that junk. She doesn't have an ounce of temperament. She never asked for anything unless she did want it. She thought she had been done wrong she stood up for her rights, and everybody knew they couldn't push her around."

As for Betty, "It's nice to be able to look backward and forward at the same time. I know that a lot of people have regarded my preoccupation with racing as a silly pastime engaged in by a more or less empty-headed movie star, and I'm glad to have a chance to talk about it. The fascination of racing and breeding is so intangible and heartfelt that it's difficult to explain, but I do know that it has given Harry and me the happiest days of our lives. Of course, it takes all kinds of people to make a world and I know a lot of folks will never understand. But for those who can't see anything to racing but betting I say, 'Take a look at the names of the horses.' They're wonderful!" "Take Native Dancer, the big new horse of the year. He is the son of Polynesian and Geisha. Just the other day I noticed that Cherry Fizz, Quick Lunch and Bicab all won at Jamaica. Oh, what a parlavy! And in course of course Bicab is a son of Bride's Slick out of Hard Tack. If that isn't appropriate, what is?"

"It was seven years ago that Harry presented me with my first brood mare (that's a girl horse who has been retired to become a mama and improve the breed). Her name was Lady Florise, and she had been some shocks as a racer herself. Before long she had a foal (baby) by a sire named Special Agent. We named the filly Night Special, and she was as fast as a Hollywood girl. But like them, she had something wrong in her head, and this impaired her breathing. Rather than risk an operation on this sweet filly that we both loved so much we added her to our band of matrons. Her romance with King Abbey resulted in a colt named James Session, after one of Harry's recordings, and he won the coveted Haggin Stakes at Hollywood Park this last summer. Do you wonder, now, that our horses are really loved, and that they are more to us than just nags running to win a race?"

"Honestly, there is so much more to racing than most people even suspect. It has practically rid itself, by self-governing, of scandal. It is the number one spectator sport, and so far as the menace of gambling is concerned, I think that's greatly over-played. For instance, a murder always hits page one of the newspapers. A happy marriage doesn't get into print. It is the same way with inexperience. We hear and read all the bad things, but rarely the good. Racing is a wonderful diversion and I'm happy to live in a country where I'm given the privilege of taking it or leaving it alone. I just hope we won't ever have to take it."

"And when we add it all up, Harry and I realize that despite the comic old warning—never marry a horse-player—it's the horse playing that has us living together. There are times when I have to agree with an old boy who hangs around the tracks when he says, 'The more I see of people, the better I like horses!'"
Gable's mystery romance

(Continued from page 31) Grace Kelly, the beautiful young blonde with whom he starred in Mogambo, left London for New York. Gable has been touring the country with a tall, dark-haired, statuesque French model named Susan Dadolle Badabie.

For a time, Gable was under the erroneous impression that he might keep this romance going. But it was not to be.

In Venice he told his hotel manager that under no circumstances was his girl's name to be released. Newspapermen quickly discovered that the girl was a wealthy American widow. They had Gable and the girl followed by photographers who snapped them touring the Grand Canal in gondolas, feeding the pigeons and posing for pictures. The situation became almost in-hand across the hundreds of picturesque little bridges that dot the city.

When asked about his traveling partner, all Gable would say was, "She's just a friend."

Once photographs of Clark's "mystery friend" were released, however, her identity was no longer a secret.

It had been the Tallulah model, picking up the afternoon paper, turned to a friend and pointing to Susan's picture, asked, "Who does this look like?"

They had both beengie-humbled. "It is Susan Dadolle," she said, "Who else? Don't you know about her?" An explanation was forthcoming immediately. "A few weeks ago when Clark Gable came here to Paris he was seen with Susan. I think they have known each other a long time or something. Anyway, she went to Madame Schiaparelli and said, 'I would like to have a dress made.' And she is very understanding about these things, so she said, 'But, of course, Susan.' So she went away with Monsieur Gable, and now they are traveling all over Europe, and since his divorce, which was his fourth wife—I think she was his fourth wife, that blonde English one—I guess Susan is hoping to marry him. She has always been in love with him. You know, Susan would make him a very good wife."

While such talk was making the rounds of Paris, Gable and his new love were sunning themselves in Capri. And in Italy, of course, no one interfered with the privacy of the lovers.

Occasionally, someone would ask a professional comment on such, "What's your next picture, Mr. Gable?" and Clark would prop himself up on his elbows and say, "Really don't know. Everytime I call Hollywood from here I can't understand what they say. They can hear me but I can't hear them. I guess the studio will rope up something for me."

In Capri, Gable lived in the hotel suite formerly occupied by Egypt's ex-King Farouk which prompted him to quip, "Even I can be a king for a few bucks."

Natives who saw Susan and Clark said, "They are still in love with each other. They are both very deep in love. They are together always. They are all always smiling. I am sure they have already married. I say this because whenever you see in their eyes is the light of happiness."

Gable has insisted ever since his divorce from Sylvia Ashley that "I'm not against marriage. I believe in marriage for years and years. The next time I'm going to be very careful."

Gable usually gravitates to mature, successful women. Susan has neither age nor a very large bank account. She is a brunette in her middle thirties who has a slavish devotion to Gable, a Gallic wit, a sophisticated outlook on life, a respect for

thrift—a quality very close to Gable's heart—and an acquaintance with the actor which goes back to 1939.

In February 1950, Frank Burt, president of Prestige Hosierly of New York, flew to Paris, "I had an idea," Burt says, "that if I could make a tie-up between Prestige and the leading dress designers in France, it would be a very good thing for everyone concerned. My company would sell more hosiery, and the French dress designers would sell more dresses for our models."

"I spoke to Jean Patou, Jean Desses, Jacques Fath, Jacques Griffé, Robert Piguet and Marcel Rochas. They all agreed to do the tie-up scheme. We would get six gorgeous models, dress them to the teeth, then fly them to New York."

"Our next problem was getting the girls. Well, each of these dress designers had a favorite model. She, and the rest of these girls weren't equipped with great legs; so for our purposes that let them out. We managed to get hold of three or four such models, and the rest but proportioned everywhere—and then I got in touch with a model agency.

"This agency sent over to my place a girl named Susan Dadolle. She's the young woman currently going around with Clark Gable. I looked her over—very attractive, nice figure, good legs—and said, 'Okay, Miss Dadolle, you've got the job.'"

IT HAPPENED TO ME

We were having dinner at a Chinese restaurant in San Francisco when a handsome man and a very beautiful lady came over and asked us to teach them where the chopsticks. It wasn't until we had helped them master the art that we were told by our waiter that our students had been Tony Martin and his wife, Cyd Charisse.

Mrs. A. Wong
Palo Alto, Calif.

In January, 1951, six French models, Catherine Fath, Michele Tevannes, Danielle Chevron, Nicole Tuchard, Josette Farges, and Susan Dadolle arrived in New York. Now young girls, two were dying to get to Hollywood. One was Susan Dadolle who kept telling the other models that she simply had to meet Clark Gable, and the other was Danielle Chevron.

Unfortunately, neither Hollywood nor Los Angeles was on the itinerary for the Prestige Hosiers Fashion Show. The models were told to go to New York, Cleveland, and only then to Hollywood. But some of the girls had made up their minds to strike off on their own. An old friend of Gable's who knew the actor personally also wanted to help bring things together.

In Hollywood, Susan joined forces with the Legs of Lassie, and managed to set up a meeting with Clark Gable. The following day they found a place to the west coast, and in Hollywood, through the intervention of French friends in the movie colony, Susan Dadolle finally met her hero, Clark Gable.

Reportedly, Gable was not immediately smitten by the model's beauty. He exchanged pleasantries, showed her around town, and even took her to a film. However, he was unforgettably thrilled. "If you ever come to Paris," she told the actor, "you must look me up.

There are friends of Gable who doubt the above version of the first Susan-Clarke meeting.

"I was in Paris," one of the actor's in-
times explains, "when he first met this woman. I spoke to her, and he told me that she'd never been west of Chicago. I think maybe Gable was in the lobby of the Crillon Hotel. Anyway, he moved around in fancy circles. I guess he met her at some French salon. Who cares anyway?"

In England he saw Joan Harrison—that's no secret, and in Paris, well, there were a lot of dilettante types there, and then at Compo, it was another babe, an Italian with Turkish blood. Maybe he has fallen for Susan, but I don't think she's got him all wrapped up and ready for a trip to Hollywood."

"To tell you the truth, Grace Kelly seems more like his type than this Dadolle babe. My own feeling is that he's afraid of for-}

eign models. They have a roundness about them but he doesn't want to marry them. Grace is a lot like Carole Lombard, fresh and well-bred. I'd bet on the success of a Kelly-Gable marriage but with Dadolle, I don't know. This young girl, by the way, is diplomatic, gave The King his head all the time, but I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that he drops her within a month or two. Of course, there's no use saying I'm wrong. I said the same thing about Sylvia Ashley, and look what happened there."

Gable has always been known to concentrate on one woman at a time, but in many European capitals it is currently being said that it is Susan Dadolle who is concentrating on him.

Roommates, friends, or whatever they are saying that Susan is definitely Gable's romance and that he doesn't care who knows. Certainly he no longer objects to being photographed with the tall French model although he insists, "I am not married, and am not in a romance business. What's mysterious about it? You meet an attractive woman and take her out. That doesn't necessarily mean you're going to marry her. Susan is an acquaintance. I've got a lot of acquaintances."

The basic reason Gable is always being connected with one woman or another is that he has no interest in females as females. Not that he isn't a man's man, but except for a few friends such as Al Menasco and Wayne Griffin, he likes to spend a lot of time with the girls. Close friends have been women, usually older women in whom he confides.

It may well be, of course, that Gable has now reached the point in life where he needs young blood to maintain the illusion of perpetual youth. This is why actress in their forties frequently marry younger men; and it may be why lately Clark has chosen Susan. They are both in their twenties, and Susan Dadolle, a brunette in her early thirties. But friends insist this isn't true.

One MGM director who probably knows the star as well as any other man, says, "There are some men who, when they have nothing to do, read a book. There are others who go hunting or fishing. Clark Gable is tired of always doing something, so that now he never tire of is girls—all sizes, all shapes, all ages. It makes no difference to the guy. He's very democratic where women are concerned. He only cares how over he likes to relax. Right now he's relaying with this French girl, Susan Dadolle. How long she can hold him nobody knows.

"At least she has the opportunity to try out her charms. A million girls would give anything, well, almost anything, to have the same opportunity."
LEX BARKER, who is slowly being dropped by his one-time constant companion, Lana Turner, is in Paris to work opposite the French film light, Sophie Desmarées, in something tentatively titled *Always Look For Sunday.*

VIVIEN LEIGH and SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER have been running into some tough luck. While they were chatting in their Oxfordshire drawing room with Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, a gang of thieves stole all of Vivien’s jewelry. Next day, Olivier appealed to the thieves. "There is one piece my wife treasures most," he announced. "A ruby ring I gave her when I came back from Hollywood to join the Navy during the war. It’s a sentimental thing. If she could have that one piece back I think she’d be satisfied." No reply from the crooks, said Sir Laurence, "They seem to be quite heartless."

ANNE BAXTER grew so lonely in Munich for her one-year-old daughter, Katrinka, that she put in a long-distance phone call to Charley Wendling, her agent back in Hollywood, "Isn’t there any way, the actress asked, ‘we can get Katrinka over here? This is a very picturesque, bomb-out city, but it’s raining for a month now, and I’d just love to see Katrinka.’"

"Tell you what," said Charley, who is Claudette Colbert’s brother, "I’ll fly the baby over myself." Which is how come Anne Baxter’s baby daughter is currently in Munich with the Carnival cost. This picture, incidentally, is being shot in two versions, American and German. Eva Bartok plays Anne’s role in the German version. She’s the Hungarian actress MGM has talked about bringing to the United States. Relationship between Miss Baxter and Miss Bartok is strictly professional.

RICHARD BURTON, the young Welsh actor who created quite a stir in Hollywood by his uninhibited behavior—in some circles he was called "the British Marlon Brando"—is back in London working for the Old Vic Repertory. Burton who was paid $100,000 a film in Hollywood is currently receiving $125 a week for playing Shakespeare. The Old Vic will present nothing but Shakespeare, all of his plays, for the next five years, only Burton insists he won’t be around that long. Fox plans to bring the young Welsh actor back to New York for the opening of *The Robe,* but Burton doesn’t think he’ll come, "I’m a contrary gent," he says, "who believes in obeying his impulses."

AUDREY HEPBURN who has been seeing a good deal of Gregory Peck in London and Paris—they starred in Rome together in *Roman Holiday*—has been given the star buildup by Paramount in England. The 23-year-old actress whom everyone says will be a candidate for an Academy Award, was recently given a large reception in London’s plussiest hotel. After it was over she said, "It’s difficult to believe all this. I’m taking it with a grain of salt. Of course, I don’t think I’m a star." Had she been visiting much with Mr. Peck? "Not me; my mother."

JOE MANKIEWICZ, the director responsible for *All About Eve,* *A Letter To Three Wives,* and *Julius Caesar,* is currently in Europe trying to cast his new production, *The Barefoot Contesse.* An actress who has read the script claims it’s the story of Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan or a reasonable facsimile.

DIANA LYNCH, freshly-divorced from architect John Lindsay, arrived in London recently to star in the stage version of *The Moon Is Blue.* Hollywood’s perpetual teen-ager was a bit reluctant about revealing her true age but finally owned up to 27. "Are you disillusioned about marriage or about Hollywood?" she was asked. "Heavens, no," she answered. "I’m not even disillusioned about men."

FRANK SINATRA, chastened and much wiser, is now presenting himself to the press and public as a calm, settled, peaceful, and completely lovable Joe. After a not-too-successful European tour, he amazed London photographers recently not only by posing for pictures but by politely asking, "Is this a good angle for you fellows?"

"No matter what you hear," Frank went on to tell them, "I’m an easy-going character, now." Not only that, but Ava told Frank how much she missed the dog they’d left behind in Hollywood, the crooner went right out and bought her a new Welsh corgi. They christened him "Rebel."
I saw it happen

Gregory Peck was visiting in La Jolla, California, one summer. I was sunning myself on the beach, and he was standing a few yards away from me. Surrounding him was a group of giggling, fluttering youngsters, each trying to get his special attention.

There was one girl who stood back from the rest. She was very pretty but extremely tall, and I could see that she was self-conscious about her height. But with the Peckograph book in hand, she looked as though she might turn and run at any moment.

Evidently I was not the only one who observed this girl. Mr. Peck, he looked up and stroked over to her. He took her autograph book, signed it, and asked something to her which I was too far away and the beach to understand. But he seemed tense, and soon I noticed that she was smiling and chatting like he was an old friend.

Then with one of his hands, he walked on. All the other girls stood speechless, looking at the tall girl. Then they gathered around her, the height of her art, and probably not self-conscious anymore.

Mrs. Robert Feller
Longview Avenue

The telephone rang. "More real estate people," sighed Shirley, as she went to answer it. And I overheard, searching for a home for her family. She, Charles, the two children, a brother, and her parents were all temporarily living in the famous "Doll House," where Shirley had dwelled during her first marriage. It is a small but beautiful place that got its name from a collection of 1500 dolls Shirley kept in a downstairs room. And it was never a playhouse for the children, as has often been erroneously reported. For a couple it is ideal in size.

"Why did you ever sell this place?" I asked Shirley when she returned from the phone.

"I wanted to sell it," she said, "because I was Navy wife. Charlie and I didn't know where we should land while he was in service. So I put the place up for sale, before we started driving East. We had got no farther than Palm Springs, before my grandparents died, and they'd like to buy the house themselves. So they did."

Shirley, incidentally, found a home in Beverly Hills a few days later, and rented a house for a year. She has been in Hollywood about ten years, and I've discovered that if you're happily married, where you live doesn't matter. Charlie and I always love best the place in which we've lived last. Our home, as you know, was very simple in Maryland, but we grew very sentimental about it.

Susan had come back to the room just as a small cry came from the children. "Mommy—the baby," said she. Both mother and daughter dashed into the temporary nursery.

Frankly, soon I could hear Shirley and Susan singing "The Big Bad Wolf" for the awakening baby's amusement.

"He's got a bald head down here," said Susan.

"That must be because he is getting older," said Shirley.

I translated this cryptic language into the fact that on the previous day Charles Jr. had got his first haircut for the Motion Screen photographers we were expecting.

Susan pranced back into the room, announcing, "We've got a little boy here."

The baby, by the way, insists on calling Barton a husky infant, weighs twenty-six pounds, and looks much like his father. Shirley handled him with great care and competence.

"I know," said Susan, pointing to a spot on the back of her neck, "Barton used to have hair right down to here."

"But the barber cut it off. He's growing in--it's all going Bald," said Shirley, explained. Then like any mother she gazed upon the shorn locks and said to me, "He looks so different. His hair used to be cute and, you know."

"I know," I said. "That haircut is the first step to manhood. It makes a mother feel that her boy is already starting to leave her."

"Yes," said Shirley with a sigh of resignation, as Susan sat down to the piano and began playing monkey music, but always with an ear cocked to our conversation. "After his first absence, I expected everything to be changed. But really looks the same. I'm no different, except my hair is black."

"My hair is black, too," said Susan, who obviously adores her mother and wants to be as much like her as possible.

"No, darling," Shirley said. "Your hair is honey-colored. I think it's very beautiful. It goes with your skin."

"It used to have sand in it," said Susan.

"You'd better go outside again," said Shirley. "You can swing on the trees if you don't want to see those dolls."

"I'll get dirty," said Susan.

"Then," said Mommy, "why don't you go out to the yard and see if the flowers are awake yet."

I was introduced to Susan's curiosity; so she left us. I wanted to know how Shirley disciplined her children.

The baby's still too young to be affected by anything but a disappointing look," she said. "When Susan has done something wrong, I put one hand under her chin, hold her hands with the other, and make her look straight into my eyes. The system

why Shirley temple came back

(Continued from page 44) this. When I was a teen-ager, I was very definite about everything. Now I am not so sure. But I cannot see myself ever returning to show business. Making pictures is a happy experience for me; and I have never wanted to go on speaking tours, or work on television, or try my hand on sound stages, as some grownup ex-child stars would have you believe they did. But I started at three and feel that I've done enough.

"Is this the real cause for your retirement?" I asked.

"It's not the whole picture," said Shirley. "In 1943, when Holzhack made me a very exciting offer. He wanted me to go to Europe and do films under his guidance. That would have given me a wonderful opportunity to develop as an actress, by working with great foreign directors. It also provided a situation in which I could do a lot of traveling, an idea that appealed to me.

"I had made a decision, and I couldn't do it in this town. I had to get away and think. So I flew to Honolulu. On the plane over, I began to think of Susan. She needed my care. And I could never go to Europe. From my behavior, I didn't want to endanger a second marriage by having a career. This was before I met Charles Black. Anyhow, before I reached Honolulu, I'd made my decision. I was going to retire.

"You mean you wouldn't make a picture or do a television show if good scripts were written by you? I asked.

"Hedda, as I said before, I'm a quarter of a century old and am not too sure about anything except my marriage. But I'll tell you this: The script would have to be—let's say irresistible. I'd come out of retirement. Charles and I were amazed by a report that he and I were going to do a television series together. We had no such intentions. We may try a comeback like some people seventy—no, Gloria Swanson isn't old enough.

"Where is Charles, by the way?" I said. "Downtown," was her vague reply. Then she turned up a puckish smile that seemed to say, "He got away in time to escape this grilling."

"I understand he's going back to television.

"I can't say what he's going to do," said Shirley. "It's so wonderful to be able to say that instead of answering questions about myself."

At this juncture, in bounced daughter Susan. "Do you want to say hello to Hedda?" asked Shirley.

"Hello," said Susan.

"Hello, too," I said.

"Now, do you wish to shake hands or avoid it?" asked Shirley with a sparkling mirth in her eyes.

Susan thought the matter over and stuck out her hand to me. There certainly wasn't anything phony or repressed about that child. Shirley was teaching her to make her own decisions.

"Susan was wearing a President Eisenhower dress," explained Shirley. "She wore it to the White House when we visited the President just before returning here.

"Was she asked by Ike?" I asked.

"Awww," exclaimed Shirley. The first thing she said was: 'Good morning, Mr. President, man of the hour.' That positively wasn't rehearsed. Mr. Eisenhower tried to explain, but apparently his designs terms were loosely applied to candidates. Then Susan asked the President what he had for breakfast. Mr. Eisenhower said he had a big man's breakfast. "Oh, that's too bad," said Susan. After that Charlie 90 and I took a back seat. Susan sat down, rested her chin on her hand, and gazed at the President like a terrier. She monopolized the whole conversation.

"He can play monkey music," said Susan. "Do you want to see me do it?"

Mr. Eisenhower replied that the idea intrigued me not one bit.

Susan sat down at a small piano. "You do just like this on the keys," she explained, illustrating with one hand. "Then I can do lion and monkey music together with both hands. And there's tiger music."

"Susan," said Shirley, "Hedda and I are going to talk. You can go outside, or you can sit and be very, very quiet. Do you think that's possible?"

The little girl, after reflecting on the problem, decided that silence would be too great a strain. She skipped out to a balcony where the sun's beams shone brightly in the morning sunshine.

"We call her Sarah Heartburn," laughed Shirley. "Any minute now she'll make an entrance to his on her face."

"At her age, you were a star," I said. "Would you have any objection to her going into show business?"

"Still I'm not old enough to make her own decision about that," answered Susan. "I wasn't, but at heart I suppose I was a little exhibitionist. I loved working in films, as I told you. But I cannot tell whether Susan would or not. She has plenty of time to find out."
has worked well, as I rarely have to spank Susan. Children, when they’ve been bad, just don’t want to look at their parents. It seems to increase their sense of guilt, and makes them lure to the idea of doing right the next time.

Susan gets good marks at school; but everyone agrees she has a bossy quality. She wants to be the leader,” Sud- denly Shirley stopped, and said, “This must be fascinating to you—a mother talking about her children.”

In the case of Shirley Temple it was.

W hen Susan came back in, she asked her mother for a pencil and piece of paper. “I’ll write you a letter so you can re- ceive it,” she explained to me. She sat down at a table and began to write, holding up the completed work for her mother’s approval.

“Now, what is that,” said Shirley.

“Santa Claus,” replied Susan.

“Oh, Santa Claus again,” said Mommy.

“The year round she writes him. In her class at school was a little Chinese boy. Susan had a crush on him because he was painted so beautifully. So she asked Santa Claus for a little Chinese boy last Christmas.”

“And what did you do about that?”

“I got her a Chinese doll,” said Shirley.

“Now, what is this ‘Mommy’?” asked Su- san, again holding up her sketching paper.

“Oh, that’s easy,” said Shirley. “It’s the danger signs you see along the roads. You know, we came out here by station wagon, stayed at motels, and often cooked our meals on the roadsides. It seemed that every time I took over the driving, I’d get lost and land up in a lumber yard. There I would be sitting and looking like a sim- pleton. At such times, Susan would always ask, ‘Is this the way to California, Mommy?’ She’d make me furious.”

“We had no refrigerator. But we wasted it making turtles. I made all the turtles,” said Susan. “Do you want me to make a spider for you?”

“Susan,” said Shirley, “whose baby is this?”

“Why, he’s mine,” replied the little girl, as if almost surprised at the question, and resumed her sketching.

“That’s a good job, Charlie, and I want her to feel,” explained Shirley. “From the be- ginning the baby has been her boy. Daddy and Mommy just take care of him for her. So she’s not too jealous of him or felt that he was an intruder. She’d a fine little nurse, too, Susan…”

“Yes, Mommy. I have now made a spider and a baby spider.”

“But it’s time for the baby’s bottle to be warmed. If I put him on the floor will you watch him? Don’t let him touch the flowers; and don’t tease.”

For a little while the things went swim- mingly. The baby became absorbed in one of his old shoes, while Susan examined an empty adhesive tape container. Then she suddenly started to do a somersault and bumped heads with the baby. Both began to cry.

In rushed Shirley. “What happened?” she said.

“We bumped heads,” said Susan. “I have a headache right in the middle of my fore- head.”

“Oh, dear,” said Shirley, picking up the baby and brushing his tears away, “and just after I told Hedda what a fine nurse you were.”

T he bell at the electrically operated gate rang and got louder. Shirley put the baby in a play pen in order to go out and let in the photographers. Susan rushed to Bar- ton. “Not too much sympathy now,” said Shirley.

“But he bumped his head,” said Susan.

“He’s all right,” said Shirley.

When the photographers began to set up their equipment, Shirley was feeding the baby vitamins with a dropper. “Fish oil,” she explained. Then she left the room for a comb and brush. Barton began playing with his shoes; and when Shirley returned, he was cooing to himself, oblivious to the commotion around him.

“Now, don’t you men play with the baby,” Susan warned the photographers. “He doesn’t very much like men.”

“He does, too,” said Mommy, eyeing the effects of the comb and brush on Barton’s new haircut. “He looks like an old tinfoil type,” she observed.

An old tim pipe,” echoed Susan.

“How’s Hymie?” Shirley asked the photogra- phers.

“He’s fine,” one of them said.

“And his little girl?”

“She’s okay.”

Shirley was referring to Hymie Fink, the photographer, who had worked with her in her acting days. The questions il- lustrated a salient point in her personality. She never forgets old friends. So I had to laugh when a Washington columnist once wrote that “old friends from Hollywood” were disappointed in not being able to get in touch with Shirley Temple. Well, I wasn’t. I simply got in a cab and drove out to see her. Neither did John Ford (Susan’s godfather) have any difficulty in locating her. Nor a hairdresser by the name of An- nabel. The range of her friends is exceed- ingly great.

But those days in Maryland were busy ones for Shirley. She did her own house work, took care of Susan, and came nearer to death than most people ever knew in having her second baby. Then there was ragweed. Three acres of it surrounded her home and had to be cut about every two weeks during the season. Shirley borrowed a tractor from a neighbor and cut the weeds herself.

The photographers were ready, and after several shots, Susan said, “How about me and Barton?”

Shirley smiled at her two children, and said, “Well, how about you two?”

“How about me and Barton and no Mommy?” Susan explained to the photographs.

“You have to have a mommy in the picture,” the photographer said, and Susan was satisfied.

“Don’t you miss the excitement of show business; or are you completely domesticat- ed?” I asked Shirley.

“I’ve been domesticated for a long time,” she said. “Taking care of a family properly is much harder than having a movie career.”

The photographers wanted a shot of Shir- ley, Susan, and Barton walking together. (The baby, an adept crawler, was left under support when walking.) Before posing for the shot, Shirley went into the kitchen to get the baby’s bottle. “He’s getting hun- gry,” she explained to the photographers upon returning, “and if he sees this bottle, we’re dead.”

Then she described to Susan what they were all to do in the next shot, ending by singing “I’m Walking Behind You.” But when they started the walk, the little girl got a step ahead of mother and brother. “Now,” grinned Shirley, “you don’t have to take the camera angle in this one, Susan.”

The photographers moved to another part of the room, leaving a piece of electric cord on the floor. “Men,” called Susan, “please take the electricity with you.” (indicat- ing Barton) “likes electricity.”

Shirley gave the baby his bottle; and I asked what happened to her dogs.

“Very sad,” she said. “The Boxer and the Great Dane were great buddies. But in Maryland the Boxer got in a fight with a
skunk. It was terrible. He smelled so bad that he couldn’t sleep in his own dog house without holding his head out the door to breathe. Finally, he walked in front of a truck and was killed. I think he deliberately committed suicide to get away from that odor. The Great Dane didn’t get over his pal’s death for a year. Before we left Maryland I had to sell him, not knowing whether we could find a place to keep him here.

“You shouldn’t say that. It isn’t nice.” The voice was Susan’s, and it was directed at one of the photographers who had been teasing her.

“Well, all men aren’t nice,” said the photographer.

“Oh, yes, they are,” declared Susan.

“Remember that big word we used the other night,” said Shirley. “Tell him Susan’s that.”

“What, Mommy?”

“You know—in—.”

“You are incorrigible,” said Susan triumphantly.

And what does that mean?” I asked.

“It means,” said Susan, “that the man is hopeless.”

As the baby continued to drain the bottle, Shirley got into a discussion with the photographers about having her motion pictures—thirty-four altogether—taken from 35 millimeters to 16 millimeters in size. She wanted to save them for her children. As the talk continued, Susan, who was holding Barton’s bottle, said, “If the men didn’t talk so much, the baby would eat better.” Shirley cast an amused grin in her daughter’s direction.

“What’s your secret for housekeeping?” I asked Shirley.

“No secret,” she said. “All you need is a little organization. We usually get up around six in the morning. Charlie’s an early riser—Navy training, I guess. And we go to bed around noon or ten at night. Most of our eastern friends went to bed quite early, worked, and had children; so I followed their pattern. You can get a lot done around the house, if you start at six in the morning.”

As the photographers packed their equipment, Shirley explained to them that two minute scars on her face had been caused by the chicken pox.

“I gave my Mommy the chicken pox,” said Susan proudly. She was back at her drawing again; and this time came up with a pelican.

“Well, goodbye, men,” she said to the departing photographers, “you won’t be seeing me again.”

Shirley suggested we go out to lunch and for a moment wondered if we should take Susan along. “No. I think we’d better not,” she said finally. “But I’ll have to have a private talk with her.” What she said to her daughter, put out and away without the slightest protest, skipped away into the kitchen for her lunch as Shirley called, “And, darling, don’t forget to take your nap on the truck.”

We lunched in a small open air patio connected with a nearby market, where one chose food cafeteria fashion; and there were no waiters. For her luncheon, the ex-film star had ordered beans, salad, and milk. There was but little clinging of Shirley by the other patrons. I doubt if the men, especially the younger ones, knew who she was. Nobody asked her for her autograph. But the girls dealing out the food knew Mrs. Charles Black. They inquired about Susan.

“We see a lot of friends, and read a great deal,” said Shirley. “Oh, I’ve got to tell you this one. We went to see Guys and Dolls in New York, and during intermission, Charles said, ‘Damon Runyon had a great flair for catching the personalities of New York people. You ought to get acquainted with his writing.’ I asked, ‘Did you ever hear of a picture called Little Miss Marker?’ He said, ‘Yes. That was a picture, a baby, wasn’t it?’ I answered, ‘Yes. And do you know who wrote that story?’ Damon Runyon.”

“How did you learn to drive that tractor?” asked Shirley.

“It’s very simple—like driving an old car,” she said. “You can’t get much speed. If you hit a rock—very bad practice—you get off the tractor, pick up the sickle bar, and free it of the wagon. Then, you might dig up a wasp nest. I did. One of the wasps started buzzing my face. I headed full speed—about three miles an hour—for the garage. The wasp simply circled and dive-bombed me from the rear, stinging me right through my blue jeans.

“Charles, who was working in the garage, said, ‘For immediate relief for sting apply gasoline,’ and did so. The result was that I suffered from gasoline burn as well as the sting.

“Navy training?” I suggested.

“Maybe,” laughed Shirley. “Another wasp got me, but that was when I was painting the walls.”

“Shirley,” I said, “you’re having too much fun just living to go back to the movie world. Have the producers really been putting the pressure on you to return to work?”

“I got a lot of television offers while I was in Maryland—we were close to New York, you know. And I’ve had two nice television series offered me here. Oh, don’t let me forget to buy some milk before we leave here.”

Alan Wilson’s definition of Cinemarama: A new movie process that will make Katherine Hepburn look like Jane Russell.

Erickke Johnson

In the grocery store, she bought seven quarts of milk. As they were being placed in a sack, a man standing nearby said, “You must have some children.”

“ Kittens,” said Shirley.

I helped carry the groceries into the kitchen, where Mrs. Temple was talking to Susan while she ate. She looked at me and said to her, “I knew it. And I knew it would be only a matter of time before that daughter of mine would be putting you to work.”

Walking to my car through the grounds, I began to reflect: Shirley Temple is gone. We now have Mrs. Shirley Temple Black. She might have been the most spoiled young lady in America. But instead she has worn her success with the dignity of a gentleman.

With equal poise she can talk to the President of the United States or a grocery clerk. Not only has she learned the true values in life, but has put them into application.

She may break into show business again: and if she does, she’ll break big. As a child, she was beautiful and talented. As a lady, she is lovely. However, she is above all, much common sense. She has known the glitter of fame; the power of wealth; but she has learned that they are meaningless unless accompanied by happiness.

So, Mr. Producers, if you want to get Shirley back into show business, you’ll have to take these things into consideration. Your "irresistible scr" will have to trump what Shirley already has: Contentment in the loving care of a mother for two adorable children, and tremendous respect and love for a fellow named Charles Black.

FND
operation skin dive

(Continued from page 52) cool drink. Jeff found himself telling the pleasant young man behind the counter to direct him to Europe to make Sailor Of The King, the fabulous trip which had included a six-week location on the island of Malta.

"It's great, down there on the Mediterranean," he continued, making," Sun-bathing, sleeping, skin diving..."

The young man's face burst into such a sudden sunbeam of joy that Jeff anticipated a funny.

"Did you say skin diving?" the young man asked.

"Yeah, skin diving." Jeff replied, emphatically, bracing himself for the retort.

"Ever seen a You're Point?" the young fellow asked. "Last Monday, I smoked a three-foot shark down there. Best shot I ever made in my life."

"Spear?" asked Jeff, relaxing.

"Nope. I cut him with my Tarpon gun from about six feet. He churned up the water for a block."

"No kidding?" Jeff got excited.

When Barbara came in half an hour later, Jeff and the young barrister (who happened to be the son of Bud Keyes) were still talking heatedly about skin diving. Snorkels, blow masks, CO2 guns, fins—none of it made any sense to Barbara. Bud had been a good friend, and she often had to when her handsome young husband has become involved in sports talk, and waited. A few minutes later, Jeff and Bud were shaking hands and making a skin dive.

"Maybe I can get Mel Fisher to go with us," Bud suggested as Jeff went out backwards. Barbara tugging him gently by the coat sleeve. He wrapped up 438-pound black sea bass down in La Paz, Mexico. You must have read about it."

"Blew?" Jeff answered, from the door.

"And I'd like to get Rory Calhoun out. He's a bear when it comes to swimming."

And that's how it all started. Bud and Jeff spent the next two nights on the telephone, calling 30 or 40 water temperatures, and the best spots for clear diving. And sure enough, both Mel and Rory and could make it. The trip began to shape up like a big deal. Barbara suggested we invited along to make the picture record of it.

On the morning before Jeff left home with all his gear, Barbara frankly became upset about the whole project. "Why don't you stay home like a nice civilized husban instead of trying to mix socially with the fish?" she pleaded.

"I'll be okay," said Jeff, with a big grin. "Don't you know you, with one of those old spears stuck in you," Barbara shouted after him.

"I won't, honey," said Jeff, throwing his gear in the car.

When he met Rory, Jeff asked him a few questions about his gear, and was surprised to discover that Rory, though dead game, had never tried skin diving before.

"Man, you ought to," said Jeff, reassuringly. "There's nothing to it once you get used to the mask and learn how to breathe through the snorkel tube."

"Through the what?" asked Rory.

"Through this crooked gadget," Jeff said, pulling his snorkel out of the back seat. "You put one end in your mouth and the other end sticks up out of the water. It makes it possible for you to breathe while you are swimming around with your face underwater. Of course, if you get too deep it fills up with water and you have to blow it out.

"I can hardly wait to try it,"" said Rory. Bud and Mel Fisher were already at the Point when Rory and Jeff pulled up. Although there was a brisk breeze, they were sitting around in their swim trunks, apparently warm as toast.

"The water looks a little cold today," said Mel, surveying the surf with a practiced eye. "But it's clear as crystal over the lagoon there. We ought to get some good fish out toward the kelp."

"What about sharks?" Rory asked nervously, looking around for deep water.

"They never bother swimmers, I've been told," said Mel. "But you do have to watch the seals. A seal with a pup can get awfully disagreeable at times. Not long ago, a buddy of mine came up out of a dive to find an old seal cow staring him in the eye. She gave him a whack with her tail that you could hear for blocks. My buddy got out of the water like a hydroplane."

While Rory and Jeff were putting on their gear, Mel gave them both a briefing on the underwater guns he'd brought along, making sure they had all site from the little Pewee, a rubber-propelled model designed primarily for perch and other small species on up to the heavy CO2 cannon which he uses on deep sea monsters weighing more than 50 pounds.

"You can't stop big fish with just one shot," he told them. "Even when they're hit with this blaster, big fish will run until they have a few minutes to recover."

A lot depends on a skin diver's skill in handling his gun or spear. Some experts like Mel can shoot accurately up to ten feet, but the best range for average skin divers is between five and five feet. It's pretty difficult to get much closer to fish without scaring them unless, of course, you happen to be an exceptionally steady underwater swimmer.

From the moment they entered the water, paddling around with their faces submerged, they lost all interest in talking and became utterly preoccupied with the life going on beneath the sea. Rory was absolutely fascinated by his first look at the submarine formations along the bottom and the almost countless varieties of sea animals that he had never realized were there. As he cruised along on the surface, looking down through his glass made plate, he saw school after school of tiny fish swimming through eerie corridors of rock and sand, a lush multi-colored background that has no equal above the sea. Rory was thinking dreamily about a marine painting being done with a big perch zipped by his nose. It was gone before he had even had time to aim his gun.

Man, I just saw a big one," he yelled, after swimming. "But he was moving too fast for me."

Then he saw Mel, swimming in from the kelp with a good-sized bass on his spear.

"Hey, this is great!"

"It gets you the first time," Mel replied sagely, as if he had seen countless thousands of swimmers go through the same experience on their first skin diving trips.

"Hey, we came up from the deep water where he and Bud had been exploring for fish. Rory churned out, pulling up alongside a jutting rock in 25 feet of water.

"Go straight down and take a look," Jeff suggested. "It's simply great."

Rory arched for a deep dive and submerged. Below him, in the glassy, limpid water, lay a bed of white sandstone piles 30 feet long, covered by hundreds of tiny purple sea urchins that looked for all the world like expensive Christmas tree decorations. And just above the Garibaldi perch were swimming along slowly, reflecting the sunlight like bright new pennies. Back against a rocky ledge, far from the surface, perching sea worms were splitting their feathery tentacles in the ebb and flow of the deep current. To Rory, the

Your hair is picture pretty...after MARCHAND'S RINSE

Sparkling, colorful hair charms everyone—especially men! A Marchand's Rinse gives color to dull hair... adds lustrous highlights... blends-in those gray streaks. Takes only a few minutes after your shampoo, washes out easily.

Blonde, brunette or redhead, one of Marchand's 12 safe, Government-approved colors is perfect for you. For always-lovely hair—after each shampoo a Marchand's Rinse!

6 rinses for 25c...2 rinses for 10c

MARCHAND'S HAIR RINSE

* by the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash *

RING SET Can Be Yours!

A VERY beautiful new "heart" design Engagement and Wedding Ring to match, made in solid sterling silver, with Marchand's beautiful brilliant rings for selling only 6 Report your Perugia ring at 50c a bottle. Rings and perfume guaranteed to please—and ring is worn, then order 2 bottles to sell. Order 5 or 2 bottles today. SEND NO MONEY—We trust you.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 45. Woodsboro, Maryland

MAKE EXTRA MONEY—

For Yourself or Club

FREE SAMPLES Name Imprinted Christmas Cards


EXTRA BONUS PLAN: Write today.

Dept. DD-34, Vermont, Ohio

NOW TRAIN FOR THIS

Well Paid Career

DENTAL NURSE

A new career for you! Skilled dental assistants needed everywhere... full or part time. A complete training plan starts you in the office, at home—finishes at Wayne School. Learn X-Ray, Lab, Chairside assisting, patient personality development. Placement Service for Graduates.

WAYNE SCHOOL
2821 N. SHEFFIELD AVENUE
LAB. D-17 CHICAGO 15, ILL.
whole scene looked more like an enchanted fairytale than the bottom of the sea.

"That's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen," he spluttered enthusiastically when he came up. "If I never catch a single fish, I'll still be sold on this deal."

The fellows splashed around for another 15 minutes before Jeff spotted a big fish. He dove in and brought it out on the bottom of a sand bar, and went down to spear it expertly. Bud spent most of his time working in the close to the rocks and ledges adjoining, long the ledge, for small of the sample collection of the edible shellfish to show Rory. In just a few minutes, he piled up a basketful of abalone, rock scallops, and rocks, more than enough for a hearty meal for the gourmet.

"Hey, let's get out," Jeff yelled. "There's no reason to turn blue."

"I already have," said Bud, his teeth chattering. "I always do when the water is below 65 degrees. But that's no reason to give up diving. I've even gone in when the water was down to around 50 degrees and it wasn't so bad."

"I couldn't hold your smorke in your mouth because your teeth were chattering so badly," I guess I 'm nuts."

"We all are," Mel agreed. "Skin diving gets into your blood like a fever. I've been going in for more than ten years and I still get a terrific kick out of it. If you have any feeling at all about nature, you can't help but marvel at the variety of life beneath the surface, as well.

Mel is perhaps the best underwater photographer in the west. He is frequently hired by the studios to film real submarines on which would be virtually impossible to do any justice. He has shot dozens of famous color shots for the national magazines, and at the moment, he is working in Florida waters for Walt Disney Productions.

He has shot a vast amount of color film to be used in later Disney productions depicting the world beneath the sea.

"It's almost impossible to translate the beauty and excitement which skin diving offers to someone who has never tried it." Mel continued, while they were drying off and warming themselves with the hot soup in Bud's thermos. "To take the two of you, your sense of adventure is always in a petet. In fact, I'll bet anything that you will never forget your first real look at life below the surface of the sea.

"That's for sure," Rory agreed. "Until today, I always thought that the whole deal was a matter of jumping in the ocean with a spear and sticking a fish with it. But today, I was out of the water going on all over the bottom to shoot at fish when they swam by."

Then Mel told him his most thrilling experience with a big fish. Two years ago, he shot a huge 81-pound yellowtail while diving off the coast of Guaymas, Mexico. Before the battle game fish finally expired, Mel had been towed for hundreds of yards into deep water.

I told the thought this would have happened if that old mossback hadn't given up when he did. I might not be here to talk about it.

It is truly remarkable how rapidly the sport of skin diving has swept the southland. Today, there are more than 100 clubs like the Pacific Telephone Co. club that Bud belongs to, as well as more than 15,000 unaffiliated divers, going into southern California ocean waters each week during the summer. The sport has infected most of the robust young men of the movie colony, too. Jeff and Rory aren't the only lads who have given the underwater world a look.

Big John Wayne usually goes skin diving whenever he is with his kids at Catalina or elsewhere. Former frog-man Aldo Ray spends more time in the ocean than a healthy seal. Rock Hudson, who loves to swim, anywhere, at any time, joined the club a couple of months ago and is resting up between pictures. Tony Curtis bought some equipment and gave the sport a try. And there will be others.

A large part of skin diving's recent appeal lies in the economical price of an entire outfit. Since American manufacturers began to make inexpensive swim-fins and masks, a complete rig may be purchased for less than $15. In other words, you can have a mask, fins, and spear. And the skin diver need not an expert marksman to enjoy the sport. He need only be a reasonably strong swimmer with no disturbing fear of deep water.

All along the California coastline are dozens of edible varieties of fish for the skin diver to pursue—perch, bass, croaker, herring, and many more. Also adventureousome also have the sharks and rays and larger fish to tackle. But the real thrill is not in the hunt, if you would believe Rory and Jeff and Mel and Bud, but in the opportunity which skin diving gives you to appreciate raw nature as it is constantly unfolding before your eyes beneath the sea.

"Imagine my trying to sell that idea to Barbara," said Jeff, with a smile, as they were walking back to the ear. "Me, a nature lover? She'd never believe me! I'll be a fisherman one day, a fisherman on my fish and say, 'Here, honey, is something for the pan.'"

END

(Rory Calhoun will be seen in 20th Century-Fox's CinemaScope How To Marry A Millionaire.)

"My favorite story involve Peter brings a picture to mind that makes me smile every time I think of it. It concerns a time when his ship was being bombarded and machine-gunned in Mediterranean waters by Nazi planes. Peter was one of thousands down in the deck, incidentally, where he grew geraniums in clay pots. He ducked every time the planes dived; ducked, and grabbed at his geraniums. But then, yell came, and Peter was shining alternately from fear and desire for reprisal.

"Get that fellow!" he would cry to his anti-aircraft gunner perched on the bridge, inc plane even as he screeched over with his arms full of geraniums. 'No! That one! The other one! He's after my flowers!"
about to turn back to sea when an expounding shell put their port propeller out of commission. At this moment they were proceeding to sea on a bright even wind blowing and so close that only a sharp turn to right, or starboard, could take them out to sea and safety. But with the port propeller out of commission, they would swing them right into shore.

"Necessity, Peter, they say, offered up quick prayers, then signalled for full power ahead. And the ship, against every rule of seamanship, turned, the machinery of force and moving bodies, turned right! It is hard to believe. It is something like putting your car in reverse and yet having it move ahead of you. You could not come under the heading of miracle works.

Yet I was intrigued some time ago to read that the scientists today hold that physical laws are not valid, and that only high probabilities. A teakettle of water over a fire has never been known to do anything but boil, yet, scientifically it is possible for it to freeze instead! God not only permits men to look on injustice with equanimity, or more often lets them turn their backs on it and pretend it isn't taking place. But this possibility is often the most amusing, and, while an inspiring facet of man's makeup, is as necessary to his survival as his ability to breathe.

He points out that in dealings with his son, Jamie, between the marriage, he has had several opportunities to be a moral coward by pretending to the boy that he never had been a physical one. "No man can ever pretend his childhood was sad, I deliberately made a point of doing so, " Stewart says.

When Jamie was about eight he made a visit from England to see Stewart in California. One late afternoon, after he had attended a Halloween party, it seemed to Stewart that Jamie was being unusually silent and giving evidence of inner anguish. He therefore asked him if there was anything wrong, and from the nurse who had accompanied him Stewart learned that he had been threatened by three boys at the party and had pretended this was sad. He felt himself a coward—he had run.

"Were you scared?" Stewart asked Jamie. "Tell the truth. The truth never hurts. I have often been scared in my life."

"Have you, really?" Jamie asked.

"Yes."

Then Jamie admitted it.

"Routine facts," Stewart said. "This is something you must learn. If three boys are going to set on you, run. If two boys—run. If one boy and he is bigger than you—run. If one boy and he is your size, stay and fight. It won't be terrible. If one boy and he is smaller than you, don't fight. Let him run. That's the way of the world."

"But isn't that wrong, Dad?" Jamie asked.

"What could I say," added Stewart, "knowing that if he doesn't learn to bend reasonably with the winds that will blow against him this years to come he will be destroyed?"

Stewart reports that he answered "No," and they both were enjoying it. Stewart declares he wants him to know that the fox who flees the hunter's dogs is honest and without low men. He is credited with saying as much, and in the English Army, as probably in all Armies, such talk is not favorable. Stewart, it is said, got his come-upance in a steady fare of the more unpleasant duties his superiors could allocate to him.

A Which he seemed to do was to hold his tongue but even in Hollywood he is not noted for this gift. He has told off some of the biggest men in the industry, and whether seated in a study office or on the witness stand in court, has always, and bluntly, told his thoughts plain. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think that holding one's tongue is always best described as the practice of fact. He thinks that more often it amounts to the practice of moral cowardice.

"A fellow who wants to get along without unpleasantness often finds himself silent while the God-awful things happen in front of his eyes, " he declares. This harks back to his feeling about chaplains in the Army. "He doesn't think war will ever be eliminated if people do not admit to themselves, or permit others to know, that it is a very ugly business. Yet he does not make statements like these as if he were lecturing. He seems to be lost in his thoughts and they come out as if he were simply giving voice to his conscience.

The distinction between moral cowardice and physical cowardice is one which Stewart is known to have studied for most of his life. He considers the first of these sorts of cowardice the root of the most serious evil in man's nature, but he thinks that people's attention to the other kind of cowardice, that is, to what he calls being a moral coward, is as necessary to his survival as his ability to breathe.

He points out that in dealings with his son, Jamie, between the marriage, he has had several opportunities to be a moral coward by pretending to the boy that he never had been a physical one. "No man can ever pretend his childhood was sad, I deliberately made a point of doing so, " Stewart says.

When Jamie was about eight he made a visit from England to see Stewart in California. One late afternoon, after he had attended a Halloween party, it seemed to Stewart that Jamie was being unusually silent and giving evidence of inner anguish. He therefore asked him if there was anything wrong, and from the nurse who had accompanied him Stewart learned that he had been threatened by three boys at the party and had pretended this was sad. He felt himself a coward—he had run.

"Were you scared?" Stewart asked Jamie. "Tell the truth. The truth never hurts. I have often been scared in my life."

"Have you, really?" Jamie asked.

"Yes."

Then Jamie admitted it.

"Routine facts," Stewart said. "This is something you must learn. If three boys are going to set on you, run. If two boys—run. If one boy and he is bigger than you—run. If one boy and he is your size, stay and fight. It won't be terrible. If one boy and he is smaller than you, don't fight. Let him run. That's the way of the world."

"But isn't that wrong, Dad?" Jamie asked.

"What could I say," added Stewart, "knowing that if he doesn't learn to bend reasonably with the winds that will blow against him this years to come he will be destroyed?"

Stewart reports that he answered "No," and they both were enjoying it. Stewart declares he wants him to know that the fox who flees the hunter's dogs is honest and without low men. He is credited with saying as much, and in the English Army, as probably in all Armies, such talk is not favorable. Stewart, it is said, got his come-upance in a steady fare of the more unpleasant duties his superiors could allocate to him.

A Which he seemed to do was to hold his tongue but even in Hollywood he is not noted for this gift. He has told off some of the biggest men in the industry, and whether seated in a study office or on the witness stand in court, has always, and bluntly, told his thoughts plain. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think that holding one's tongue is always best described as the practice of fact. He thinks that more often it amounts to the practice of moral cowardice.

"A fellow who wants to get along without unpleasantness often finds himself silent while the God-awful things happen in front of his eyes, " he declares. This harks back to his feeling about chaplains in the Army. "He doesn't think war will ever be eliminated if people do not admit to themselves, or permit others to know, that it is a very ugly business. Yet he does not make statements like these as if he were lecturing. He seems to be lost in his thoughts and they come out as if he were simply giving voice to his conscience.

The distinction between moral cowardice and physical cowardice is one which Stewart is known to have studied for most of his life. He considers the first of these sorts of cowardice the root of the most serious evil in man's nature, but he thinks that people's attention to the other kind of cowardice, that is, to what he calls being a moral coward, is as necessary to his survival as his ability to breathe.

He points out that in dealings with his son, Jamie, between the marriage, he has had several opportunities to be a moral coward by pretending to the boy that he never had been a physical one. "No man can ever pretend his childhood was sad, I deliberately made a point of doing so, " Stewart says.

When Jamie was about eight he made a visit from England to see Stewart in California. One late afternoon, after he had attended a Halloween party, it seemed to Stewart that Jamie was being unusually silent and giving evidence of inner anguish. He therefore asked him if there was anything wrong, and from the nurse who had accompanied him Stewart learned that he had been threatened by three boys at the party and had pretended this was sad. He felt himself a coward—he had run.

"Were you scared?" Stewart asked Jamie. "Tell the truth. The truth never hurts. I have often been scared in my life."

"Have you, really?" Jamie asked.

"Yes."

Then Jamie admitted it.

"Routine facts," Stewart said. "This is something you must learn. If three boys are going to set on you, run. If two boys—run. If one boy and he is bigger than you—run. If one boy and he is your size, stay and fight. It won't be terrible. If one boy and he is smaller than you, don't fight. Let him run. That's the way of the world."

"But isn't that wrong, Dad?" Jamie asked.

"What could I say," added Stewart, "knowing that if he doesn't learn to bend reasonably with the winds that will blow against him this years to come he will be destroyed?"
the lies they tell about bob wagner

(Continued from page 37) went steady or anything like that. After we had gone out for a few months, I felt it was unfair to Debbie to be monopolizing so much of her time. One evening when she came home, we talked about it. We both decided it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other. It was all very friendly.

The Butcher Boy affair was more of a custom than a thing to be made of it. One magazine editor called him breathlessly and demanded to know the reasons for the breakup of their engagement. "You were the ones who made this appear to be a big romance," Bob replied emphatically. "You were the ones who had us engaged. Now you can dream up the reasons why we are breaking up!"

A notice that makes Bob sore is the implication that his short-lived "engagement" was a sick publicity stunt. When the two were location-photographed with 12-Mile Reef, the news broke from Florida that they would be married shortly. The reports were quickly denied, and the affair gradually cooled. It was all grandstand play for newspaper space.

The truth is that Bob was no party to the fiasco and was genuinely upset by it. He insisted on an interview with radio and newspaper chief to see what could be done about stopping the story and determining the source. No one at the studio has yet determined how the story got into print.

"I have to be more careful than some other actors. I have been fortunate in having a following of young kids. Although that has been great for my career, it also presents certain responsibilities. I can't do anything disillusioning."

Bob has a point there. Theobbyboy following is not to be trifled with in matters of personal lives. Van Johnson discovered that. He was absolutely tops with the kids when he ran off to Hollywood to make a picture. When he came home, we talked about it. We both decided it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other. It was all very friendly.

The Butcher Boy affair was more of a custom than a thing to be made of it. One magazine editor called him breathlessly and demanded to know the reasons for the breakup of their engagement. "You were the ones who made this appear to be a big romance," Bob replied emphatically. "You were the ones who had us engaged. Now you can dream up the reasons why we are breaking up!"

A notice that makes Bob sore is the implication that his short-lived "engagement" was a sick publicity stunt. When the two were location-photographed with 12-Mile Reef, the news broke from Florida that they would be married shortly. The reports were quickly denied, and the affair gradually cooled. It was all grandstand play for newspaper space.

The truth is that Bob was no party to the fiasco and was genuinely upset by it. He insisted on an interview with radio and newspaper chief to see what could be done about stopping the story and determining the source. No one at the studio has yet determined how the story got into print.

"I have to be more careful than some other actors. I have been fortunate in having a following of young kids. Although that has been great for my career, it also presents certain responsibilities. I can't do anything disillusioning."
help out with Bob's career, but in a very businesslike way.

"My dad staked me when I was trying to break into pictures," said Bob. "I ran out of my own money, and an actor has to buy his own clothes and so forth. By the time I got my contract at Fox, I was $3,000 in debt. I started at $150 a week, and that was for only 20 out of 26 weeks. By the time I had paid Dad back, I had to start borrowing again."

As for his father's getting him the job, that's sheer nonsense. Bob's success was strictly a matter of his own hard work and good luck. He hustled himself around the studios with scant success. Then one night he was dining with his folks at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills. He was bumped against by a girl who hit him on the mouth and Henry William was struck by his pleasant personality. The topflight agent took over Bob's career and lined up a contract at 20th Century-Fox.

---

"I'm a student nurse...it's Greyhound for me!"

"My training at St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago was simplified since I could get home on my days off so easily by Greyhound. How can you beat the $1.48 fare—round trip? It often takes more time for the Chicago girls to get home—than for me to go all the way to Bloomington."

For free pictorial map of U. S. A., write Greyhound Dept. DM 28, 211 W. Lake St., Chicago 1, Illinois

---

GREYHOUND

Round wide-opening

2 quart compartment bag

Reinforced for extra use

Waterproof zipper case

Only syruping with pure latent tubing

Pipes won't come apart

How to use a feminine syringe

You'll find many helpful suggestions on feminine hygiene in the book offered below. Also information on the use of B. F. Goodrich water bottles, ice caps and other rubber products.

The B. F. Goodrich "Soloun" is a gravity-flow syringe, like those used in hospitals, holds two quarts yet fits in a handy water-proof case.

To get our 116-page book on how and when to douche, tick care and feminine hygiene, and the folder packed with each B. F. Goodrich syringe, water bottle or ice cap to The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. S-21, Akron, Ohio. This informative book, written by a nurse, will be mailed promptly.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

B. F. Goodrich

RUBBER PRODUCTS

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

7—Snyder; INP: 8, 14—Snyder; 28—Bell; Columbia; 33—Dorothy; 34, 35—Parry; Beerman; 36, 37—Globe; 20th Century-Fox; Parry; Beerman; 38, 39—Beerman; Parry; 40, 41—Hoyes; 42, 43—Beerman; Parry; Snyder; 44, 45—Hoyes; 46, 47—Beerman; Parry; 49—MGM; 50, 51—Loew's Inc.; 52, 53, 54, 55—Beerman; Parry; 57—Beerman; 58—CBS: 60, 61—Beerman; Parry; 73, 74, 75, 76—Globe; Blackwell, Cutler, Bartkiss, Stagur.
DON'T LET THOSE "DIFFICULT DAYS" COME BETWEEN YOU
Get quick, safe, long-lasting relief from cramps, headache, backache due to functional menstrual distress with CHI-CHETERS. They act FAST. In clinical tests noted physicians report 8 out of 10 women obtained marked relief—often after first dose. Get the 50¢ trial year detergent. Economy sizes at $1.15 & $2.25. Will mail direct if druggist does not.

CHI-CHETERS

$1.00 Value Nationally Advertised RETRACTABLE BALL POINT PEN...AT NO EXTRA COST ENLARGEMENTS
Beautiful 8x10 enlargements made from your favorite snapshot, photo or negative and mounted in a handsome gold bordered frame. SCULPTING MONEY? Just send photos or negatives. Pay postman $1 for each enlargement and each frame plus cost of mailing. Be sure to wear a dress or suit, hair and clothing for having your enlargement beautifully hand colored to view for only 50¢ add. SEND NOW! Your (blankers supplied) Retractable Pen is yours cost, with hand colored enlargements.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. P-26
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 39, California

Show New COLOR-CHROME Christmas Cards

50 EASY SALES $5 BRING YOU $50 FREE
(Continued from page 50) Brentwood Park, West Los Angeles, California.

"Pulling up stakes and leaving the big city—" the page paitos for making a mistake. Make enough of them and you call it experience. (Oscar Wilde—roughly).

"There is a true cynic," said Miss Crawford. "Bitter, too. What a criminal waste of time, being bitter! Where is the point? Curling up with a— a cud of misery! Mistakes add up to experience only if you profit by them. But then they are experience, whatever Wilde may have thought about it."

But she had made them?

"You have to be honest to have divine attributes? Of course, I’ve made them. I’m afraid of them. I’ve tried to learn from them, but if I had to do it all over again, I’d make the same ones, because I am what I am. A fresh start wouldn’t change me. I’d be little Lucille Le Sueur just as I was before, the same weapons, the same frailties. Mistsakes! Oh yes."

And would she specify?

"I’d rather generalize. You can see the reason for that, can’t you? It was a very hot day. In truth, it got very hot. West of Los Angeles, etc. Most unusual. There were parboiled publicists at the bottom of Miss Crawford’s garden, and another who passed through, who went away sound. I was at the east patio of the lovely home that is in a constant state of growth or flux, there were exterior evidences of home—work going well and doing well.

In the past, Miss Crawford has been charged by critics with being rather vociferously upper-gowned. She wore a simple cotton dress here, and she had kicked off her shoes. She, however, was never scored, as a matter of record, with being on occasion oppressively regal in bearing, the Movie Star in spades. It may once have been so; it is not so today. She is amiable, humorous and self-deprecating. It has been said of her that her public utterances are, or were, painfully contrived. On the contrary, she is, with the possible exception of Humphrey Bogart, the warmest, most candid and unguarded lip in Hollywood. He can talk like a man, and the press is very fond of her—tend to protect her for her own good. Miss Crawford underwent several nasty jolts before she learned the worth of the off-the-record pronouncement. Now she says, "No more taking off the record."

ANOTHER, much lesser, actress had that morning sounded off for a wire service on the subject of men in general. In men in general were foul balls. Wasn’t that a corollary instance of indiscretion?

"Do I seem to you to have divine attributes? Of course, I’ve made them. I’m afraid of them. I’ve tried to learn from them, but if I had to do it all over again, I’d make the same ones, because I am what I am. A fresh start wouldn’t change me. I’d be little Lucille Le Sueur just as I was before, the same weapons, the same frailties. Mistsakes! Oh yes."

And would she specify?

"I’d rather generalize. You can see the reason for that, can’t you? It was a very hot day. In truth, it got very hot. West of Los Angeles, etc. Most unusual. There were parboiled publicists at the bottom of Miss Crawford’s garden, and another who passed through, who went away sound. I was at the east patio of the lovely home that is in a constant state of growth or flux, there were exterior evidences of home—work going well and doing well.

In the past, Miss Crawford has been charged by critics with being rather vociferously upper-gowned. She wore a simple cotton dress here, and she had kicked off her shoes. She, however, was never scored, as a matter of record, with being on occasion oppressively regal in bearing, the Movie Star in spades. It may once have been so; it is not so today. She is amiable, humorous and self-deprecating. It has been said of her that her public utterances are, or were, painfully contrived. On the contrary, she is, with the possible
It's a mistake, said Miss Crawford. "Please don't be pathetic. All right, here's another. I've mistaken opportunists for friends. Let's be sure and get that one straight. I have to use a label I don't like to use. My name is Crawford, and to myself, Joan Crawford, as a movie star, big wheel, anything like that. A movie star, however much she herself may happen to contribute to the process, is really in the end the product of a system. And there's a good word for this—a happening. A happening. But a movie star is a fact, too. And as a fact, a movie star is an expendable. This is one of my really glad days. So anyway, men would call me and want dates, but not with me and not even with Joan Crawford, but with a movie star, and only once in a while. I seem to need a career boost or a little publicity or what have you. Frankly, it's not very flattering. I'll be franker than that. It's a little nauseating. I like the guys who call and not the actors who look for jobs. But I wish they would make it two separate phone calls."

Lauren Bacall tells about the friendly argument Humphrey Bogart and Richard Bong recently about acting. Neither convinced the other he was right. Suddenly Bogie left the room, returned with his Oscar, slammed it down on the table and said, "See. This proves I'm right."

Sidney Sheldon
N. Y. Post

It should be noted here that Miss Crawford's voice was never plaintive nor querulous. Evidently she had simply come to a conclusion and then thrust it in the face of those who had written it in her book, copying laboriously a random thought of Alexander Pope's, "springs the mind that leaves the load of yesterday behind."

Joan Crawford's is a lead-leaver of considerable altrusness and strength. ("I never look back! Never, never! What can be more stupid?") The motion picture industry, of course, has its own shrewd, but with vast respect and in many cases actual affection. The jungle learns to appreciate and sometimes to love its own. Nobody ever thought she was a terrier, although that is a biographical phase she does not dwell on. But neither has anyone felt she wasn't capable of protecting herself in the clinches. She has once in a while taken something of a beating from the ring-siders but like any good pro fighter, she hasn't let it distract her.

But maybe she has a trifle. It's her business, and so rather and directly, Miss Crawford underscored in the book a borrowing from Voltaire and read it aloud with somewhat more feeling than she had accorded the rest:

"I envy the beasts two things—their ignorance of evil to come and their ignorance of what is said about them."

Well, Miss Crawford shouldn't feel too bad about this. She does better than par for the course. A fast but thorough piece of research in support of this essay would indicate that among things said about her are these. She's honest, good-hearted, and generous to a fault. Her professional courtesy is impeccable, and she has many of the virtues customarily supposed to be limited to men, such as forthright willingness to acknowledge error where she is wrong.

But let us say that she is, by her own necessary lights, tough. Who wants to be used, maneuvered or exploited? Who wants to bite for the same dodge over and over again? That's where Clifton comes in. Clifton "came in right on target. Clifton is Miss Crawford's poodle, smart even for a poodle and poodles are the nuclear physicists among dogs. Miss Crawford is unreservedly devoted to Clifton, and she is willing to occupy second place to her four adopted children. He may. Clifton came in, offered a rubber ball in an advanced state of deterioration, was tossed over mightily, and went away again. There was something faintly moving in the scene, as there is in the scene of any person with fame, influence or authority in the presence of his dog.

"Here's a third thing," she said. "And this may be the greatest mistake of all; I don't care what I said to begin with. I'm too honest. You've heard people say they're too honest, but give it that tone that means they want you to put them on the head. Not me. There's honesty and honesty but you can learn to temper bluntness. You can't. If my friends mix up mistakes, I have to run and tell them about it. Believe me, it's a form of well-meaning helpfulness that's likely to get you strictly nowhere. But strictly. Mistake? It's a mistake all right. Sometimes I think anything that costs you a friend is a mistake. And that has cost me some."

Evening was coming on and the air cooled a little. Miss Crawford leaned back in the lounge chair and her slightly tense face with the matchless bone structure assumed a kind of repose. She closed her eyes and for a brief moment looked tired. Was she?

The much-caricatured eyes opened wide again. "Do you know what they call me? They call me 'The General'. I'm not tired. I sleep two hours a night. Never any more. Being tired must be a little like dying. Here. Read this." It was a passage from the book from a gent named Clark, who had felt it incumbent to declare: "I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

But on two hours sleep a night? "On two hours sleep a night! It's all I need. I guess it's because each new day is such a big deal to me. When it brings, you know, it's exciting. I can't remember any one day when there wasn't something, something." Edison, next to Miss Crawford, was a sick hound. "I go to bed fairly early but I read and read, and I'm never asleep before four or four-
Jeffour could went a character, whom love place whom n. hold reflection. mean.

A woman of irritable nervous and physical stamina. With few if any qualms. "Oh, some qualms," said Miss Crawford. "I believe in omens. Like a few months ago, I enrolled for a course at the University. The very first night, there was an earthquake. You remember the earthquake. I went home and didn't go back again. I'd had it." Miss Crawford had begun to sense a true-earthquake in her throat. "Nothing in the book about it," she said.

A mistake, then?

"An act of God. I made the mistakes," she said. "I wouldn't unmake them if she could?"

"Right. Could not. But would not if could. How horrible to lead a perfect life. How uninstructive. If you'll forgive a little homespun philosophy, aren't we all the sum total of our mistakes? Among other things? No, no, I'd do it all over again. That was what you wanted to know to begin with, wasn't it?"

That was it.

"And now you know."

She is an incredibly beautiful woman, this one, who apparently has bitten into life quite a lot harder than most have the guts to do. Also, and not quite incidentally, she is an avid admirer of gun-slinging, no-nonsense, self-effaced women, decimated by anybody. That is one of the most clearly defined of the standards she lives by. You would know it without, so to speak, any need for the observant. Her look is level, her voice strong, her personality incisive to the point of being crushing. Indeed this is a trademark, as all filmgoers must be aware.

... Jeff Chandler tells me that he thinks Western movies should be called drawing-room dramas because every time a guy comes into a room everybody else starts drawing-

Sidney Skolsky N.Y. Post

She enters a room like the edge of a buoyant swallow. Whatever has hurt her— and reputedly she bears a wound or two— the scars are skillfully sutured over. Her friends and acquaintances would have to be hurt again and maybe seven or eight more times after that. She has a vulnerable streak there, which, in character, she would have to deny. It has to do with her great propensity for giving. And this singularly bad luck, on known occasions, of not getting back. However widely sung the joys of generosity, its purveyors are oddly succulent too. To it they integrate a place whose doubtful favors have been likened by Shakespeare to winter wind. Those closest to Joan Crawford suspect she'd save herself, if she stopped proferring gifts of the spirit and locked up the vault. It is here the lady herself has to snort again, but The Book, her own, betrays her. In it, she has inscribed in a place of honor an especially favorite utterance, stunningly Christian in sentiment but hardly the stuff of realism for an avowed General. Read it and read for young girls, though she is:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Amen, General, but keep the storm cellar handy.

( Joan Crawford will be seen soon in The Song.)
I "give you," said a famed Hollywood Boniface the other day, "two words: Las Vegas. That answers your question. I run a night club here, I couldn't be more honest. But why kid ourselves? Mocambo, Ciro's, the Cocoanut Grove, we all ask a two dollar coat. We have to. But Vegas with its gambling? You can see a twenty thousand dollar show there for the price of a beer. Have you checked on Vegas this week? Here's who you can see. Red Skelton, Betty Hutton. Milton Berle and Tony Martin. Only about a block apart. I'll give you salary figures. Betty's drawing $20,000 a week, Berle $25,000. Tony'll come in around $15,000 and Skelton I think $32,500. Dietrich 'll get fifty when she plays there! Non-gambling establishments can't pay that money. And if we could, the acts still play Vegas. There's another thing. Vegas is between here and the East. Tourists on their way to Hollywood stop over there for a drink and a try at the tables. Two weeks go by and they're still there, broke or flush, best or healthy. They turn around and go home again.

That's the big item. Another is general economic conditions. This Industry's violently affected. I don't know what the term is, but it's there. For the time being, anyway. The stars stay home. They do their partying there. The younger players are being forbidden by their studios to go to night clubs. That doesn't help much. Don't use the name now. I shouldn't be this honest. I should be like—" he mentioned a prominent rival, "—and tell you everything..."

But there was something this producer hadn't mentioned. Decorum. It is practiced in Hollywood night clubs these days. Rarely any more are jaws swung at or hair pulled. This is laudable. But there are few performers who don't know that uninhibited behavior is good for business. In quiet corners, they applaud the exhibitionism and frasaces they deplore for the stage. Once the owner of a place on the Sunset Strip sat and watched an argument between a second-rate actress and a Pasadena post-debutante come to an ugly boil. He was frankly interested, noting the presence at ringside of two columnists. When his staff showed symptoms of intervening, he waved them down. "Let 'em fight," he said. "We've lost money long enough.

Whether or not his psychology was correct is debatable. But certainly it is so that few Hollywood habitués can speak of the goings-on at the various clubs to a great extent—without choking back a tear or, in even less grammatical circles, winking back a lump in the throat.

There was the vivid, tragic, Mexican star whom that mob of melodramatic gaiety in Mocambo, a white ermine coat over her shoulders, a super-big hello for everyone. As she left, she encountered a writer friend. "Tell me, how does it feel to be called "a bad girl"?" She shook a finger without letting him speak. "You bedda not say yes!" The writer said instead: "See you tonight?" "No, Mebbie. But I tell ya a tiney interview date. "Mebbe you see me," said the star. "Mebbe I dawnt see you. I dawnt know. She turned and surveyed the whole room. "G'bye," she said. "G'bye, now." The next morning Lupe Velez chose to take her own life by the sleeping pill route. Perhaps she had chosen before that night. Her gaiety had had none of the con-
Amazing New Creme

RE-COLORS HAIR
IN 17 MINUTES

Now change streaked, gray, graying or dish hair to a new rich, bril- liant youthful-looking color, try Tinte Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring. It's a new hair coloring that re- colors hair at home, in 17 minutes. Takes only 1 minute. No waiting for results. We ship by mail — no matter how near or far — just pick your choice of 38 natural speckling colors today at your druggist.

Tintze CREME SHAMPOO
HAIR COLORING

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on fashion, homemaking, hob- bies, housework, travel, health and church subjects, etc. This is your own time, the New York City Desk Method teaches you to write compelling articles for newspapers and magazines, with ease and fluency. Easy to learn, enjoyable to write. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you can learn with this excellent teaching system, regardless of age or cost or limitations.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 5713-S, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

EASY TO
MAY
$65
With Sensational New NAME-IN-SILVER CHRISTMAS CARDS!

You earn big money in spare time easily. A DIFFERENT "NAME Imprinted in Silver" Christmas Cards that sell on sight. Use our "Briefly" Kit (

$3.95) just a few minutes' work! Up to 100% profit on it! 81 Assortments, Write for assortments on a profit, FREE Name-Imprinted Samples.


SEW FOR CASH

Use our patterns, materials, directions in your own home, full or part time. We buy from you. Wilson Ties, 402 S. Main, Stillwater (111), Minn.

BIRTHMONT WATCH

SOFT TOUCH, STYLISH WATCH

Admired by the Rev. © ty Brilliant Franks. (World's Largest Watch Organization) L. W. St. John, Manager, 144 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NEW TOWELS

LARGE SIZE 12 " for $9.00

ASSORTED COLORS

Slightly irregular, that's why this price is so low but CLEARLY better. Use in EVERY way—or your money cheerfully refunded! Order NOW! Prepaid or C. 0. D. TOWEL SHOP, DEPT. 215, BOX 881, ST. LOUIS 1, MO.

U.S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS

WOMEN LOVE

the cool, clean freshness of a MU-COL douche. This easier, swifter way to care for feminine hygiene leaves amazing feeling of cleanliness. No burning or irritation! Safe for delicate skin. Stop wondering and doubting what to use. Be sure! Rely on MU-COL. Only 4¢ a douche. Get MU-COL today at any drugstore by sample coupon to the MU-COL Co., Dept. D-10, Houston 3, N. Y.

Name...........................................
Address...........................................
City.................Zone........State........

strains of indecision. It is anybody’s guess. But there was a memorable swatch of Hol- liday night life history.

In happier, more tepiduous days, the same Miss Velez had once tapped an ob- sessed scriptwriter who, with lipstick and a sprig of flowers, had set Ciro’s, the Mocamo’s elegant counterpart a few blocks east on the Strip and across the street, although old hands are inclined to recall that Miss Velez actually fainted when given the role. The main eventers, one has said, “wait for Mocamo. Not so many stairs to fall down in case they trip.”

So the New York columnist Lee Mortimer did not wait. At the top of the stairs leading down to Ciro’s old park- ing ramp, they had at it, with superficial wounds to Mortimer’s frame and a much deeper wound to their self-confidence, after he’d settled the damages out of court.

Nat Dallinger, the veteran photographer of Hollywood night life who pulled the combatants apart, has remembered the de- tails well. “It never would have happened,” he has said, “if it wasn’t for a couple of Frankies so-called friends. They egged him on. I might have got the picture of the murder, but I never would have gotten the story instead. But Mortimer could have been really hurt. He’d been down twice, and there was broken glass on those steps that may have made a difference.”

It was at Mocamo, on the other hand, that in the heyday of the era, the punch of the decade was landed, one girl’s uppercut catching the chin of another with such un- swerving precision that the recipient was knocked clean out of her shoes.

And it was at Mocamo that Victor Ma- ture, frollicking a bit after many arduous and busy hours, was much mugging around on the Murmansk run in wartime, entered the gents’ room and straightway ran into a civilian heckler who accused him of fight- ing for the Axis. This was his first evening as a professional hero but was forced this time to point to his ribbons as evidence that this was just a stopover. The heckler per- sisted. And since he was actually as big as Mature decided he was entitled to act. “Keep it up,” he told the menace, “and I’ll dunk you in this wash- bowl, even though I filled it for another purpose.” The依法追究, of course, he never will have his head under water so long again; not without dawning.

VIRGINIA HILL, good friend of gangland’s late Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, is not around any more, either. She got mad at the Government. Estimates of her are varied and have no special place in this article but no Hollywood Police Bureau has denied her color and headlong gener- ossity. An old friend has said: “She thought money was for only one thing—to make parties. She handled it so inefficiently.” It was in the flower on the Strip, made people happy. On each evening of wassail, she fared forth with ten-one hundred dollar bills in her purse, where she distributed tips as among hat-check girls, powder room attendants, waiters, parking lot attendants, bus boys, photographers with the simple people who looks she liked. On the night of the past a group of the awed little people who stand with cameras and autograph albums outside the Strip’s swankier spots. She shelled it out without question nor’ than she had amassed, finally, Miss Hill, who later was to confound the Kefauver Committee with her ignorance of the tax structure, stopped in her tracks.

“You like my coat?” she asked her un- known admirer. “You got my coat.” And she threw it to her.

Another time, by word of an eye wit- ness, Miss Hill became sated with a Rus- sian sable number. Arriving at Ciro’s, she first dropped it on the floor, then kicked it pettishly under a table. A waiter hurried over and retrieved it. “Yours, madame?” he asked. “Yeah,” snapped Miss H. “Take it.” It was a Russian sable, she admitted.

But even this, our fun-loving heroine was able to top. Hearing one night that the wife of a close friend of hers in the night club world had just given birth to a son, she approached her pal, the proud father, for confirmation. He grin- ningly confided it was so, barely stopping himself from shouting it. “Well, congratulations,” said Miss Hill. Next day the infant received a token from Miss Hill, a little gift to get it started off okay. Five thousand dollars in war bonds. The Hollywood night club world is a different world. Those days plainly had a quality all its own.

A career or two have been made in Strip environs, or at least boosted along. Lana Turner, a one-time night club regular who doesn’t bother so much any more, has been instrumental in several. A guy named Joe in Mocamo or Ciro’s is a guy named Joe and nothing more. But if he happened to be Miss Hill’s friend, that gave you the clue to find out how it was spelled. And Miss Turner, a good-hearted girl, was glad to provide this information, hold still for pictures, etc. Turned down.

This sort of cooperation did not exactly poison the career leanings of Turhan Bey or Stephen Cranes.

But the switch didn’t occur till later. A time when the screen starlets were in season and many of them bedecked Mocamo nightly, letting the breeze blow them across the range of whatever producers were present. But not Miss Hill. She was too busy hustling arriving and depart- ing Cadillacs to get his profile into a strong light. He worked there, but strictly. None- theless the change came, and by and by, while the starlets returned to their own particular underbrush, he put away his jumper and got to be known here and there as Champ Butler.

The good, the stimulating, the pugnacious old days of the Hollywood neon scene — may they come again, and soon, with their Barrettes, their Busby Berkeley girls, their wads of champagne, baked Alaska, and flying butterballs and breadsticks. While Errol Flynn was the busiest light heavyweight in the world, and the swellest contender was Humphrey Bogart, once faulted by a friend on the single flaw: “When he’s had a couple of belts, he thinks he is Humphrey Bogart.”

But Humphrey was the victim in most cases of objectionable strangers, bums who tried to chivvy him into fights merely in the hope of a little stray publicity for themselves. Not so the newer, night- er, aversely to playing ball with them, with the result that one fine day he found himself barred from just about every deadfall in the city.

So he stayed home or confined himself to the saloons he professes to like better than night clubs anyway. But there came a certain time and a visit from an out-of- town friend who was to make a visit in the brightest places. Bogart confessed his plight sadly. “I’ve reformed,” he told the friend, “but who’ll believe me?” The friend brought up the issue of his own．and together they set out. Club after club rejected Bogart, who stood meekly in the background, but finally they found one where they were allowed in in a sort of way to keen. Bogart was saying at the sidewalk, thoroughly chastened. He was a changed

102
Not long ago, Joan Caulfield made the casual observation: "If you want to write a story about Hollywood night life, go from home to home, where it's really taking place. All the little cliques, you know. Who goes out?"

Not even Marilyn Monroe, who showed promise at first, has saved the day. She stays home now, too.

In fierce discipline are maintained. If a married or dating couple really want to have a knockdown, dragout, yowling fight, they save it till they reach a night club and the better part of their audience is public. There's no sense throwing a natural light at that way.

Likewise, almost any event amassing in some devious way of "charity" still flutters a respectability and dignity that can cat-and-guzzle promise to devote 20 percent of the take to the Society for the Prevention of Throwing Firecrackers Down Crawford's producer's fireplace, a notable turnout of the old, familiar faces.

But whereas the Flying omelette of another time was a thing of no more than passing interest, the big cuttlefish among the press a few months ago was a paler incident by far: the reluctant agreement of Gene Nelson to pose with Jane Powell two days before Miss Powell and husband Garry Stevens announced their byways. Nelson's consent rather afforded a number of folk who back in the days of Lupe and Virginia, Bogart and Flynn, Clara Bow or Joan Hackett or Paulette Goddard, —would have been afforded by nothing less than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

I mean another sense, the saga of Hollywood night life makes its own minor contribution to contemporary history. In January of 1949, for example, this magazine ran a story by-lined by Carlie Morison, Mocambo's owner. It featured pictures made at the night club of couples presumably enmeshed at the time in various stages of amour. Less than five years later, the party of Jim and Bob Neil, "a steady Mocambo duo before her engagement to architect John Lindsay" — now divorced from Diana Lynn. They were Shirley Temple and John Agar, husband and wife, holding hands; "Errol and Nora Flynn" (remember?) Clark Gable with Nancy (Slim) Hawks, Quaint, as previously remarked, like the 'coon and the Dingo.

Or, way, way back, when Saturday or Sunday nights were the big Sunset Strip deal, here by recollection of photographer D. Liliker was a favorite group table, these an inseparable lot: Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Preston, her husband, whose marital status is said to be shaky now; Gary and Gail are the couple most indiscernibly shaky; the Fred MacMurrays — the beautiful Mrs. MacMurray died earlier this year after a long and tragic illness; the Robert Taylors, when "Mrs. R. T."

To again name the barfly: Dwayne; the Henry Fonda-Mrs. Fonda is dead by her own hand; last and most happily, the Ray Milland and the Jack Benny, still live, together and content.

In Hollywood night life, history is a matter of which edition you read. And this phase, while reasonably stable and prosperous, with the full and lusty, no-nonsense, thing that its predecessors made of themselves, Carole Lombard is gone, and there are no echoes of dead laughter because dead laughter has no echo.

Cycle is inevitable. The "good old days" will come again. Lana will be back from Europe, Rita's in circulation, all is by no means lost. We'll see what stability and decorum will have to stand in for it. Some Hollywoodians applaud the change. But most are saddened. END
**YES ALL THESE NINE BEST-SELLERS for only $1.49**

as your reward for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

**A GUARANTEED $30.20 VALUE IN PUBLISHER EIGHT EDITIONS**

Thousands Paid $30.20 for these 9 Books — But YOU Get Them for Just $1.49 on This Offer!

**GOLDEN ADMIRAL**, by F. Van Wyck Mason — One of the most exciting adventure stories ever written. In the husband, Kate Wyati, is saved in exchange for her husband's life, he demands — her honor!

**QUEEN'S GIFT**, by Inglis Fletcher — Lady Anne Suan learned about love in Europe's most wicked court. But she was required to marry a man that would be a servant girl — when both of them set their hearts on the same man!

**THE COMANCHEERS**, by Paul I. Wellman — A page-turner from the world mastered to Paul Regret — women and gamblers. The jackpot belongs to the highest place of all — the woman he lived!

**MY PRIDE, MY FOLLY**, by Suszanne Butler — Out of the marriage to marry the first man willing to forgive her unbreakable sin. But her folly lead her to the same man she had loved.

**THE SARACEN BLADE**, by Frank Yerby — Women asked for Pietro di Donastis's love, yet he looked for his bride to be the woman in the world to whom he married.

**THE VELVET DOBLET**, by James Street — Hot-blooded Rodrigo longed to plant a dagger into the heart that had caused the woman he betrayed him. Then he met her...and knew he could never love her.

**THE FOOLISH IMMORTALS**, by Paul Gallico — Smooth-talking Joe Bears promises to win a miracle for Clay Adams. And to his surprise — he does!

**CARAVAN TO XANADU**, by Edinmarshes — He owed her legally. She burned with desire for him. And then he did not demand the complete surrender of himself.

**CAPTAIN ADAM**, by Donald Barr Chidsey — Deborah decided to do the one thing that would save her father to permit her marriage to Adam Long. But Adam refused to cooperate — only to return later on!

---

**Send No Money! Pay Postman Nothing!**

**WHY Book League Offers You This Remarkable Bargain:**

We want you to have the 9 splendid best-sellers (shown above) for just $1.49 — to prove to you that we will be delighted with your membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Normally, you would get 2 gift books for joining; then you would also get a Bonus Book each 2 Selections — a total of 8 FREE books during membership. But NOW you get ALL 9 AT ONCE! And you also get the run-away best-seller, "Golden Admiral" as your first Selection, at the special low members'-price.

You never pay any dues or club fees — and every month you get your own choice of fine new novels of romance and adventure... best-sellers by authors like Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham, Frank Yerby, etc.

---

**1. Your savings are TREMENDOUS! Although the best-seller you choose each month may cost $3 or even more in the publishers' editions, you pay the Club's bargain price of only $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost — a clear saving of $1.50 or more on each book!** Just THINK of the great savings you'll make on the 12 Selections you receive during the year. And think, too, of the great pleasure you'll get right away and for years to come from your 9 volumes.

**2. No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection. The best-selling novel you receive each month need NOT be the Club's regular Selection. You may choose any of the OTHER splendid new books described in the Club's free publication "Review." No further cost or obligation.**

---

**SEND NO MONEY — Just Mail Coupon Now!**

3. Mail Coupon Today — Without Money — and receive your big membership package containing the 9 splendid books described on this page... books that would cost you a total of $30.20 TODAY in the publishers' editions!

**WITH them will come a bill for $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost. This is to pay for your first Selection, "Golden Admiral" by F. Van Wyck Mason. The other EIGHT books are YOURS FREE! If you don't agree that this is the most generous book offer you have ever received, return the 9 books AND the bill and forget the whole matter! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. DMG-10, Garden City, N. Y.**

---

**Send No Money! Pay Postman Nothing!**

**WHY Book League Offers You This Remarkable Bargain:**

We want you to have the 9 splendid best-sellers (shown above) for just $1.49 — to prove to you that we will be delighted with your membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Normally, you would get 2 gift books for joining; then you would also get a Bonus Book each 2 Selections — a total of 8 FREE books during membership. But NOW you get ALL 9 AT ONCE! And you also get the run-away best-seller, "Golden Admiral" as your first Selection, at the special low members'-price.

You never pay any dues or club fees — and every month you get your own choice of fine new novels of romance and adventure... best-sellers by authors like Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham, Frank Yerby, etc.

---

**1. Your savings are TREMENDOUS! Although the best-seller you choose each month may cost $3 or even more in the publishers' editions, you pay the Club's bargain price of only $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost — a clear saving of $1.50 or more on each book!** Just THINK of the great savings you'll make on the 12 Selections you receive during the year. And think, too, of the great pleasure you'll get right away and for years to come from your 9 volumes.

**2. No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection. The best-selling novel you receive each month need NOT be the Club's regular Selection. You may choose any of the OTHER splendid new books described in the Club's free publication "Review." No further cost or obligation.**

---

**SEND NO MONEY — Just Mail Coupon Now!**

3. Mail Coupon Today — Without Money — and receive your big membership package containing the 9 splendid books described on this page... books that would cost you a total of $30.20 TODAY in the publishers' editions!

**WITH them will come a bill for $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost. This is to pay for your first Selection, "Golden Admiral" by F. Van Wyck Mason. The other EIGHT books are YOURS FREE! If you don't agree that this is the most generous book offer you have ever received, return the 9 books AND the bill and forget the whole matter! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. DMG-10, Garden City, N. Y.**

---

**Send No Money! Pay Postman Nothing!**

**WHY Book League Offers You This Remarkable Bargain:**

We want you to have the 9 splendid best-sellers (shown above) for just $1.49 — to prove to you that we will be delighted with your membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Normally, you would get 2 gift books for joining; then you would also get a Bonus Book each 2 Selections — a total of 8 FREE books during membership. But NOW you get ALL 9 AT ONCE! And you also get the run-away best-seller, "Golden Admiral" as your first Selection, at the special low members'-price.

You never pay any dues or club fees — and every month you get your own choice of fine new novels of romance and adventure... best-sellers by authors like Daphne du Maurier, Somerset Maugham, Frank Yerby, etc.

---

**1. Your savings are TREMENDOUS! Although the best-seller you choose each month may cost $3 or even more in the publishers' editions, you pay the Club's bargain price of only $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost — a clear saving of $1.50 or more on each book!** Just THINK of the great savings you'll make on the 12 Selections you receive during the year. And think, too, of the great pleasure you'll get right away and for years to come from your 9 volumes.

**2. No Need to Take Every REGULAR Selection. The best-selling novel you receive each month need NOT be the Club's regular Selection. You may choose any of the OTHER splendid new books described in the Club's free publication "Review." No further cost or obligation.**

---

**SEND NO MONEY — Just Mail Coupon Now!**

3. Mail Coupon Today — Without Money — and receive your big membership package containing the 9 splendid books described on this page... books that would cost you a total of $30.20 TODAY in the publishers' editions!

**WITH them will come a bill for $1.49, plus few cents shipping cost. This is to pay for your first Selection, "Golden Admiral" by F. Van Wyck Mason. The other EIGHT books are YOURS FREE! If you don't agree that this is the most generous book offer you have ever received, return the 9 books AND the bill and forget the whole matter! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. DMG-10, Garden City, N. Y.**
That
Ivory
Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Small-pize cuties have it... so can you!

Young Mary Beth’s baby skin, and your fine facial skin, both need the gentlest possible cleansing. Choose the soap preferred for babies—then watch your complexion bloom with gentle Ivory care. More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby’s skin and yours than any other soap!

Big-time beauties have it... so can you!

“I have to be sure my skin looks its best all the time,” says the famous cover-girl, Elise Gammon. “But that’s Ivory’s specialty! With that wonderful mildness it gets any skin radiantly clean—so-o-o gently!” Yes, that means your complexion, too.

You can have That Ivory Look in just one week!

When you change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory Soap, you’ll see a definite and lovely change in your skin. It will be softer, smoother, younger-looking... and in only seven days! Like Mary Beth and Elise Gammon, you’ll have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
Why the CHAMPIONS changed to CAMELS!

"SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS LIKE CAMELS BEST THAT WE TRIED THEM. CAMELS' MILDNESS AND FLAVOR SUIT US JUST RIGHT!"

Marge and Gower Champion have danced their way into America's heart in movies, stage and television. They're among the many stars who smoke America's most popular cigarette, Camels!

Camels agree with more people than any other cigarette!

FAR MORE people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. What does this mean to you? It means just this: to be so popular, Camels must give smokers more enjoyment.

Make the 30-day Camel test. Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out how Camel's rich, full flavor and cool, friendly mildness please you, pack after pack. See if Camels don't give you more smoking pleasure than you've ever had before!

LOOK AT THE FACTS!

LATEST PUBLISHED FIGURES* SHOW CAMELS FAR AHEAD OF EVERY OTHER BRAND:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Brand</th>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Lead Over Other</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CAMEL</td>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>43%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>54%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4th</td>
<td>144%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*From Printers' Ink, 1953
Ouella Parsons: THE SHOCKING FAILURE OF SUSAN HAYWARD'S MARRIAGE
“Never, never in my whole life have I had so many compliments! And it’s true—my hair is as soft as silk. And it kind of shimmers with light, the way silk does, too. Yet all I did different was to use this new Drene shampoo.”

**New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!**

There’s silkening magic in Drene’s new lightning-quick lather! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water! It flashes up like lightning, it rinses out like lightning. And it’s milder than castile!

It’s *magic* . . . how this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk! And so obedient!

**A NEW EXPERIENCE—**

See Drene *silken* your hair! See this new formula flash into lightning-quick lather—milder than castile! No other lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*!

**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.
It destroys enzymes that cause tooth decay and bad breath—

NEW WHITE IPANA® with WD-9

...and you get 25¢ for trying your first tube!

Every single brushing helps stop tooth decay! Even one brushing can stop bad breath all day!

Here's the new miracle for your mouth—WD-9 in new white Ipana. Brushing regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9 actually removes acid-producing bacterial enzymes which cause tooth decay and bad breath.

That's why we're making this cash offer—to get you to try new Ipana for 30 days and see for yourself.

You'll find, for instance, that a single brushing with new Ipana stops most unpleasant mouth odor for as long as 9 hours. Even after smoking... and eating anything except foods like onions and garlic.

And good news for your gums! Brushing teeth regularly after meals with new Ipana containing WD-9—from gum margins toward biting edges—helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

What's more, Ipana also brings you a refreshing new minty flavor preferred by thousands of men, women and children in actual taste tests.

So take us up on this try-it-yourself offer. Buy new white Ipana with WD-9... get 25¢ cash in the bargain. Look for the yellow-and-red striped carton.

NEW WHITE IPANA
Contains Enzyme-Destroying WD-9*

*Ipans special type of Sodium Lauryl Sulfate

Product of Bristol-Myers

ACCEPT THIS SPECIAL OFFER—TODAY!

1. Buy a giant (47¢) or economy-size (63¢) tube of new Ipana at any drug counter. 2. Mail the empty carton with your name and address to:

Ipana, Dept. F138
Box 100,
New York 17, N.Y.

Twenty-five cents in cash will be promptly mailed to you. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1953. Limited to one per family. Take advantage of this cash offer now. (Offer good in continental U.S.A. and Canada only.)

Student nurses are needed... inquire at your hospital.
Special, Greaseless Corrective for Oily Skin Blackheads Flakiness

A girl’s complexion is often her own worst enemy. Especially in the teens—just when parties and “dates” are so important!

All at once, the oil glands begin to overwork. Then, your skin grows too sluggish to get rid of its day-to-day accumulation of dead skin cells. So, the dead skin flakes build into a greasy layer and “choke” the pore openings. Your skin grows “muddy.” Pores begin to enlarge. Soon—blackheads are apt to start cropping out.

NOW—Pond’s recommends a special greaseless treatment for these “Young Skin” problems: oiliness, large pores, blackheads, flakiness. It’s quick, easy, and it works!

Just cover face, except eyes, with greaseless Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Leave on a full minute. The Cream’s “keratolytic” action loosens, dissolves off clinging dead skin flakes. Frees the tiny skin gland openings to function normally.

After 1 minute, wipe off. Rinse with cold water. Now—see your “new” look! Greasiness is gone. Your skin looks brighter, clearer!

“Young Skin” doesn’t like heavy make-up. A sheer touch of greaseless Pond’s Vanishing Cream makes a fresh, un-shiny powder base.
“TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!” is to the training camp what “Battleground” was to the shooting war! From the same great studio, M-G-M...and from the same famed producer, Dore Schary!

In vivid, realistic color by ANSCO

Starring
RICHARD WIDMARK
KARL MALDEN
CARLETON CARPENTER • RUSS TAMBLYN
and ELAINE STEWART

Story and Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN
Directed by RICHARD BROOKS
Produced by DORE SCHARY
An M-G-M Picture
That Can Make ALL These Claims!

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless. They contain the same great germ-killing principle that makes Zonite liquid so effective.
2. They are not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melt away. When inserted, Zonitors instantly begin to release their powerful and odorizing medication. They assure continuous action for hours.
3. Zonitors are non-poisonous. They do not irritate or burn.
4. They eliminate all odors. Leave no lasting tell-tale odor of their own.
5. Zonitors help prevent infection and kill every germ they touch. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ.

Zonitors are modern, convenient, effective. They require no extra equipment. Inexpensive.

NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways
- Individually foil-wrapped, or
- In separate glass vials

Zonitors
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all about these intimate physical facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZMS-113.100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Name.
Address.
City. State.
*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada.

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 keep reading that John Wayne's first wife was either Cuban or Dominican. Where was she born, anyway?
   A. Josephine Saenz was born in Mexico.

Q. How much commission did Mario Lanza's manager, Sam Wellner, take from him? Are they back together again?
   —G. T., New York, N. Y.
   A. Wellner took 20% of Lanza's gross earnings, 10% of their radio shows, insisted on 5% of the singer's earnings for the next 15 years, before he would agree to leave Lanza's employment.

Q. Who is most responsible for Yvonne de Carlo's motion picture career?
   —T. R., Vancouver, B. C.
   A. Walter Wanger "discovered" Yvonne and gave her a buildup as "The most beautiful girl in the world."

Q. Could you tell me if Dale Robertson did his own singing in The Farmer Takes a Wife?
   —G. H., Paducah, Ky.
   A. Yes.

Q. Was Cyd Charisse ever in love with MGM producer Jack Cummings? I heard this rumor when I was in Mexico some years ago.
   —T. S., Wilson, Conn.
   A. Cummings and Charisse are good friends, have been so for a long time. Cyd is married to Tony Martin, Cummings to the former Betty Kern.

Q. Who is the highest-priced actor in the motion picture business?
   —G. K., Baltimore, Md.
   A. Toss-up between John Wayne and Gary Cooper.

Q. Marilyn Monroe's former husband lives only twenty miles away from her. Are they still friendly?
   —T. T., Van Nuys, Calif.
   A. They have nothing to do with each other.

Q. Is it a practice in Hollywood for top-name actresses to insist upon all the close-ups? If a young actress looks good in a scene, doesn't the top-name actress insist upon having that scene deleted?
   —G. F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. It depends on the actress.

Q. I've read that Esther Williams has the best money mind in show business. Is that on the level?
   —C. Y., Miami, Fla.
   A. She understands the handling of money.

Q. Why was Anna Maria Alberghetti dropped by Paramount?
   —S. L., Lima, Ohio
   A. The studio had no pictures for her.

Q. Leonard Goldstein, the producer who goes around with Piper Laurie, must be much older than she. How much?
   —C. L., Cleveland, Ohio
   A. Twenty-eight years older.

Q. What kind of eyelashes does Ethel Merman wear, and how many children does she have?
   —E. R., Denver, Colo.
   A. Miss Merman wears artificial eyelashes made of nylon; she has two children.

Q. Is Marlon Brando going to a psychiatrist?
   —F. F., Columbus, Neb.
   A. Not any more.

Q. A friend told me that Rock Hudson is more interested in other things than he is in girls. What about it?
   —H. R., Ventura, Cal.
   A. Hudson is primarily interested in his career at this point.

Q. Doesn't Judy Garland become a very difficult girl when she goes on a diet?
   —J. G., Provo, Utah.
   A. She just becomes edgy.

Q. Is it true (or is it just publicity) that Leslie Caron makes her own clothes?
   —F. Y., Baltimore, Md.
   A. True.

Q. Betty Hutton's husband, Charlie O'Curran, stages all her acts. Why doesn't she give him any credit for that? Are these two fighting?
   —R. E., Las Vegas, Nev.

(Continued on page 12)
The Chiseler, the Cheap Tin-horns, the Two-Time Ladies and Two-Bit Crooks -- they all made the Little Guy a Big, Big, Wheel -- and then he started grinding them down!

James Cagney
in a roaring role of fury from the roaring best-seller!

“A Lion is in the Streets”

Co-Starring
BARBARA HALE • ANNE FRANCIS

Screenplay by
LUTHER DAVIS
Music by Franz Waxman

Produced by WILLIAM CAGNEY
Directed by RAOUl WALSH
Distributed by WARNER BROS.
Bob Hope breaks a long standing rule against pictures of his family and invites MODERN SCREEN to a

Bob chats with Father English, friend of many stars, Jeanne Crain, Paul Brinkman. Fears that Jeanne's new glamour would injure her marriage have proven false. Not so lucky was guest Jane Withers, whose divorce is imminent.

Bob waltzes with mother-in-law, Mrs. Teresa Defina. One of Hollywood's best citizens, Bob is constantly active in charity affairs; his home is one of Hollywood's happiest.

So determined is Rita Hayworth to marry Dick Haymes that neither lawyers, studio nor friends can talk her into changing her mind.

Incidentally, unless Dick can persuade Nora Eddington Haymes to get a divorce in Nevada or Alabama, Rita cannot marry Dick for a year. Nora insists on a California divorce, since out of state divorces are vulnerable to legal attack.

The serious trouble Dick had with the Immigration Department came as a terrific shock. Few people knew that he was an alien, was born in Argentina and had signed away his rights of ever becoming an American citizen when he avoided the draft by registering as an alien neutral.

Dick's attorney insists that the McCarran Act does not hold in the case of the singer, since he sang twice in the Civic Auditorium in Honolulu and did not go to the Hawaiian
NEWS

gala party at his home.

Lucille Ball ... Janet Leigh Says No To Nudity ... Gloria De Haven Has New In-Law Troubles

Islands for the express purpose of seeing Rita Hayworth. That he did see her every night and every day has nothing to do with the case, according to the Haymes attorneys.

At the time the story broke, I must say for Nora that she came to Dick's rescue. She said, 'Poor guy! I don't believe he ever tried to dodge the draft. I know he went twice to the draft board and tried to enlist, but was turned down on account of high blood pressure. He wants me to, I will stick with him in his trouble.'

Rita was equally loyal, but she couldn't very well make a public statement, since Dick was still married to Nora. She was so upset by the whole thing that she took to her bed in a state of nervous collapse.

Is there anybody in the world who gets herself into more awkward situations than this redheaded glamour girl? With every husband, with every romance, there is trouble and good copy.

The big question around Hollywood these days is—who put the finger on Dick? Or maybe the boys in Washington have a long memory.

The new love in Olivia de Havilland's life, the charming Frenchman, Pierre Galante, will probably be her husband by the time this reaches Modern Screen.

Olivia confided to me that she wouldn't wait too long to marry Galante, who is a writer and an executive on 'Match' magazine, a French publication comparable to our 'Life'.

I met Livvy's fiancé at a party given for Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer. He is young, he is charming and he is desperately in love with Livvy.

She tells me that he was born under the same sign as Marcus Goodrich, her first husband, and that they both love cheesecake, but I believe she will be happier with Galante than she was with Marcus.

Livvy seems to favor writers, but Pierre has none of Marcus' moodiness and critical appraisal of our Livvy. Besides, he has never been married before and Marcus had a number of wives.

It can be told now that there were two days when Donald O'Connor was very ill in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and his doctors feared it might be polio. Only a few people know this. Thank God, it was just polio and Don will soon be well.

Added to his high temperature was an emotional upset. He worried about every little thing and telephoned me in a panic because someone had printed that his ex-wife Gwen O'Connor, had never been near him.

This was entirely untrue, because Gwen has not only been with him, but has tele-
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Continued

phoned to inquire about him almost every
day. Of course, she probably didn't want
to run into Marilyn Erskine, although the
two girls are not unfriendly. Gwen is the
one who asked Don for a divorce.
The thing that everyone regrets so much is
that Don lost his role in White Christmas.
He would have been just as wonderful
dancing again with Vera-Ellen as he was in
Call Me Madam.

The saddest little woman in Hollywood is
Jane Withers, who fought with grim de-
termination not to break up her marriage,
but the one thing her rich husband, Bill Moss,
seemed to want was his freedom.

"With three children," Jane told me, "I
think it is wrong for us to divorce and I
want to wait a little longer. But when a
man wants his freedom as much as Bill does,
what can I do?"

Jane's health is not good and her doctors
tell her that she must rest and not get emo-
tionally upset. How can you help getting emotionally upset when the man you love
says he doesn't love you?

I share the opinion of many people that
Suzan Ball's faith will cure her knee if any-
thing in the world can. She has a new
doctor who has put her on a special diet.
I hear this is a new treatment for this kind of
case.

Also, Suzan is in love. Dick Long is cour-
ting her, but she won't marry anyone until she
is sure she is all right. Suzan is that kind of
girl.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: In my opinion, Debo-
rach Kerr was trying to disguise her per-
sonality on a TV program when she ravedered
the question, "Are you from Hollywood?" with
"Unfortunately, yes." I don't think she
meant a slam at Hollywood . . .

I still can't see James Mason as Judy Gar-
land's co-star in A Star Is Born. Maybe I'm
remembering Fredric March's great perform-
ance with Garland too vividly . . .

Even with Jeanne Crain's pretty legs, I can't
stand the knee-skirt shorts. So far, Jeanne is
the only glamour girl to fall for the Dior fad.

Kinda cute, the way Tony Curtis, who has
never been a fast boy with a dollar, cut
doza with the bankroll and bought himself a
new $6000 car and Janet Leigh a diamond
bracelet, after U1 upped his salary in a big,
big way.

Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer are
denying the stork rumors now, but I'm bet-
ing Rosie will have a baby as soon as pos-
sible. She loves children.

I took myself to Del Mar, the little race-track
where "the turf meets the surf," for my
birthday and really had a time!

It was also Lucille Ball's birthday and after
the last race, Desi Arnaz tossed a surprise
birthday party for Lucy in the Turf Club.

Poor Lucille! She was so sick she could
remain just long enough for the guests to sing
"Happy Birthday" and then she had to take
off for home. It wasn't anything too serious
with Lucille. She was just tired and over-
worked and a reaction set in when she went
on her holiday.

But I was feeling in fine fettle and got such
a kick out of little Desiree Arnaz, looking like
a doll in her blue dress and coat, warbling a
special "Happy Birthday" to me.

I just can't remember having more fun.
Jimmy Durante—just love that man—was on
hand at my birthday party at the Del Mar
hotel and he sang and sang. The crowd
didn't want to let him off, but he finally said
it was enough. Then pretty May Wynn, the
former Copacabana chorus girl who got the
plum part of the season as the only girl in
The Caine Mutiny, came on and delighted
everyone with Jimmy McHugh's song, "I
Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me."

Wait until you see May. I think you'll agree
she's going to be one of our big stars.

Glamorous Elaine Stewart drove down from
Beverly Hills with her tola, Johnny Grant,
especially for my party. Some of the column-
ists have been insisting this isn't a serious
romance. I don't agree. In fact, I think
Elaine and Johnny may surprise everyone,
including her MGM bosses, by marrying when
he returns from staging his disc jockey show
in Korea.

Johnny told me, "I'm very much in love
with Elaine. She's the only girl for me."

To switch from romance back to the races
—the next day Betty Grable's and Harry
James' nag, Big Noise, won the $40,000 fea-
ture race.

A wag said, "Betty's horses seem to know
when she isn't working and they always seem
to win when she can use the moolah."

Here's hoping the trouble between Gloria
De Haven and her wealthy bridegroom of
just a few months, Martin Kimmel, isn't seri-
ous.

I get it straight that Kimmel's family, vedy,
veddy social, never approved of his marriage
to Gloria because she is an actress. Thought
that sort of attitude went out with the dodo
bird.

At this writing, the Kimmels have not yet
received Gloria, but I hope they will change
their minds. She's a very nice girl.

It's a lot of stuff and nonsense that Janet
Leigh's swim scene in Prince Valiant is an
dare as Hedy Lamarr was in Ecstasy or as
Marilyn Monroe was on the calendar.

Janet tells me, "I have to admit that the
scene makes me look as though I were in my
birthday suit! As a matter of fact, I'm quite
well covered in a bathing suit made of a flesh-
colored net material.

"However, after I did the scene, I finally re-
fused to let the still cameramen snap pictures
of me—because I have no intention of becom-
ing this kind of calendar girl."

Janet says that when the swimming scene
was shot, the only men present were the cam-
eramen, director and Bob Wagner, all vitally
necessary to the action.

No, Tony Curtis did not kick up a fuss. But
it is not his favorite screen appearance of
his pretty wife.

LATE NEWS FROM LOUELLA PARSONS

Hardly had the public heard about the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff separation (sup-
posedly a result of Howard's interest in Gussie Moran, famous for her face panties
and her tennis game) when it was all over.

My telephone rang and a happy Ida said, "Howard and I want you to know we've
reconciled."

By this time, Gussie was in Buffalo with her fiancé, Edward Hand, and Howard
hadn't heard from her. Gussie had a small part in The Bigamist, written and pro-
duced by Collier Young, Ida's ex-husband, and directed by Ida. Howard and Ida
were both in the picture, as was Joan Fontaine, Young's present wife.

Ida, like any woman in love, took much of the blame for the separation, saying, "I
guess I was too self-centered and too involved in my career. Now I'm just going
to be a wife and mother and I'm going to let somebody else direct The Story Of A Cop,
Howard's next picture. A career, to my way of thinking, should never interfere with
a marriage."

She added that Howard's big complaint was that they never saw each other.
The most **talked about** complexions in Hollywood are given regular Lux Toilet Soap care

Just about every Hollywood star uses Lux and will tell you so. They use it because they're convinced—because they really believe Lux Toilet Soap is as **mild and fine** a soap as you can buy. **Ann Blyth**, of course, uses Lux Toilet Soap—and isn't her complexion really something? Use Lux care—and Lever Brothers makes a money-back guarantee that **you'll be glad you did**. Incidentally, you can see Hollywood stars every Thursday night on the Lux Video Theatre.
Presenting

Waltz of Spring

a breathlessly beautiful new sterling design
for those forever young... forever in love

Once again, William S. Warren, foremost designer of sterling silver, has sculptured an exciting new Wallace Sterling design! He has taken the Mood Of Youth, the ecstasy of young love, and translated it into the lilting, the light-hearted WALTZ OF SPRING.

WALTZ OF SPRING is modern sterling, exquisite in line and perfect in proportion. The silhouette suggests a maiden whirling happily to the strains of a Waltz. Her graceful head and flowing hair give brilliant movement to the crown of each piece. It’s fresh. It’s alive. Every detail is fully-formed, in sculptured “Third Dimension Beauty” — that exclusive quality, found only in Wallace, which gives beauty in front, beauty in profile and beauty in back—perfection from every possible view.

WALTZ OF SPRING captures the always treasured spirit of youth. It will never grow old... only more beautiful... forever!

WALLACE STERLING

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS AT WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT—Since 1835
Sandpaper Hands feel
Caressable
in 10 Seconds!

(Continued from page 4)

A. Miss Hutton credits her husband in private; they are not fighting.

Q. Which stars are the biggest tippers?
   —V. T., Phoenix, Ariz.

A. Martin & Lewis, Jack Benny, Mario Lanza, and George Jessel, among others.

Q. Was Jane Russell's recent illness caused by the premature birth of a child?
   —A. J., Seattle, Wash.

A. According to Miss Russell's doctors, she suffers from anemia.


A. Miss Crawford has many beaux; she is being extremely careful about a fourth marriage because she has had three marriages that didn't last.

Q. Doesn't Fernando Lamas slip away from Arlene Dahl for quiet dates with his second wife, Lydia?
   —N. M., Boulder, Col.

A. Lamas calls upon his second wife frequently in order to visit with her and their daughter. He is a most considerate father.

Q. I've heard that since he left school at the age of ten, Red Skelton has difficulty in reading and writing. What is the truth behind this rumor?
   —B. E., Vincennes, Ind.

A. No truth to that rumor at all. Skelton did leave school at an early age, but his first wife, Edna, saw to it that he was instructed by private tutors.

Q. How come Olivia de Havilland was traveling around Europe with a prizefighter named Frings?
   —H. T., Seattle, Wash.

A. Kurt Frings, a former pugilist, is now Miss de Havilland's agent.

Q. According to their written agreement, doesn't Jerry Lewis get 65% of the Martin-Lewis earnings?
   —C. H., Provo, Utah.

A. There is no written agreement; the split is 50-50.

Q. Does Judy Garland refuse to pose with her new baby because it was premature? —W. T., White Plains, N. Y.

A. She has not refused to pose.

Q. Why is it that certain actors refuse to answer fan mail and that someone big like Alan Ladd always does?
   —V. T., York, Penn.

A. Ladd is a man of vision; those stars who don't answer are short-sighted.
LOUHELLA PARSONS’ good news
Continued

Funny story back of how Johnnie Ray’s movie career at 20th got “hot” after being very, very “cold.”

After the studio signed the cry-singer, he managed to get quite a bit of bad publicity in various parts of the country, and he made tactless remarks at the time of his separation from Marilyn Morrison Ray.

It had been all set for the weeper to be in Ethel Merman’s There’s No Business Like Show Business until all this came up. Then, without any fuss or bother, it was agreed that it might be better for Ray to let him sit out his contract.

But boss Darryl Zanuck was summoned to Washington to be a dinner guest of President Eisenhower at the White House. By coincidence, Ray was singing in a local theatre the same week.

Darryl had never seen Ray perform and having a bit of idle time on his hands, he decided to drop by the theatre just as Johnnie’s act went on.

Result? The boss thought the “cry-Ray-by” was just terrific and telephoned 20th that his contract was very much “alive” again.

The letter box: Mrs. P. M. J., of Kansas City, wants to know if the movie stars spank their children or discipline them by the more “progressive” methods. Screen star parents are just like private-life parents on this score, Mrs. P. M. J. Some believe in mild spankings (Joan Crawford, for one). Others adhere to the “progressive” school of thought.

Doris Waterstram, Johnstown, Pa., is a strong rooter for Richard Carlson, “that fine gentleman and actor” who, she feels, doesn’t get his share of good screen parts.

Marlene Oechsner, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, writes: “I believe that Jane Powell and Gene Nelson cannot possibly know the terrific disillusionment their actions have brought to the teen-agers of this country.”

I haven’t been printing service men’s addresses lately, but I couldn’t resist the plea of two who say, “We are probably the two most unknown people in Korea, as far as receiving mail is concerned.” We can’t have that, so write to:

CPL Fred W. Ponder RA13378184
HQs 6 Hqs Battery, 75th FA Bn
APO 264 c o Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

And to his buddy, PFC Robert G. Larue
RA13425501, same address.

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

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

PROOF!

Now 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.

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.

A Product of Britol-Myers
The quiet Wayne marriage exploded into court last summer and hasn't left the headlines yet. Now after months of trial by rumor, Duke can answer back.

BY SANDY CUMMINGS

Barring a last minute out-of-court settlement, Hollywood and the public are going to be treated, on October 19, to one of the toughest, roughest legal battles ever waged between a movie star and his wife. John Wayne, forty-six, and his hot-tempered, excitable, thirty-year-old wife, Esperanza, are scheduled to throw the book at each other in a divorce suit that will make world-wide headlines.

These two handsome people, once so tenderly and romantically in love, now dislike each other with such violence and intensity that they are prepared to make public the most private aspects of their marital confusion.

"Chata," as Mrs. Wayne is known throughout the film colony, has charged John Wayne with beating her. That charge is already part of the public record.

So, too, is Duke Wayne's denial. "I have never in my life struck Mrs. Wayne," the actor testified in court last May. "But there have been many times," he continued, "when I have had to protect myself from her temper. I've held her hands and feet but only to protect myself."

When Wayne made that statement in court, his wife, sitting next to her lawyer, suddenly crimsoned. "Why! That's a lie," she blurted out.

Spectators smiled. The picture of Duke Wayne, six feet, four inches tall, weighing 200 pounds, protecting himself from Chata, five feet, seven and 135 pounds, conjured up such a comic scene, that several of the more uninhibited people in the courtroom were startled into laughter.

There is no doubt (Continued on page 76)
"Hi! I'm Pat Crowley

I haven't been in Hollywood very long but here I am a star in Paramount's new picture "Forever Female." You KNOW all the other stars in the picture but you probably don't know me from Adam! Well, maybe from Adam because I'm a girl. And that's what "Forever Female" is all about... girls and naturally men. Jeepers, isn't that what everything is all about? But in "Forever Female" we've got a new—and very funny—slant on it.

First, there's a TRIANGLE composed of three big stars... Ginger Rogers as a glamorous Broadway actress; Paul Douglas as a producer and Ginger's last year's hubby; William Holden as a playwright and Ginger's this year's hobby. Then I step in and throw the whole thing into a QUADRANGLE! WOW!"

FOREVER FEMALE

starring

GINGER ROGERS
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PAUL DOUGLAS
WITH JAMES GLEASON
AND INTRODUCING PAT CROWLEY

Produced by Pat Duggan
Directed by Irving Rapper - Written by Julius J. Epstein and Philip G. Epstein
Suggested by J. M. Barrie's play "Rosalind"
A Paramount Picture.
20th Century-Fox presents

The Robe

A Cinemascope Production

Produced by FRANK ROSS

Starring Richard

with Jay Robinson · Dean Jagger · Torin Thatcher · Richard Boone · Betta St. John · Jeff Morrow · Dawn Addams
Acclaimed the Greatest Step Forward in Entertainment History!

about CINEMASCOPE

No. 1 shows how the flat ordinary screen is dwarfed by the newly created curved Miracle Mirror Screen.

Nos. 2, 3, 4 show how CinemaScope’s superior new Stereophonic Sound enhances the scope of audience participation.

No. 5 shows how the new Anamorphic Lens creates infinite depth and life-like reality to engulf you in the action on the screen.

about "The Robe"

The supreme novel of our time as it was meant to be seen, heard, lived! The Miracle Story “reaching out” to encompass you in its awe-inspiring spectacle and breathtaking grandeur.

Directed by HENRY KOSTER

BURTON • JEAN SIMMONS • VICTOR MATURE • MICHAEL RENNIE • Ernest Thesiger • Leon Askin Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE • From the Novel by LLOYD C. DOUGLAS
NEW!
TWO-IN-ONE TALC!

April Showers
DEODORANT TALC

1. It's a deodorant!
2. It's a refreshing body powder!

FAVORITE WITH
BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

"A/S"
STICK DEODORANT

So easy to apply... glides over the skin!
This “Always Safe, Always Sure” deodorant gives sure, lasting protection. In solid-stick form—wonderful for traveling—not a chance of dripping, staining! 75c.

Prices plus tax.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:
hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCHES:

Gene Nelson's best friends, Gordon and Sheila MacRae and Marge and Gower Champion, deserted him when he left his Miriam for Jane Powell. They're sticking by Miriam's side... And Jess Barker's pals have deserted him because of that black eye he gave Susan Hayward... I've got a feeling Ingrid Bergman will give up her fight to obtain the custody of daughter Fia. Ingrid is completely surrounded by children, now—her own brood of four, including Roberto Rossellini's son by a former marriage, plus what Ingrid describes as "family children," which category includes Roberto's brothers' and sisters' children... Her studio fears that Rita Hayworth's romantic interest in Dick Haymes will harm her career.

Shirley Temple, back in Hollywood, tells us she wants to remain "just a housewife." It may be just an attempt to find out whether her fans want her back on the screen or not, but this is what Shirley told me about family life and housekeeping: "I'd rather be doing this than anything I know. I've found great happiness in my marriage and in running my home... Of all the critical raves for From Here To Eternity, the lion's share went to Frank Sinatra. Frankie Boy should never have to work in another nightclub after his performance in this fine movie... Ann Blyth asked that the newshounds let up for a while. "We had so much publicity during our courtship and at the time of our marriage," Annie explains.

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

Judy Holliday's husband was reportedly looking down his nose at the many, many public—and private—huddles Judy and Pete Lawford were having concerning the staging of their nightclub act... The noise when Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard broke up was almost as loud as the Susie Hayward-Jess Barker bust-up, the difference being that Gloria and Cy were back together again next day... Their friends were pulling for the John and Patti Derek marriage to hold together, and this just before the new baby was due!... Joan Crawford is sore at the person who gave out the story that Joan herself doesn't sing the songs in her new picture, Torch Song. As a matter of fact, it wasn't Joan's voice when the picture went out for its first sneak preview—it was that of a new singer named India Adams. Next thing we knew, Joan had asked studio boss Dore Schary if he would let Joan re-dub it, this time with her own voice, and as we go to press I don't know whose pipes have been decided on, Joan's or India's. Just before they separated, John Carroll and his wife, casting director Lucille Ryman, tossed a gigantic "breakup party" to which 300 guests were invited... Gossip is that Bette Davis' poor health is not being improved by the return from Europe of her ex, William Grant Sherry.

ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Taylor cabled a birthday bouquet from abroad to his ex, Barbara Stanwyck... And once a year Bill Holden sends roses to this same Missy Stanwyck because she once upon a time insisted that he co-star with her in Golden Boy... Linda Christian, Ty Power's spouse, has three astrologers: one in Hollywood, one in Mexico City, one in Rome... Paulette Goddard's Switzerland home is a diamond's throw away from her ex, Charlie Chaplin's. (Continued on page 20)
Mrs. Lily Rekas of Connecticut may be a hardworking wife and mother, but she’s also a very attractive woman.

"I wash 9000 pieces of glassware a year…but I’m proud of my pretty hands!"

When Lily Rekas lifts a glass to toast her husband, he can see that her hands are as soft and pretty as a bride’s.

Yet those hands have to wash thousands of glasses a year. (And so do yours!)

Detergents make lighter work for Lily. Detergent suds really melt away dirt and grease. But—those suds can also take away the natural oils and youthful softness of your hands!

How does Lily keep her hands so nice? She never forgets this simple step. After detergents or any harsh cleanser—pure, white Jergens Lotion goes right on her hands.

Being liquid, Jergens penetrates instantly (doesn’t merely “coat” skin). In seconds, it helps replace softening moisture hands need.

It has two ingredients doctors use for softening. And women use much more Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world.

You ought to see Lily’s lovely hands. They’re two of the best reasons for remembering Jergens Lotion.

So keep on using detergents, and keep on using Jergens Lotion. You can tell your husband about your hard work—but don’t ever let him feel it in your soft and pretty hands.

Use JERGENS LOTION—avoid detergent hands
Are you in the know?

If you'd hoist a receding chin, check—
- Your hat
- Your hairdo
- Your neckline

If your profile tends to backslide, check the 3 items mentioned above. Keep your hats simple, forsaking all angles. Your hair? Soft—(and shorten that mane)! Also, duck the draped or cowl neckline: definitely not your dish. Come "those" days, you can build up your confidence—via one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

When planning a blind date for Sue—
- Choose a lad you like
- Brief the dates
You figured Steve's the answer to any gal pal's blind date prayer. 'Cause Steve collects be hop (grade A); keeps everyone spellbound for hours with those albums! Everyone except Sue, you discover. Her hobby's photography, remember? Moral: choose a couple with kindred interests. And brief the dates about each other, so they'll be set for conversation. To set a gal at ease at problem time, Kotex is the answer; gives softness that holds its shape.

To add greenery to your allowance—
- Shrewish tantrums
- Present a statement
Shrewish tactics won't budge Dad. For "green thumb" results in wallet care and feeding—present a statement of your living costs; offer to meet Dad halfway by foregoing a few luxuries, phone sessions. Of course, as to "certain" needs, it pays to buy the finest . . . Kotex. For what's more important than peace of mind—with the extra protection this napkin gives?

Want to get "certain" facts straight?
- Ask Sis
- See a librarian
- Read "V.P.Y."

Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus lively illustrations (by Walt Disney Productions). Hints on diet, exercise, grooming . . . do's and don'ts a girl should know. Send for your copy today. FREE! Address P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 13113, Chicago 54, Ill.

**HOME FIRES BURNING:**

Audie Murphy hopes the March stock arrival will be a girl . . . Janet Leigh was working on the set of *Prince Valiant* when Tony Curtis came back home from Honolulu. Janet's director, Henry Hathaway, gave her the day off, explaining that he wanted Janet and Tony to "catch up" . . . Whenever Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac are invited to a dinner party, Ginger insists on being seated next to her groom. It's love, kiddies . . . When you ring the bell at Yvonne De Carlo's below-the-road cottage in Coldwater Canyon she sticks her head out the window and hollers. "Come on down but watch out for rattlesnakes!" And you know something funny—there's something about those dark canyon roads that may mean he ain't kiddin'!

Loretta Young and Tom Lewis celebrated their Lucky Thirteenth wedding anniversary. Newlywed Rosemary Clooney is miffed already that spouse José Ferrer doesn't have enough time to be as domestic as she'd like him to be . . . Dinah Shore flew back from an eastern trip in one plane; George Montgomery in another. They never fly together, which is insurance for the children—just in case . . . A recording company asked Katie Grayson to record an album of lullabies with her five-year-old Patty Kate—and Katie says she's willing if Patty is!

**FINANCIAL PAGE:**

Bing Crosby, in trying to sell his Beverly Hills mansion for $100,000, didn't get many nibbles because it takes a staff of five to run the estate properly . . . Alan Ladd and Kirk Douglas hoped to return from making pictures in Europe with $1,000,000 apiece; because of the Government's action on stars spending eighteen months abroad, they'll be lucky if they make $200,000 apiece. But that, of course, ain't hay! . . . Ann Sheridan has been trying to sell her house, too. L. cost her $125,000 originally, plus $3,000 a month. So when in June she signed a contract to make five more pictures for Warnings, in addition to *Feather River* and *Rear Guard*, at $100,000 each, that's how hot he is! And Jack Palance, who couldn't get a job eighteen months ago, is now getting $50,000 per picture. He should thank Joan Crawford every day of his life—for insisting that he be her leading man in *Suddenly, Son.* . . . New York's Hotel Pierre offered Van Johnson $3,500 a week to do his nightclub act in its Cotillion Room . . . The Betty Grable-Harry James deal to play the Chicago Theatre in Chicago is for seventy cents of every dollar taken in at the box office. The Shuberts are now in their stage revival of *Ziegfeld Follies* while Harry leads the band.

(Continued on page 22)
At last... a "Calorie-Curve Control" girdle!

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

*Just as the hands of a sculptor* fashion beautiful contours—so the invisible "fingers" of Magic-Controller smooth and mold your figure and control those "Calorie-Curves."

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—controls those "Calorie-Curves" as never before!

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 $5.95
Other famous Playtex Girdles, from $3.50
Extra-Large sizes slightly higher.

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.
Let LISTERINE help you get through the winter with fewer Colds or Sore Throats

Take a Tip from the Nelsons! See and Hear "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARLEY!"
Two different shows, radio and television, every week. See your paper for times and stations.

Used Promptly and Often, Listerine's Germ-Killing Action Can Often Help Head Off Trouble Entirely or Lessen Its Severity.

At the first sign of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or irritated throat, start the family on that wonderful Listerine Antiseptic gargle... and keep it up!

You may spare yourself and your family a long siege of colds. That is also true of sore throats due to colds.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces
Listerine fights infections as an infection should be fought... with quick, germ-killing action.

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

These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling... as much as 80% even an hour after.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users
Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

We repeat, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands... why not you?

At the first symptom... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick and often!
Ava Gardner and dozens of other
M-G-M stars know that shiny stockings
pick up ugly highlights, make lovely legs
look unshapely. That's why M-G-M stars
wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings on the
screen and off. Cameo's exclusive Face
Powder Finish glamourizes their legs
with a permanently soft, misty dullness.

And Cameo adds more Leg-O-Genic
glamour with Wonder Top nylons—
the top stretches for new comfort,
the stockings fit beautifully!
Personally proportioned Bur-Mil
Cameo nylons give up to 40%
longer wear by actual test, too!

Cameo Wonder Top nylons . . . $1.50
Other Cameo nylons from $1.15 to $1.65
We might have said: "Tampax is sanitary protection the wearer can’t even feel."
We could have said: "Tampax avoids embarrassing odor."
We thought of saying: "Tampax is so easy to dispose of."

But Tampax does so much for you that it’s difficult to single out any one advantage. We want you to learn about Tampax, know about Tampax, try Tampax — because we honestly believe it makes "those days of the month" much easier for women.

Tampax is worn internally. It’s not only invisible, but actually unfelt, once it’s in place. No more bulky external pads — no more belts, no more pins. You can even wear Tampax while you’re taking your shower or tub.

And how refreshingly different it will be to have sanitary protection that’s so small you can actually carry a month’s supply in your purse. Do try Tampax! It’s available at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

THE ROBE The long-awaited Technicolor version of Lloyd C. Douglas’ famous novel is a movie milestone in which 20th Century-Fox has unveiled its new super-wide Cinemascope process for the first time. Heading the all-star cast is Richard Burton as Marcellus, the young Roman officer assigned to the Crucifixion. Having incurred the hatred of the Emperor’s son Caligula (Jay Robinson), over the purchase of the Greek slave Demetrius (Vctor Mature), Marcellus is sent to garrison duty in Jerusalem while Caligula takes the opportunity to make advances to Marcellus’ fiancée (Jean Simmons). Marcellus and Demetrius arrive in the Holy City on Passover eve, witnessing the Messiah’s entrance into Jerusalem. Demetrius is converted to the new religion, but Marcellus is contemptuous, gambles for Jesus’ robe on Golgotha. When he puts it on he becomes violently conscious of his guilt and feels he has gone mad. Demetrius picks up the robe and escapes. Returning to Rome, Marcellus finds that the “bewitched” robe has become a symbol, is ordered to find and destroy it. But Marcellus himself is converted, and with the disciple Peter (Michael Rennie), witnesses the torture and death of Demetrius and his miraculous resurrection. Cinemascope, by the way, is neither 3-D nor just wide screen. It is a wide angle on a curved screen combined with three-dimensional sound for a new kind of realism. No goggles.

THE CADDY In case you’ve wondered how Martin and Lewis teamed up, The Caddy will tell you. You see, Jerry’s father was a golf champ, Jerry could have been one, too, if crowds didn’t panic him, and if every time he eyed the ball the ball didn’t wink. Martin’s father owned a fishing boat, but a glass of water could make Martin seasick. It was inevitable Martin would meet Lewis. Martin’s sister (Barbara Bates) was engrossed to him. Jerry persuaded Martin to enter golf tournaments. Lewis cuddled and was always left holding the bag. Martin got invited to swank parties; Lewis got the gate—watchdogs pursued him, barked, nudged him. But whenever Lewis fell on his face, or into a swimming pool, there was always a little fat man standing about three feet away, helpless with laughter. You ought to be in show business, he kept saying. And it was this little fat man who put them there. that is, according to The Caddy, whose cast includes Donna Reed, Fred Clark, Clinton Sundberg and Romo Vincent.—Pam.

GIVE A GIRL A BREAK When a star turns prima donna and walks out on a Broadway musical, what are you going to do? “Give a girl a break,” says Gower Champion, director and co-star of said musical. Next day the theatre flooded with anxiety-ridden hopefuls, among whom are Debbie Reynolds, Marge Champion and Helen Wood. These three are great but they can’t all fit into one costume. Gower is with Marge, Bob Fosse—general assistant and coffee runner—apses into a coma over Debbie, and composer Kurt Kasznar turns off eyes toward ballerina Helen Wood. Colorful dances, based on daydreams of love and glory enter here. The champagne float against a backdrop cut out of the Modern Museum; Debbie and Bob break up a jungle of bright balloons and Kurt, uncomfortable in fleshless tights, hurleps a pas de deux with swanlike Helen Wood. Ira Gershwin wrote the music to music by Burton Lane. And Stanley Donen directed.—H.G.M.
The deep secret of Dry Skin care

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

There's no mystery about the problems of dry skin. The flakiness, the "grainy" look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that hint of wrinkles are all too familiar to many of us. The puzzle is why more women don't learn how lovely dry skin can be.

Dry skin, with proper care, is apt to be far more delicate-looking, clearer of blackheads, enlarged pores and blemishes than any other type. And the finest care I can recommend is a single cream so effective that a five-minute application really gets results—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream.

The secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream's success is literally a "deep" one. All face creams, naturally, contain softening ingredients, but many simply grease the surface of the skin. Woodbury, however, also contains an exclusive ingredient called Penaten which carries the lanolin and four other rich softening oils deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.

5-minute facial—
that really works

Smooth rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin with gentle upward strokes. Leave it on for 5 minutes, then tissue off. Your mirror will reflect a fresher, more youthful look than you've had in years. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that five minutes does the trick—provided you do it faithfully every day. And if you'll act now while the sale lasts, you can get the big $1.00 size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for only 69¢ plus tax—so little for such priceless results!

Dear Helen—

Thanks for saying I looked nice in my latest picture! And I'll report, since you asked, that I use Woodbury Cold Cream.

It has an ingredient called Penaten (exclusively Woodbury) which makes the cream penetrate deeply into pore openings and cleans every particle of hidden dirt. Of late Woodbury cleanses and softens more thoroughly than any cream I ever used. (And now the dollar size is only 69¢!)

Try it. You'll find Woodbury Cold Cream leaves your skin so fresh and soft. Thanks again.

Eleanor Parker

Special! $1 SIZE FOR 69¢
Woodbury Cold Cream or Dry Skin Cream (for a limited time only)
Why Be Fat?

Ilona Massey Tells You How to Reduce

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 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.

THE STAND AT APACHE RIVER Most pictures starring Stephen McNally seem pretty good to me. The Stand at Apache River is a tense, exciting western. It concerns only the siege of an inn at a stagecoach stop by a band of Apaches. But what emerges amid the violence and terror are several effective if somewhat sketchy portraits. There's the Colonel, Hugh Marlowe. Killing Apaches amounts to a disease with him, giving you more than a glimpse of how corruption turns power into evil. Pasted against Marlowe is McNally, a sheriff. He also stands for power, which he tries to temper with reason. Even so, his reason often explodes into self-righteous wrath and he has the muscle to back it. Among the women, Julia Adams is more or less a sweet, brave thing, but Jacythe Greene, the inn-keeper's wife, is a bitter, frightened person who deteriorates rapidly under pressure. This isn't 3-D, for which you'll be thankful when the arrows start whizzing by. Technicolor—U.I.

LITTLE FUGITIVE As any psychologist will tell you, it isn't easy to be somebody's kid brother. Especially when you are about six years old and big and your friends think you're nothing but a pest. Little Fugitive started out as a study of a couple of siblings caught in Brooklyn, but what it turned into was a day at Coney Island. If you've never been to Coney, this will be instructive. Big shot (Ricky Brewster) sprinkles ketchup on his chest and falls down. His kid brother (Richard Andrusco—and that is a darling boy) has a gun in his hand, so he thinks he has committed murder. He runs away, via the subway, and has a ball at the amusement park with everybody accepting his dough and no questions asked. Big brother repents, finds him on the beach and takes him home again, not much the worse for wear. But it will come out on the analyst's couch some day, don't worry. Where was Mama? Out visiting a sick relative. Ray Ashley and Morris Engel produced Little Fugitive. What it lacks in professional polish is made up in eager intensity.

THE ALL-AMERICAN All-American Tony Curtis quite football the day his parents are killed en route to a game. His father had wanted him to be an architect, so he picks up a scholarship to an Ivy League school. He belongs to the place the way Marilyn Monroe belongs at Radcliffe. Richard Long, whose father (Donald Randolph) owns most of the school and possibly the entire United States, would like Tony to pack up his pin-striped suit and leave. He is not alone in this desire—until Tony clowns into his cleats and knee-guards to help glory on alma mater. Pretty soon you can't tell Richard Long from an alcoholic, he's that depressed about democracy in action. Anyway, Len passes out in a beer-joint under the guidance of his off-limits sweetheart, Mamie Van Doren. When Tony tries to save Richard from himself, Mamie opens a beer bottle on his head. The eve of the big game, too. Want to bet Tony plays in that game? Richard, too. Cast includes Lori Nelson, Greig Palmer, Herman Hickman—U.I.
DEVL'S CANYON Five hundred men and a girl (Virginia Mayo) are serving time together in the Yuma Territorial Prison, a prison that makes Sing Sing look like heaven. Virginia has it easy—it works in the hospital. But Stephen McNally, a brutal killer, Dale Robertson, who shot McNally's brothers in self-defense and 493 other prisoners, including Arthur Hannenetz, aren't ecstatic. The warden (Robert Keith) is okay, but the chief guard (Jay C. Flippen) is slightly sadistic. He figures it's a good day when three or four prisoners expire on the rock pile. He doesn't like Dale. Neither does McNally, who throws a knife at him in the mess hall. Well, McNally and Mayo plan a break, and McNally is bent on turning all the inmates in the direction of Yuma, trusting they will lift the lid off that town. He, personally, will lift the lid off Dale Robertson. But you know what happens to the best laid plans. Naturally, this is in Technicolor and 3-D.—RKO.

THE DIAMOND QUEEN Fernando Lamas' old man (Richard Hale) shatters a diamond he's cutting for the crown of Louis XIV. Gilbert Roland throws senior to the guards, but takes junior to India. India is rife with diamonds. India also has a jungle, in the middle of which is a pool, in the middle of which is, of all people, Arlene Dahl. She's bathing. Arlene is Queen of the Nepalese who are currently dying of thirst. He hasn't raised out that way since the diamond eye of their goddess was stolen. To get it back, Arlene will marry Sheldon Leonard, the Great Mogul. He promised it to her for a wedding gift. Give me the diamond, says Fernando to Mogul, and I'll give you France's secret weapon, so you can conquer India. Sure, says the Mogul, much to Arlene's displeasure. That Mogul gets blown to kingdom come during an impromptu demonstration. But Arlene never liked him, anyway. Supaso and Asoka revive interest with their Indian dances. Technicolor.—Warner.

THE MOONLIGHTER A lynching mob breaks into jail to hang Fred MacMurray for "moonlighting" (rustling cattle after dark) but they nab some poor editor instead and MacMurray rides back to Barbara Stanwyck. Not that she wants him. You're bad, Wes, bad, she tells him. I don't want no part of you. I and your kid brother are going to be married. Kid brother is a bumbling young fellow in his thirties (William Ching) who works in a bank and is dying to rob it. MacMurray and Ward Bond give him the opportunity. Danged if Stanwyck isn't sworn into the posse to track 'em down. Time she catches up to Mac he's pretty disgusted. He didn't want to be a "moonlighter." He didn't want to get even with the lynchers, which vengeance he effected by lassoing a few of them and dragging them over the rocks behind his horse. But somebody forced him into this sordid life. Somebody's initials are B.S. who urged him to get off the farm and make something of himself!—Warner.

Genuine Registered Keepsake Diamond Rings
Out of your Dreams

Somewhere softly, you hear an organ play.
And in your dreams you happily glide down the aisle
to the one you love.

Such wonderful dreams are reflected forever in the radiant beauty of a Keepsake Diamond Ring. For Keepsake is the bride's traditional choice...the perfect symbol of love.

If the name Keepsake is in the ring and on the tag, the diamond is guaranteed, registered and perfect. At better jewelers everywhere from $100 to $10,000.

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Please send free booklets, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Also 44-page "Bride's Keepsake Book" gift offer and the name of nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

Name.

Address.

City and State

A.H. Pond Co., Inc. Syracuse, Antwerp, Amsterdam

A. H. Pond Co., Inc. Syracuse | Antwerp | Amsterdam

PHONE WESTERN UNION'S "OPERATOR 95" FOR YOUR KEEPSAKE JEWELER'S NAME

A. TALBOT Ring $975
   (White Gold)
   Wedding Ring 150
B. VISTA Ring $300
   Also 100 to 2475
   Wedding Ring 12.50
C. PINEHURST Ring $200
   Wedding Ring 100

Man's Diamond Ring $100
Available at 75 to 250 to match all engagement rings.
All rings available in either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal tax. Rings enlarged to show details.

Trade-mark registered.
I dreamed
I went square-dancing* in my
maidenform bra®

Circle round and watch me whirl
—I'm promenading in my dream of a bra!
I'm stepping lively, looking lovely...
with Maidenform to call the tune
this country style is city-slick.
And don't you love the lift
it gives an old fashioned hoe-down!

Shown: Maidenform’s Over-tuær®,
in acetate satin, broodcloth,
nylon lace and taffeta... from 1.75
There is a maidenform
for every type of figure.®
Send for free style booklet.
Maidenform, New York 16

THE GOLDEN BLADE Picture Baghdad in Technicolor—
the bazaars, the palaces, the rabble rousers in the
square shouting their lungs out. Unrest, you see.
The Princess Khairuzan (Piper Laurie) and her
pup, the Caliph (Edgar Barrier) are being plotted
against by the chief minister (George Macready)
and his sub-normal son (Gene Evans). Nobody counted on
Rock Hudson to come galloping in, brandishing the
Sword of Damascus, a golden blade which hacks
through iron like nobody’s business. The blade has
magic powers, and it’s always falling into the wrong
hands at the most crucial moments. It finally gets
plunged into a stone wall at the palace and the
legend goes that he who would rule must unsheathe it.
Plenty of blood is spilled meanwhile; there’s an
old fashioned joust and enough plots and counter-
plots to make you dizzy—but not bored. The Golden
Blade has a delightful Arabian Nights flavor.—E.L.

INFERNO Bob Ryan was just another millionaire
until his wife (Rhonda Fleming) and a clean-cut
chap named William Lundigan left him in a western
desert to rot. It isn’t really murder, is it? Rhonda
asks Lundigan who has been studiously covering up
their tracks and throwing evidence all over the
Rocky Mountains to make it look like accidental
suicide. It’s murder, says Lundigan, the realist, but
he overlooks one thing: Robert Ryan is not about to
do, even though he’s perched on an eagle in an
aerie with nothing but a broken leg and a canteen
of water to occupy his mind. When he realizes
what his treacherous bride has in her mind he leaps—or
limps—into action. Displaying all the ingenuity of a
caveman with a 20th century brain, he gets the devil
out of that wasteland. How he does it is what makes
this picture. Watch out for the snake—it’ll leap
right into your popcorn.—20th Century-Fox.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Col.): A brilliant por-
trait of Army lives and loves adapted from James
Jones’ best seller. Excellent performances by Mont-
gonery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr and Donna Reed.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (20th-Fox): Mary-
lynn Monroe and Jane Russell in tights and Techni-
color as Anita Loos’ uninhibited gals with diamonds
on their minds. Also involved: Charles Coburn,
Tommy Noonan, Elliott Reed.

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

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 Fab-
ray and Jack Buchanan.

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.

EAST OF SUMATRA (U-A): Jeff Chandler, Marilyn
Maxwell, and Susan Bell get involved in a South
Sea tussle with native chieftain Anthony Quinn
over a tin mine. When the engineers find their sup-
plies cut off they decide to settle matters by duel
with flanking torches and daggers. Technicolor.
Get set to make your "get away" from that working world... to enjoy a delightful weekend in the Big City, gay vacation at a dude ranch, friendly visit back home, thrilling football game—or any of a hundred other exciting things-to-do in Autumn!

When you go Greyhound you sit back and relax behind one of the world’s finest drivers. You’ll travel the Nation’s most scenic highway routes, enjoy time-saving straight-through service, and save money every mile!

WITH GREYHOUND’S THRILLING EXPENSE PAID TOURS

Greyhound’s Expense-Paid Amazing America Tours are complete pleasure trips—with hotel accommodations, transportation, and special sightseeing all included at one price! Not like ordinary "conducted" tours—you can travel alone, in a twosome, or with a group of friends. Write for details about tours like these:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CHICAGO</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>$18.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAN FRANCISCO</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW YORK CITY</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>28.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAS VEGAS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>17.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOS ANGELES</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>13.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLORIDA</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>77.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SALT LAKE CITY</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>10.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WASHINGTON, D.C.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>24.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city, U.S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.

Greyhound’s Expense-Paid Amazing America Tours are complete pleasure trips—with hotel accommodations, transportation, and special sightseeing all included at one price! Not like ordinary "conducted" tours—you can travel alone, in a twosome, or with a group of friends. Write for details about tours like these:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CHICAGO</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>$18.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAN FRANCISCO</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEW YORK CITY</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>28.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAS VEGAS</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>17.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOS ANGELES</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>13.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLORIDA</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>77.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SALT LAKE CITY</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>10.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WASHINGTON, D.C.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>24.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Add Greyhound round-trip fare from your city, U.S. tax extra. Prices subject to change.
ANN BLYTH, CO-STARRED IN MGM'S "ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"  

ANN BLYTH agrees... Every girl needs a LANE in her life!

Unusual modern chest in Seafoam mahogany with roomy drawer in base. Model #2583. $79.95*  
Also in blond oak, #2582; Cordovan mahogany, #2585. Lane Table, #240. Chest price, $49.95*  

LANE CEDAR CHESTS  
Also makers of Lane Tables  

LANE CEDAR CHESTS  

*55.00 higher in the West to higher freight costs—slightly higher in Canada. ©1953, The Lane Company, Inc.

LANE CEDAR CHESTS

Attractive modern in lustrous walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #2674. Also in gray walnut, #2669. Each, $59.95.*


Handsome 18th Century chest in rich mahogany with convenient self-lifting tray for smaller things. Model #2601—$59.95.*

Stunning modern in blond oak, with self-lifting tray. Model #2966. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #2979. Each, $59.95.*

18th Century chest in glorious mahogany. Full-length drawer in base, simulated drawers above. Model #2221—$79.95.*

Striking modern in blond oak with simple, charming lines. Self-lifting tray. Model #2968. Also in walnut, #2995. Each, $49.95.*

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 1/2-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: Knechtel, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Many Lane Chests at...

$49.95 Easy terms
They were married twice—
to each other,
and now they’ve come to
their second separation.
After seven years of trying,

"It just didn’t work"

BY ALICE FINLETTER

A tall young actor was sitting in his
room in the Hotel Sherry-Netherland
looking down on New York’s Central Park.
His name was Jeff Chandler, and he had
come to the big city to do promotion
work for a film, The Great Sioux Uprising,
in which he was playing the lead.
This thirty-four-year-old giant with the
deep bass voice and the prematurely grey hair
should have been happy. After all,
this was his home town. This
was the return of the native, a classic
example of the local boy who had
made good to the tune of almost $3,000 a week.
Only Jeff wasn’t happy. He had just
finished speaking to his wife in
Hollywood, and Marge hadn’t changed her mind.
She wanted a divorce. No hurry about it, but
after seven years of trying, they both
knew it was hopeless. Divorce was the answer.
Jeff got up and paced his room, and as
he did, a soul-searing realization over-
whelmed him—the more successful
his career, the less successful his marriage.
In seven years he had worked his way
up from nothing to full-fledged stardom, and in
those same seven years his marriage had
deteriorated (Continued on page 81)
THE SHOCKING FAILURE OF SUSAN HAYWARD'S MARRIAGE

by Louella Parsons

She had been in hiding for the few days after the story of their startlingly sudden separation broke. When she came in, I noticed she was trying to keep one side of her face away from me.

"Susie, darling, don't do that," I said, "I already know about that black eye Jess gave you. Don't you know, by now, that you don't have to keep anything from me? I'm your friend."

Suddenly, she was in my arms, not crying or sobbing, but holding me tight, just as she used to do when she was one of my little starlets on our stage road tour and someone had hurt her feelings.

No, she was not crying as I patted her shoulder, because she was past that stage. The tears had dried up long before this, or else they were dropping back inside instead of spilling down her face.

That poor eye. So discolored and swollen. The whole side of her face was puffed, distorting one of the loveliest faces in the world. It was as though an artist with a misplaced sense of drama had made one side of a woman's face perfect and the other bruised and discolored.

The girl I have known and been fond of for so many years sat down and started talking almost in the middle of her story, as though the deep hurt were crowding to come out.

"We had been quarreling, and I saw he was going to slap me. He had slapped me many times, but this time I could tell it was going to be worse."

"His face was so distorted with rage I knew he had lost control of himself. I knew I was in great physical danger."

"I was brought up in a tough section of Brooklyn and I've seen men get drunk on their pay nights and beat up their wives, but it was nothing like this."

"He went after my face and I kept running from him, first all over the house and then down by the swimming pool where he caught me."

In a voice so low I had to lean close to hear her, she told me how he beat her unmercifully, blacking both eyes and bruising her body. Susan's screams brought the police to the house. Neighbors had telephoned them. (Continued on page 87)
"Hi, honey—so long, dear"

By Kirtley Baskette

The Hestons have had only one joint vacation in ten years of marriage—and even then, they read scripts.
They say goodnight on the telephone and they see each other on a movie screen
—but the hectic Hestons are making their long-distance marriage work!

One lonesome evening, a dainty, brunette doll called Lydia Clarke was happily watching her favorite actor, Charlton Heston, perform Shakespeare’s Macbeth on a television program. Suddenly she screamed, clapped her hands over her hazel eyes and blanked out, mercifully.

Mrs. Heston had swooned at the sight of a grisly head—unmistakably her husband’s—hacked off at the neck, dripping blood and lifted up by its familiar curls before her very eyes.

Luckily, Lydia came to in time to see the man she loved taking bows with a perfectly sound Adam’s apple and telling his public he hoped that they had enjoyed the show. Obviously, one of these—his wife—had not. Lydia hadn’t known about the flesh colored, rubber head, carefully molded to a perfect likeness of Chuck’s features for that gory touch of realism. Her big, lovable, exasperating husband had neglected to tell her about that.

Fortunately, Lydia Heston’s recovery from the shock was complete, although she wasn’t quite herself for days. She had time to reflect that the long distance married life of two actors left a few things to be desired. At other times, Charlton Heston has had the same misgivings.

On a recent night, for instance—this time when Chuck was in Hollywood and Lydia in New York—he put in a midnight phone call and soon heard the familiar feminine tones of his wife saying, “Hello . . . hello.” But at the same time he heard an unfamiliar baritone saying the same thing. Chuck clicked the operator impatiently. “Something’s wrong,” he complained, “Try it again.” She did; same result. Back came the wifely greeting—and the same disturbing man’s voice too. Well—you know how husbands are.

“Look,” barked Chuck, “I may be old fashioned—but just what the hell is a man doing in your apartment at three o’clock in the morning?”

There was, Lydia came back sharply, no man in her apartment, but obviously some obnoxious male character on her party line. “Get off!” yelped Chuck to the unknown kibitzer and was invited in colorful language to get off, himself. So all that came of that tender long distance contact was a three-cornered hassle, rising blood pressure and some sleeplessness for the Hestons.

Both Charlton and (Continued on page 83)
PERFECT BALANCE

No two people have ever been so together around the clock—

by Jack Wade
To the sleepy gas station attendant, the slim figure rapping at his glass door looked like some little girl lost. It was plenty past midnight in Hollywood and he'd seen her scurry across Sunset Boulevard from the darkened front of Schwab's Drug Store. Her round, brown eyes under the blonde, bun-tucked hair looked anxiously troubled, and he thought, "Some dame who got ditched by her date after a hassle."

So when she said, "May I use your telephone?" he just grunted, "Help yourself," and went back to the race track results. But he looked up again when she told the operator, "New York, please," and started feeding half-dollars into the slot as if it were a Las Vegas one-arm bandit.

You couldn't blame him for eavesdropping a bit after that but he didn't hear much. Just this girl telling some Joe across the country, that she loved him and couldn't sleep until she heard (Continued on page 60)
by Richard Moore

Wrapped in blue jeans instead of marabou, Marilyn Monroe was camping in Jasper National Park with the rest of those who were working on River Of The Sun. No matter how Marilyn is costumed, she doesn't look as though she belonged in the north woods. As a matter of fact, although she'd surely look more natural in southern California, she doesn't seem to notice where she is, just now.

For Marilyn Monroe is the most married girl you've ever seen!

For months, everybody has been reading about Marilyn's romance with Joe DiMaggio. Would she marry him? Wouldn't she?

Here's the answer to that. This is a girl in a dream. True, she's wrapped up in her career. So wrapped up that when a visitor arrived on the location scene, he found her pacing back and forth between takes muttering lines. She looked up, caught his eye, said, "When did you get back?" and kept right on pacing and rehearsing.

Later she sat down with him to talk it over. "There may be a surprise for you on the train tonight," he told her, repeating the rumor he had heard (Continued on page 80)
MONROE

and the

WILD LIFE
love begins at 30

During Ava Gardner's playgirl period, before she had become the second Mrs. Frank Sinatra, she frolicked in a Hollywood night club with that perennial escort of beautiful women, Peter Lawford.

Ava danced with verve and abandon and grace. She sang as she danced, and occasionally her lips would break into a wide smile as Lawford whispered sweet nothings. Back at her table, she imbibed freely, chain-smoked, greeted friends with warmth and delight; in short, she appeared to be a classic Hollywood Sybarite.

One man, a wise old MGM executive sitting in a corner booth with his wife, wasn't fooled.

"You see Ava Gardner?" he asked. The wife nodded.

"There," said the old man, "sits the most mixed-up girl in Hollywood. This one," he went on, "doesn't know whether she feels sad or glad."

"A very beautiful girl," the wife of the MGM executive said. "In fact, the most beautiful girl here."

The studio executive nodded slowly. "Unfortunately," he said, "it's all exterior beauty. All on the face, Inside," he tapped his chest lightly, "the poor kid is bedeviled. A million little devils scurrying inside her soul. I don't think she'll get rid of them until she is thirty. Maybe not even then. Time will tell."

A few weeks ago, he was reminded of his appraisal of Miss Gardner and assured that she is thirty years old now. Does he think she is emotionally unscrambled?

The executive smiled wryly. "To begin with, Ava is now Mrs. Frank Sinatra."

Does that make so much difference?

The executive paused (Continued on page 88)
Homesick but happy
In my pursuit of the Alan Ladds, I checked in at the lush and famous Banff Springs Hotel. Getting lost is a hazard in this tremendous castle-like structure which can accommodate 1200 people. Although it was dwarfed by the huge peaks of year-round-snow-capped Mount Rundel, this place is busier than Times Square on a Friday before a long weekend. Eventually, with the aid of a college student—one of a couple of hundred employed during the tourist season—I made the mile-long trek to my room. There, on the door, was a sign that read:

"Bert: We're waiting for you. Please get in touch."

When I went downstairs, I found the Alan Ladds in a beautiful oak-paneled room, having dinner with the hotel manager and his friends. Sue threw her arms around me and exclaimed, "Golly, it's good to see someone from home." Alan, right behind her, stretched out one sun-tanned paw and gave me a grip of the sort that will break three fingers unless you're braced for it.

(Continued on page 74)
The experts on Lana's love life have been wrong every time. This time no one—not even Lana—is predicting a thing!

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

anything can happen

When Lana Turner is in love, anything can happen. And it just did.

After months of rumors and counter-rumors Lana married Lex Barker at City Hall in Turin, Italy. The wedding came as a surprise in Italy, since the American Consulate had not been informed of the date in advance, as is customary overseas.

At home the wedding was a different kind of surprise. There had been no question of Lex's intentions. The superlatives Barker had used to express his admiration and affection for the 33-year-old actress are endless. Certainly a proposal from the one-time Tarzan was expected to be forthcoming the moment his divorce from Arlene Dahl was final. But nobody knew what Lana's answer would be. Nothing she does seems inevitable. In fact, she didn't know, herself, what she would do. At least, so she said. Here is a portion of a conversation she had only a few weeks ago with a (Continued on page 72)
Among the rumors you might have read about Mario Lanza, are the rumors about his home—stories that his handsome Bel Air house is equipped with gun turrets, secret trapdoors, a tremendous wine cellar, and a great, big gymnasium. All of this is interesting, if not true.

Mr. Lanza does enjoy large-scale living. But he expresses this in outsize livingroom and bedroom furniture—not in arsenals and playing fields.

The Lanza’s house is a tremendous, rambling, Mediterranean-style mansion that occupies a knoll overlooking Bel Air, the swankiest residential district in Los Angeles. It is a two-story job, well concealed by lush foliage. Years ago it cost $250,000 to build.

“Few people can afford to build homes like this any more,” Mario says. “The walls are at least two feet thick. We have a private patio paved with beautiful Spanish tiles. We have our own fountains, our own statuary. Really, it’s out of this world.”

With a housewifely shake of her (Continued on page 48)
The Lanzas live in a *casa* in Bel Air—and all of their fourteen rooms overflow with children, guests and singing—and just plain happiness!

**House of the Month**

Betty holds Damon, 8 mos, the latest Lanza, while Mario beams proudly over his two girls, Colleen, 5, and Ellisa, 3.

Muted rose sofas and gold lampshades accent the quiet, cream-colored fireplace and pale green rug; the gold motif is continued in the Chinese scroll design of the mantelpiece.

Mario's favorite combination of green and rose reappear in deeper tones in the formal dining room. Another Lanza favorite: the wrought iron chairs and window design.

The paneled library holds Mario's oldest, most prized possessions. Located in a remote corner of the house, it is his private haven. Only Betty is allowed in to dust and straighten up a bit.

The Spanish patio is a completely walled outdoor room, displaying a magnificent tile floor and a barbecue featuring the same tile design and supplementary gas burners.
The master suite, in a separate wing of the house, boasts a private stairway, two balconies, and on $1800 bed—huge, even for Hollywood, but just big enough for the Lanzas' early-morning romps with the kids.

Mario believes childhood is the time for fun, provides kids with plenty of toys. The big pink nursery adjoining the youngsters' sleeping quarters is their first try at a joint playroom for the children.

LANZA LIVES BIG continued

head, Betty Lanza admits that her house is beautiful. "Only," she adds, "the architect did some pretty funny and impractical things. Maybe he didn't worry about mundane matters, but he forgot to provide sufficient space for hanging clothes. This house is built on a hillside, you know, and the only level spot we could find to hang our clotheslines is under the master bedroom. Also our dressing room closet—it's only large enough for Mario's wardrobe, so I've had to use the linen closet for my things. I took out the shelves and put in some portable racks. On the whole, however, the good features of the place certainly outweigh the bad ones."

The Lanzas have had five homes since they first arrived in California, and this is the only one in which Mario has ever had a music studio where he could work without interruption. He rehearses at least two hours every day, usually from one in the afternoon to three. Many days, however, he will sing for five or six hours, then knock off, play some recordings, or watch TV. The Lanzas have three television sets in the house.

The most striking room in their house is the living room which is really a miniature concert hall. It is fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty feet high. There is a dais at the far end. When the Lanzas entertain and Mario is asked to sing, he mounts this dais and gives out, Singing, of course, is the great passion of his life, and once he is sure the audience is with him, he'll go through his amazing repertoire even if the party lasts until four in the morning.

At a recent Lanza shindig, Della Russell, Andy's wife, asked Mario to sing "Song Of India." By the time the tenor had finished it, Della was crying unashamedly. Mario repeated the song four times before his father insisted upon his doing an old Neapolitan tune.

When the Lanzas first moved into their new home last fall, there was (Continued on page 70)
"Most of us are problems to ourselves.

I have had to be honest and admit it.

But I'm working on it. That's the most
— and the least—a man can do."

to all as to myself

by Dan Dailey

It is not to my credit, religiously, (at least it isn't a clear credit) that I served as an altar boy at St. Christopher's in Baldwin, Long Island. Unfortunately, the part of my position I liked the most was the opportunity to appear before an audience. I was more the actor than the acolyte.

When sometimes, as during Holy Week, I was permitted to read to the congregation from the Gospel, I was really in my glory. And I did a good job. Just the same, it ought to be pretty evident that my piety was not all it should have been. It still isn't. But if there are hurdles I still must take, some thinking about myself I still must do to straighten out my views, I am a man of faith, if not in steady church attendance, at least in my overall view. There is a bond. I seek to be deserving of a stronger one.

As I see it, getting to be the person you should be, religiously, takes in more than just your relationship to your church. What you are to your family, to your neighbors, and to your fellow worker must match. I might add that what you are to yourself must be examined sometimes, and straightened out, if you want to do an honest job. This isn't always easy. I've had my troubles.

You can put yourself into the hands of the experts on this sort of thing, the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, but even they will tell you that ultimately the cure rests with you; it rests on your ability to adjust to a world that is rarely as you would have it.

I remember talking to the administrative head of the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. He was posting me on my relationship to the institution (Continued on page 78)
On Debbie's schedule, friends come first. She keeps her busy young life in order by scribbling notes to herself on an official Girl Scout Calendar.

Is it Bad to be Good?
She's got a big thing on baseball, and she drinks her root beer straight.

How natural can Debbie get?

BY JIM NEWTON

A few months ago, the spectators at an industrial league baseball game in California's San Fernando Valley saw that one of the pitchers was blowing up. And they knew why. Seated among the crowd in the crude, wooden stand behind home plate was a young girl who was riding him expertly. "What's the matter?" she would call. "Just because you're cute can't you put the ball over?"

Ever since she had arrived, in jeans and light pullover, people had turned to each other and speculated about her identity. In her attire and manner she was like any of a dozen other girls present, yet everyone agreed that her face was familiar—they had seen her somewhere before. The girl resembled the third baseman on one of the teams, and it was apparent that she was rooting for his side. Several innings passed before everybody found out who she was. Word got around after some old men, retired gaffers who came daily to smoke their pipes and watch the games, were heard speaking to her. "Been watchin' ya, Debbie, while you were away," they said. "Been seein' how you been doin' in the movies."

Debbie Reynolds, after a round of personal appearances through South America and a season of playing summer theatre in the middlewest and southwest, was back home in Burbank and again fitting happily into the ways of the community she loved.

"Oh, you robber!" she screamed at the umpire, as he called a questionable strike on her brother Bill, who was playing for the Burbank Blues against the Blanchard Lumber Nine.

"That's the old Debbie," murmured one of the oldsters approvingly. "That's tellin' him. You hain't forgot your baseball."

Debbie "hain't forgot" more than her baseball. She "hain't forgot" her old friends, her Girl Scout activities, the taste of a double root beer float at Bob's Drive-In around the corner from her home, her mother's sewing room where she always got in her mother's way—and still does—and a thousand and one other warm elements of her girlhood. Riding high in glamourland, where the pitfalls, both social and professional, are as deep as the heights are dizzy, she is so heart-tied to the old and beloved associations of her youth that new ones—the kind that so often trip up a young star—have no undue attraction for her.

As one of her old school friends puts it: "Debbie hasn't pulled a 'boo-boo' yet and she isn't going to. Hollywood isn't going to get her because Burbank's got her!" (Continued on page 62)
AUDREY HEPBURN

She is the most exciting new star of 1953—and here is her own story, told in her own words to JANE WILKIE

Everything Hollywood has ever accomplished, all the actors it has ever discovered, all the pictures it has produced, have been 'sensational', 'terrific' and 'colossal'. The words have been used so often that by now nobody listens to them.

So when Hollywood got its first look at Audrey Hepburn on the screen, in Roman Holiday, the press was left without suitable adjectives. It was necessary, and accurate, to describe this new, young actress in the most complimentary terms, but somehow the correct words sounded empty. She is truly great, but the critics who saw the press preview agreed it was going to be difficult to convince the public that Miss Hepburn is that magnificent.

After the showing was over, the editors present immediately began to plan Audrey Hepburn stories, certain that the minute Roman Holiday was released to the public, there would be a surge of curiosity about her. The next morning, Paramount’s publicity department was swamped with questions. Where did Audrey Hepburn come from? What was she like? Was she under contract? What did she eat for breakfast? Was she married?

They didn’t know a great deal. She had been born near Brussels and educated in England. She had studied ballet, and she had played the title role in the Broadway production of Gigi. Her performance drew rave reviews. The show had toured the United States, and William Wyler had contracted her for Roman Holiday, to be made in Rome. Before Miss Hepburn was whisked away to eastern cities and eventually to Italy, Paramount publicists managed to learn enough about her to write a brief biography. Unfortunately, Miss Hepburn was not available for interviews. She was in England and would not return to Hollywood until September, when she would star in Sabrina Fair.

This was a disappointment to everyone, Modern Screen included. Roman Holiday would be released in September, and everybody would want to know all about Audrey Hepburn, at once.

Modern Screen had an idea, though. “It must be done, and there’s a way to do it. Tape an interview and send it to her in England, and with Paramount’s cooperation, she will tape record her answers and send them back.”

So over at Paramount studio, a very uneasy reporter was hooked up to a frightening machine that looked like the instrument panel of a Stratocruiser. Then they stuck a microphone in her hand and said, “Go ahead.” (Continued on page 90)
It's been a good life

Ty Power has been many things—soldier, playboy, wanderer—in his search for inner peace. Now he is finding what was there all the time.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

When a film star decides to buck the stage, somebody always wants to know why in thunderation he does it and the star replies that it is a challenge. It is an innocent colloquy, predicated on the knowledge of both that the star is at least temporarily washed up in pictures and is needful of maintaining his wardrobe, his alimony, and his three meals a day.

In the case of Tyrone Power, there occurred a mildly interesting switch. Power, who is not washed up in any sense, still did not bother to reach for the "challenge" handle. He said "security."

"Work," he said, sweating frankly in 106 degrees of Lone Pine, California, heat, "is the actor's only provision for security. It's his back door, the old escape hatch. That goes for the rich ones, too, and how many of them do you know? I know some. Got enough money in the bank to last them till they die. Last 'em real fancy, too. But they haven't got security. They're stagnant. You know who I mean? Wealthy, idle, miserable in the knowledge of their own limitations, actually very unhappy people. I don't care how well-upholstered a vacuum is, it's a vacuum. Nature hates its guts, as somebody has said before me. And better. You go forward, you go backward, or you die. And if you're going backward, you might as well send the mortician a memo anyway. Just so he can begin scratching around, getting things ready. But the squirrel cage is worst of all." (Continued on page 67)
A tragic sidelight on hollywood glamour

RITA'S
A bored little girl shuffled through the steps of the Seguidilla and brought her castanets to a languid stop.

"Rebecca Welles! Please do it right, just once, for me, then you may go."

Eduardo Cansino's pretty, hard-working, second wife, Pat, was again entreating Rita Hayworth's older daughter to work with the rest of the children in the Saturday dancing class. Rebecca thrust out a defiant chin and went through the steps again, mechanically.

Her hair was carelessly combed and her brown and white checked gingham dress was not particularly becoming. There was no spark of interest or pleasure in her brown eyes.

Across the room, with Rita's housekeeper and two nurses, Rebecca's stepsister, the Princess Yasmin, sat quietly watching the class.

Yasmin, an exquisite little creature, was dressed just as a baby Princess should be dressed. She wore a handmade, pink, French organdy dress. Her softly curled hair shone from careful brushing and her pink hair ribbon was placed just right.

None of the dancing class mothers or nursemaids seemed to pay attention to the tragic difference between these two daughters of Rita Hayworth. The doting mammas on the sidelines watched their own darlings. Many of them, and a large portion of the American public, have forgotten, perhaps, that Rita Hayworth has an older child named Rebecca.

Suddenly, Rebecca's face brightened. Grandpa (Rita Hayworth's father) had come into the (Continued on page 92)
The nation's newest heartthrob is casual about his success; sprawls happily (and untidily) all over the Sutton Place apartment he took over from Eddie Canto the kid from Philly

Eddie sings about love
but his only love is singing.
Here is the story of America's new dreamboat—
and the girl he didn't marry!
BY JOAN KING FLYNN

- Studio 6 B at WNBTV was humming.
Outside the door, an usher had a list of those who were to be permitted inside during the rehearsal. It was a long list. In the TV theatre the audience seats were occupied by an assortment of producers, writers, kibitzers, TV technicians, press agents, song-pluggers, fans and friends. They were all there to see Eddie Fisher or to attend to business connected with some offshoot of his career.
The person who seemed least affected by the activity and excitement was Eddie Fisher himself, the star of Coke Time.
Because of his vivid coloring, his black curly hair, deep brown eyes and tanned skin, the tall TV star is better (Continued on page 64)
A DAY IN EDDIE FISHER'S LIFE IS FILLED WITH FRIENDLY PEOPLE, WORK AND CASUAL LIVING.

Former GI Fisher loves sleeping late, and well made, sporty clothes. Life-long pal, Bernie Rich.

drops in for lunch and sociable chat. Eddie's friend and valet, Willie. cook, Gypsy, pick up after him.

and advises him as to what to wear. He goes to TV rehearsal. He kids guest star Martha Wright.

... and stops for friendly chat with fans. Day's end with book on idol, Bing. and everyone's music but his own.
perfect balance

(Continued from page 37) his voice. He didn't know that for this soothing assurance, Marge Champion had rolled down from the top of the ladder, and when she landed, she didn't have a telephone then, to haunt Schwab's booths for three hours until they swept her out, trying to talk a Manhattan hotel into violating its rules to help her. He didn't know how important it was to her just to hear a tall, boyish-looking and undeniably drowsy fellow say the words she had to hear. But of course he didn't know Marge and Gower Champion.

Since Gower had gone to New York, everything had gone wrong. First, the plans for the honeymoon had gone out the window, and it was now the middle of the night. In the studio, three feet of water had poured onto the expensive cork dance floor they laboriously had just had put in right upstairs. Then it took Marge, two patrol cops and assorted friends until dawn, bailing and swabbing in hip boots, to save the place. Then a windstorm had whipped up, sending the windows and doors whistling around the place like boomerangs. After that, a tipsy milkman whirled into the drive and knocked over part of the milkshake stand. Two cherished cats had vanished and, just to wrap things up dandy, a cop had ticketed Marge that morning for crossing a white line.

Marge wasn't the Boss in on the bad news that night—he had the choreography of a Broadway show on his mind. But just saying hello made things more than a little easier, and he would soon be home. She gunned her roadster back up the hill and flopped into bed.

Luckily the absent lover blues have seldoms seized Marge Champion in her half dozen years of putting on marriage. Marge and Gower have been as inseparable as shadows—walking, eating, working, playing, sleeping.

A few days before last October 5, the graceful, crewtcut stringbean Marge Champion loves pulled the gold engagement ring off his dainty wife's finger and took it to him. He would soon be home. This year the diamond he added to the glittering arc of five is the brightest of all to Marge and Gower—and with good reason.

When he bought that ring, Gower Champion had to scribble the pockets of his lone tuxedo to do it. The Champs were a struggling dance team then, chronically in hock for rent and gas. And they'd decided to have a basement apartment. They had prospects, it's true, but few dance dates.

Now things are different. As anyone knows, the Champions are the most popular, highest-paid dance duo in America. Since they danced Hollywood four years ago with their fairytailed, romantic grace, they've been on every screen.

Their pictures hit as Mr. Music, Showboat, Lovely To Look At, Everything I Have Is Yours and Give A Girl A Break. They've also been, and still are, record smashers at the best hotels and nightclubs all over the land and on tv, too. Last year they collected $130,000 and many awards for this. Warners, they've had, which have always wanted—a big time career.

The grey house with the black shutters tucked into a Hollywood hillsale is also what they call their bower. And the two barrels of knickknacks, the Laubert poster and the unpaid-for piano with which they started housekeeping are now, for the first time ever, paid for! antique and modern furnishings, good prints and sketches, shelves of books, racks of records—all the things that make a house the kind of home both Champions loves. And they won't have to get a baby galore, five spoiled cats, and two white cars in their garage. But most of all, they've got each other, and a marriage that grows richer and firmer every day. And Marge and Gower Champion's Siamese twin setup, is the most amazing accomplishment of all.

Now, ideally the ancient rites of marriage violated by them before the ghee. But in practice, many brides and grooms who have shaken the rice out of their hair will attest that it is nothing of the sort, although it is true that sometimes they get to the hedges every day by the sin anniversary. They talk alike. A sort of mental telepathy develops so that they think the same things at the same time. For instance, even the Champions, which as one critic marveled, "seems as if they had radar in every muscle." For example, Marge tripped, making an entrance, and fell on her knee. Behind her, Gower immediately made the same stumble and flopped the same way.

When they played the Statler hotel in Cleveland, Marge got woozy with a fever. The next day she was all over red spots.

"Measles," he said. So they slopped her into the contagion ward of the City Hosp. and she got her health back, and no way of communicating with him—no phone, not even notes that might carry germs. A City doctor took over, and for a couple of days Marge might as well have been.

The place was swarming with speckled kids. One of them peeped at her and blurted, "You don't have measles—you only think you do," and Marge wondered. That noon, her original doctor came in. "I'm not supposed to be here," he said, "but your husband keeps insisting you don't have measles. To keep him quiet, I came."

Well, she didn't have measles. Just flu and a sulfa reaction. But how did Gower ever know that, with Marge unincommunicado?

"Love, my friend, is sometimes weird, but it's also fairly common with any Mr. and Mrs. What's remarkable in the Champions' case is that the side-by-side, round-the-clock, over-the-mountain control of the situation under the nervous tension of creating, pressed by deadlines, exhausted by physical exertion, remains a lovebird affair. As a good pal of theirs, a star whose home they visit often, and a genuine marvel, "By now, those kids should be sick of each other, but they get sick without each other. The way they live, they can't."

They probably need their breaks. They don't have kids, they don't have husbands, they don't have homes. They are free, the answer is always, "Of course. If we don't have to perform." Nowadays, what the Champs call "Arthur Murray dancing" is for them, curiously, a rare aspect, that long ago they decided, sentimentally, to step out to the Del Mar Club at the Beach. As teens, they had gone on dates there.

But that was sure enough, the bandleader spotted them, stepped to the milke and—there went the romantic evening. They were on exhibit. That happens all the time. They're glad it. You can't help it. There are for one of the things that keeps them at home, or sends them scurrying back early. "At midnight," laughs Miriam Nelson, "Gower and I do after going into pumping. But there's a bigger reason for that. Their home is another powerful binder for their marriage. Both Marge and Gower were free."

For one thing, neither of them ever really had a home until they had this one together. Gower was a divorce orphan from the age of three, brought up by his mother, who was a divorcee. And it was her father who brought her up. In both cases, the job, though done singly, was done well. Still, it wasn't what the rest of the world. A couple of families have, in effect, joined up.
AUG ustine was an epoch in the annals of Hollywood: a period when two of its greats, Gower Champion and Denise Darcel, dared dream about it. When they first teamed up to dance. Their love story started when both were senior high school students. But that gapping time and their marriage they both collected some beautiful bruises going through separate mills.

While she was still in her teens, Marge had the shattering experience of a broken heart, Gower fiddled around with disappointing attachments. Both tackled New York alone and when they met again they finally knew what they wanted—they didn't lose touch with their lives together with champagne, nor even beer. When they were married six months after their first dance engagement, they couldn't afford a honeymoon.

But if Marge and Gower Champion were sometimes short of cash, they've never been short of love and courage. It took a helping of moxie, in the first place, for Marge to ditch the best chance she'd ever had at Broadway—when she stepped up the lead in Rodgers and Hammerstein's Allegro to join Gower chasing their rainbow. Later, it took some more to leave the east, where they'd made a name, and take on Hollywood. That shrewd show business queen, Sophie Tucker, for instance, told them they were crazy to come to Mocamo in Hollywood.

"You'll die on the floor with that tough audience," she predicted. "But," she sighed, "you're both young and you'll bounce back."

As everyone knows, at Mocamo the Champs bounced not back but ahead—right into pictures. And on the first Hollywood hop they bought the house where they live. They couldn't afford that then, either: the steep slope of the hills made it tough. But they knew it's been worth every penny they mortgaged themselves for—not only as the security anchor both Marge and Gower craved, but also to finance their high pressure two-career marriage.

Marge has a deep affection for flowers. She still keeps three pressed roses which her mother gave her when she left home, and stillHopeless Romantic}.

{UNIQUE SUCCESS STORY}

Denise Darcel, the Cattle Boat War Bride

Although the love has long since gone, French-born Denise Darcel arrived in this country as a French war bride, aboard a cattle boat. Later divorced, she began to concentrate on her singing-career, and oddly enough her extreme beauty has been her greatest handicap. She first created a sensation in the picture, Battleground, in which she had the only feminine role in a costume that out-Russelled Jane Russell. From that point on, producers couldn't see her talents as an actress for her statuesque and startling physique. Slightly snubbed by those who failed to realize that she had both dramatic and comique ability, Denise took to the night club circuit. One evening she volunteered to substitute for Danny Thomas and went on with such competition as the Ritz Brothers and Jane Powell, and completely stole the show. She kept the promise she made to herself not to go back to Paris until she made good. When she returns to this country this time, not on a cattle boat but on the Ile Avril, the magnificent character played briefly by Zsa Zsa Gabor in Moulin Rouge—a far cry from her first effort as the slave girl in Lex Barker's initial Tarzan picture.

That will still leave her with one unfulfilled ambition: she'd like to fall in love again, for keeps. In Hollywood she has yet to meet the man who will look not at her figure, but into her eyes, which, by the way, are about as disturbing a pair of eyes can be.

\begin{flushright}**People are so used to seeing the Champions a deuce that when either shows up publicly without the other, it's a natural gossip item.**

Last time, that happened after one of those Sunday night parties when the Nelsons, Nanette, Lisa Kirk, Curtis, Leigh and company wanted to go on to Mocamo. Gower shook his head because he had a dance idea on his mind and wanted to block it out at the crack of dawn on Monday. But Marge got talked into going on alone. "You'll be sorry," kidded her boss. She was. That brief exposure without Gower made the room buzz and next morning the columns had question marks and their names.

It will take mightier crooks than those to pry the Champions apart. After six solid years, they're still happy with each other, although they are together every hour. That could be because, as one critic recently observed, "They dance, not from their feet up, but from their heads down." It could also be because they keep dancing from their hearts out.
Debbie is still "investing" in friendship.

Between her South American tour and the summer theatre work, last season, she had just five days in Hollywood in which to study scripts, learn the musical score of her first show, *Best Foot Forward*, and be fitted for costumes. Any other star would automatically have gone into seclusion under the stress of a rugged schedule like that. Not Debbie. She not only called and talked to her old pals, she took a day off to give a baby shower in her home for one of her three closest friends, Diana Higley, now Mrs. Barry Cheek. The other two members of this high school crowd, enters the theatre—and then stands in the corner where she can watch the other stars arrive.

That's exactly the program she and Tab Hunter followed when he took her to the Stagy IV premiere in his salmon-colored convertible.

After the show he checked his money and told Debbie they could have as wild a time as could be squeezed out of two dollars and fifty cents. They bought forty cents for a root beer float and lemonade in a drive-in.

When Debbie is with kids she grew up with, being herself comes easy. With others she acts differently. And she does. She can't stand the strangeness that falls like a limp cloak between her and people who are overpowering by her previous work.

"The most important things about the kids I know is that they are down to earth, yet very reasonable about other people's lives, and you are wealthy, that's okay with them, just so you don't pin the dollar sign on your sleeve. They know I'm doing well in the movie, but when they hear about my getting up at five o'clock, morning after morning, to get to the studio, and not getting back until way after dinner, they begin to think I'm crazy. 'Hey, that's not like you,' they say, 'You're working too hard, girl. Slow up.'"

When she went to Girl Scout camp, Debbie had a different problem. She had never met the seventeen-year-olds placed in her charge and her first two days with them didn't go well. She knew they couldn't accept her as a real person. She was a movie star and they insisted on being her friends. She knew they were writing a book about their war experiences—much to Debbie's discomfort, sometimes.

"I often wonder if they know I'm with them because they want a Reich or carry a little pad and pencil, and every few minutes one of them thinks of something for the book. Out comes the note pad and they scribble away like mad. If I want to dance they offer to find someone for me!"

Like the rest of Debbie's friends, Paul and Danny see her as a sweet, bright girl, not as a movie star, and they seem to keep her that way. She's not a bit bashful about straightening her out when they think she needs it. Like any girl, especially when an inward gift for mimicry, Debbie will sometimes unconsciously take on the color and manner of people around her; she'll return from the studio, for instance, acting a bit like the grande dame. When this happens the kids go to work. They look at her coldly and ask, "What's with you?" And before she can figure out what they mean, they add, "So what?"

Debbie knows she has been "glorifying." Her mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds, takes a hand at this, too. Not long ago, Debbie was introduced to a female reception attended by many of Hollywood's English set and began talking like a female David Niven. After she had "rawwared" a place for a few minutes Mrs. Reynolds interrupted to ask Debbie to please swallow.

"Swallow what?" asked Debbie.

"All that mush you've got in your mouth," her mother told her.

Debbie swallowed and talked straight again. She is grateful to her mother and the others for jerking her back into character every time she starts riding a high horse.

"If ever I get away from being just me," she says, "I'd be sure to wake up some fousome, Barbara Christie and Jeanette Johnson, suggested that Debbie might not have the time to spare. "Of course!" responded Debbie. "Diane's first baby? Why nothing could be more important than that!"

That wasn't all. Debbie had just returned from playing Hinsdale, Illinois and Dallas, Texas, where Diane went into the hospital to have her baby. Her three pals got hold of her husband, Barry, took him to Debbie's home, fed him and tried to talk him out of his worry. Three times, they pulled him out of the pool into which he kept falling while he wandered around the place in his distraction. "This boy is just proving the end!" the girls agreed, and kept a sharp eye on him until the baby was born.

Debbie keeps her appointments straightforwardly using a system unlike any other star's. She has no book. She just uses the annual calendar issued by the Girl Scouts of America. It hangs on the wall of her room. Whenever she makes an appointment, she puts in a note about it in and around the particular date on the calendar. Noodled between the numbers in the month of July, for instance, are fragments like "Debbie's birthday, July 2nd," "Barbara Christie's birthday, July 3rd," "P. O. (piano lessons), PR-TH (attend premiere with Tab Hunter) and B (bowling with Paul and Danny)."

When Tobi without a forewarning she is both star and fan, of course. She drives up in style, makes her little speech over the public address system for the benefit of the crowd, enters the theatre—and then stands in the corner where she can watch the other stars arrive. That's exactly the program she and Tab Hunter followed when he took her to the Stagy IV premiere in his salmon-colored convertible.

After the show he checked his money and told Debbie they could have as wild a time as could be squeezed out of two dollars and fifty cents. They bought forty cents for a root beer float and lemonade in a drive-in.

When Debbie is with kids she grew up with, being herself comes easy. With others she acts differently. And she does. She can't stand the strangeness that falls like a limp cloak between her and people who are overpowering by her previous work.

"The most important things about the kids I know is that they are down to earth, yet very reasonable about other people's lives, and you are wealthy, that's okay with them, just so you don't pin the dollar sign on your sleeve. They know I'm doing well in the movie, but when they hear about my getting up at five o'clock, morning after morning, to get to the studio, and not getting back until way after dinner, they begin to think I'm crazy. 'Hey, that's not like you,' they say, 'You're working too hard, girl. Slow up.'"

When she went to Girl Scout camp, Debbie had a different problem. She had never met the seventeen-year-olds placed in her charge and her first two days with them didn't go well. She knew they couldn't accept her as a real person. She was a movie star and they insisted on being her friends. She knew they were writing a book about their war experiences—much to Debbie's discomfort, sometimes.

"I often wonder if they know I'm with them because they want a Reich or carry a little pad and pencil, and every few minutes one of them thinks of something for the book. Out comes the note pad and they scribble away like mad. If I want to dance they offer to find someone for me!"

Like the rest of Debbie's friends, Paul and Danny see her as a sweet, bright girl, not as a movie star, and they seem to keep her that way. She's not a bit bashful about straightening her out when they think she needs it. Like any girl, especially when an inward gift for mimicry, Debbie will sometimes unconsciously take on the color and manner of people around her; she'll return from the studio, for instance, acting a bit like the grande dame. When this happens the kids go to work. They look at her coldly and ask, "What's with you?" And before she can figure out what they mean, they add, "So what?"

Debbie knows she has been "glorifying." Her mother, Mrs. Maxene Reynolds, takes a hand at this, too. Not long ago, Debbie was introduced to a female reception attended by many of Hollywood's English set and began talking like a female David Niven. After she had "rawwared" a place for a few minutes Mrs. Reynolds interrupted to ask Debbie to please swallow.

"Swallow what?" asked Debbie.

"All that mush you've got in your mouth," her mother told her.

Debbie swallowed and talked straight again. She is grateful to her mother and the others for jerking her back into character every time she starts riding a high horse.

"If ever I get away from being just me," she says, "I'd be sure to wake up some
DONNA REED 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 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 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.
december's gold issue of modern screen presents four pages of liz taylor, mike and their baby in exclusive color photos with liz and 'britches' on the cover.

Overseas medals still fastened on the front. "I like to keep it where I can see it. It reminds me how lucky I am," civil war singer Proser, said.

Being able to buy all the clothes he wants is a comparatively new experience for him and he doesn't pretend not to enjoy it. Cashmere jackets, shirts and sweaters are among his sartorial weaknesses, he admitted. Black is his favorite color in suits. Not funeral black, but the shining richness of mohair cloth or shantung.

"Somebody once gave me a black sports shirt," he explained, "and I just liked the color." Argyle socks, colored handkerchiefs (which he wears in his jacket pocket in preference to white), sweaters, and even a logo on his right shoulder are all cropped about in the drawers. It looked as though the owner had dressed in haste.

"I have a valet, but he's away on vacation and I'm doing without him." His one other servant, Gypsy, an attractive, poised maid, prepared luncheon. "Bring some melted butter for the lobster, will you please, Gypsy?" he requested, gnawing unglamorously on an ear of corn. True to his sponsor, he drank several Coca-Colas.

When Eddie excused himself to answer the telephone, Gypsy discussed her famous boss.

"He only has dinner home on Tuesday and Thursday nights," she said, "and I never know how he'll be for dinner. He often calls up an hour before and says he's bringing several friends home to dinner."

During luncheon, relaxed and easy to be good-natured, he said, "Well, it seems like yesterday," he said. "I think I should be about eighteen now and I'm twenty-five. Otherwise, I feel very young. I'm ready to go... I'm kept busy these days, but I think I should have had it always to be up early. I used to record at 9 a.m. for the Army shows. At least I don't have to do that now."

"I sing well when I feel good, when I'm not under pressure and when I sing what I like. When I was in the Army, I didn't always sing what I liked, but when you're in the Army you do a lot of things you don't want to do."

His face and voice are very expressive as he speaks, although he says he was bashful and shy as a kid. The fourth of four children, Eddie was born in Philadelphia. The Fishers didn't have much money, and Eddie used to accompany his father's fruit and vegetable wagon, vending his wares in singing.

He has sung ever since he can remember, in the synagogue, in amateur contests, over radio station WHW in Philadelphia.

"Sonny," because as a little boy he used to imitate Al Jolson's "Sonny Boy."

When he was seventeen, he came to New York to seek fame and fortune—and a singing job. "I went down to the Copa and auditioned for Monte Proser," he recalled. "I sang many songs. Afterwards, Proser told me, 'I'll pay you $125 a week. Is that enough?' I would have paid him to let me work there if I had the money, but I didn't realize I'd be singing with girls. I wanted to sing alone and I wanted to have my own show."

"I woke up wearing a costume and singing with eight girls," he said. "I was at the Copa for over two months. It was like home. Joe E. Lewis was the star while I was there. I sang songs like 'The Great Big World Is Yours And Mine,' 'Simon Bolivar' and 'They Say That I'm Too Young.' "

"I was libbed, 'I was and I still am.'"

A special evening at the Copa is a bright spot in Eddie's memory.

"I recall an informal evening," he said, "when Joe E. Lewis would introduce the celebrities in the audience. One night Frank Sinatra, Eddie Duchin and Vic Damone were there. Vic had just started to wear the Ray Ban sunglasses. That's when the world knew he was the real thing."

"I recall the time I invited a couple of people wanted to be my managers, but Milton Blackstone, a friend of Monte Proser and head of an advertising agency, became my manager."

"C'mon, can you mess around with this kid for? He's not good enough. He's not going to be that big." But Blackstone was one of the few people who really had faith in me. He has
taught me many things. He taught me patience, which I didn't have."

Eddie needed patience. After his thirteen-week stint at the Copa he was out of work for nearly a year, with an occasional singing engagement at some small club, or the steadier but financially not very remunerative work of singing on the staff of Grossinger's.

As he sat on one of the modern sectional couches in the livingroom, looking casual and comfortable in brown slacks, a white, long-sleeved sport shirt and brown and white loafers, the rv star discussed many things: that he likes to get presents; he doesn't smoke, although once in a while he'll pick up a cigarette, but doesn't inhale; that when he first came to New York he saw a Perry Como picture. He couldn't remember the title but he remembered that Perry sang "Here Comes Heaven Again."

When he played in a recent golf tournament, he was in the foursome behind Perry Como.

Eddie sang his own song hit which was particularly apropos, "I'm Walking Behind You."

Perry's answer was his favorite quip, "You crazy, mixed-up kid," and then Perry burst into song, kicking back, "Mine, Tell Me That You're Mine."

Eddie's buddy, Bernie Ruth, chopped by. Bernie has his own apartment, but while his mother or visiting friends use his abode, he bunks at Eddie's.

This is very convenient for Bernie. He gets to wear Eddie's shirts, socks, and ties which as he says, "are so much nicer than the ones I can afford."

Bernie can have delusions of grandeur, too, for Eddie leased him drive his new navy blue Cadillac convertible. They're used to sharing what they've got because for a long time they had nothing between them.

Five years ago, Bernie and another friend from Philadelphia, Joey Forman, came to New York. Bernie wanted to be an actor and Joey a comedian. Eddie was living in a hotel room and his two pals moved in. Since Eddie was the only one working he got the bed. Joey used to take the mattress off the bed and sleep on the floor. Bernie didn't have it so good. Frequently he found himself relegated to the bath tub.

Bernie had one phrase to describe his friend Eddie: "Complete selfless."

"There's nothing he wouldn't do for any of his friends," he said, and told how when Eddie was booked into the Paramount after being discharged from the Army, he insisted that Joey Forman be signed as the comic for the stage show.

Excusing himself with, "You don't mind if I borrow one of your shirts, do you, pal?" Bernie left.

Eddie called after him, "See you at rehearsal. Do you want to borrow the car?"

"No, I'll let you use it this afternoon," Bernie said generously.

Laughing after him, it was evident that the comfortable-as-an-old-shoe friendship he enjoyed with Bernie helped to relieve the strain and tension of many a day. As long as Bernie and Joey Forman were around it was pretty hard to think of himself as anything but Eddie Fisher, the poor kid from Philadelphia who used to play "Slick" on a teen-age program there for 15c a week carfare.

"Ever since I was a kid, or ever since I can remember, show business was in a dream," Eddie reminisced, "show people and people like Bing Crosby, John Garfield and Al Jolson weren't like other people to me. They weren't earthly men. But when I came to New York this whole bubble burst. It wasn't what it thought it was. It's glamorous but not as glamorous as I thought it would be. There's only one"
I'm not a fellow who talks about himself,
other people's business. I'm not supposed to be famous,
for that reason people are all sorts of people who knew
him when, the "I remember" friends.
"Eddie went with a girl by the name of Joan Wynne," a former co-star
had told The modern screen a few days before the
publication of the profile with Eddie.
"He's a fellow that the boys at the Copa,
were all a part of the Riviera, too. Nobody
knows why they broke up.
Joan Wynne was sixteen, brown-haired
and blue-eyed, when she first met Eddie.
Fisher at the Copa. She's twenty-four now,
and still single, as cute, pretty and shapely
as ever, but her hair is tinted a soft red
and she wears it short in the current fashion.
Backstage in the dressing room of the
Riviera nightclub, where she has worked
for three seasons, she was willing to
show off her star quality.
"Eddie and I were a big romance for
a long time," Joan Wynne admitted, "something
like five years. When we first met we
were both just out of high school, a first
job and everything. There wasn't any of
this glamour or anything such as there is now.
It was completely different.
"Besides working in a nightclub, we
never saw the inside of one. In the first
place, Eddie never had any money. He only
worked at the Copa for three months.
I was there for a year and a half. After he
left, he didn't have a job for almost a
year, I'd say, but he still came around
to the Copa and waited for me. He never
came into the club because he didn't have
the money. He didn't like to be around
like a bum.
"When he was working at the Copa, we
used to go for walks along Fifth Avenue
and Central Park between shows. In the
afternoons, we went to the movies on
Forty-second Street, sometimes two
and three double features a day. Eddie loves
the movies. Afterwards, we'd have a hot
dog. That's all we could afford.
"Sometimes we visited his family in
Philadelphia. We talked about a lot of
things, our future, religion. His career was
always uppermost in his mind. It came
first, which is the way it should be, I suppose.
"We used to have a lot of fights and
arguments, then two years ago at Christ-
mas we had a big fight. That was the be-
ginning of the end. He wrote to me when he
was in the Army, and we're still
friends. A couple of weeks ago, he was out
at the Club with some friends. I went
out and sat down with him.
"Then I think he's changed at all. He has
good instincts. He isn't flighty or fickle. It's
just that there are always millions of
people around him, a million phone calls,
a million things to be done. It's as though
he had two heads. He thinks nothing
of working hard and singing and meeting
people.
"Eddie always said I was the only one
he could really relax with, but after we
had our big argument, I started seeing
other people. I want to be happily mar-
rried. I met someone who is just about
the finest person I ever met. He's wonderful,
but Eddie was never in my mind when I met
this person and I know that was bad,"
Why, then, if this love of Eddie's had
consumed a fifth of his lifetime, was he so
reluctant to talk about it? Or maybe
there was some truth to the reports that Eddie's
mentors thought it better if he remained single.

These were questions that only Eddie
could answer.
He was there for the answering, relaxed
and handsome, sitting in his livingroom,
one of the most successful entertainers in
America, today, and an eligible bachelor.
Because he is a person—honest and
anxious to be liked and understood he
broke his long silence about his love life,
his romantic interests and told the side of
the story.
His dark eyes flashing, he unleashed his
feelings.
"I have never been advised by my
managers or anyone else about my per-
sonal life," he said adamantly. "I'm free
to do whatever I want, when I want, and
how I want."
"It's just that I have been so tied up with
my career, with the TV show and radio,
that I haven't had time for much social
life. This is the first time since I've come
back from the Army that I've been in one
place so long.
"As for Joan Wynne, she's a wonderful
girl. We're friends. We went together
for a long time. I was just starting out in show
business, and I didn't meet many people. We
always went around together. I was
struggling and she was very, very nice. We
were good company, I went steady with her,
but it was a long time before I even
knew anybody when I came to town. I'd
call her up and we'd go to a movie, some-
times two or three," he chuckled.
"Afterwards, we always talked for a long
while, I guess I just didn't love her enough,
if I didn't marry her. All my time was
spent with my work, with my singing.
There was never a girl in my life who
came before singing.
"This business of not getting married
because it might affect my career is non-
sense. I won't get married until the right
girl comes along.
"I like the outdoor type, the natural girl.
I would prefer that she not be in show
business. It wouldn't be good for two
careers. There'd be a conflict. I'm very jeal-
ous. I want my wife all for myself.
"So far," he said simply, "I haven't met
the right girl. When she comes along, I'll
be wonderful.
With fervor and feeling, the bachelor
baritone had cleared up the secrecy sur-
rounding his love life. He proved another
thing, too—that he's an all right guy look-
ing for the right girl.
It's been a good life

(Continued from page 54) Lone Pine had promoted another half-degree of heat while he was talking. This was August and Lone Pine was really leaning into it. The scene was location for 20th Century-Fox’s King Of The Khyber Rifles, the fourth week the company had been at it, and everybody looked a trifle wilted. Power and his leading woman, Terry Moore, were having a rough time of it in a dismantled fortress looking out on what was presumably India’s Khyber Pass. Although Power and Miss Moore had spent most of the day in the fortress, they now were just getting ready to reach it, a piece of directorial sequence too complicated to go into. They had to grope in out of a dust storm, and not even Darryl Zanuck can will a dust storm in the Mojave Desert. Explosives had to be detonated and wind machines set to work. Visitors to the set were being urged to step aside a trifle—say about a mile down the road. “Please, please!” said an assistant to Director Henry King. “Anybody not connected with this sequence, please! Take to the hills!” The wind machines snarled into action and Miss Moore, who is not fond of noise of any kind, squeaked and cowered.

She and Power, among others, were seated on canvas chairs banked forward on a slope-of-earth, directly behind the cameras. Power wore boots, rather snazzy campaign breeches and a T-shirt, having divested himself of tunic and kepi shortly before. Miss Moore, on the other hand, was dressed to kill—any male, for example, who happened to be lurking around Khyber Pass in the middle of the nineteenth century. What she was doing in a besieged fortress thus jogged out was anybody’s guess, with the script writer the probable winner.

“I’m not just generalizing,” resumed Power, over the noise of the machines. “I’d be a fool not to know this thing’s going to blow up. My association with pictures, I mean. I’m pushing forty. The younger men are pushing up behind me. The kids are pushing up behind them. But the trouble with that figure of speech is, they’re not boosting me, they’re dislodging my handhold, and sooner or later, there’s not going to be room for everybody. All right. Last come, first served. That’s how I got there, too. But now’s the time to get the net ready, the one that has to break the fall. Not later. And there you have John Brown’s Body.”

Paul Gregory’s production of John Brown’s Body, as just about everybody knows by now, is the dramatic reading of Stephen Vincent Benet’s poem, in which Power, Raymond Massey and Judith Anderson have been touring the country. It is significant that of the original group, only Power was reasonably firm in pictures. “When,” he said, “you’re through in this business, you’ve got to have established that you can do something else.”

As he spoke, Power's professional standing, as closely as can be determined, was approximately this:

When he first went out with John Brown, he was slipping. He was, for instance, no longer the apple of Fox’s eye, no longer tendered their gaudiest parts as a matter of course, and there had even been talk of a loanout to a lesser studio, worthy picture makers but sometimes an oasis on the escalator down. Instead, the loanout was to Universal-International and a film titled Mississippi Gambler, made in five fast weeks but mother lode as far as boxoffice was concerned. Since there was no discernible reason for this, save Power’s presence in the cast, he found himself promptly back on top of the chute again.

The “moisture-shield” in gentle new Fresh is an extra-effective astringent. This acts like an invisible shield to protect your clothes and stop embarrassing odor.

Instantly—Fresh Cream Deodorant forms an invisible shield to protect you and your clothes.

Wonderful news! Gentle new Fresh with “moisture-shield,” used daily, ends the problem of perspiration moisture which stains fabrics and causes unpleasant odor.

University scientists have proved that gentle new Fresh has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. It’s the astringent action in deodorants that keeps underarms dry. Try this creamy-soft new Fresh today.

Fresh is a reg. trademark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation.

Ice-blue satin gown, an Italian Original by Eleonora Gornett, handmade in Rome. Deodorant, new Fresh.
and tossed by his home studio into Khyber Rifles, big budget stuff for these days. Yet the result the producers seemed to have excited him nor settled his qualms. His verbal animation he reserved for his upcoming John Brown reprise and his problem as a whole: the kind of man that the Republic seemed to affect him as no more than a chore he had done before, likely would do again, and where was a good place to eat that night?

"Fast," he repeated, as though the idea both fascinated and oppressed him. "Forty years. Not quite but almost. There's no such thing as forever. That loanout was the finest he had been to in seventeen years with one studio, take or give a dime. That's all right in a way. In another way—well, it's the old squirrel cage. I've come to one or another, it indicated all of the Khyber set with a wave of his hand, "I guess it's fine for the studio. I've made enough of them. Dashing fellow under the rep, and all that. Stand the varmin' scared to speak. He turned a head down. But the edge wears away and wears away until one fine day you're looking down one a-way street and no room to turn around. That's when you need an erratic."

"Mine, in a sense, came with the war," Power served with honor as a Marine flier, first lieutenant when he returned to peace time. "A man would be a dangerous lunatic to speculating on it. But the edge you get when you have to sit around. The idea was that a man would have all the time in the world. The edge was, 'I thought that picture would do something for me,' Power said. "My mistake."

"Here's where I earn my money," said Power one day, "and I am happy."

Miss Moore walked out into the desert about fifty yards, turned and oriented themselves toward the fortress setup. They joined hands in two lines. He kept close to her, was a deep, coughing blast, three converging wind machines boiled into high, and dust wrinkled and billowed up in an impenetrable cloud. A few onlookers were genuinely frightened, for they had never before seen a scene where Miss Moore appeared out of the holocaust. They were the dustiest people you ever saw, their eyes staring out in pale, dark-rimmed hands, and they developed they couldn't see a thing in there.

"All I could think of," said Miss Moore, "was what if we walked into a wind machine?"

"A hell of a thing to happen to a man up in Khyber," said Power.

There was excitement and confusion up forward. Power grunted and turned sideways. He rose with his hands in his pockets, "A hell of a lens," he translated obligingly. "Got to do it again.

"A hair on a camera lens makes for a picture that is divided and tricky indeed. I can't imagine how anyone ever found out what they'll say anyway, when the picture's released. Doubles, They always use doubles for shots like that. That's what they say."

Power does not, as you know, look forty. He looks, as you know equally well, like a middle-aged, life-grown government employee, with the toothpaste ads with the redeeming qualities of animation, humor, and high, articulate intelligence. He no longer has the jaunty facade of the pre-war years—his features are set now—but there are few lines, few departures from symmetry. He could still bound onto a musical comedy stage in flannels, carol 'Tennis, anyone?' and get away with it, were he so a mind. He is not so a mind.

"After every picture," he said now, while functionaries were chipping off the lampblack and feeding the new, another formula, a change of pace. It was like talking down a rainspout. I don't have to tell you. They knew best. Well, they did know best—for them. And for me, too. Look, let's put it this way, I sit here barking like a seal with colic, but this is strictly shop. I mean, you take the broad view and I owe pictures everything I've got. I'm not saying the beans have been plenty. And by pictures, I've got to mean Fox. Besides all the other stuff, money and whatever the polite word for fame is—public interest, I guess—I've been all around, seen a lot of people. If I go and say I don't know—students—there's just been no limit to it. I've got to say that. Every star's got to say it if he's not the world's bottom slob of an ingrate. But the mistake is to ride with it, sit back and figure you've got it taped once and for all, I've made it, this is the end, I'm up to my rump in the pot at the end of the rainbow. Accept that and it's the beginning of the end. You haven't arrived. You're dead."

A while back, when Tony Curtis first landed in Hollywood, voice coach gave Tony some advice, to eliminate its traces in his film roles. Now Tony is working with a voice coach—to get back some of that Bronx accent for his role as a hoddlum in "The Ringing of the Three Bells."

Sidney Skolsky
N. Y. Post

He stretched out his dusty boots, leaned his head back and closed his eyes, bloodshot from dust and sun and ready for the little man with the drops. "Take Hollywood," he said. "I mean, the industry, the climbers, the tour, the dreary bits. You've set up. It's not really a good place to work. And it's a worse place not to work, to lay off between pictures. Hollywood's a lotus land. The sky is blue, the air is soft, the swimming pools are the right temperature, flowers everywhere, even the outdoor furniture is comfortable. Oh, you could lie back between jobs and vegetate in those lovely surroundings, and God help you! What you ought to do—what I ought to do, what I have to do and do—is get out right after a film and stay out till the next one comes out. I've been making pictures for years. They say death comes like a lover sometimes, and when I breathe night-blooming jasmine, I believe it. No, lotus land is no good for work. The thing now is, make two pictures a year—you can't make any more—and when fall comes, go out on the road and work at your trade. Keep at it. Stay alive, or that monkey with the jasmine breath will get you yet."

Long Pine proper, 1000-old population, twenty-seven miles distant, drowsed historical in its dirt. The village, village. They have drowsed in the shadow of Mt. Whitney, the United States' biggest, if Mt. Whitney had been casting a shadow that day, which, oddly enough, it was not. Lone Pine is a village long inured to movie locations. In a combination restaurant and bar, a waitress said to another: "You seen Tyrones? He's like a picture, it's a photo."

Power thinks of his first name as Tuh—rune. "Uh—uh," said the other. "One I went to see some time is this Robert Wagner." Both mingled, as his perusal of sensation was in the custody of local law, who had orders to have him on the next bus out of town. "I threw a guy through a plate glass window last night and there he is sitting in some goddamn diner. I wouldn't ever again throw a guy through a window. They run me out of Frisco for the same thing."

In the evening, it was cooler, down to about a flat ninety-five. Power, in his room in a motel south of town, was crisp and shaved and dapper in grey slacks and sports shirt, ready to take local friends out to the movies. "That's the easy part. The friends had a filleting station out the road.

"When you're a so-called rising star," he said, "I get on the phone and a man like Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic, or so it seems right now, the psychological outlook is entirely different. You live from one picture to the next, there's no tomorrow. The fact is, you know you're what you say you were, but you could be you're what they call an established star. Don't ask me when or how that day comes because I don't know. But that's when you're supposed to have it made, really made. Naturally, that's not the case. That's the day you begin building for the future. That's the day you remember that sooner or later you should stick to the other house. It's about the difference in psychology, that's the best I can do for you. Come to think of it, it's good enough, at that. He changed the subject.

"You've been around a few weeks up here have really been something. Work, eat, sleep, read, go to the movies if you feel very footloose. Nothing else. It's wonderful."

Linda Christian Power was, roughly two weeks thence, expected to present her husband with the Powers' second child, confident it would be a boy. The prospect momentarily derailed Power's train of thought.

"Linda is truly the one to ask," he said. "The mother's so much closer to these things are under twinned. At the time, a boy or girl, would have free rein until he reached the age of reason. What's that—seventeen? Then I'd want to steer them as best I could, then implement for all I'm bringing them up, law, a lawyer, merchant, nurse—or actor. I haven't any fixed ideas right now, but then our first child, Romina, is only two, you know."

At that age, the boy, I'm sure he would be, will be close to fifty-five and ought to have made up my mind in some way. One thing, either or both do decide that acting's the deal, then I think we can disagree with some of the formal education. It's not necessary to an actor, and I think I speak with some authority. A different sort of schooling and environment would be beneficial and not dissimilar to that I've been, thought. They'll make up their own minds.

Power, of course, is as much the product of theatrical forebears as the Barrymores or the Cummins or the Broughams. All ot the Dublin stage in 1827. That was Tyrone Power, the original. A grandfather declined this particular tag, but Power's own father, a noted Shakespearean actor earlier in the century, was Tyrone Power.

Tyrone Power may be ready to say good-bye to Hollywood now, or at least it looks that way. He is very well established that he wants to set up his own producing company in Rome and that plans are, at this time, well along toward completion. When he's back—where he feels he can get away from ever audiences can be found the circle that, for him, began in earnest in 1936 with the Fox picture, Lloyds Of London, has continued. The dossier above is offered in evidence.

But it was quite a circle for all of that,
and considerably slow in beginning. The first breath took place in Cincinnati, where testimony indicates he was a well-behaved if not prodigious infant. After that, there was a spell of being trunked about from one theatre habitat to another, and a sitting out of World War I on the sands of Coronado, California, while his mother supervised troop entertainment in and about San Diego. Power was roughly thirteen years too young for the draft.

The legitimate theatre took rather kindly to Power as a child mime, although veteran player Fritz Lieber almost tore his head off with a knife—purely by accident—during a rendering of The Merchant Of Venice. By and by, he was ready to forsake this and sniff around the edges of the Hollywood cheese. But the time was not yet.

Furthermore, his associations with the place had been jarred shockingly by the death of his distinguished father. While working on the film, The Miracle Man, he collapsed, and, hours later, he died in his son's arms.

There was stage and radio work further east for a longish spell after that, usually under expert tutelage. Don Ameche helped, Eugenie Leontovich helped, Helen Mencken helped, Katharine Cornell helped. You can't get much better help than that.

Followed then summer stock, followed then more Broadway (notably the role of De Fonsequey in Miss Cornell's St. Joan), followed then Darryl Zanuck.

Nor is it, nor has it ever been, at that time or later, fair to say of Power that his prime asset was a supremely photogenic face with an overlay of animal magnetism. Spectacular refutation, at any rate, of this quasi-slur is contained in the observation of Edmund Goulding, a stage and film director of sound critical faculty, who has referred to Power categorically, as "the greatest actor of this generation." The fulfillment of that one is thought by friends sufficient to warm Power for a lifetime.

Once set in films, Power played his cards as they fell, but with the increasing restlessness of an authentically sensitive and creative talent. The timely— as ever—arrival of the United States Marines intervened. Sensitivity was not precisely what they sought, but Power proved an asset, anyway. He moved up from boot camp at San Diego to oes at Quantico, into Squadron 353 of the Marine Transport command, and flew out of such rest spots as Kwajalein, Saipan, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Kyusha.

A new grip on things subsequently brought him in the post-war years to his greatest stature as a film actor, but, as duly recorded, the inroads of what he believed to be a static situation began to gnaw at him again. The hair in his personal lens diffused the frame into several Tyrone Powers: star, world traveler, international gadabout in a quiet way, some disposition to a scholarly bent to which he has always been more or less subject, and finally the flowering of his professional growth in John Brown's Body. Here was a cleavage, an incite turning away from one thing and toward another.

Power's official Fox biography, a rip-roaring document of eleven pages, states among other musings that its subject's favorite color is blue, his favorite fruit the avocado, his favorite classical painter Van Gogh, and his favorite illustrator Petty, he who throws perspective away when it comes to girls' legs. Assuredly, the biography is thorough. Its one mainfest failing is that it comes to an end. There is a strong feeling here and there that this is not the case at all, that there is a great deal more to come, and that the second part will be better yet. The hair in the lens may have moved aside now; the picture should be clearer.
Nestlé COLOR

For Radiant, Glamorous, Natural-looking Hair!

OLORINSE ... gives hair glorious temporary color. A "must" after each and every shampoo and whenever your hair looks dull and drab. Adds exciting color-highlights, silken lustre ... makes air easier to comb and manage. 10 beautiful shades. rinses 29c, 14 rinses 50c.

OLORINT ... more than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Enhances your natural hair color—dyes rich, new color—blends in streaked, bleached, red or graying hair. Enriched with Processed amokol to make hair shining soft. 10 flattering shades. 6 capsules 29c, 14 capsules 50c.

ITE Hair Lightener ... lightens your hair as much as you wish (up to 10 shades) in ONE application. Lightens blonde hair, brightens brown hair, eliminates red tones in brunet hair, adds glamorous golden streaks. Contains no ammonia—enriched with processed Lanolin to leave hair soft, silky, natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 79c.

Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestlé Hair Color.

lanza lives big

(Continued from page 48) no gate around it. One night they entertained at a buffet dinner with Mario and ellisа, who was there to perform. He sang six numbers, the last of which was "Call Me Fool." Applause, bravo, shouts of "More. We want more. Don't stop now," began to emanate from outside. Betty went to the window. "You wouldn't believe it," she recalls. "People in cars going down the highway had heard Mario singing. The drivers had stopped. They had followed the sound of the music. They had parked their cars in our driveway, and a whole audience had formed outside our windows. Mario was giving a free concert, and these people didn't want to miss a single trick." Mario didn't mind. He was pleased and flattered. Only the very next day, the word spread around. Soon we had coeds from the four every day via her window. Betty was here yesterday. Betty was so sure that the garden from the gate was well-fenced. A month after the La Unt movers moved in, the thing got in. Betty climbed up the Chinese carved baluster that adorned the living room porch, whereabouts the railing was backed with smooth plywood boards.

At about the same time, there was a series of robberies in the neighborhood, so Mario had the house rigged with a complete burglar alarm system and then flooded the grounds each night with exterior lighting to keep the prowlers away.

Mario's favorite room is, of course, his studio, which he also uses as a den and office. It is a large room, equipped with shaving desk and furniture in contemporary style. It contains all his recording equipment, his vast record library, his books, and his scripts.

The furniture is oversize and covered with a green chenille that matches the draperies. There is a green leather easy chair and a small upright piano. There are no rugs in the room because of the acoustics. Mario insists that anything else is passé, and Lanza usually has his lunch there. Two hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

The house is built in the form of a large "I" with living room as the center line. Running parallel to the living room is a glass-enclosed sun porch, one end of which Betty Lanza uses as her office. She has four in help plus Mario and three children. She has always adored, and this was quite a surprise that there's a bit of careful planning. Betty works at a large-top desk with a telephone at one elbow and a filing cabinet at the other. Near her desk is a corner of Mario's childhood, she keeps the phonograph which his family bought for him when he was a boy of ten. The sun porch is done in nice green. It boasts a brick floor and contains in addition to some solid oak furniture, another television set, a radio, a fireplace which backs up the one in the living room, and a regular table good for card-playing.

The eating rooms are downstairs, the nursery and sleeping quarters upstairs.

The children's bedrooms are grouped around one large playroom, and Elissa sharing the nursery, and Damon, eight months old, coming in once in a while for his bit of fun with his sisters. The rooms are pink and equipped with quantities of toys.

"We don't believe in spoiling our children," Mario says, "but childhood is the time for fun, and Betty and I just live for the smiles on their little faces. When I see Elissa and Colleen and that Damon— that boy is really a bruiser—when I see them all playing together in that nursery, I feel I want to take off my hat and shake.

There used to be two nuses for the three Lanza children, but now there is one nurse who looks after Damon while Betty swims. The Lanzas have two rather small dining rooms, small, that is, for a family that rarely dines out. The breakfast room is bright and gay, and exactly right for the billiard table, "Los Angeles." The dining room, on the other hand, with its well-cushioned wrought-iron furniture and its $1000 tea service, is a little too large for the large dinner parties, Mario likes. Of late, however, the Lanza family has limited its guests to ten or twelve and gone in for barbecues. Thick charcoal-broiled steaks are the main dish. This Christmas, as usual, Mario plans to have his open house with brunch served from noon until midnight. Ordinarily, from two hundred to five hundred people show up at the Cantina. The group gets so heezy at this affair that Mario and Betty go upstairs, lock themselves in the master bedroom, and toast each other with pink champagne.

The master bedroom is dominated by one of the largest beds in the entire film colony. In Betty's own words, "It stretches from wall to wall and is inordinately large and the oversize bed is therefore in proportion. It cost $1800, handmade bedspread included.

"The reason we like a big bed," Mario says, "is that we have two children who come in every morning and climb all over us and we like to rough-house with them. Betty screams when they jump up and down on the mattress, but I don't mind. It's much better than their jumping up and down on my chest."

Green and red are the dominant colors of the room, and there's a boudoir which looks out on the garden, covered with a decorative drapery which contains a small desk at which Betty does some of her work. All the furniture is modern and utilitarian, with no period pieces, whatever that may mean to people who are used to living in mansions.

The Lanza house is a happy home, and stories to the effect that Mario and Betty are constantly quarrelling simply amuse the poor old folk.

"For years," Betty says, "those rumors used to upset me. Now, we realize that they're just an integral part of the Hollywood grapevine, and we don't pay them any attention. A Marcus and Lanza bought two of the cutest boxer puppies for Colleen and Elissa. He built a play pen for the dogs, and the girls have just been heaven sent with them. There's one column in town, however, who insists that our puppies are really ferocious Great Danes, guarding the property."

"We believe where people sing, and children smile, happiness must play the major role. The size of the Lanza estate, the Cadillacs, the equipment, the gadgets, the physical property—all these are nothing compared to the light in Colleen's eyes, the smile on Damon's lips, the clapping of Elissa's hands, and the beating of Betty's heart when Mario comes into his house, breaking down those gates with a maestro smile on his, and at the top of his lungs, shouts, "How's my family today?"
Bobbi is perfect for this casual “Ingenue” hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural-looking curls. Easy. 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 “Capri” style. No “nightly settings.”

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.
anything can happen

(Continued from page 44) reporter. Lana was at Elstree, outside of London, finishing up The Flame And The Flesh when the reporter called.

"Is it true, Miss Turner," he began, "that you and Lex Barker plan to get married some time after October 15, when his divorce becomes final?"

"I don't know anything at all about it."

"But you do know Mr. Barker, don't you?"

"Of course," Lana said. 

"Well, Mr. Barker has never had his face made up before. Everyone in London is talking about The Flame And The Flesh"

"Yes, I've seen him."

"Isn't it true, the reporter asked, "that Lex missed you so much that for the weekend, he flew in from the continent for a rendezvous with you?"

"Had a rendezvous where?"

"In Maidenhead, twenty-seven miles west of London."

"Yes, that's true."

"How is he?"

"Just fine," Lana said. "He has had his two children visiting him in Italy."

"Isn't your daughter, Cheryl, with you?"

"Yes, she is. She came over with my mother."

"Had they ever been to Europe before?"

"In 1948."

"How does Cheryl like it? In fact, how do you like it? Have you been working hard?"

"Very hard," Lana agreed. "And it's been so dull, but Cheryl loves London. She has a tutor, and we're not going back to Hollywood for a while. She's going to stay over here with me."

"How does Cheryl like Lex Barker?"

"Very much. She likes him very much."

"Don't you plan to meet Lex in Paris after your picture is done?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Suppose Lex proposes to you. What will your answer be?"

"I just don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Are you in love with Lex Barker?"

Miss Turner's voice stamped its foot a little. "Look, it's my personal life, and I'll live it the way I see fit. Some magazine carried an article saying that Lex and I scandalized Europe by traveling around together. Why! The nerve of them! It's my life, and it's my business, and I'm going to live it the way I see fit."

"Of course it's your life, Miss Turner. All we're trying to find out is whether you are in love with Lex Barker and, if so, if you intend to marry him."

"I honestly don't know. Right now, I have no marriage plans. How things will be in the future I can't say."

"Would you say," the reporter persisted.


Blemishes*: "Noxzema is so refreshing," says June Conroy of Jacksonville, Fla. "It brightens and refreshes my skin and helps keep it free of blemishes!"

Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier—helps keep it that way, too!

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your skin—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous doctor has developed a wonderful new home beauty routine.

Results are thrilling

This new beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous medicated beauty cream is a combination of softening, healing and cleansing ingredients.

Noxzema is greaseless, too—actually washes off water—and helps the looks of your skin while it cleans off stale make-up and dirt.

Letters from all over America praise Noxzema's quick help for dry, rough skin; externally-caused blemishes; and for that lifeless half-clean look of so many so-called normal complexions.

To help your skin look fresher, prettier, start this Doctor's Home Facial tonight:

1. Cleanse by washing your face 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. How fresh skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2. Night cream: Smooth on Noxzema to help your skin look softer, lovelier. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them—fast!

3. Make-up base: In the morning, cream-wash again; then smooth on Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day!

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema 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!

*externally-caused

LOOK LOVELIER OFFER: Big 85¢ jar Noxzema only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only!
“that you have no intentions of ever marrying Lex?”

“I’d never say that.”

“Then there is that possibility?”

“Of course,” Lana Turner said, “but right now I don’t know.”

“Is that because, Miss Turner, you’ve been going around with Carlos Thompson in London?”

Lana was angry. “I should say not. I haven’t been out with anyone.”

“What do you do at night?”

“I told you. I’m dull. I just work and sleep.”

Not very long before this conversation took place, Lana had told another reporter, “I’m being attacked in Hollywood for seeing too much of Lex Barker since I left. We’ve been more than just friends. We’re deeply in love with each other. We’re just close friends, and we’ve definitely no marriage plans. I want a rest from marriage.”

What is the truth? Will Lana marry Lex or won’t she?

According to an intimate, “Lana doesn’t know, herself. She says she wants a rest from marriage, but that’s only because her marriages thus far, have been unhappy. This girl is completely without self-sufficiency. She’s got to have a man. Now, for a girl like that, marriage is indispensable. That’s why I think she’ll marry Lex before the year is over.”

This same source, a leading figure in the motion picture industry who has known Lana since she was fifteen, goes on to point out that Barker would probably make the actress an excellent husband.

“One of Lana’s biggest mistakes,” he explains, “is her poor judgment when men are involved. Artie Shaw was too smart for her. Stephen Crane wasn’t good enough for her, and Bob Topping had too much social background for her.

“The Barker boy, however, seems to fit her needs perfectly. You’d never call him dull, but certainly he’s no mental heavyweight. Neither is Lana. He got a few more years in high school than she did, but intellectually, they’re on a par. That’s one reason they get on so well together. Primarily, they’re physical creatures, both very attractive, both very charming, both very kind.

“Lex has been married a couple of times and so has Lana. What have they got to lose?”

This seems to be the consensus of Hollywood opinion about Lex and Lana, but where the Turner beauty is concerned, one rule has always held true—anything can happen.

Lana is a mercurial woman who falls in and out of love quickly and unexpectedly.

Just look at some of her past performances. Supposedly, she was in love with Greg Bautzer when she ran off and married Artie Shaw. Supposedly, she was in love with Turhan Bey when she ran off and married Steve Crane. Supposedly, she was engaged to Tyrone Power when a few months later she became Mrs. Henry "Bob" Topping. Supposedly, she had been in love with Fernando Lamas when, not long after, she flew to Europe with Lex Barker.

How do you figure a girl like that? Is she a creature of whim, a victim of circumstances, a child of impulse?

Adela Rogers St. John, a writer who has watched Lana in action at MGM for more than a decade, says, "Lana is an exaggerated, unconventional, slightly mad, utterly enchanting creature unlike anybody else in the world, with plenty of brains but practically no sense."

All of which means that Lana Turner is absolutely unpredictable, or as one girl on the set of The Flame and The Flesh confided to a columnist, "She’ll marry Lex Barker, I think, provided she doesn’t fall into a different orbit..."

---

Flame-Glo "TRIPLE-STAY" LIPSTICK

Discovered for yourself the excitement of "Triple-Stay"...the thrill of more seductive, more alluring lips that stay lovely the Flame-Glo way.

In fact, beauty’s at your lips three times longer than with ordinary indelible or no-smear lipsticks! You’ll love the velvet-smooth Fastenol-blended formula...the dazzling range of shades...the moist color-brilliance that’s sealed to your lips till you remove it.

Keep kissable with Flame-Glo, the different lipstick that makes a difference in you. Try it!

---

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Rejuvia Beauty Labs Inc., Dept. C
P.O. Box 39, N.Y. 12, N.Y.

Please send me your special introductory offer of 3 Flame-Glo Lipsticks, and Booklet on Lip Beauty at all for 25c (coin only). Check coloring.

[ ] Blonde [ ] Brunette [ ] Titian

Name: ___________________________
Address: ________________________
City: ___________________ Zone: ______ State: ______

FLAME-GLO IS SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN CHAIN VARIETY STORES

(THIS OFFER GOOD IN U.S.A. ONLY)
in love with somebody else before she gets around to it."

Friends of Lex Barker say that Lex knows this, that he realizes how susceptible Lana is to be masculine charms, and they attribute his European stay to that very understanding.

When Lex left Paris with Lana this past spring, he was scheduled to return to Hollywood in the summer to make a film for producer Eddie Small. Only Lex didn't go. Instead, it was Lex who, together with Kohner, find some film work for him in Europe. Lex wanted to be near Lana. For weeks during the months of April and May they had been inseparable, traveling through Europe, and even accompanied Lana to England. He had spent so much time courting this beauty in Hollywood and Palm Springs, he was taking no chance of losing her to some European dandy. He asked Eddie Small for an extension of Cannibal Island, the picture he was scheduled to make in Hollywood. Small said, "Sure."


dolphin Street at MGM and Ty was on location in Mexico. Undaunted, Lana decided that he could fly. She flew to Mexico where bad weather prevented her from getting back to work for two days. Luckily, a kind director shot around her while she was absent.

Lex is a man who never cooperating either—either that, or she doesn't care for Lex in the same way she cared for Ty but she still believes in obeying her impulses. As a result, she has let all their life and friendship with Lex began on impulse.

Last year, at the extravaganza thrown for Johnny Ray at the Marion Davies mansion, Lana was escorted by Fernando Lamas.

Lex came to the party with Susan Morrow. During an interlude, Lana impulsively asked Lex Barker for a dance. Lex said it would be an honor. It's a matter of record that Lamas blew his top when he saw Lana and Lex together. He called Lana some choice names, challenged Lex to a fight and the two men fell apart.

Lana will not tell what happened after Lamas brought her to her house on Maple- ton Drive. The next morning, however, she was in a sorry state, and admitted that she and Fernando were finished.

Several weeks later, Lex Barker began to lay siege to the Turner heart, and at last, after a year, Lana gave in. It is not that Lex has been Lana's trusted friend.

When Lana announced that she was going overseas to make pictures, Lex, through his press agent, announced that she was seriously thinking of being his own independent production company in Europe. What this meant, of course, was that Lex intended to follow Lana, to be with her as manager of her new enterprise. However, upon hearing this, expressed the opinion that it would not be in the best taste for Lex and Lana to travel all over Europe together.

Lita Hayworth and Ava Gardner, two other children of impulse, Lana Turner has never catered to public opinion. When she flew to Paris this past April, Lex that she might like to see her sweetheart. In Spain, Lex Barker was close at hand. At Cannes, Capri, in Rome, it was Lex and Lana. Tongues wagged but the lovers' past they never mentioned.

Allegedly, Lex said that it was okay for him to travel with Lana, because his intentions were honorable; and they certainly have been.

When Lex left Lana in London to continue work on The Flame And The Flesh—some circumstances led him to make a film in Naples previously—Lex had dyed her hair from the familiar blonde to dark reddish.

Lana was sad to leave her. However, threw herself into the picture with enthusiasm, and the manner in which Lex worked at the task she started to do in this one than I've ever done before," she explained to one newspaperman. "It's really very tough. I play a young Italian with a mouth of a crook. And it's no easy job, not exactly a prostitute, but she wanders from man to man, and I'm trying to make the girl look very real."

"I don't want people to say, 'Turner's bitter again.' She can chew!" I spent a lot of time in Italy watching how girls of this type dress and walk and behave, and in this picture, I just wear a dress and an old suit, and my hair. Well, you can see for yourself. Pretty dark, isn't it?"

The reporter asked if, after thirty or forty films, she had conquered her stage fright.

"No," she said, "I still almost have a nervous breakdown before a picture starts. I'm afraid I'll forget my lines or trip over my own feet."

Reputedly in financial trouble (the story goes that she had to take a whopping advance from MGM in order to meet her back expenses), Lana is now trying to sell her Holly Hills house, the one with the six TVs. "I don't intend to return to Hollywood for a while, so I might as well sell the place. No one has bid more than $175,000.

Lana also said that she did not favor her daughter's future entrance into show business. "I once said I'd try to keep her out of the business, but I've changed my mind. I'll have to admit if you stay up there among the winners but everyone can't be lucky."

As for being in love with her latest suitor, Mr. Alexander Cricht, Barker of Rye, New York, Lana insisted that she had been misquoted. "We're just good friends.

There's nothing wrong in a girl's marrying a good friend especially when he's a movie orange than the usual type."

Now, that The Flame And The Flesh is finished, and work is no longer on her mind, Lana is in the mood for some fun."

She hasn't, all of Hollywood would have been disappointed.

Lana has been in love with the idea of marriage for a long, long time."


homesick but happy

(Continued from page 43) "This is some reception," I said. "What's so excited about it?"

"Don't flatter yourself," Alan advised. "You're the first of the Old Guard we've seen for a long time." He handed me the kind of drink that separates the men from the boys.

As we mingled with the guests, I kept a reporter's eye on Sue and Alan to see whether or not their extended European trip had altered them. I had never liked them for many years—even if I had been looking for trouble—I couldn't have taken a poke at their behavior. I suppose ten million words would have been written about the Ladds, and I've never seen them referred to as "homey people."

Oh, I know that people write a lot about the magnificent ranch or their magnificent ranch. The fact is that Alan is perhaps the richest of the present generation of movie stars, and possibly he is a little dull for reporters, because he never engages in what we refer to as "Errol Flynn." He stays close to his wife and family. Also, much of the fact that Alan, due to the number of pictures he has made abroad, was partly eligible for the "tax dodge."

Another many another reporter—photographer knows them, too. I know that Ladd, like every other star, is open to criticism. Wide open in every move he makes. Yet, here at Banff, in this conference, where crowds of people had never seen a movie star and had aardonable antipathy for celebrities, Mr. and Mrs. Ladd got along as though they had known one another all their lives.

It was not until I woke up the next morning at ten—with a guilty conscience—that I was aware that Alan was still a little damp. He and Sue never have been the up-and-early-cheat-beating type. When I called their room I was given a pleasant surprise. Their telephone would be shut off until around noon. Not that they sleep that late. It's only their way of squeezing in a little private family life before they expose themselves to an admiring, but endless public. As I stepped off the elevator, I saw Alan sneaking through a side corridor, a frisky dachshund tugging ahead on a leash.

He never has been the type to stroll through a lobby to let the people know that they had just been in the presence of a star. In fact, in order to reach Banff Springs, he and Sue had arranged their schedule so that they could leap into a cab (two cabs to be safe) from the driveway that led to the Queen Elizabeth, and land on a Canadian Pacific railway car, spending only a half-hour in New York. Alan has more friends among reporters than other people. He just hasn't used to the fact that every move he makes is an event.

"I'll meet you at one o'clock on the first tee, if you're not doing anything else," he said. "And I like him. I don't like you."

"It's a date," I replied, and went into the dining room. A captain came up to me. "Mr. Barker? Sorry?" He had called out at me, and I suggested that you'd better have a big breakfast. She ordered orange juice, wheatcakes and ham and eggs. Will that be satisfactory?"

I said it would, realizing that, as always,
Palmolive Soap Is 100% Mild

TO HELP YOU GUARD THAT

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!

Fresh and Radiant — Lovely Helen Hardin, Scripps College, Calif., says: "To help keep my skin fresh and radiant, I use 100% mild Palmolive.

Gentle Beauty Care — Lovely Lynn Taylor, U. of Fla., says: "I see no other beauty care. Palmolive gives me everything I need for gentle beauty care.

Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than 'Just Average Care' With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Yes, Softer, Smoother, Brighter Skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look—can be yours within 14 days. 36 leading skin specialists have proved it in actual tests on 1283 women. What's more, these prominent doctors found that Palmolive's Beauty Plan is unquestionably better for your skin than "just average care" with any leading toilet soap.

So don't lose another day! Change to Palmolive's Beauty Plan...gently massage Palmolive's 100% mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat dry. In 14 days or less, you can have softer, smoother, brighter skin. Yet, Palmolive Soap brings out beauty while it cleans your skin. So get 100% mild Palmolive Soap today!

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.
REPORT
ON A
SWEETHEART

Joanne Gilbert is 21, In Love and Engaged

Ever since Modern Screen introduced Joanne Gilbert to its readers some months ago there has been a flood of mail asking for more news about her. This is it: Joanne has just turned 21, and to celebrate she returned to sing at night club Mocambo where she was discovered a year ago. This time she smashed all records, including the one set by veteran comedian Joe E. Lewis. Among the big stars who flocked to see her was Rosemary Clooney, who is Joanne's Number One Fan and vice versa. Rosemary brought Joanne a piece of wedding cake, a "residual" from her own marriage to José Ferrer, and was greeted by the news that Miss Gilbert, too, had cause to celebrate. She is engaged to marry Danny Arnold, ace writer for Martin and Lewis. Joanne, who has the most exciting pair of legs since Marlene Dietrich, and a figure that doesn't take second place to Marilyn Monroe, has always been a "one man" girl.

Her first night's appearance at Mocambo was torture, "like being put in an arena with wild lions," but Joanne has managed to suppress her timidity, and in the Paramount picture, Red Garters, the report is that she comes over like Gang Busters. Bold though her costumes may be, Joanne Gilbert is a definite introvert. To the annoyance of other actresses, her ceaseless appetite for sweets has no negative effect on her supple figure.

or for some other reason, the fish don't spawn in the multitudes you would expect. Still; Alan and David had a fine time. As Alan explained it, "When a boy and his dad go fishing, it's not what they catch that matters, it's the companionship they get out of tossing their lines into the water, talking and being together."

It's the "being together" that makes the Ladd a great family. Alan Ladd is not put together like the movie star who feels that he is not being "manly" unless he gets away from his family and carries on some minor or serious flirtations with local belles, wherever he goes. Somehow, young people sense the integrity in this man and respect him for it.

We were sitting in the tavern, having a last glass of beer. Outside, the rain poured down in a flood. The tavern keeper came over and said to Alan, "There are a lot of kids outside, waiting for your autograph."

quickly Alan replied, "I know there are too many for you to ask them to come in. And if I went outside, they would have to sign their autographs. Why don't you ask them all to sign their names, bring them to me and I'll see that autographs are mailed as soon as I get back to Hollywood."

The tavern keeper thought that was a considerate plan, so he went out and told the kids.

I don't have to tell you that Alan kept his promise. He always does. By this time he's back in Hollywood, and it's like he said to me: "This trip is the greatest thing that ever happened to us, but we've been through a lot of this time. We're happy to be home in Hollywood where we belong."

(Alan Ladd can be seen in Sacketswagon, a Universal-International picture.)

According to Ward Bond, one of Duke's best friends, who was down in Camargo at the time, this is what happened.

"One afternoon," Bond recalls, "Duke gets a phone call from one of the Mexican police officials. He tells Duke that the Mexican police have picked up two guys from Los Angeles who were attempting to bug 'a room at the Santa Rosalia Motel.' He also says that after searching these two characters they found one with a letter addressed to John Wayne.

"Duke says he never heard of the guys. The police say, 'We've got 'em in jail, and we're holding them on for five or different counts, entering the country illegally, working without a working permit, forced entry into a home, tampering with the mails, spying on the governor, and a lot of other stuff.'"

"One of these two detectives is fat and the other is lean. One lives in Glendale, and the other in Los Angeles. They're interrogated by the police, and they say that they were hired by Chata's lawyer, Jerry Rosenthal, to come down to Mexico to investigate Duke. They say they were trying to find Duke with some girl for a thing in the Los Angeles' newspaper reports, because at the time, Duke's brother, Bob Morrison, was down there with his fiancée. These two guys apparently got some information from someone, and they figured that Duke was with a girl who'll probably be his sister-in-law, eventually.

"Anyway, the governor of Chihuahua didn't know what to believe. He didn't know whether these two guys were private detectives or spies or Communists or what. He being the kind of decent fellow he is, Duke explained that they had been hired by his wife to tail him and that they had no evil intentions toward the Governor of Mexico.

"The police official then stepped in and said, 'We're gonna try these two men, and I think we can send them to jail for thirty years. One of them is Sonny Los Angeles as if we got everyone we can,' and we'll get that fixed up and then we'll try them.'"

"Duke and I went to see these two private eyes, and they told us everything. They'd been together for weeks, with cameras, microphones, and the whole works, just to get the goods on Duke, just to catch him with some girl, just to get some pictures they could show in the divorce trial."

"One girl, I forget which one, he pleaded with Duke. The slick one. He said, 'Please, if you get caught, something happens to me! I've got three kids and a wife back in the States.
I'm their only means of support. Please give me a break.

"I'll tell you frankly," Bond goes on. "I said to Wayne, 'Duke, let these guys rot in jail. They knew what they were doing when they came down here. You're trying to make a picture for Warner Brothers. It's tough enough without these guys. They upset you, me, everyone. To hell with 'em. Let 'em rot.'

"But you know what? I'm not a real soft-hearted, good-natured guy. He goes to the police officials. He goes to the governor, and he pleads for the release of these two private eyes who came down to Mexico specifically for the purpose of ruining him. I know it's their job to get evidence. But there's evidence and there's evidence.

"After these two jokers give a complete statement of their whole background (and this statement is part of the record in the possession of Duke's attorney) Wayne springs the man.

"Not only that; but he charters a private plane to fly them to Chihuahua, and then he sees that they're flown back to L. A.

"I was there. I witnessed the whole incident, this attempt to crucify one of the nicest men on earth. And that's what happened. With such tactics as these, you can get an idea what an unholy mess that divorce trial's gonna be."

From the other side, Chata's side, also comes stories of private detectives. Wayne's attorney, Frank Belcher, says, "At no time has Wayne ever had his wife followed or shadowed by detectives."

Mrs. Wayne, however, insists that "I've been followed for months. I have positive proof," she states. "I've seen the cars outside the house, men in the cars.

"Only a few weeks ago—well, I will tell you the whole story. I was riding with my cousin Charles—Carlos Baur, he is fifteen years old. He is my cousin from Mexico City.

"We are riding along. I think it is Ventura Boulevard. I see in the mirror we are being followed. The same car is following me. I glance on my breaks, and this car runs into me.

"I get out and I run back to him. You've hit my car," I say. 'And you've been following me. I'm going to call the police.'

"This fellow, this detective, he says it's part of his job. And I say, 'What do you want to know?' And he says, 'Who is that young boy you've been riding with?' And I say, 'It's Carlos. My cousin.' He puts it down in his book, and he apologizes, and then he rides off. So I know very well I am being followed."

"Why can't this divorce be settled am-

---

**Hill's**

"My hair laughs
At summer sun
Dry hair worries?
I have none!

A touch of Suave
Every day
"Sparkles" dull hair
Keeps frizz away!

Gives hair that
Healthy looking glow
Keeps it soft
And bright you know.

**CONCLUSIONS**

Created by Helene Curtis
Foremost name in hair beauty
NEW PIMPLES AS IT HELPS HEAL

FACIAL FACTS ABOUT PIMPLES

The result of temporary bacteria eruptions. Infections of the hair follicle are caused by a variety of bacteria, the most common of which are Staphylococcus aureus and Propionibacterium acnes. These bacteria live on the skin and feed on the oil produced by the skin's sebaceous glands. When the bacteria are introduced into the hair follicle, they can cause the follicle to become inflamed and form a pimple. The size of a pimple depends on the amount of bacteria that are present. Small pimplles may be caused by a single bacterium, while larger pimplles may be caused by a cluster of bacteria. Pimplles can be treated with over-the-counter medications or with prescription medications. Over-the-counter medications include topical antibiotics, retinoids, and benzoyl peroxide. Prescription medications include tetracycline, minocycline, and isotretinoin. Pimplles can also be treated with light therapy or with laser therapy. Light therapy uses a special light to kill the bacteria that are causing the pimple. Laser therapy uses a laser to destroy the bacteria that are causing the pimple.
the public in my pictures but now I am much more aware of the problems of the directors and writers.

When I was making I Can Get It For You Wholesale, the director and I made a pact to meet each night in my dressing room for a talk, no matter what happened during the day’s shooting. Plenty happened. Some mornings and afternoons we couldn’t lay up a scene because of the arguments we had to go through first. But every evening the director and I got together and worked out our differences with an honest discussion and a handshake that washed out all bitterness. We recognized that no matter what else was involved, we had a common cause—a good picture. People thought the production was going to pieces, but because we trusted each other’s hearts, if not each other’s ideas, we finished up with a good job.

I should have had this sort of tolerance long before I got to Hollywood, but I didn’t. When I was bouncing around on Broadway, trying to get a part in a show, and getting turned down, I used to get pretty bitter. Everyone said I was a good actor, but no one had anything suitable for me. Even when I got going a bit, and won top comment as a good comedian and dancer, I would hit against stone walls of opposition. A good friend of mine was (and is) Jack Nonenbacher, manager of José Greco, leading male exponent of Spanish dancing. Obviously, I had mentioned to him some big names who were in Broadway shows.

“I know I can do better than those fellows,” I said. “Why can’t I get a chance?”

“Look, Dan,” he replied, “you’ll be better off, eventually, if it isn’t too easy to get started. The very thing that holds you back, now, keeps you up there when you make good.”

“But what do I do in the meantime?”

“Have faith,” was the simple answer. “That’s what faith is for.”

That’s what every man needs—a deep trust in himself and in his future. He needs it in everything he tackles, particularly in the job of being a human being. I know faith can move a mountain; I moved one when I was in the Army.

This particular “mountain” was a problem handed to me when I attended Signal Corps Officers School at Fort Monmouth, N. J., in 1942. If I passed, I was to graduate and get my officer’s commission. If I didn’t, back to the ranks. I took one look at the problem and knew I was licked. It consisted of a map of the communications system of Berlin, and in the premise that the whole system had been wrecked, was to tell exactly how I would go about restoring it to working order if I were to be the first American Signal Corps officer to enter the city.

I found just a small job in the communications map—a generator to provide power. Then I located a switchboard which could be run from this generator. And from this I progressed via small segments of the problem until the whole thing was done!

I don’t think it matters much that I didn’t turn out to be the first signal officer to enter Berlin. I was sent to Italy and never had a thing to repair. It didn’t matter much to the Army in those years. But it made a lot of difference to me to learn that small gains plus strong faith can add up to big victory.

A great many of the fears I used to have are not with me any more. Over the years, I have learned that when I have stewed and worried it has been for nothing. I am not speaking here of actual danger to life or limb. As a matter of fact, whenever I have actually been on the point of breaking my neck, my mind has always refused to accept the fact and busied itself with an inconsequential aspect of what was hap-
I have no desire to become the biggest star in my profession. There may have been a time when I was dedicated to that proposition. But I am certain it forms no part of my thinking now. I am more tolerant of people, now, because I judge them by the basic level of their relationship to me, not by all their outward manifestations. I can forgive a friend any mistake if there is no mistake about his friendship for me.

I am trying to enjoy each day as it comes along, and without causing others any harm. I am remembering, always, that if I want to antagonize someone, it is within my power to do so. And therefore it is within my power to accomplish the reverse—point them out. This, I have actually demonstrated to my satisfaction, a number of times, and I have come to the conclusion that if I can win other people over to me, I can definitely win myself over to a better way of life.

From what I can see, most of us are problems to ourselves. I have had to be honest and admit it to myself. But I’m working on it. That’s the most—and the least—a man can do.

**Monroe and the Wild Life**

(Continued from page 38) that Joe Di-Maggio planned to check in a day early. The dreamy look left her eyes.

"Honest?"

"Not honest," he covered himself. "It’s just what I heard.

"Maybe you heard something I didn’t," she said, anxiously.

"No. I don’t think so. After all, you talk to him every day, don’t you?"

"Every day," she agreed, "when he can get a call through." Then she added as an afterthought, "If for no other reason, we’ll probably get married to cut down on the long distance telephone expense."

Marilyn grinned as though she had a secret all her own. That secret may be that she and Joe are already married. Nobody could swear to that, although Louella Parsons may confirm it one day in an exclusive scoop. It is safe to say, though, that no girl’s heart ever belonged as thoroughly to any man as Marilyn’s does to Joe. If they have some complications, they have already been settled, spiritually and mentally.

"What’s to be so nervous about?" he asked as they discussed Joe’s arrival. "Everyone has been telling me how relaxed you are."

"I’d be relaxed," she flashed, "if Joe were here.

An assistant director on the set of River Of No Return called her, and she walked toward the camera with that deliberate, slouchy gait that has become so famous. If she had been Betty Grable or June Russell, somebody would have whistled. But they wouldn’t whistle at Marilyn. The easygoing fun and harmless wolf passes accorded a glamorous star aren’t tossed here. Everyone knows she is deeply in love and would resent any of the rough fun that passes for nothing when a star has been married a long time. Then it’s a mark of respect, but she behaves like a bride, and the studio crew treats her like one."

This was a scene in which Roy Colhou and Marilyn were caught on a raft running wild down the churning Athabasca River. Bob Mitchum is supposed to toss them a rope, r’ar back on his steed and pull things along. He was late past Bob, for just a moment he started to register some overt, masculine appreciation. He didn’t. He never even dropped a lazy eyelid as he directed. He does that with every female in the cast.

It took an hour to get through the scene. On one occasion, Marilyn slipped into the river. Casually, Bob pulled her out. It was a little thing, but big enough to make headlines in the next day’s newspapers. That night, back at the location lodging, Marilyn chatted for a few minutes after dinner.

"Coming over to the tavern, tonight?" someone asked.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I’ve got some work to do."

Now, almost every other member of the cast was there that night, and to be friendly, Marilyn would normally have dropped in. But she was waiting to hear from Joe. It isn’t that Marilyn isn’t a trooper, or couldn’t be—it’s just that building a career which will make up for all the heartache and early publicity is the important thing with her, just now. The career—and Joe.

At five o’clock the next morning, the camp was up and roaring in order to catch the plane. By that time, she had left at 6:30 to reach the location scene in time for early shooting. Everyone was aboard on time, but Marilyn. She showed up almost and grow my own. If her fellow workers wanted to complain, they didn’t. There were no wisecracks. Apparently, everyone knows that Marilyn is living in a world of her own.

At times, she snaps out of it, though, and does extra favors for people—as she did for the engineer and the Canadian Pacific Railway people who wanted her to pose with their train. She made like a switchman, a brakeman and a conductor. There’s something new with Marilyn. Instead of her shiny girlcut, she showed up with golden strands hanging twenty inches down her back. The visitor exclaimed in amazement, ‘Where did you get that hair?’"

"Makeup department, of course," she replied. "They put it on for me, every day, because I have to wear my hair with a bun in the back and there’s not enough of it. Now it lies there, so at the end of the day I just let it down and parade around as if it were my own. When I get some time off between pictures I’m going to sit around and let it grow."

She looked at him gravely to see if he understood that she was kidding. Much of what this girl tosses off, ad lib, is con-

**Easy Money!**

Got a yen to see the world? Or get to know your own state better? Remember—big travel funds from small deposits grow—and MODERN SCREEN can get you off on easy starts. All you have to do is read all the stories in this issue and fill out the form below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started right now. You may be one of the lucky ones.

**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 stories you’d like to read about in future issues.

| The Inside Story | Louella Parsons’ Good News | Mike Connolly’s Hollywood Report | Movie Reviews | Sweet and Hot | The Big Guy Takes The Stand (John Wayne) | "It Just Didn’t Work" (Jeff Chandler) | The Shocking Failure of Susan Hayward’s Marriage | This Isn’t Long, Dear! (Charlon Heston) | Perfect Balance (Marge and Gower Champion) | Monroe and the Wild Life (Maurice) | Love Begins At 30 (Ava Gardner) | Homesick But Happy (Alon Lodd) | Anything Con Happen (Lana Turner-Lex Borker) | Lanzo Lives Big (Mario Lanzo) | To All As To Myself (Don Doyley) | Is It Bad To Be Good? (Debbie Reynolds) | Audrey Hepburn | It’s Been A Good Life (Tyrone Power) | Rito’s Forgotten Child (Rita Hayworth) | The Kid From Philly (Eddie Fisher) | Hollywood Abroad |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 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 4 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?

Do you eat candy at the movies?

My name is

My address is

City

State

I am _ yrs. old.

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Marilyn doesn't appear to be overly enthusiastic about the rugged life in the north woods. After all, she has just settled down in a magnificent little apartment on Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills, and it has all the comforts that she never has known before. She's hardly the type whose idea of fun is getting up for a before-dawn breakfast ride, but she did fool the boys when they asked her to pose with a horse. The horse took one look at her and plainly fell in love. They nuzzled each other for fifteen minutes, to the delight of all cameras present.

In a way, Marilyn is a little pathetic. She's so darned pretty and sexy-looking that everyone expects her to be stupid in the bargain. She isn't. She obviously follows every direction and suggestion made by her coach, Natasha. For two days I watched for director Otto Preminger to blow his top. He is a shrewd, always fair, but sometimes extremely sarcastic veteran. On some takes it was obvious that he wasn't getting things his way. But he patiently did the scenes until he was satisfied. It's problematical whether the finished version belongs to him or to Natasha, to whom Marilyn is so intensely loyal.

That's the word—loyal. That's the way Marilyn Monroe is to Joe DiMaggio, too. She is like the bride waiting for her new husband to come home, behaving as though no matter what his excuse for being late, it's all right with her. But in this case, "the bride" is always working late, and she isn't going to let anyone whisper to Joe one legitimate word of real or imaginary misbehavior on her part. She's loyal and in love, and she doesn't care who knows it.

New Smear-Resistant TANGEE lipstick STAYS PUT

...Stays Beautiful!

Only new Tangee contains the miracle ingredient—Permachrome! This means that Tangee is really smear-resistant—really STAYS PUT!

But—more than that—new Tangee keeps lips fresh, moist-looking because it's extra-rich in lanolin—base of the costliest cosmetic creams. No harsh chemicals to dry or irritate your lips.

So insist on new smear-resistant Tangee, 9 come-hither, stay-with-you shades—from the most pleasing Pinks to the most dramatic Reds.

No matter how much you pay, you cannot buy a finer lipstick than Tangee.

NEW COLOR-TRUE Tangee

LIPSTICK

WITH PERMACHRONE—EXTRA-RICH IN LANOLIN
Hollywood, it. I remember his friends. Mrs. Chandler said.

When Jeff was approached and asked to comment on the divorce, he shrugged his broad shoulders. "What can I say?" he asked. "It just didn't work out."

But there are others in Hollywood, friends and former colleagues of the Chandlers, who have much to say.

One radio actor, for example, who has known the Chandlers ever since Jeff got his start says Marge and Jeff "are not quite as compatible as one would think," says, "I think it's a case of jealousy, pure and simple. Two acting careers in one family never work. Marge used to be much bigger than Jeff. So what happened? Jeff became the leading man and she became the star and the celebrity. Unconsciously, she resents that."

"Look," an actress points out, "I know Marge's career and what makes her tick. Marge Chandler is the kind of girl who dies a thousand deaths every time Jeff hits the road.

"Marge Chandler has been in show business a long time. She's nobody's fool. She knows all the angles. She has friends. She hears what Jeff is doing wherever he is. She knows that girls go nuts over her guy. My feeling is that in the minute she lost sight of Jeff, she began to worry.

"Mind you, I'm not saying this is exactly what happened between Marge and Jeff. I'm just saying it is a case based on my own analysis of the situation."

In all fairness to Mrs. Chandler, it must be said that when she and Jeff and wife separate in Hollywood, the person who is under contract to a studio usually receives the better press. Studios must protect their investments and cannot afford to have their stars subjected to close scrutiny.

This, for example, is what happened with Shirley Temple and John Agar. To this day, no one has ever given credit to their marriage and divorce. "I would never do anything to hurt Shirley," he said.

Marjorie Chandler feels the same way about her former husband. In the interest of fair play, it is equitable to hear from a producer who believes that in every marital failure, blame may be attributed to both parties.

"I like Jeff," this director points out, "and as actors go, he's a pretty nice guy. He's level-headed. He has both feet on the ground, and he has a good mind. But let's face it. He has changed. He has arrived.

"The guy has confidence in himself. He knows he's a star. Whatever humility he once had—well, it's gone. There's nothing wrong with that. It's inevitable. Some thing has happened to a lot of kids who were born poor. They may deny it, but money makes a lot of difference to them. It introduced Jeff to the luxury of it. Humility is not one of its large components.

"Jeff got himself a wonderful agent in Meyer Mishkin. What I'm waiting for is the day that Meyer goes up to Jeff and in all honesty says, 'Jeff, I feel that last performance you gave? Well, it wasn't great.' I'm waiting for that sort of objective appraisal. Idolatry is what most actors love. They don't want to be criticized by subordinates around them. Especially Jeff! He may step out of line once or twice, but who is going to tell him? Well, I think Marge is the one who is due to have the honor and objectivity. And I think his vanity was hurt. That's how quarrels start, and sometimes they never stop.

"As important as anything is—there comes a point in a woman's life when she realizes that her husband no longer needs her advice. He's a big shot. He has got it made. His stardom is achieved and from here on in, if necessary, he can go it alone. There was a time when he needed his wife's advice, her encouragement, the benefit of her experience. That's no longer true, and Marge knows it. The realization must hurt.

"Marriage is very tough for a career woman. She is torn by two instincts, the maternal and the professional one. She wants fame, and still, she wants to take care of the kids and even supervise their growing up. It's very tough.

"I've been very long-winded about it, I know. But I just want to be sure that you don't pull Jeff and Marge apart. Jeff and Marge must be completely right. There is always that temptation when you write about a movie star. We forget that movie stars are products of flesh and blood and have weaknesses as well as virtues."

Now, Jeff Chandler would be the first to admit that. I remember not too long ago when he was discussing his first break with Marge. "A funny thing," he said, "but there was no influence in any separation. When you're young and you don't have enough time to analyze and figure out why you're not ecstatically happy all the time. You're too busy making a living."

"Wallie Maysville, Ken- tucky, we were and Jeff and I have been few bucks, you have some leisure to stand back and evaluate and criticize. One of my main troubles in my marriage was my moodiness. When she had laughed me, I didn't speak out; I clamped up."

What hurts him most about the failure of this, his first marriage, is the effect it will have upon his children. Both Jeff and Marge are children of divorced parents. Jeff's youth, as a matter of fact, is something he has almost succeeded in blocking out of his consciousness. It was tragic, jammed with heartache, and he hates to think about it, much less talk about it.

"So more than anything else, he wants his children to grow up normal. And in fact that the fact that Marge was separated from Marge and away from home when her daughter, Dana, began to mutter her first few words, it was Dana, taken away from her husband and Marge in 1951, when he landed at Los Angeles International Airport. Marge and Jeff had decided on a reconciliation over the long distance phone. When Chandler pulled in from New York, Marge and Jeff were both glad to see each other, but two girls were on hand to greet him. Only Dana had to be told who her daddy was.

A sensitive man, Jeff remembers all this with a little sympathy and pain. He remembers the glowing pride and the wonderful hope when, seven years ago, he and Marge were married in the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Slottow, in Beverly Hills. Jeff had been out of the Army only one year. He had practically no money, and Marge married him because he loved her and for no other reason. They spent their honeymoon in a motel out in North Hollywood, near Ventura Boulevard. No scenery. No de luxe accommodations. Only the smell of gasoline and the roaring of the trucks bound north for San Francisco. It was only a few minutes after seven o'clock, and it was over, they moved into a one-room apartment in Hol- lywood. No kitchen. One Murphy bed. A small monthly rent of eighty dollars a month and plenty of love.

The early years were the good years, so good, in fact, that the Chandlers were remarried in Glendale, a second ceremony just to let everyone know. A little bit of a hitch in the first. And then there was the little house they bought on Jeff's G.I. Loan, and the arrival of little Jamie, and Jeff's contract with Universal, a new deal at 20th Century-Fox. It all seemed too good to last. And it didn't.

After five years and two daughters there was a separation. It lasted seven months, and in that time, Jeff was left with the responsibility of being in demand with the ladies. It was very flattering to have many of the biggest names in the business make a play for him. But as he said, "I found it no substitute for marriage."

So he called Marge from the east, and they both agreed to let bygones be bygones. Marge, who is usually cool, said she would introduce Jeff to the domestic staff. He felt a little awkward at first, especially with his new daughter, Dana, but gradually he got used to it. After three months, it seemed to Jeff that he had never been away and they were very happy.

Then Chandler's contract was renewed by Universal at a large increase. The studio rushed him into one picture after another. His fan mail tripled. He began to dream up a Jeff Chandler comic book. Demands for benefit appearances grew geometrically.

Jeff decided to branch out. He began to take singing lessons. And his marriage began to sour because he worked too hard. Another expressed the opinion that Jeff's agent who was also Marge's, should spend less time planning for jobs for Marge. Other bystanders declared that Marge was jealous, Jeff was flirtatious. Marge was ambitious, Jeff was an introvert, Marge was retrogressive, Jeff was a Neanderthal, Marge was frustrated, Jeff was neurotic, and on and on ad nauseam.

Quarrels at the Chandler household became incessant and all of the Chandlers were unhappy. One night Marge and Jeff decided it was senseless to continue. Perhaps they were misnamed. Whatever it was, they decided it was certain to tell eventually on their children. This, neither of them wanted.

Secretly, Jeff hoped to bring off another reconciliation. He continued to telephone her. In New York, just before he returned to the coast to do Yankee Pasha, he learned that he hadn't a chance. The die was cast and the announcement was made. Public relations, according to public relations, is high price to pay for success, but it is the price Hollywood chronically demands. END
duty in the Aleutians for Chuck. Their "Hi, Honey—So Long, Dear" domestic pattern has been more or less the same ever since, and seems to be a good set to continue.

Meanwhile, they've got two separate sets of furniture on two coasts, two Packards parked 3000 miles apart, two complete wardrobes, right down to lipstick and shaving kits, two maids who've never seen each other, and sets of unacquainted friends in the three first cities of the land.

Now, all this sounds like a sure-fire formula for domestic disaster. It's certainly true that the Hestons have had the odds stacked against their married life. "Goodnight" is too often relayed over telephone wires, and on at least one anniversary, Chuck and Lydia actually passed each other in mid-air, headed in different directions. It's true, too, as previously hinted, that there are moments of long distance stress and strain, misunderstandings, and mixups brought about by their stop-and-go home lives. Not long ago, Chuck invited forty-five people to a gala dinner completely unknown to Lydia, then breezed off east on some career summons. She was amply paid back for the day she hopped away from New York, leaving him to prepare food and drink for the eighty-five guests set to swarm into their flat.

But none of these harassments seem to have altered the firm status of a happy union which one of their best friends, Jan Sterling, calls, "so perfect it's a little embarrassing." There's only one word to explain it—love—but it's two kinds of love, love for each other and love for the thing that's terribly important to them both—acting.

That might sound a little on the serious side, considering the subjects—a deceptively Dulcy faced girl who was moved of beans as a Boston belle and a supercharged husky whom one critic recently described as "A 3-D Mister Coffeeeerves." Chuck and Lydia Heston maintain a life of love on the run without wilting in the race because all their lives they've never been in love with anyone in the world but each other. And all their lives they've never really wanted to do anything else but act.

Seventeen-year-old Charlton Carter Heston first met Lydia Clarke, or rather stared boorishly at the back of her pretty neck, in a drama class at Northwestern University. He had never had a date in his life. "And, to tell the truth," says Lydia, "he looked it!" She got this impression when she turned the neck in surprise at a statement Chuck made regarding a play they had studied, and about which the instructor asked for critical comment. The voice back of her boomed, "It's skeletal," as Lydia remembers, and when she swivelled around to see just who came up with that, she thought, "Brother, so are you!"

Charlon had gone to a one-room school in the backwoods of the Michigan peninsula where the ink froze in the inkwells. That's where he was born and spent his boorishness. It's a boyhood that Chuck Heston still looks back to with a fond longing tugged by strong family roots. The 1300 acres and the hunting lodge, that he recently bought for a getaway is part of a whole wild county which his declarator grandpa bought up for taxes years ago. Russell Lake, on his place, is named after Chuck's dad.

As a kid in this wilderness, Charlton (that's his mother's maiden name) had roameded happily around by himself, lugging a string of rusty traps, for muskrat and beaver. He tangled with scrappy bass in the bamboo pool, was trounced with a 22 almost as soon as he could go out alone.
Painful cramps of monthly periods stopped

Ann Pinkham reports

in 3 out of 4 cases in doctors’ tests!*

"IT'S WONDERFUL news," says Ann Pinkham, "for women everywhere who suffer from those
devastatingly-caused cramps, backaches, head-
aches and 'no-good' feelings of menstruation...who feel upset and irritable on certain
particular days. In doctors' tests, Lydia E.
Pinkham's Compound or Tablets gave com-
plete or striking relief of such distress 3 out
of 4 cases, even on first day of period!"

Yes! Lydia Pinkham's is thoroughly moder-
in action...exerts a calming effect on the
uterus without the use of pain-deadening
drugs. It is known to millions.

Take Lydia Pinkham's regularly...and see
if you don't enjoy the feelings of tension and
weakness that precede your period...as well
as the cramps and pain of "those days."

Get either the liquid Compound...or the
new, improved Tablets with added iron - so
convinced is Lydia Pinkham to take.

25c Ann Pinkham Booklet - F-R-E-E!
Essentially worth $1! New booklet (Illustrated in color
over 5000 words) tells all about menstruation-
answers questions authoritatively, simply. Ex-
plains mysteries of female system. Tells what to
expect in change of life. For free copy write ANN
PINKHAM, 621 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass. Mailed
in plain envelope. Not for children. Offer is good only until January 19, 1959.

*A pinkham, modern-day voice of Lydia Pinkham.

At eight, he'd been lost in the woods—no
light matter, even for adults, in that coun-
try—but got home by himself, following a
light of clackes, found by Lydia.

But there weren't many kids around to
play with. About the only girl he ever
knew was her little sister, Lila, Chuck
who was often with him. Later he had
been reading adventure books, then going out to his
woodsy hiding spots and pretending to be
every character in the tattered volumes.

"There's no doubt in my mind," Chuck
says, "that when Chuck started in those
days. I was acting all the time. I never did
anything else."

Once, spurred by an adventurous tale he
was reading, he took a shiny apple inside a
shirt, tied it on a stick for bundle and set
out to see the world. Way down the road,
about dusk, his father met him, coming
home from work.

"Where do you think you're going, Son?"
took.

"I'm running away," stated Chuck.

"Goodbye," said his dad, passing chanty,
Chuck's script was written. He had envisioned his
parents in tragic tears. He turned, ran and
captured and was glad he had when the
owls started to hoot.

B orn Chuck and Lydia had won schol-
arships to Northwestern University. She
named him Chuck and they were
together. Their parents, of course, white
words.

With that impression, naturally Char-
lon Heston's first and only dream girl gave
him a pretty hard time, or if you prefer
Chuck's description, she was "interestingly
combative."

When he pestered this con-
temporary cutie with reckless, absurd proposals
she would yawn, "I'm just not interested
in getting married."

"Well, he'd press, "if you ever did get
married, do you think you'd be interested in
marring somebody like me?"

"Not possibly," she'd dust him off, but
in the end Chuck did get married.

At that time, he was running the night
elevator in a swank North Shore apart-
ment house, inhabited mainly by rich, re-
tired foreign types, and only occasionally
when they'd go out and when they'd
come in. There were long, idle hours when
Chuck could stalk out of his cage and
gang the overstuffed furniture in the
lobby. Sometimes he'd be found by a
trustee who would ring to ask if somebody was being
murdered, but usually it worked out fine. At
Christmas, too, there was a jackpot of tips
which usually came in the form of a
four dollar tip for a $75 and gave Chuck his chance to make an
impression on his reluctant lady love.

He took the $75, rented a swank suit oftailoring, and took her to a much posh place in
Northwestern and had a nice time. He'd
called Lydia at the 'campus cafeteria' where she
worked. She almost dropped a stack of plates when he invited her to do the
same. "What did you do that for me and all that?" she actually heard this un-
tamed bumptian declare.

They went to the Pump Room at the
Argyle-Indy and even though they rolled down and back
on the bus it was pretty high style. The
awkward moment of the evening came when the
mascot steered the elegant revel-
"Three times a day, all day..."

Looking back, Lydia thinks it was then and
there that she knew resistance to
Chuck was no longer possible. But she
didn't let him know that, of course.

In fact, Charlton Heston was quite sur-
prised when he arrived in Greensboro.
Lydia Clarke arrived. It stated rather primly
and right out of the blue, "I have decided
to accept your proposal." Chuck had been
carried away by her beauty, but he had
picked right up by the Army Air Corps
and was in basic training at Greensboro,
North Carolina. Lydia had spring vacation
coming up. They were married on St.
Patrick's Day. "I thought I was marrying
a church with a white cherry tree
blooming in front. They went in and even
though it was almost six o'clock, they
married at once.

—So you can see that romance and act-
ivism have been twisted together like sweet-
peas on a trellis ever since Charlton
Heston and his Lydia spotted each other—although they had not known
the other. They had not known them
in widely scattered pods. In fact, on
Chuck's brief leave the newlyweds took in
a theatre performance—and the usher
passed them in the lobby. "When should
you have known then how things were going
to be," Chuck grins. "Pretty soon he found out
for sure."

In a matter of days, the groom
was a permanent fixture at the Hestons',
hunched over a radio transmitter,
and the bride was back at Northwestern.

When the conquering hero came back
he had never looked better in his life. "He
was just a big fellow," Lydia remembers.

"I thought, this war is over."

It was peace. And, of course, peace to
Mister and Missus C. C. Heston meant
launching of a group of the Hestons
— a project guaranteed to reduce over-
stuffed figures. In the first year, Chuck
relinquished his Lincolnesque look with no
effort at all. He settled with his partner
in a shabby furnished room in Chicago.
They stored their food in a foot locker,
cooked on a hot plate and washed dishes in the
bathroom basin. The family budget for
fishing was $6 a week.

They lived in a railroad flat in round,
socks, Hell's Kitchen. It cost $30 a month and it meant sleeping on the
floor and Chuck cooked together from a few boards. The Hestons
looked back from these affluent years on
those hungry ones with special tenderness.

Together they made and saved and kept the Hell's Kitchen flat as their eastern
hangout. They would have it yet, if
the city hadn't condemned the building.

The reason is simple. They went to
together then. The clicking sound in their
two careers was also the snipping of their
poor, but permanent, home ties. Chuck, for
instance, blew off alone to Boston for his
first starring role in The Long and The
Bough. When Lydia's turn came with
Detective Story, it was back to Chicago
for her, with most chances to see her hus-
band. But that was an expensive practice.
Then there was Hollywood for one.
New York for the other. Separation has
been the price of their success.

They don't mind, they say. The time is
like it that way," Chuck will tell you honestly. "But," he asks just as earnestly, "what can we do?"

One thing the Hestons could do—if they
would—was marry without leaving Hollywood and never move. Ever since
The Greatest Show On Earth, Charlton
Heston hasn't had to beg for screen jobs.
He's the hero of the box office, proud of his jobs in The Savage, Pony
Express, Ruby Gentry, The President's
Lady, Naked Jungle and others have
proved. Lydia did perfectly all right in
An Affair to Remember, with Cary Grant.
Both are tailor-made for Hollywood's
radio and the west coast stage stops

WOMEN LOVE...
which are multiplying season by season. Unfortunately, that’s not the antidote for their particular acting bugs—as virulent as ever, after all these years.

Chuck’s goal is to play Macbeth better than anybody has ever played it. Already, he has done some pretty terrific performances of it, the last being this summer in an ancient British fort hanging over the surf in Bermuda.

By now, Chuck and Lydia Weston are conditioned to settle down like tabby cats wherever they are. But anywhere at all Chuck is in levis or shorts and a T-shirt the minute he slings his bags to the floor.

Except for Charlton’s sketching kit, a couple of cameras and the necessities of a peripatetic existence, the Hestons travel light—and they almost live as light as they travel. Long ago, they learned that collecting plunder is just a headache when you’re hotfooting around. Luckily, neither is interested in rich trappings or fine feathers. It took Lydia years to talk her husband into investing in two suits. He had a collection of antique ties, hoarded since college days, and as rag-tail as kite tails, which she spirited to their incinerator, replacing the shabby lot with seventeen bright new ones. It almost caused a rift in the family. Probably the only other time Chuck got as riled at his wife was when he impulsively bought her an elegant mink stole as a surprise. But when she opened the fancy box Lydia popped his ball. "Why, it’s a mink stole!" she exclaimed. "I Over never need a mink stole. Wherever would I wear one? Take it back."

Both Chuck and Lydia are used to separation rumors and don’t get too upset, knowing what the score is with themselves and what they’re in for as movie celebrities. They know that as long as they keep hopping here and there, rift rumors are an occupational hazard. But the lack of a solid home life, as the years tick by, worries them a lot more. For one thing, there’s the matter of a family. "Sure, we want kids," Chuck will boom from under a wrinkled brow, "but not in a suitcase."
The only live dependent they’ve owned was their Great Dane, Caesar, whom they parked with Chuck’s dad as they rambled around. The big pup died when he was only four. "Ulcers," explained the veterinarian. "Purely from loneliness for you two." So thoughts of a family give them real pause.

In fact, the only way Chuck Heston has figured out to carry on the line is to revert to his rustic beginnings, hole in the woods of Russell Lake and commute to Hollywood and all directions by rocket plane. The Michigan place is paid for.

There’s plenty of wood for the fireplaces and the big eight-room lodge could take care of all comers.

"Snows are deep in the winter," muses Charlton Heston at that pipe dream, "and we could just hibernate—like the bears. Lydia could have a baby every spring and I could grow a long beard like Father Abraham." On him it might be becoming, but probably it will be a while before we see it. At twenty-nine, and with things going the way they are, that would be strictly a thought for the hustling Hestons’ future.

"Whod believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED
HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors’ clinical tests prove this new medication especially for pimples really works. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL’s anti-septic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassment. Greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America’s largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctor’s tests or money back. 5¢ and 9¢ at all drugstores. Get CLEARASIL today. (Available in Canada, slightly more.)

now you can listen to...

★ MODERN ROMANCES

five times a week!*

The same exciting radio program that you have been listening to—every Saturday morning—based on stories from MODERN ROMANCES magazine—is now on the air over the ABC network.

Tune in every Monday through Friday from 11:00 to 11:15 A.M., EST. You’ll enjoy it.

* See your newspaper for your local ABC Station’s call letters.

SHORTHAND
IN 6 WEEKS

Write 120 words per minute. Age No Obstacle—LOW COST

Famous Speedwriting Shorthand. No symbols, no machines; uses ABC’s. Easiest to learn and use. Past preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service; also by executives, students, etc., 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 200,000 taught by mail. The very low cost will surprise you. Also typing, 31st Year. Schools in over 300 cities. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO:

Speedwriting
Dept. B-1, 315 W. 42 St., New York 18, N.Y.
GREGORY PECK who has been accused of having more girls overseas than on
Arab sheik has wives in his harem, is miffed about reports that he was responsi-
bale for Audrey Hepburn's wedding cancellation. Audrey, twenty-four, Belgian
born and British bred, was scheduled to marry Jim Henson until she co-starred
with Peck in Roman Holiday. After that, she called off her wedding, and
gossips attributed her precipitous action to falling in love with Greg.

When questioned about this in Munich, where he is starring in Night People
for Nunnally Johnson, Peck said, "Miss Hepburn is an excellent actress. I
enjoyed working with her, I know she will be a great success back in the
States, and my schedule being what it is, I probably won't run into her for
another six months."

Greg was also rumored to have fallen in love with Jane Griffiths, his
leading lady in The Million Pound Note. But when the last scene was shot
in this film at Pinewood, near London, Miss Griffiths scotched the rumor
once and for all by going out and getting married to Gerald Nell-Nichols,
company director.

As to his marital status, Peck insists he contemplates no divorce—which is
exactly what his wife says. The eldest Peck boy, Jonathan, is scheduled to
join his father in Switzerland this Christmas for some skiing provided Greg
hasn't returned to Hollywood by then.

PATRICIA NEAL, whose heart was broken when Gary Cooper refused to divorce
his Rocky and marry her, was recently in Rome on her honeymoon. She
is married to an English writer, Ronald Dahl. Coincidentally, Cooper was in
Rome at the same time. He had gone there with his wife and daughter, both
Catholics, for an audience with the Pope. Although Pat and Cooper lived in
hotels less than half a mile apart, they fortunately didn't run into each
other. Mrs. Cooper says her husband can have a divorce anytime he wants
one. He doesn't. It's much safer for an American actor in Europe to remain
married, at least technically.

GENE TIERNEY is wearing a five-carat engagement ring from Aly Khan who is
being most faithful to her. When Aly was in New York several weeks
ago selling some of his father's horses at Saratoga, the only woman he
had anything to do with was his ex-wife Rita Hayworth, who refused to
let him take their daughter, Yasmin, overseas for a visit. It has been rumored
in Paris that Aly's father does not approve of his son's companionship with
Gene Tierney. This isn't true. Knowing Aly, he feels that only a European wife
might be able to tolerate his son's behavior as a husband. Gene, once married
to an Italian dress designer, feels she is well-qualified to get along with Aly
Khan who is half-Italian.

CLARK GABLE is no longer making a secret of his love affair with Susanne Dodolle
d'Abadie. They're seen all over Paris together and make no effort to avoid
publicity. Gable, who knows one sentence in French ("C'est beau."), seems
happier now than he has for a long time. He and Susanne take strolls on the
Champs-Elysees, and Gable doesn't mind being stopped by the autograph
hunters. One afternoon he spent more than an hour signing two hundred
autographs, and a smile never left his face.

When asked recently to explain his turnabout in public accessibility, Gable
said, "I like France so much that it's just impossible for me to turn down any
Parisian. This is a great country and I'm happy to be here for a while."

Susanne, who speaks excellent English, gave up her job as a Schiaparelli
model to tour the continent with "the King," is confident that he will marry
her eventually.

CHARLES BOYER saddened many hearts in Europe when he announced, "I am
through with love. Now I'm going to act my age, which is 53. Love, kisses, the
deep voice... can I help it if I am French? But let us have no tears because
my lover's role is gone. There are still new horizons to be met."

Boyer just finished Madame de X, his first French film since 1937, starring opposite Donatelle
Darrieux. He says that instead of the lover, he plays the role of the sophisticated
husband who struggles to save his son from a canning lady ambassador.
shocking failure of susan hayward's marriage

(Continued from page 33) My mind went back many years to that time when Susan was pregnant with her twins. She and Jess had a battle royal in front of the Tom May home, following a party. It was a secret she had asked me to keep, and I had.

At that time, as now, she had come to see me with her new-born son, whose name was the son of Jess. She said she was not going to divorce him.

"Jess is miserably unhappier," she had said.

"And I know how miserable. My work has gone away with him; there don’t seem to be any parts for his pictures. I don’t know why; he’s really a good actor.

"Maybe being my husband, sort of a Mr. Hollywood, has affected his career. If that’s true, I am sorry. The least I can be is understanding.

"I don’t believe in divorce. I’m going to fight him. If I must go on an actor only for ourselves, but for the babies we expect. I took a vow when we were married—for better, for worse—and I’m stick-
ging to Jess. I hope for the better from here on out.

I was pleased, after the twin boys were born, that things really seemed much better between Jess and Susan. In the early years of their marriage, Susan would often see in the question in my eyes and she would always assure me, “Things are all right, Louella. Honest.”

Of course, the big obstacle of Jess’ not working was still a large factor and a problem. Always it was Susan who comforted him and sympathized, although it became increasingly difficult, for her own career was zooming. She was one of the most important stars on the 20th and was being given outstanding pictures and fine roles.

Now we had to go on, and there was no more strength in Susan to keep trying.

Her lovely red hair was moist against her forehead as she sat talking with me across the playroom. I had ordered coffee, and she sipped it gratefully. This girl, I realized, was exhausted, not only physically, after the beating she’d taken, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

Her voice was calmer as she said, “I don’t have to tell you that Jess has never contributed any money to my support or to the support of Betty and Gregory. You know all about that.

“And I know you realize that I was deeply sympathetic with him, at first. I believed he was the poor, wronged victim, and couldn’t do anything else. But there must come an end to the unnatural way of living in which the woman is the wage earner and the man sits home with the children.

“The little boys couldn’t understand why I got up early every morning and went to work and Daddy stayed home. It was the same thing in the playroom when I had ordered coffee, and she sipped it gratefully. This girl, I realized, was exhausted, not only physically, after the beating she’d taken, but emotionally and spiritually as well.

“I don’t have to tell you that Jess has never contributed any money to my support or to the support of Betty and Gregory. You know all about that.

“And I know you realize that I was deeply sympathetic with him, at first. I believed he was the poor, wronged victim, and couldn’t do anything else. But there must come an end to the unnatural way of living in which the woman is the wage earner and the man sits home with the children.

“The little boys couldn’t understand why I got up early every morning and went to work and DADDY stayed home. It was the same thing in the playroom when I

SUSAN HAYWARD

Susan Hayward was pregnant with twins...
New LOTION Shampoo Made FRESH专门为金发设计！

Brings Our Shining Radiant Color! Washes Hair Shades LIGHTER SAFELY!

If your blonde hair is growing dark or faded, here’s your new friend! A sensational new “lotion” shampoo that removes the dirt, oil, and chlorine that leaves your blonde hair looking. BLONDEX lotion is creamey rich and fills blonde hair with softness and shine. Applied after washing, it gives it a new life! Use it once at home (FRESH ... each time you use it), washes hair shades lighter, gives it a beautiful new lustre and shine. Called BLONDEX is a fragrant powder that needs only water added to it to become a soft cleansing lotion shampoo. BLONDEX lotion’s creamy rich liquid works 3 ways. It removes the dirt, oil, and chlorine that leaves your blonde hair looking. Slightly Slick, way it goes through the hair and old looking. 2. Brings back that flattering lightness. A great hair extra highlights and shine. Blondes is absolutely safe — use it for children’s delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug and department stores everywhere.

FREE PHOTO

LARGE SIZE of your favorite star. Actual hair! Great gift for friends and neighbors. -ultz of one stars. FREE! A list giving BIRTHDAYS of YOUR favorite stars. 15 cents to cover handling. (Made Monday of each star)

DORIS DAY
P.O. Box 2460
MORTON STUDIOS
Dept. M 86 Hollywood 18, Calif.

MAKE MONEY Addressing Envelopes

OUR INSTRUCTIONS REVEAL HOW

GLENN GLEWANY
5733 EUCLED AVE., CLEVELAND, OHIO

THERE’S GOLD IN THEM THERE SIGNATURES

23-Karat GOLD personal signatures on Christmas Cards. Exciting different! Just sign your name, it comes out in gold! And you make up to 50 on every Golden Signature Prize you sell friends and neighbors. No special skill, just an idea. Over 100 other gift money-makers. Assortments on approval. Christmas card samples and FREE 30-page Catalog. Write today!

CHAS. C. SCHIER CO., Dept. 212 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

NEW TOWELS LARGE SIZE $12 for $100

Simply irregular, that’s why this price is so low but GUARANTEED to please you in EVERY way—or your money cheerfully refunded! Order NOW! Prepaid or O. D.

TOWEL SHOP, Dept. 284, Box 881, St. Louis 1, Mo.

DON’T LET UGLY PIMPLES RUIN YOUR LOOKS

Don’t neglect that externally caused pimples broken out that skin that no one can touch! Apply wonderfully medicated Poslam Ointment tonight—check results next morning after just one application!

Poslam contains all 9 ingredients well known to skin specialists—works faster, more effectively helping to get rid of a finer complexion! Apply it after washing skin with non-alcohol Poslam Soap. At druggists everywhere—costs so little.

the beach roads talking about their careers.

Jess was really more ambitious than Susan. He was (and is) a sensitive actor and he had had a greater sampling of real drama at that point in his career. In 1944, they were married, and to all outer appearances, very happy. They continued their simple manner of life, invested their money and continued to keep abreast in the industry. Then, gradually, so gradually that it was hardly important—Susan began to forge ahead. Success wasn’t a blinding thing, in her case. It came, picture by picture, year by year, until today she is one of the most important stars on the 20th lot.

And, picture by picture, year by year, there were no offers, Jess’ career moved backward.

A resentment he must really have felt against fate and himself, Jess began to take out on Susan. They fought frequently and he became very unreasonable about how she spent her money.

"But even then," went on Susan, "there were many wonderful times of happiness between us, particularly after the boys were born.

"Jess can be so charming. He is handsome and young and no one has insisted louder than I that he has real ability as an actor.

"Recently, he has been getting some offers. I hope they keep coming for him. If so, I’m sure Jess will be himself again. He is easily discouraged and he had only three days’ work in his new picture."

"If Jess does change, is there any chance of your taking him back, Susan?" I asked.

"Perhaps he has learned his lesson."

"No, no," she cried, ‘Never. It’s too late. There have been too many ‘lessons,’ too many ‘new’ starts, too many times to forgive. When we could keep things to myself and no one else knew about it. I could take it. But this time there were not only the police, but we had a house guest, Martha Little, staying with us. She is the sister of one of my old schoolmates from Brooklyn.

"Soon—just as soon as Jess signs the property settlement—I shall take the children, a ranch house, some land, and file for my divorce," she said. And I knew she meant it. “Now that the end has come, I want it over as soon as possible.”

She picked up her bag and prepared to leave. She had talked as fully and as much as she could. The wounds were literary, so fresh that she could go no further.

But as she rose she said, “There’s just one thing, Louella. Despite the sad memory of what brought on our final break, don’t be bitter. The future is the future. In every marriage breakup there are two sides, and I’m not pretending to paint myself as an angel and Jess as a devil.

“I have a temper and a hot tongue, and I work so hard I’m frequently tired and almost sick with nerves. Movie stars are never easy to live with, and no one knows that better than I.”

I said, “I suppose a psychiatrist might say that Jess’ sudden violence was a defense mechanism against living in a set of circumstances intolerable to a man’s pride, or perhaps a guilt complex from doing nothing about the situation.

“Perhaps, Susie.” I added as I walked with her to the door, “Jess’ violence was not directed against you as it was against himself.”

“Maybe,” she replied softly, “I don’t know. I just know that my marriage is finished and done with—a sorry, shabby ending to many years of happiness. My heart aches very much, but it is closed forever on the past.”

(Susan Haywood can be seen in 20th Century-Fox’s CinemaScope, Demetrius And The Gladiators.)

love begins at 30

(Continued from page 40) and lit a cigarette.

“Being married to Frank Sinatra,” he said, “has given—naturally, would not exactly simplify any woman’s life. Another thing,” he added, “Ava’s been abroad a great deal of the time. I don’t see as much of her as I used to.

What about the United Kingdom?”

“Yes, and I saw her there. She had a very nice apartment out at Regent Park and a very nice secretary. And when I was there, Frank was there, too.

How were they getting along?”

“I will tell you,” the executive continued, “Ava gets more beautiful with the passage of time.”

Do you think Ava’s rid of all those little devils that used to plague her?

That’s the thought for several moments. Then he massaged his cigarette in the ash tray.

“Well, Ava is happier now than she was five years ago. She has grown up intellectually and emotionally. She has also discovered that as an actress she has talent. Not so much talent as Sinatra did. Did you see Frank in Eternity? A sensational performance. Academy Award caliber. The public really got into it.

“Ava,” the producer continued, “has developed her talent through hard work. It’s a source of satisfaction to her. What you don’t know is that when she came out to Hollywood, she had nothing. She couldn’t sing, she couldn’t dance, she couldn’t act. All she could do was pose for pictures, and with her mentality, you remember. She didn’t show much judgment in her private life.

“But she has come a long way since then. A long, long way. And shall I tell you something, Ava? The most responsible for her mental development is Artie Shaw. Whatever you say about Artie, you must admit that primarily he’s a scholar, a man who worships to the art of music and music art and literature and good music. In my opinion, he’s the one who really developed Ava. He showed her the door to knowledge. He’s the one who has made her mind. I think her brain come alive. As a husband, the dames say he’s impossible. But certainly, he stimulated their pretty heads. He attracts intellectuals.

“All right. As his friends are all in analysis—that’s neither here nor there. The point is that he taught Ava plenty. She began to assess herself, to take stock. Unquestionably, she got into more intellectual, not just intellectual. I mean she knows when she’s doing wrong or taking chances, but she goes ahead, anyway.

“A few years ago when Sinatra was down in Texas, she knew she shouldn’t have flown down to him, but she did, anyway. I’m sure her brain told her not to marry Frank, but the devil told her it’s just the opposite. She listens to her heart.

"Why do she and Frank fight? They both have violent natures; they are both creatures of emotion. For Ava is happier now than she has ever been. Sinatra’s contract calls for $5,000 a week for the next five years, so she doesn’t have any money worries. She didn’t like most of the pictures we put her in, but she’s no Carbo. She doesn’t like Hollywood because she doesn’t have very many friends here. Just Les Koenig, Fran Hefflin and a few others. She says the wrong six kids, but I don’t think she’d ever give up her career.
about Tooth Paste. You have probably never seen an ad for Craig-Martin Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste before.
Yet it is sold everywhere—simply because so many thousands of dentists all across America have recommended it as the best possible tooth paste—giving simple tubes to millions of patients.

Giant Tube, only 39¢

Nothing known neutralizes mouth acids better! Instantly stops bad breath originating in the mouth.

Nothing cleans or polishes brighter or safer! And just one brushing destroys up to 85% of decay bacteria!

It makes sense! The best possible tooth paste—and a sensible price—39¢ for the giant tube.

Craig Martin
MILK OF MAGNESIA TOOTH PASTE

39¢ a TUBE

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded.

W A Y N E S C H O O L Catalog HAF-21
2527 Sheffield Avenue, Chicago 14, Illinois

WANT A HOME?

Before you choose, be sure to GET THE FACTS about Schult mobile homes. Write or wire Dept. 6711.
SCHULT TRAILERS
SCHULT CORP., ELKHART, INDIAN.

Lovely NAILS in a FLASH with

Hollywood Artificial Fingernails
and Quick-Drying Glue

Permanent Dubonnet-Rose Color
Applied in a Jiffy.

At dime, drug and
department stores

N-U-N-A-L T E C H
25249 WEST HARRISON STREET
DEPT. 13-P, CHICAGO 44, ILL.
auraudy hepburn

(Continued from page 53) This type of inter-
view had its limitations, of course, for
there is no possibility of a normal flow of
conversation. The reporter remembered
Mr. Hepburn as a child of ten in a
Roman Holiday, and began with “Well,
Miss Hepburn, I’m going to have to ask
you a lot of sassy questions.”

She objected to the personal ques-
tions, fired at her for a solid half hour
by an utter stranger six thousand miles away,
her reply gave no sign of it. Her answer-
ing tape arrived from England within a
few weeks, and was immediately exter-
remely gracious in tone. The most imme-
diate remarkable thing about it was her
voice. Having been educated in England
since the age of five, she had a precise and
clipped diction of the British, but there is some-
thingso soft, almost sleepy, about her
voice that it is enchanting. It is un-
familiar along with a report of the ques-
tions and answers, it is not possible
to allow the reader to hear this voice.
It is expressive, sometimes lifting in laugh-
ter, sometimes, when speaking of tragic
things, barely audible. Maybe you can
imagine it as you read her answers.

Q. Would you describe the house near
Brussels in which you lived as a child?
What was your father’s occupation? Did
you ever go to dancing school?
A. The house we lived in outside Brus-
els was a very charming, quite large
country house where I lived—my father
and mother and my two brothers and
both of whom are older than myself. My
father was a businessman. I was very
fond of my brothers. We had the normal
squabbles, but they were always happy
ones.

Q. Were your parents strict, or do you
feel you were spoiled? Were you a tom-
boy? Do you think you were particularly
difficult to bring up?
A. My father, I think, has brought me
up as well as any mother ever does. I
think she did a wonderful job, with three
children, and I don’t feel she was over-
strict or that we were spoiled. She brought
us up in a very natural, healthy way.
I don’t think I was a tomboy. I’d say
I was a rather moody child, quiet and reti-
 cent, and rather alone. It was an agree-
table deal—which made me quite an easy
child to raise. Nevertheless I needed a great
deal of understanding, which I always got
from my parents.

Q. You were sent to school in Eng-
lund? Did you like school?
A. I was. I went to a little private
school in England as, at the time, we
were living in Belgium and my mother thought it
was right for me to speak English, being
brought up as an English child. I spent
the first years of my life there, with periods
back to Holland or wherever my parents
happened to be at the time.

Q. Did you like school?” you ask me.
Well, I liked the children and, with
thers, but I never liked the process of learning.
I was very restless and could never sit for
hours on end, learning things. I enjoyed
learning the subjects I liked—I always
liked math and history. But I hated
murphy— but I hated anything to do with
rithmetic or that sort of thing. School
in itself I found very dull and I was happy
when I finished. I think the best part of it
was I was very restless and could never sit for
hours on end, learning things. I enjoyed
learning the subjects I liked—I always
liked math and history. But I hated
murphy— but I hated anything to do with
rithmetic or that sort of thing. School
in itself I found very dull and I was happy
when I finished. I think the best part of it
was

Q. Your biography says you were ten
when the war broke out and your mother
took you back to Holland, where you later
studied ballet. Did you ever attend
school in Holland under a Dutch name?
What about your entertaining in Under-
ground concerts to raise money for the
Dutch re-
sistance movement?
A. Actually, my mother was in Holland
when the war broke out, and I was at
school in England. I flew over to join
my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas
of 1939, just before the Germans entered
Holland—because things were beginning
to blow up all over Europe, and mother
thought it best for me and I was
with her mother, after all. No one
knew where it was safest at the time.
Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch
name in England. I flew over to join
my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas
of 1939, just before the Germans entered
Holland—because things were beginning
to blow up all over Europe, and mother
thought it best for me and I was
with her mother, after all. No one
knew where it was safest at the time.

Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch
name in England. I flew over to join
my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas
of 1939, just before the Germans entered
Holland—because things were beginning
to blow up all over Europe, and mother
thought it best for me and I was
with her mother, after all. No one
knew where it was safest at the time.

Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch
name in England. I flew over to join
my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas
of 1939, just before the Germans entered
Holland—because things were beginning
to blow up all over Europe, and mother
thought it best for me and I was
with her mother, after all. No one
knew where it was safest at the time.

Yes, I did go to school under a Dutch
name in England. I flew over to join
my mother in Arnhem—that was Christmas
of 1939, just before the Germans entered
Holland—because things were beginning
to blow up all over Europe, and mother
thought it best for me and I was
with her mother, after all. No one
knew where it was safest at the time.
Be a lovely, lovable BLONDE

The bright magic of golden hair can be yours—easily—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash! Have sunny highlights, one dazzling streak . . . or turn adorable, dazzling towhead. Not a dye . . . a complete home hair lightener. Time-darkened blonde, brunette or redhead, you can lighten as little or as much as you fancy.

MARCHAND'S GOLDENHAIR WASH

TREATMENT "B" Lightens just a shade!
60c and 90c plus tax

FREE! FREE!
Photo of your Favorite MOVIE STAR
Big rigid plastic photo, automatically personalized with any name. FREE with purchase of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Just circle name on card. Send to: Free Photo Dept., MARCHAND'S GOLDENHAIR WASH Co., Box 2309, Dept. L-11, Hollywood 28, Calif.

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER
Box 2309, Dept. L-11, Hollywood 28, Calif.

IF YOU SUFFER OF HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get FAST RELIEF with ANACIN

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one kind, but many medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!
family rift disturbed her considerably, yet she has the taste to bypass the sub-
ject. She is a candid person, being one of the few actresses to admit delight when
school was over, and to admit a feeling of inadequa-
cy—no pretensions.
Reading between the lines, one
understands that Miss Hepburn suffered
considerably during the war, yet she does
not dwell on the fact. She glories over
his fifty-odd years with a certain kind of mal-
nutrition, that she was a spectator of
bloody fighting, and that today she can't
get enough meat or chocolate. She treats
lightly the fact that the Dustbowl, resis-
tance movement, an activity for which she
could have been caught and put into a concentra-
tion camp. She mod-
estly neglected to answer questions that
would touch on much things as her linguistic ability and the
extent of her travels. She discloses a de-
lightful sense of humor, a zest for life, a
sincere liking for Americans and the
adoption of American slang. She seems
to be a self-reliant, ambitious and coura-
geous girl who has a deep capacity for
love. Her recent engagement to a wealthy
man is a great and joyous event. She
briely, in a frank and refreshing manner, and
her ideas about marriage would prove
her to be an unusually thoughtful girl.
This is all we know. This, and the
decision of a few people. But sometimes there
are the only ones, at this writing, who are
capable of describing her in terms slightly
new to the Hollywood vocabulary. They
impress us with coquettish, saint-like, alluring,
honed, disarming, sensitive and capti-
vating. The American press will soon be
swamped with news about her, but in the
interim, we can still enjoy the coppy of
her interview for a fan magazine. Despite
the revolutionary method of interviewing,
it was successful because the new star is,
among other things, coherent.

rila's forgotten child

(Continued from page 57) room. He be-
ckoned and she darted to his side and put
a trusting hand in his. Eduardo Cansino is
a kindly man who has worked hard for all
his life and understands children. A few minutes later, Re-
becca was laughing in the tiny kitchenette,
and Canisio was fixing her a cheese sandwich.

The Cansino dancing studio swarms with
children. Eduardo goes through class after class,
pointing out the steps demonstrating
intricate steps. Between classes, he
tucks his castanets into his belt, sits briefly
at his desk and goes over his accounts.
Some stars are very slow to pay for their
children's lessons. Eduardo's life is not
easy. "It is strange. They expect me
to carry their accounts when they are not
working, but so often when they are suc-
cessful they are too busy to remember to
pay me."

Perhaps Eduardo is the most normal in-
fluence in the lives of Rita's children. Simple, quiet,
loving man with a
natural sympathy for the awkwardness
of kids, and takes pleasure in encouraging them.
His pupils adore him, and most of
the youngsters knock themselves out try-
ing to please him.

At Grandpa's studio, Rebecca has a
chance to be with other children like any
normal eight-year-old. "Normal" is a word
that can be used to describe the life
of the little girl up to now. Before she
was born, on December 17, 1944, Rita had an-
nounced that she wanted a boy "just like
his daddy—another Orson."

Rebecca's proud father declared that
he wanted seventeen children. Nothing was
said, then, about Christopher, her daughter
by his first wife. Christopher is eight-
een and lives in North Africa with her
mother, who is remarried to a British
diplomat. Even Orson's best friends admit
that he never has contributed consistently
to the household budget. Rebecca has
shown great interest in her during recen-
t years and carries on a steady cor-
respondence with her. He has displayed a
different interest, concentrating little or
nothing, financially, but
showing concern for her welfare.

Even in the beginning, a hectic life ed-
dited out chances for a
normal beginning of life, her parents raged and quarreled.
When Rebecca was four months old, Mrs.
Volga Haworth Cansino died, and Rita was
struck-stricken.

Work became an escape for the film star.
Rita wanted to forget her personal life. She
became feverishly active. A few days after
Rebecca's first birthday, Rita told reporters
she would keep working with the "excep-
tion of a few days during the Christmas
holidays" which she planned to devote
to her daughters.

Rita's always professed devotion to
Rebecca. She has a great deal in common
with other working mothers who are con-
tantly torn from their children. Some of
Rita's years may be different
from mine," she wrote
in her statement following
her divorce from Orson Welles.

"Right now there is a young person
named Rebecca Welles who means more to
me than anyone who ever was in my life.
I shall always be grateful that I have her. You
don't know what it means to me to come home
and have her put her arms around me and
have her tell me she loves me."

Rita's alleged romance with Haymes is
one of the latest items of Hollywood gos-
sip—and it is amazing how much of that
gossip is known to the majority of Bever-
lily Hills, who repeat to each other morsels
overheard at home. Ugly reality and cy
nical wisdom can come during childhood in
this tinselled town, and more than one
cornered a little girl at the point of
asking, "What have I done?"

Rita, as everyone knows, has made mis-
takes of judgment, but not of the heart.
No doubt she has been honored during the
long hours of the night. Surely,
she intention has not been to harm
Rebecca.

Rita's turbulent existence—the demands
of her career and her need to rest and
relax between pictures—has kept her away
from Rebecca four to six months of every
year of the child's life. Yet she listened
four years ago to the counsel of
Dr. Maurice Bernstein, a surgeon in Bev-
erly Hills, who has been Rebecca's doctor
since she was born and her former guard-
ian, as well as the one she has been
leaving Rebecca alone too much. I would suggest
you spend more time with her. She
cannot grow up normally and develop as she
ought to if you don't attend to her
mother. I feel that a child needs the
closeness of her parents, and I strongly
advise you to spend more time with Rebecca.

Rita probably did not intend to ignore
Dr. Bernstein's advice. But her per-
sonal life was becoming so involved
she was sent to Europe again.

While she was abroad, the doctor
and his wife, Hazel, did all that they
could for Rebecca. The child's serious little
face would light up when Dr. Bernstein
made his daily visits. He provided toys and gifts
from Orson Welles, who is the doctor's
best friend. The doctor also brought drawings made by Orson in Paris, which delighted Rebecca, who enjoys a talent for art. The little girl must have felt that she was loved, even in her mother's absence.

During the period that Rita was making international headlines, the doctor brought Rebecca steel bars, paints and brushes, a swing and a sandbox.

Rita provided the necessity and luxury for Rebecca, and did little to attempt to collect from Orson Welles the $50 weekly support awarded by the court. Frank Belcher, who represented Rita at that time, says that to the best of his knowledge the sum due Rita is now almost $15,000. Rita would never press Orson for the money, knowing that times were difficult for him.

Neither attorney Belcher nor Dr. Bernstein ever see the film star any more. Dr. Bernstein just shakes his head sadly and says, “Something has happened to that girl. What, I don’t know. I am not allowed to see Rebecca any more, and I love her like my own. I write; I wire; all my communications are ignored. I don’t know if the letters and gifts I send on to Rebecca from her father ever reach her. There is a wall. Rita seems to be so suspicious now.”

“Did the divorce in Rita begin? It is difficult to tell. She is from Rebecca with any of her old friends any more. Even so, her co-workers are still loyal to her and only reluctantly admit that she has changed.

Millions of words were written about Rita’s mad fling with the still-married Aly Khan, just as the press was Today, revealing new stories about the still-married Dick Haymes. But in the midst of her idyll with Aly, Rita dashed home, took Rebecca and her nurse and kept them with her for several days.

While Rebecca was traveling with her mother, her father hoped for a chance to see her. When he learned that they were at Aly’s home, L’Horizon, Orson sent Rita a wire stating that he wanted to see his daughter and giving the time of his intended arrival. He practically bought out the Paris toy shops. But when he reached the chateau, Rita, Rebecca and Aly were gone. Orson waited two days for Rebecca to return, amusing himself by playing with the toys he had brought. He waited in vain.

Eventually there was the belated wedding of Rita and Aly on May 27, 1949, six and one-half months before the royal birth of Princess Yasmin in Lausanne, Switzerland, on December 28.

This event was regarded as so important that it stopped traffic in Lausanne and made banner headlines in newspapers all over the world. There was some criticism of Rita by Jewish and women’s groups, but there was no condemnation of Rita at home by Dr. Bernstein. He waited patiently, regarding the Aly episode as a “fling.” He hoped that the couple would have time for Rebecca, now that she no longer toiled before the cameras.

Instead, Rebecca was packed off to Gstaad, Switzerland, with her nurse shortly before Pryor’s arrival and her own divorce. The advent of Yasmin completely eclipsed Rebecca. Months went by while Rebecca waited in a lonely hotel for her mother to return. Meanwhile the world press swelled millions of words over the birth of the Princess Yasmin.

Finally, in February, 1950, Rita and Aly joined Rebecca in Gstaad, and she no longer pressed alone in hotel corridors.

But the months that followed were no happier than before. Rita and Aly led a tumultuous life. Rita’s old complaint against Orson—“he was not interested in making love”—also needed against Aly. Does Rita now see twice-married Dick Haymes as her future defender of the home?

While she decides, Princess Yasmin, the $3,000,000 baby, and Rebecca are at home with the servants. Rita said that she needed a rest. She had been working hard at the studio for the last year. When she is making a picture, there is little time for her family. If she has an early call, she seldom can see the children before she goes to work. When she is not working, she sleeps late.

On weekends, when the warm, family-loving Connors gather at Rita’s house for Sunday dinner, are they really together. When Rita is depressed and mistrustful of the glittering existence she has sought—then she turns to her family. And they come—father, aunts, uncles, brothers and in-laws. In Hollywood, where dependent relatives are the rule, Rita’s family is a well-to-do institution.

It is a pity that Rita, who came from such a warm and loving family, has not succeeded in duplicating such a home life for herself. She has complained loudly of her husbands’ lack of interest in “home life.” Has she ever shown them what a loving home life is like? When she is busy with her torrid romances, doesn’t she neglect her family?

Rebecca has needed protection from stupid people. More often than Princess Rita cares to remember, little Rebecca has overheard such remarks as, “Isn’t it a shame she isn’t as pretty as Yasmin?” . . . too bad, she looks just like Orson . . . well, at least, people say she’s smart . . .

Thoughtless “friends” have said these things. Rita’s secretary, Margaret Parker, has shuddered as she saw the impact on little Rebecca, who has grown more and more silent, more and more given to bursts of temper and temper outbursts.

But four years ago Rita thought she had glit-edged insurance on happiness for herself and Rebecca with marriage to the Prince of the Moslem world.

When Rita married Aly, her father remarked, “Now, all we know about Rita is what we read in the papers.” Then he wrapped up a bottle of perfume and mailed it to his daughter as a wedding present.

Family ties were renewed when Rita came home with Rebecca and Yasmin in tow. Rumor has it that she was absolutely broke. According to the stories, the film queen had spent her entire fortune during her two-year tenure as Princess Margarita, and she had to borrow $50,000 from her agents to get started again.

Even her hope for a settlement on the Princess Yasmin came to nothing. All she has is an empty court order awarding her $48,000 annually for Yasmin’s support, signed by Judge A. J. Mastretti in a Reno courtroom. Announcement of the award drew this comment from her father-in-law, the Aga Khan: “Aly need not pay one penny, as he court order applies to Nevada, and, at most, to America, where Aly has no money.”

Rita finds herself in the same position as thousands of other American mothers who are divorced and unable to collect support for their children from their ex-husbands. Fortunately, she has enough earning years left to be able to compensate for some of the income she has lost. But this film star has much more to recover than her fortune.

Rebecca Welles lives in her mother’s shadow. When Rita devotes herself to making her daughter’s life happier, she may find more contentment in her own life. Rita will learn that the sparkle in her child’s eyes can outshine Aly’s diamond, her own name in lights, and the fleeting glow of romance.

END
"Confess!...

to many loves and many follies... but I don't
dare reveal my most terrible sin!"

She was France's reigning beauty—a favorite of Louis XIV himself—and her gay affairs were the envy of other women. Could she be guilty of the ghastliest crime in human experience? Only when Marie Madeleine fell madly and desperately in love for the first time—and not with a nobleman, but with her own handsome young man servant—did she find her secret too much to bear alone. Suddenly, cruelly, she revealed everything to her adoring Nicolas—confronting him with the choice of giving up the woman he loved more than life itself—or forever sharing her guilt! A Lady at Bay is a fascinating new shocker of a story—a best-seller at $3.50 in the publisher's edition! You may have it plus the two other big hits on this page for only $1 when you join the Dollar Book Club!

When Lady and Servant
Want the Same Man!

Who possessed the greater allure? Ravishing, experienced Lady Anne Stuart, who enjoyed only the thrill of conquest, or her servant, lovely Sylvia Hay, in the full flood of first love? "Queen's Gift" is an exciting new romance of early Carolinas. Pub. ed. $3.75

An Amazing Bargain Offer to
new Dollar Book Club members

all three
OF THESE NEW BEST-SELLERS
FULL SIZE—HARD BOUND—$10.75 VALUE IN PUB. ED.

for only $100

MAIL THIS COUPON

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 112, Garden City, New York
Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once the 3 books checked below and bill me ONLY $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a few cents shipping cost.

☐ Caravan to Xanadu ☐ A Lady at Bay ☐ Queen's Gift
☐ Golden Admiral ☐ Kon-Tiki ☐ Modern Family Cook Book

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar* selections and other bargains for members.

I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a few cents shipping cost. (Unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Please Print:

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Address

City & State

*Selection price in Canada, $1.10 plus shipping. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.
If We Send You this Stunning $10.98 Dress Without 1¢ Cost…

Will You WEAR and SHOW It in Your Community?

We Want Every Woman in America to See Our Lovely Dresses!

We have discovered that no amount of advertising can sell our dresses half as well as our dresses SELL THEMSELVES! It’s impossible to show in pictures the rich quality of fabrics, the appealing styling, the fine needlework, and the wonderful value we put into our dresses for the moderate prices we charge. So we’re being DIFFERENT—we want the women in every community in America to see our actual dresses. What’s more, we don’t want them to see these dresses on professional models. A style shown that way never gives a woman a true picture of how it will look on her. We want our dresses to be seen on average women of all ages, shapes, and sizes.

So we have perfected this wonderful Introductory Plan and we want from 2,500 to 3,000 women to wear and show our dresses to their friends and neighbors!

YOUR OWN PERSONAL DRESSES WITHOUT 1¢ COST—AS A BONUS!

Through this excitingly different plan, you can get your own dresses—a complete, beautiful wardrobe of them—as a bonus, WITHOUT LAYING OUT A PENNY OF YOUR OWN MONEY! You’ll have over 150 glorious models to choose from. When your friends and neighbors admire the exquisite styles on you, feel the fabrics, and learn how low the prices are, they’ll want to know where they can get these dresses. When you tell them, you’ll be helping us in the best way possible to advertise our lovely styles.

NO OBLIGATION—NO EXPERIENCE

It costs you absolutely nothing to investigate this remarkable offer, and you will be under no obligation whatever to accept it after we send you the details of our plan. Just put your name, address, age, and dress size on the coupon below, paste it on a postcard and mail TODAY! Everything will be sent to you promptly WITHOUT COST! But hurry—we expect a tremendous response to this offer!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY!

PH. MEYERS 3327 Colerain Avenue, Dept. M-5054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes, I’d like to be one of the women who get the chance to wear and show your lovely dresses in my community. Without obligating me, please send me everything I need WITHOUT COST.

Name__________________________________________
Address________________________________________
City & Zone_________________________State________

Age_________ Dress Size_________
LOW IN NICOTINE
HIGHEST IN QUALITY

Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this?
Paul Douglas
22 YEARS A CHESTERFIELD SMOKER

When you smoke Chesterfield it's so satisfying to know that you are getting the one cigarette that's low in nicotine, highest in quality.

A fact proved by chemical analyses of the country's six leading cigarette brands.

And it's so satisfying to know that a doctor reports no adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.

The doctor's report is part of a program supervised by a responsible independent research laboratory, and is based on thorough bi-monthly examinations of a group of Chesterfield smokers over a period of a year and four months.

CHESTERFIELD—FIRST WITH PREMIUM QUALITY IN BOTH REGULAR AND KING-SIZE

CHESTERFIELD
BEST FOR YOU