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Mario Lanza says:
"They can't make me behave."

ava gardner
"glamor of 1952"
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DRENE SHAMPOO
silken your hair...as it cleanses!
All I Do is
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USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

MODERN SCREEN'S TOP TEN FOR 1951

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under
Label Form 3579 to 851 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 44, No. 5, January, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Office at publication at Washington and South Aves., Danville, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 851 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 924 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, III. 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 of the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved. Copyright 1951 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 are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778
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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 Mrs. Bing Crosby is pregnant for the fifth time?  
   —T. Y., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Lately, Bing and Dixie have been frequently appearing in public together. This may be why the rumor (which is untrue) started.

Q. Who are the richest actresses in Hollywood?  
   —C. E., DENVER, CO.
A. Those actresses reputed to be most wealthy are Greta Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers.

Q. Why don’t we ever read anything about Betty Hutton’s father? Why do stories about her only mention her mother?  
   —V. S., DETROIT, MICH.
A. Betty’s father was a bigamist who abandoned his wife and two daughters, later was alleged to have been a suicide.

Q. Would you be honest about how many times Alan Ladd’s wife, Sue, has been married?—T. R., New York, N. Y.
A. Three times.
Q. I understand that Ida Lupino is 41, and Howard Duff is only 35. Is that on the level?  
   —C. D., PHILA., PA.
A. Ida is two years younger than Howard.

Q. Is it true that Mary Jane Barnes, a long-time friend of Paul Douglas, killed herself when Douglas married Jan Sterling?  
   —S. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Miss Barnes’ death was declared accidental.

Q. Why won’t Loretta Young permit her daughter, Judy, to be photographed for the magazines and newspapers?  
   —G. W., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. Miss Young likes to keep her private life to herself.

Q. Is it true that Van Johnson’s popularity declined with his marriage to Keenan Wynn’s ex-wife?  
   —C. C., BOSTON, MASS.
A. A star’s popularity usually corresponds to the number and quality of his latest films.

Q. How come a large studio like Paramount has so few stars? Other than Hope, Crosby, and Hutton, that studio has very little.—P. H., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
A. Paramount has many stars under contract—at least 25. In addition, the studio recently signed 12 newcomers as members of their Golden Circle.

Q. Can you tell me if Pier Angeli, the girl who played in Teresa, is a twin? If so where is her sister—in Italy?  
   —S. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Her twin is under contract to Paramount.

Q. When Elizabeth Taylor married Nicky Hilton, Betsy Blair married Gene Kelly, and Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis, did the brides adopt their husbands’ religion?  
   —C. V., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. In all cases, they did not.

Q. I understand that Alan Ladd left Paramount for Warners because he wants to star in a picture with Doris Day. What will be their first film?  
   —T. E., FT. WORTH, TEX.
A. Alan Ladd left Paramount only because he felt he wasn’t getting the right roles. He will, however, make one film a year for Paramount. He said nothing about wanting to star in a picture with Doris Day.

Q. Since he stopped going with Irene Wrightsman, who is Kirk Douglas dating?  
   —B. G., BOSTON, MASS.
A. Douglas is in love with his new leading lady, a part Indian girl, Betty Thrett. She and Kirk have the leads in The Big Sky. They met and fell in love this past summer on location in Wyoming.

Q. Are Diana Lynn and John Lindsay happily married?  
   —M. R., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. This one is destined for the divorce courts. Same old reason, actress-wife won’t give up her career and settle down.
Applaud a New Star

Magical, Marvelous, Musical
Mitzi Gaynor
...The Golden Girl Herself...
In 20th Century-Fox's Happy-Hearted Show About The Girl Who Set An Era Aglow!

Golden Girl

Mitzi Gaynor • Dale Robertson • Dennis Day • James Barton
Produced by George Jessel • Lloyd Bacon • Walter Bullock, Charles O'Neal and Gladys Lehman
Directed by
Screen Play by
From a Story by Albert and Arthur Leon and Edward Thompson

Color by Technicolor
IDA LUPINO AND HOWARD DUFF ARE WED . . . LANA'S READY FOR FREEDOM . . . COOP MAKES IT PLAIN PAT NEAL'S FOR HIM.

Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married October 21, in her home at Glenbrook, Nevada. Judge Clark Guild performed the ceremony.

Maid of honor was Diane Meredith, one of Ida's screen writers. Most of the wedding guests were local townspeople, not celebrities.

The happy couple telephoned Louella before taking a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco. Howard had to return to finish Steel Town.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Standing before a fireplace banked with great bouquets of pine and flowers and sprays of autumn leaves brought by the neighbors from their gardens, Ida Lupino and Howard Duff were married on October 21, at Glenbrook, Nevada. The ceremony took place in the house where Ida lived during her six weeks residence there. (Rita Hayworth occupied this same house.)

To say a marriage in that town, where so many people take up residence for divorce purposes, was old-fashioned may sound somewhat incongruous. But that's just what Ida and Howard's wedding was—a real old-fashioned affair made possible by the people who live in that part of Nevada.

Rightly enough, those same people who had become Ida's good friends during the six weeks she lived among them, were the chief wedding guests—rather than a contingent of celebrities imported from Hollywood, as might have been expected.

The ceremony was performed by Judge Clark J. Guild. The reception was held in the Dutch kitchen in Ida's cottage, and all day long the neighbors were busy decorating her home, and carrying silver and all the food and cakes they had prepared for the festive occasion.

"I really love this country," Ida told me the day before her wedding, "and I want to come back and visit it and all the people who have been so good to me while I have been here."

I can understand her feeling, for it is beautiful country with its towering pine trees and blue-green lake as clear as crystal.

Ida wore a lavender taffeta afternoon dress and no hat. She carried a white prayer book.

Her maid of honor Diane Meredith, the writer who lived with her during all the weeks she spent in Nevada, wore rose.

Howard, who has been very grateful to his agent, Michael Miskoff, who helped him climb to fame, chose him for his best man. Clark Gable, Ida's neighbor, came over for the reception, but didn't attend the ceremony.

The bridegroom had to work up until time to take the plane to Reno. From there he then had to motor 45 miles to Mindon Valley to claim his bride. And a radiant bride she was, believe me.

Ida and Howard have been deeply in love for a long time, something over 18 months, she told me. "In fact, the way I feel now," she said, "there never was anyone but Howard."

This is his first marriage, but Ida previously was married to Louis Hayward, and then Collier Young. Collier sent her a wonderful message wishing her happiness. They still work together as co-producers at RKO, even though they are divorced.

The bride and groom left immediately for a two-day honeymoon in San Francisco, and then Howard had to return to finish his picture, Steel Town, and Ida had to go back to her studio to complete a script she is preparing.

When the blow-off came between Lana Turner and Bob Topping, she was adamant about one thing. She would not give Topping a divorce. There would be a sepa-
rate maintenance because, as she said, she had worked increasingly to keep her marriage from falling apart and she didn’t want to marry again.

I suspect what Lana actually meant was that she didn’t want Bob marrying any of these girls he was reported as seeing. Then came Cy Howard into her life. He is a successful composer of radio plays, such as “My Friend Irma” and “Life With Luigi,” and, well . . . Lana has fallen hard and is now asking for a divorce.

P.S. Cy fell hard, too, and has forgotten all about Paulette Goddard, his girlfriend of yesterday.

I is Clark Gable, who was so fascinated by the rich widow, Dolly O’Brien, before he married Lady Sylvia Stanley, apt to resume his romance with her now that he is heart free again?

Personally, I doubt it. I think they’ll always remain warm friends because they had a lot of good times together in the past, and prob-ably will again. But romance, no. Dolly is a socialite, and her kind of life is not the life for Mr. Gable.

The very attractive Mrs. O’Brien knew this when Clark wanted to marry her and she said, “No” . . . probably the only woman in the world who would have turned down marriage with The King. She said then that their lives were too far apart ever to make a success of marriage, and nothing has happened to change either of them since then.

Dolly was very happy with her first husband, Jay O’Brien, and was desolated at his death. She tried to find happiness again when she married Count Darelis, but it didn’t work out at all.

G arry Cooper and Pat Neal. It’s plain to see, no longer are trying to conceal their romance of long standing. He escorted her to one of the biggest parties of the year, the glamorous dinner dance Mike and Gloria Romanoff gave in honor of Mrs. Dolly O’Brien, and during the evening they certainly did nothing to disguise their enchanted interest in each other.

Moreover, it was their second public appearance together within the week. Just two nights before, Gary took Pat to the birthday party he gave for his mother at the Bel Air Hotel, and seated her in the honor spot next to his mother. If there is any more public way of announcing your affections, I don’t know what it could be.

There was quite an awkward moment at the Romanoff party, incidentally, when Rocky Cooper, Gary’s estranged wife, walked in with Cesar Romero. Mike and Gloria handled it tactfully, however, by seating the two couples at tables as far apart as possible.

The party was very gay, with the ballroom beautifully decorated in red and white, and the guest list looked like Who’s Who in Hollywood’s Social Set. Kay Spreckles came with her bodyguard, which she explained by saying her estranged husband, Adolph, the sugar millionaire, had been “threatening” her. Mrs. Gable also came alone, her first appearance
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. Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads.

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Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY — NBC, Weekdays
© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Is it romance? Liz Taylor and Monty Clift caused a stir in New York's Palace Theater lobby when they attended Judy Garland's show at a big party in Hollywood since she and The King separated.

Doris Duke again was with her former husband, Porky Rubirosa, which set everyone to wondering if maybe she won't remarry him one of these days. It's funny, but those two seem to be much better friends now than when they were man and wife. Another "ex" couple were Jean and Charlie Feldman, who danced almost every dance together. Maybe they'll patch things up, too.

The gowns of the gals were fabulously beautiful . . . and fabulously expensive, I'll bet. Dolly O'Brien's was a dream of filmy white, but Evie Johnson's really stole the spotlight. It was a Fontana model of flesh colored lace, embroidered from top to toe with tiny pearls, with a cascade of roses and ribbons down one side. Van must have yelled more than "Ouch!" when he got the bill for it.

Miss Romina Francesca Power, whose happy father, Mr. Tyrone Power, has been on Cloud 9 ever since she dropped from Heaven straight into his heart, is the spittin' image of her good looking Dad.

Grandma Patia Power says Romina looks exactly as Ty did as a baby. She has his features and his dark hair, but the shapely ears and dainty hands and feet of her beautiful mother, Linda Christian Power.

All babies are sweet and good, of course, but Linda insists this so-welcome infant really has the disposition of an angel; she sleeps all the time and only awakens to take her bottle, a formula consisting of condensed milk and water.

Romina Francesca's first home was the Bel Air hotel, because she arrived a few weeks before her parents expected her. Within a few days, however, she moved into the Barker estate in Bel Air, which Ty bought as soon
Directed by HAL WALKER
Screenplay by JAMES ALLARDICE and MARTIN RACKIN
Additional dialogue by JOHN GRANT
Adaptation by ELWOOD ULLMAN

From a play by KENYON NICHOLSON and CHARLES ROBINSON
New Songs by MACK DAVIS and JERRY LIVINGSTON
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
as the baby's arrival was certain. He and Linda had two previous disappointments and they wanted to be sure before they actually bought a big house.

The spacious and sunny nursery, a boudoir fit for a little princess, is done in green and white, with white, green and yellow drapes. The furniture—crib, chairs, weighing table and all else, is white. The walls are gaily decorated with various animal figures, which lend a little color.

Ty and Linda chose the name Romina Francesca because they were married in Rome in the Church of St. Francesca. This way, they say, they have a living monument to that wonderful day and place. And what a cute monument she'll grow up to be!

You wonder sometimes why Mitzi Gaynor doesn't run down. She is so excited she is on high all the time. Life to her is just one great big beautiful bubble.

The day she started the I Don't Care Girl, her studio tried to make it like a first night and succeeded, I must say. Richard Coyle, whom Mitzi says she is going to marry September 4, 1952, sent her a great basket of white orchids.

He is the young attorney, who, with his mother, is living at Mitzi's house with her mother. Just one happy little family. I wonder if Mitzi really will get married come September? It's so far away she's safe in saying it, anyway. She will be 21 then, and that's why she is putting the date so far ahead, she says.

I guess it always takes a man to make us girls perk up and look our prettiest, and that goes even for the aloof Greta Garbo.

The tongues in Paris were wagging plenty when she first arrived there looking like the proverbial "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair." Her clothes were rumpled and messy, and her uncombed hair hung every which way about her face.

It was a different story a few nights later, however, when she came to a dinner party at Maxim's on the arm of novelist John Gunther. As you know, he's writing the story of Eleanor Duse's romance with d'Annunzio, which Garbo is planning to make at MGM next year.

This time Miss G. was her old mysterious self, and all eyes were on her as she made her entrance in a pencil slim black dinner gown, cut fairly low in the neck. With it she wore a strand of diamonds, and her coiffure was sleek and shining.

I never have been able to understand why Garbo, who is such a natural beauty, deliberately seems to try to make herself as unattractive as possible off screen. Maybe it's protective coloring in reverse.

In the case of Peggy Dow, persistence was wrong Walter Helmerich III, rich Tulsa millionaire. He has been begging her to marry him for two years.

Helmerich is young, handsome and has lots of money, but that's not what makes Peggy say yes. She finally decided she loved her career, but not more than her Tulsa boyfriend. By the time you read this they will have married in Athens, Tennessee, Peggy's hometown. The Governor, the Mayor, and other state dignitaries have accepted wedding invitations.

Peggy's gown, made right in Athens, was white with the conventional veil. Her bridesmaids also wore white gowns.

Well, here it is, girls, the intimate lowdown on very tall, very slim, and very handsome Carleton Carpenter, the chap most of you fans asked me about this month.

Incidentally, after watching Carleton and cute Debbie Reynolds at this year's Photographers' Ball, I can understand why he "fractures" so many of you. He and Debbie came dressed as tramps, and their "Abba-Dabba-Dabba" duet was a show-stopper, even though he was coming down with a cold and had a temperature of over 100.

First of all, "Carp" lives in bachelor digs in Westwood which are furnished in New England farmhouse style. He is a "bouncer" by nature, hopping from chair to chair in a room, and from subject to subject in a conversation.

Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Ann Francis and Diane Douglas are his favorite Hollywood dates. And, by the way, he's a pretty set young man in his ideas on women. Too many girls, he says, are more interested in getting married than in BEING married, which is a mistake. He doesn't believe careers and marriage mix, which means a career will be "out" for his wife. He does like a girl to have a mind of her own, though, and not be afraid to express it.

"Carp" has one phobia: he hates to make dates in advance. But with his charm and good looks, most any girl would say so to a last minute invite. Or don't you agree?

Olo Man Stork certainly has been a busy bird out 20th Century-Fox way, but there's a different angle to the interest in his next visit—to Michelle Prellie in December.

So far, he's left two girls (to the Ty Powers and the John Hodians) and two boys (to the Richard Baseharts and the Louis Jourdans), and Michelline's baby will break the tie in the Stork Derby.

Hollywood is talking about Elizabeth Taylor's reluctance to give up Nicky Hilton to Countess Betsy Von Furstenberg. They're also discussing Betsy's strange new dignity about this situation.

And they're talking about the number of ex-wives who choose their divorced or estranged husbands as escorts. Well, that way the girls know what they're getting, and there is a scarcity of men!

They're laying down bets on who Betty Hutton will pick as her next engagement victim; and why a girl as nice as Betty does such screwy things.

Our town is happy over the new-found happiness of Dixie and Bing Crosby. They act as they did when they first met 20 years ago, and a wonderful new understanding has developed between them, which makes Hollywood happy, too.

And they're still talking about the costume Joan Crawford wore to the Photographers' Ball. It was a Chinese coolie coat, which came just above her knees. Well, with legs like hers, who would want to hide them?

Many of your letters this month wondered about Rita Hayworth and the Moslem religion, and hoped she would return to her old faith now that Aly Khan no longer has a place in her life. Quite a few of you, too, asked about Ava Gardner's and Frank Sinatra's marriage. But, by the time this is in print, I expect they either will be married, or will have said goodbye to love.

Tony Dexter continues to lead in a walk as the femme rave; and don't think you can knock Mario Lanza and get away with it. His fans are more loyal than ever.

Keep your letters coming...the more the merrier! We always like to know what interests you most, and what you want to read about.
The joy-propelled story of how Hollywood rides the skies to bring happiness to our G.I.'s!

"Starlift"

18 stars are in it...
AND MORE WONDERS THAN YOU CAN COUNT!

How the stars sing 'em! and the boys cheer 'em!

"YOU'RE GONNA LOSE YOUR GAL"
"S' WONDROUS"
"YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME"
"WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?"
"LIZA"
"GOD'S GREEN ACRES"
"I MAY BE WRONG"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"I'M A TEXAS RANGER"

with JANICE RULE ∗ DICK WESSON ∗ RON HAGERTHY

"It's Here!!" WARNER BROS.' STAR SPANGLED MOTION PICTURE MARVEL!

DORIS DAY GORDON MACRAE VIRGINIA MAYO RUTH ROMAN

and all these great stars!!

JAMES CAGNEY GARY COOPER VIRGINIA GIBSON PHIL HARRIS FRANK LOVEJOY LUCILLE NORMAN LOUELLA PARSONS RANDOLPH SCOTT WYMAN PATRICE WYMORE

Directed by ROY DEL RUTH
Screen play by JOHN KLOSER and KARL KAMB
Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR
She dared to hurt his pride; she dared to send him away to prove himself. Peggy Dow risked heartbreak for future happiness—and won.

BY LOUISE MCILVAINE

They had flying visits together. Walter was working in the oil-fields of Oklahoma; Peggy was making movies. But love blossomed into marriage on November 24.

Peggy Dow, now Mrs. Walter Helmerich III, was once "little Jo Varnadow" from Athens, Tennessee. She came to Hollywood via Gulf Park Junior College, where she originally met Walter. Their courtship got underway in New York, two years ago.

Peggy Dow, now Mrs. Walter Helmerich III, was once "little Jo Varnadow" from Athens, Tennessee. She came to Hollywood via Gulf Park Junior College, where she originally met Walter. Their courtship got underway in New York, two years ago.

- "... and then, of course, you respect me," the handsome young suitor said to beautiful Peggy Dow.

"But I don't respect you," she interrupted. The gentleness of her voice didn't lessen the shock of her harsh words.

When he recovered, he demanded, "And exactly what are your requirements for respecting someone?"

"Showing he has what it takes to do something on his own," Peggy retorted to the would-be writer whose few story sales certainly hadn't financed his lavish courtship of her. A very successful and generous father had done that.

Walter Helmerich III stormed out of Peggy's presence that day.

Days passed into weeks, and weeks into months. There were no more telephone calls to Peggy from New York where he maintained a very nice apartment. Nor from Tulsa, Oklahoma, where he spent part of the time with his parents on their lavish 10-acre estate. No more pages-long telegrams. No letters. Gone were the daily gardenias with poetic notes attached.

No matter what the calendar said, the heart insisted that those two months of silence were decades.

The memories of Walt were romantic, dreamy ones for (Continued on page 74)
Their weekend for two
...is a riot for eight!
...Just her kids
...his kids
two dogs...
and a wildly
bewildered hotel
clerk ahead!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

VAN HEFLIN
PATRICIA NEAL
GIGI PERREAU

Week End
with Father

The Week End that shook
the World...with Laughter!

with VIRGINIA FIELD • RICHARD DENNING

Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Produced by TEO RICHMOND
GABLE'S DIVORCE PROBLEM

In Hollywood, the unwritten law says that no actor must file for a divorce. Should an actor and his wife strongly disagree—and this is putting it mildly in the case of Clark and Sylvia Gable—then it is the little woman who must sue the actor and not vice versa.

The reason for this is that the actor must remain gallant in the eyes of the public. No matter how strong his case, he mustn't plead it. After all, how gentlemanly would it look for a man to accuse his wife of mental cruelty?

Clark Gable was willing to go along with the game. It was his understanding that his bride of 17 months and six days would file for a divorce in May. And Lady Sylvia did.

On the eve of a leisurely trip aboard George Vanderbilt's yacht to Hawaii, Lady Sylvia announced that she had filed a divorce complaint in the California Superior Court. At the time, she said she wanted absolutely nothing from her tall, handsome graying husband, and was in fact, acting only on his request.

It was Clark, she intimated, who wanted their marriage dissolved. Not she. A few weeks previously (Continued on page 84)
"Nero fiddled while I burned!"

says DEBORAH KERR
costarring with ROBERT TAYLOR
in MGM’s Technicolor Production
"QUO VADIS"

"You’ll see Nero and the burning of Rome in ‘Quo Vadis’. And if you know how steam heat parches your skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed inches away from live, crackling flames.

**Soaking in water** for this escape scene dried my skin again...

**And later, 'my hands were tied',** literally, with a harsh rope...

**So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion...**

**It kept them** lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.

**At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...**

**Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...**

**You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...**

**You’ll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!**

---

**CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?**

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won’t “bead” on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

**Still... 10¢ to 51¢ plus tax...**

---
MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

TOO YOUNG TO KISS

June Allyson is a concert pianist, but she can't get manager Van Johnson to listen to her, he's so rich and busy. Discovering that he's due to judge a child musicians' contest, she knocks her knees, shortens her skirts, covers her teeth with an old dental brace, and forces her way into the tots' competition. Naturally, she wins. Johnson, who realizes you find an infant prodigy once in a lifetime, practically adopts her, despite the fact that she seems to be an extraordinarily vicious child. She drinks and smokes and kisses men passionately whenever she gets the chance. You can probably figure out the ending; the music is enjoyable, the performance lots of fun.

Cast: June Allyson, Van Johnson, Gig Young, Paula Gordy.—MGM.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY

I guess the old-time musicals are over. Used to be that beautiful girls would come to New York hoping to work for Rodgers and Hammerstein. Now they all want to get on television. Consider the story of small-town Janet Leigh. She arrives in New York, meets indigent singer Tony Martin, whose agent is also agent for three out-of-work actresses (Gloria De Haven, Ann Miller, Barbara Lawrence). This agent, namely, Eddie Borden, is a disreputable snake. After much lying, starving, and shenanigans, they all get on the Bob Crosby TV show, and the final number has Janet reclining on a large bed, while Tony sings to her. Maybe it ain't good taste, but it sure is Hollywood. Best touch in the picture: the casting of old vaudeville team Smith and Dale as Valdettaro proprietors. They are truly hilarious, and I would sit through the entire 106 minutes again, just to watch them work.

Cast: Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Borden.—RKO.

I WANT YOU

Samuel Goldwyn continues his investigation of what he considers to be average American families (Best Years Of Our Lives, Our Very Own), this time in the year 1950. Peace isn't really peace in 1950, what with men dying in Korea, but the Greer family (Robert Keith and Mildred Dunnock, parents; Dana Andrews, older son; and Farley Granger, kid brother) feel relatively removed from the problem. Dana was in the army four years, Farley's got a trick knee that will defer him. The times can't be ignored, so Dana decides he has to go back into the army, even though his wife (Dorothy McGuire) cries, "Is two years the limit that people can expect to be happy these days?" As for Farley, he's drafted, iron out a romantic problem of his own, with Peggy Dow. Picture's slow getting started, but has some immensely moving scenes—notably one (Continued on page 90)
An eyeful... an earful...
an armful of the BIG TOWN!

HOWARD HUGHES presents
TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Grab your gal! Grab your guy! Grab yourself
two tickets to the Broadway hit that's got everything!

Torchy songs... sizzling dances... high-voltage loving...
and a laugh for every light on the Great White Way!

starring
TONY MARTIN   JANET LEIGH   GLORIA DEHAVEN   EDDIE BRACKEN   ANN MILLER

with BARBARA LAWRENCE - BOB CROSBY featuring THE CHARLIE'S
ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Colors grey hair, lightens or darkens existing color, or gives new color, if desired...

NO OTHER HAIRCOLORING GIVES YOU SUCH GLAMOROUS NATURAL LOOKING HAIRCOLOR

ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

THE EASY 'SHAMPOO-WAY' IN QUICK 'SHAMPOO-TIME'!

PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS ROUX COLORS GRAY OR FADED HAIR—FASTER, EASIER THAN EVER...TAKES JUST MINUTES!

Lovelier haircolor for your audience! Rich, lasting color to hold admiring eyes. It's yours—so easily, so swiftly, yet still costs less!

Enjoy the comfort of lovely new color "shampooed" into every visible strand in just minutes.

Years of tested experience have gone into this exquisite hair cosmetic. It's sure, it's natural-looking, it's lovelier. And its name—ROUX—is your guarantee of tested dependability.

SEE HOW EASY IT IS FOR YOU TO HAVE LOVELIER HAIRCOLOR IN "SHAMPOO-TIME"

1 Coloring mixture is poured from bottle on to hair. Fingers work it through.

2 Then after a few minutes, the same with the ends.

3 It's shampooed—that's all!

SEE WHY ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO IS THE PROFESSIONAL COLOR CHOICE!

- It's brushless—no fear of flat, painted look.
- It's resistant to sun, salt water and perspiration acids.
- It's lasting—won't wash out, fade or develop off-shade casts.
- It lightens or darkens haircolor several shades without prebleaching.

12 HEAVENLY COLORS

No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Brown
No. 4 Light Warm Brown
No. 5 Light Ash Brown
No. 6 Dark Auburn
No. 7 Light Auburn
No. 8 Golden Brown
No. 9 Ash Blonde
No. 10 Reddish Blonde
No. 11 Golden Blonde
No. 12 Light Blonde

Use according to directions.

PROFESSIONAL COLORISTS USE MORE ROUX THAN ALL OTHER COLORINGS COMBINED

Visit your beauty salon—ask your hairdresser about ROUX COLOR SHAMPOO

Roux Distributing Co., Inc.
Here are the stars you chose as favorites in 1951.

1. JUNE ALLYSON
   JOHN WAYNE
2. JANE POWELL
   ALAN LADD
3. BETTY GRABLE
   CLARK GABLE
4. LANA TURNER
   FARLEY GRANGER
5. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
   RONALD REAGAN
6. BARBARA STANWYCK
   TONY CURTIS
7. JANET LEIGH
   JEFF CHANDLER
8. DORIS DAY
   WILLIAM HOLDEN
9. ESTHER WILLIAMS
   BING CROSBY
10. JUDY GARLAND
    GLENN FORD

At the end of every year, all Hollywood sits back and takes stock of its successes and failures—the great films and the duds; the stars who've won new glory and the stars who've begun to fall. And one night in March of every year, Hollywood's Supreme Court—the Academy Awards—selects the outstanding films and performances. But for the all-important popularity ratings, Hollywood is not the judge. That role belongs to you—the four-and-a-half million readers of Modern Screen. Your choice of the top 10, as recorded on Modern Screen's Popularity Poll, has become increasingly important to Hollywood ever since the first results were announced 10 years ago. It is with the warmest congratulations, therefore, that we present here the list of winners for 1951. Congratulations to them—and to you who've made them great.

It was just 10 years ago that a new actor appeared in a movie called This Gun For Hire. Modern Screen readers clamored to hear more about him. That was Hollywood's first indication of Alan Ladd's fabulous magnetism. You know what happened. Ladd jumped to the heights, and he stayed there... A few years later, another young player captured the hearts of Modern Screen's readers. His name was Van Johnson, and pretty soon it was in the spotlight... In 1950, an unknown actor, who'd had only a few brief roles, somehow attracted your attention, (Continued on page 75)
One summer afternoon, back in 1927, a hulking young USC football player called Duke Morrison plied a broom repetitiously on a Hollywood set, and found the going very monotonous indeed. All day, while an exacting director named John Ford tried vainly for a tricky emotional scene, he had tossed brown paper leaves across the camera, then stepped in and swept them up to toss them all over again. Duke was earning money to get back to college and play varsity tackle, and what furrowed his rugged brow was not the art of the screen drama, but the fast Notre Dame fullback he’d have to stop next season. That camera crew tempers were short as firecracker fuses and John Ford anxiously chewing his handkerchief to confetti didn’t register on Duke a bit.

So when he heard, “Action!” again he chucked in his leaves and never noticed the rapt “This one’s it!” expression on the director’s face. Automatically, Duke ambled forward and started sweeping. Only when the air turned blue with outraged curses did he notice that the camera was still whirring. When he swivelled his startled mug into the lens he knew he had committed a sin in Hollywood as mortal as murdering your own grandmother. He had ruined a perfect “take.”

That chagrined stare on the set of *Four Sons* was the first performance John Wayne, as he’s known today, ever played in Hollywood. Needless to state, it never saw the light of a theater screen, nor did he get a nickel for the realistic job. But he did win an award.

After indignant huskies had grabbed him, “pantsed” him, and goosestepped him around the set, they decorated him with an iron cross twisted from ten-penny nails and bent him over double. From a running start, John Ford aimed a kick at his *Sittsfeisch* and scored a goal. Duke didn’t get fired, but it wasn’t exactly an auspicious start in the picture business. *(Continued on page 78)*
THESE STARS WILL SHARE THE LIMELIGHT OF 1952! THAT'S HEDDA'S PREDICTION—THE LADY BACKS IT UP WITH FACTS YOU CAN NOT IGNORE.

Ava Gardner will be Miss Glamor of 1952. In Pandora and the Flying Dutchman, she has more sex appeal than anyone since Garbo.

Cameron Mitchell, Broadway hit in Death of a Salesman, made 20th sit up and take notice.

Dean Miller panned Hollywood to a stranger, on a train. Stranger was Dore Schary, who signed him.

MY PREDICTIONS FOR 1952

by Hedda Hopper

Will their careers bring them more fame? Will their private lives bring them happiness? One of Hollywood's foremost crystal gazers peers into the future for a good look at tomorrow.
There I was minding my own business for a change (I said it first) when the phone rang.

"Hello, Hedda," said the editor of Modern Screen, "polish up your crystal ball. It's time for your annual predictions. How's about telling our readers who'll be up and who'll be down, who'll be loved and who'll be left at the altar in Hollywood in 1952?"

"Who—me?" I said. "Or don't you remember? I'm the gal who predicted that in 1951, and I quote, 'Elizabeth Taylor and Nick Hilton will make a happy go of their marriage.' And, 'Janet Leigh won't love Tony Curtis half as much as her brilliant new picture breaks. So she'll keep saying No.' And, 'Clark Gable and his lady fair will grow cozier and cozier out on the farm. And—lots more . . ."

"Hedda, Hedda," interrupted the editor, "you also predicted, and I quote, 'Shirley Temple will change her name to Mrs. Charles Black and give up her Hollywood career.' And, 'The Dan Daileys will sign their bill of divorcement and Dan will play the field.' And, 'Farley Granger will live alone and like it, and so will his old sweetie, Shelley Winters.' I'd say your predictions were 88 per cent right. Hedda. So—get out your crystal ball, and even if it is slightly cracked, get busy with those 1952 predictions."

Well, here I go again. Another year. 1952—with its comedies and tragedies, it's romances, rifts and, unfortunately, its unsavory headlines. (Continued on page 66)
Someday he'll come along—that man you love. But until he does it's a problem being a girl.
I know! Here's what I've learned about handling men.

what to do 'til the minister comes

by Piper Laurie

- Between the time you grow out of childhood and the day you get married—what do you do? Sit and pine? Mix around and force the issue? Swim in a sea of romantic hoping? Plunge into the forgetfulness of work, art or whatever, and let love come when it may? Play safe? Play with fire? Oh, it's a problem to be a girl...

Should you be frightened about yourself when someone you know gets married? Should you be frightened and say, "Look at them! It's so wonderful. And here I am, 19 (or 18, or 21 or 25,) and not married yet!" Or is this too dangerous a feeling? Will it make you over-eager and unable to use good judgment so that you had best talk yourself out of any such enthusiasm quickly? Or should you be frightened because another girl has married and it becomes known that things aren't going well with her, and now the whole proposition of marriage seems risky? Should you be bold and seek out or should you be bashful and be sought out? What to do during that anxious in-between?

There are words I heard somewhere that say, in effect, that these years of young womanhood are the most trying of all. I think this is so. I think a girl often feels she isn't actually living, but just suspended in life. Of course she sometimes has the power to alter the situation. But how... and should she? With me the trouble is that I don't know whether to use my heart or my head as guide... or the exact proportion of each. (I think the right mixture is the important thing.) I often realize that I had better use my head, but on the other hand, it's my heart that I want to take care of.

I think I started to worry about all this before it was time to worry. Was that just me, or is it common with girls? I can remember my first big project was to get concrete proof of my femininity. This was when I was 11 and I just had to know what my girl-power was. I talked my family into letting a boy we knew take me to a movie matinee. He was to have dinner with us afterwards but when we got back into the lobby of our apartment house I wasn't in a hurry to go upstairs. We talked and I don't remember how it happened, or even if I maneuvered it, but suddenly he was trying to kiss me. Of course, I refused. What I was after right then was information, not experience. And I had it. He wanted to... and that's all I wanted to know. But he asked why I wouldn't and my answer was that we were too young. He acted as if he thought this was quite reasonable.

"Then when can we?" he wanted to know.

I can still remember how intriguing I found this question. I took it seriously. In the next few seconds of silence I was (Continued on page 86)
by Gene Nelson
It started 10 years ago when we were married... and every Christmas since has been a double holiday, a double blessing.

Christmas Love Story

Just a few days before Christmas, at three o'clock in the afternoon on the 22nd, to be exact, Miriam and I will be celebrating our tenth wedding anniversary. And this year it's going to be a big day. This year, jolly old St. Nick will have to crawl into the back seat while the Nelsons take over. After all, it is not every day that you have been married for 10 years.

Every year up to now, it has seemed that somehow, without our even realizing it, our anniversary has always blended into the celebration of Christmas itself. During the war, when the very spirit of Christmas was a terrible reminder that you were separated from the ones you loved, the day was marked by a special kind of loneliness. Later, when we were settled, it was the occasion of some of our finest moments of friendship and good fellowship.

But there hasn't been a Christmas (Continued on page 80)
through with love?
Lana's learned the facts of love the hard way. She’s been used and abused. But she’ll never get men out of her hair—or her heart.

BY STEVE CRONIN

No more tears for Turner—at least that's what Lana says. "My marriage to Bob is over," she admits, "and I'm reconciled to that. There's no sense in rehashing things. A girl must forget and look to the future."

Does she mean a future without love? It doesn't seem likely, for looming very large in Lana's life today is Cy Howard, a tall, dark haired radio producer who is recognized in Hollywood as a "character." "Characters" have a way of capturing Lana's fancy, probably because average men bore her too easily. She likes her male escorts to be sharp, witty, and colorful. Cy Howard qualifies. He knows all the answers.

Cy was born 35 years ago in Milwaukee. His big claim to fame is that he was the creator of two outstanding radio shows, "My Friend Irma" and "Life with Luigi." He has also written the Irma motion pictures and That's My Boy, which starred Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin.

Cy Howard has been described in the press as, "uncouth, brash, vain," and not particularly well-bred. But he is tall, dark, handsome and talented. That's the type Lana has specialized in. Greg Bautzer, Artie Shaw, Steve Crane, Ty Power, Bob Topping all fill the bill.

Just how serious she is about Cy, Lana isn't saying. "He's very nice, and he's a lot of laughs," is the limit of her description. There's little doubt, though, that Howard is helping her to forget the past.

A few months ago, as you'll recall, Lana was in pretty bad shape mentally. She was trying (Continued on page 85)
it's a great life

Haver looks fragile, but, oh boy! She'll trim you at tennis, beat you at golf, run you ragged in her zest for life!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

When she was 14 years old, June Haver lived in the small city of Rock Island, Illinois, far away from the make-believe of Hollywood. One Sunday morning, June and her sister, Evelyn, stood in the teeming rain before their house and tried to think of something to do to amuse themselves.

"I know," said June, "let's go to church."

"Which one?" asked Evelyn.

"Let's go to the Catholic church," said June.

"But that's across the trestle," said Evelyn. "It's kind of dangerous."

"Sure it is," said June, "but it will be fun—and we really ought to go to some church, you know."

Evelyn agreed, so the girls set out and walked until they came to a railroad bridge high above a span of river and canyon. Then, one behind the other, they began to cross, stepping over the ties and laughing as they did so. It was fun, but if a train had appeared the girls would most certainly have been injured—for there was no place to go but down from their narrow cat walk.

When they reached the other side, they found the church which was dry and warm, and they entered a rear pew for the mass. Although neither of them were Catholics, they knelt and prayed in silence, and when the services were over they made their way home the same way they had come—and called it a splendid morning.

This incident is typical of June Haver—and demonstrates a character and personality that is hers today as it was then. She is a devout girl, but a scamp; a religious girl who seldom stops laughing and enjoying the excitement of life. (Continued on page 76)
Full of the devil?
Not Mario. He's lusty,
he's loud, he's full
of laughs. And if that's bad
you'll have to take it—
or leave Lanza alone!

BY CARL SCHROEDER

There was great anger in the heart and mind of Mario Lanza. He also had a sprained ankle and a severe pain in the neck. He stood at the desk of Dore Schary, big chief of MGM, and tried to quell the righteous fury that welled up inside him.

Mr. Lanza was being told, politely, but firmly, that a different sort of general behavior was expected of him in the future. Mario listened. He leaned on his cane and wished he could sit down. He shifted uncomfortably.

Suddenly, Mr. Schary stopped talking. He waited for Mario's reply, but there was none forthcoming. Instead, the seconds ticked on in miserable silence. Inside, Mario Lanza turned deep purple.

Then the explosion came. Mario raised his cane and broke it violently over Mr. Schary's desk. Ink spilled. Cigarettes bounced high out of a leather desk tray. Dore Schary shoved back his
chair, and watched in amazement as Mario Lanza limped away through the outer office, shouting down violent threats and ill wishes for all of the movie industry within the sound of his voice.

"Temperamental? They say I am temperamental? How ridiculous!"

Mario Lanza was telling me about his strange encounter with the big boss. He sat at a long desk in his home on Whittier Drive in Beverly Hills, grinning with high good humor. He wore one of his extra loud sport shirts, with extra short sleeves. Most of his strongly muscled arms were in view, and obviously they did not have an extra ounce of fat upon them.

"You are not going to get me wrong," he said. "You—I can see it in your eyes—are going to tell the truth about Mario Lanza, so there will be no more trouble with all these lies!"

"No more trouble?" My voice sounded a bit incredulous. "Well, with me, I guess there will always be some excitement. But there will be no more misunderstanding. I am a young man. I have a violent love for living in my veins. I am not going to behave like some people want me to behave. I don’t think they will ever change. And I won’t change, either. So, if that is misbehaving—I will misbehave.

"But, to get back to Mr. Schary. This is a wonderful man. I have lived in Hollywood long enough to know that some reporters might tell the story about how I broke the cane over his desk, and then not tell the truth about what happened afterwards. And the net result of all this would be that Dore would think I am a louse, and I would be."

Yes, Mario Lanza would look like what he says—a louse—if the truth weren’t told. The lack of (Continued on page 82)
THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!

By Jim Burton

No matter what they tell you about Hollywood marriages, there's nothing like them anywhere. Every Hollywood marriage is jam-packed with danger right from the start. Gossip, jealousy, and business interference are constant threats to marital success, and too often these threats grow up into divorce suits.

No Hollywood newlyweds are more aware of this than Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis who, since their marriage, have spent more time away from each other than together.

Last summer, when they were married in Connecticut against studio advice, Janet had to fly back to California alone. Tony had to continue his personal appearance tour with Piper Laurie for *The Prince Who Was A Thief*.

"That was the start of our separation," Janet says, "and even though we're living together now, we hardly get to see each other. Every time we plan a honeymoon, Tony's studio says, 'Wait until you finish one more picture,' or mine says the same thing. We thought we'd go on a honeymoon in June just after we were married, but I had to go into a picture with Peter Lawford. When that one was over, Universal had a script ready for Tony.

"Since our marriage, neither of us has been free at the same time. We're supposed to go to Hawaii on a honeymoon this winter, but we're not counting on it. The only thing we can really count on are those darn rumors."

These rumors, and you've probably heard some of them, insist that (a) Janet is pregnant (b) Janet and Tony aren't getting along too well (c) Janet and Tony are both having studio trouble.

"The situation can change any time," Tony says, "but as of yesterday, Janet wasn't pregnant. How that story got started as far back as September, I don't" (Continued on page 58)
"Pinch me," Debbie Reynolds cries, "I'm dreaming!" Now her sister-in-law tells why the fame, the fans, the fancy clothes have Debbie in a tizzy.

Everybody who ever knew Debbie when she was Mary Frances Reynolds has been thrown for a loop. And that includes me. (I'm her sister-in-law). When I first knew her, in school a few years ago, she was considered just about the squarest square that ever hit John Burroughs High, mainly because she didn't date boys. In the minds of the crowd I ran around with, that simple fact added up to a parallelogram having four equal sides and four right angles.

Anybody who was anybody at J. B. High just automatically gathered of nights at Bob's Drive-In out in the valley, where we destroyed as many hamburgers as we could hold. And where was Debbie on these moonlit nights? Off somewhere with the Girl Scouts, or at home blowing into her French horn, or practicing how to twirl a baton. Heaven knows there were enough boys in the crowd who'd have been delighted to buy her a milkshake, but Debbie just wasn't interested.

She went out with boys, sure—to football games or school proms, something or anything to do with school activities—but parties were taboo. Don't ask me why. I guess that Debbie was so surrounded by a whirlpool of activity that (Continued on page 87)
Recently, several members of a national organization convening in Los Angeles were visiting the Clark Gable set at MGM. Mindful of the assistant director's cry of "Quiet, please!" they stood in silence, but their expressions, especially the women's, revealed their excitement as they watched the acting of one of the most fabulous men in show history. When the scene ended, Clark was excused for a short rest. As he started off for his dressing room every eye was on him. Walking steadily, his face set straight ahead, he came abreast of the group. They felt that surely he would turn his head and smile. But there was no pause in his stride. Without so much as a glance to acknowledge the admiration falling all about him, he kept right on and went by. In the cold hush of disbelief that followed, those who were left behind gazed at each other at a loss for words. They thought they had been deliberately snubbed. But they were wrong.

Clark had simply been ducking the one bugaboo almost all the stars come to dread—facing up in real life to their public. The strain of acting in the spotlight is not half as bad for them as living in it. Gable doesn't like it; Jennifer Jones and Rita Hayworth have been frightened by it; and performers like Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford and Howard Duff are never unaffected.

Go back to Greta Garbo. It wasn't her picture roles as a goddess that made her choose to be a recluse; it was having people expect her to act like one in her private life. Essentially the story is the same all the way up to the newest starlet, like Marilyn Monroe, for instance. Marilyn's beauty can fill the screen but not the painful pauses in her social conversations.

What is the nature of this bugaboo? Why does it affect the stars so strongly? The answer, bluntly, is that there are few stars (Continued on page 81)
Millions adore them, but Hollywood's Great tremble in public. Facing the fans can turn a star's life into a bed of neuroses.

BY SUSAN TRENT

WORST BUGABOO
Seated at the baby grand piano, Deborah Kerr was playing a soft accompaniment to her thoughts. She let the music trail off as she turned toward her husband.

"Tony," she said abruptly, "do you think it's true that a house reflects the owner's personality?"

"I suppose so," Tony answered, ready to agree with whatever his pregnant wife happened to say.

"Then," said Deborah conclusively, "I must have an awfully muddled personality."
Anthony C. Bartley III put down the TV script he'd been reading. He got up from his armchair and walked across the sun room to his wife who was studying their home with troubled eyes. He cupped her chin gently in one hand and turned her face towards his. "You're the most beautiful, muddled personality I know, and I love you." He underlined his opinion with a kiss.

Deborah placed her hands back on the keyboard to steady herself. "But about the house," she persisted. "Tell me the truth."

"I like it muddled, as you call it," Tony continued loyally. "It wouldn't seem like our home if it weren't for these fat old whale-oil lamps and that slightly battered marquetry table. Even the weird African heads seem like part of the family. And how would it look without that silly pig in the parlor? But if it makes you happy, you can turn the wine cellar into a skating rink, and plant cactus on the roof. Only one thing. No changes in my room, please."

Scotland's lovely gift to Metro giggled in spite of herself. "I didn't have anything quite so radical in mind. It's only my room whose personality I want to change."

"Go ahead, darling."

The changes Deborah Kerr outlined that evening were quite ambitious. They involved knocking out the south wall of her upstairs bedroom and replacing it with large picture windows. For a long time, she confided to Tony, she'd wanted to be able to lie in bed and... (Continued on page 72)
Her friends say Luft's not the type for Garland. But they can't stop Judy from throwing her heart away on the man she loves.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

- When Judy Garland returned to Hollywood after a five-month European tour during which she'd earned some $200,000, reporters at the train asked her how she felt.

For a minute, Judy wouldn't answer.

Her glance swept across the train station, and came to rest on her little daughter, five-year-old Liza Minnelli. Liza ran into her mother's arms. There was a joyful, kissing reunion, and only after that was over would Judy answer the eager press.

"I'm feeling great. I don't worry about my figure any more."

In England, Judy had been amazed by all the comment concerning her weight. Practically every newspaper describing her appearance at the Palladium, included such items as "a surprisingly heavy weight Judy Garland made her vaudeville debut last night," or, "Judy Garland, fatter and rounder than ever, arrived in London yes-
"Yesterday," or, "Never before has talented Judy weighed this much."

Talking about it later, Judy good naturedly said, "For a while they had me feeling like the fat lady from Barnum & Bailey. But they were really a wonderful audience. The crowds I played to in England were simply magnificent. So understanding. So warm. They bring out the best in an entertainer.

"I remember (Continued on page 70)"
One day back in 1929 a young fellow from the Oklahoma cow country swung off a B. & O. coach on the Jersey side of the Hudson River and stood there gawking at the Manhattan skyline.

The yellow clay of the prairies still smudged his butterfly boots and an aroma of sagebrush wafted from his new suit of store clothes. He lugged a battered case that housed a five dollar, second-hand guitar.

A fellow passenger watched him stare at the silhouette of the Great City, and grinned. "Well, Bud," he asked, "what do you think of that?"

"My goodness!" drawled Gene Autry. "Once I get inside that place—how'll I ever get out?"

"Well," comforted the stranger, "a lot of people in there don't want to."

At that point, Gene had just ditched his railroad telegrapher's job, on Will Rogers' advice, to seek his fortune as a singing cowboy. By now Gene's five dollar guitar has been parlayed into a multimillion dollar career, and he's the busiest man, by far, in all of Hollywood. But sometimes the fabulous empire which he has built with his own brains, talent and luck seems as inescapable a labyrinth to Gene's friends as New York's canyons once looked to him.

Every now and then they ask him, "Gene, when you going to slow down and take it easy?" Or as his pal, Chill Wills, put it the other day, "Doggone, Gene, why don't you stop supporting all them Demmycrats back in Washington?"

At such times Gene grins the wide, white smile that has become famous wherever movies are shown, and astonishment shows in his mild blue eyes. "You mean quit?" he asks. "Why, honest, I wouldn't know how." And he's speaking the gospel truth. Even when he thinks he's taking it easy, Gene's about as passive as a Texas tornado.

One afternoon a few weeks ago, (Continued on page 63)
YOU CAN'T PUT AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION LIKE GENE OUT TO PASTURE, AND TOURS LIKE THESE SHOW WHY.

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime: Young Roger Ladage met Gene at the Illinois State Fair. He lost his family, but with Gene's help everything turned out all right.

Big smile for the grandstand: Gene spends weeks on tour. Here the fair officials in Springfield escort him to the stage where he appeared 20 years ago as a band singer.

A couple of Champions: Gene has played over 300 towns on tour and never missed a performance. Once he had to ride a freight car with the horses to keep a scheduled date.

Three out of 150: The Gene Autry enterprises have a payroll of over 150 employees, most of them long-termers. Here Rufe Davis and Ed Waller talk things over with the boss.

The best medicine yet: Gene never fails to visit the children's wards. In Springfield he also inspected some hospital equipment bought with funds from a benefit he did in the winter.

Backstage bedroom: Gene's often up from 6 AM to 3 AM. He keeps going by snatching cat naps backstage between shows. He's been promising himself a rest for 15 years.
To the millions who love her, Modern Screen reports
on how Shirley Temple is living “Happily ever after.”

BY AGNES VAGHI

Mrs. Black; housewife

- Amidst world-tottering problems and talk of peace
  Shirley Temple moved to Washington, D. C., a few months ago.
  “And only because my husbannd is stationed here with the Navy—
  specifically, in the Office of Naval Operations in case
  anybody wants to know.” She added the last part teasingly over
  her unlisted telephone which is also a party line.
  Shirley and her husband, Reserve Officer Lt. Comdr. Charles
  Black, are definitely not interested in publicity, even
  in the hot-news capital of the United States. After 20 years
  of movies, Shirley feels she’s had enough.
  “I’m tired of telling interviewers how many pressure
  cooker I have, and posing for photographers in front
  of the fireplace reading the funnies,” she says.
  Instead, her ardent desire is to play
  a new role, that of being an unglamorous housewife,
  and mother to Linda Susan, her three-year-old daughter.
  Linda Susan reminds everyone of Shirley when she was a child.
  Smart and “cute as a button,” she’s quite a conversationalist
  for her age. Now, there is a rumor that Shirley expects another baby.
  Dressed in slacks or plain house cotton, Shirley takes charge
  of Linda herself, performing all the sundry chores of
  motherhood. In addition, she cooks for her husband, cleans house,
  and does the marketing without benefit of a staff of servants.
  “Sure, it’s a lot of work,” admits Shirley, “but I love it.”
  Equaling her domestic abilities is her natural bent for
  business. Washington tradesmen are surprised to find Shirley a smart
  “cooky” when it comes to shopping. She always sees
  to it that she gets her money’s worth.
  “I’m Pennsylvania Dutch! I’m stubborn!” she says
  about the way she handles her new responsibilities.
  But curiosity seekers, in a town supposedly conditioned to
  celebrities, are rampant, especially where Shirley is concerned. When
  she first came to Washington and put up in a furnished apartment,
  every newspaper in town heralded her arrival and hundreds of
  calls poured into the Navy Department. (Continued on page 62)
ALSULANA ACRES IS AN INSURANCE POLICY ON THE HOOF. UNTIL ALAN'S HORSES PAY HIS FOOD BILLS HE'LL
Hollywood is the land of the movie star and the fabulous salary, the home of glamor and the seat of wealth. To the rest of the world Hollywood life is all play with just enough work around to keep a man from growing stale. However, in actuality, it is the land of the high income tax, and it would surprise you to know the number of high salaried stars and executives who must have a sideline to protect them from the poorhouse in the days of their eventual retirement.

Take, for instance, the case of Alan Ladd and his famous ranch. It has been written about to a great extent and photographs of it have been printed in all sorts of magazines. A good many of the accounts of this “hobby” of Alan Ladd’s have been pretty factual, but they all have neglected one important point. The Alan Ladd ranch is the family sideline, the venture they hope will one day keep them out of the poorhouse, if something should go wrong with the movie business. Or for some reason Alan should want to retire.

It must be admitted that ALSULANA ACRES, the name of the Ladd farm, began as a sort of a dream. Ever since Alan started in pictures, he had lived a quiet life in the city. He would sit at home in the evenings, and talk to Sue of one day being able to look out of their window at rolling hills, the likes of which they had seen on insurance company calendars. They both liked to ride and owned a couple of horses, which they rode on Sunday afternoons on the trails around the Los Angeles hills. At the first of each month, when the bills for the caring and feeding of these horses came in, they would soberly decide they must get rid of the animals as an unnecessary expense. This, of course, was in 1945 when Alan’s (Continued on next page)
"Remember, be gentle but firm." Daddy gives careful instructions to Alana and David before their daily morning ride. Both are fine horsemen.

The ranch boasts pigs, too. Alan figures when he’s too old to bring home the bacon it might as well be there waiting for him—in his own backyard.

The Ladds converted the old stables bit by bit into a handsome ranch-house which includes this kitchen, the center of their bustling family life.

This isn't labor trouble, it's fun. Good friends like Bill Demarest helped Alan fix up the place. He's turned a run-down farm, a ruined house, and crumbling stables into a show place.

(Continued from preceding page) Income was nothing compared to what it is today. The solution to the Ladd's problem came quite by accident.

Alan Ladd is a real friendly character. Off screen he's as helpful as your next door neighbor who comes over on Saturday afternoon to give a hand in raking up the leaves. So one day when a friend of his, an antique dealer in Beverly Hills, asked him if he would come along on a ride 45 miles up into the country and help unload a desk he had to deliver, Alan obligingly jumped into the truck.

When they arrived at the country estate, Alan and his friend lugged the desk into the house. The lady of the establishment, presuming that Alan was an assistant truck driver, asked him to wait outside in the yard while she concluded her business with the antique dealer. Alan walked around the grounds for a few minutes, breathed the fresh clean air, took a good look at the rolling hills and decided this was the life for him. Spotting a "For Sale" sign at some distance down the road, he walked over and took a look at the place. It was an abandoned ranch. There had been a house a number of years before, but it had burned to the ground and the stone foundations were almost entirely buried by dust and debris. There was a series of rickety stables set into the side of a hill and, except for a lone man tinkering with a decrepit windmill, not a creature in sight.

It was either Alan's good fortune or misfortune to approach the man and get into a conversation. At any rate, 15 minutes later, as he sat in the right hand seat of the truck headed back toward Hollywood, he owned an abandoned ranch with a burned down house and a half-a-dozen rickety stables set into the side of a hill.

Breaking the news to Sue was something of an ordeal, as Alan admits.

"I didn't know what to tell her," he said. "But on the ride home I suddenly had an idea. I not only would stable my two horses on my new property, I would (Continued on page 89)
Give a really personal gift

the useful gift for all occasions

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO. • WEST BEND, WIS.
they're scared stiff

(Continued from page 35) know. Janet had a bad attack of shingles. But having shingles and getting pregnant aren't the same thing.

"Not that we would mind. We want a family. That's one of the reasons we got married. We're both in the business. I only hope that we have our honeymoon first, and Janet gets pregnant second."

Janet herself would like to have at least three children, and she says she's perfectly willing to give up her career any time Tony wants her to. "Only we've talked it over," she adds, "and we both think it would be a good idea to wait and let Tony get established. All, he's only starred in three pictures, and in this business who knows which way the wind will blow? I'm only 23, and there's still lots of time for lots of babies."

The pregnancy rumors don't bother Tony and Janet nearly as much as the stories about their quarreling.

"I can honestly say," Janet insists, "that we haven't had a single quarrel since our marriage. We haven't had the time. When I was making Scaramouche, I had a six and seven o'clock call at the studio. Tony wasn't working at the time. I'd get up in the morning, have a cup of coffee for myself, and off to work. At night, we'd go over and visit Tony's folks. Ever since his father suffered a heart attack, Tony's been very solicitous.

"Now these stories about us fighting got started I really don't know. There's absolutely no truth to them. We're very happily married. All this stuff about our having career trouble about Tony's re-routing my career and my resonating honestly, that's just gossip."

Tony is equally disturbed about the stories. "Janet," he asserts, "is the perfect wife. What do people want from us, anyway? A scandal or something? We happen to be very happy. Is that so unbelievable? Unfortunately, we don't see each other as frequently as our newswires, but we'll work that out."

"People ask me how come we have a maid preparing our meals instead of Janet? That lack of personal contact is becoming a shopping and cooking when she has to work at the studio? Janet knows how to cook, but at this point, it's more important for her to act than to make sandwiches for me."

"They're also saying that I resent the fact that Janet earns twice as much money as I do. Recent the fact? What am I, a lunatic? I hope she earns five as much as I do. She deserves it. She's a great actress. Do you realize that Janet's made about 17 pictures in a little more than four years? Did Anyone In The Audience? She's getting better all the time. I want her to continue with her career. It's just beginning to roll."

To be perfectly truthful, Tony and Janet are both pleased with their new life. They're so busy. It's difficult for them to realize that the success they're currently enjoying is the result of hard work combined with luck. They're inclined to believe that they owe their success entirely to luck.

Ten years ago both of them were a couple of kids from the wrong side of the tracks.

Tony's father was a poor, kind-hearted, immigrant tailor who made just enough to keep his wife and two sons in food and clothes. That Tony should now be earning $400-
a-week seems almost impossible to his folks. Tony, though, has quickly adapted himself to the Hollywood standard of life. Today, he owns a Buick convertible, buys his clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue, employs a business manager to save money for him, lives in a Wilshire Boulevard apartment that rents for $200 a month, likes to eat in the best restaurants, and be seen at the swankiest night clubs.

Were Tony the typical case, he should have gone "Hollywood" a long time ago. That he hasn't is indicative of an unusual strength in his character. He has seen so many people shovelled around during their lifetime that he treats everyone with respect and dignity. He cannot understand or abide snobbiness.

It is safe to say that the Hollywood press photographers consider him "the best" kid in Hollywood. Certainly, he's the most cooperative. As a matter of fact, Tony and Janet both owe a good deal of their current popularity to these photographers, which is why they will do practically anything to please them.

Tony himself has said over and over again, "I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for those photographers. They had me in one magazine after another long before I even got the lead in Prince. If there's anything Janet and I can do to help them, we certainly will."

Last September, the photographers of a national magazine were a little piqued because they'd been scooped on the Leigh-Curtis wedding pictures by their competitors.

"You tell us how we can make it up to you," Tony told the boys who'd been scooping him. "Someone got the bright idea of shooting Janet and Tony down at Palm Springs, spending the night in sleeping bags, camping out, taking a mule trip up into the mountains, the next day flying back to LA. "It'll make a great winter issue," one of the photographers said.

The temperature at Palm Springs during September frequently hits 104 or 110. At the time the request was made, Tony and Janet were both working six days a week. There was also much talk that Janet would have to work on Sundays doing re-takes for Jet Grain, the film she has been in production at RKO ever since 1949. Despite all this, the newswires gave up their one Sunday together and drove down to Palm Springs with the photographers. They slept in a sleeping bag, rode the mules up into the mountains, posed all day for pictures.

When it was all done, they thanked the cameramen profusely. "It was sweet of you," Janet told them, "to do this layout for us."

And Janet meant it, too.

There are many actresses in Hollywood who will tell you that Janet Leigh is all sugar and scheme, that she has never thrown any bread upon the water without first making certain it would return as a three-layered chocolate cake. These are the cats who are jealous of Janet's $300-a-week-salary, her amazing career, her happy marriage. They accuse her of deceit, affection, and fraudulent smugness.

They don't really know her.

Janet is a small-town girl who had just about as much as Tony—which is nothing—a few years in Hollywood. Her starting salary of $50-a-week seemed enormous to her. Today, five years later and despite all her expenses, $500-a-week seems enormous, only she knows that if Jan Jan, not只有 for one week, Lana Turner $5,000, should be able to see that a newcomer like Betsy Von Furstenberg started out at Metro this year with $400-a-week. Honora, the studio has given her several bonuses, and when her contract expires two years from now, there is little doubt that her agent, the Music Corporation of America, (Continued on page 39)
modern screen's
hollywood approved fashions
Barbara Rush, member of Paramount’s “Golden Circle” starlets in *When Worlds Collide*, poses in White Stag’s new 1952 *separates* version of their famous original sailcloth styles. The “Half Moon” scoop neck blouse is trimmed with “character” stitching; the “Hoe Down” skirt has deep fan pockets—“character” stitching. Team up these “winning” *separates* with a cardigan sweater for casual winter wear. The *separates*—sizes: 10-20; both in red, black, yellow, white, wild iris, summer navy, turquoise, coffee cream or depth green. Blouse, about $4. Skirt, about $7.

Smartest swim suits of the resort season. Jan Sterling and Edith Head study the slimming figure flattery of the patented built-in “Phantom” girdle (provides healthful abdominal support)—the new and distinguishing feature of these “winning” “Form Control” swim suits.

FASHION PANEL: Jan Sterling, Alan Ladd, Betty Hutton, Van Heflin, Edith Head.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 58; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
KNOWS NO SEASON

Lovely Marion Marshall, one of Hollywood's up and coming beauties, models a dull-finish doeskin-lastex "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra and shirred panels (below). You'll be eye-catching in this exciting suit at winter resorts or swimming at your nearest indoor pool any time of year. Be smart, try it now and have an advance start, too, on your new summer wardrobe. Rose, kelly green, Alice blue, black or peacock blue. Sizes: 32-38. About $13.00.

Marion's winning, flare-skirted dressmaker "Form Control" suit with cuffed bra (right) is fashioned of laton tissue faille—it has separate matching panties (with built-in "Phan-Tum" girdle, too). Black, lime, violet or aqua. Sizes: 34-40. About $17.


POOL BY PADDOCK, BEL-AIR HIGHLANDS
Sweaters, always in the fashion news, are lively, gay companions to all the clothes in your wardrobe. Joan Taylor, a Paramount “Golden Circle” starlet now appearing in Warbonnet, models this “winning” group of sweaters by Pandora. (Top photo) Rayon and cotton bouclé short sleeved slip-on classic. Beige, white or lovely soft pastels. About $4. (Middle photo) A short sleeved slip-on of fine knit wool with a Kent collar—neck opening closed with pearl buttons. Black, red, maize, light oxford gray, navy or white. About $5. (Bottom photo) A classic—this time a long sleeved versatile cardigan—also of rayon and cotton bouclé. Beige, white and soft pastels. About $5. All the sweaters available in: “teens” sizes 10-16; misses sizes 32-40.
where to buy
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.,
o/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

BARONET—Pgs. 52, 53
You may buy the Baronet dress in person or you may order it by mail from Dale Milton, 945 Pea-
sylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Send check or money order.

"FORM CONTROL" SWIM SUITS—Pg. 55
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chester, Pa.—Rodgers
Cleveland, Ohio—Kangesser
Delray Beach, Fla.—Irene Moore
Galloway, Texas—Robert Cohen
Long Beach, Calif.—C. R. Anthony Co.
Miami Beach, Fla.—Worth, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Blackston Shops
Palm Beach, Fla.—Silhouette, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Plymouth, Mass.—Battner Co.
Portland, Maine—Finn's Shop
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Co.
Tuesday, Ariz.—Lavy Dress
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lathrop

WHITE STAG SEPARATES—Pg. 54
Chicago, III.—Charles Stevens
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
Indianapolis, Ind.—I. S. Ayres
New Orleans, La.—Mason Blanché
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Portland, Oregon—Meyer & Frank
Sarasota, Fla.—Montgomery Roberts
St. Paul, Minn.—Schlech

WHITE STAG SKI PANTS & TUNIC
COAT—Pg. 56
Chicago, III.—Charles Stevens
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel

WHITE STAG SLACKS—Pg. 56
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marché


PETER PAN BRA, above right, is the new "inner Circle" bra designed especially for the average bustline—assures rounded contour, perfect uplift; patented Duro-Form cup (bra will not lose its shape). In lovely pluming version (shown above) embroidered nylon sheer. White, Sizes: 32-36A; 32-36B. About $8. In regular neckline (not shown)—white only. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-36B. About $5. In regular neckline (not shown)—white only. Sizes: 32-36A; 32-36B. About $4. Nylon, about $4.50. Peter Pan bras can be bought at leading department stores and specialty stores throughout the country.

they're scared stiff!
(Continued from page 52) will arrange a new $4,000- or $5,000-a-week deal for her.
At the moment, her paramount interest is her marriage, which she insists is infi-
nitely more valuable than her career.
Janet was married when she was 15, but the marriage was annulled, and she never lived with her husband.
She was married again when she was 18, this time to Stanley Reames, and she learned what Hollywood can do to a mar-
riage when the wife is a breadwinner, and the husband is a non-professional trying futilely to get ahead. She is convinced that present husband Tony will develop into one of the most talented young actors in the business. "But after three years," she says, "I'll just be known as Tony's wife."
A basically shy woman whose prattle occasionally fools people into be-
lieving she is more than she is, she knows she feels that in two or three years she will become a mother.
She feels that motherhood will not necessarily interfere with a career, and that after seven years of low-salaried appren-
ticeship, she would be silly to give up a profession just as she's about ready for the big-time brackets.
Right now, most of her efforts are con-
centrated on making Tony happy. She
babies him constantly. Whenever he has the chance, she lets him sleep late, pre-
pares breakfast, tiptoes out of the house. She gets him all the decisions as to friends, dates, household expenses.
Having been married previously, Janet knows that a girl has to fight for her love and happiness, that just doesn't happen; that marriage is a working partnership.
Fortunately for her, Tony is happy in his work. He wants to act constantly. In-
activity makes him restless. For a while there was talk at Universal of letting Audie Murphy play the role of the deaf-mute prizefighter in Hear No Evil. When Tony was finally given the part, he was ecstatic. He'd like to make five or six pictures a year. "I go crazy when I'm not working," he says. "My friends work all the time."
Tony is quick to say that Universal has been wonderful to him. "I love this studio. I love all the guys in it. You couldn't find a nicer bunch anywhere. When it comes to new deals and contracts, what do I know about that? I've got an agent. Let him do the worrying. All I want to do is work."
When asked if he's working at his mar-
rriage, Tony says, "Working at it? Listen, that's the greatest thing that ever hap-
pened to me. That Janet! You couldn't find a better wife. Anything I want to do, she wants to do. I want to see my folks, she wants to see them. I want to go down to the beach, she wants to go down to the beach. I like steak and potatoes for supper. She likes steak and potatoes. Any rumors about our being unhappy are strictly phony. We are the two happiest kids in California. All I can say is that every-
body should have the trouble we're hav-
ing. It would be a great world."
When a man thinks that his marriage is perfect through some divine intervention ("It just happened that way. Janet and I were meant for each other") you can rest assured that the wife in question is doing one sensational job.
The reason that Tony is so sublimely ecstatic these days is that there are no lengths to which Janet Leigh won't go to maintain their love.
"The advantage in having been married before," she says, "is that a girl learns." Janet Leigh has learned plenty. To her, the price of a happy marriage is eternal vigilance of the most subtle and unobtru-

The End
Are you in the know?

What’s the correct way to wear a corsage?

- Stems up
- Stems down
- On the right shoulder

Is that an orchid—or an upside-down-cake? You don’t put posies in a vase face down, so why pin them on with stems pointing skyward? Wear a corsage on the left shoulder; and remember...petals up! Being sure helps keep your confidence hitting on all 8 cylinders. Like trying all 3 absorbencies of Kotex. They’re different sizes, for different days; and with whichever one you select, you’re “sure”!

When your date doesn’t show up, should you—

- Snub him henceforth
- Plan dark revenge
- Be debonair

Stood up, eh? Well, simmer down—at least until he’s had a chance to explain. Next time you meet, be debonair; ask “How come?” re last Saturday eve. You may find he simply misunderstood about which night the shebang was to be. As for the “certain” dates marked on your calendar—you need never doubt, with Kotex. Just trust that special safety center: your extra protection against embarrassment.

Which togs make good sense for skiing?

- Free n’ easy
- Flossy woolens
- A fur-lined topcoat

If you’ve ever trudged up a ski slope, or tried to maneuver those “waxed slats”—you know better than to lug yourself like a fugitive from the Yukon! Ski clothes should be lightweight. Tailored free n’ easy. You don’t need bulk for problem-day protection, either. That’s why Kotex has flat pressed ends... (not thick; not stubby). So there’s not even a hint of revealing outlines when Kotex is the napkin you choose.

If invited to visit your fiancé at camp, who pays your way?

- Little of you
- Leave it to him
- Put the bee on Dad

Depends on your hero’s financial status. And whether Mom says you can go. Is he loot-happy? Let him buy your round-trip ticket—(if he doesn’t send it with the invitation tell him “no tick-ee, no trip-ee”). But, if his only income is a G.I.’s pay—better foot your own expenses. In any case, don’t be travel-shy just because “that” day is due. Let Kotex keep you comfortable—with downy softness that holds its shape. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it... to help you stay at ease!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

KOTEX, KLEENEX, DELSEY AND QUEST ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLULOSER PRODUCTS CO.
No cooking! No testing! No beating!

Fudge made this Kraft Kitchen way is smooth, never grainy, never too soft or too hard.

It is made without cooking so there's no testing and no beating to do. Its magic ingredient for smoothness and richness is creamy-white Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, always delicately fresh in flavor—guaranteed fresh.

Make a batch of "Philly" fudge tonight... in 15 minutes, and serve it 15 minutes later. You'll be delighted!

RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE "PHILLY" FUDGE

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese
2 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
Dash of salt
1/2 cup chopped pecans

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft and smooth. Slowly blend the sugar into it. Add the melted chocolate. Mix well. Add the vanilla, salt and chopped pecans and mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased, shallow pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.

For "Philly" fudge be sure you use genuine PHILADELPHIA Brand CREAM CHEESE

Tell it to Joan

It’s nice to be popular; but sometimes it’s a trick to be popular—and “nice.” Here’s how to do it.

It seems hard to believe, but it was two years ago that the editor of Modern Screen was nice enough to ask me to conduct this column. I’ve loved doing it because I feel I’ve made a lot of new friends. My only regret was that I couldn’t answer all the letters. I’ve had brickbats and I’ve had bouquets but—I’m thankful to say—the bouquets have really outnumbered the brickbats. And a letter like the one I received today from Mrs. J. S. of Mundelein, Ill., makes all the hard work I’ve put into the column pay off. She wrote, “You seem to be one of the most level-headed, best-adjusted teenagers ever to enter the movies. A lot of the credit must go to your parents, but a good deal is due you for putting their good advice to daily use.”

But all good things must come to an end. Besides, I’ve found out that there are just so many teen-age problems, and then they begin repeating themselves. There is nothing so boring as repetition. I decided it was time to stop and I asked Mr. Saxon (the editor of Modern Screen) if I could. So with the following letters this is the end of “Tell It To Joan.” Bye now, kids, and thanks for listening to me.

“Dear Joan: During the past three years I’ve had six leads in high school plays and for the last three summers I’ve done little theater work. We are moving to Los Angeles next June. Is there any chance for me in the movies?—J. B. Delaware, Ohio.”

“Tell It To Joan”: By Joan Evans

There’s always a chance. About a million-to-one chance. The best thing for you to do is to find a good dramatic coach who can tell you if you have real talent or not. He (or she), if enthusiastic about you, can often interest an agent in your career. But beware of the many fake dramatic schools. Before settling on a dramatic school or a coach, be sure to talk to the successful people who have attended classes and find out if it’s really and truly on the level.

Dear Joan: I’m young for my age, and don’t look as old as I really am. I’m the only child in the family. All my life I’ve been pampered and babied beyond description. I can’t take responsibilities because they were never given me. I can’t hold a job. I’ve been fired from three jobs in the past six months. I’m desperate.—M. M. Mason City, Iowa.”

You’re quite right when you say that at this moment you can’t take responsibility. Your letter tells me that you can’t even take the responsibility for your own mistakes. See what you are doing now? You’re blaming your parents for your own shortcomings—shifting the responsibility to them. That’s no good. You’ll never be an adult until you change your attitude. And changing your attitude is just up to you. What’s past is past. It might have been better if you had not been so pampered and babied—if you had been given responsibilities. But what you have to do now is learn fast. You’ve got to use your head, girl. You’re certainly not going to be pampered and babied by a boss. Make your New Year’s resolution now. Get a new job. Listen carefully to what you’re told to do. If you can’t remember, make a list of everything you’re supposed to do and do it. But because you know you have a weakness you have to work harder than the next girl. You must do more than you’re paid to do to prove capability.

Dear Joan: I am 16 years old and come from a good family. I get A grades, belong to the school band, am a piano student and teacher (I have 15 pupils), cheerleader and active in church organizations. In spite of all of this, I have an inferiority complex. I can’t even enjoy myself any more. What do you think is the matter with me?

—M. S. Tower City, No. Dak.”
Dear Joan; I've told my mother that I'd like to have a singing career. She's all for it, but she told me I'd have to overcome the stage fright I have. My friends, choir teacher, and high school orchestra leader, also told me I have a beautiful voice for singing.—E. A., Riverside, Calif.

Everybody who gets up in front of an audience to do anything has stage fright to a certain degree. It's normal and healthy. Why, when I did Peg O' My Heart in Hollywood this summer, I was ready to give the whole thing up before stepping out on that stage opening night. There in the wings I said to myself, "Joan, you're out of your mind. Whatever made you think you wanted to try to be an actress." But with me, the minute I step on the stage and speak my first line the stage fright goes. As a matter of fact, even a long-time professional like Helen Hayes has opening-night jitters. They all do. It depends on how bad it is. If you continue to be frightened while you're in front of the audience, and if your voice trembles or shakes or you lose control of it, then you must do something about it. But if it's that bad, I feel you'll get over it as you gain more confidence. The more sure you become of yourself and your voice technique, the more control you'll have. Also, just keep saying to yourself that it isn't too terribly important if you forget or hit a clinker. Singing is like playing competitive sports—you must be relaxed. Keep telling yourself that the people in front of you are all your friends, and besides, what could happen to you if you did not sing well? There's no law that sends people to the electric chair for hitting a flat note. And nobody can even put you in jail for it. So do the best you can, but remember the world won't come to an end if you fail.

"Dear Joan: I'm 13 and Mother and Dad won't let me go out with boys unless I take my brother or sister with me. When I tell the boys I have to take my brother or sister along, the boys don't want me to go. But Mother and Dad think I'm doing something wrong if they or my brother or sister are not with me."—V. E., Roseland, La.

You know, I'm a great believer in doing what the other kids do. But isn't 13 a little young to be dating boys alone? Now don't get me wrong—I don't mean with brother or sister along. But if a crowd goes out together, wouldn't that be okay with your Mother and Dad? And anyhow, a crowd is more fun. Ask them this, and then if they say okay, the next time a boy asks you for a date suggest that another couple or two go with you to the movies, or skating, or whatever you plan to do. I had my first date when I was 13, but it was to big school dance that was well chaperoned. Afterwards, six of us went out together for food. I think this is the best way.

"Dear Joan: The girls at our school who are popular smoke, cuss, and sass everybody. We would like to be popular, but do not want to smoke or cuss.—B. L., Salinas, Calif."

Honestly, I could just shake those girls who think the way to be popular is to be wild. When you say "popular" I'm sure you mean popular with "boys"—for I know those girls aren't popular with girls. And I also know it is scant comfort to tell nice girls that the wild girls' popularity is built on something false and will not last—particularly while the nice girls sit at home. But that's the truth, honey, and I'm stuck with it. Boys pretend to like wild girls—and they do for a time. But they get fed up with them, and you just look around you at the older girls you know who are married. Men marry the nice girls. It seems unfair when you're young the reward for being nice seems to be boy-less evenings. But even if you have to "smoke, cuss, and sass everybody" to be popular, would you want to? Isn't that a pretty big price to pay? For you wouldn't like yourself. And self respect is more important than popularity. Honestly, it is.

So that's it now. I'm putting the cover on my typewriter. And I'm not fooling when I say I'll miss you all.

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Mrs. Black, housewife

(Continued from page 46) At first the name Black had no more meaning than Smith or Jones to the department clerk who accommodatingly thumbed through records to find the exact whereabouts of this officer. Then, like the sun bursting through the clouds, it dawned on her that this was Shirley Temple’s husband.

Growing weary and listless, her voice on the Navy end of the wire took on a new tenor: “Do you mean Shirley Temple’s husband? I’m sorry! He’s not on active duty. We haven’t the slightest idea where he is.”

The Blacks soon left their Wyoming Avenue apartment, for Shirley wanted more sunshine and picture windows. A real estate office was contacted and Shirley told them exactly what she wanted. She was looking for a modern house, well built with spacious rooms, at least three baths, and situated in open country free of trees.

The first house Shirley became interested in was a two-story Cape Cod located outside of Bethesda. The little girl who lived next door was all agog at the prospect of having a glamorous movie star for a neighbor. She planned to be sitting nonchalantly on the steps of the new house when Shirley Temple Black came to inspect it.

“Are you going to buy this house?” she asked Shirley, innocently, at inspection time.

“I don’t think so,” said Shirley. “It’s too small.”

Deflectedly, the girl told some of her teen-age friends about the interview: “It’s plenty big, and it does have four bedrooms.”

The Blacks settled for a rambler in Potomac, Maryland, with a stable thrown in for good measure. Every house in this area boasts a stable and a white fence serving as a corral. Though they have no horses yet, they own two dogs, a boxer and a great dane.

The house cost $48,000, is H-shaped in design, and is situated on four acres of land. There are seven rooms, three baths, no basement. However, the stable loft affords plenty of storage space.

And Shirley has her picture windows—two of them. One is in the study looking onto a flagstone patio in the back of the house; the other faces the front from the living room. Their furniture was shipped to them from California.

Potomac might best be described as a fashionable community approximately 15 miles from the White House, inhabited by horse lovers who actually ride to the foxes, and entertain British-style before a horse show. On these estates, the horses usually graze in the front yards.

Shirley’s neighbors are mostly business people, who spend a great deal of time being married. They’ve taken her into their set wholeheartedly, and go out of their way to shelter her from the never-ending ogling. The general opinion of the Blacks is:

“They are the nicest couple . . . and very simple. Nothing pretentious about them. Too bad they can’t be left alone.”

The neighbors, though, are excited over the latest social notoriety lately come to their back yard.

One day, a group of them asked Shirley for autographs. Graciously, she complied and signed: “Mrs. Shirley Black.” One disappointed child moaned, “But this isn’t worth anything!”

Recently, a padlock was attached to the gate which leads into Shirley’s driveway. This was done to keep out some of the visitors who have been known to drive onto the property. Some of them would bring gifts of home-grown apples, while others just tried to catch a glimpse of Shirley. It seems that it will be a while before people forget her legendary past.

Even when she decided to become a member of the Congressional Country Club, which Shirley left from her Maryland home, she couldn’t escape the crowds. One afternoon she drove out to the Club with her daughter for a look at the place, and people seemed to materialize out of nowhere to mill about them.

The Blacks’ social life in Washington, where any excuse is good enough for a party, has had plenty of glamour in it.

An elaborate reception was given in honor of the Blacks this summer by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morgan Parsons. Mr. Parsons is Vice President of the U. S. Steel Corp., and among his high ranking guests were the Vice President and Mrs. Alben Barkley, Mrs. Brannin, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Chief Justice Earl Warren. Mrs. Steelman and Mrs. Steelman, Chief of the Economic Stabilization Agency and Mrs. Eric Johnston, and many other high officials in government and diplomatic circles.

Government secrecy was not more restrained here. But, even so, she stole the show from political bigwigs.

Shortly after they moved into their Maryland home, their immediate neighbors, the Sam Bogleys, and the de Francheaux (both in the real estate business) threw a welcoming party for them.

This way went to Key to Stony Parlor, where Mr. Bogley told her he was planning a trip to the west coast, she wanted to give him a letter of introduction to her mother. When Mr. Bogley got to Hollywood, Shirley’s mother intended to give him a party.

In the middle of August, Shirley attended another large affair. The American Newspaper Women’s Club entertained service men at the palatial home of H. Grady Gore, which overlooks the Potomac River. Mr. Gore, owner of a fashionable hotel on Massachusetts Avenue, has announced his intention to run against Maryland’s Senator Butler next election.

At this party Shirley’s appearance was more sophisticated than usual. She wore a decolleté gown and her coiffure was tightly dressed. The ladies came out onto the lawn and gaily sat to be photographed with service men.

Perhaps, one day the Blacks will be able to lead a more normal family life as private citizens and constituents of Maryland—at least until Shirley is ready to come out of retirement. Meanwhile, being in the limelight, Washington’s social compensations, and Shirley seems to be thriving on it.

The End
why autry can’t quit

(Continued from page 44) Gene climbed into his Beechcraft plane and roared off from Pioneertown, in the blazing California desert. He’d just finished the last of 52 TV shows, and was off for a well-earned week-end vacation.

By nine o’clock Gene was in Colorado Springs, by 9:30 he was em-ceeing a rodeo, at 10:30 he took in a reception at the Broadmoor Hotel, and at 2:30 the morning he took off in his plane for Springfield, Illinois, arriving at six o’clock in the dawn. Ten o’clock that morning he led a parade opening the Illinois State Fair, and at noon visited a hospital. At one o’clock he rehearsed a show for the Fair and at eight that night staged it. The next morning he rehearsed his “Melody Ranch” radio program and put it as smooth as silk as usual, at seven that night. Then Gene flew back home to Hollywood.

When he got there his wife, Ina, who ought to know better by now, posed him the familiar query. “Gene,” she said, “when are you going to relax?”

“I don’t go to relax,” came back her hustling husband. “I haven’t got a thing in the world to do all week. Is that the telephone?”

Multiply that hectic hitch of time by around 50 and you have a fair picture of a year in Gene Autry’s life. Gene makes six feature westerns a year, two TV shows a week, 50 radio performances, and cuts 32 sides of Columbia records. Last year he toured 67 towns in these United States and played before 1,000,000 people in 71 days. His annual Madison Square Rodeo show ran five weeks in New York and two in Boston. In between, Autry hopped around the country by air looking over oil wells and ranch property, and other business interests. All in all, he traveled 100,000 miles. And that’s his year-in-year-out program.

Why does he do it? What makes Autry run and keep running? You have to know how Gene’s made to answer that, and something about the streaks of gratitude, loyalty, and humanity that run through his six-foot frame.

Gene Autry isn’t chasing more money, more honors or more fame. He has enough of all three to last a couple of lifetimes. Gene has no idea how much he’s worth, but it’s probably around $4,000,000. Each year he collects close to $1,500,000, of which 90 per cent goes to Uncle Sam. He’s always had a golden touch that makes King Midas look like a plier. Gene bought a six-year-old horse in Burbank once for his horses, paid $10,000 for it, and all his pals agreed sadly he’d been stung. He sold it for $25,000 when the city condemned it for a park. When Gene began looking into oil wells with Dick Powell and John Wayne not long ago, he joined up with Douglas Johnson, a Texas wildcatter, and a wildcatter wizard who had hatched 57 times out of 61 tries. Some of those hits were Gene’s.

He’s a natural business man (Gene has no business manager) and so far he hasn’t missed. Gene has an estate in the San Fernando Valley leased by chain drug stores. He has three big paid-up insurance policies. He has an interest in 130,000 acres of ranch land, scattered ground in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arizona. He has his Melody Ranch and his Laurel Canyon hacienda, two radio stations, in Phoenix and Tucson, and even a western haberdashery in Phoenix called “Gene Autry’s Branding Iron.” In short—as a cowboy pal of his says, “They won’t be playing no benefits for Gene.”

As for fame—Gene’s the first cowboy star ever to land in Hollywood’s Big Box-Office Ten (the was 8th, 6th and 4th). He
probably the biggest disappointment of Gene's life. He knew his kids ran around his house. But if he felt it like he could say, “I've raised a million,” and he wouldn't be stretching the truth very far.

They always everywhere named after Gene, some of them with deep voices now and sprouting whiskers, who shake Gene's hand and tell him what's he's meant to their boyhood. There are sick and crippled kids, too, and all corners of the land who've had their shut-in lives brightened by Gene. In every town he plays he makes it a point to visit the local children's hospital, and what he sees in the delighted eyes of the kids there is his reward.

Last year in Lincoln, Nebraska, Gene hosted the entire population of Father Flanagan's Boys Home—500 youngsters. On his show, the first time they'd ever left the place as a group. This year Gene decided to turn his Melody Ranch into a resort for underprivileged boys. When Gene came back, the biggest worry on his mind was kids. “Why just think,” he puckered, “there are kids four years old by now who've never heard of Gene Autry. I wonder how he banks over six million dollars in his rodeo tours—to meet this new generation of kids in person. Doing that, Gene Autry has collected some memories he wouldn't sell for all the box-office going for so far.

There was the little girl in Youngstown, Ohio, for instance. Sally Sue was her name and she loved horses, especially Prince, her father's horse, and Gene began to like Sally Sue. Long, she had leukemia. All she talked about was Gene Autry and—oh—if she could only see him! All she lived for was the moment when Gene came to town. They set out to find him at a minute he arrived. He had two performances to play, one right after the other and not a minute to spare, but he went right out to here area. Outside the window Prince whimpered as they talked. “Isn't he a nice horse?” begged the little girl. “Why, honey,” said Gene, “he's the finest horse I ever saw. He's better than Champ!”

“I'll make a real winner, Gene?”

“Sure you will,” Gene lied.

He stayed there an hour while the show crowd waited. Then when she slept he tipped Sally Sue's last big thrill. She died soon after.

And there was the little girl in Belleflower, California, close to Hollywood, who had a chance to live. Something malignant, they said, was wasting her away. When Gene went to her house he found her bedroom literally papered with his pictures—over 500 covered the wall. Gene didn't do much—there isn't much even a movie star can do. He sang some songs, left her an album of records, told her stories, told her to cheer up.

And miraculously, she did get well. Today she's 15, healthy and pretty, and she never misses coming to Gene's broadcast.

Gene realizes his role as a kid's hero and he won’t be walking out on the children who worship him—even the ones who sometimes take a ride for a girl, like the girl who stripped his boots off at night in downtown Oklahoma City. He left them for the porter to shine. They're all a big family of his, they've written him as many as 108,000 letters in one month. And they're a family he'd hate mighty bad to desert.

And there's another family Gene Autry has, a family of grown-ups with kids of their own. They're the people who love to hitch their wagons to Gene's star. Gene repays loyalty with loyalty; that's his style. Today over 150 of Gene's professional pals get weekly checks from his bank. He loves his aching bones and ploughed his car through the rain to catch up. But halfway over to Dallas, Texas, it skidded and he gashed his left eye in a jagged mirror in front of a local bed and he called Autry, told him his voice. “Drive with the other arm,” said Gene, “but get here.”

Gene's not a flintheart—on the contrary—he's one of the softest himself, that he can't imagine anyone else having a pain. And Gene admits he bears a charmed life.

Only on another day, making his latest picture, Valley of Fire, Gene was out in Newhall on the long straight stretch of track where many a Hollywood thriller has been filmed. The script called for Autry to race his horse, a lightweight chaparral, against four freight and swing aboard. There was nothing new about that stunt for Gene. Only he's a pretty valuable hunk of man to risk on a dangerous stunt men had called for Western stars since the days of Tom Mix. Sandy Sanders, Gene's stunt expert, stepped up to mount Champ but Gene waved him back. “Take it easy, Sandy,” he said. “I'll do this with one hand tied behind me.”

It might as well have been tied, because Gene missed the grips and tumbled down in the clinders right off the ground wheels. That's a pretty nice way to make a hamburger out of yourself, but, of course, Autry rolled clear. Then—cursing just a little bit—he got up and did it right. Professional men have been killed for doing less—and in Hollywood, too.

Gene has been flying his own plane ever since he earned his wings at Luke Field back in 1942 during the war, and seasoned enough to cross the dangerous “Hump” above Burma in the Air Transport Command. By now he has 3500 officially logged hours in the air and hundreds more not down in the book. After the war he bought a surplus P-38 fighter—a plenty hot plane to handle. But in that and his favorite Beechcraft, which he flies today, he's never had to crack-up even in the way of heavy stress.
That’s why he could never stop and rest on his laurels. They’d just make him itch. “When Gene’s done doesn’t mean beans to him,” drawls Frankie Marvin, the guitarist player who’s been with him 17 years. “It’s what he’s doing and gonna do that counts.”

The past is always a dead duck the way Gene’s mind ticks, and I can’t think of a better way to prove than what happened when Gene’s house burned back in 1941. Gene was East with Ina at the time, and his old friend, Bev Barnett, was slated to fly to meet him that morning with some important contracts.

Between the time Bev left home to drive past Gene’s empty house, it caught fire, burned in 20 minutes with everything in it—including the contracts. Bev took a look at the ashes, and rushed to a phone.

“Say,” he was greeted, “why aren’t you on that plane?”

Bev let him have it. “Gene,” he said, “I hate to tell you this—but your house just burned. Nobody hurt, but everything in it’s gone.”

“Well, come on,” he got back.

“I guess you didn’t hear me, Gene,” repeated Bev, saying it slower. “I said your house just burned down to the ground!”

“This time there was an impatient snort. “Well, you said it burned. So it’s burned. Get going now. We’ve got business here.”

That’s a typical Gene Autry reaction to any news, good or bad. He doesn’t pretend to want to know what’s happened, but what’s coming up, and he’s right on the ball with that.

In fact, the way things look now, Gene won’t ever have that vacation he’s been talking about for the past 13 years.

Like most stars, Gene pretends to play golf. He belongs to Lakeside, polishes a fancy set of clubs at home. He gets time to play maybe once a year. This year somebody promoted a charity contest between Gene and Roy Rogers. Gene got a terrific bang out of the fact that he won. But the scores were nothing to give Ben Hogan a scare. Gene shot 102 and Roy 105.

A quick game of bridge or canasta is really Autry’s only frivolity.

Right now, instead of pulling in his horns, Gene’s expanding. He has just bought a half block on Sunset Boulevard where a big super market sat. He’s remodeling it into 21 offices, and putting up a sound stage on the parking lot. He’ll bring his TV operations there to set up his publishing firm (yep, he still writes hit songs, too), his own offices, and several other Autry enterprises. And he’ll be busier than ever, if that’s possible, which is to say he’ll be happier than ever.

“Guess I’ll be around as long as the folks’ll have me,” he grins.

“You’ll be around, you mean,” his pal, Chill Wills, snorts. “Until they sharpen your heels and stick you down!”

That time looks like a far spell away. Hollywood hasn’t softened Gene Autry up. Last fall Gene dropped in a Broadway café after his Garden radio show. Some toughs started booping his Stetson and high heels and slamming “Hollywood cowboys” in general. Gene rose above that; he’s learned to take it. But as he turned to leave, one of them shoved him. Gene whirled, measured the guy, and let him have one. Just one—but that did it. Then he walked out.

So it looks as if Chill Wills had something there. After 16 years as top hand in Hollywood’s cowboy corral, there are absolutely no signs yet of Gene Autry’s greasing his saddle up on the rack. As for the fast-bucking, hell-for-leather pace he sets for himself—Gene has a ready answer for that:

“If it’s easy,” he grins, “everybody’d be doin’ it!”

The End
my predictions for 1952

(Continued from page 23) Will we have a divorce as startling, as unnecessary, as unexpected as that of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor? Or a marriage as deliciously happy as that of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis? Will we have another comedy team as amusing as that of the cracking zanies, Martin and Lewis? Will we have two such inexplicable, heartbreaking tragedies as the deaths of Robert Walker and Maria Montez?

In my interview with Maria the last time she was in Hollywood. She was full of astrology, and assured me that her interest in it was not a pose. She had infinite faith in its predictions.

"Heed," she said with a gay laugh when I teased her, "I have made a careful study of the matter, and I have come up with a firm prediction: For myself a great future."

THERE are 12 months to go, 12 months of love, life, and the pursuit of careers in the most publicized city in the world. So much interest. Who is a couple of our new stars? Will handsome Dale Robertson be given more and more of the Ty Power parts at 20th Century-Fox? Will talented Mitzi Gaynor take over wherever Betty Hutton has been? Will 1952 be the year that the one and only Garbo chooses to return to the screen and stop wearing her hair like a floor mop? Will the public forgive Nan Grey, who played owning in her first Hollywood film since Carole Landis' suicide? Will they forgive John Agar as they did Bob Mitchum? Will they forgive young Dick Contino as they did Tony Martin during World War II?

There are so many excellent, unforgettable pictures in 1951. Who'll be the lucky stars to capture that ever-desirable Oscar crown?

Well, my crystal ball is shining like a marquee on opening night. And here's how it looks to me:

Good old wedding bells seem to be waiting to ring for Judy Garland in the spring of 1952, but I predict she'll fall out of love six months later, Sid Luft's divorce from Lynn Bari is final in January, and Judy was married toVuinniecent Nelson II in March. When I saw Judy recently in Hollywood, before she took off for her stint at the Palace in New York, she was told of the old bosh cloud, or more poetical, the universe had closed the door on her. Sid Luft had clung to her like poor relatives the last three years had disappeared entirely. Metro, the studio that fired her in 1950 after 15 years on the lot, suddenly decided to pitch in and do everything possible to make Judy's appearance at the Palace a success. They gave her clothes, songs, props, arrangements, and a personal driver, Alton Agee and Chuck Welters. In fact, they gave her everything except a contract.

When an actress is happy in her career, if she is not perfectly contented, she is happy in her love life. So, Sid Luft, who has been her boy friend and personal manager for some months now, couldn't find a more propitious time to propose. Judy must say that I would have preferred that Judy reconcile with her director husband, Vincible Minnelli, a really sweet guy who was growing tired of the way Judy was thrusting herself into such a neurotic mess, and who is just as devoted as she is to their cute little daughter, Liza. And, judging from the letters I have received, her fans would like her to reconcile with her husband. If the marriage to Sid Luft is to last, Sid had better do something about his mania for hitting people, especially people who wear glasses. He just can't do it. I have never seen this town so surprised, and visibly shaken as when a tearful Barbara Stanwyck announced that she and Bob were getting a divorce—after 12 years of being acclaimed one of Hollywood's most lovely couples. I even heard a millipede crying as a blow to Barbara. When she appeared before the Superior Court of Los Angeles in February, Barbara said, "He asked me to go back and enjoy my freedom while in Italy and I wanted to continue to do as he pleased. I was greatly shocked and made the necessary arrangements."

"That will be sufficient," said Judge Clark, and the divorce was granted. If Barbara hadn't been such a straight-shooter, she could have been avoided. She could have said, "All right, Bob. So you had fun in Italy. So you had a girl friend. But divorce is a serious thing. Let's wait six months and see if we're still as crazy in September." Six months after the divorce, Bob was ready to call off the whole thing. Freedom, he discovered, wasn't all it was cracked up to be. He had a few Hollywood dates, but they seemed to bore him considerably. He found out that it wasn't so much fun going off on a hunting trip, or flying his precious plane into the wild blue yonder. If a time should ever come back to. While on location with the 20thhore company in England Bob didn't have a single date. "Heed," he said over the phone to Mitzi Gaynor in New York, "for three weeks I had dinner every night in my room—alone. Thank you for denying that I was dating Joan Fontaine." Will Barbara get that old pride bratling and refuse to take him back? I don't think so.

Wish I'd Said That: Jackie Gleason to Frank Sinatra:
"I'm glad you shaved off your mustache. It was making you round-shouldered."
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

Mitzi Gaynor is fast becoming one of Hollywood's big time stars. They smile when they say "Gaynor" over on the 20th Century-Fox lot, just as they did 25 years ago when she wore a tiara on the dance floor and hundreds of dollars in diamonds as part of her dance costume. Why September? Because on September 4, Mitzi will be 21, and after that she is free to marry. Several years ago Mitzi fell in love with a young Los Angeles attorney, named Luke Powell-Geary, the nephew and brother of Edward Everett Horton's, who introduced them backstage one night. Mitzi was all for dragging her ideal man to the altar. But Luke was not a fellow who, as a woman, asked her to wait until she was 21; and Mitzi, a very wise daughter, promised. At the moment I believe that the Jane Powell-Gaynor-Steffan marriage is the most probable of the "younger set" in Hollywood, but come September, Jane and Gaynor will have to share their enviable spot with Mitzi and Richard...
Nick Hilton would make a go of their marriage last year I should be a bit wary of the beautiful Elizabeth this year. But here I go sticking my neck out again. I don’t think Elizabeth will marry Stanley Donen. I think she has outgrown Stanley. During her recent stay in London, where she was making Leavey, her constant companion was the sophisticated Michael Wilding, who used to go with Marlene Dietrich. Before she left for England, Elizabeth told me, “My life has been hysterical. For the last year or so it seems that in everything I have done I’ve been like a person catching a train. I’m all keyed up with nervous energy.”

From now on I think we are going to see a more poised, relaxed Elizabeth. After traveling around England and Paris with suave Mike Wilding and his sophisticated crowd, I’m sure Elizabeth is a more self-assured young lady. For the first time Elizabeth proved herself an actress in A Place in the Sun. In fact, it wouldn’t surprise me at all if she was the dark horse that walked off with the Oscar next March. I hear that the fans and exhibitors are excited about those Taylor-Clift love scenes, and they are urging producer George Stevens to team them again. George would be crazy not to cash in on this romantic team, and George isn’t crazy. So, I predict that those two beautiful young people, Liz and Monty, will be teamed again in 1952. And, furthermore, that this time they’ll fall in love, for real.

When Jan Sterling married Paul Douglas, Hollywood gave it the old fish eye and said it wouldn’t last a year. Paul had had many wives and many girl friends; was as fickle as they come, and twice as old as Jan. This marriage has worked out perfectly, and will continue to do so. Paul isn’t a Charm Boy and Jan isn’t a Coo Girl. They’re frank and honest with each other, and behave like adults. And there is no professional jealousy.

The coming year will bring the Princess Aly Khan back to pictures again, after her three years of luxury in smart European resorts. I hear that there are two things Rita wants very much: A $3,000,000 settlement for her and Aly’s daughter Yasmin, and a picture that will establish her once more as a leading screen star. She won’t get the money; she will get the picture. Her new picture, still untitled (and no matter how they write it it still comes out Gilda) is bound to go over big at the box office. Whether it’s good or bad every body will want to see the Princess Rita. No, Rita needn’t worry about her first picture, curiosity will put that over, it’s the second picture that should keep her awake nights. If that’s a flop, she’s through.

Since her return from Reno, Rita, who is awfully eager to win back those fans who lifted their eyebrows at her pre-marital shenanigans with Aly Khan, has been very discreet about stepping out in Hollywood, and to date has dated only one man—agent-producer Charlie Feldman. This is no romance, I guarantee. I hear that Kirk Douglas has been calling Rita ever since her Nevada trek, but without results so far. “Kirk Douglas!” I exclaimed when I heard this. “Why he isn’t her type.” And then I had to laugh at myself. Any girl who goes through such an odd assortment of husbands as promoter Eddie Judson, actor Orson Welles, and Moslem prince playboy Aly Khan, not to mention such boy friends as Victor Mature, Tony Martin and Ted Stauffer, just doesn’t have a type. So I predict that Kirk will get his date, but that Rita and Hollywood’s glamour boy lawyer, Greg Bautzer, will discover each other and become a steady twosome. Both Rita and Greg like to dance, like night clubs, and parties. But there’ll be no

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by leonard feather

FROM THE MOVIES

BLUE VEIL—Daddy by Stan Kenton (Capitol), the Andrews Sisters* (Decca), Art Mooney (MG-M). June Christy is reunited with Stan Kenton to celebrate the return, in a new movie, of this old song. Betty Harris sings on the Mooney version.

GOLDEN GIRL—Never by Dennis Day* (Victor); Toni Arden (Columbia), California Moon by Dennis Day (Victor).

MY FAVORITE SPY—Just A Moment More by Roy Anthony (Capitol). His version of the song that was just voted America's No. 1 band in a poll of the disc jockeys of America. Maybe this record'll show you why. (It didn't show me.)

THE STRIP—A Kiss To Build A Dream On by Colleen Haskell (Coral). The personable young man from the Dave Garroway TV show sounds just as pleasant on records.

TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY—The Worrybird by Nellie Lutcher* (Capitol), Gloria De Haven (Decca). The Closer You Are by Gloria De Haven (Decca).

PAINTING THE CLOUDS WITH SUNSHINE—original cast album* (Capitol). Dennis Morgan and Lucille Morgan are the chief cloud-painters on this LP plotter, which contains ten tunes, all old favorites like Leansky, Tip Toe Through The Tulips and You're My Everything.

POPULAR

GUY MITCHELL—There's Always Room At Our House* (Columbia). This song is from the pen of Bob Merrill, who wrote such best-selling Mitchum items as Sparrow In The Treepot and Belle, Belle, My Liberty Belle.

JUNE VALLI—Always, Always* (Victor). Here's another star who'll soon be twinkle-brightly; just 21, she won an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show and soon moved into radio (Stop The Music) and night clubs.

CLASSICAL

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ—Music of Victor Herbert* (Columbia). Another noteworthy addition to the Kostelanetz series that has devoted previous LP's to Berlin, Rodgers, Kern, Porter and Youmans.

MORLEY AND GEARHART—American In Paris* (Capitol; like all of these). This duet-piano team plays the Gershwin title song as well as April In Paris and classical works by Debussy, Ravel, Offenbach, et al. Again, a winner.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC—The Magic Flute* (Columbia); The Marriage Of Figaro* (Columbia). Each opera is on three 12-inch LP discs, complete with text in the original language and in English. Solists and orchestra are splendid.

marring for Rita in 1932, for legal reasons, anyway. As I wrote in my column:

"Rita appears to have a lot of luck—al ot of it bad. If she gets a Reno divorce by default it can always be set aside. And the Nevada court has no jurisdiction whatever over determining the amount of money a husband costs his family in the way of support of a wife and child. Since Rita has established her residence in Nevada, she can't file action in California for a year.

"Rita has moved to Woodlawn, and there she will live as long as she chooses. She has been married to a newcomer, Fernando Lamas, and a repeater, Mario Lanza. I saw some of the rushes of Fernando in The Merry Widow. When that picture is released, there'll be plenty of singing going on over the land. Fernando was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and made a number of pictures there before he was discovered by a Metro executive. He came to Europe along with the boy who was his friend. It's been an eventful year for the boy who has gone to school alone. He's about the smartest kid in the bunch, and sex appeal than the screen has seen since Garbo's Flesh and the Devil. If Doris Day is the smart producer I think he is, he will immediately co-star Ava with her. In a picture. That's a box office natural.

ROCKY COOPER says that she will not give Gary a divorce. But Nancy Sinatra said through her manager that she was leaving his bachelor pad and that she had found another man. And she's not the only one. Philanton has promised to be a better husband to Dina Meri. And that's a promise. Just when will the happy families be? Maybe next week. But I think everyone will be happy, dory when Gene gets back from South America where she is starring in The Way Of A Gauchito. "Hedda," she told me last week, "is a great role for a woman, and I'm going to do it because I want to. And I haven't any intention of letting my marriage blow up in my face just to please a few columnists." Smal, and true.

Just as 1951 brought out a fine crop of new stars, so will 1952. (Some of the older ones will find it hard going, and will rush off to New York to do stage plays and television work.) Here are a few of these new stars destined to flash so brilliantly on the Hollywood firmament? Here's my pick:


First and foremost is Mitzi Gaynor. Now that she's out of the Hollywood sound department, she should have a fine chance to prove herself a great star. Her picture, The Lodge Girl (story of Ewa Tanguy) is released in the spring. Mitzi was born Mitzi Gerber in Chicago. She was a ballerina before she was out of her teens. And she sings as well as she dances. Mitzi dropped by my house one afternoon recently and I discovered several things about her: She likes to take off her shoes and wiggle her toes, and she's a great pet and for ironing. Mitzi made me feel as if I've come across since the inimitable Elsie Janis; and there's not a chance in the world of her ever getting a big head.

"In Song Of Norway I thought I was the brightest thing since the zipper," she told me. "The girls in the company ganged up on me. The fang club was out in full swing. I soon learned that you can't live in Hollywood, where your co-workers, so I pipped down. It wasn't for that experience I'd probably be mad about myself right now."

Debra Paget, five feet two, weighing 104 pounds as a bug's ear. And a fine little actress too. She reminds some of us old-timers of Dolores Del Rio when she first came to Hollywood, 20 years ago. Debra was born in Denver, Colorado, comes from a hep family that has been in show business for two generations. Debra's first good picture break came with Jimmy Stewart in Broken Arrows, and she paid her parents a much mind until suddenly the fan mail started rolling in a few months ago. The studio discovered that since the release of Broken Arrows, Debra has received more fan mail than any one on the lot, with the exception of Betty Grable. Next May you will see Debra in her best picture, Belles On Their Toes.

Nineteen-year-old Leslie Carroll has the luck of the Irish, except that she's French. Some poor little starlets sit around Holly-
The reason I'm no name-dropper is that I can't remember any name long enough to drop it.

Red Skelton

Monroe who managed to steal a few scenes in the star-studded All About Eve by just looking sexy, belongs to our space-rapt department. Marilyn's a long way from the Oklahoma farm and from being a star in 1952. In fact, right this minute, 20th Century-Fox is writing a picture especially for Marilyn. Well, come to think of it, she was an actress when she started. Nor was Jane Russell. But they did all right. And they learned to act, too.

For my money, Dale Robertson will become another great box office favorite in 1952. Dale is an illustrator's dream—he's over six feet of All-American he-man with the Oklahoma's easy approach. His impersonation of Old Sol Star of Bonanza, Joe Bonny, describes him thusly, "He's a combination of Sir Galahad, Prince Valiant, and Hopalong Cassidy." Not bad—coming from a guy's mother-in-law. The public discovered Dale on the television program Out West. Dale, right out into the lobby and parking lot, cheered, clapped, and asked for autographs. Dale couldn't have been more surprised. Neither could the TV producer who was releasing this Nat Holt Western. Nor did he know what was happening, the first time Dale had appeared on television since it happened a second time, following the preview of Dale's second film, another western, this time called Carribou Trail. The front page of the local newspaper said, "no guy," they said, "can have that many relatives." So they signed him to a contract and rushed him into five pictures in 1951, Cell Block Nine, Tall In My Little Girl, Golden Girl, Lydia Bailey, and Return Of The Texan. The last two will be released in 1952. And then watch Dale!

Another lad who is going to land in the big time is Dean Miller—and just as soon as Skirts Ahoy gets its general release next year. Dean got into pictures in a most original manner. In fact I'd say that Dean won the next time daily double without ever winning a bet. He is en route to Los Angeles, Dean struck up a conversation with a man sitting beside him in the club car. "You from Chicago?" asked Dean. "No," the man, "I live in Los Angeles. Where do you come from?" "I'm a TV star in Cincinnati," said Dean. "I'm going out to the Coast to look over television. Television's the greatest thing in entertainment. It's killed pictures, you know. Movies are dead as a dodo bird." "That's interesting, says the man, "pictures are really dead?" So the man turned to one of the duty clerks, the big boss of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and was so amused by the fresh kid that he offered to give him a screen test in Hollywood. I saw the test and by golly it's good. Oh, by the way, Dean has now decided that movies are the greatest thing in entertainment.

I also predict stardom for Rock Hudson, John Harrison (or is Harry Cohn going to change his name back to Aldo de Re which is original for Cameron Mitchell, Six-feet-three, 179-pound Rock Hudson has had many minor parts since he signed with Universal-International in 1949. His best performance, were played with Vera-Ellen in Hollywood night clubs. But following the preview of Bend Of The River, due for release in February, the top brass at the studio decided that it was high time they did something about Rock, the build-up is on. And he will have his first starring role in Oh Money, Money with Piper Laurie and Charles Coburn. John Harrison (Aldo de Re) used to be a constable in Crockett, California. He first came to Hollywood in 1950 to play a heel who was out for all he could get in Columbia's Saturday's Hero. And he proceeded to cop the best notices. George Cukor chose him for the very important part opposite Judy Holliday in The Marrying Kind, a part that will definitely make a star of him. Aldo was a football hero in school and an artist in the war, and he is not given to modesty. After his first picture he said to me, "I have a very, very bright future. Hollywood needs a fresh face, a fresh idea, to think of it in pictures. Hollywood loves me." George Cukor made a test for him. And, wouldn't you know it, agreed with him completely.

Recently over at Fox I saw the test Cameron Mitchell made for a part in Outcast Of Poker Flats, which he got. The test is wonderful, and I predict you'll be seeing a great deal of Cameron, who was billed on Broadway as long ago as running one of the songs in Death Of A Salesman. Last year I predicted that Bette Davis would get an Academy Award for her Margot in All About Eve, and Jimmy Stewart covered Cameron's butt. This time it was Harvey. I won't rob! This year I'm going to play it win place and show, and I'd better be in the money. My choice is Vivien Leigh in The Plaice, named for Shelley Winters for A Place In The Sun, and Elizabeth Taylor for A Place In The Sun. For the best performances among the actors I'd say Montgomery Clift for A Place In The Sun, and Paul Douglas in Detective Story and Gene Kelly in An American In Paris.

I suppose no Hollywood predictions would be complete without a mention of Shelley Winters and Farley Granger. Are they, or aren't they? What was it I said last year? "Farley Granger will live alone and like it; and so will his old sweetheart, Shelley Winters." Well, I see nothing for 1952.
This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

Right now—today—is the time to do something important for these men who died for you. You can, by helping to defend the country they defended so far "above and beyond the call of duty."

One of the best ways you can make defense your job, too, is to buy more ... and more ... and more United States Defense Bonds. For your bonds help strengthen America. And if you make this nation strong enough you'll create, and keep, the peace for which men died.

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The magazine and the Page of America as a public service.

(Continued from page 43) the opening night at the Palladium. After the fourth number, I was ready to make my exit. I was so nervous, I slipped and fell on my fanny. Instead of laughing at me, the audience laughed with me. I knew then that the people out front were more interested in my voice than in my weight.

A good deal of Judy's past neurotic behavior has been tied up with her weight. An RKO producer who is himself a mountain of fat, once told the young actress, "There are certain people who are naturally fat. When they try to diet all the time they become nervous and irritable. Forget about dieting. It'll restore your peace of mind. Concentrate on something else."

Judy forgot about dieting and began to concentrate on Sid Luft.

Even though her weight sometimes shoots up past 140, Judy is sure that Sid Luft loves her. This certainty, many of her friends believe, is destined to bring Judy more heartache. They feel strongly that Luft is not the man for her. Judy insists that he is. "I can't tell you," she says, "how much fun we have together. Sid's my fellow and I don't care who knows about it."

When Judy is asked if she intends to marry Luft, she says, "His divorce isn't final until December."

When Luft is asked the same question, he answers, "Maybe you'd better ask Judy."

There is little doubt that eventually Judy Garland will take Michael Sidney Luft, aged 35, as her third husband. But first the four legal charges brought against him will have to be decided in court.

These charges are the result of a three-car collision in which Judy played a small part.

One night late in September, Luft's car, traveling south, crashed into two cars traveling east. The accident took place in Los Angeles at a major intersection.

When he was apprehended by the police, who charged him with drunken driving, Luft insisted that Judy wasn't in the car with him at the time of the accident. He said that Judy was in a restaurant two blocks away when she heard the crash and came running.

One of the college boys whose car was hit, however, told the police that Judy was definitely in Luft's car immediately after the accident. "She disappeared for five minutes," he said, "and then came back. Both of them shaken and talking incoherently. Miss Garland kept telling Luft to get in the car, and I kept, telling them they'd better hang around until the police came. That's when she swung at me and knocked my glasses off and broke them. I told her she'd better leave because she didn't belong in a spot like that."

Another victim in the brawl that night was an innocent witness, a Los Angeles dentist. "I saw the entire accident," he said, "and I stopped to be a witness for the boys when this man, Luft, came up and threw a punch which landed on my nose. He shattered one of the lenses in my glasses."

By the time the police arrived, Judy had left the scene of the accident. The police took Luft down to the Wilshire jail where they quoted him as saying, "I had a beer—well, maybe three. I can feel it. But I'm not drunk. The only guy I belted was the guy in the tux. Did someone see my gun, a .38 revolver? I was target-practicing a few days ago, put the gun under the seat. Did I pass the sobriety test?"

Luft was booked at 2:15 a.m. and seven minutes later was released on $100 bail.
in the custody of Robert Aging, his attorney.

After Luft asked about his gun, the police searched his car and found a 38-caliber revolver which, previously, had been reported as stolen from the director of plant protection at the Douglas Aircraft factory.

The next day all Hollywood was buzzing about Judy and Sid. "Luft seems to get in an awful lot of trouble," one Hollywood veteran remarked. "He uses his fists too much. When he came back from England with Judy, he was served with a summons because he hadn't paid for the support of his son by Lynn Bari. He settled that one out of court. A few days later he had to get in another mess."

Other observers doubted the story about Judy's being in a restaurant two blocks away when the crash occurred. "How come she heard the accident," one of them asked, "when all the other customers in the place didn't?"

Through her attorney, Judy said, "I'm a human being, and have emotions just like anyone else even though I am an actress. When I saw Sid in trouble I just had to go to him."

A DAY later when the city district attorney read the police reports on the accident, he charged Luft with more than being drunk. He added the charges of drunken driving, carrying a concealed weapon, and driving without an operator's license.

Luft pleaded innocent to all these charges and asked for a jury trial, which may or may not result in his going to jail.

When Luft was asked if Judy would testify at his trial, his attorney quickly intervened and said, "Miss Garland certainly is not going to let anybody down. I'm sure she'll testify if asked to do so." The attorney also denied that Judy had been drinking. "She was just in a highly emotional state," he explained.

When February 22, 1952, rolls around, and Judy's divorce from Vincente Minnelli becomes final, her friends (and she has many) hope that she will be in a less emotional state.

They hope she will think over marriage to Sid Luft very carefully.

A former acquaintance of Judy's has this to say: "Sid Luft may be the most wonderful man in the world, but I don't think he's the type for Judy. She needs an older man of position and experience who can keep her in line. Sid has been responsible for Judy's being bounded by a lot of process servers."

This last remark has reference to the fact that when Judy ailed from the train in Pasadena last September, she was served with a subpoena. Luft owed back alimony of close to $3,000, and Lynn Bari's lawyers wanted to get Judy into court to find out exactly how much money she had paid Luft as her personal manager during their travels. Judy didn't have to go into court because Luft paid up with a check for $2,880.

Two days before she left for New York and her stint at the Palace Theater, Judy again was the object of a search by subpoena servers. Again agent-manager Sid Luft, ex-husband of actress Lynn Bari, was the cause.

According to a court ruling, Luft has the right to see his three-year-old son, John, for 48 hours, and keep him in custody for that length of time.

When Lynn Bari read of Luft's traffic crash and his subsequent citation on a drunk driving charge, Luft was ordered to show cause why his 48-hour custody of their little boy should not be...
the pig is in the parlor

(Continued from page 41) look at the sea. A few interruptions like a trip to England to make Edward, My Son, and a safari into Africa for King Solomon's Mines, and six months in Italy during the filming of Quo Vadis. Deborah's home remained her refuge too long. Now was her chance. She launched into her project with as much enthusiasm as she normally shows for a new job.

New and enlarged windows would mean different draperies. New curtain material meant restyling the furniture. Breaking up a wall would lead to a new plastering job. Plastering meant repainting and fresh wallpaper. In other words—a big production.

The prospect of all this clutter and cleaning while she didn't phase Mrs. Bartley one bit. In fact, it was right in line with her pet theory about expectant mothers. She believes that waiting mothers should fill their lives with all the things they don't ordinarily have time for. Deborah gives many more radio performances when she's pregnant. She works for her favorite charity, the St. Anne's Fund, during her leave of absence.

She also thinks that mothers-in-waiting should undertake one large job—preferably one that won't be finished before the baby arrives—so that the expectant mother is not busy concentrating on your project and hoping the baby won't come early. The times pass ever so fast, and you accomplish two things at once.

Making personal appearances two and three times a day is a whole lot more difficult than making motion pictures, at least for a star. If Judy can continue to bear up under the vaudeville routine, film producers will be a path to her door. Judy Garland needs to be loved. Unfortunately, she is the only person left in the world to love. She demands constant attention. She suffers from many fears. In years gone by, she received much aid and comfort, but the farther she got from the home, the more isolated she became. She was a very, very good for Judy's ego, but is he very good for Judy's heart, life, or career?

According to Lynn Bari, he wasn't of very much help to her. She married him on November 28, 1943. Less than two years later, Judy made the headlines by getting into a night club brawl with Dead End kid Bobby Jordan. A few months later, Lynn called, saying they weren't going to get a reconciliation. After the birth of their son, Luft was involved in another fist fight with an unidentified stranger. By that time, Lynn had had enough. She filed for divorce.

"He had a standard routine," Lynn told her attorney. "I'd ask him where he was going and he'd say, 'Just out to get the paper.' He wouldn't come home until the next morning. When I asked him where he'd been, he'd say, 'Oh, just out with the boys.'

Lynn also accused Luft of spending her money to develop business interests he refused to tell her about.

The judge awarded Lynn $500 a month for the support of her child, and $300 a month after the first year, plus 10 per cent of Luft's income.

When Luft began dating Judy last year, his source of income was a popular mystery, and he failed to follow up on his support payments. When Judy left for England, however, she hired Sid as her personal manager. She was after a pretty good salary. At least, it was reported that he was stacking up on a new British wardrobe.

The couple returned to Hollywood, they returned to a load of heartache in the form of Luft's legal encounters.

This is no attempt to make Sid Luft a "bogy". He did yeoman work for Judy in England, and we love to see him between her and all the celebrity seekers. He said no when no had to be said, and he kept Judy in excellent mental health.

The obvious answer to the question of an excellent work in overseeing their wives' careers and supervising their outside interests. Frieda Brissin has been overseeing Rosalind Russell's career for years now. All of Esther Williams' outside interests, and Tom Lewis keep a watchful eye on Loretta Young's. Whether Sid will do the same for Judy is still to be seen.

Right now Judy is in the process of making a comeback. Many of her friends doubt that she can make a comeback with happiness by her side.

Whether Judy will stick to friends, or follow her own instincts is something no one will know until February 22, 1952.

At that date Judy will be free to marry again. Whether she will is any indication, she probably will. Whether or not she marries Luft—her friends are keeping their fingers crossed for happiness.

The End

"We weren't so foolish as to narrow down the possibilities. We simply said we must have an old house, with a little ground around it to provide privacy, and we must have high ceilings."

All of the Bartley's new acquaintances and most of the real estate agents in Southern California offered to help them find a home. In turn, each friend, studio contact, and agent would say the house had been built before the war—six years ago. A few even found some relics dating back 10 years. Finally, Deborah explained as diplomatically as she could that she was looking for a house that had never been built before the war.

Months passed, and the Bartley's were deeply beginning to fear finding a home to suit their peculiarities. Then one misty afternoon, they were driving through the Pacific Palisades, a part of Los Angeles twelve-foot walls and imposing wrought iron gates, she knew they were out of their class financially, but they held a fascination for her. They looked so old and venerable-like the country home she'd known most of her life.

"Quite by chance the "homesick" path noticed one rather modest house that was close to the road. Deborah couldn't resist asking Tony to stop the car. She just wanted to look through the gates at the beautiful gardens. The two of them..."
got out of the automobile and ran towards his mother. What they saw quite in them with longing. The two-story, white stucco house with its rain-washed red tile roof seemed to be waiting for them. (Later they learned that it had eight rooms and a full basement. Several years later with it was rich in perennial gardens, wide stretches of lawn, and eucalyptus trees. An eight-foot wall on the street front and a steep palisade down to the road kept anyone living in it, and yet it wasn't for sale or rental.

After careful scrutiny, Tony noticed a small sign near the entrance reading "For information, apply to Santa Monica Land Co." he read aloud to Deborah.

"That's where you'll wait in case of fire," Tony said, but he jotted down the telephone number anyway.

The next day he contacted the land company and learned more details about the house. It was part of a 14-acre estate owned by a wealthy Chicago dwonager named Edith Rockefeller McCormick. The house and Deborah had seen was the guest cottage, but there was also a main residence, a large garage, and a separate music conservatory on the property. All or nothing was up for sale.

Tony readily declined to make an offer for this real estate package. Might just as well have made a bid for Buckingham Palace he thought to himself. But he hated disappointing Deborah, so he made a characteristically gallant move. He hired a legal representative, commissioning him to purchase the guest house at or below a stated figure.

The correspondence that piled up during the negotiations was large enough to fill up a year's issues of the Congres- sional Record. In the end he budgled the tenancy of the Bartley's won out. The house was theirs.

Deborah had been so certain they would eventually own the lovely 15-year-old house that, long before the deal was concl-uded, she sent to London for her fur- niture. It was worn out and ready to move in. Busy as she was at the studio, it never occurred to her to hire a decorator or even a secretary to organize and furnish the home. "Almost nowhere does in England," she explains, "At home we just take our time and put the heir- looms and antiques where they seem to please us most. Sometimes it takes ages to furnish a home. And I must admit some of them look rather dowdy, but at least they're a true expression of the home owner's taste.

The combination that can be drawn about Deborah Kerr's taste as reflected in her home is that it's one of quiet refinement touched with the unpredictable. In her living room, for example, the only two colors are red and gold. The furniture consists of fine 18th century antiques. The couch and chairs are upholstered in gold brocade to match the draperies. The draperies are cool, restful and unobtrusive. A graceful Queen Anne desk stands at one end of the room and a refec- tory table at the other. A pair of water color portraits by an English girl, Ellen Greene, hangs here. The girl was almost 18 months and Deborah in a pensive mood. They are the only wall decorations ex- cept for the mirror over the fireplace. Several porcelain and crystal Derby cups stand on the mantel and then, in contrast with the rest of the room, a fat china pig, covered with painted flowers, sits beside the fireplace. If you ask Deborah why they put the parlor she smiles and says, "I didn't, I put it there. I just happen to like it." The sun room, which links the dining room with the living room, and the indoors with the garden, is a kind of informal gathering place full of books, record albums, the piano, and art objects picked up from Italy to the Congo. Deborah sensibly furnished the long narrow room in earthy browns and greens. The big easy chairs are covered in a brown nubby fabric and the walls are made of eucalyptus green. Here the family heirlooms have been con- verted to practical use. The highboy Tony uses as a compact little bar was a Bartley antique. The old pewter beer tankard on top of it was a wedding present. And the pair of highly polished whale oil lamps beside the couch where Deborah likes to sit and sew, were found in a second-hand shop. A week later she and Tony were mar- ried. The lamps are too heavy for good reading light, but in this case sentiment outweighs practicality.

FURNISHING the dining room started as a joke. It all began with Tony straying into an auction room on Wilshire Boulevard one evening when Deborah was working late. He was so fascinated by the auctioneer's spiel that he couldn't leave. When the oval dining table was pulled out of a base of three carved feathers on the block he bid for it. Much to his surprise, he got it at a ridiculously low price. He had it sent home like this.

"I laughed, but I loved it," Deborah says.

"It seemed very funny at first to have a table with the traditional Prince of Wales feather motif," he'd say, "but I purchased it anyway. Tony bought eight chairs and a small table of two-for-two in the dining room, which is quite the size for us. We'll fill that up with our dining room except for the niches." It was during the evening's aimless wandering that they stumbled into a Holly- wood antique shop. Deborah spotted a pair of large, gaudy blackamoor figures. Tongue-in-cheek she offered the dealer a price for them, he quoted, said, "Sold!"

"Home in the maroon, grey and white dining room the figures didn't look as gaudy—merely gay. Tony put concealed lighting behind a narrow moulding and the blackamoors add a lot of character to the Bartley dinner parties.

In spite of the considerable changes Deborah is making upstairs in her own room, nothing will be touched in Tony's adjacent study-bedroom. He made that quite clear before she started her redecorating job. Tony recently finished a TV film in England, but his next film is being completed. It explains why the only television set in the house is opposite his day bed. He must keep abreast of west coast television.

In the four years that Tony and Deborah have been together, their families have been able to visit them. So far they've done all the traveling. They've always packed Melanie Jane, her Scotch nurse and housekeeper, for their holidays in England. Regrettably, Deborah Kerr admits that none of their immediate family have seen the beautiful Bartley home in Santa Monica. Last Christmas, however, she arranged for it to happen. The girl put away her book and dressed for the party. Her grandmother sent her Mrs. Beetons' Book of Household Management (circa 1850).

"When I read the Bible no proper English girl can ever run a home," explains Deborah. "Grandmother was ap- parently waiting until I had an established house. After the book came, we knew for sure we were going to California."

The End
so sure of love

(Continued from page 12) Peggy...

The fall of 1949 was the real start of them. Peggy had been invited to a party at the St. Regis where everyone was celebrating Carol Channing's success in Daddy. Peggy's own accomplishments seemed small when compared to those of all the celebrities gathered there at that moment. What had seemed like the big thing in The Sleeping City, which was shot in New York, had been whittled down to only a day and a half of work.

Looking around the room, she noticed a handsome young man come in with a ravishing looking girl. There was something so familiar about him! Where had she seen him before? Their eyes met, and his glance lingered on her. He was a year older, and a lot more handsome than the other end of the room. Puzzled, she looked for him from time to time, and saw him moving closer table by table. Then suddenly, she discovered his chair was back to back with her own!

"I beg your pardon," she heard herself saying, "you're going to think I'm terribly bold, but I'm sure we've met before..."

"I have the same feeling," he replied. They started comparing life histories.

Finally they were back to the years when he was Lt. Walter Helmerich III, an officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps, stationed in Louisiana. Kiesler Feld at Biloxi, Mississippi, and she was a student at Gulf Park College nearby. Recalling the sight of a dreamy fellow bringing his bright flame of hope to a convertible to stop before her dorm, she exclaimed, "You're Susie's Walt!"

"And you—you're Jo' Varnadow! Why didn't you say so?" he came back.

"Whatever happened to Susie?"

"Oh, she's married now, and has two children..."

They chattered about those days and before before and after, as they were saying, "Don't let Hollywood change you!"

"Well, I certainly hope it does change me," she was retorting indignantly.

"Don't you want a family and..."

"Yes, of course, and I expect to have one someday..."

"Relax," he laughed.

"This is no time for me to relax," she exploded. "I'm just getting started on my career!"

Their conversation was brisk and exciting, but it was a while before they had another. Walter had to go back to Harvard when he was a student in the School of Business Administration. However, a wire came from Boston just as Peggy was ready to leave New York for a visit home in Athens for the holidays. It read: "You and I are the nicest thing that's happened to me!"

When she arrived in Athens, there was a huge portrait of the man waiting for her! He telephoned her constantly, and one of the bills at the date of the Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans on New Year's Day. He knew that her parents as well as his own always attended. It would be a change, but he decided to look her up. Peggy accepted the date, but the day before Christmas she was ordered to be back in Hollywood on the 27th. She telephoned Walter in Tulsa to explain. An hour later she received a telegram listing every plane stopping in Tulsa enroute from Nashville to Los Angeles, calling particular attention to one flight which had a two-hour break in Dallas. He urged her to take flight. Peggy asked her mother's opinion and Mrs. Varnadow said, "Why it's entirely up to you, Jo. If you like this boy, I see nothing wrong with a two-hour break on the way of the trip."

On the plane, Peggy told herself, "I'm a fool to be doing this.App I don't even know this boy."

By the time the plane landed in Tulsa, she didn't have the courage to step out of it. For 15 minutes she peered out the window and saw no sign of him. Then she decided that he'd have to do, anyway. So, it would be safe for her to go into the airport cafe for a soda. As she crossed the lobby, she saw him dashing madly from window to window of the airliner that had just landed. He had spoken to her. Finally, she spied him and ran over running.

They went to the club for lunch where she met his father, a brilliant, dignified man. Then she learned that her plane's departure was delayed three hours so there was time to take her home to meet his mother and sister.

"Why is this wonderful to me," Peggy tells, her eyes glowing with the memory. "After she'd been back in Hollywood awhile, Walt suddenly showed up explaining that he was on 'spring vacation' only a month later and tried to persuade her to marry him; but the flying trips seemed to denote a pretty irresponsible student type to me..."

"He was 28," Peggy tells, "and a real man about town. He had an apartment of his own in New York all the time he was going to school at Harvard. He dated many rather very attractive girls. They dined and danced at the very best places. I knew I wasn't the type who could spend hours shopping and at beauty shops, just to look perfectly groomed for lunch at '21' every day."

Hollywood is somewhat backward, claims Peter Donald, because where else would the trailer come before the main vehicle?

At the age of 37, Peggy in Hollywood Is My Best

I explained this to him, 'I don't like that sort of thing,' I said. 'I can't live that kind of life. I can never hold a man like you.'

But I want someone like you," he protested. "Someone like you to be the mother of my children. Someone who respects her religion the way I respect the way I do you. And, of course, you respect me..."

That was when Peggy dropped her bombshell—June, 1950. July and August were months of silent grieving for what won Peggy.

What won her were the callouses on his hands and the 20 pounds of weight lost in the dirtiest, hardest, most back-breaking jobs in the oil fields of California. He'd gone back to Tulsa that June day and told his father, 'I'm ready to go to work for you now...'

With the practicality which had made him from oil field laboring jobs to the head of the Helmerich-Payne oil drilling firm, Walter Helmerich sent his son to work in the oil fields. "I knew you'd be industrious men. The men took him at his word, too.

The new Walt told Peggy, 'I don't know how long I'm going to have to work in that. But perhaps when I'll prove to my father that I'm capable of stepping into an office job.'

"Of course you will," Peggy answered.

Yet last summer, when Peggy moved into an apartment of her own after spending two years in the Hollywood Studio Club, she wasn't talking about marriage. She said then, 'Of course, I've thought about marriage. Seriously, too. I've always felt it's right for a woman to sacrifice a career to her marriage. But I don't believe it would be fair for me to wait on the other. I know it's that..."

Her career is at such an exciting point that if I left right now, I might find myself regretting not having found what could have happened. That's why I said, 'Maybe these are the changing times with which I should change. Perhaps I'm climbing the steps to confidence where I can successfully combine a career with marriage. I can't give an honest answer about it yet.'

She couldn't be completely honest then because Walt was still in the oil fields throwing in the occasional proviso that if she unconsciously Peggy saw that until he did he wouldn't be able to accept a wife's career in comparison to his own just then.

But by the end of the summer, Walt and Peggy had made the grade. He had an office of his own at long last!

'What an office he has,' she smiles. 'I never saw such a tiny one in my life. Why, it isn't even big as a closet! But already Walt is showing his father that the years he spent at Harvard weren't wasted.

Peggy went on to Athens where her parents were announcing her engagement. Those plans were abandoned when Peggy's grandmother unexpectedly passed away. Early in October, the announcement of a new marriage without any festivities. The rumors grew about the "wealthy young oil scion's" plans for his bride.

Walt and I have made out our budget on his earnings, Peggy sets the record straight. "Far from having the home some reports said Walt was building for us in Tulsa, we're going to live in a rented apartment in Hollywood until we can afford. One, an extravagance so far is a seven-foot-square bed which will go into our one bedroom that is only 10 by 12. I plan to commute from my picture assignment. Walt insists I'll have to maintain myself in Hollywood out of my own earnings. He thinks I'll get tired of doing that after I get used to having him support me."

"He thinks I'm going to break in the world," Peggy laughs when asked if he dislikes her being an actress. "So far I've not been the kind of actress Walt wants. I think it's essential to know that you're going to make mistakes.—approximately—that you're all right, because you can correct them.

However, Walt and I are making no definite plans for having children—now or about having children. We're going to face things as they come. I expect a great deal of understanding from Walt because I expect to give a great deal of understanding. We don't have to rush; ours is going to be a 50-50 marriage. How can it be between two career-minded persons? There will be, we realize, too many times when one of us may be busy. And that's what I expect in our marriage.

'I realized only recently that we don't have to wait to be married. It wasn't just the way Walt was doing promotion something on his own, either."

"After I finished I Went You, I went to Washington, D. C., for personal appearances. One day I was at a luncheon table with some of the influential men. As I listened with awe while they talked of government, industry, and art. I thought how lucky actresses are with all the opportunities for meeting people."

"Yet some career women don't take their husbands along with them because they might not be able to hold their own in such company. As I sat there thinking..."
of all the boys I know, I could see only Walt fitting in, sharing the experience, enjoying himself. He has the intelligence and talent to get along with people in all walks of life. I realized how lonely I was. How much happier I'd be sharing this with someone. That was when I knew it was right to marry him soon.”

The beautiful diamond ring which Walt designed was on Peggy's finger when she left Hollywood in mid-October to keep the wedding date at home in Athens on November 24. It takes awhile to get ready for a formal, candlelight wedding where more than 300 guests hear the vows spoken before the white rose and chrysanthemum banked altar of Keith Memorial Church, and then crowd the Varnadow's 10-room house for a reception. Peggy's younger sister Ann was to be maid of honor, 17-year-old Cadjah Helmerich would be among the bridesmaids, as would Jane Lampton Connerly, Peggy's best friend from Gulf Park College days, and her cousin Clyde Afaye Green. In addition, Peggy's adopted cousins, small Jane and Betty Hendricks, got ready to be flower girls all dressed in white.

The couple would fly to Hawaii for a honeymoon, and came back prepared to be blissfully happy...

Peggy has no false modesty about the change she made in Walt. She feels that a woman sets the standards of her marriage and that the man who really loves her wants her to do so.

Just after her engagement was announced, Peggy met Director Bud Boetcher on the studio lot. He said, "Well, well, Peggy, what's the fellow like?"

"Oh, Bud, he's just crazy about me!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'll swear, Peggy," Boetcher shook his head, "usually the lines read, I've got the greatest guy!"

But then he hadn't directed a script like Peggy's real life one—one where the guy was sent out to win her respect and to prove he could hold him! The End

m. s.'s top ten for 1951

(Continued from page 19) and you nominated him for future laurels. Hollywood was listening, too, for in one short year Tony Curtis became a star.

Whether you know it or not (Hollywood does) Modern Screen's readers are the greatest casting directors in the world. With unfailing accuracy you've been spotting greatness the instant it appeared on the screen; and you've seen your discoveries quickly take their places among the biggest names in Hollywood. So when you choose Janet Leigh, Doris Day and Jeff Chandler as newcomers among the favored few, you're doing more than applauding. You're building stars. When you tell Judy Garland that you haven't lost faith in her, you're telling Hollywood to keep her great. And Hollywood will.

This year June Allyson heads your list of favorites as she did the year before, and her good friend Jane Powell is runner-up. For the first time, John Wayne wears the crown, a recognition due his long and distinguished career. Some stars have slipped below the golden circle. Others, like Montgomery Clift, are beginning to climb back to their former popularity. You are responsible, and already you are determining the future on the pages of Modern Screen. You predict stardom in 1952 for Debbie Reynolds and Dale Robertson; you predict the highest honors for Mario Lanza. It's all bound to come true, because in 10 years you've never been disappointed, and neither has Hollywood. The End
it's a great life

(Continued from page 30) According to the people who write about the stars, there are only two types of actresses. There is the racy glamour queen who toils on a high stage and all day, then drives around the hot spots all night. And there is the shy, introverted, serious-minded actress who is overly careful of the roles she plays and who hurries home after work to hide the evening in solitary contemplation.

It's convenient for writers to establish all actresses in one of these categories. To settle on a type makes a writer's life simpler—whether he is writing about a star or an angelic creature who never laughs out loud. There is, however, a middle ground—and that is where June Haver lives. In her movie roles she plays some pretty racy parts. (There is, according to there is a story line reason for them; and in her private life she is known as one of the most fun-loving girls in Hollywood.

All one has to do to get a pretty clear picture of June is visit her apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. It is large, airy and very modern in decor. If you were to see pictures of it you would suspect it was the work of an interior decorator. However, it is not one of the other glamorous girl's boudoirs. What-nots as nonsensical as can be bought are scattered about the mantels and along the ceiling moldings. One entire wall holds an album of June's film roles, large, small, with stills or one of the other great glamour girls. What-nots as nonsensical as can be bought are scattered about the mantels and along the ceiling moldings. One entire wall holds an album of June's film roles, large, small, with June's picture collection, which includes, along with a healthy sprinkling of the classics, most of the jive and jazz albums of the day. The wall is brushed, be and rugged, bright colored fabric covers the sofas and chairs. The phonograph is always going. And the walls are decorated with paintings of all sorts of subjects, many of them done by June herself. It is the home of a girl who likes to live.

MAYBE a good way to explain June Haver is to tell you that she is the biggest movie fan in town. She's been crazy about one movie star or another from the time she was six. Her fellow stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot still chuckle when they think of June's first visit to the studio. Although she had been hired as something of a glamour girl herself, June showed up for work on that first day with just one purpose in mind. She was going to meet the stars and would—well—collect as many autographs as she was able.

Armed with a good pencil and a new autograph book, June invaded the com-missary. There had already been considerable publicity about her signing a contract but she didn't act like it. The first star she saw was Tyrone Power and she nearly fainted. When she got hold of herself, she approached Ty's table and timidly held forth her book. Ty raised an eyebrow, but scribbled her name—and June was on her way. June and her sister, Evelyn, and then spends the afternoon at her avocation, decorating.

Although June has earned a reputation as Hollywood's most popular girl, she has not found it easy to make her way in Hollywood. She has, however, spent many dollars, and has done many fine homes, and has not taken a penny for her work. When she makes the contract to do a home or apartment, she stipulates that the fee is to be paid to a charity she selects. And through her efforts, a group of nurses from Ireland see movies in their own home on their own projection equipment; a child's ward, where more than any other group the poor families of the parish suddenly finds its coffers full; a bunch of college boys without furniture for their fraternity house suddenly discover they are living in the lap of luxury, and a party at the home of an old bachelor who has been out of work for a year.

This sort of life is comparatively new to June Haver, though, "When I first came to Hollywood," she says, "I guessed I would be as giddy as any other kid who had sud-denly been zoomed to the heights. It took a little while, but one day I realized that I was a movie star, and a real star, and I bought a lot of fancy clothes—going into debt to do it—and I started to swank around the town like a latter day Gloria Swanson. If my phone wasn't working or my dates were un-deated up at least two weeks in advance I wasn't happy."

Just exactly what it was that changed June from her basic, sensible mode of living, she doesn't know for sure. It was no doubt her family, though, for her mother and grandfather have a tremendous influence on young June. They are more close-knit than most families in Hollywood, and feel that one has a stake in the other. This is due to the fact that when June was a very small girl, and showed promise of being extremely talented in things theatrical, job of getting her to the top became family project.

If there was an amateur contest of some kind and June was entered, it looked likely and June was sent to it. The door-keeper opened to the contestants. If there was an interview with a newspaperman or prospective employer, the whole family was sent. June's hugging books of clippings did not stop in the conversations. June was the performer, but she was only part of the team.

When she became a star—and realized—finally council was held and it was decided to set June up in an apartment of her own, so she could rest better and lead to stand on her own feet."

"Kiddies, that's the incident," June said, "that I began to take stock of myself. I realized that just being a movie star was not in itself satisfying. I had to make it mean something. So I went combing through books and trying to figure out how I could improve my personal life, as I had my professional life."

This wasn't as easy as it might sound, though. There were many efforts to refer to California law, was still going to the studio high school. She would be in the midst of an algebra problem when a call would come from the set and she would suddenly have to leave her algebra and love, and never quite adapted herself to the transitions. But she did become more serious and minded and tried to take all the aspects of her life.

Although she doesn't like to talk much about it today, because the subject is still painful, Dr. John Duzik, who pass away so tragically last year, was the doctor she went to. Dr. Duzik wasn't like Hollywood people. He was the least bit impressed movie stars since many of them were patients. He met June, she was just a cute little blonde from the Middle West who had somehow managed to get here in pictures. She, on the other hand, saw the doctor something she had failed, find out why the glamour boys she'd been dating. He was handsome, but in a naturally rugged way—not sleek and elegant turned out. In the evenings, aside from her practicing and studying, he liked to hunt and fish and play golf—and he did care a hang for the parties and premieres of Hollywood.

June found herself in love with him, and she'd go home and prepare fine dinner and call John up and ask him over. This was during her "thinking" period and it is certain that her after-dinner talks did more to turn her into the woman she is today.

ALTHOUGH June had been a religious girl from her earliest recollection, she never quite reached the meaning of a religious life until she met Dr. Duzik. It wasn't any thing fanatic with him, it was just a way of spending each day, and June decided that little thing had been the way ever since—not fanatic, just devo in her faith.

June Haver describes how she lives better than she used to in her own apartment.

When asked how she reconciled her strong faith with the life of a movie star, she said, "It's so simple and so easy. Holiness is not a sombre thing. It is my voca tion to bring happiness to people by entertaining them. It is a wonderful vocation because it allows me to have such
while I'm doing what I should.

"I wasn't put into this world by accident. There was a divine purpose in it. It is obvious at this stage of my life that my purpose was to bring others happiness and the movies let me do so.

Among the men who take June Haver out are fellows who have been called wolves. They get dates the same as the less dangerous and far more attractive men—the perfect gentlemen. They save their leering for another night—with somebody else—but it is obvious that they are having a good time.

You might be driving down one of the main streets of Hollywood on a sunny afternoon and pass a convertible with the top down and spy June and a handsome man driving in that car. Don't be full and the boy and girl will be laughing and yakking it up. If you have been under the impression that June is a stuffy person it might surprise you, but it is actually true self you see.

She is a great practical joker. When there is fun on the set, it will more than likely be June's sense of humor that brought it about. If you could attend a party at her apartment, or at the home of her mother and sister, you would find that June is the guiding hand behind the games. June is, according to her mother, the greatest part of the party. In town and out she arranges the fabulous dinner and when it comes time to pass out the presents, June is the Santa Claus.

June Haver is a strange creature in Hollywood. It is not because she is odd, but because most of the rest of Hollywood is odd. She is just the kind of girl that Rock Island, Illinois, expected she would grow up to be. She is the kind of girl you'd like to have live next door. The kind of girl who would go for a walk with you if you were blue, or be adored at the Country Club ball and make every guy jealous.

June Haver's philosophy of life is based on the Golden Rule. It always has been. Her first public appearance was when she may have set the pattern of her life and her thinking. She was about seven years old. Her mother and father lived in Cincinnati and they had entered her in an elocution contest, sponsored by a local newspaper, which was to be held in the ballroom of a big downtown hotel. June was terrified. Her mother knew it, her sister knew it, and no doubt the whole audience knew it. But when she stood on the stage when her name was called, she stuck her chin way out and looked several thousand people collectively in the eye.

"The title of my presentation tonight," she said, "is 'Who's Afraid?'

She was—but she'd never admit it to anyone.

"You know," she says now, "I'm a real lucky girl. I'm in the public eye and I love it. I'm doing just what I've always dreamed I would do. People don't think I care very much for success, but I really do. And I'm trying so to go to the top, not just because of the good things my success has given me, but because I know I am in a position to pay it all back. The most important thing is: To whom much is given—much is expected, and I want to give every day of my life.

(You'll be seeing June in 20th Century-Fox's A Waac In His Life.—Ed.)

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and stiffness is due to slowed-down kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or warm diet may cause fretting up nights or frequent urgings.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Dean's Kidney Balm. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's a marvelous help to many thousands of people who get happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dean's Pills today!
picture parts, and he's starred in every one. He's made them in three days, from start to finish, and in three years, which Jet Pilot will probably take, start to finish. His price has risen from $1,000 for his first movie to the big-furred bait which Howard Hughes dangled to snare him for Flying Leathernecks. But the burred old beaver hat which Duke Wayne swiped years ago from John Ford is ever less legal than that—just an unspoken understanding that whenever Ford wants Duke for a picture all he has to tell him is when.

His base of operations in dog-out-of-Hollywood John Wayne has never stooped to polish an apple, or play the movietown political or social game. In all these years around a prying, gossip-mad community he's maintained the same friends, although he's never played it coy or cautious. On the contrary, Duke's had a ton of rogue male fun, with bottles and sometimes belles, when he was on the loose before he got tied in between his marriages. But he's had his sport like a gentleman and never hurt anybody, including himself. He's made millions of dollars and while he's still a duty to some extent, he's obviously helped a lot of his less lucky friends meet theirs.

Along the way, he has never trumpeted his own horn or played to the grandstand, played for the private. Be Barnett, his press agent of 13 years, still confesses, "I don't know why he hires me." Duke never notices whether his name's in the paper, for he's never had an interview in over a year. He doesn't proy any highly organized fan club to plug him. And not for a minute has he kowtowed to pressure or opinion from anyone. Duke went through the divorce from his first wife, Josephine Saenz, a Catholic, knowing he might draw hurtful censure from religious groups; and he married his present wife, as a Catholic, in the Presbyterian church of his own faith. He took on the presidency of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, to fight Communist Hollywood at a time when some influential circles in Hollywood were pink as sunsets and yelling "Fascist!" at everyone who called a Red a Red.

When he assumed his second term at that patriotic post, was the same day that a notorious Commie writer got the heave-ho at RKO, where Duke was making Leathernecks. He got the story of the coup accidentally figured and the heave-ho was John Wayne's doing. That night in his dressing room Duke found a note.

"Dear Rat," it read. "Congratulations on being named president of Motion Picture Association of Rats." And it went on phrased in the kind of raw, unsubtle in- sults a schoolboy might pen. It was signed with an actual "Rat"—but he thought it must be a gag. "No writer wrote that," he reasoned, "it's too crude." However, a signature check proved it was real and Duke began to burn. "Every time I see Edward Grant, his favorite writer, who was there too. Jimmy saw the making of a rib. He thought he'd throw a scare into Duke.

"How do you build, Duke," he advised, "only a hot huskier—and consider- able younger. In fact, if I remember right, he was Golden Gloves champ back in Chicago a couple of years ago. But Duke was already yanking on his coat. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to find that guy and beat the living hell out of him," stormed Wayne. He might have, too, if Ward Bond hadn't.

**B**ecause Duke is a big man—he's six feet four, round shoulders and sleeps in an oversized bed—and because he leads a rock 'em and sock 'em life on the screen, a lot of legends swirl around his head as they swirl around any hero's. One of them is that John Wayne is a truculent bruiser always itching for a fight. Actually, if he's gone through with mopping up that fabricated Connie husky, it would have been Duke himself, for Duke has had since he started in pictures.

The first took place some years ago outside the Coronado Hotel, near Sand Diego, where Duke was on location. For his job he had to yank the liquid courage from his leaders.

He was dancing with a pretty girl, when a wise guy, noticing Duke's long hair, sidled up. "Woo! Woo!" he sneered. "Have no fears about that big panzy, honey, he's home and dry."

Something about the situation made Duke see red, so he invited the guy and his friends outside and dusted them off. But it was just Duke's good luck.

The second battle, down in Mexico more recently, was even shorter. In a bar one night a tequila-happy Mexican got abusive sock each other on the shoulders until Duke and Yak evolved the present method of narrow, timed misses past the jaw with the big, fused foot, which Howard Hughes dangled to snare him for Flying Leathernecks. But the burred old beaver hat which Duke Wayne swiped years ago from John Ford is ever less legal than that—just an unspoken understanding that whenever Ford wants Duke for a picture all he has to tell him is when.

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**A** young actress who shall be nameless was under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, one of the finest men in the industry. Hitch always sketches the set-up for new scenes and turns them over to the cameraman to prepare for action. He was in the [m]iddle of one of these jobs when he saw the young actress facing the direction opposite from what he'd called for. He asked gently how come. The girl said rather importantly, "It's my better side." Hitch paused a split-second, then pronounced, "My dear young lady, you are sitting on your best side.

![Image of a young woman sitting on a bench](image-url)
to plug Hollywood’s “Movietime USA” campaign, and to speak at the American Legion Convention. Yet he’s still shy and personal are still painful. Every night when he climbs in bed, Duke carries a stack of books with him to study up on current events for the MFA post. He’ll let no one know he is studying, so that he takes the job very seriously and is militant in his war on the Kremlin.

All of these activities have constricted most of Duke Wayne’s sporting life and changed his leisure life, if you can call it that, completely. He owns part of a tennis club but he doesn’t play. He owned part of a golf links, too, but never got around to playing it.

Even the deer and quail hunting and marlin fishing trips he used never to miss in season are out, and have been for the past several years. Sometimes Duke manages a day of “skin fishing” off the Isthmus at Catalina, and then he soaks in the water six and eight-hours at a stretch. But instead of talking off with his old spear diving, Weissmuller and Bond, he takes the kids along.

“Tell the truth,” Duke has admitted, “that’s how I like things now—family style. Maybe I’m just getting old.” But that’s not necessarily so.

Duke has always been a worshipping, and worshipped, father, and despite the divided home his kids have, he’s unusually close to them. Duke and Pat, have even worked in a couple of his pictures. With their sisters, Toni and Melinda, they spend every week-end at his place in Encino. Of the five, all, Michael, the eldest, is the nearest thing to a carbon copy of his dad—all, manly and quiet.

Wherever he is, Duke stuffs his pockets with gifts for the kids, but he doesn’t spoil them. They are excised at Immaculate Heart Conservatory in Hollywood; Patrick and Melinda go to Cathedral Chapel; and Michael goes to Loyola. It’s a long road, too, in Hancock Park where they live with their mother, and Michael needs a car. Last spring the heap he had started to come apart. Duke took up the matter of a new car.

“I’ll give you all the dough for another second-hand one,” he offered, “or I’ll give you part of the price of a new Chevy, if you’ll work out the rest yourself.” He could get the kids to do a job running errands for Bo Roos at the Beverly Hills Management, he explained. “I’ll take the job and the new car,” Michael decided, which made Duke smile because that’s what he’d have done.

His present wife, Esperanza—whom he calls Chata—took the Wayne brood over to Ireland when their dad was making The Quiet Man there. The main reason Duke went for the $140,000 Encino place to entertain his kids. Before, he and Chata lived comfortably enough in small Valley ranch house with one bedroom and a converted den with a day bed. But there wasn’t anything to keep kids busy there, and no place to sleep, especially when Chata’s mother was up visiting from Mexico.

The new place, on four wooded acres, has a vast sloping lawn, swimming pool, stables, and a riding ring where horses can be kept. The Wayne crowd came down, and the kids have joined in. The way they left there wasn’t any question about what the 20-year-old seniorita had done to his heart.

Chata and her mother came to Hollywood on a six months’ visa, and they carried on their courtship there. They were married January 17, 1946 in a church in Long Beach, where Duke’s mother had said her vows.

After the rite, he hurried desperately around in the pockets, which he’d forgotten to fill, and finally had to whisper over his shoulder to Grant Withers, his best man, “Hey, give the preacher a hundred bucks, will you? I’m broke!” Chata thought the whole thing screamingly funny, and still rags Duke about it.

Duke and Chata flew to Honolulu on their honeymoon, about the most beautiful spot for romance you can find in the world. What they saw of that tropical paradise was little more than the Inside of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. In fact, for 20 days of their 21-day stay it rained constantly, and the newlywed Wayne camped right in their hotel room, which most brides and grooms will admit is a constructive way to spend a honeymoon, although no sightseeing tour.

Today there are absolutely no rules in John Wayne’s castle—and a man’s castle it certainly is. At home, as at most other places, he’s the boss and Mrs. W. likes it that way. In fact, she works it that way. Whenever Duke comes home, that’s dinner time; whenever he gets up, that’s when the day begins; and whenever he decides to go to bed it ends, whether it’s eight o’clock or four in the morning. When Duke works up a yen for enchiladas and chile relleno, Chata can cook them as no one else can—although they have a Mexican cook. The rest of the time she sees that the steaks are thick and red rare. There isn’t a stick of furniture in the whole house where lazy legs or a number 12 shoe can’t park without a protest, and a highball can’t sit. All of Duke’s friends are welcome whenever they show up, and they’re met out on the drive, as Duke always is, rain or shine; and sometimes they get the hug he rates—but not the kiss. A guy can’t share everything.

The Waynes have arguments now and then, usually they’re noisy, but always about something pretty tiny, like who played what card or a dummy, or who’ll drive the car. Once, Duke came home to find the furniture shifted around and his favorite reading chair in the wrong place. He raised a trumpet as any man has right to do when his wife does something outrageous like that. But all in all, there have never been any serious storm signals hoisted over their house since they were married. They’ve had second, third, and fourth honeymoons to Hawaii, South America, and Mexico, too, and when Chata flies down there alone to see her family there aren’t any divorces.

So right now things couldn’t be rosier for Duke Wayne. He has a cozy home, a quartet of handsome kids, a worshipping wife, money enough to make all of them happy, and a career which could use a John Wayne if Hollywood had them around. Unfortunately, if you believe the people who worship Duke, they smashed the mold when they made him.

And even if John Wayne eventually becomes president of the United States, one thing seems certain. He’ll still be just Duke,” the greatest guy in the world to his friends—as they all are to him.

At home Grant Withers prizes a picture that Duke gave him once, and it is inscribed: “You can count on your fingers, Grandpa!”

Everybody who knows Duke Wayne and loves him would like to scribble the same thing right back. In fact, in a way, that’s exactly what Modern Screen’s readers have just done this very month to the favorite star.

A Fellow in San Francisco knows what you want

Or maybe it’s Miami, Memphis, Chicago or Portland, Maine. He works in a shop making shoes, handbags, glassware—or what do you need to suit your special tastes?

He and others, similarly skilled, are associated together in a manufacturing company, and the products of their craft are stamped with that company’s distinctive brand name.

These craftsmen may be thousands of miles away, but merely by using this brand name, learned from the pages of this magazine or other forms of advertising, their skill and your needs are brought together every time you shop.

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The End
our christmas love story

(Continued from page 27) in the last 10 years that Miriam and I have not stopped to remember our first together. The one in 1941, in which we created war for many people, but for us it was fun, because we were young, married, and so terribly in love. It was a strange Christmas. Everywhere you looked there was a slimy green flag that the air was thick with, and people were so extra hard to enjoy themselves, to buy a little more than they had planned, and to be a little nicer to their fellow man. You noticed it on the streets as people were celebrating with the feeling that perhaps it was the last Christmas they’d known for years, perhaps forever.

It was in this atmosphere of pre-meditated good cheer that Miriam and I lied over to see our friends, people who had been married, and so terrible in love. I got my draft notice just about the same time the decorating crews were hanging wreaths and red-nosed Santa Claus statues on Fifth Avenue in New York, and I was convinced that the Christmas cards blaring from every store window and the churning crowds on Broadway had a lot to do with the prolonged maintenance of the seasonal cheer. I joined the Signal Corps and was touring with the company of This Is The Army. For awhile, it looked as though we would be held over in St. Louis, but, fortunately for me, we were able to get to Chicago. Two days before Christmas, we entrained for California, and we spent the holiday listening to the wheels click on the rails.

In 1943, I spent a hurried Christmas with my parents in their home in Santa Monica, actually just a few days jammed in between the Los Angeles and San Francisco appearances of This Is The Army. I called Miriam, who was working in New York, on Christmas Eve and she couldnt talk long.

I suppose a lot of guys spent the Christmas holidays in 1944 in bleaker spots than I did. By then, the troupe had moved to England, and Miriam and I planned to go together, but the future looked pretty full. We had followed us all over the Pacific theater, and we were on the way to home. We had followed us all over the Pacific theater, and we were mired, cramped, and beat up. But even in August that Christmas, I spent our first Christmas together in three years, and in our own apartment. We had a lot to rejoice about. Our baby was due soon. I was more than a little bit that we Ambassador Hotel.

On Christmas day, I opened a big turkey and we had both of our families over for dinner. It was a wonderful day.

Since we have been back together, Miriam and I have tried to combine the celebration of our anniversary and the Christmas holidays. Of course, we’ve always given one another little personal gifts on our anniversary . . . like the purple velvet felt I picked up for Miriam in Egypt, which she plans to use someday as the piece de resistance of a sleek Oriental outfit. Beneath the Christmas tree, the anniversary of our marriage is so closely associated with Christmas and the spirit of the holiday that it has not seemed to call for any special celebration.

Our son, Chris, has understandably altered the way we celebrate Christmas. When there were just the two of us, we always opened our presents on Christmas Eve. We never would not be Christmas if he could not awaken to the delicious joy of discovering suddenly, with one sweep of his eyes, a room full of presents that were not there when he went to sleep. Chris goes absolutely wild on Christmas morning.

His first really meaningful Christmas was in 1948, and that holiday was for us, too, a particularly memorable event. In late November, I was able to get my first long break from the pressure of work, and Miriam and I packed up and took a long-delayed trip to the West. We drove up the coast to Oregon, through the redwoods, and then back south through the mountain lake country of Northern California. At June Lake, where we stayed for a few days, we cut our Christmas tree and brought it home with us. On Christmas morning, I shot several hundred feet of film of Chris opening his packages, film which will be an important part of the slide library I began the day we brought Chris home from the hospital.

Last year, we spent our first Christmas in our new house. We had a beautiful tree and, as usual, we decorate it together. We try to open them most of the morning to open them.

On previous Yuletides, Miriam and I had always tried to make our gifts to one another extremely practical. But last year our presents were a complete surprise to Miriam. I gave her a new Bell and Howell movie camera that I had always admired but hesitated to buy for myself. I gave her a new Bell and Howell movie camera that she had admired in a shop in San Francisco when we were vacationing there.

This year, we are looking forward to a bang-up Christmas. We tell all we hope that Miriam and I will be able to come out to spend the holidays with us. We intend to have a big open house for our friends, our old friends again. We intend that the presents we have made in the past two years. We want to give Chris the joyous kind of Christmas he will remember all of his life.

But also, this year marks the first event of our wedding anniversary. I don’t know exactly what it will be, but I’ll have to come up with something tremendous to make Miriam’s记住, our 10 years together have meant to her.

I know, too, that our anniversary certainly will be a proper occasion for both of us. We intend to begin thinking about our plans for the next 10 years.

Now that my career is progressing faster than I ever anticipated, Miriam and I would like to have more children and a larger permanent home to raise them in. In the future, we have plans for more travel. We will have to build a new house for the 10th anniversary. It will certainly worth working and dreaming for.

(Gene Nelson can be seen in Warners’ Starlit—Ed.)

IS THERE ANYONE FINER?

A friend of mine was serving overseas in World War II when a famous female vocalist came to his theater to entertain. Some of the men in his group were detained and didn’t make it back to the show. He had to go to see the show. Having heard about it, they were rushing toward the camp when they passed her as she was leaving. They broke into cries of disappointment and she stopped right there on the road and sang four numbers especially for them. That’s why Dinah Shore is the favorite vocalist of lots of ex-GIs.

John Couse Pleasantville, N. J.
Hollywood's worst bugaboo
(Continued from page 38) who can bring to their day-to-day life of noise and personality so cleverly written and advocated for them by the men who make their films. They know it, and dread matching their actual selves against the popular impressions of them. Yet any number of psychologists, then, to understand how they feel about facing the man in the street. They have an inner fear that they are going to disappoint rather than do that they are inclined not to worry at all.

Can you blame a grey ing Clark Gable if he doesn't relish having to live up to the label of booming masculinity slapped upon him years ago by his friend Boyer or Humphrey Bogart? But it isn't just fear of appearance that breeds such reluctance. A general distaste of being exhibited as a star no matter how eager a star may be to stand at the beginning. There is nothing grey about Peter Lawford, but neither does he appear to be as gay as of yore when it comes to meeting his fellow men informally. Wherever Peter used to go you could always find him in the center of things, and identifiable by the loudest, most card-carrying laugh in the place. Now he's low. Take that Hawaiian trip he made last year, and he didn't go into hiding exactly, but in a way he daren't dismiss himself, and certainly he kept in the background.

Hollywood is a Royal Hawaiian, but dressed as a beachcomber, and rarely shaved. You'd have had to take a long look to recognize him even if you'd known him for years. He liked to hang around the beach at Waikiki but only around the edges of it. Most of the time he sat far back, against the wall of the Outrigger Club, and in the shadow of it. He seldom did have a girl. Most of the time he was with two others, and if there was a girl there would also be another boy along.

What has changed Peter Lawford has also changed Jennifer Jones. Everyone in Hollywood remembers that when Jennifer got started in pictures she was middlingly pretty but colorful, and rather shy. But once she got her shyness now in a casual meeting with anyone. In fact, when people happen to visit her set when she is resting between scenes, they don't even see her. They look at her, and she can only stare at the sky. If she has to talk to someone, say in an interview, she reverses direction and often stares at the wall. Jennifer also used to be noted as having a pretty good memory for names and faces. She still has a good memory or she would not be able to handle the sort of parts she gets. Yet any number of people who have worked with her find she fails to recognize them when they pass. This is by no means an unusual failing. Behind it is not snobbery, but an unconscious difficulty in reacting in an ordinary manner when your whole life has become extraordinary. A photographer for a national magazine, who has known Jennifer since her first days as an actress, says, "She was a disarming and friendly person and smiled and greeted you. There was no response. She acted as if she had forgotten him completely. Curious about this, he walked up to her and said her name again, this time by name. And he asked pointedly, "You remember me, don't you?" She gave him a quick look, and then said vaguely, "Why, Joel?" she cried, "of course I do." "Then what was the matter a little while ago?" he asked. "I smiled. You went right on."

Jennifer shook her head helplessly. "

May stars are painfully shy, and many times they acquire this shyness after success. If the terms seem odd, consider what happens to a girl when she is knocked over the box office. The producer, knowing that she has become a valuable asset, orders a complete evaluation of her, from personality to professional education. What is her background? Does she know the men? Does she know people as a socialite or a shopgirl in casual contacts? Does she know how to talk, to walk, to dress?

The experts go to work and in essence they practically pick her apart. Despite the fact that she has made good in a picture, she may have many deficiencies, and all of them brought out into broad daylight. If her pride is shatter ed in the process it shouldn't surprise anyone. Most people are better off not knowing how far they have to go, but the young starlet is told. Thereafter there is a certain balance, she is in light, her ego is liable to be in a mess.

Incidentally, producer David O. Sel zick, the man Jennifer Jones married after divorcing the late Bob Walker, found it necessary to hire a special coach to teach Jennifer about clothes early in her career. This was Anita Colby's job at the studio for some time, and she was never sent out on personal appearance jobs with her. She was along to keep an eye on her wardrobe. To many girls such personal supervision is misleading, even psychologically harmful. However, Jennifer is not known, but it is doubtful that she was very happy about it.

There are other factors which wear away at a girl's ego. It is an overnight success. Having enjoyed no particular social advantages, usually, she is suddenly pushed by stardom into the company of very clever people. She can't live up to them intellectually, nor does she react to stardom--by disliking to place herself in a vulnerable position with any new people, for that matter. If, on the other hand, she chooses to play with them, she not only has to develop a taste for the cultural, but she has to work at it.

Rita Hayworth worked. About the time the world was wondering whether Hitler was a man of military genius, a friend of hers dropped in to find out if she was still reading a heavy book--Klaus witz on tactics of warfare.

"What is all this about?" the friend couldn't help asking.

Rita let the book drop wearily. "What else can I do?" she asked. "The people I go with now talk. They talk about everything, I mean, and I've got to be with them, and before I can have a little background."

On the other hand, Betty Hutton and Jane Russell probably wouldn't be caught dead with a klaus witz--and are just as happy. But that's because Jane Russell for one, is wary of meeting strangers. She is tired of having them look as if they expected her to slouch about, talk slant, push the attack. Jane does know a lot of people outside of movie business, but most of them are her old high school friends. "I like the kids I've grown up with," she says. "They know me and I don't have to explain myself to them."

Janet Leigh and Jane Powell are similar in many ways--young, exuberant, and given to a quick wit. They are yet to learn how to live with stardom as smoothly as Janie. Part of Janie's popularity, not only with her fans, but with her associates in and around her studio, is due to the fact that she seems to forget about her professional standing. You feel, in talking to her, that she actually enjoys being a young and beautiful woman more
"they can't make me behave"

(Continued from page 33) such truth is not going to happen here.

By Mario's after the violent collision between Dore Schary and Mario Lanza, it became evident that something had to happen. You can't have the most exciting new star on a movie with nothing more than a bit part to his credit. And something had to come of it. There is always somebody who brings straight thinking to the situation.

In this case, the peace—making was begun by Betty. As Mario says, Betty is a girl who is familiar only with the truth. And Betty has a great thing in common with her husband. She, too, is not afraid of the knowledge even a small lie gives birth like a guppy to seven dozen other lies, until there are a whole army of them.

So Betty, one day, picked up the telephone and called Joe Pasternak. They faced each other in the living room of the Lanza home, and here, condensed, is what Betty said.

**This has got to stop. My husband is an honest man. He may not be like other movie stars in Hollywood. He may not have settled down to a behavior pattern so that he is acceptable. But he is a minor exciting exception to the rules and you and I don't even know. But we have to do something about this, because you are beginning to believe all the lies that have been spun by Mr. Schary.**

"Mario is hurt, because these lies have grown so big that nobody—even you—ever bother to ask if any of them are true. We have lived, up to tonight, right now, before you and Mr. Schary think that Mario is no good, as you probably do. And if you do, I can assure you that Mario thinks you are no good, too—even double and triple no good.

So, they talked, Mario joining them. They got right down to the nitty-gritty, such as the time Mario threw a studio employee bodily out of his dressing room. They examined the case in detail, and Joe Pasternak, a sensitive, emotional man, agreed that he would have done the same thing himself. He might have gone even further, and given the fellow a pair of black eyes in the process, because there are some things you do to a man, if you want to stay healthy.

The matter of noise, and general "hell raisin" were also entered into. It appeared that a man like Mario Lanza, with a heart and voice like an erupting volcano, and expect him to behave like an easy-going actor with 10 years of experience... was a little much. And, she said, Joe Pasternak, said, "I love you both. You have got to talk to this Dore Schary. Why, he doesn't even know what makes you tick!"

Shattering this theory, Schary came to Mario's house. The production chief, and the star faced each other across Mario's desk, and the favorite son of South Philadelphia said to himself, "He will big shot. You are a no-stinker and I will tell you why."

"Mr. Schary retorted in kind, and they went on from there. At the home of Dore Schary, a dinner party waited for hours, then gave up and fell apart. Two men, who normally are busier than a pair of snipers on the battlefront, were talking to the man. And Dore Schary, left the Lanza home, late that night, left as a lucky fish, for he'd discovered that in his high tower as the mastermind of some 80 current, and projected, reports that had filtered through to him about Mario Lanza were highly distorted.

And Mario's rebellion had centered on this—this had been fatal for him to take his problems directly to the top level.

Why? Because there is jealousy at the lower levels of the world, as anywhere else. And, if Mr. Lanza has an argument with anyone, it sooner or later will blossom into print, largely distorted, to the great grief of the individual who is a reporter on the prowl for a sensational bit of copy.

That is what happened on the subject of Mario's excess weight.

"Look at me," Lanza said. "I've got a big frame. Big bones. All my life I didn't weigh too much for my size. When I came to Hollywood, I weighed 184 pounds, and I could eat everything in sight. Then came The Great Caruso. Imagine, all my life this man is my idol. All of a sudden I get the chance of a lifetime on the screen. I've got to be Caruso! I don't want to be just an actor who doesn't look like the man, singing his songs."

"No, I want to be this man, and this man, as he went on with his story, is the same sort of nuts. Everything about him grew bigger. His songs, his build, the little way he strutted. The people around him—he collected them as he went along, such as Caruso, and, I ate like Caruso, and I behaved like him, in my private life, as nearly as I could. But, all those at the studio could see, was that the fatter and fatter I got, and have not the coius. I gave the public Caruso exactly, but I would like to see somebody else do better—and that's what almost ruined me."

He went on, "I was 230 pounds when I finished the picture—not 240. Two hundred and thirty and thirty. We are telling the truth and we must be exact."

"And, what happened? I didn't know it, then, but my metabolism began to run away with me. My bones must have been hungry for years and the corpulence began to move and there went on—and didn't want to quit."

The truth of the matter was that dropping 40 pounds wasn't too hard. The weight hadn't been on for months and months ago, and could be tapered off.

And this is where Mario Lanza makes a unique confession of his own: "I heard the story on the line. I was up in my office. I had returned the script of Because You're Mine, without even reading it. That is not true. The truth is that I hadn't been sent a script. A few years ago every person that saw the first version of many great plays are just plain lousy. To get a good story, writers have to work and revise. To get a good suit to fit, you have to keep, to a while, and you can't change the collar."

"That's the way it was. The premise of the story—about an opera singer who gets
I SAW IT HAPPEN

My wife and I were invited to spend a week-end with friends in the San Fernando Valley and driving down, we were reminded she needed some lighter clothes. We stopped in Valley shop with an attractive window display and upon entering the store, were both struck by the beauty of the saleslady.

"Really," she said, "you look so much like Maureen O'Hara of the movies."

"The saleslady smiled. "I am Maureen O'Hara. You see, I own this shop with a friend and every time I'm not working in the studio, I come out here to sell."

Stanley E. Pilarski
Los Angeles, California

drafted, is excellent. But, with a movie even more than a play, the idea has to be worked over for a long time. You can't open a movie out of town and then fix it.

"Well, when I finally did see Because You're Mine, I had refused to look at it. The script didn't fit. Even the studio knew that, because they were already revising it while I was reading.

"In the meantime, the mistake I made was that I hadn't bothered to knock off that weight. I didn't want to do the picture as it was, so I figured I could just go to the studio and show them how fat I was. Then I wouldn't have to worry about changing anything that was straightened out. But do you know what happened? Because of Caruso, they didn't care if I looked like a blimp. They just said, 'Oh, don't worry about that. Well shoot anyway."

"So you see how much untruth can get around, if nobody corrects it. Half of the columnists said I was feuding with the studio, and I was sore about my weight. The fact is, they didn't care how heavy I looked. Only I cared!"

So, what happened about his weight?

Just this week, after four weeks on his new ranch, near Medford, Oregon. He rode horseback, chopped wood, took long walks. He ate enough lean steak to feed an army. And when he came back to Hollywood, he had slimmed down from the 230 pounds he carried as the aging Caruso, to an even 200. He had 10 pounds to go, to attain the weight he's going to carry from now on.

"The truth is," he said, "that I am not a prize fighter, and I am not going to live like one. It's just that I have to get that metabolism under control. So, my doctor has been giving me some thyroid extract of some sort. It's not a big problem, and I figure that after you have told this story, people will know the truth, and the press will stop talking about it."

Now let's see what else there is about Mario Lanza that has set Hollywood on its ear, and caused a barrage of the most fantastic stories. I'm not going to mention one concentration on a movie star. For one thing, there is the matter of "how long his voice will last."

This is Mario's answer: "All I have to do is bend one ear to the wind and I hear that I am already straining on the high notes. Already, ha! Look, I love to sing. It is not an effort for me to sing. And when I hear that I have only a couple of years to go before I start slipping, I laugh. And I can laugh as loud as I can sing."

"This January, I am 30 years old. People who know about these things will tell you that my voice will not reach its full power and maturity until I am 35 years of age. Then, from 35 to 45, the voice will be at its full strength and tonal quality. After that, with a certain amount of care, a singer can do all right until he is 70. So all I can say as far as singing my best is concerned, I am not even born yet!"

This year Lanza will gross more than $400,000 on royalties from recordings, and a total of around $800,000 when his concert tour and movie salary are included. He is doing very well for a young man whose talents have been scarcely touched. He is already working on the "10-cent dollar."

"Meaning that out of every dollar he owns, he gets to keep only a dime. But nobody need feel sorry for him—he gets either dimes or those dimes than 99 per cent of the people.

There again, is a reason why he frequently is resented as a Johnny-come-lately. He's ten times more successful than a lot of people who've been around Hollywood for years. They're not making it. They can't see why this singing fellow should have it so good. So, when he comes roaring through the studio in high good humor, he is watched (by some) with ever-ready resentment.

If Mario chooses to whack a grey-haired extra lady (who loves it) on the bustle, he is charged with having no respect for womanhood. If he winks at a pretty girl, he is charged with philandering.

Mario Lanza has even been called "heartless.

Heartless, with a voice like that? It would be the world's most incredible contradiction. This accusation, doubtless has its birth in Mario's new-found unwillingness to sing for anyone and everyone, the drop of a piano lid. If there has been any real trouble with Mario, so far as it concerns him, personally, it has been that he has had too much heart.

He has refused to treat his voice as the major factor of his livelihood. He has always behaved as though he were a writer of the five-thousand-dollar-a-week variety who would sit down and type a story for everybody he met. Now he knows that he mustn't throw away his talent. Most people think that the reason Mario sings so much is that he hungers for the applause that comes, everytime he tosses back his head. The truth is that he likes to be among happy people, and he'd be a fool if he didn't realize that he spreads a lot of joy with his voice.

Consider the case of Raye Phaseno, the little 10-year-old girl in Newark, New Jersey, who was dying of a rare form of cancer. Everything had been done for Raye that could be done, everything that is, capable of accomplishment by the medical profession.

Little Raye Phaseno was a fan of Mario's. In semi-delirium, she constantly called for him. She wanted to see Mario before she died. And there, in the hospital, her yearning was translated into action.

A long distance telephone call was put through to Hollywood for Mario Lanza. He could not be located, because he was en route to his ranch in Oregon. Of all the people Mario knew in Hollywood, one secretary was touched by the urgency of the call. She remembered that her boss, who was with Mario, had mentioned a motel at which he once stopped, just above a list of Automobile Club recommended motels, and systematically began to trace the singer until she found him.

"I hate to put you to all this bother, Mr. Lanza," she said, "but there is this little
girl in Newark," she explained to him.

Ten minutes later, Raye Phaseno was talking with her mother in the hall of the hotel where she had come to from New York, she told him.

Mario explained how impossible this was, knowing all the while that Raye might be dead, before he got there. But this was the first time he and Raye met.

"This is my sister," he said. "I have no idea what you are doing here."

Raye told her how she had been ashamed of herself, and that she wanted, because of all the great songs he had recorded. "But I am just a little girl who doesn't know very much," she said, "and for that reason I came to you, Raye," he continued. "I can come right into your hospital room with a song."

So you tell me what I should sing.

Raye told her she was ashamed of herself, and that she wanted to do something for Mario. "I could have done better if I had known what I was doing," she said.

"It is not such a great gift as the friendship of this little girl, but I will accept it." Unfortunately only one man can be the object of grief-stricken love, and there must be a time—many times—when Mario Lanza cannot respond to the requests that are made of him, and this worries him tremendously. He asked for a considerable portion of the money that an ordinary celebrity would put into various business projects. Mario channels into five favorite charities. As for his long-time wife, they belong to his family—his wife, Betty, and his children, Elissa and Colleen. All of these things can be told about a man like Mario Lanza because the most a man can only come from a best friend, such as in this case, Ray Sinatra.

Ray Sinatra, a first cousin of Frank Sinatra's, and Mario's song partner, says: "You will always hear people say that Mario is temperamental, hard to get along with. Well, that's a lot of baloney. He takes criticism and advice, without batting an eye. I've seen him work five solid hours, recording eight songs a day, and he was stronger when he finished than when he started. And once, when he finished recording 'The Lord's Prayer,' the entire orchestra, 36 professional, hand-holed musicians, applauded the man, shouting 'Bravo!'"

"I'm telling you straight, Mario Lanza is going to be the greatest of them all. I'm sick of hearing about 'Mialie' Gable. There's only one Caruso, and there will never be another. But there is Lanza, and there will never be another. But Caruso died before he reached his prime. Mario is just getting started, and I'm going to stay that way. If this is misbehaving, I've made the most of it!"

The End

gable's divorce problem

(Continued from page 14) she had even scolded reporters at the airport when they asked her to comment on the separation. "What separation?" she had innocently asked.

Gable also insisted on extending the fiction that he was still happily married. He explained to a newspaper reporter who asked why Lady Sylvia had filed her complaint. But this happiness turned to sorrow when Gable learned that Sylvia wasn't too anxious for an early divorce. In fact, she was looking for a reconciliation.

Gable has been divorced twice—once in 1930, from Josephine Dillon, a dran-matics coach, and once in 1939, from Rhea Lawrence Lanzo, an independent, wealthy rancher. Both of these divorces cost Clark a pretty penny, but at least they were friendly. The divorce involving Sylvia Gable is not. Attempts have been made to settle the dispute amicably, but to date, none of the cases have worked out, and the divorce has developed into a knock-down, drag-out affair.

As of November, Gable was determined not to pay his fourth wife a single penny in alimony, contending that she was making much more money in her own right, having acquired quite a bit from three previous husbands.

The basic source of Lady Sylvia's fortune is a four-year-old painting by Charles Sr. Back in 1935, Sylvia's first husband, Lord Ashley, publicly charged Fairbanks of alienating his wife's affections. After the divorce, Sylvia married the dazzling, young Clark Gable in Nevada. Fairbanks died, and Sylvia inherited more than a million dollars.

Gable was irritated when he learned that Sylvia planned to take her own good time and rest up from the California divorce. "Why was he so good to her, and why isn't he good to me."

In 1943, Gable filed a divorce complaint against Sylvia Gable in Nevada, charging that she owed him millions of dollars. In fact, she had lived with extreme cruelty and had caused him great grief, mental suffering and pain without cause or provocation, and plaintiff's health and happiness is hereby impaired."

When Lady Sylvia was served with a copy of the complaint she was enraged. The next day her lawyer, Jerry Giesler, one of the state's most noted attorneys in California, refused that the Nevada divorce would be fought by his client.

"In 1949," Giesler explained, "the California legislature passed a law forbidding one person to divorce another in state if he has been a bona fide resident of California for the preceding 12 months. If he does obtain such a divorce, it cannot last more than 18 months."

The legality of this law has never been tested, and many attorneys say that Gable's divorce is legal as long as he maintains a legal residence in the state. Recent reports however indicate that this is not the case, and that Gable will not be allowed a Nevada divorce.

While all this legal hassling was going on, Gable also announced that Sylvia Gable would amend the complaint she filed in Santa Monica last May, and would seek both a settlement and an annual share of Gable's income. She would file a separate maintenance action.

"After all," explained one of Sylvia's friends, "I can't understand Gable at all. You can't marry a woman and then throw her out the window, and then say you don't care about her. I don't care how much money a girl has in her own right. According to those in Santa Monica, Sylvia is charged with support of his wife."

"This is no case of the wife having left the husband's bed and board. Gable had the locks changed on the Encino ranch house, Sylvia couldn't even get in.

"They may not have any children, but certainly after 17 months of marriage, she's entitled to something."
through with love?

(Continued from page 29) desperately to get in touch with her third husband Bob Topping. She wanted to find out whether he was going to reconcile or move out of the house.

She had heard all sorts of stories. One was that Bob was leaving her in order to marry June Horne Cooper, ex-wife of the former child star, Jackie Cooper.

Another story was that she had moved down to Newport sailing around the harbor on his boat and just wouldn't get in touch with her.

Added to this were the eye-opening reports from the private detective Lana's lawyers had hired to tail Topping.

Lana made many fruitless attempts to get in touch with Topping. She even tracked Drue Mallery down at a friend's party, and asked where she might contact her husband. Drue didn't know a thing. Indifferently, she had rented her house to a well-recommended lawyer. Whether the stranger was a friend of Bob's or whether Bob was there, she didn't know.

Lana was upset. The next day she announced her separation from Topping. A few nights later she slipped in the shower, pushed her arm through the glass shower door, and was hospitalized after false reports that she had attempted suicide.

It was going to be just that Cy Howard came upon the scene.

As if to prove to the world that her marriage breakup with Bob was just one of those things that one could possibly miss seeing them. And there was Lana again, immaculately coiffed, stunningly dressed, listening to Cy talk—which hadn't happened in years.

On Sunday evenings the "smart" thing to do in Hollywood is dine at Chasen's, so everyone was there. A constant stream of celebrities kept coming over to Lana's table and saying, "How are you, darling? You look wonderful." And Lana kept replying, "I never felt better in my life."

The following day, the gossip columns were loaded with Turner-Howard items. Lana believed she'd proved to the world that (a) her marital mishap with Topping hadn't got the best of her and (b) she was back in circulation again.

Actually, Lana wasn't really fooling anyone. Bob Topping had deeply hurt her ego by getting himself mentioned with June Horne Cooper, the Walter Winchell's column but in several others, too. How would you feel if you were one of the most glamorous and beautiful motion picture stars in the world and your husband supposedly found the society of other people more appealing?

If you were in Lana's shoes, you'd probably be looking to yourself. I've been married four times, I've had four marriages—what have I failed. What's the matter with me, anyway? Either it's my fault, or all the men I pick for husbands are 14-karat jerks. Haven't I any ability to choose wisely?

In an effort to get away from this sort of introspection, Lana began dating Cy.

Since Howard loves publicity, many people felt at first that it was all a publicity gimmick. Perhaps the truth is that Lana Turner and Cy Howard need each other. Both are basically insecure; both fear loneliness; both covet companionship.

Lana is said to have said in conversation with celebrities, and this may be a motivation for dating Lana. Previously, her name had been linked with Paulette Goddard.

Although she hired a press agent a few months ago, Lana is not particularly public conscious. By nature generous and considerate, she has occasionally permitted her name to be used in the careers of some rising young actor, as she did just two years ago with Peter Lawford. But she has never indulged in romance in order to become the center of attention.

At this stage, her romance with Cy Howard is genuine. It is ego-restoring. Lana needs to feel desirable again.

What can be better than to have a handsome, wealthy, talented young-man-about-town pay court?

And that's what Cy Howard has been doing. After a few months with Lana, Cy had to fly to New York. Everybody predicted he would continue on to Europe to see Paulette Goddard.

Howard didn't want anything of the kind. He phoned Lana in Holmby Hills practically every night from New York. He told her he was canceling his trip overseas and would fly back to her.

She felt great. Maybe not as great as when Topping was courting her in New York back in 1947. But then again, Cy didn't have Topping's inherited wealth. Bob's first wife had given him New York was a 15-karat diamond ring. "It was delivered," Lana recalls, "while I was weighing myself in the bathroom. The first thing I did was put it on my finger and jump right back on the scale."

The jewelry was worth at least $50,000 and Lana felt, justifiably enough, that Topping thought the world of her. Why else would he be spending it to get rid of Arline Judge and another in New York. Lana married Bob Topping on the rebound. There's no doubt about that now. When Cy Persian walked out on her to marry Linda Christian, Lana stayed on for the rebound. But she did everything possible to make the marriage a success.

This is conclusive legal evidence to substantiate the belief that the failure was not her fault.

What everyone is asking nowadays, however, is this: Will Lana Turner get married again? The rebound again, this time to Cy Howard?

Lana has come a long way in wisdom from the night she eloped to Las Vegas with Howard. Her divorce from Topping will be obtained in California; purposely, too. A California divorce imposes a year's wait before another marriage. During that year, Lana will have a chance to determine whether her romance with Cy is genuine or therapeutic.

It's Lana's nature to be married. She has been married to eight men for 16 of her 30 years. She's not the type to be single.

What is even more important, men like Lana. She's honest, forthright, and witty. In the past Lana's husbands have turned out to be men who like to marry frequently. Cy Howard has made the trek to the altar only once, with a cute night club singer, Nan Wynn, a few years ago. The marriage lasted a few months.

Howard's friends say that Cy is too self-centered to succeed at marriage.

If this is true, then he is not the boy for Lana. She is a beautiful girl who is willing to devote all her time, all her love—her whole life—to a happy marriage.

To date, her batting average has been zero. Maybe Cy Howard will change all that.

The End
what to do 'till the minister comes

(Continued from page 25) doing some quick estimating on the when and how of my future and when I finally answered, I said, "Well... in a couple of years I think it was the sort of romantic scheme I had for myself at 11. Figuring all that was then in my mind, I think I am running a bit slow. But, as I still tell my wife (and thought I had some unusual obstacles. For instance, at 14, I was convinced that my mother was conspiring to keep me from looking glamorous. I woke up to the absurdity of the realization when I developed a head crush on a handsome boy in junior high who never even looked at me. The only way I could account for this was to blame my freckles, which my mother had put in a case with "miracle" drug store lotions, and my red hair which she insisted I wear in pigtails down to my waist. I accused her of wanting me to look like a freak. It was not until school was almost over for the season that mother gave in to my "campaign" and let me cut my hair and have it fall naturally. Don't think I didn't do wondering and don't think the boy didn't ask for a date. He did. But if I felt good about this, I knew from nothing otherwise. I squeaked out a tiny "no," for when he called, I was an even fainter, "Good-bye" when he brought me home. In between we didn't speak or even look at each other. What a failure.

For the first time in my life I seriously sought advice... and of all things from my fellow 'teen-agers. They said I should have been more animated. They said he probably wanted to kiss me. They said he might try again. If he dated me again, I should let him.

We went out once more. He tried. I let him. And he never asked me out again! Maybe it sounds funny, but I think I have been years building up what this tore down in me! Everything that happens to you is supposed to have some character effect, so though I am still a romantic at 19, I am a romantic with her guard up. I console myself by thinking that I'm not the only girl who will go to her grave, probably, with a question mark in her heart like this one. And, of course, I don't hate all men any more than I did for weeks and weeks after this monster left me flat. But it shows you what a girl is up against. Seriously, you can't always figure a man out. I mean even in a rough way. And this is what makes everything so much more confusing.

There is a man in Hollywood who I once thought was the most terrible specimen on two feet. I formed this opinion after I met him away from town on a personal appearance, and he seemed to be a way considered horrible. He was in one group of people, and I in another, when we all came together at a party and got introduced around. People drifted in and out of the room and there came a few minutes when he and I were alone. Suddenly he stepped completely out of the character and became rude and sarcastic. In seconds, it was a complete change from social politeness to sharp words. I had never had to express myself in this way before in my life, and that such a thing could happen so quickly between two almost cultured persons sickened me more, I think, than the personal insult involved.

If ever I was sure of anything, after this, it was that he was a worthless fellow. That sort of demonstration was a safe thing to go by, I felt. Then, much later and back in Hollywood, a surprising thing happened. I saw this same man do a fine thing... give up something valuable which he could have had for the asking to someone who needed it more than he. And I came to know about it quite accidentally, there was no talk or word from him. I decided, nevertheless, not to let it affect me, but the next time we met I found that it had. Somehow I was able to talk to him long enough to let him get in a few words of apology. They were ordinary words, but I found myself liking the way he said them. I liked it well enough so that on the next occasion when we met we talked longer. Since then we have met a number of times—they were dates—and I eventually asked him to the puzzle of his original behavior. My Dr. Jekyll had acted like Mr. Hyde at our first meeting for the same reason I have done things that were not really like me. He, too, was unsure of himself.

This makes things really complicated. For a while you labor under the delusion that certainly men know what they are doing... at least, what kind of men they are! And then you find out that they are no better off than you are! When I first learned this, I thought it was downright unfair, that there is enough such a terrible indifference in a woman's life without her having to worry about this as well! Believe me, or maybe you know it already, but that last wolf you were out after has not wanted to be a wolf at all! He was just trying out the role for size. The next time you see him he may make a perfect big brother!

Of course you know what this means. This means a girl just can't make snap judgments about men. Or at least this is what it has meant to me. If I like something about a fellow, who otherwise is just not there, I tell myself I must wait and see. I don't go out much. Not by Hollywood standards anyway. In the past two years I have gone out less than 50 times, I am sure. Is this a mistake? Oh, yes, say a lot of my friends. A girl is supposed to go out where she is seen. But if you go out and the more you are seen, why, the more "chances" they point out. What to do? Because I seem to be against this. For me, going out can only be fun if I am convinced that if you go out often you are not going out with someone you love to be with constantly. If you had someone like this, you wouldn't need to spend a lot of evenings in the company of people you are indifferent about.

Isn't this practice unfair to them as well as yourself.

I told my mother. A girl is supposed to ask her mother. But mine doesn't like to give specific advice, unless she feels I really need it. Instead, she asks me to think it out and then helps me. Mother will go so far sometimes as to tell me what she would do in such and such a situation. I told her once about being in a car with a boy when he got out of line. Here we were, miles out of town, and he wasn't fun any longer—he was trouble. Yet I wasn't really frightened for myself, I told her. I was frightened more of hoping it would be as bad as things wouldn't end up plain ugly. And I asked her what she would have done.

"What did you do?" she wanted to know first.

I told her. What I did was to start laughing. I don't know why, but I did. And after a few moments of indecision the boy had to laugh, too, and the situation lightened right up. Not only that, but he seemed grateful about it.

Another reason I don't go out too much is that I'd hate to fall into the white waste of going out just because a girl is a girl who used to do just that.

It got so that the headwaiter at Ciro's jokingly made out an employee's time-card for her so she could punch the clock when she came in every evening.

One day, about a year ago, she got a call from a visitor from New York who told her that a mutual friend from Chicago had suggested he phone her. The New Yorker told her that some months later the Chicago friend was in town and invited her to a dinner party. Seated across the table from her was a man who spoke to her as if he knew her. The two had got together and he proved to be the New Yorker she had been out with. She could recall where they had been that night, and what they had talked about, and she didn't think he could remember. It didn't because the man was colorless or a nonentity, she told me later. It was simply because she had been going out so often and with so many men that she couldn't remember him. It wasn't because the man was centuries only a sort of shadowy phantom who called for her, said the usual things, performed the customary services of an escort, and was thereafter generally forgotten.

"What a waste of time!" I had to say. "Yes, and a waste of men," she agreed, thoughtfully. "A whole stream of them, in my book. You'd think they would love me more than another. There must be a better way.

Now another girl told me that she should go out only with important men. This, I learned, was from a very wise and practical person. Me, too. When I go out I spend the money I have spent in the company of such a man. He asked me for the date, I was advised to accept, and it was the first time I had ever been on a private party and we wound up at the Mocambo. It was all for nothing. In the first place we couldn't meet on a conversational level. And in the second place, I was well-known to be allowed to give me any time.

We no sooner got to Romanoff's than a
I start to think, that way, too, then another friend says something that sounds just as wise. "A girl can always concentrate on her work if she wants to," this time, "but you have only so many golden years and that's the time to go places, keep your eyes open, and make your bid."

How can two pieces of advice, with such opposite meanings, both sound so right? And which of the following contrasting viewpoints should you pick to guide you? "Don't set your standards too high," I was told once. "After all, men are only human."

This sounded very good until I heard, "Never waste a second on a man who doesn't show high character, if he hasn't got that, he hasn't anything!"

At this minute, when we are starting my latest picture, Oh, Money! Money! there is a new man in my life. I don't know his name. Except the production began he has been sending flowers but not card. I am flattered. When he does show up, and if he is nice, it might be the beginning of something. And then again... who knows better than I, that it might be the beginning of nothing? Where does this leave me? You said it. It sure is a problem! The

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(Continued from page 36) she didn't find time to listen to her heart. I should include here the fact that she did date one boy quite often. He was on the football team and into other extra-curricular things around school. So, it was a choice between the two. Debbie is a half-grade ahead of me, being the oldest, and we know of many other boys and girls. Debbie and I first saw her in gym class when we were both 15. She stood out like a diamond in a trash can there, for three reasons. First, she was so tall for her age, and well. Second, her looks were so dominating that you couldn't keep track of what she was actually doing. Thirdly, there was and always looked so neat. I guess you could take the world's most beautiful female and put her in a gym suit, and you'd have a big blob of nothing, but Debbie always looked as though she'd stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine.

Anyway, there we were, and because I was the oldest, I insisted that we go to parties with boys, Debbie and I didn't get any closer than greeting each other. That was before I met Bill Reynolds, Debbie's brother. He was a mutual friend, and it was only natural to get around to each other. When we did, I fell for the Reynolds personality and pretty soon knew that one day I'd have Debbie for a sister-in-law.

It was a week after I met Bill that I had my first and only white rage at Debbie. The "Berkeley Contest" was to be held on a night when I had my second date with Bill, a coincidence which was my Waterloo. Just when I'd finished dressing and had every curl in place, William phoned me. "I'm sorry, but I can't make it tonight,"

"What?" I howled. "Why not?"

"It's my kid sister," he said. "She's in some sort of a contest, and my parents say I have to be down there at the Burbank something-or-other to watch over her."

Debbie turned out to be the winner, and came home with her blue ribbons and my date, much too late for me to join him even for a hamburger at Bob's.

From then on, things really started pop-ping for Debbie, but I was so through with butterflies that I don't suppose I paid much attention. Neither did Bill, for that matter, or anyone else in the gang. Debbie was still just "Bill's kid sister," and any of his friends who might have suggested that she accompany him to a dance had been so thoroughly rebuffed that they didn't ask a second time. My one aware that she was shooting up to be a star. Bill would mention once in a while that he'd been over at Warners watching Debbie on a set, but nobody thought anything would come of it. Least of all Debbie herself. I guess. Concerning the screening test that resulted from the contest, her attitude was strictly nonchalant. They'll give me the test and that'll be all there is to it. They have to do it—they promised it to the winner, and they're stuck."

It turned out that Debbie was stuck, instead, for that she had begun as a pure lark turned out to be a mighty interesting venture. She didn't talk much about it in those days, but we knew she was a goner because she didn't, for the first time in her life, complain about getting up early in the morning. Debbie has always remained in the hay as long as possible, and could sleep through an earthquake. These days, when she's working, she gets up at six in the morning and lies in the house by six-twenty, thereby establishing some sort of speed record. When she isn't working she stays in bed for hours, reading books or listening to Judy Garland recordings (she thinks Judy is the absolute end when it comes to talent), and making up in general for the sleep she lost when working.

Bill and I were married a year ago, and Debbie was at the wedding, bouncing all over the place as though she were attending a football game, I think she was fascinated only because in her eyes it was another activity, and one which she figured she might tackle herself some day.

When Bill went into the army last January and left for Camp Roberts, I went to live with Debbie and her parents, whom I call Maxene and Ray, at their request. It was the first time I had had an opportunity to really know Debbie, for Bill and I had continued to go around with our own
crowd. Debbie didn't approve of said crowd, but then none of us had the talent for tooting a horn with the Burbank Youth Symphony Orchestra, or singing with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, or the Berlin Philharmonic, or starting a fire with two sticks of wood—much less the executive capacity for running a half-dozen organizations around town.

In other words, I guess Debbie didn't approve of me, but if that was the case I'm sure she's changed her mind, for I've been living a year under the same roof and get along with my brother better than I did before. Debbie and I have had the same relationship as most brother-sister acts. She's two years younger than he, and as a result was always looking around for a man when she was kids. Bill used to wish that Debbie would get interested in dolls and keep off the sandbox when he was trying to pitch a tight game. It soon got to the point where he ceased paying any attention to her at all, and this detached state of affairs went on for years until they grew up and each suddenly discovered that the other wasn't half bad, as people go.

One subject remained a sore point with them, and that was Debbie's disapproval of Bill's girl friends (before I got into the act, of course). "For the love of me," she used to say, "I can't see what you see in her."

"Who's asking you?" Bill would growl. If Debbie had gone with any boy in particular, Bill could have had some basis at her with his own criticism, but the event wasn't forthcoming. He'd ask Maxene, "Mom, why doesn't Franney get serious about some guy?" And Maxene would answer that there was a lot of it. And when she does fall in love it will be for keeps.

Derek and I now disagree on only two things. and that's potato salad. She likes it with dill pickles and I prefer sweet; and when poor Maxene is trying to concoct a dish, she has Debbie over one shoulder and me over the other, tasting for our favorite pickles.

There's one thing about living in the same house with Debbie—you always know she's in her room when sheRENE the car into the driveway, comes to a squealing stop, slams the door and yells at the top of her voice, "I'm ho-o-mee!" As if we didn't already know that till Debbie is to be quiet. She even talks in her sleep, and the only time her mouth stays closed for any length of time is when she's attending a movie. Movies are out of line for her, and she doesn't make any kind of movies—and she sits there spellbound through the whole thing. Except that she makes up for it by munching popcorn with great gusto. I'm always loosing clothes, but I guess I'll never equal my sister-in-law. With her contract safely signed, she had one wall of her bedroom knocked out and lined with cloths from the original closet still available, things spilling out into the room and it never manages to look tidy. Debbie herself is no help, for when she's going out, even if it's only to get away with some girl friends, she'll put on six or seven complete outfits before feeling that she's appropriately rigged. By the time she's decided on no more than five different clothes, and Maxene says she's going to make a recording (long playing) that says nothing but, "Put your things away. Put your things away.

Debbie isn't home very much these days. When she isn't working she's off on some tour, and often does camp shows for the boys in service. She knocks herself out on these occasions, and her favorite is Travis Air Base near San Francisco, where they bring in the wounded evacuees from Korea. A person just can't keep up for this kind of work all night, and many a night Debbie is obviously tired. We know she's tried when she tries to sneer into bed without having dinner. Debbie has erratic eating habits, and says things like, "except when she claims she hasn't time to eat. If it weren't for milk, she'd starve to death. She drinks milk as soon as she's out of bed, and all day long, finishing off with another glass before she gets back in bed.

When she isn't tired, we're in for a ball, because Debbie is a clown at heart and puts on impromptu acts as long as she can. She sings a lot around the house. In a voice ranging from a crazy falsetto to a strained bass, and while she used to render Abba-Dabba Honeymoon, at least once she's finally grown tired of it. The boys at the camps always request it, and despite the fact it's the song that helped make her famous, you can like one tune just so long. Then there's another thing that's left for Debbie out of this one is her fondness for monkeys. At this point she is wishing a campaign to bring a live one home, and Maxene is resisting all those uncles and fond memories of tetherball, etc., she had been all set for didn't last long. By this time, when Maxene is doing the dishes and I'm mixing the formula, Gall is given into the care of Debbie, who promises to show him anything from ballet to jitterbugging, a jouncing pastime which delights the baby.

I'm happy that my daughter and sister-in-law are as well, particularly in view of the fact that Gall has done her darndest to draw Debbie's dislike. For two solid months the baby was afflicted with colic, and in about that point the minute Debbie got up to go to work. She cuided down as soon as Debbie left the house, then started up again in the evening when she hurried off to the driveway.

Debbie has forgiven her all this, but I notice a change in her attitude toward babies. She likes children and always has, figuring that they're the likeliest breed. But lately, between the colic and the two-hour feeding schedule that disrupted the entire house, Debbie has given some brief thought to adopting all six when they are safely out of the infant stage.

In the meantime, all she has to worry about is her career business. She still doesn't believe it, and sometimes even college so she can be qualified as a gym teacher and have something to fall back on when "all this glamorous routine blows over." She doesn't think it's going to last, and at such times it is look at Debbie to know that. It's amazing how she's perceived up since beginning her movie work. When I first knew her she wore no makeup except for lipstick, and now, she doesn't go into complications about cosmetics, she looks so much prettier. She was always neat, but these days—well, it sort of stuns me when I think how it is. Debbie is getting to be glamorous. I guess the thought would stun her, too, but it's the truth. It isn't anything she works at—it's just beginning to steal over, that's all.

I suppose the family first realized it when that strange boy began hanging around the house. Seems he'd seen her in a picture, and wanted to know about her. Her long-distance phone number was still listed in the book, and after calling up all the Reynolds in Los Angeles, he struck our house, copied the address and came around the next afternoon to the house but Ray, who invited the boy in to watch television. After that, he showed up wherever Debbie happened to be, and that included crashing onto some stage behind the kids, but Debbie doesn't have enough time to devote to her old friends, let alone new ones, and finally had to ask him to stay in his own bailiwick.

About this time she had received a letter from an old friend of Bill's, now in the army, and although he'd always known her as Franny, the letters were the only way to express himself to Miss Debbie Reynolds. And not long after that another army friend of Bill's, who years ago hadn't even bothered to speak to Debbie, stopped by when on leave to ask her to look at his picture. Well, things are happening all right, and the prize square of John Burroughs High is turning into a brass. With all the boys, the famous gorgeous females seldom choose a career of drilling schoolchildren in their exercises, I very much doubt that a gymnastics class will ever be taught. The Mary Frances Reynolds again. Instead, Debbie Reynolds will be confining her appearances to the silver screens of the nation.
The animal was in foal and was to be the first foal of a long line of Ladd-bred race horses. Alan was so delighted with his prize, that when he and Sue decided to go home, that evening he suggested they take the beast along, led by a halter. Things went beautifully until they were seven or eight miles away, and then they noticed at a high speed, the mare got snappish and the halter slipped. She sprinted into the gathering dusk. Sue spurred his horse and went after the animal like a regular cowboy. Sue, of little judgment in this situation, returned the ranch to wait for him. At four o'clock the next morning, after six solid hours in the saddle, Alan came home admitting that he was the latest horse herder in the world after dark. Sue had given him something to eat, only to learn that both the water and electricity had failed. They sat in their darkened converted stable in the flickering light of a small candle, brainstorming the fate of amateur ranchers.

“If anyone had come along right then,” Alan said, “he could have bought the whole outfit for a two bit piece with a hole in it.”

It was no great comfort to either of them when they learned the next morning that Alan had, without knowing it, herded the horse into an enclosed pasture, and then into a small dandy of a barn, which he confine for the better part of the night. The same animal was also responsible for another sleepless night at the Ladd ranch. It was a morning, and at a very inconvenient time, that the mare sent her new owners with their first filly. There was no telephone on the property and the birth appeared to be so imminent that there was no time to go looking for a vet. Fate appointed him an equine obstetrician.

“It was the funniest thing you ever saw,” said Sue. “Our combination horse doctor and father, and his mother, a very much like a demented person trying to see that the foal came along right and looking for sympathy from me. At any rate, the mare was more to it than that. The mare was the basis of their breeding stock, had cost them a pretty penny, and could have put them firmly in the red at the outset, if anything had gone wrong.”

ALAN got himself into quite a situation with Warner Brothers—his new bosses, by the way, during the early days of building. He was leveling ground, chiefly using bulldozers. Being a Warner company began shooting outdoor scenes for Stallion Road right across from his property. Shortly after the shooting started, the movie troupe walked over to Alan’s property and asked him if he would mind shutting off the tractors and the other equipment. Alan informed him that it would be impossible for him to shut down his equipment and was costing him a pretty penny an hour and he couldn’t afford to shut them down just so somebody could make a scene for a picture. Sue, while he came back with the producer and director of the picture.

“See here,” Alan, they said, “you’re in the picture equipment. You know what our problem is. We can’t shoot the racket going on.”

“I know,” said Alan, “but right now you’re talking to Ladd rancher and not to a motion picture studio. But I’ll shut down my work with all these men here at your convenience. Why don’t you come back and shoot some scene when we’re doing something quiet and peaceful.”

It was all worked out amicably, though. The studio installed a series of flagmen between the camera and Alan’s foreman, and when a scene was about to be shot, the flagmen would signal one another by lowering their pennants, and Alan and his crew would stand quietly by until the scene was finished. The studio had agreed to pay Alan for the time his men were forced to be idle. So an impartial party kept track of the length of the shoot.

“It didn’t do much good, though,” said Alan. “I think I got about six bucks.”

Another amusing incident was the gift to the ALSULANA organization of a deep freeze by a friend of the Ladd family, in the form of a refrigerator that was being donated to a school in the town near the ranch. The Ladds spunk. Sue set the box up on a cement platform, tickled pink at the idea he had got something for nothing. The first rain fell, however, and the box was found to be leaking. It was necessary to put a roof over the box, which he did. And then a wind came up. This necessitated the erection of walls, and before you could get through, the “house” to shelter his gift was larger and more expensive than if he had bought the thing himself.

It would be nice to say at this point that the almost six years the Ladds have run into the ALSULANA ACRES have been prosperous and profitable—but that is not true. One of the reasons is that some of the horses Alan and Sue have produced haven’t run as fast as they were supposed to. Another is that they have been spending much more than $150 for thoroughbred yearlings, whereas breeding fees, veterinary assistance, and feed cost more than that. Therefore, a horse is a six months old. However, the Ladds hope that now that they are deep in the business, the moment they are concentrating on the raising of a small herd of Black Angus cattle and are installing good-sized structures to be used as chicken houses so that they can go into the egg and poultry business.

A typical day on the ranchland goes like this:

Alan, Sue and the kids leave home about five o’clock in the morning and drive 45 miles to the ranch. They are greeted by Sturges, their foreman, who has their activities outlined for them. The whole family, including Sue and the kids, get into dummies and set to work feeding chickens and gathering eggs. When this is completed, they go into the barn where the eggs are sorted, washed and crated, and placed in trucks for delivery to the market. After a hasty lunch, the gang pitches in for mending fences, stringing wire, repairing the considerable electrical and plumbing work that is on the land. Then comes feeding time for the chickens, hogs, cattle and horses and after that dinner. While it is still light, Alan and Sturges go out to a small hill, where they are building a workman’s home. With his own hands, and labor until they feel it is time to go to bed.

There are moments of fun, however, at ALSULANA ACRES. There are the usual air fresh and the clean smells and the knowledge that they are working on their own earth. There is the sense of accomplishing something with personal skill. There are the happy, friendly gatherings—like the fire at night, when everyone is relaxed and yawning. There are the quick dips in the irrigation reservoir, when the family Sue and the kids lose all restraint. And there are the moments at sunset when Alan and Sue stand in their own doorway and look across their fields with the plain Ladd in its red halo. Sue kisses Sue on the cheek and says:

“Honey, you sorry I delivered that desk?”

Sue looks up at him and thinks of all the fun it has been and says:

“No, darling. I’ve never been sorry for a minute.”

The End
movie reviews

(Continued from page 16) of Dana putting his children to bed the night before he leaves—and gives you a sort of good feeling about the eternal hopefulness of the American people.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger.—Goldwyn-RKO

STARLIFT

This is the Hollywood Canteen of the Korean war. Only instead of staying home, movie starrs hop aboard government supplied airplanes and swoop off to entertain the boys at a nearby air-base. They sing, they dance, they tell funny stories. They wave goodbye to the kids on the way over, and "Hi" to those who are coming home. Everybody who is anybody on the Warners lot puts in an appearance somewhere. The musical numbers are swell for the most part. The only Dud is a huge production number featuring Phil Harris and wasting Gary Cooper, who manages to get a line in now and then. There's a love story, too. Soldier meets home town girl turned movie star. They romance; they rilt, they're brought together by a General. But never mind the story. It's the spirit that counts. And that's good!

Cast: Davis Day, Janice Rule, Ruth Roman, Ron Haggerthy.—Warners.

MY FAVORITE SPY

If you were the United States government, and you had to trust somebody to be transported to Tangier with one million for the purchase of microfilm, would you pick Bob Hope? Neither would the U. S. government. That's its predicament. An international spy who looks exactly like Bob is on his way to this microfilm when he's shot by FBI men, and the poor government is forced to take a chance on shipping I lly-livered hulking comic Hope to Tangier, with a prayer that he can get to the secret film before anybody figures out his real identity. Government agents try to train Bob to act suave and romantic, but he's crying on the inside, let me tell you. In Tangier, ensues a spy story, complete with gorgeous Hedy Lamarr, and menacing Francis L. Sullivan. The whole thing is a riot.


THE LADY SAYS NO

"Life" photographer David Niven sets out to do a story on—and incidentally reform—Joan Caulfield, the writer of a best-seller on why women are better off without men. Does this sound familiar? I wish I could tell you that he—Niven—foils miserably; that she—Joan—maintains her convictions; and that the picture at least has a surprise ending, but I can't. She—Joan—slings her book into the sea, and collapses into his—Niven—arms in a perfectly routine and suggestive way. (She archly informs him that she wants to learn 28 ways to say yes, and she'll never say no more.) One of the most idiotic scripts in years is livened up by a number of really good comic characterizations, and the one I liked best was turned in by Morey Amsterdam, a warm-blooded wife of an array sergeant.

Cast: Joan Caulfield, David Niven, James Robertson Justice.—United Artists.

MEET DANNY WILSON

Meet Danny Wilson is the story of a young singer (Frankie) and his piano player-bodyguard pal (Alex Nicol) who rise to the bigtime via the efforts of a girl (Shelley Winters and her gangster boss). There's a love triangle, and some shooting-it-up-with-the-mobbys stuff, but the thing that's most enjoyable is the way the movie parallels certain events in Frankie's real life story, for nostalgic kicks. He sings some of his best old numbers ("All of Me," "She's Funny That Way"), there are scenes of him being swooned over and mobbed at the Paramount and wherever he goes. The acting is fresh and easy—Alex Nicol being particularly attractive—and the scenes of New York and Hollywood life have a nice reality you don't often find in movies. I enjoyed Meet Danny Wilson. You're going to like it, too.

Cast: Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters, Alex Nicol.—Universal-International.

LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL

As a fine figger of a grandmother, Claudette Colbert romps around having more fun. She's in the process of divorcing her husband of 20 years (Macdonald Carey) because for 20 years he's been gambling, and she's had enough. Horses, dice, poker—you name it, and Carey'll indulge in it. Their grown up married daughter is dismayed by the divorce, while their son-in-law is anxious for Claudette to re-marry, so that he can move out on his own with his wife and baby, instead of sharing Claudette's home. Along comes millionaire Zachary Scott who's up for some terrific Washington diplomacy post, and who, incidentally, was once Claudette's best beau. He woos her, she wins him, but champagne, and moonlight and dreams of the Riviera notwithstanding, it's hard to believe Claudette will go through with her second marriage. After all, there's that lothsome 20-year-man of hers, and you can't take 20 loathsome years lightly. Highly unbelievable, but amusing in spots.

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Zachary Scott.—20th Century-Fox.

PHOTO CREDITS

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

When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing...

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old crony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919... and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

Whenever he saw another car of the same make, he'd go up to the owner like the fellow was a long-lost brother. He'd button-hole perfect strangers, and practically kiss 'em!

To a small boy it was agony... could anything be cornier?

As I grew older, I began to see that having brand names you could look for and trust, wasn't a bad idea at that.

Maybe it is "corny" to think of familiar brands as old friends...

But it's good to know exactly what you're getting. It's reassuring to realize that most manufacturers of brand name products spend money for research and quality control to make their brands live up to their name.

They know the best way to make money is to make friends!

Every day thousands of these brands are fiercely competing for your friendship... trying to give you more and more value and quality.

If value, and better products, and better living are "corn," let's have more of it.

As you study the ads in these pages, remember... brand names are names of friends you can count on!
More Radiant! New Prell's new cleansing action is simply sensational! Ounce for ounce it leaves hair more radiant than any other leading shampoo! Try it once and your hair will simply sparkle . . . you'll see the radiant difference immediately, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

Softer! Exciting New Prell leaves your hair divinely soft—as soft and smooth as finest silk—yet so obedient! You'll love the way hair falls into place—the way it sets so easily in glamorous curls and waves.

Younger-Looking! New Prell leaves your hair actually looking younger—sparkling with exquisite radiance—even though it seemed dull or "lifeless" before. Now at your favorite shampoo counter . . . get New Prell today . . . it's truly the shampoo miracle!

Procter & Gamble makes you this “Extra-Radiance” Guarantee

Try one shampoo with New Prell—and if you can't see how much more sparkling and "radiantly alive" your hair is . . . return the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive double your money back.
AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

The startling loves of Liz Taylor
The story Alan Ladd never told
Hollywood's most tragic people
by Louella Parsons

Why Shelley didn't marry Farley!
by Hedda Hopper

What's wrong with the Stewart Grangers?
by Sheilah Graham
Count on Camay to take your skin "Out of the Shadows" and into the light of New Loveliness!

Any girl who has romance and wedded bliss as her goal won't let dullness dim the natural beauty of her complexion and come between her and her heart's desire!

Don't let shadows veil your natural beauty! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

A lovelier complexion will soon greet your eye—if you'll change to regular care—use Camay alone. Your skin will be clearer, softer, really lovelier, before you finish your first cake of Camay.

For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap. Camay is so mild! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives you. See your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Wake your sleeping beauty—head to toe!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin head to toes that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Use the big Beauty-Bath Size Camay for more lather, luxury and economy!
Now! Avoid "Tell-Tale Mouth"

(BREATHE NOT AS SWEET, TEETH NOT AS CLEAN AS THEY CAN BE)

Ipasa keeps your whole mouth cleaner, sweeter, sparkling!

Be confident of your smile. Actual dentists' tests prove that brushing with Ipana gets teeth cleaner, brighter. And as for reducing tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

Be confident of your breath. Brushing with Ipana after eating helps remove causes of unpleasant mouth odor. And refreshing Ipana instantly sweetens breath—leaves your mouth feeling fresh.

And don't forget your gums. Brush teeth from gum margins towards biting edges. Ipana's active cleansing foam helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

Yes, cleansing with Ipana Tooth Paste helps keep your whole mouth healthy. No "Tell-Tale Mouth" for you! Get Ipana today.

Your own taste warns of Tell-Tale Mouth

That stale, furry taste—often it's a sign of Tell-Tale Mouth. (Teeth and breath not as clean as can be)...

Brush teeth with Ipana and note the livelier taste and tingle as Ipana's active sparkling foam goes to work...

Now your own taste tells you your whole mouth is cleaner, sweeter, sparkling. No Tell-Tale Mouth for you!
Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT
STOPS BAD BREATH*

*Scientific tests prove that in
7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's instantly stops
bad breath that originates in the mouth!

Colgate's has the proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete proof it stops bad breath.*

Colgate's has the proof!
COLGATE'S IS BEST
FOR FLAVOR!

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes prove that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!

Colgate's has the proof!
THE COLGATE WAY
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best. The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

FEBRUARY, 1952
AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE
modern screen

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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 601 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 44, No. 3, February, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J., Executive and editorial offices, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Chicoan advertising office, 2011 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, III. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pre.; Albert P. DeLortec, Vice-Pre. 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 90c. Subscriptions in U. S. A., $3.00 one year, $5.00 two years; $9.00 three years; Canadian subscriptions one year, $2.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $6.00. Foreign $3.80 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 1959 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of un answered 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 battle for Texas
and the battle of the sexes!

M-G-M presents

CLARK GABLE * AVA GARDNER
BRODERICK CRAWFORD
in LONE STAR

with LIONEL BARRYMORE

BEULAH BONDI

Screen Play by BORDEN CHASE
Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN
Produced by Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN as M-G-M Picture
Bonnie’s BLUE

PERIODIC PAIN

Don’t let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that’s all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chase the “blues.”


Bonnie’s GAY WITH MIDOL

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. Does Joan Crawford have a family, I mean any sisters or brothers? If so, why don’t we ever hear of them?
   —T. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Joan has a mother and brother who live in Los Angeles under the family name of Le Seuer. They see Joan frequently, but don’t like to take part in her professional life and therefore don’t want any publicity.

Q. I understand that Gary Cooper and Pat Neal plan to marry sometime this year. When do you think the wedding will take place?
   —B. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. The wedding probably never will take place. By the time you read this, Gary and Rocky Cooper should be reconciled. Cooper was quite taken with Pat but he is 22 years older than she and didn’t feel a happy marriage was in the cards for them.

Q. Is it true that Audie Murphy’s best friend had Audie’s salary attached because the actor wouldn’t pay his debts?
   —F. T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Murphy always pays his bills. Until he signed a contract with Universal a few months ago at $1,000 a week, his finances were in a very muddled state. However, they are all straightened out and his salary is not under attachment.

Q. When the Jack Benny troupe hits the road, how come Rochester stays in hotels which ordinarily permit no Negro guests?
   —G. F., MARION, S. C.

A. Jack Benny will not stay in any hotel which does not welcome all the members of his cast regardless of race, color, or creed.

Q. Now that she’s proved such a big success in vaudeville, isn’t Judy Garland a duch to return to Metro and Hollywood?
   —B. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. No. She may return to Hollywood eventually, but it is highly doubtful if she will return to Metro.

Q. Isn’t Jane Powell pregnant again? Isn’t that why she collapsed while making a personal appearance in Cleveland?
   —A. W., SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

A. She collapsed because of nervous exhaustion, after doing five shows a day for 14 consecutive days.

Q. Our local newspaper carries a daily humor column by Bob Hope. Does Hope write this himself?
   —V. F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Bob has a staff of six gag-writers. Each takes a weekly turn at the column.

Q. How was Rex Harrison treated when he returned to Hollywood a few months ago after making all those blasts about the film capital?
   —F. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. He was treated coldly in many circles, which is understandable since Harrison was so outspoken in his criticism.

Q. A little while ago I read that Dan Dailey was going to marry Jane Nigh. Is this true?
   —V. C., TORONTO, CAN.

A. He may marry Jane eventually, but as of this writing, Dailey hasn’t proposed. He has said that he will not get married for at least two more years.

Q. Do most big stars have script approval? If they don’t want to act in a certain story, must they?
   —B. B., TULSA, OKLA.

A. They don’t have script approval, for the most part. They don’t have to act in a story they don’t like, but their studio may put them on suspension.

Q. Janie Powell and Elizabeth Taylor were both married in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, which is Catholic. Aren’t both of these girls Protestants or were they converted?
   —T. E., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. They are still Protestant.

Q. How come Kirk Douglas’ real name has been given as Isadore Danielovich, Irzy Dempster, and Irving Daniels? Which is the correct one?
   —Y. C., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

A. The first.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly wants to stop dancing and become a director instead?
   —A. G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Kelly is already a director. He plans to continue dancing as long as his legs and stamina hold out. Probably another 20 years.
She was young and oh so wise – but when she kissed she closed her eyes... until she met the guy who opened them... wide... and wonderful!

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Jeanne CRAIN

SCOTT BRADY · THELMA RITTER

with Zero MOSTEL · Michael O'SHEA · Helen FORD · Frank FONTAINE · Dennie MOORE · John ALEXANDER · Jay C. FLIPPE

Produced by Directed by Written by
CHARLES BRACKETT · GEORGE CUKOR · CHARLES BRACKETT, WALTER REISCH and RICHARD BREEN

20th CENTURY-FOX
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

LANA, THAT ONE-MAN WOMAN, IS AFLAME ABOUT FERNANDO LAMAS . . . AVA GARDNER WANTS TO BE A MOTHER RIGHT

I have a strong, strong, strong hunch that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding will be married in January.

When Elizabeth came back from London I wouldn't have given you a plugged nickel for her romance with the good-looking English actor who just seems to "kill" the ladies—including Marlene Dietrich.

After her arrival in New York, when Liz thought her romance with Wilding had hit the skids, she beckoned to Nicky Hilton to come back despite Nick's supposed engagement to Betsy Von Furstenberg.

Liz and Nicky met in her hotel suite, visited with her uncle, Howard Taylor, in Connecticut and a reconciliation MIGHT have been effected if word hadn't come that after many years of marriage Wilding's wife, Kay Young, was divorcing him behind closed doors in London. That ended the reconciliation with Nicky where Liz was concerned.

If there was a chance of her getting Wilding, she didn't want anybody else. That's how hard our gal had tumbled for him in London.

Right on the heels of his divorce, Wilding arrived in New York. Oddly—or perhaps it isn't too odd—his first visit was to his old flame, Marlene Dietrich. It was also his last visit. Could it be that Mike, the perfect gentleman, had bade farewell to his former love before devoting himself to the new love?

Anyway, at this writing, Liz and the devastating Britisher are terrifically in love and something tells me it will be a wedding.

Their ages? Liz is 19. Mike is 39.

Lana Turner is a one-man woman . . . one man at a time, I mean. When she is in love, it's no one else but Mr. Man of the Moment for Lana.

It's Fernando Lamas who has captured all her time and attention these days and nights. Daytimes, he makes love to Lana in front of the cameras in The Merry Widow. Evenings, he makes love to Lana—period.

Fernando is the nearest thing to a torrid lover in her life since Turhan Bey. He (Lamas) is a South American who kisses zee hand, bows from zee waist and acts as though he had never lived before he met Lana.

Whether he LIVED or not, Lamas was most definitely married to a South American beauty who followed him to this country and then took a quick trip home when she found out the way the wind was blowing.

Apparently, she did not want to hold on to Fernando very much (they had separated several times) and she is not in the least in love with her husband. But before bidding adieu to Hollywood AND Fernando, she arranged for the alimony that would bring her and their little daughter back to this country.

Lana has some alimony problems of her own. She has not been able to file for divorce from Bob Toppling because they cannot reach an agreement on money matters.

Whether Lamas gets more than a "separate maintenance" parting from his wife remains to be seen. Divorce is rare in South America.
A Legend to last long after the Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet is the story of Clifton Webb’s devotion to his mother, Maybelle. Mrs. Webb has been in very bad health and she was in St. John’s Hospital for weeks.

While she was away, Clifton redecorated Maybelle’s room in the palest yellow and it is so beautiful that it could be used to illustrate a page at least in one of the better home magazines.

Clifton invited some of us . . . about 80 . . . for a “preview” of the room with dinner following prepared as only the fastidious Mr. Webb does things. The food, I must say, was the best (and richest!) I’ve eaten since I started to be conscious of my figure.

It was a wonderful party with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart (close pals of Clifton’s); Linda and Ty Power . . . Linda chatters incessantly about that new baby . . . and many other well known players and friends of Clifton’s attending.

Overheard in the fitting room of Don Loper’s swank salon:

Fitter to Ava Gardner Sinatra: “Madame, you have the most gorgeous figure I have ever seen.”

Ava Gardner Sinatra to fitter: “It won’t be for long! We want a baby right away!”

Ava tells an amusing story about their honeymoon in Havana. Some Cuban friends took over a cafe and a small band playing there to welcome her and Frank to Havana.

The rhumbo-happy musicians had been asked to play “Here Comes The Bride” when Ava and Frankie entered. They DID—as it’s never been played before! Not knowing “Here Comes The Bride” beyond the opening stanza, they swung into “Happy Birthday To You” and wound up on “Stars and Stripes Forever.”

What’s that old copybook maxim about “familiarity breeds contempt?”

Maybe that’s pretty strong to say in writing about Shelley Winters and Farley Granger but Shell and Farl are as cold as a dead mackerel. They saw all the shows in New York together, they went to Europe together and came back together. And then the deep freeze set in.

Shelley, who is always copy for the newsboys, came out with a story that she had found the “real love” of her life—a Vittorio Gassman, Italian actor, whom she described as the Laurence Olivier of Italy, “only better looking and a better actor!”

He responded by inviting Shell to come to Italy and play in his picture.

However, this great “new love” is not keeping Shelley from alternating nightly dates with handsome Vince Edwards (he looks like Burt Lancaster’s double) and Sidney Chaplin, actor son of Charlie Chaplin.

No one knows how much Shelley cares about any of these gents but she certainly
When you don't know the party guests, should you —

☐ Plunge in boldly  ☐ Pause at the doorway

Before you cross a crowded room—of strangers—better get your bearings. Instead of anteloping in (only to flounder midway, flustered), pause at the door long enough to spy your hostess. Then bedeck (but s-l-o-w-l-y) in her direction; she'll take over from there. Even if it's "that" time, don't dismay. You'll be comfortable, confident with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; holds its shape for hours.

Know a quick pick-up for a wilted veil?

☐ A little light refreshment  ☐ Waxed paper

If you haven't time for ironing—try this: Slide the tired veil quickly back and forth on a lighted lamp bulb. Slick, last-minute way to crisp that glamour-wisp! Of course, to outwit calendar emergencies, you smart to buy Kotex—in advance. That special safety center gives extra protection, and those flat pressed ends prevent "outlines"!

Which lipstick makes teeth look whiter?

☐ Blue-red  ☐ Orange-red  ☐ Brown-red

Your uppers-and lowers lack that alabaster look? Along with faithful brushwork, pucker-paint helps. To make teeth seem whiter, blue-red's the lipstick hue for you. And on sanitary protection days, learn what a difference it makes; poise-wise, to choose a "just-for-you" absorbency of Kotex. (3 different sizes, for different days.)

Are you in the know?

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

Michael Wilding accompanied Liz Taylor and her poodle when they flew to Hollywood from New York. Liz may be married soon after you read this. (See story on page 28.)

gives us columnists something to write about—that none of us can deny.

The story sent out by one Private First Class Charles Slotik that our GI's are tired of such tried and true favorites as Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr, Esther Williams and others, serves to remind us that we are all of us growing older, darling.

PFC's cutting comment was, "The fellows don't admire the same girls their uncles did in the last war. They're too old for us."

I just can't believe the merciless attack Private Slotik is speaking for all the boys. I know the terrific numbers of requests for photos of Lana, Betty, Rita, Hedy, Esther that flood their studios. And they are mainly from service men.

I was thinking, "Who among the young favorites do they want if the leading glamour girls belong to the last war and to the daddys and uncles?"—Chalke Slotik said.

Ann Blyth is enormously popular. Then, there's Debbie Reynolds, that tingling little teenager; Debra Paget, with her spiritual appeal; the hey hey Mitzi Gaynor girl; Doris Day, who looks like Miss America, herself; Janet Leigh, in spite of those low-cut gowns—yes, I guess these are the girls the younger boys like for Pin-Ups.

But don't forget—there are still a lot of daddys and uncles alive in the world today, kids!

Jimmy Stewart, sitting with his Gloria and Gary Cooper and Pat Neal at Cobina Wright's buffet dinner, suddenly grabbed for his napkin and held it to the corner of his mouth. Blood was trickling down his chin.

"Bit my tongue," Jimmy said in explanation through clenched teeth.

"Hold some cold water in your mouth," said Gary. "It will stop the bleeding."

It usually does—but not in Jimmy's case. His tongue kept bleeding and bleeding and soon he and Gloria flew out the door in search of a doctor. In my books, this goes down in

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Hazy about what happens and why—at "that" time? Read "Very Personally Yours"—the new, free booklet filled with easy-to-understand facts, plus likely 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 Room 42, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

*F. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
With all its joys and all its melody and all its heart, comes Warner Bros.' story of songdom's glorious Gus Kahn — and the girl who put the love in his love songs!

From Chicago's North Side where he started, to the Southland's lovers lanes — and from the boulevards of Hollywood to the brightlights of Broadway — his songs and his name are loved as few others are.

He's the wonderful fellow who didn't know how to say 'I love you' to his own girl — but wrote it in song for all of America's sweethearts!

Warner Bros. present

"I'll See You In My Dreams"

Also starring

FRANK LOVEJOY • PATRICE WYMORE

With JAMES GLEASON

Written by MELVILLE SHAVELSON and JACK ROSE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by LOUIS F. EDELMAN

Musical Numbers Staged and Directed by LeRoy Prinz

FOOT-TOOT TOOTIE' • 'AIN'T WE GOT FUN' • 'YES SIR, THAT'S MY BABY' • 'THE ONE I LOVE BELongs TO SOMEBODY ELSE' • 'SHAKIN' UP AN' DANCE' • 'CAROLINA IN THE MORNING' • 'LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME' • 'PRETTY BABY' • 'NOBODY'S SWEETHEART'
the records as the most freakish accident ever to happen at a social affair.

Cobina’s party was in honor of Helena Rubinstein, the famed cosmetician, and Madame Rubinstein paid the beautiful femme guests a highly personal compliment by saying they were like they used her beauty preparations!

Joan Fontaine (is she putting on a little weight?) seemed to be having an extra good time. I don’t know what the gent was who kept pursuing her, but he apparently couldn’t let Joan out of his sight—or his arms—because he walked her cheek-to-cheek right up to the buffet table while everyone else was standing in line.

Betty Hutton, in a white dress with a sassy hustle, was showing off her new boas, Charles O’Curran, and telling everyone within earshot that he was the “best dance director in the world.” (This must be love, after Betty went to Honolulu on a vacation O’Curran flew over just for the privilege of spending Saturday and Sunday in her company.)

Personal Opinions: I like short hair but—I’m not sure I like it on Janet Leigh (yes, she’s succumbed and is sporting a very short coiffure) . . . Coming up fast in the sweepstakes of Best Dressed Women—Ava Gardner. She delighted the hearts of stylists by wearing hats, gloves and veils with her daytime clothes in New York . . . American in Paris is Parisian in the pre-Academy balloting for the “best picture” sweepstakes . . . Debbie Reynolds is still the cutest thing in town. She told the MGM press boys she’d like some “romance” publicity. Only trouble is—she ain’t got no romance! . . . I can’t take Betty Hutton’s madad passion for dance director, Charlie O’Curran, too seriously. When ever isn’t he hutton madly in love with someone? . . . What a wonderful father Alan Ladd is. He never bothers with his own publicity, but he cut out the clippings and proudly showed everybody the picture of his Carol Lee Ladd as one of the pretty Princesses selected in the UCLA homecoming festivities. “Next year, when she’s a senior, she’ll be QUEEN,” predicts the proud stepfather . . . Esther Williams always seems so preoccupied and not interested in a conversation unless it is about her career, her business enterprises or her family . . . The bitterest man I know is Clark Gable. Even his best friends don’t mention the name “Sylvia” in the King’s presence.

Partly, Marie Wilson doesn’t think pink is unlucky. She wore a pink hat, dress, shoes and bag when she married Allan Nixon eight years ago.

When she married TV actor-producer, Bob Fallon, a few weeks ago, Marie was again an “all pink” bride, big pink lace hat, pink lace gown and she carried pink roses.

Everybody likes Marie—including her ex-husband, and wishes her well in her new marriage. Supposed to be the “dumb blonde” of the Irma series on radio, screen and TV—she’s really about as dumb as a fox. She knows that her faux pas are her stock in trade and have made her what she is today—faux pas PLUS, of course.

Not many people know that Marie is a very well-fixed lady financially. She gets top money in three entertainment mediums and she invests it capably. Personally, she does not go in for expensive clothes and furs and jewels and she doesn’t throw lavish parties.

When the time comes for Marie to bow out of the spotlight—as it comes to even the most beautiful of movies stars—she’ll be “behind” to no one.

Those two zany madmen, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, work together with the affection of brothers—but several people have commented to me on the fact that after working hours they seem to go their separate ways. “Don’t they like each other?” they’ll ask, disappointedly.

Of course they do! They are devoted. But here is the way that Jerry explains the system they have successfully worked out for their private lives.

“Dean and his wife have their circle of friends—and so do Patty and I. We frequently enter a cafe or a nightclub and spot the Martins in a booth across the room with their pals. But here is the gimmick: “Dean and I have talked it out and we both realize that nothing under the sun must come between us as partners. We both have wonderful wives. But, you know how gals are—one gets a longer mink than the other, or an extra diamond in an earring and—heaven love ‘em, well—you know how they are. And what can happen.

“So, while we are all very friendly—we don’t attempt to turn the team of Martin and Lewis into a constant foursome. It’s better that way.” Smart boys.

The Letter Box:

Pat R is fed up with Janet Leigh’s endless interviews on Tony Curtis, “I Love Him.” “We Belong Together,” etc. “Even the most stupid of us assume they, naturally, love one another or they would not have married. But golly, do they have to keep shouting it from all the treetops?”

“T” Gentiles, of Jamaica, is indignant about the interview Linda Darnell gave out praising the climate and living conditions of Jamaica. “Miss Darnell talks out of both sides of her mouth. When she arrived here to make Saturday Island she told reporters she loved the place.”

To Doloras: It’s usually well established singers who are invited to be the voice behind the silent lip-movements of non-singing screen stars.

Hey, Steve Cochran, there are lots of mentions of you in this month’s mail. Tony Dexter, however, is still top man.

That’s all for now. See you next month.
the play of light upon the silky softness of your hair ... the gleam, the natural shine, the silken shimmer that's yours when you shampoo your hair with gentle Drene.

(Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silks your hair.)

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Greaseless Suppository Assures
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Daintier ... More Convenient

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless snow-white vaginal suppositories which offer women a far daintier, more convenient method for feminine hygiene. And every woman today fully realizes the necessity of feminine cleanliness for married happiness, her health, after her periods and to guard against an odor more offensive than bad breath or body odor. So POWERFUL yet SAFE to Tissues

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hollywood report

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT: Oscar time is rolling around once again, and Hollywood is talking about the following as top contenders for Academy Awards—Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh and Kim Hunter for their wonderful acting in A Streetcar Named Desire; Monty Clift, Shelley Winters and Liz Taylor for A Place In The Sun; Jane Wyman, The Blue Veil; Fredric March, Death Of A Salesman; Arthur Kennedy, Bright Victory; Ethel Barrymore and Maurice Evans, Kind Lady; Peter Ustinov and Leo Genn, Quo Vadis; Dorothy McGuire, I Want You; Irene Dunne, The Mudlark; Mel Ferrer, The Brave Bulls; Gregory Peck, David And Bathsheba; Ava Gardner, Show Boat; Thelma Ritter, The Mating Season; Eleanor Parker and Lee Grant, Detective Story; James Cagney and Gig Young, Come Fill The Cup and Alexander Knox, Saturday's Hero. Who's your favorite?

Baby-sitting a serious subject? Yup—and 20th plans making a picture about it with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe. Plot revolves around a baby-sitter who protects her infant charge against a demented relative. John Agar attended Alcoholics Anonymous meetings during his prison stretch at the Wards Island Honor Farm. Now that he's out, he and Loretta are planning on raising a family—and John's golf score is in the low 70's.

John was a model prisoner and so was Dick Contino, serving time at McNeil Island penitentiary on the draft evasion charge. Dick played the accordion every Sunday at Mass, and then for Protestant services. It's my bunch that these basically decent lads will find themselves. Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother, joined AA too. So did Larry Tierney. And his brother, Scott Brady, supervised his removal from Neurological Hospital to Scott's own home. Larry footed the bills when Scott was trying to get a foothold in Hollywood; now it's Scott's turn. Warners picked up its option on Steve Cochran, fastest climber on the studio's fan mail list, for another year. He's in the $2,000-a-week bracket now. And quite a boy with the gals. Sudden thought: Why doesn't somebody do a picture of his romantic private life?

* * *

GILDING THE LILY: Bob Stack came back from England with nothing but raves for the British belles. Even went so far as to say they're chic! ... Charles Le Maire, 20th's dress designer, tells me, "I saw an eight-year-old Claudette Colbert picture in a screening room the other night. Her gowns weren't dated. She and the designer had agreed on clothes that were able to withstand the test of twice four years" ... They've been calling Jean Simmons' husband Gams Granger. Stewart gads around the MGM lot, vudly British, in shorts.

Jean Peters' favorite birthday gift from an admirer was an enormous emerald ring smothered in baguettes. ... Denise Darcel went to Hedda Hopper's party for stylist Cecil Chapman with gold-dust sprinkled in her topknot. Richard Greene sidled up to her and whispered, "Kin I go prospecting in your hair?" ... Anybody besides us notice the muscular build of Denise, who's now known around town as Goddess of the Bodie? Makes her look like a lady wrestler! ... Gal we know (Continued on page 14)
"I nearly froze in sunny California!"

"Skiing is my hobby, but wind and frost on the slopes can bite your skin raw, even while folks, a few miles away, bask in California sunshine. So Jergens Lotion is always in my suitcase. Here's what happened on my last trip:

"My first day out, my hands and face got stinging red and chapped. But later, Jergens softened my reddened, rough skin beautifully. Jergens is never a bit sticky, either . . ."

"Before skating, I protected my hands and face with Jergens Lotion. You can prove Jergens contains quickly-absorbed ingredients, instead of oils that merely coat skin . . ."

"Just try this 'film' test: See how water won't bead on a hand smoothed with Jergens as on a hand coated with an oily skin care . . ."

"At the studio, my skin was soft, smooth—ready for close-ups." (That's why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens 7 to 1 over other hand cares.)

Use Jergens Lotion this winter, for soft and pretty skin. Used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.
No matter how active you are, Odo-Ro-No guarantees full protection against embarrassing perspiration moisture and odor! Many deodorants are not effective enough to give this complete protection. But new Odo-Ro-No not only checks perspiration, stops odor instantly—it's formulated to supply extra protection whenever you need it—guaranteed "action-proof" protection! So gentle, too. No other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics.

**GUARANTEE:** Only Odo-Ro-No guarantees full 24-hour protection or double your money back. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

**Sprays perfectly!**

**Folks-on-the-go...use ODO·RO·NO**

**New "Action-Proof" Protection!**

flounced into a dress shop, asked for a checkered vest, and handed the salesgirl a photo of Tony Curtis wearing the one she wanted.

**SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:** The big battle, of course, was Francot Tone's with newlyweds Flora and Muir in Ciro's. But the King Brothers claim that the publicity accruing to Barbara Payton spells an added $1,000,000 in their bank accounts for Drupe in The Deep South, in which they gave Barbara a starring role and for which they paid her $1,650 a week to make personal appearances with it... No starlet since Betty Grable has had the publicity build-up Mitzi Gaynor's getting at 20th. Everybody threw their hands up in despair on hopes for a Diana Lynn-John Lindsay reconciliation when John put their home up for sale and scammed East Coast.

As you know, Claudette Colbert became ill and had to bow out, after several weeks of shooting, as Bob Mitchum's co-star in Howard Hughes's The Korean Story. Joan Crawford and Jane Greer were among those mentioned to succeed Claudette but they declined. Ann Blyth won the assignment. However, Ann fought for—and won!—approval rights on all ad stills. Ann refuses ever to pose for the kind of Sexploitation photos used to advertise Shelley Winters' charms in Behave Yourself! and Jane Russell's in His Kind Of Woman.

**FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS:** Hard to imagine Alan Ladd crying, isn't it? Well, I saw him turn on the tears, and in spades! Sue had called me over to their Bel Air place one morning last month. "Do you like boxers?" she asked. "Do I?" I yipped. "I only happen to own King of Marlay, who's the most beautiful male boxer in Hollywood—and from Vic Mature's champion stock!" "Fine," said Sue. "He'll be a good mate for Scarlet O'Hara!"

Sue explained that she and Alan had been spending less and less time at the ranch and therefore had to dispose of several of the dogs, including Scarlet—but only to characters like myself who have big yards for the dogs to play in. I rolled around the Ladd lawn with Scarlett, a beautiful fawn, and when Alan decided we were getting along he picked her up in his arms and carried her out to my car. "All I want is one of the pups," he said. "It's a deal, Alan," I promised.

He kissed her goodbye, smack on the lips—and cried like a baby when we drove off! As for Scarlett, she and King are expecting a visit from Sir Stork.

**FINANCIAL PAGE:** Robert Walker left everything he had to his two sons, but "everything" isn't much. His estate was originally estimated at $200,000; actually, it will amount to a mere $25,000 or so after taxes and bills are paid. His house, on which there was a heavy mortgage, was small—only a living room with dining alcove, two bedrooms, maid's room, kitchen and two baths—so there wasn't much furniture. Out of it all, Jennifer Jones, now officially the boys' guardian, picked only Bob's books, records, silver, television set, piano, rocking chair and grandfather's clock. She has put it all in storage for the boys... In his last picture, My Son, John, with great lady-at-the-theater Helen Hayes, Bob gave his finest performance as a young Commie who swears on a stack of Bibles that he's not a Red—the catch being that he doesn't believe in the Bible! (Continued on page 16)
Captain Quincy Wyatt and his Swamp-Fighters! The heroic rescue-band who fought through bottomless quicksands—and man-devouring wilderness to free a captive beauty from its perils, turning the tide of the savage Seminole Indian War!
Dottie Lamour (you'll love her, not to mention Betty Hutton, Jimmy Stewart, Cornel Wilde, Greer Garson and Charlton Heston) in C. B. DeMille's Greatest Show On Earth) accepted her first nightclub engagement in many years, singing at the Last Frontier in Las Vegas for two weeks for $10,000 a week... C. B., by the way, took Wilde aside after he finished flexing his bulging muscles for Greatest Show and told our boy it's his best acting job since A Song To Remember—but to be careful about picking his future parts so that he won't take a nosedive from his present popularity peak.... The Hutton, bubbling over about her great part in this picture, said, "Lindsay and Candy had never seen me perform my flying act in it. So I brought my two angels over to the set, and when I was through flying through the air I rushed over to them. Well! Did you like mother? I asked breathlessly. "Yes," said Lindsay, "but where are the CLOWNS?"

QUICK QUOTES: Monty Clift, as seen through the eyes of George Stevens, who directed him in A Place In The Sun: "Monty had a tremendous burden to carry in this picture. His conscientiousness caused him to be regarded as strange in some quarters due to the fact that he preferred to stay home and rehearse the next day's work rather than go to the various Hollywood glitter spots"... I got a bang out of the way the British papers headlined Shelley and Farley Granger during their London visit: "Hollywood's Perpetual Fiancées"... Ida Lupino, whose Filmakers Productions gave you Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle, among others; "After offering our audiences pictures like Not Wanted, Outrage and On The Loose, respectively, we are seriously thinking of changing the character of our fan mail by producing The Bobbsey Twins"... John Wayne, June Allyson's co-winner of Modern Screen's annual award, arrived out with a typically modest wayism when told he topped the male poll: "Why?"

WHO'S MAD AT WHO: I was prowling for news on a certain lot one afternoon when I heard loud screams coming from the dressing room of one of Hollywood's "great ladies." Her maid, who was waiting outside while the star held a private conference with the studio boss about how another, younger girl in the cast was steal ing scenes from her, went running back, accompanied by a studio cop and a fireman. The boss, who doesn't like to see women cry, beat it back to his office, and when the star came out of her tan trum she paid the maid, the cop and the fireman $10 apiece to say nothing about the scene!... Ran into Mickey Rooney and Martha Mackers at Ciro's and asked them what was new (that's always a good opening), "Just talking about the baby," said the Mick. But later we learned Martha was having fun about him because he had been ordered to pay her. And, a week later, he got a co-starring spot with Bob Hope in Military Policemen. Mickey'll get $75,000 for this job, so it looks like Martha will be okay.

FUNNIES: It's Red Skelton's story. Man dished into a hardware store, pounded on the counter and demanded in loud voice, "Glomme, can I ever catch a bus?" To which the clerk replied, "Sorry, sir, we don't have that big... We have it on reliable authority from practically unimpeachable sources that when Dagmar Jane Russell at RKO the two gals didn't get close enough to shake hands!... 20th bought a story about a professor who finds a serum that makes a man look as much younger. Now the studio can't find a leading man who'll admit he could be that old... This marks the 32nd anniversary of the introduction of pop corn to America. That makes it 23 years older than the first movie... Ever notice how married names deglamorize the stars—like Greer Fوغelson, Claudette Pressman and Viveca Siefel? An Internal Revenue man told me (some of them have a sense of humor!) the Government's thinking of putting Esther Williams' picture on our currency, so we won't mind kissing the boom. That's what the man said... Dale Robertson, describing another actor: "It's easy to see why he's considered conceited—his Ts are so close together!"

TIME TABLES: Did you enjoy seeing the star in person on the "Movietime U. S. A." tours? Hollywood is setting up more trips, cause they're good for business, not to mention the morale of our actors—tele vision being the threat that it is!... John Wayne phoned me from Dallas, raving about his "Movietime" experiences. "We played to better than 75,000 people in 30 stops," he said, and our reception was just unbelievable. I loved meeting the fans and hope we can do it all over again as soon as possible"... Jeff Chandler told me he had a ball on his trip although he lost his wedding ring in Waco... Keefe Brasselle's medico put him on a milk-shake-and-egg diet to help him regain all that poundage he shed "Moviating" to Cleveland and other points Midwest.

DANCING DOLLS: I've got a bet on that the French Ballet's gift to Hollywood, piguot Leslie Caron, will soon make one of the who's brightest stars. Leslie, a true Parisienne, told me she dreams in French and Technicolor. Nice dreaming... John Crawford, after the same producer said it's so-oo good she's ready to put on her dancing shoes again... I'll stick my neck out right now and say that MGM will give its biggest female star buildup this year to Leslie, Pier Angeli and Debbie Reynolds. Paddy Lawlor asked MGM for Vera-Ellen as his pirouette partner in I Love Louis', his next picture. That'll be their third waltz around a studio stage like together this year. Rhonda Fleming was supposed to attend the Royal Command Performance in London but didn't. She was scheduled to dance a number with John Johnson. Her trip was cancelled because those in charge
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That Foreign Legion breed of man... that "Beau Geste" brand of greatness!

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DISH BURT SAID AND WE FOR
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SHERIES RIPPING INTO THOSE
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LEGENDS OF THRILLS IN THE
HILARIOUS ITADEN RAID THAT
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of arrangements didn't give her enough time to learn the routine to perfection.

HE WENT THATAWAY: His pals have nick-

gamed Guy Madison "Wild"—because of the new career he has made for himself
with Andy Devine on TV and radio as
"Wild Bill Hickok" . Did you know
Guy was born in Pumpkin Center, Calif.? It's true! Gabby Hayes made a personal appearance in Atlanta. A woman fan rushed up to him and gave his whiskers a healthy yank. "Great Scott," she shouted, "they're real!"

Somebody asked Roy Rogers how he likes pngoing and this show. "No, I don't," he replied. "For one thing, it's lot easier on the eyes."

He's a real cowboy now and has a ranch full of stock and his personal brand of the "Wild West." He's also a producer now, and has his own show called "Roy Rogers Day." And he has a new movie coming out called "The Man from Beyond the Law." It's a true tale of adventure and excitement.


The flounce, also gray linen, is kick-pleated. And the mattress is 21 inches deep . Frankie's long-distance calls to Ava the month before they tied the knot set him back $1,200.

Ty Power brought Linda and Romina back to the hotel in Beverly Hills house to find the plumbing switched. The shower refused cold and the water ran hot. So the two had to take a cool bath in the U-1 commissary and confide that he and Janet want a Christmas baby. Next Christmas, that is . Bob Hope got his nephew, Art Field, a job in Para-
mount's mail room. Jane Powell, who had to quit her personal appearance tour when she passed out in Cleveland because of overwork, certainly recovered in a hurry when she saw the baby. I caught her and her spouse having a real whirl at the Mocambo just a few nights after she returned . Some of her girl friends have expressed the opinion that the stork would arrive before Jeannie Crain could start her next picture. "Gift Of The Magi." You never know in this town!

ODD'S BOOKS: MGM had Liz Taylor "shelved" for over a year. The picture is The Light Fantastic, and Liz made it with Larry Parks before he admitted to the Motion Picture Relief Committee that he had once been a Communist. The studio decided not to release the picture right away because of its fear that Larry's testimony would harm its box-office prospects. At present, it was decided to show it in England before it's premiered in the U.S., to see what the public's reaction will be . Glenn Ford, who rushed over to MGM to take over Russell Nype's part in Young Man In A Hurry when Nype was found unsuitable for the role, was given Clark Gable's dressing room there. And Glenn hopes it'll prove a success. And since Betsy Von Stettenberg, the new MGM starlet who started dating Nicky Hilton when Liz Taylor left him, used the ex-Mrs. Hilton's dressing room, with Liz was making a picture in London. Further, Nicky is said to be building a $45,000 tepee in his new home—plus the-place of business, Midland, Texas. Hollywood was really set on its ear, when word got out that Sylvia Gable would ask $1,000 in alimony—several hundred thousand dollars down and the balance at the rate of $100,000 a year. Immediately, this was reported. And then Clark brought in a new battery of lawyers to help him fight her suit . Clark's bitter- ness against Lady Sylvia is so great he's willing to give up. Any other woman in order to win his points—including going off salary at MGM and living in another state.

Errol Flynn stole the show at the A Streetcar Named Desire premiere here by signing autographs right and left simulta-

eously. The guy's ambidextrous! Theater owner in Barstow, Calif., did very busi-
ness, but Flynn's face was apparently because his customers didn't know what the title meant. So he changed the title of this very funny picture to The Million-
are. Some Los Angeles theaters are turning the pressure in their water fountains and cold. This stimulates the sale of cold drinks to such as you and me . I met a man for the first time at a party in the Cirocote Room. A shy, retiring guy. Which makes the acting job he did in Valientino even more impressive . Name, of course, is Kenneth Hollywood . The End
"If you've ever refinished furniture, you know how hard it is on hands," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "I earn my living by acting on TV. I can't appear before the camera with red, rough hands."

"A friend recommended Noxzema," she continues. "Now it's my regular hand care. That medicated formula really works. I use Noxzema faithfully every night. It helps keep my hands looking lovely."

Hands that work.

look lovelier in 24 hours* or your money back!

Are you a homemaker? Do you work in a shop or office? Here's the hand cream just for you!

- If you aren't getting much help from your present hand cream, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. Hands that work need the two-way care Noxzema gives!

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema is especially made to help sore, chapped, unattractive working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts and cracks quickly, with its unique medicated formula.
2. Helps hands feel softer—look smoother and whiter—supplies a light film of oil-and-moisture to skin's surface!

And Noxzema is greaseless, too! Never leaves hands feeling sticky. Apply faithfully each night, also, before going out into the cold. And always rub in a little medicated Noxzema after having hands in water.

Noxzema works—or your money back!

*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the red, rough hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! It should do the same for you.

Try soothing medicated Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see improvement—within 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, and you'll get your money back. But like millions of other women, you will be delighted with results. Get greaseless, medicated Noxzema today and save money!

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!

Registered Nurse. Jean Crow of Baltimore says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them red, ugly. But using medicated Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"

Homemaker. Mrs. J. J. Ransome of Dallas says: "Housework used to leave my hands looking rough, feeling dry and uncomfortable. Now Noxzema helps keep my hands looking lovely and feeling wonderful."

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40¢ Noxzema

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At drug, cosmetic counters.
Magic is the Word for Tampax!

A product so small, so dainty—and yet featuring so many improvements and advantages for the benefit of women... women faced with that old problem of sanitary protection on "those days" of the month... No wonder they call it "magic."

Let's take a look at this modern, doctor-invented wonder-product endorsed by many medical scientists and now used by millions of women. Here are the facts... Tampax is worn internally, absorbs internally and is only a fraction of the bulk of the older types. Made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender individual applicators, making insertion easy and convenient.

No belts, pins or external pads with Tampax. No odor; no chafing. You cannot even feel it while wearing it! No bulges under clothing. You need not remove the Tampax for your tub or shower bath. And naturally, with its small size, it is easily disposable.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters. 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

MOVIE REVIEWS

This musical biography of Lotta Crabtree, the Golden Girl of the Civil War era (who won the hearts—and money—of gold miners from Rabbit Creek to San Francisco), is lots of fun, and so full of singing, dancing and good cheer that the silly plot doesn't spoil things too much. Mitzi Gaynor (a new star whose zippy screen personality will take her far) plays Lotta. Delighted when her father loses the family livelihood, a boardinghouse, Mitzi takes to the road as a touring actress, and although her straitlaced mother disapproves, she sings, dances, pulls her skirts higher and higher, and becomes a sensation! She also manages to fall in love with handsome stranger Dale Robertson. Then the plot begins to sag. Dale is revealed as a Confederate spy, but Mitzi, a Northerner, pledges her love for him anyway. Separated because of the war, she continues touring and becomes the most famous actress in the land. She and Dale are finally reunited in a scene that has her singing "Dixie" to a New York audience the day the North wins the war! But Mitzi's song and dance routines, while never as fresh and sparkling as she is herself, more than make up for the corny plot, and the Technicolor is great.

SAILOR BEWARE

Jerry Lewis doesn't need a plot; just put a camera on him and he's the funniest character that ever blinked. But Paramount, being generous, wrote a story for him and Dean Martin. The story is, they're in the Navy now, and lucky for the Navy, it's only make-believe. Lewis can't even pass the blood test! All the medics can draw out of his arm is water. In addition to this, he's allergic to women. He just has to sniff one coming and he can't breathe. That wouldn't be bad, except that everytime he's on leave the women surround him. Somehow he becomes known as a lady-killer, and all his buddies bet their pay that Lewis will win a kiss from Corianne Calvet, a singer in Hawaii who's been driving all the boys batty because she's so aloof. But before Lewis gets to Corinne a million things happen. He finds himself trapped on the deck of a submarine about to submerge; he gets involved in an hilarious boxing match with a pro; he does a fantastic hula; he sings with Dean Martin, and he finds one woman (Marion Marshall) he isn't allergic to. If you like Martin and Lewis—and who can help it—you'll roll in the aisles.

Cast: Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Corianne Calvet, Marion Marshall—Hal Wallis, Para.

DISTANT DRUMS

This movie has some of the best Indian fighting that's been filmed in a long time. It's tense and exciting; the Seminole's warpaint and costumes are vivid in Technicolor and most of the action takes place in the beautiful but treacherous Florida Everglades. The time is 1840. Captain Quincy Wyatt (Gary Cooper) is a deadly swamp fighter who plans a daring operation to end the seven-year-long war with the Seminoles. His idea is to destroy the fort in enemy territory which is being used as a gun smuggling station. He accomplishes this with a small group of hardy soldiers (which is even smaller when the smoke blows away).

"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!
Let me send you for FREE TRAIL everything you need to make

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Show America's Outstanding Values In All-Occasion Greeting Cards, Gifts, Stationery and Wrappings

Your own one day "no risk" test convinces you! No knocking on strange door, No experience needed. Take orders from friends, neighbors. Big line includes Home Items, Books, Dolls. Low prices - big profits. Bonus, Surprise Offers.

RUSH COUPON for FREE Trial Outfit of new Feature All-Occasion boxes on approval, FREE sample portfolios, FREE Selling Guide, FREE Catalog and full details of money-making Party and Organization Plans. If outfit does not make money for you quickly, return it at our expense.

HONG KONG

The best thing about this movie is Danny Chang, a little Chinese boy who steals the show with his smile. He also brings Ronald Reagan and Rhonda Fleming together. It's this way. Reagan has returned to China after World War II to pick up a few fast bucks. But he chooses a bad time to go back and runs right into the Communist Army. After an air attack, Reagan finds five-year-old Danny floating downstream in a boat. He slings Danny over his shoulder and after a trap across open fields he comes to a shelter where Rhonda (who has been working in a mission school) is playing hostess to a whole group of elderly Chinese. Reagan's set to dump Danny in Rhonda's arms and deport, but Rhonda tells him a chartered plane is going to pick them all up and take them to Hong Kong. Reagan sticks. On the plane trip he discovers that Danny has a valuable bracelet hidden in his clothing and that interests him no end. In Hong Kong, Reagan runs into trouble when he tries to sell the idol to a Chinese crock. Somehow, little Danny's charm grows on Reagan, and big Rhonda's charm is beginning to get him, and he's fighting off the feeling that he's a heel. A lot more intrigue follows. Danny is kidnapped, innocent people are stabbed, Reagan becomes remorseful—but in the end, everybody who's still alive has stopped kicking.


CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY

Smoky Callaway (Howard Keel) is a cow-boy idol of millions, and all because of a picture. A series of his ten-year-old films have brought him before the public and made him an American Institution, but Callaway has
Treat Yourself to a Double Exposure of Fun and Foolishness!

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

This one's aimed for the heart and it gets there. You'll cry (happy tears) and chuckle, and if you're a mother with less than five kids you'll feel unfulfilled. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant are the parents of three bright, sweet children. (One of them—George Winslow—is knee high with a voice pitched lower than his ankles, and you'll want to take him home.) Betsy's the kind of girl who needs things to love—stray dogs, cats, rabbits—anything that's bedraggled and lonesome. Cary's the kind of husband who likes the status quo (he can't afford anything else) and when Betsy starts bringing children home from a local welfare agency he gets a little upset. Betsy's first find is an adolescent girl who's been so mistreated she bites every hand that feeds her, but two weeks in the Grants' happy, well-adjusted home and she's on angel. Next comes a crippled boy who's so mean and ornery even Betsy's discouraged. But she's up on child psychology and has the patience of a saint, and you know what happens to that boy—angel number two. While all this character building is going on, Cary's acting the comical, neglected husband, his children are learning how to make sacrifices nobly and you're learning a lesson which is—children who are bad get that way only because they're not loved. It's true, and even though Room For One More doesn't stop punching when it's ahead, it's warm, ingratiating entertainment.

Cast: Cary Grant, Betsy Drake, Iris Mann, George Winslow, Clifford Tatum, Jr.—Warner's.

DOUBLE DYNAMITE!

starring

JANE RUSSELL • GROUCHO MARX

TNT TUNES!

"IT'S ONLY MONEY"

"KISSES AND TEARS"

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by IRVING CUMMINGS, JR.
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Story by LEO ROSTEN
Radiant Ava and Frank planned into Los Angeles in mid-November after the Philly wedding for which they'd waited two years.

"we finally made it"

They're married now—but is it forever? Friends can’t help wondering, and worrying, about Frankie and Ava.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

After Judge Joseph Sloane said, “I now pronounce you man and wife,” Frank took Ava in his arms and kissed her thoroughly.

Then Ava ran across the room to hug Frankie’s mother. Sinatra grasped the Judge’s hand and sighed, “Well, we finally made it!”

Frankie didn’t realize it, but all of Hollywood was echoing his sigh of relief. Ava and Frankie had finally made it.

It had taken two years, thousands of dollars, 40 transcontinental air trips, flights to Mexico, Reno, and Las Vegas, countless hours of heartache and legal bickering. But at long last Ava Lavinia Gardner Rooney Shaw had become the new Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

“I can’t tell you how happy I am,” Ava told her new mother-in-law at the wedding. Mrs. Sinatra looked at her and then burst into tears. “I’m happy, too,” she sobbed. “You’re just what Frankie needs.” She patted Ava’s shoulder affectionately.

Frank, her only son, came over, and she kissed him, too. Then the guests circled Frankie and Ava and toasted them with champagne. Ava cut the wedding cake which was seven tiers high and her sister Beatrice, got the first piece.

(Continued on page 85)
Spring is still only a promise—but the first robin is on his way. It's not one day too soon to begin your foundation for fresh springtime loveliness! You'll see new beauty bud, blossom, bloom week by week if you'll start with a visit to Woolworth's...now. On Woolworth's handy counters, you'll find everything you need for head-to-toe winter beauty care. I've room here to mention just a few of our many timely toiletries.

Why don't you stop in at Woolworth's soon and see them all? Shop, pick and choose at leisure. Or, if you prefer, ask the friendly Woolworth Salesgirl to help you make selections.

**Woolworth's Susan Smart**

tells you how...

FOR CLEAN MOUTH TASTE. Pepsident's patented oral detergent, not soap, brings clean mouth taste for hours. tapered brush can't reach, leaving your whole mouth cool and refreshed. 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c

A PERMANENT SOLUTION. This home permanent "takes" every time. PROM! PROM needs no neutralizer. Use any plastic curlers. Apply—rinse 30 minutes later. 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. $1.30

LEARN TO SHINE. For your grooming's sake, form the daily Suave habit today. Just a "kiss" of Suave keeps hair perfectly in place the day long. And greaseless Suave leaves hair radiant. 10c, $1

FOR DREAM HANDS. Cream hands regularly against winter cold and spring winds with Pacquins Hand Cream. Smooths, protects. Purple label for normal skin. Red label for extra-dry skin. 25c, 49c, 98c

A TOUCH OF SCENT. Make every handbag a new glamour! Apply scent to your fingertips with Dura-Gloss Perfumed Nail Lacquer. Ten lovely shades to choose from. As with unscented 10c Dura-Gloss, the color is on the cap. 35c

BREATHE OF BEAUTY. Eat, drink, smoke what you want. New FRESHIES Mints stop bad breath in 1 to 3 seconds with nature's deodorant—chlorophyll! Why take chances? Take FRESHIES today...keep them handy. 10c

MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP. And don't forget your teeth! Replace worn or unsafe brushes now with Dr. West's Miracle-Tuffs. There's a brush-head design for you to thoroughly clean each surface of your teeth. 50c

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Shop Woolworth's First for Everything in Toiletries

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**CARE-FREE LIP BEAUTY.** Now discover the way to keep lips lovely all day. It's HAZEL BISHOP No-Smear Lipstick. Won't eat off, bite off, kiss off! So lasting, yet it's creamy and easy to remove. $1.10

**SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR.** Use WHITE RAIN tonight...tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright! Gentle White Rain is Toni's new lathering shampoo, guaranteed not to dull or dry your hair. 30c, 60c, $1

**USE COLOR ABOVE ALL.** Try NESTLE COLORISE to lend exciting color appeal to your hair. Just rinse in...shampoo out. So smart! For longer-lasting color, use COLOR-TINT.

Colorize 10c, 25c

COLORISE 25c

**HEALTH IS BEAUTY'S AIDE.** Lots of cold weather ahead! So keep Listerine Antiseptic handy to check sore throats due to colds. Use it, too, for halitosis and infectious dandruff. 10c, 27c, 49c, 79c

**DOUBLE CHARM INSURANCE!** PEPSODENT Protects clothes while it protects your teeth. Prevents stains because it covers underam better. Checks perspiration, stops perspiration odor. So important with winter and spring woolens. 25c, 39c

**MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP.** And don't forget your teeth! Replace worn or unsafe brushes now with Dr. West's Miracle-Tuffs. There's a brush-head design for you to thoroughly clean each surface of your teeth. 50c
Sandpaper Hands feel Caressable in 10 Seconds!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

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! The secret is an exclusive, new formula that enables Cashmere Bouquet to smooth like a lotion while it softens like a cream! 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”! Treat your hands to Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion today!
Two years ago this writer sat in the Paramount commissary in Hollywood and had a luncheon interview with Elizabeth Taylor. She was 17 years old. She was, as she is now, excitingly beautiful, limpid-eyed and the sexiest-looking creature he had ever seen. She was late for the luncheon because her teacher had insisted she finish a lesson in Civics—and Liz was petulant and very adolescent about it.

The story that came out of the interview was printed in Modern Screen and it painted a picture of her youthfulness and brought out the fact that despite her maddening appearance, she was entirely incapable of coping with the adult world. Her concerns were for her school work, the few dollars a week she was allowed as spending money and her real fear that because of her two broken engagements she might never find a man who would belong to her alone and forgive her for her “racy past.” She spoke of these things as a child would—and she meant everything she said.

But that was two years ago. Now she is 19. When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York from London and Paris early this winter she was met at the airport by a studio representative who had been assigned to assist her through customs. The young man was used to this sort of thing and was seldom impressed by the odd traveling habits of movie queens. However, when they began to unload Liz Taylor’s luggage, his eyes bugged out in disbelief. At better than a dollar a pound cost in excess weight, what appeared (Continued on page 29)
the startling loves of Liz Taylor continued

(Continued from page 27) to be a king's ransom in baggage with Liz's name on it began to appear. Stacked up in the customs shed, it totaled 24 pieces and included four steamer trunks. Liz walked down the gangway as regal as a duchess, entirely unconcerned that her clothes had probably paid the entire cost of flying the plane across the Atlantic.

In the customs office the studio representative stood by her elbow as the manifest and declaration was checked.

"Now about this item here, Miss Taylor," said the customs man, "are I correct in stating that you are declaring $25,000 worth of wardrobe?"

"That's right," said Liz.

"And you bought all of it abroad?" asked the official.

"No," said Liz, "I bought all of it in this country."

"Let me see that thing," said the studio man grabbing the paper. "You don't have to pay duty on any of that."

The customs man agreed and Liz was soon cleared and on her way. Driving to town, with two limousines filled with her belongings trailing behind, the studio employees chided Liz (Continued on page 97)
I've thought long and carefully before selecting the stars whom I believe to be the most tragic figures of Hollywood.

Many headlines have been wrongly blamed on Hollywood. For instance, I do not consider that Lawrence Tierney or Barbara Payton are responsibilities of Hollywood. Poor Tierney, an emotionally ill boy, would be his own worst enemy in any walk of life, anywhere. And the blonde Payton woman would be a trouble-making femme fatale even in a pickle factory.

Who, then, are these most tragic figures—the beautiful but damned idols whose pedestals rocked dangerously even while they were at the top of their glory, and then crashed into illness, oblivion or death?

Judy Garland is one of the tragedies of Hollywood. Most assuredly, little Judy with the big, blazing talent is one. By mentioning her first I don't mean that she is the most tragic of all.

But she is the greatest waste of golden talent.

What irony that Judy, who could be the greatest musical star on the screen today is in exile from Hollywood!

As I write this Judy has just recovered from a nervous collapse on the stage of the Palace Theater in New York where she brought back vaudeville with a bang, and in so doing became the toast of Broadway.

But even in the glory of her “comeback,” Judy again fell victim to the same shattered nerves that wrecked her Hollywood career.

Time after time people ask me, “What's the matter with Judy?” They say, “She isn't called on to work any harder than Betty Hutton or Betty Grable or other musical stars who have been able to stay on their feet. Why is it that she, perhaps the most inspired of all girl singers, can't take it?”

To fully answer that (Continued on page 95)
Hollywood's glittering lights hide many a shattered heart, a snuffed-out career.

Here an outstanding reporter reveals the most pathetic cases of them all.

**DRUG ADDICTION**

Relucted to Wallace Reid's tragic death almost 30 years ago, Wally started taking drugs to "pep himself up" so that he could meet the demands of his great popularity. But he soon found himself a slave to the habit, died at 32.

**THE WRONG WOMAN**

ruined Franchot Tone's reputation. Barbara Payton not only dragged his name through the mud—she also involved him in a front-page fight. The result: a battered face that may end his movie career.

**TALKING PICTURES**

spelled ruin to the brilliant career of John Gilbert. Heartlessly frank reviews told the world about his "thin, high-pitched, effeminate" voice, and the great lover of the silent screen was soon all washed up in the movies.

**SUICIDE**

was Carole Landis' solution to the problems Hollywood thrust upon her. She sought stability and an emotional anchor in stardom—but found only heartache, an unhappy marriage, and fleeting fame.

**HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE**

helped Jean Harlow forget the unhappiness she'd suffered in her three marriages—but it also helped shorten her life. Struck down suddenly by uremic poisoning, Jean was too exhausted to put up a fight. She died at 26.

**ABANDONED BY HER LOVER**

when she was about to bear his child, Lupe Velez, the fiery Mexican actress, chose suicide as a way out. She took an overdose of sleeping pills, and ended a life filled with tempestuous—but unsatisfactory—love affairs.

**MENTIONALLY UNSTABLE,**

Robert Walker could possibly have found happiness but not in Hollywood. Its brutal competitiveness burdened him with an inferiority complex, and ruined his relationship with wife Jennifer Jones.
the story
ALAN LADD
never told

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Alan Ladd was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas. His birth was
inauspicious, but a few days after his father (also named Alan Ladd) registered
said birth at the Hot Springs Court House, the building caught fire and
burned to the ground.

While Alan was still an infant, his parents moved to Oklahoma City, where
Ladd, Sr., went to work for the state as an accountant.

The Ladds lived in a small flat above a block of stores, and
for a young boy it was no ideal residence. In order to be kept off the
streets, Alan had to play in the building, a sorry situation for him,
but a sadder one for the landlord. For one day Alan, amusing
himself with a box of matches, set fire to the building, which promptly
converted itself into a heap of ashes like the Hot Springs Court House.

Although he doesn't remember the date, Alan knows that while
he was a very small boy his dad died of a heart attack, leaving
his wife and son to fend for themselves.

After an uncomfortable period of widowhood, Alan's mother
met a young house painter by the name of Jim Beaver—
and, after a proper period of courtship, she married him and the family of
three moved to Denver, Colorado.

Jim Beaver was an ambitious man. When he realized he would
never get rich painting homes in Denver, he decided to go west.
On a spring morning in 1920, he packed Alan, his wife and his painting
equipment into a 1914 Model T Ford and set out for California.

Today the journey from Denver to Los Angeles is a matter of
hours by plane. Even in 1920, it was still just a matter of a few days, but it
took Jim Beaver and his family a terrifying six months.

The major problem was money. Beaver had planned to work his
way across the country, painting houses and barns, but he had little luck
finding customers. He was soon obliged to sell some of his
equipment—and the ladders, brushes and pots began to go until he
had hardly enough left to practice his trade. (Continued on page 78)

HOW THIS STORY
WAS WRITTEN

A few weeks ago, Jim
Henaghan, noted reporter
and magazine writer,
spent an evening with
his date and the Alan Ladds
in Hollywood. They
dined at La Rue's,
and drove back to Alan's
house for a last cup of
coffee. Alan seemed a little
tired and stretched out in
a big chair. Jim motioned
to his date that they'd
better leave, but as they
got up to go Alan said, "Sit
down for another minute."
"Sure," said Jim, "I'll sit
down if you'll tell me
something about yourself
that you've never told
anyone before—give me an
exclusive story." This
seemed an impossible
challenge. Every writer in
Hollywood is convinced
there's nothing new to say
about Ladd. But Alan
smiled. "Got your pencil?"
he asked, and before Jim
recovered Alan began to
talk, easily and fast.
Fortunately, Jim's date
knew shorthand and in
a moment she was racing
to keep up with Alan.
His was an incredible,
fascinating tale of a life
that had touched the
heights of glory and the
nadir of despair, and
as Alan told it he seemed
to be reliving all the
wonderful, crazy, sad and
happy years. For the
first time he was telling it
all. And here it is—the
kind of yarn a writer
only dreams of getting,
but that Jim Henaghan
snared one lucky night.
Every other actress
in Hollywood looks at herself
in the mirror and
beams—but Doris Day
sticks out her tongue!

BY SUSAN TRENT

Doris Day, surrounded by her hair
dresser, her studio press agent, and her
makeup expert, looked at herself in her
dressing room mirror. The girl who thinks
she is not beautiful, not even pretty, studied
her reflection long and carefully. "I don't
like my type today," she finally said.

She addressed the mirror once more. "I
don't like my type, see?" And then she	turned to her friends. "But what?" she
asked, "is my type?"

It was a purely rhetorical question, for
Doris Day is not a "type." She is much too
complicated to fall into any category, and
to know her well you must understand all
the facets of this many-faceted girl. Analyzing
her career and past activities isn't
revealing enough. Sure, it adds up and sheds
light on the subject, but in the case of a
day-to-day girl like Doris it is the present
which is important, and it is an examination
of her present attitudes which will give you
the key to her as a person.

Doris is that rare (Continued on page 91)
Husband Marty's her business manager, often visits Doris on the set. When he leaves for work, she gives him a going-over, to make sure his clothes are spotless.

The Melchers live simply, spend most evenings at home. On weekends, they throw parties that feature swimming, volleyball and food—but never hard liquor.

Doris wasn't always as comfortably housed as this. When she first came to Hollywood, she lived in a trailer. Even then, she knew how to make the best of it.
what's wrong with the Grangers?
by sheepish graham

Jean looks like a dream of the perfect wife . . .

. . . but Stewart acts as if she has a lot to learn.

As newlyweds, the laughing, loving Grangers were a stunning example of marital bliss. Soon Stewart began to teach her how to dress, swim, and entertain. Madly in love with him, Jean was a willing pupil.
Why is this famous love match headed for the rocks? Here's a frank analysis and warning...

I firmly believe that Stewart Granger loves his wife Jean Simmons. If I didn't, I'd mind my own business—which is to report the facts after they happen. But because this marriage will surely founder unless someone points out the rocks, I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Granger will forgive me if I step in where their other friends apparently fear to tread.

There are six obstacles blocking the road to happiness for the 39-year-old handsome Britisher, and the girl he calls his “child bride.” They are money problems, a house that is too big, too many droppers-in, his bossiness, her long wait for work. And his “Anything she can do, I can do better” attitude. Unless some of these problems can be eliminated, I doubt whether Mr. and Mrs. Granger will be at home to each other for many wedding anniversaries.

Because Stewart's bossiness is the biggest hurdle to jump, I'd like to discuss that first. I know he doesn't mean to “sit” on his sweet young wife so continuously and so unmercifully. But the simplest remark from Jean is sure to be contradicted by Jimmy—as Jean and all their intimates call him. His real name, as you know, is Jimmy Stewart, which he had to change because of the longer established Mr. Stewart.

Okay, so we are now in the Granger home. “Isn't it a lovely day?” Jean will remark. Without so much as looking up from his book, Jimmy will say, “You're wrong—it's a terrible day.” Another time: Jean, “I thought so and so (mentioning one of their friends) didn't look very well.” “I thought he looked fine,” automatically from Mr. Granger. Or if Jean says, “He looked fine,” Stewart says, “I thought he looked ill.” A dress, a book, a play, a movie—you name it—whatever side Jean prefers, her husband prefers the other.

The question is, how long will a girl of Jean's spirited nature tolerate this habitual disagreement? Psychologically, she is rebelling already. There is a song in Guys And Dolls about a girl who always gets a cold when she's romantically unhappy. From the first day of her arrival in Hollywood last Christmas, when I bumped into the honeymooners at Schwab's drug store until last week, when Jean was bedded with a virus, the pretty brunette British actress had suffered through a succession of colds in the head.

“In England,” Jean told me recently, “I used to get colds, I expected to. They ran their course and went. Here, when I get a cold it stays on and on and I croak like a frog when it settles in my chest.” I'm not a psychiatrist, but a consciously happy woman doesn't have time for non-stop sniffles or croaking—at least not in sunny California!

Now for the Big House problem which is tied in with Money—or rather the absence of it. And this is strange, when you consider that Jean is paid what amounts to $100,000 a picture and Stewart’s contract at Metro calls for $4,000 a week. This is a fortune in any language, but Jean, unfortunately, is still being paid in English pounds—36,000 of them—because of her contract with Rank and Pascal. The pounds are all frozen in London. Stewart is a generous type, but (Continued on page 77)

AS THEY SUNK FROM BLISS TO BOREDOM TO BAD TEMPER IN LITTLE OVER A YEAR OF MARRIAGE!

Some flew and so did the honeymoon. This picture caught the mood of their relationship—Jean trying desperately to live up to his ideals and Stewart fixing her with his ever-critical eye.

Today, the once-ecstatic Grangers show the strain of a year of misunderstandings and tense situations. Divorce rumors are rife, but a solution is possible because they're still very much in love with each other.
Looking at our street you wouldn’t think a movie star lived on it. The houses are fair-to-middling in size, and there isn’t a chauffeur in sight. The neighborhood is quiet, and in some places the old trees lock their branches overhead, filtering the sunshine that flows into the many colorful gardens.

When the combined neighborhood learned that Jane Powell and her husband had bought the old Jacobs place, they were a little apprehensive. Reputedly, Jane Powell was a nice young girl, but then that was the trouble—she was young—and she and Geary were likely to throw parties that would wake the dead and knock out the living.

Well, the Steffans have been living a year now in the big white house with green shutters, and the worst noise ever to come from their direction has been the sound of their dog. Paper is some sort of a shepherd dog, and adored by Jane and Geary. It was quiet as a cemetery one night last spring, when suddenly a grinding screech of brakes and a blood-curding howl rent the air. Immediately, everybody was outside on their front lawns looking for their dogs. But the dog who’d been hit was Paper. Somebody ran over to the Steffan house, but no one was home. Somebody else said Jane and Geary were out for dinner, and it was the maid’s night off. So one of the men phoned Jane’s father, way over in the valley. Mr. Burce made it to Brentwood in record time and there were tears in his eyes as he lifted Paper into his car. It turned out the dog was all right, except for a paralysis in his tail assembly, and now he walks around with that poor old tail dragging along the ground. Janie told me the vet wanted to amputate it, but she and Geary wouldn’t hear of it.

“It's Paper's tail, and it's got to stay,” she said. “Even if he does mop up the streets with it.”

Anyway, as soon as the Jacobs family moved out, it seemed that Janie and Geary were at the house every day, looking it over and planning changes. The day after the first story appeared concerning the location of the (Continued on page 76)
“LUCKY IN CARDS, UNLUCKY IN LOVE” THEY SAY. IF IT'S TRUE, CLARK MUST BE A WHIZ AT BRIDGE!

Is Gable's love life jinxed?

by Jack Wade
Every time Clark Gable gets himself a divorce his fans say, “How come he married that woman in the first place?”

They asked this in 1930 when Gable divorced his first wife, Josephine Dillon, a stage director 17 years his senior.

In 1939 the same inquiry was made concerning Clark’s second wife, Maria Langham, a wealthy Texas society matron, 11 years his senior.

Nowadays, in almost imploring tones, everyone is demanding to know “why Gable married Sylvia Ashley, anyway.”

It’s as if everyone in the world but Gable knew for sure that his fourth marriage was destined to fail.

A simple truth about William Clark Gable is that he is a notoriously bad judge of women, and he sought a mother substitute rather than a wife in each of the women he married.

Gable fans may scream in protest at the latter statement—after all, for 20 years he has been built up as the rugged, handsome, self-sufficient he-man—but just examine the facts, study them honestly, and you will arrive at the same conclusion: Gable, with only one exception, has always married mature women who could mother him.

His own mother died when he was seven months old. His only memories of her are “a few (Continued on page 64)
The MacRaes wanted a New England farmhouse painted red, but one look at this southern Colonial mansion changed their minds. It has 12 rooms, five baths and a pool heated for year-round swimming.

Portraits of the three children—a Father's Day surprise for Gordon—dominate a wall in the living room. Early American antiques collected by Gordon over a nine-year period reflect his Yankee tastes.

The master bedroom is in a wing by itself and opens onto a patio. Because of its large size, Sheila furnished it as a sitting room by grouping easy chairs for conversation and using strong colors.

NORTH IS NORTH AND SOUTH IS SOUTH BUT

house of MacRae

by Marva Peterson
A few weeks ago the Gordon MacRaes decided to throw a small party to show off their new home. “Nothing very large,” Sheila explained. “Just the Jeff Chandlers, Doris Day and Marty, the Gene Nelsons, and maybe one other couple.”

“Okay with me,” Gordon agreed. “Just let’s keep it down.”

Came party night, and the first dozen guests filled the MacRae driveway to capacity. The car overflow stretched a quarter of a mile down the valley road and the large southern Colonial house was bulging with people.

With the arrival of each guest, three little MacRae heads would pop over the bannister to drink in the newcomer. On this house-warming occasion, Meredith 7, Heather 5, and Gar 3, had been granted special bedtime extensions. They could sit on the top step until the last person arrived. And from experience, the children knew this was a winning game. Whenever Sheila and Gordon MacRae give a party, they start by inviting a few old-time friends and wind up with 30 or 40 more from the Hollywood younger set.

What puzzles Sheila is that “they all turn out to be close friends of ours. And they all simply love to play ‘The Game’.”

“The Game” in Hollywood, in case you don’t know, is charades. The MacRae version is a slight variation of the ordinary game in which one person silently acts out a song title, quotation or slogan. The MacRaes take two teams in separate rooms with an arbiter in the center. The teams enact the same list of charades, and as (Continued on next page)
the members guess one puzzle, the umpire gives them a new one. The game becomes a relay race. The first team to finish the charades list wins the game.

A satisfactory physical set-up for relay charades consists of two large, soundproof rooms with a middle ground for the umpire.

The night of the MacRae house-warming, Sheila figured she and Gordon could use the pine-panelled living room for one team and the dining room with its comfortable Windsor chairs with the foyer in between. As the guests stepped in the front door, Gordy offered each one a playing card, and the teams were chosen according to black and red cards. Some of the crowd, like Jeff and Marge Chandler, brought along a list of tough charades.

The buffet dinner of turkey, ham, fried chicken, sweet potatoes, peas, salad, dessert and coffee was just a prelude to “The Game.” Immediately after coffee, the teams separated, and the race was on. The non-professional actors, being less conscious of dramatics, did as well as the $2,000-a-week players on (Continued on page 87)
Each child's room reflects his own tastes. Meredith's (above) proves how elegant a seven-year-old can be—its exclusive wallpaper is hand-painted.

Bright colors and interesting knick-knacks give the living room a festive air. Hand-made reproductions fill the dining room (at right). Its breakfast once held nuts and bolts in a Pennsylvania hardware store.
Vittorio Gassmann, the Italian actor, swept Shelley off her feet in Italy.
It took a Continental charmer to teach Shelley about love. Now with her heart in Europe, she says, “Farl’s just a pal.”

A man once said: “Shelley Winters is the kind of girl all men would be afraid of but few would run away from.”

He can say that again! What with the number and variety of beaus Shelley’s had during her four years in Hollywood, you get dizzy just counting. But of them all, Farley Granger was the boy Hollywood always thought most likely to succeed matrimonially.

Yet Shelley came back from a six weeks tour of Paris, London, Rome and Israel without a wedding ring. Farley had done double duty as escort and guide on the trip everyone thought would turn out to be a honeymoon.

Most surprising of all, Shelley was bursting with a new romance. Vittorio Gassmann, the Italian actor, had dried her tears as she got on the plane, had filled her arms with yellow roses, had said the romantic things American boys don’t say. He had, in short, swept the volatile Shelley right off her feet and she wanted to tell the world about him!

But when Shelley came down the plane ramp in her Paris clothes to face the photographers and newsmen, everyone asked her the same question: “Why didn’t you marry Farley Granger over there?” And of course it was the very first question I asked her.

Shelley, who wanted to tell of the new love and the new way of living she’d discovered abroad, threw up her hands:

“Farley and I didn’t get married,” she said, “because we were never engaged. That’s why. Before we left I told everyone we weren’t engaged, we weren’t going to marry. Did they believe us? Of course not. We got to New York and the studio had adjoining rooms for us in the same hotel—I guess everyone thought we’d run for a justice of the peace first thing. Farley moved down to another floor. The more we said we were just pals, the more convinced everyone became that we were just trying to stall.”

I said, “You had a ring. You’ve been engaged for two years.”

“You’re wrong,” Shelley protested. “We never have been engaged. Farley gave me a little cocktail ring and Jerry Wald announced we were engaged and I denied it. We’re only good friends. You can’t be good friends and be in love. When you see two people laughing together all the time, sharing things and sharing friends, they’re pals. When they’re always asking for little tables in dark corners and sitting eyeing each other in gloomy silence—that’s love.”

I said, “Tell me honestly, did Farley ever propose?” Shelley debated over that one. “Mmmmm, not really,” Then I asked her the 64 dollar question. “Do you ever intend to marry him?”

Shelley said, “I don’t think so . . . But then, you never know. You know how changeable I am.”

That left a wide loophole for future eventualities. I asked her, “What made love fly out the window?” She countered quickly, “It didn’t—we’re still good friends. He has telephoned me from New York—he knows about Vittorio but it hasn’t made any difference with us. I expect to see him and have good times with him. You see we were never really in love. We tried to be because everyone else thought we should be. But we’ve got something unique—we’re real friends—not many men and women have that. Farley’s the best kind of company and such fun to go out with.”

Shelley admits she’s changeable, her admirers say she’s volatile which is the gay alibi for changing your mind frequently. Sometimes the people who work in pictures with her say she’s a witch and that they’ll never have her in a film again. This means they only stay mad at her until they need her for one of her wonderful sexy roles. Then they kiss and make up to get her back again. But Shelley doesn’t think of herself (Continued on page 93)
He came out of the Bronx like a bullet and hit Hollywood square in the eye. What did he have? Here's the real lowdown on one man in a million.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

What is Tony Curtis really like?

"But what is he really like?" the girl sitting next to me in the club car asked when she discovered I knew Tony Curtis.

"Well," I said, "he's terribly talented but he's undisciplined." Then I told her about the "Inside U.I." show. Once a year, in order to give experience to their younger players, Universal-International presents a group of acts for the press. Tony was all over the place at the last show, but his greatest moment came when he did a scene from All You Need Is One Good Break. Talent and vitality just oozed out of him, almost to excess. He was so eager to please he killed himself. Although there was one boy in the show who was actually better as far as technique went, it was Tony you looked at. He made you look at him. For whatever it is that makes a star Tony has it.

Tony, himself, isn't aware of his abilities. Like all naturals, and Tony is a natural, he knows he wants a lot. "Dear God," he has said aloud, with every nerve in his body quivering, "Dear God, give me one chance."

While they were rehearsing for the "Inside U.I." show the director had to make him stop work. He wanted to keep right on rehearsing. Whatever Tony does he does big. When he took dancing lessons (along with voice, painting and diction lessons) he rounded up a lot of studio executives and gave a dance recital. He just wanted to show them what he could do. When it was over one of the execs said, "Technique he hasn't got, but he makes every other hoofer (Continued on page 89)
A POISED HOSTESS. June meets sophisticates like Rosalind Russell on equal terms, and has finally overcome her extreme nervousness.

PLUCKY LITTLE TROUPER. June is slowly conquering her stage fright, even though she's never forgotten her first, terrifying appearance.

SHE ALWAYS WEARS A SMILE, SHE'S

Hundreds of stories have been written about June Allyson, and the majority of them have been gay and breezy, reflecting her personality. Many a writer, however, has finished an interview with June and gone home feeling puzzled, aware that there was something beneath her laughter that he couldn't quite define, and when he finished his story, he knew he hadn't caught the whole girl. He couldn't know that June's gaiety was a camouflage for her own unhappiness.

To people who have felt that June Ally-
EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPER NOW, she was too scared as a bride to accept housekeeping responsibilities, made many humorous but painful (for her) domestic blunders.

A DEVOTED MOTHER, she is determined to give her children, Pam, and Richard (shown above at his christening) the safe, secure childhood she never experienced herself.

SELF-CONFIDENT AND HAPPY AT LAST, June has finally won the battle against her own fears. The Powell foursome is one of the most contented in Hollywood—and Dick proudly says of June: 'She's a first-rate wife, mother and house mouse!'

HE GAYEST GIRL IN TOWN—BUT FEW SUSPECT THAT NOT LONG AGO, JUNE WAS CRYING HER HEART OUT!

Her innate character is responsible for some of it, and the rest can be chalked up to her childhood. Without pretending a knowledge of psycho-analysis, it is easy to see that a childhood like June’s would not tend to result in secure adulthood. There was no serious lack of material comfort, but there was a lack of love in her early years and the absence of a good home life.

June’s father left their home when she was still an infant. Stranded with no source of income, her mother took a job as an engraver in a printing shop. Of necessity, June was left with relatives while a baby, and left alone when she grew old enough to attend school.

Other children went home from school to warm kitchens and were given cookies and milk by their mothers, but June went home alone to an empty apartment, wishing that she, too, could have a mother waiting for her. She was told about Jack the Ripper and cautioned never to open the door for anyone, and many an afternoon locked herself in the bathroom, trembling with (Continued on page 61)
"He's affected," they say. "Nobody can be that eccentric."

Oh, no? Marlon doesn't even try to be a character—he just is one!

BY STEVE CRONIN

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The average new motion picture star descends on Hollywood like a thunderbolt—or, at least, a visiting Maharajah. He is catapulted into the town from a long sling, released by a dozen husky press agents, or he is lifted from a train at Pasadena by a cheering squad and a brass band. An entrance without such hullabaloo is considered almost indecent.

But consider the case of Marlon Brando. After dawdling around New York nagged by the feeling that he had a date somewhere, Marlon Brando suddenly remembered it was in Hollywood—to make a movie. He walked into the nearest transportation office, took the first accommodation suggested and reached Hollywood a few days later in a coach car, slouched in the seat where he had slept for three nights. By his side was a battered suit case he had borrowed and as the train pulled into the station, he was lunching handsomely on a banana.

At that moment, the publicity department of Stanley Kramer productions was in a dither. Brando was due, but they hadn't heard from him. His agent couldn't help, he didn't know where the actor was, either. So the result was: no catapult, no brass band and no explosion. Marlon Brando got off the train, boarded a bus, rode to the studio, walked into the office and politely asked where he should go to dress for work.

The Kramer organization never got over it. They have told the story time and again, until today when you mention Brando's name in Hollywood, the first thing anyone says is:

"Brando! That guy must be nuts!"

But he is not. Marlon Brando is essentially an intellectual, a serious-minded artist, a talent. But he is childlike in his evaluations. Although he is an actor, there is not a pretentious bone in his body. Whatever he does, he does because he thinks it is the proper thing to do at the moment, and he does nothing for effect or to earn a reputation as a character. In looking back on the events that have taken place during (Continued on page 74)
no phony!

He was only acting in *Streetcar*, but Brando convinced many that he was really portraying himself.
She sat on the edge of the stage like a ragged urchin and she sang "Over The Rainbow" the way only Garland can... 

BY JIM BURTON

One night this winter a typical Broadway character was taking his midnight stroll down New York's main stem when he saw a crowd of a couple of hundred people gathered before the entrance of the Palace Theater in Times Square. Naturally, he joined the throng and, with the rest, peered into the dark lobby of the closed house. After a time he grew restless, so he turned to a neighbor. "What are we all waiting for, Bud?" he asked. "Judy Garland," said the other man. "She ought to be coming out any minute now."

The fellow looked over the crowd which was made up of well dressed, middle-aged folks. They stood quietly, as though waiting for a friend. "This is the wrong place," said the Broadway character. "The actors always come out the stage door around the corner." "Not Judy," said the other man. "She comes out this way every night. I've seen her three times this week." The native shrugged his shoulders and walked away. "I don't get it," he said. "This never happened around here before."

And he was right. It hadn't happened around Broadway before. The stars of the Big Street had for generations sneaked out of the theaters through the back entrances and scurried to waiting cars along dimly-lit alleys. They had dodged the well wishers, not made dates with them.

Almost on the stroke of 12, the front door of the Palace opened and Judy Garland, surrounded by half a dozen of her company, walked through. The crowd surged forward slightly but didn't crush. Judy had a big smile on (Continued on next page)
no more tears for Judy!  continued

her face and as she moved to the curb she acknowledged, with a handshake or a small bow, all the greetings extended her. Someone hailed a cab for her and before she pulled away, Judy waved, blew a kiss and said thanks to everyone. It was a touching but orderly demonstration. And, as the man said, it had never happened on Broadway before.

Judy Garland’s engagement at the Palace Theater in New York proved one thing for certain. You’ll never have to cry for her again. It proved to the people of America that Judy Garland’s talent transcends any entertainment medium; that if, as they say, she can’t work in pictures again, she can play in any hall, tent, barn or on any street corner in the land and be a star. It proved that Judy Garland, at a bare 30, is the one artist of our era who has achieved the stature of the beloved stars of the past generations. She makes them stand up and cheer at an age when most of the others were just getting started.

The road to her triumph has not been easy. It has been rutted with tracings of disgrace, heartbreak, and near scandal.

The days from her tearful departure from MGM to her opening night at the Palace were filled with dread and uncertainty, and illness and loneliness have been with her constantly. How did she make it?

It all began, really, before she left the studio which had been her home for most of her life. Judy’s relations with the front office were, to put it mildly, strained. She had been unable to work regularly in her last three pictures. She was too heavy, always, it seemed, on the starting date of a new film. She couldn’t sleep without sedatives and she had no energy without a daytime stimulant. Everything was wrong with Judy.

While the newspapers had a field day covering the fracas between a major corporation and a small girl, the small girl was almost at the end of her rope. As far as MGM was concerned, it was a purely impersonal matter, but with Judy it was more. She had at stake not only her career but the understanding and friendship of millions of people who had been staunch supporters since she was a kid. Her only hiding place was in the companionship of fellow (Continued on page 83)
HER SHOES . . . AND SHE PACKED THEM IN ON BROADWAY FOR ONE OF THE BIGGEST HITS OF THE YEAR!

Belting "Love Is Sweeping the Country" right into the balcony, a perspiring Judy, in stocking feet, got the rhythm and then she really went to town.

Marlene Dietrich was one of the many glittering first-nighters who came backstage after cheering, weeping, applauding and begging for more. Celebrities jammed the opening, but only Judy Garland was the star.

Surrounded by flowers on opening night, Judy later spent hours reading congratulatory telegrams. She was great—and grateful!
“Won’t you sing something for us?”

I can still see myself, fresh from the hinterlands, standing there at my first cocktail party in New York and feeling my throat tighten up at the request. I didn’t want to sing. I was afraid. Then I told myself I must. As casually as they had asked . . . I must sing. Not just because there was a theatrical producer present who was casting a show at the time, but because I had chosen this fascinating, smart world as my world.

Either I lived up to it at this very moment, or I faded back . . . and out.

I sang. And it was more a personal triumph than a professional one. It was true that Felix Brentano signed me for his musical, Mr. Strauss Goes To Boston, and from this show I went into the movies. But what was more important, I overcame my fear, felt confidence flow into me, and knew that I was no longer the timid, unsure girl my mother had unintentionally raised me to be.

Mother’s heart was full of devotion for me, yet such were her ideas that the teen-age phase of my development was slowed down. I wasn’t permitted to think of makeup, clothes fads were banned, and until I finished high school I had practically no personal liberty.

Mother didn’t think herself old-fashioned in all this. She felt (Continued on page 98)
"I try to get quality in my work and I demand it in my cigarette. **Extra-mild** FATIMAS give me that quality and they cost no more."  

**Jon Whitcomb**

DISTINGUISHED ILLUSTRATOR AND MEMBER OF FACULTY "FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE"

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The girl behind the sunshine

(Continued from page 51) fright until her mother came home.

Her mother worked hard six days a week, and, wearied of the din in the printing shop, sometimes went out during the daytime to the movies. In the evening she left her niece as guardian of the apartment and tucked June into bed before leaving to visit the neighbors, admonishing her to go to sleep. June's cousin was a girl not much older than she, and there was little help to the child lying awake in the small, darkened bedroom. Every creak of the tenement's old boards, every swish of the wind outside the window, would send the small girl to an upright position, straining to see through the blackness and quivering with the fright that only a lonely child can know.

June's only source of companionship was the neighborhood children, and although shy, she had just begun making a few friends when a serious accident happened. A falling tree limb sent her sprawling, fractured her spine and killed the little pup that had been her constant playmate. For a child of eight years, June showed remarkable courage in fusing to accept the doctors' pessimistic outlook. She would walk again, and she did. It was after her discharge from the hospital, back tightly encased in a steel brace that reached below her hips, that she developed an even greater shyness. The brace made her terribly self-conscious among the neighborhood children, with the unconscious cruelty of the young world now regarded June as a freak. They wanted to touch the brace, to see how it was strapped to her body, and June backed away from them with fear in her eyes. For the next few years normal play was impossible for her, and she sat on the front steps, watching the other kids play hopscotch and blind man's buff, aching in her heart because they included always, when in a crowd, she would shy away from people, frightened that they would come in contact with the hard brace and turn to stare at her.

When she was 12 years old she weighed only 42 pounds, but now free of the loathsome brace, she determined to take the doctors' advice and learn to swim, an exercise which might very well strengthen her back muscles. In the public school there was a swimming teacher named Marie Spinoza. Although barely out of her teens, Marie was a sensitive person and realized June's great need for companionship. She devoted much of her time to the younger girl. She was the first real friend June had ever had, and in gratitude she became June's constant companion, learning to swim with such diligence that before long she had won a New York City free-style swimming championship.

The combination of courage, and she went on to learn dancing by religious attendance of Fred Astaire movies. How June broke into show business by accident is one of the stories that has been told best by her mother. June had had such a love of having mastered Astaire's dances that she had to accept the challenge to get into a Broadway show before she was out of high school. When her mother suggested of an acute fright at appearing before an audience. She was proud, certainly, before that opening night, but even though she was to be surrounded by other chorus girls, although she was to be one of many, her heart thumped alarmingly at the mere thought. As it turned out, her fears were well grounded, for that opening night of Sing Out The News provided June with an experience that would have turned most young girls away from the stage forever.

She was 15 at the time, and because she had lied about her age in order to get the job, was in no position to be spotlighted or undergo any inquiries. She had therefore remained what she was, a quiet, scared kid, until then the curtain went up. June was dancing onto the stage with the others, an automation going through her routine with studied concentration. All went well until the end of the dance, when the line of girls started to be scheduled to dance out of the bowels of the stage and there end their number. The line backed, all but June, who became confused and went once more out of the walk of the world. The curtain swung together in back of her and she was left, completely alone, facing a sea of staring eyes.

Being unable to find a separation in a scene, the curtain is a shuttered curtain, even for a seasoned performer, but to a child of 15, it was a situation that warranted a storm of tears. June laughs about it now; her terror has been replaced by the most amusing moments of her life, but if you pin her down she'd admit that it wasn't at all funny. She showed the courage that night that has even made her a top

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used a gaiety as a defense weapon, and soon it seemed that June was almost always in a merry mood. No one knew about the times she went to the other side and stayed up for hours on end, swallowed in the depths of her preoccupation brought on by lack of faith in herself. Everyone found her gaiety infectious and really expected her to do better in a room filled with people, but the cold one could detect a difference. If she was really carefree at the moment, it was pure merriment, bubbling from her personality, but if she was covering herself, she was long fast, too high, and verging on giddiness. People meeting her for the first time were the audience for the latter type, for deep down inside she identified with meeting strangers and always had tended to her public appearances were tinged with it, for it was then that she was camouflaging her fright, straining for a lightness she did not feel. It was surprising by World War II, June was scheduled to appear at a canteen in San Francisco, where she had been visiting the soldiers in hospitals. A friend who had accompanied her stood by stage with June waiting for her to begin and was astonished when June began working her hands in a nervous gesture.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I can't do it," June said. "I can't do it."

"But," said the friend, "you're used to this sort of thing!"

But that June had heard her cue, before going on- stage thrust her hand into her friend's, who was dinnubbed to find it was wringing wet. It was even a greater surprise to peep out from the wings and see her turning all the stage as though she'd been looking forward to the event for weeks.

While working in New York, June had had a board from a good family who was also in show business. Tommy had covered the ropes, told her how to treat business people, took her to good restaurants for dinner, explained the French on the menus, pointed out the waiter in the direct manner with waiters. It was a boost in the right direction and a big help to June who'd had no contact with the grand life. The case was Hollywood alone, hating every minute of the train ride, and unable to bring herself to speak to strangers. After her arrival she rented a small apartment and lived alone. Daytime was a fright, for she was off every day, taking lessons and rehearsing. But the nights were bad. Before many weeks had passed, the neighbors across the hall were surprised by June's knock on their door around midnight. They opened it, found June, whom they know only slightly, standing in the hall with a robe thrown over her pajamas. Her face was pale, her eyes wild.

"I'm—awfully sorry," she said, "but I can't sleep in my apartment, alone. Could I—would I be putting you to any inconveniences if I just curled up here on your couch?"

After a while, the Downings got used to it. Most nights June managed to sleep through the silence, but often she went down the hall after midnight to the neighbor's living room, leaving before they were awake. It was the Downings who insisted that June should have a companion, and they suggested Bees Van Dyke, who remained in the housekeeper until her marriage to Dick Powell.

June was charmed by Dick, who seemed gentle and understanding, but she knew him a long time before she could relax in his company. Often when they were out and laughing together the realization would suddenly cross her mind that this man was Dick Powell, a man so big and important...
I guess that's one of the reasons I love her.'

That last remark managed to hold June together, and she went on trying. With the new house came the responsibility of hiring new help, and June wilted under it. She talked to the secretary of Dick's business manager. "Pat, I wonder if—you suppose you could help me find somebody? I'm not very good at those things. If you can find a few couples and sift out the ones you think would be good, I'll interview them after you."

It was a big plunge for a girl who had collected firewood for the coal stove as a child, who had pressed her own clothes back at the Women's Club in New York, who had always been terrified of the first time she would come face to face with a real-life butler. The fame and fortune of Hollywood is a big plunge for all its successful people who have come from the labor ranks of department stores and factories. But few of them have been handicapped, as was June, by an utter lack of self-confidence, by a conviction that she was unworthy of anyone's love.

She is one of those actresses who is sensitive to others and feels deeply that she can fail to represent the portrayal of a role, but facing people as herself is the most difficult chore in life for her. In the beginning, in Hollywood, she had little faith in her ability and took sincere praise as out-and-out flattery. Years after the accident and the surgery that necessitated shaving her head and stitching her face, she seldom looked in a mirror that tears didn't come into her eyes, and even today she is puzzled when people compliment her on her appearance.

Before her marriage to Dick she had confined herself to a handful of close friends, few of whom were names in the industry and none of whom were in an upper social or financial bracket. With these people she knew she could be herself, without pretension and without airs, but when she became Mrs. Powell and was brought into contact with Dick's friends—all older, influential people, she felt she must act differently. Why or how, she didn't know, but she knew that as Dick's wife she must somehow learn to please them.

In the
march issue—
modern screen's
party-of-the-year
for Hollywood's
most popular stars
with bewitching
liz taylor
on the cover
on sale
february 8

In more than six years of marriage June has gradually come to know that Dick's friends are real, down-to-earth people, despite their exalted place in Hollywood society. She has learned that they have no idea what she had thought she must be. If she wants to let that raucous laugh carom around her own house or somebody else's house, they love it. If she wants to take off her shoes and stand around on the carpet in the middle of the kitchen while she washes the dishes, it's all right; everybody is happy. She represented her house and her home as commercially as she did her business, and everyone was pleased and comfortable.

But once they got to know June they were willing to believe that there was a girl underneath after all. And when they had learned that June hadn't found herself, is beginning to realize that in her own right she is a rather wise and self-reliant person. She has a husband she adores, two wonderful children, a career she loves, and anybody could ask for, and after years of telling herself how lucky she is, she has begun to admit that if she has all these things, there must be a reason for it. It is doubtless that if June had been a little more clear-minded she told herself what a smart cookie she is, but the suspicion has at least entered her mind.

At the party given by June and Dick on their sixth wedding anniversary, and following Ricky's christening, there was no one happier than June. It wasn't so much the anniversary or that her son had been christened, but that Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell, for the first time, had planned and worked on a big Hollywood party all by herself. She had designed the decoration, chosen and hired the musicians. It was a lovely party and everybody said so, and June beamed back at them, feeling that at last she was competent, that the days of bungling things were over.

Two weeks later, she and Dick went to look at a house. It was the first time in their marriage that he had been able to help her, and he was happy. But when they were in new surroundings, and she had agreed with him that their present house was too big and too elegant for their mutual taste. So they got into Dick's convertible and drove down the coast road to Bel-Air until they came to the house they were looking for. It was half the size of their own place, with a cozy look about it, and they both knew that they could build something to June and found she was gone. She emerged a minute later from an adjoining room.

"I've been thinking," she said. "There's a fireplace in that other room, too, and if we could knock down this wall—say from here to there—we'd have a bigger room and a double fireplace. And upstairs we need new closets, and if we could build a little guest house for the help, it'd give us—"

She stopped short, noticing the astonishment on Dick's face.

"What's the matter?" she said.

He put an arm around her waist. "I don't know whether or not you realize it, my girl, but you've emerged as a first-rate mother, wife, and house mouse. And when we do choose a house, I'm going to make you the foreman." Then he bent down and kissed her, right in front of the real estate salesman.

They called her the happy heart, likened her to a sunbeam, said June is the word for happiness, yet all these years she has been concealing one of the heftiest inferiority complexes Hollywood has ever known. It's a great day when June is gay these days, it's purely and simply because she is, in her own mind, confident, happy, and secure. The East

(You can see June Allyson in Metro's The Girl In White—Ed.)
MAKE NEVER-FAIL FUDGE IN 15 MINUTES

Philly" fudge
You make it with Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese

Place the cheese in a bowl and cream it until soft. Slowly blend in sugar. Add melted chocolate. Mix well. Add vanilla, salt and pecans; mix until well blended. Press into a well-greased pan. Place in the refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares. (For a slightly softer fudge blend in 1 teaspoon of cream.)

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Kraft Kitchen, Dept. D-2—Box 6567—Chicago 77, III.
Please send me the Philly Fudge recipe booklet.
is gable's love life jinxed?

(Continued from page 41) pictures which show what a very fine-looking woman she was.

Gable was raised by his grandparents until he was four when his father, an oil man, married Jennie Dunlap. Gable, Sr. moved the family to Hopedale, a small community some miles to the east of Cadiz, Ohio; and it was here that Clark spent his youth.

His step-mother, whom he idolized, died when he was 15, and the boy was without a mother again.

Gable very rarely talks about his youth, and this is understandable, because it wasn't a very happy time. What he likes to talk about is the tender, loving stepmother whom he once described as "the tenderest human being I have ever known."

The night she died, her stepson's youth died with her; ever since, he has had only the memory of her loneliness and a sub-conscious desire to re-create her image in the women he later married.

Gable's professional career is undoubtedly one of the most successful any actor has ever enjoyed, but his personal life continues to be tinged with tragedy. He continues to seek the perfect combination of mother-wife. He found her once in the form of Carole Lombard, but here death snatched away. It is highly doubtful if he will ever again discover Carole in any other woman.

He is not through looking, however, and despite his protestation: "It will be a long time before I get married again, if ever," the chances are that Gable will some day take his wife, because he knows he can't live alone.

A few years ago Gable was asked what sort of women he preferred. "I like the sophisticated." he admitted. "The sophisticated woman is more interesting. She has more to offer. She has had experience with life and men. She has seen more, heard more and is consequently more amusing."

For as long as I can remember, the demure little girl is a very dull proposition. Give me the older woman who knows what it's all about.

As a psychiatrist would point out, there lies implicit in this statement the sublimated desire for a mother-substitute.

There is nothing shameful or unmanly about a young-up male who seeks a mature woman to provide him with the mother-love he went without as a child. Unless you understand that, there is no possibility of understanding Clark's various marriages and actual divorces.

Put yourself in his position when he was 15. Here's a poor boy with a grade school education who doesn't want to work on his father's farm at Ravenna, 60 miles north of Hopedale.

Instead, he gets in touch with Andy Means, a chum from Hopedale, and against his father's wishes, he packs his straw suit, some sandwiches, and sets out for Akron seeking a job.

In Akron, he goes to work in the Firestone plant modeling treads on tires. He also attends night school, and on one occasion, he is seen in his first play, Bird of Paradise. Fascinated by the theatrical life, he takes a non-salaried job as call-boy.

But soon his money runs out, and in another town, he has to go to work in the Oklahoma oil fields, young Gable joins him and signs on as a tool dresser at $12 a day.

This is more money than the youngster has ever earned in his life, but he's unhappy. He has no one to turn to, no woman to whom he can explain his newfound enthusiasm for the theater, his new passion for acting, his desperate hunger for show business.

What does he do? He leaves the oil fields and joins the Juvenile Players, a tent-show company where he drives the stables in the morning, plays the cornet in the band before the show starts and then hurries to dress up and become an actor.

"Of course, we went broke," Gable recalls. "The final blow came in Butte, Montana. It was March and as cold as Greenland. I knew nothing about mining, and no one would give me a job. I didn't have a cent for railroad fare.

"One night I talked to some hoboes. They told me there was a freight train going through that night to Oregon. I hopped it, and it was just my luck that it happened to be a fast fruit train. Every car was sealed. I had to lie flat on top of the car hanging on as best I could. I've never been in such a prospect before.

"In Oregon, Gable went to work as a lumberjack, a hop picker, a necktie salesman, and a member of the Portland Oregonian's circulation department. He also fell in love. The girl's name was Franz Doerfler, and she lived in Portland. She is never mentioned in any of his biographies, but she was his first sweetheart.

As a matter of fact, if Clark hadn't been accused by a deluded young woman of having fathered her child, it is highly doubtful if he would ever have learned about Miss Franz Doerfler. For Gable, ever the gallant, has always been extremely secretive about his love-life.

WHO'RE YOU FOOLING?

I adore Pat's family, which consists of one mother, one father, one brother, one sister. When I get mad, I pull a line he loves: "I'm going home to mother — which shows how mad I get. He never gets mad — not at me, anyway. After more than four years together, I can't think when we've really been happy." --- Delia Langham's article is based on the open deal, openly arrived at. Whatever's on my mind I tell Pat, and he does the same with me, so there's no need to worry about anything coming between us."

One of these was his mother. Which shows how mad I get. He doesn't have me fooled, because I think nothing's wrong with him. There just is nothing wrong with him." — Mona Freeman

In 1937, however, a Canadian girl began writing Clark, accusing him of being the father of her child. The girl's name was Delia Langham. Later, she elaborated on the details, explaining that she had given birth to her daughter in 1922 "when Clark Gable was with my mother."

Clark realized early in the game that the girl was a bit off her rocker, and promptly turned her letters over to the proper authorities. "I preferred to let the law take its course," he said, "but the U. S. Attorney asked me to testify on behalf of the Government. They felt they had a good extortion case and didn't want to risk it.

In his testimony, the handsome actor swore that in 1922 he was broke and living in Oregon. He said there were persons who could substantiate this.

He gets his first break in a New York production of The Oregon. He's given the part of a SHY SUITOR."

In 1935. Clark took a flying trip down to South America where he was mobbed by his fans in the streets. He traveled on board a steamship where he engaged in a small romance with a dancer named Della Carrol.

When the boat docked and Gable was asked about the romance, he said, "I'm sorry, but I don't remember by that name. Did you say Della Carrol?"

Gable always denies romances. He also denies separations, divorces and romantic entanglements.

Miss Carrol, however, wasn't sufficiently acquainted with Clark's ways, and when reporters told her that Clark couldn't even recall her name, she was hurt. "I certainly think that he could say anything like that," she complained. "Of course he knows my name. The ship's purser introduced us. Clark called me Della at first. Afterwards when we got to know each..."
MAUREEN O'HARA... beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl, one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Maureen O'Hara uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

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When Maureen O'Hara says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Maureen O'Hara, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
other, he called me Irish. Maybe he doesn't want the publicity. I don't blame him. I'm not mad. Just hurt. I still think, though, that he's the most divinely handsome man over my way... a marvelous lover. But from here on, he'll have to run after me. It's foolish for a girl to pursue a man, even a man like Clark who spoils you for other men.

Clark didn't run after Dela one bit. When he landed in New York, he told reporters that he had separated from his second wife, Mrs. Maria Gable, and that his divorce was not the first to be granted to a woman in the world to live with," he gallantly confessed. "And I admit it, Sometimes I wonder how I get along with myself. Eight weeks ago when I left for South America I knew this separation was coming. We've made a property settlement. There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

He said in 1935, Mrs. Gable said it repeats itself! In 1951, he told reporters concerning his divorce from Sylvia Ashley, "There's absolutely no animosity between Mrs. Gable and myself but there's no chance for a reconciliation."

There is never any animosity between Gable and his wives, but somehow, they always wind up in long legal fights.

In 1936, when Clark started to go around with Carole Lombard, he filed suit in Superior Court against Maria Gable for interpretation of a property settlement. Gable said in his complaint that it was made before they got married, in 1935 providing for a division of community property. "But recently," Gable told the court, "Mrs. Gable informed me that she refused to be bound by the agreement and intends to breach it."

The story about Gable's second wife is that while Clark was still a relatively unknown stage actor in New York, she had introduced him to the right people. She is even credited in some sources with having gotten Clark his first Metro raise from $300 to $500 a week. Anyway, they were married in 1932, and Clark signed his first Hollywood contract. The marriage lasted only four years, but Mrs. Gable would not give Clark a divorce until 1939. They were separated for four years, and according to intimates, Clark offered half a million dollars on his second bride before she would give him his freedom to marry Carole Lombard, who was really the great love of his life.

In December of 1938, Gable said that he had already paid $286,000, and had asked her to get a divorce. Not until March of the following year, however, did the second Mrs. Gable make her move.

After she left for Las Vegas, Clark announced that "Mrs. Gable and I enjoyed a fine life together until the time arrived when further happiness was not possible. My wife has been extremely cooperative in all respects of the property settlement. Both of us were upset and shocked at the rumor that I intended to get the divorce. Never did such a thought enter my mind and the rumor was most offensive."

Undoubtedly, Gable will issue a similar statement after he and Sylvia Ashley finalize their divorce tonight. But the statements, on the basis of the record, have very little identity with the state of Gable's true feelings.

It is no secret, for example, that ever since last year he has considered Sylvia's allowance demands "grossly unfair."

In Nevada only recently, however, he told a reporter, "Sylvia is one of the finest women. Gable's I've ever met. She's charming, intelligent, well-bred. I'm sorry it had to end this way. It's just that we believe in two different patterns of life. The reason I filed a complaint in Nevada is that when things are over, I like them to be over."

Among friends at a small dinner party one evening, Jack Benny offered to read a particularly interesting letter from a G.I. he'd entertained on his recent tour of the Korean battle front. He settled a pair of glasses on his nose, started to read, then frowned. "What?" asked Benny, and pulled out another pair of specs from his pocket. "Wait a minute, Jack," said Van Johnson, "what do you need the two pairs for?" "Those?" asked Benny. "Oh, they're the glasses I wear around Tom Neill!"
modern screen fashions

in hollywood
modern screen fashions in hollywood

Joanne Dru checks in at the 20th auto gate—stops to chat with officer Andy Cooney about her two latest pictures *The Return Of The Texan*, with Dale Robertson, and *The Pride Of St. Louis*, with Dan Dailey. Joanne's trim *hand-washable* skirt and blouse costume is by Junior Vues. The sleeveless blouse has a *club*, collar, tri-pocket trim and is closed with ocean pearl buttons (pink-edge bottom finish). The full circle skirt has a six yard sweep—side zipper. Blouse: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Mintgreen, white, pink, blue, maize. $3.95. Skirt: Birdseye piqué or crease resistant butcher rayon. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16. Forest green, black or navy. $7.95.

*Nylon Hosiery by Rivoli*
Twentieth's red-haired singer, Helene Stanley, hurries along to Women's Wardrobe for a fitting on her clothes for *Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie*, a Technicolor picture starring Jean Peters and David Wayne. Helene's pure silk printed surah dress with keyhole neckline, wing cuffs and jet button trim is taffetized for crispness and *that whispering rustle*. Sizes 7 to 15. Coral, turquoise, lilac or antique gold background. $17.95. By Prestige Juniors.

*THESE DRESSES MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM LANSBURGH & Bro., 7th, 8th & E Streets, N. W., Washington 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON ON PAGE 72.*
ON THE JOB CLOTHES
PLAY A LEADING ROLE

The thermometer says 86°, but Joyce MacKenzie finds real honest-to-goodness snow in a far corner of 20th's lot, and stops to chat with Dale Robertson who stars in The Outcasts Of Poker Flat. Joyce's dress, by Kay Windsor, of pima broadcloth has contrast cuff, collar and belt facing—the full-swing skirt is cut to be worn, if desired, over a full petticoat. Sizes 10 to 20. Navy with lime trim; purple with lilac trim; grey with shocking pink trim; or brown with burnt orange trim. $8.95. You'll see Joyce soon in 20th Century-Fox's The Model And The Marriage Broker.

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7TH, 8TH & E STREETS, N. W., WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON ON PAGE 72.
Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother—says this charming Hollywood star!

"Be Lux Lovely" says Diana Lynn

Such easy beauty care," says Diana Lynn. "I just smooth Lux soap's active lather well into my skin." Lux active lather cleanses entirely, thoroughly.

"A warm water rinse, a dash of cold. That quick, my skin feels softer, smoother." Nothing like daily Lux care to bring new beauty. Screen stars depend on it!

"Lux care really works. It makes my skin look lovelier." Why don't you try this beautifying care Diana Lynn recommends... see how easy it is to be Lux-lovely.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap. They know its gentle care makes skin really lovelier—so soon! Try it. Discover that life's lovely—when you're Lux-lovely!
CREAM HAIR DRESSING

makes your hair behave!

For that neat natural look, rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on the ends of your hair, along the part, and at the temples.

Hair Dry and Brittle?
For quick relief rub a few drops of new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those stiff ends. Presto, they feel soft, and manageable!

Scalp feel tight, dry?
Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp. Notice how quickly it relaxes...feels oh-so-good!

Want a feminine hair dressing?
Remember, new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It's not sticky, not greasy. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry hair, to give it more body, make it behave. Delicately perfumed.

P.S. For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans, try new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.

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If you live in Wash., D. C., taxable area add 2% tax.
ON THE JOB CLOTHES
PLAY A LEADING ROLE

Enroute to the set of her new Technicolor picture, Lydia Bailey, with Dale Robertson, Anne Francis stops to chat with the gardener and admire 20th's famous nursery. Anne's imported linen coat dress with contrast trim has a diamond-shaped neckline, brief set-in sleeves, full skirt and buttons—neckline to hem. The linen is telalized for crease resistance. Size 10 to 18. Navy, green, shrimp or aqua with white contrast trim. $17.95. By Henry Rosenfeld.

THIS DRESS MAY BE PURCHASED IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM LANSBURGH & BRO., 7TH, 8TH & E STREETS, N. W., WASHINGTON 4. D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON ON PAGE 72
Lucky you, when you discover new Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo! For it's not just a liquid, not just a cream... it's a combination of the best of both.

Leaves hair curl-inviting!
Soapless—contains soothing lanolin... washes hair without drying away natural oils... leaves it gleaming, manageable... so curl-inviting that it's a snap to set.

Lathers in hardest water!
Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo foams into a creamy lather that cuts grease and grime... works down to the scalp for deep-down cleansing... floods away dandruff.

No special rinse needed!
Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo rinses away in hot or cold water... leaves hair alive with sparkling highlights without a special rinse. It's right for your hair... good for your hair, whether it's dry or oily, wiry or baby-soft.

Soapless Sudsy... Lanolin Lovely!

P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

(Continued from page 52) Marlon Brando's three trips to Hollywood, this may seem hard to believe, but it is a fact.

Before he ever came to Hollywood Marlon Brando was a character, according to Broadway folk. Before he won his starring role in A Streetcar Named Desire he lived a nomadic existence in New York, flitting from one end of town to the other on a whim, and he seldom had a definite residence. To him, clothing was something to keep you warm or covered. As adornment, it was a theatrical prop. If he met a man or a family he liked, he would often not move in and stay awhile. And if he found himself in company he didn't like, he would rise, leave the room and the house without a word, and never come back.

Hollywood had been after Marlon Brando for a long time before Stanley Kramer finally signed him for The Men. Agents and producers would drop backstage at the theater and outline a project and Marlon would listen solemnly. But instead of giving an answer, if he didn't like the picture (he usually didn't), he would change the subject—so that it was impossible to negotiate with him. When he was asked about the Kramer movie, he listened politely and said he would do it. And he wouldn't talk about it any more except to discuss the starting date.

Kramer is a great believer in preparation for a movie, but Marlon stunned him with his ideas on the same subject. Many people thought it was a publicity stunt, but it wasn't. Marlon asked if he had time to study the paraplegics (he was to play one) before shooting started. Kramer said yes, so Marlon walked out of the office, stating he would be back on the day rehearsals were to start. A day or so later, the producer was astonished to learn that Marlon had checked into the Veterans Hospital in Van Nuys and was living with the patients. During his stay there, he refused to move any more than a paraplegic could.

Most of the stories that have been told about Marlon Brando have been humorous, mainly because they involve erratic behavior. But the humor was always unintended on Marlon's part. It is doubtful that he has ever deliberately attempted a practical joke for the purpose of publicity. But when the funny side of one of his escapades has been explained to Brando, he has laughed heartily, as though he were hearing about the incident for the first time—and it involved someone else.

Marlon was born. That is generally all the information an interviewer lucky enough to get hold of him can verify. He has said he was born in Siam, where his father was a wealthy French planter, and it has been printed and believed. Actually, he was born in Libertyville, Illinois. His education was a messy matter because Marlon never liked to have others select the nature, time or place of his studies. After stumbling through grade school, he was too old out of a couple of high schools before he decided to do away with formal education forever. Because he was a husky lad, proud of his physique, he set out to become a stunt digger and work the livelong day in the open air.

But his father had different notions. He offered to take Marlon to any kind of specialized education he chose. After giving it a bit of thought—and no doubt being influenced by one of his sisters who was stage-struck—Marlon chose acting. He was promptly shipped off to New York to study dramatics under the aegis of Stella Adler.
Although Marlon Brando contends that acting is a craft that must be learned, not merely taught, and that it is as important to study as a young athlete, his managers have disagreed. First in trying to make him a star in pictures, some other film would have. And if The Men hadn’t made him a star in pictures, some other film would have.

Upon Arrival in Hollywood, Marlon became a property of MCA, the most plush management agency in town. Marlon has never been in their offices, but the company assigned a young man named Jay Cantor to him. Last week Jay looked up Brando and was horrified to learn that he had no address. He slept wherever weather called and last night he slept on a curb. When the studio called and asked if he would be interested in playing a part in a movie that day, Jay Cantor phoned and asked him for his address. When Jay arrived at the house, he was surprised to find that the house was a small apartment in a downtown hash house. That made no difference to Marlon. He liked her.

Young Cantor found himself performing rather odd services for Marlon. There was the time, for instance, when the studio had called and asked him if he would like to play the part of a young man who was killed in a car accident, but Marlon had decided to go barefoot for awhile and couldn’t remember where he had put his shoes. Jay suggested that they buy him another pair—other pairs, he said. "Why would it be a waste since the missing shoes were still in pretty good shape and he didn’t mind going barefoot until they showed up."

While studio publicity people apparently had a wonderful source of live copy in Brando, they also had their headaches with him. When he got a part in a movie and was going to be an actor, Marlon said, "I’m not working. I’m not a man. If you want to do an interview, just tell me where you want me and I’ll be there in twenty minutes and I’ll talk about anything."

On the Aaron Slick from Punkin Creek set, Martha Stewart was discussing a certain well-known Hollywood actor and playwright, who gives every girl the once-over: "You say an actor, "he takes ‘em out once and it’s all over."

Living quarters have always been something of a problem to Marlon in New York. Landlords don’t care to rent to him because of his passion for playing Bongo drums at all hours of the night. There is an ad in the Saturday Review of Literature asking for an apartment, which read: "Wanted: an apartment—any old thing." Marlon a little while ago wrote a note to a girl on a chair, gets the drums out, turns off the floor and in a tiny flicker of a candle beats the skins into the wee hours of the morning. When the evening is over, he considers he has been an entirely considerate and entertaining host.

There are a hundred other tales of Marlon Brando’s eccentricities, but all do they is confuse the portrait of the man because they are not understood. Within himself Marlon Brando is not an unusual person at all. He lives by a strict code, which forbids smoking and drinking. He either likes or dislikes a person, seldom in between. He has been known to give his overcoat on a bitter cold day to a stranger without one—and to go the rest of the way home cold. He never goes around to buying another.

The elaborate accommodations generally prepared for a star on location are wasted on Marlon. During the filming of Zapata at Arizona, Marlon was at the very edge of most of the time and ate with the grips.

With the exception of a young comedienne named Wally Cox, Marlon Brando has no interest in girls. He has no interest in respect for Elia Kazan, but Cox is his only pal. They share an apartment in New York, but that is just the starting point from which to go. His other friends are numerous but not fully accepted. Marlon drops in on them unexpectedly at any hour of the day or night and will stay, without invitation, for an hour, a day, or a month, depending on his enjoyment. In the matter of money, Mr. Brando is entirely without responsibility. His income is huge, but he never sees it. The checks are sent to his father who invests the money in the firm which Marlon has never seen. This is a boy is given $150 a week on which to live—and he generally spends it in an hour or so after he has received it. It was at one point that until he gets his next check, he goes out and buys what he meets. This is not due to a chiseling nature, but to the fact that money means absolutely nothing to him—and he thinks everyone else feels the same.

Marlon Brando is an avid student of acting. His main interest is the theater—at the moment he is studying everything that momentarily appeals to him from tinsmithing to psychology. He is a good talker, but rarely proves it. And he is an expert on clothes. It is used that is unfamiliar to him, he promptly asks the full and definite meaning. If it can’t be given, he gets a dictionary and looks it up. When he reads he becomes so absorbed that the material that a gun could be fired in the same room and he probably wouldn’t hear it.

Although he is the epitome of male animal, Marlon Brando is an entirely opposite in person. He has the physique you see in pictures, but the camera does something to his face to make it hard. Actually, his face is small, his features sensitive and for that very reason handsome. His tremendous shyness is evident in his off-screen manner. He is quick to laugh heartily and quick to cry.

When dinnertime is he at house he takes one look at a plate of fried chicken and, although there were four of us at the table, proceeded to polish it off as though it were the last meal before he left. He believes that the rest of us sat and watched fascinated, not daring to have another piece for fear we’d break the spell of his enjoyment. If he feels taking a bit of expansion might become too much, he will deviate from a pair of bathing trunks and run through the city or countryside for 10 miles. If he falls temporarily in love with a craft, he will devote his every waking hour to it. And when he sees a girl he really likes, he will never leave her side until driven away.

It is the carefully considered opinion of producers such as Stewart and Horne, that Marlon Brando is the finest, most vital actor to come to films in any years. When A Streetcar Named Desire was premiered, most of the stars requesting tickets had seen the picture once or twice before. But Marlon wanted to see Brando act again. His work is, according to the experts, inspired and technically flawless—an unusual situation, in Hollywood.

He will be back in Hollywood again to make more pictures, but until then he will be remembered well for his last act here. Walking into the ticket office of the Los Angeles airport, Marlon Brando asked to buy a ticket. He happened to be a raccoon in his arms, he asked for two tickets. The clerk pointed to the pet and asked what it was. A friend of ours recognized Marlon, "I want one of the tickets for him."

The clerk said the line didn’t carry animals, and for an hour, Marlon stood there, holding up the line, while he attempted, without success, to persuade the vice president that the raccoon was actually human. He did it, but the brass of the line said nix—so Marlon took the train.

You can take Marlon Brando or leave him. Just don’t sell him short. There is no subterfuge in him and he does not try to be a character. He just is one. Period.
love those neighbors

(Continued from page 38) Steffans' new home, Geary was sitting on a neighbor's lawn. He wore a ragged T-shirt, blue jeans and no shoes, and looked about as far removed from a movie star's husband as a man could get. Traffic seemed heavier than usual on our street, and we finally realized that a curious public was looking the place over. Geary seemed to get a big bang out of the situation, grinning and wiggling his toes in delight every time another head popped out of another car window.

On moving day, it looked as though everybody the Steffans had ever known had enlisted to help. Like many young folks they did the moving themselves, and although they had bought a lot of furniture from the Jacobs, they still had many things to bring over from their old apartment. Cars went in and out of the driveway all day long, and while Geary helped unload the heavy pieces, Jane directed the pieces to different rooms.

Then the neighborhood waited for the housewarming that was sure to follow. Probably they did have one, but nobody heard it. The Steffans' parties are simple affairs, small dinner parties or gatherings in the front room with the shades drawn.

I can truthfully say that I go through life trying my best not to hurt anyone. That includes myself.

Lana Turner

The first few weeks in the house, Jane and Geary were in a fever of activity. They both appeared in the garden bright and early, armed with all sorts of garden tools and flat boxes of cuttings. That went on for quite a while and then they gave up the battle of the weeds and hired a gardener. Geary showed up one Sunday morning, lugging a brush and a bucket of paint and started on the picket fence that lines the front of their property. At noon Janie whistled him in for lunch, and that was the end of Geary's noble gesture.

They've had a big to-do with that fence. There'd never been a gate to the driveway, but it became necessary when Paper began wandering all over the county. The Steffans found an old gate in the back yard and planned to attach it to the fence, but some Sunday friends got at it first with blue and red paint. One picket stayed white, the next was painted red, the next blue, and the name of either Jane or Geary was written on each in contrasting color. It was promptly hitched to the fence, but too short for a full gate, and too long to allow a big car to pass into the driveway. As a result, whenever a big car made the turn from our narrow street, a fender would remove one more picket.

"We've just got to do something about that fence," Jane kept telling us. But then the Steffans are busy people, and there isn't much time for that sort of thing. The neighbors have one complaint about Jane, when she is home. She doesn't sing often enough. It's wonderful to hear her trilling up and down scales, and even her practicing sounds lovely. The minute she starts, half the windows in the neighborhood are thrown open. I remember one of the rare days when she sang, a couple of high school boys were working on our front lawn, and when they finished the job, they asked if they could sit on the front steps and just listen.

We've had a problem with visiting relatives in the neighborhood, for when they find out that Jane Powell lives in the same block they're always trying to...
I guess most people in the neighborhood made up their minds not to throw themselves at the Steffans, but to let the newcomers start the conversation. We're all, I think, too embarrassed to ask the movie people to have trouble keeping their privacy. So it happened that the first time I saw them, I was possibly a bit rude. I was in the back yard, my hair up in curlers and a disreputable old sweater thrown over my shoulders, when I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Steffan in their own garden. I knew they were our neighbors and I had phoned them earlier that day, telling them they wouldn't want to recognize me that way, but I realized later that they had wanted to open a conversation that day. Well, the "enormous young man I have ever known. It isn't easy for a young man who has just begun a career in insurance to marry a glamorous established actress, but Geary seems to do quite well in the situation. When Jane has been tired from overwork and climbed on her high horse, her husband has been known to damn her quite absolutely. Well, I'm already, incidentally, probably the friendliest young man I have ever known.

After a concert which Ezio Pinza, the famous basso, sang in St. Joseph, Mo., Germaine came gushing up to him and greeted him affectionately. "Mr. Pinza, I certainly enjoyed your singing. Why, I stood through the entire concert."

"I know how you feel," said Pinza.

Their son, of course, has made it even more perfect. From the beginning they were both tremendously excited about the prospect of being a concert couple. They took long walks every evening after dinner, stopping to chat with the neighbors. "We want six children; don't we, dear?" Jane used to say. And when Geary would look dubious, Jane would laugh at our foolishness and say, "Well—four anyway." She sat to the side of the pool, her lap filled with yarn, knitting away on tiny things for the baby. As a matter of fact, she swam every day, and her doctor's suggestion, a thing which frightened all the older women in the neighborhood. We didn't know about it until the exclamations of our dogs ran into the Steffans' yard and got into the columns of the local papers. The owner of the intruding dog went in to get him and found Jane in the pool, terrified of the swarming ants.

"Would you like me to get somebody to separate them?" asked the woman.

"Oh, please!" Jane said. "I'd appreciate it—I'm afraid they'll knock me down if I get out of the pool, and I've had my swim."

The neighbor stared at her in disbelief. "You want me to give you a swim?"

Janie smiled. "Of course. It's good for me."

"Well, I never!" said the neighbor, and wound the report to the rest of us.

After the baby was born, you can tell we had a new air of authority. "It's a boy!" he announced proudly to everyone. But his enthusiasm didn't match Janie's when she first heard the news. "I'll wait until we have another one," she said.

We've all seen the baby since that time, of course, and he's a handsome little fellow. Jane grows embarrassed when we handle her offspring, but you can tell she's pleased. I guess it's a good thing she was given all of those seven showers, because every single garment she made with her own hands turned out to be too small by the time she tried them on. "I'll know better with the next one," she says. "I'll begin using them as soon as the baby's hands are off the hospital."  

When Geary Steffan III was about two months old, Jane went east on a concert tour and took the baby with her. "They grow so fast at this time," she said, "and I don't want to see his fingers over his eyesides, he recognizes me now, and he might forget me if I was away from him for any length of time."

She promised to meet her back East when the tour was finished and escort her around Manhattan on a fling, and Jane was thrilled. "I've only been in New York to work," she told me, "and this will be the first real fun I've ever had.

She told us their friends were free to use the pool while they were away, and knowing the Steffan friends are legion, we were not surprised by noisy swimming parties. But we were a bit apprehensive. Not a soul showed up on two of the Sundays, and the rest saw only three or four couples spending a quiet afternoon around the pool.

I guess you could sum it up by saying that no one could ask for better neighbors. They're friendly but not overpowering, they're more interested in their own little considerate friends, and they have a baby that neither our neighbors—or at least we can't hear him if he does. They're quiet, but at the same time we're provided with a show that goes on almost perpetually. The young couples, sleek Cadillacs, beautiful clothes, and what's more important, I suppose, the sight of a boy and girl who are very much in love.

**The End**

**what's wrong with the grangers?**

(Continued from page 37) Jean is used to spending her own money.

Mr. Granger, wanting to give his bride the luxurious home every girl dreams of, fell into a trap of shooting the future bankroll by buying, among other things, a palace. Stewart has $150,000, plus a new $15,000 playroom sunk, and I use the word deliberately, into the three-bel Air plane, opulent Georgetown town, and you use that word deliberately too—by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. It is reported that MGM loaned Stewart the big slice of his salary over a period of five years. There isn't much salary left after taxes, agents' fees and down payment repayment.

So as I write this story, the very day (they married December 20th) after Mr. Grang-er carried his bride over the threshold of the brave new world, they areB. happily to sell the financial white elephant, for something more in keeping, with the actual size of their combined motion picture incomes and pocketbooks. If we never could afford the furniture for the first-floor bedrooms, dining room, dining room, library, den and guest rooms. We literally camp out in two rooms. With what the swimming pool and the grounds are, even getting help, we just don't want a big house, Jean says rudely.

That plus the error of attempting to keep the tables turned, Cooper and William Powell era at $4,000, they have their money when taxes were low, sent Jean scurrying around on her off days from Androcles And The Lion to find a cottage for two. She knew, they hope, without the droppers-in who flock to the swimming pools of their supposedly wealthy friends on Sunday afternoons.

"They don't only come to swim and play," complains Jean bitterly, "but they expect to be fed and supplied with drinks. We found a cute little two-bedroom house in Provincetown, we were going to buy it over the weekend, but no more gone. When I finish Androcles And The Lion, I'm going on a small house hunt until Jimmy completes Saramouche. Then we go to the Neapolitans for a holiday, and to New York, where we'll stay with Gladys and Geary. I hope the big house will be sold while we're away."

I hope so too. Because right from the start, and there was a lot for them. When I saw them that day in the drug store, they seemed a million miles away from the honeymoon couple they were supposed to be. After the addition to the millions. Jean had a headache, and the best man Michael Wilding, who was their house guest, failed conspicuously as anapsept.

"Our pots and pans and linens which were supposed to arrive from England, didn't." Stewart told me while Jean leaned her head wearily on the counter. "So we can't cook a thing and have to sleep on beds without sheets, and no towels to dry our hands." Their honeymoon breakfast was a sandwich over the cold counter! I remember Jean's delight when Howard Hughes bought her contract, which had 77
3 months to go, from the British pro-
ducers who 'owned' her. "It means I can
work in Hollywood and I won't be parted
from Jimmy," Jean sighed ecstatically. The
Devil who hates Cupid, must have laughed
aloud at that point, because right away,
Granger was sent to Idaho and Oregon to
shoot scenes for *The Wild North Country*,
then to Italy and Africa for *The Light
Touch*, then to San Francisco for *Savva-
mouse*. And for all his loving wife saw
of him, she might just as well have been
back in England working for Rank.

To make matters much worse, she sat
around for nine months moping at home,
and feeling terribly homesick for England
where she was rated a big star, while her
Androcles picture waited and waited to
start production. "I used to be so lonely
in that big house while Jimmy was away," she
said. "I'm sure there would be no
problem worth reporting today, if Jean
had been able to start work immediately
after the marriage, as her husband did.
The wait nibbled huge chunks from her
self-confidence, which left her wide open
for Granger's constant criticism.

I want to make it clear that Stewart is
fundamentally a kind man, and I repeat,
he is in love with his wife. I believe this
is the reason for his critical attitude
toward her. It's like a mother wanting her
Johnny to look his best when company
comes. And, because she is over-anxious,
little Johnny is a little stinker.

Jean is only 22, 17 years younger than
her husband, but she is nobody's fool. She
tries her darndest to live up to her hus-
band's conception of what his wife should
look like, sound like, and be like. But
everything she does, he can do better. This
is a fact. Even cooking. Jean makes no
attempt at culinary perfection. But Stew-
art is a heck of a fine chef. And he tries,
quite patiently, to teach Jean how—espe-
cially on weekends when the help is away.

Granger is a good athlete from way
back. He swims like a fish. Jean just
swam period. Jimmy has now begun
her past the breast stroke. He taught her
how to drive a car. He taught her how to
tell lines. She is always the pupil; he is
always the teacher. Jean is a little humble
admits she has no clothes sense, and meek-
ly asks his advice on what to wear.

It isn't possible that one man can know
so much and one attractive charming wom-
an so little, and never move a hair.

*Continued*
Jim went out into the new neighborhood looking for work. One day he wandered into Hollywood and learned that the movie studios hired painters. He got himself a job at a good wage, but the commuting distance proved too great for the little Ford and soon the family moved to Hollywood across the street from Paramount. It was real elegant living. The street was nice and to Alan's delight their home was right next to a fire station.

Alan was beginning to grow up. He was a tough, wiry kid who loved to fight. If another boy was too big, Alan took him on anyway—and to make up for the difference in size, he'd perch atop a pal's shoulders and whale away at his opponent.

At night, after the studio workers had gone home, Alan would scale the fence and wander through the sets, dreaming of the magic that went on there. He walked the very streets he now drives over in the company's finest limousine, never imagining that one day he'd be the biggest money-making star in the history of that very company.

By the time Alan Ladd was 10 the depression hit California like a drought. Studio work, for his stepfather, was hard to get and couldn't be depended on to support the family. Everyone had to pitch in. Alan got up at four in the morning to clean and sweep out a confectionery store in the neighborhood for a dollar a week. The job was all right, but Alan's employer made his life miserable by trying to prove he was stealing candy.

Jim Beaver tried to find other employment and often had to supply his own equipment and materials on a job that paid him as little as three or four dollars. The three immigrants found the going pretty rough and were forced to move constantly because they got behind in the rent.

A windfall came to them one day when a man offered to buy the Beavers' lot and garage in South Pasadena. It gave Alan his first contact with big money.

Mrs. Beaver and Alan went to South Pasadena to close the sale and collect the money. This accomplished, she found herself frighteningly far from home with $1100 cash in her purse. It terrified her and this feeling was picked up by Alan. All the way home on a street car, Mrs. Beaver was positive they were being followed and would shortly be robbed and murdered. When they got off the trolley, she hit upon an idea. She took Alan into a small waiting room and stuffed the bills into the pouched knees of his knickers. Now the safety of their money rested with him—and he didn't like it.

It was a mile from the trolley stop to home and, upon the advice of his mother, Alan walked ahead, whistling and kicking at rocks like a small boy at play. And so they made it to safety, alive and unrobbed. To this day Alan Ladd doesn't like to carry money.

During the trying years of the depression Alan's mother faced most of the really bad problems for the three of them. It was she who calmed the landlords when they didn't have the rent, who cajoled more credit out of the grocer. "In those days," Alan said, "you could have shaken the whole valley and not found 15 cents, but Ma always found a way to keep going." Alan, always a civic-minded boy, volunteered one Christmas to help distribute food baskets to the poor and found one basket addressed to his own house. He wept, but didn't take it home.

Maureen O'Hara marvols at amazing new penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream!

It cleanses more thoroughly!

This lovely motion picture star is thrilled with penaten, the wonder-agent which allows all the rich, softening oils in Woodbury Cream to penetrate so much deeper, so much more thoroughly!

It softens more easily!

Glamorous Maureen—starring in Universal International's "FLAME OF ARABY" (color by Technicolor)—finds penaten helps Woodbury Cold Cream soften, remove dirt so easily! Leaves skin soft, supple.

It leaves you lovelier!

You can tell—right away—how infinitely smoother your skin will feel after a heavenly Woodbury Cold Cream treatment! Buy Woodbury Cold Cream-with-penaten today! (Only 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.)
Alan Ladd became a bona-fide wage earner at an age when most kids are concerned only with play. He built up a regular route cutting grass for a few pennies each. One weekend he got his recreation at the Van Nuys public swimming pool—and in order to get in free, he raked and cleaned the pool.

His first job was as an apricot cutter in the Valley. His chore was to neatly remove the seed and split the fruit open. For this highly specialized work he was paid 15¢ an hour. Within two summers, he was promoted to carrying trays of cut apricots from one part of the plant to another. And eventually he was graduated to turning the drying fruit to the place and to the trays. He was fired because he was caught taking a nap on a blanket atop a pan of dried merchandise.

When he was 14 years old, Alan went to work for the Piggly-Wiggly chain of markets. He washed carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, etc., so they’d look good to the customers. Before closing time he could and huggable boxes and crates until dark. He has the million-dollar muscles today to prove it.

The only time I ever stole anything in my life,” Alan told me, “was when I was working an apricot cutter. I had never tasted an avocado—and I couldn’t understand why they should be so expensive—seven cents. So I stole one and took it in the back room and ate it. I still couldn’t figure out why they were so expensive!”

When Alan was ready for high school, he was properly enrolled at Lankershim High and eventually became president of the student body.

Toward the end of his high school days, Alan found the profession he thought he wanted to follow—the newspaper business. He was a member of the Sun-Record and joined his staff. Alan quickly became invaluable to the paper. Being student body president, he knew everybody and being a born organizer, he started balls rolling that Hadlock himself hadn’t thought about.

Alan at first served in the double capacity of cartoonist and some special activities and maybe a boy. He soon became circulation manager and a very promising young journalist. He would swear over his copy, the editor would read it, tear it up and throw it back into the pasteboard basket. This indicated to Alan that the man was interested in him and he worked like a fool to please him.

As circulation manager of the Sun-Record, Alan had his hands full. It was one of his duties to see that the 22,500 copies of the sheet got to the subscribers’ front doors before they were out of bed. One day, Alan was horrified to learn that the distributors were picking up the sheets at the plant and burying all but a few hundred of them in vacants.

He returned home, told his men throughout the night until the job was done.

Alan’s next step forward on the Sun-Record came as the result of an accident. He was driving home one evening when a friend hailed him from another car. Alan hailed back, swerved and struck another car. His passenger hit him in the knee caps in 19 places. Alan Ladd became advertising manager.

But being a columnist and advertising manager at the same time was a tremendous inconvenience. He approached local merchants to buy space and nine times out of ten was obliged to put the name of the merchant’s wife or kid in his column or get the paper that was paying him $35 a week and went to the Daily News in Los Angeles as a cub reporter at $12 a week. However, the family needed a more substantial income.

When he left the Daily News, Alan decided to go into business for himself. He managed to borrow a few dollars and opened a small hamburger stand across from a swimming pool in North Hollywood. He knew nothing about cooking, but his mother came with him—and soon, Tiny’s, as it was called, was a fairly flourishing concern.

Jim, Alan and his mother were very happy with the new enterprise. Jim labored in the studios while Alan and his mother ran the stand. They worked hard, and, for almost the first time since they came to California, the family was on its feet and getting along fine.

Stardom in the movies was still a long way off for him, and it actually never even entered his mind. But he was a handsome lad and it was inevitable that a talent scout would one day find him. Dressing up talent scout, one day and observed Alan carefully. When the cafe was empty, he spoke up.

“You’re a fine-looking young fellow,” he said. “You happen in a movie?”

“Pretty happy,” said Alan. “Why?”

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day at Car- ter’s in New York, when I was employed, a very lovely woman and her escort who had been shopping to leave. She stopped suddenly and looked at a plaque before the back of a chair. It stated that the Queen of Romania had once sat there during a visit to the United States. A very familiar woman turned and looked at me, then said with very naive interest, “You know, I’ve always wanted to know who sat in that chair, but never read the plaque before.”

I recognized her as the movie queen herself, Gloria Swanson.

Herman Lockhart
New York, N. Y.

“I got something maybe you’d like better,” said the man and passed Alan a little brown envelope. It was a contract for the National Cash Register Company. The result of this meeting was that Alan made an agreement to work days selling cash registers and nights in his hamburger stand.

As a fellow salesman, as Alan remembered, he was a rather stuffy chap with a personal dislike for every member of his staff. He would stare at anyone at breakfast morning and begin his pep talk with something like, “Gentlemen of the Valley, we are not doing very well. . . .” After a few months, the man wanted the extra money for something very important. Even since he had been wearing long pants he wanted to own a beige gabardine suit and a pair of brown suede shoes. He got them, but they were his undoing.

The day Alan showed up wearing this equipment, the Sales Manager cold-eyed him and when the meeting ended, he called Alan into a private conference.

“See here, young man,” he said. “That is not proper dress for a representative of this company. Please don’t wear those things again.”

Alan promptly quit. It was a crazy business, he thought. And he still thinks the National Cash Register Company lost a darn good man.

Alan went back to his hamburger stand, but he wanted to keep the dollars rolling in. One of his customers was a grip at Warner Brothers. He knew that Alan said he wanted his talent could be put to good use in the studios. Alan didn’t get it for a moment until the man explained that a grip worked on high parapets of the stages. The top of the cat walk at heights was a decided talent. Alan went to Warner Brothers and got a job.

“I’ll never forget my first day in the movies,” he said. “The Great Patriot.” It was January, and in the early morning there was frost on everything. Twelve of us were 65 feet in the cold air ‘boxing’ the set. We were building up this big canvas cyclo-rama and when we had it up in the right position a guy yelled ‘tie it off!’ I didn’t know what that meant, so I put a slip knot in my section—and it sagged. The boss called me down and fired me. I was pretty sore, because I had gone to J. C. Penney’s and bought a pair of overalls, a hammer and a saw. I was in the first Jimmy Durante show. But when the fellow found out I was a diver, he hired me back.

Alan Ladd worked at Warners as a grip for eight months, and during this time he became close friends with some of the stages. From his high perch he learned the first things he now knows about making movies. He fascinated him, although he never really thought much of the actor himself. Once he talked into trying out with a small amateur dramatic group which was meeting nights at Universal, but he didn’t last long. Carl Laemmle, Sr., at that time was an observer at one of the auditions and when Alan appeared, he turned to an assistant, and in a very loud voice cried:

“Get that boy!"

So Alan was out. But the bug had nibbled at him and all he needed was one more incident to spur him on. It came one day when he spotted a fellow he had met in the Universal auditions. The man was sitting in a chair, his head tilted back and his hat half across his face. A few seconds into an hour for lunch, he reclined that way the entire day.

The next morning he was back again, and the day after that—still sleeping.

At the end of the third day, Alan could not control his curiosity no longer. He climbed down from his parallel and asked the chap what he was doing. The man explained he hadn’t been called and he was paying for this sleeping bit?” asked Alan.

“Fifty dollars a day,” said the man.

FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY

When Alan decided to become a movie actor he went about it in a serious way. He got in touch with his high school dramatic teacher and asked her if she thought he had a chance. She did—and suggested that he select a school and take some lessons. Alan went to some schools and looked at the ads in theatrical magazines and talked to anyone who would listen to him about the project. He finally decided on the State School, a new school with a roster of 22 pupils. He sold his restaurant, counted his meager savings, and decided he’d give himself six months to get on a paying basis.

By the time that six months had ended, Alan’s life had changed consid-
What every young wife must know for married happiness

A modern woman doesn’t have to be told how important the practice of complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness) is to the health, married happiness and after her periods. She also knows that even the most refined woman must constantly guard against an odor—far graver than bad breath or body odor. And a modern woman knows she should always use ZONITE in her douche because no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues.

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A well-informed woman would no longer even think of relying on old-fashioned ineffective mixtures which are nothing more than ‘kitchen makeshifts.’ On the other hand she understands the serious dangers of using harmful poisons. That’s why ZONITE is such a blessing for womankind!

Yet, despite its great germ-killing power, ZONITE is absolutely safe to the most delicate tissues. It is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating—the first antiseptic-germicide in the world so powerfully effective yet harmless for a woman to use.

ZONITE’s Miracle-action

ZONITE dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It 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 and keeps them from multiplying. You can depend on ZONITE!

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Name__________________________
Address________________________
City____________________________
State___________________________

A campaign began to get Alan Ladd a number one spot in a good picture. Sue decided to devote most of her time to this and to let the employees in her office take care of the rest of the clients. Alan’s top salary had been $150 a week, for Paper Bullets. Sue took him to Paramount and sold him for $250 a week for two weeks’ work in Rulers Of The Sea. Alan’s role called for him to be in the opening and final shots. The company moved to Catalina Island and Alan loafed around 11 weeks before they finally got to him. It was a windfall. It was money in the bank, but better still, the three months on the island, resting and eating his head off fattened him up and improved his already—as far as Sue was concerned—splendid appearance.

A short time later an independent company was casting an epic called Hitler—The Beast Of Berlin. Sue’s producers, told them Alan had just finished 11 weeks at Paramount, a major studio, and they were impressed enough to employ Alan as the star. The entire shooting schedule was only five days, but it was a step forward. The film was made on such a shoestring, that, although Alan was the star, an assistant director made him double as a prison inmate, sweeping out a cow-cot for the day. When the film was completed, it was discovered that Alan, who had been killed three quarters of the way through the movie, was easily recognizable in the sweeping bit toward the end. However, by that time the producers had run out of

Gown by
Kolches
money and couldn’t reheat—so it was left in.

Due to Sue’s energy and craftsmanship, Alan moved ahead until he had made 82 pictures—and still seemed destined for comparative anonymity. He was, however, considered a competent actor and was easier. He played such things as “Tennis anyone?” Englishmen and fine young American youths. Never a heavy.

During these trying times, Alan stuck it out only because Sue believed in him. He was a lonely fellow when and if he wasn’t working he would drive Sue about on her chores. It was during this time that they fell in love. Here’s the wonderfull rapport that stands them in such good stead in their marriage today. If Sue got to a point in an interview where she would talk about Alan in glowing terms, she sensed it and casually excused himself from the room. They often laughed about this afterwards.

One day the big chance came. RKO was casting a picture called Joan Of Paris. Alan got the role of a soldier who died in dramatic close-ups. He did it so well, he drove raves from the critics and the town. This was a high.

For some time previous to this, Paramount had toyed with the idea of putting him under contract. Sue, however, no matter how badly Alan needed the money, kept her hopes down, promising that she would talk contract any time Alan was given a part that would start him off properly.

The big day came. Alan was still at RKO. Director Frank Tuttle was preparing a picture called This Gun For Hire in which there was a role for a gun-crazy killer. Sue was to script and supervise. She brought him to the studio, but Tuttle took a look at him and said he wasn’t the type. However, a test was agreed upon. Alan’s hair was dyed black, and he played the part for the executives.

This was probably Hollywood’s most famous experiment in what is called off-casting. The bosses looked at the test, saw this young eighteen-year-old boy play the ruthless killer Raven and, in the parlance of the movies, flipped. Buddy de Sylva, at that time head of the studio, said, “That’s the boy!” Alan was in, except for the matter of naming.

That night Alan and Sue talked the thing over carefully. RKO was offering a contract at $400 a week, Paramount was willing to pay more than $300. They looked at the script of Gun again—and decided to take the Paramount offer. When the picture was finished and reviewed, Alan came across like nothing the executives had seen before. And the rest is movie history. He was a star. And he has been a star—a big star—ever since.

The Ladd’s home life is like that of any substantial, close-knit, well-to-do family in the country. There is Alan, Sue, Carol Lee, 18, daughter of Sue by a former marriage; Alana, 22, daughter of Sue by her former marriage; Alana, an eight-year-old daughter who is the terror of the household and David, a four-year-old, who is the spitting image of his father.

The Ladds look upon movie stardom as a business. Alan and Sue carefully study each new project, whether it be a movie, a publicity campaign, a magazine story or any other facet of the business, as though it were their first one. And they keep working to keep Alan at the top of his profession.

Sue, married almost 10 years now, remains in the background a good deal, but she is a definite consultant member of the company. There has been talk that Sue is the boss. This is not true. One has only to see Alan Ladd in his home to know who wears the pants—and there is no doubt about it. He hates to talk on the telephone, so Sue takes most of the calls—which is what gave rise to the tales.

Sue plays the wife and nothing more. She is unknown to the fans. For instance there was a time when Alan was besieged by thousands of screaming fans in an American city. Sue asked him. She asked a policeman for help, saying she wanted to get into Alan’s car. Look, lady,” said the cop, not knowing who she was. There are at least a thousand women here who want to get into that car. You’ll have to move on.

Sue did—down the street a couple of blocks, and Alan had to drive down there to pick her up.

The movie fan to Alan Ladd is supreme. Once when he was being stormed by auto-graph hunters a policeman complained that the kids were tearing up his car. Alan told him to get behind him—and he buf- feted a way to the car and drove off with a grateful officer waving goodbye. The fans wouldn’t stand that. And if they can’t get it from the best bet any producer can buy—and certifies him as Hollywood’s number one star.

This writer sat in his house one night when Sue’s pictures played. The most fabulous contract ever drawn up for a star. It was with Warner Brothers and called for one picture a year for ten years, without options. Sue was paid $150,000 per film, 10% of the gross of the pictures—that means 10 cents from every dollar paid at the box-offices—and it involves millions of dollars for Alan’s services. The agent on the conversion of a chair and told Alan the details. Alan said okay.

The agent went to the telephone and called Jack Warner, head of the studio. He informed Warner that the deal was acceptable. Then he handed the phone to Alan.

“Well, we’re all set, Mr. Warner,” Alan said. “It will be kind of nice going back to work for you.”

“Did you ever work for us before?” Warner asked in surprise.

“I sure did,” said Alan. “You paid me forty-five cents but I threw it right back at you.”

He grinned happily at the joke and at what had happened and he hung up the phone.

That isn’t the end of his story, but you know the rest. With the making of This Gun For Hire he launched on his fabulous career.

You know that Alan Ladd wasn’t born with a gold Oscar in his mouth nor the open road to success stretching easily before him. His road to his position today was filled with hard knocks, delay, even hunger. He was a winner because he was a small boy who swept out a candy store for a dollar a week; because he was a young man willing to work nights learning the newspaper business. He is big today, maybe, because he placed the right to wear a beige gabardine suit and brown suede shoes above a steady job as a cash register collector.

But if Alan could tell you his honest opinion, without it being prejudiced by other things, I think he would say he wanted to make the journey of Jim Beaver and his beloved mother to the California land a worthy one.

(The latest starring role in Alan’s career is Paramount’s Shane.—Ed.)
no more tears for judy

(Continued from page 56) workers on the MGM lot who knew the inside story and loved her come anything. She hid behind the front put up by this small gang and took comfort in their assurance that she was indeed a star and nothing would ever change it. She would never really lose her fans.

Among these intimates was a song writer, a good one, by the name of Hugh Martin. He had written many things, ‘The Trolley Song’ for Judy’s hit Meet Me In St. Louis. There was Chuck Walters, a mere lad but already conceded to be top talent in the direction of musical pictures. There was Roger Edens, a production assistant and a brilliant ar-ranger of special material. And there were a few others, costumers, technicians and just plain workmen who became Judy’s secret gang. They helped her over the rough spots—and they promised that if they were ever needed for a big project they’d be ready.

The night that Judy Garland gashed her throat in a fit of despondency was the pay-off between her and Hollywood. Dropped from the contract list, the word got out that she was too unreliable to be employed by anyone—and Judy, in a torrent of shame and loss of confidence in herself, ran away from Hollywood, her friends and even her gang.

It was an accepted fact after that night that Judy Garland was through as an entertainer. It was accepted in the studios and by the fans who had been hers since she was a kid. It was a hard nut to swallow for the fans, but they faced the inevitable. They didn’t stop loving her, but they went for it instead of cheering her on or comforting her. The newspapers and the magazines printed tales of her loss of position—and each carried a strong melancholy message of regret. The kid was washed up, dead in show business, and everyone went to the funeral.

The turn of the tide in Judy Garland’s life, both professional and personal, came when she met a young man by the name of Sidney Luft. Although a lot has been written about him, little has been definitive. He is known as Judy’s “manager” or “boy friend” or both. Beyond that, all that is known is that he, too, got into a jam with Hollywood and the police—so maybe they had something in common.

Actually, Sid Luft is very much like Judy Garland and at the time of their meeting they had a good deal in common. In a way, their lives had run almost parallel for a number of years. Judy had been a star in the movies—Luft had been a Air aviation manufacturer during the war. Judy slipped in the regard of her employers and couldn’t take it—and so did Luft. Judy was bored and unhappy—so was Luft. Judy began to drown her sorrows in gay parties and hated it—so did Luft. They were birds of a feather. Take a look at the pictures taken of them when they first met. They wear the same har-assed expressions. They were in the same fix.

They met at a party, a small intimate gathering held in Hollywood. Newly-separat-ed, Judy was alone—so was Sid. Somebody came by and said: “You two know each other? Judy Gar-land—Sid Luft. Sid—Judy.” They nodded, neither wanted to meet anyone that night. But a little later on they fell into a conversation. They began to enjoy it, so they forgot about the other people there. Later on Sid took Judy home and they talked for hours. Sid is an excellent conversationalist, a real wit, and Judy enjoyed him so much she laughed a lot that night and morning and Sid en-joyed hearing her laugh. They have sel-dom been away from one another since that night.

It is an admitted romance now between Sid and Judy but it wasn’t at first. It was a genuine friendship between two lonely, unhappy people. Judy lived in a hotel in Beverly Hills, so they had to eat out most of the time. They went to the usual gay spots for awhile, but they attracted too much attention from the gossip col-umnists, so they began to frequent the smaller, cozier spots. Maybe that is where love bloomed. In the intimacy of tiny, candle-lit cafe booths, where voices are low against a background of juke box love songs.

The people who know the inside of Judy Garland’s comeback triumph will tell you that it was hatched at those meetings. When Judy and Sid knew they were in love they began to plan for the days after. Sid had been producing pictures on a minor scale and he wasn’t happy at it. He had a good knowledge of show business and some good ideas. He sug-gested that Judy stop moaning over a lost film career and get back on the stage and convince herself of her capacity for work and her own talent. Judy wasn’t sure. She was terrified at the thought of doing a show in Hollywood—and even though she had been offered the Mary Martin role in South Pacific in New York, she feared she wouldn’t make good before a Gotham audience.

“Look,” said Sid, “that’s all nonsense. But if you want to prove it to yourself, let’s make it Europe. You can name your

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SERN ON APPROVAL

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The summer of 1951, Judy Garland went to London and Sid followed shortly after. She opened as a singing single at the Palladium, and the critics raved. Judy was a smash—the English offered more than the American critics. The thought of going to England did not interest her. Then, for three months, Judy traveled the British Isles singing in theaters to capacity audiences. Some of the shows were in small villages and there were no legitimate orchestras. These concerts were not for her. She was interested in the big time of the legitimate theaters, and she enjoyed herself.

But there was still America to face. The way to do it was a problem. Maybe a Broadway show. Maybe an independent picture. Maybe television. Judy said, "Maybe on television. Judy and Sid decided to come back to Hollywood and plan from there. They were greeted in New York with great enthusiasm and, nearly every day, she was interviewed on how happy Judy seemed. In Hollywood, Judy was feted like a conqueror. There was a round of festivities—and then the reality of decisions had to be made. But Sid had taken care of that.

One day, a couple of weeks after they had been home, Sid picked Judy up in the car and started to drive toward Beverly Hills. "Where are we going?" Judy asked. "You'll see," said Sid.

He drove to the palatial offices of the World Wide Talent Agency and led Judy directly to the private office of Abe Lastfogel. Judy's long-time agent and true friend. They all sat down.

"What's this all about?" Judy asked.

"We're going to open on Broadway," Lastfogel said.

"On BROADWAY?" Judy cried. "In what world?"

"You're going to play the Palace," said Lastfogel.

"But the Palace is a movie house," said Judy. "They haven't had just live acts in there in years. And besides, who would back me?"

Lastfogel got up and paced. "A lot of people would," he said, but I'm going to. It's the time. There's a lot of talk of a movie version of the stage play. We're going to rent the theater and put in a two-day vaudeville. Just like it was 20 years ago.

"But if that's such a good idea," said Judy, "why hasn't someone done it before?"

"Because," said Lastfogel, "there hasn't been a star big enough to bring two-a-day back to Broadway. Now there is. Judy Garland.

Judy's eyes filled with tears of gratitude for the compliment and in appreciation of the love of these two men. But she had no nagging.

"Gee," she said, "I don't know if I can do it. I would have to be done better than any other show on the street. The people who could put on a show like that have already been gobbed up by the movie people. I don't know anybody who could do things the way they'd have to be done."

"Sure you do, said Lastfogel, "you and Hugh Martin and Abe Lastfogel and Roger Ennis. Judy could only gasp.

"Chuck Walters will go back and direct the show," said Lastfogel.

"Judy choked up again.

"And Hugh Martin will accompany you 84 as the piano."

Judy didn't say a word. She just sat very quietly in the big leather chair and looked at the handkerchief she clutched in her hands—and she couldn't see it. "That's my old gang," she whispered finally. "That's my old gang."

There was a great deal of artistry put into the creation of Judy Garland's first appearance on Broadway, but it didn't show. It was a featureless prologue at the Palace. Edens worked harder than he ever had before, preparing the songs and helping the arrangers with the score. Walters never worked harder, or worked more diligently. The presentations and routing of the act; and Hugh Martin wanted to practice the songs until it wasn't possible to make them any better. Sid Luft and Lastfogel stood there and watched and felt grateful to Judy's gang.

Then came opening night. On "The Street" it was the event of the season. A new, one-of-a-kind Judy Garland—see what she could do. Two-a-day was back. It couldn't be done. You couldn't buy a ticket, though. The people who remembered Judy in her films saw that to.

We know an actor who bore his name on the title card and part of the background.

Mike Connolly
in The Hollywood Reporter

The theater was elegant inside, sparking from weeks of renovating. Usherettes dashed up and down the aisles passing out programs with Judy Garland's picture on the cover and seating the restless custom- ers. The Gen. Butler overture began. One of the best vaudeville bills seen in New York in years followed, a bill that few big stars would care to follow. And then Judy walked in to the applause of the new audience and the promptness of the house. Judy was not scheduled to appear until after the simple card announcement, Judy Garland.

Up went the curtain. The stage setting was odd because of its simplicity. A veiled chaste looking mark marking the wing entrances. A horde of handsome young men danced out on the stage and sang the introductory number—and Judy walked out as they sang with an ingratiating air of the number. She stepped to the front of the stage and was on her own. She was out of breath. She was flushed. She was on her mission, the warning the opening acts. The simple, brilliant spot light, unable to see beyond it, and she knew that out there were the toughest critics she'd ever have to face. The professionals and the people who are specialists. Judy Garland sang, but what still had to be shown. She laughed, that nervous little, scared chuckle she is noted for, then she excused herself and mopped her face with the handkerchief. Then she sang another song.

The applause was definite, but not thunderous. Judy was still scared. Then she did something few other performers would have been able to do. She went out of her way to be killed by the critics. She went out of her way to be killed by them. But that was the best of the lot. She wore a pair of very baggy trousers, a ridiculously huge jacket of black and garish plaid and a top of a shirt and black tie. A patch of false black hair, cut male style, came down over her forehead in an idiotic crew cut, and a couple of her front teeth were blacked out. Judy danced onto the stage of a tall hungry looking male partner and sang a comedy song of a happy tramp.

They wouldn't let her off the stage. Encore after encore. She could hardly stand up. But each time they called her back, she laughed with happiness—and did another chorus. Finally, there were no more choruses to do, so Judy stepped to the spotlight and made an announcement.

"You've been wonderful to me tonight," she said. "And I'll never forget it. Now I want to do something special just for you—for all of you."

She waved the microphone out of the way and sat down on a small patch of carpet at the top of the stairs that led to the dressing room. She closed her eyes, and over for the evening. The house went completely dark, but the man in the booth upstairs found the tiny figure with his spotlight.

She looked like a rag doll. Nothing to bring more than a smile or a chuckle. She sat holding her knees, the soft breath of a silly hair piece making her look like a clownish boy. But there was something in her eyes that quieted the audience and held their breaths. She opened her mouth. And then she began to sing.

The song was "Over The Rainbow." It is a child's song—and a child began to sing. She who saw her that night and heard Judy Garland sing that song can deny it was one of the most moving experiences they have ever had in their hearts. For all her heart, she sang a plea for the happiness a little girl needed and didn't find. She sang with such sincerity that the notes poured from her as from a flute and were heard and felt by millions. Not the magnificent shouter of a song. Not the old bellowing of a song. It was a song of yearning and longing and a song of hope. And while she sang, tears fell from her eyes. And her eyes were closed as though she were remembering when last it was like this with Judy Garland. There wasn't a dry eye in the Palace Theater on Broadway that night—but there wasn't a heavy heart, either. It was a happy time, once again.

The next day, Judy got to her feet and stood, holding the battered top hat, her head bowed to the lowest noise she'd ever listened to—the applause of a crowd of people who had again come to love and to be loved.

"I just want to say," she said, "that I love you."

Judy walked to the wings with those who were going to her heart. She found Chuck Walters and Hugh Martin and Chuck Walters and Abe Lastfogel and Roger Ennis. Happy men, all of them. Then Sid took her to her dressing room and left her alone for a little while.

Sure, Broadway's a funny place, but so is the world. But on Broadway now there is a new custom. At midnight you'll find a crowd of people standing outside the front door of the Palace Theater, waiting for the star to come out. And they're never disappointed. Judy Garland wouldn't do that. She loves them—just as much as they love her.

The End
(Continued from page 24) The wedding took place at the Philadelphia home of Lester Sachs, a dress manufacturer who's a good friend of Frank's. Six private detectives were hired to keep intruders out, but they couldn't stop a mob of bobby-soxers from peeping through the Venetian blinds.

Frank thought that the site of the wedding was a well-kept secret. He hired a limousine to drive him and Ava from New York to Philadelphia, but when he arrived at Sachs' home, he was greeted by a band of reporters and photographers.

"How did these creeps know where we were?" he asked Ava as they got out of the car. Ava said nothing, merely smiled, and ran into the house.

One of the newspaper photographers said to Frank, "How about some wedding pictures?"

"I'm sorry," Frankie explained, "we haven't got room for all you guys. I have one photographer inside. He's going to take the wedding pictures, and prints will be passed out."

"Who wants that stuff?" the cameraman protested.

"You try to take one picture," Sinatra threatened, "and I'll let you have it!"

After the wedding, Ava and Frankie flew to Miami, eluded the press in Florida, and finally checked into the Hotel Nacional in Havana where they honeymooned for an entire weekend. Then they flew back to New York where Frank staged his last TV program from the East.

By the middle of November, the Sinatras were back in Hollywood, exceedingly happy and unusually gracious to photographers at the airport.

"How was the trip from New York?" a reporter asked Sinatra.

Frank grinned sickly, "Probably the worst trip we've ever had," he said. "Headwinds all the way."

"We'd like a picture or two of you and Mrs. Sinatra."

Frank nodded and posed with his arm around Ava's waist. He looked tired, but not Ava. She looked very much in love.

Because she likes to adopt a flippant attitude about life and because she has previously been married to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw, two gentlemen who do not particularly specialize in marital longevity, Ava has sometimes been accused of being light-hearted about matrimony. This accusation is pure fiction.

Three years ago, before Sinatra walked into her life, Ava was an experienced but unattached girl of 26.

Like most single actresses in Hollywood, she found surprisingly few eligible men worthy of her favors. Not that the boys weren't making a big play for her. It was just that she was attracting the wrong kind of men—married men.

One of these, a world-famous crooner—not Sinatra—phoned a friend of his in the music publishing business, and said, "You know Ava Gardner pretty well, don't you?"

The friend admitted he knew her.

"I'm just nuts about that dame," the crooner continued. "You've got to introduce us, Sam. I'm telling you. This is a real yen."

Sam phoned Ava. "How about having lunch at the Brown Derby with a friend of mine?"

"What's his name?"

Sam revealed the crooner's identity. "No soap," Ava said. "He's not only married but he has two kids."

"So what?" Sam insisted. "He doesn't want to elope with you. He just wants to
have lunch with you. Honest, that's all.

"Are you kidding?" Ava cracked. "I saw the way he looked at me the other day when I came out of NBC. The answer, Sam, is no.

A few nights later, Ava ran into Sam at a party. The talk veered towards the crooner, and Ava let loose a few words about love.

"I've been married a couple of times myself," Ava said, "but marriage isn't anything I take lightly. To me it's the biggest step any girl can take. When I was divorced from Mickey and Artie, I believe, it broke me up.

"I know what it is for a girl to be married sitting at home, wondering who's out with her husband. The last thing I will ever do, Sam, is to go out with a married man who's living with his wife. If he's legally separated or divorced, that's different. But no one's going to point to me as a house-wrecker."

Ava Gardner, in the 10 years she's been in Hollywood, has changed her mind about many things: career, education, athletics, cars, men, actresses, directors—but never about marriage.

"To me," she says, "marriage is the beginning and the end. It's not an inciden
tal to be worked in between pictures.

Marie Wilson happened to be spending the evening at a local night spot when her house was robbed. "I don't understand how the burglar got in," a friend said later.

"Oh, honey," laughed Marie, "he was at Ciro's with me!"

Mickey Novak

It's something a wife has to work at all the time. I've never done it. All I've ever wanted out of life is a good husband and some children. If I get that, then I can say my life's been a success.

My career's been a wonderful thing, but I think people would realize how lucky I got some way out to be an actress. It just happened. It was a fluke. It won't break my heart to give up my career. Not one bit."

Ava's contract at MGM expires in another year. Under the L. B. Mayer regime she was never too happy at the studio, largely because when he was head of the Culver City lot, Mayer objected strenuously to Ava's association with Frank. L. B. called Ava on the carpet after Sinatra had left the studio and told her that Metro had plans for her, big plans. She should, he said, get married. Ava was amazed and surprised, and she said, "This isn't the way I was taught, but I'll do it."

Ava knew nothing about Mickey Rooney when she married him. She knew even less about Shaw. About Frank Sinatra she knew everything.

A little over a year ago when a reporter asked Ava if she secretly planned on marrying Frank, she said—and she meant it at the time, "I wouldn't want to marry him. Other men married in show business. Men in show business don't seem to make the best husbands. But for a friend, I couldn't want a better one than Frank. He's wonderful to be around."

And, she knew now, that friendship ripened into love.

Marriage to Ava means children, lots of children. She herself is the youngest of six, and her desire was always to have a large family. She was determined to have a large family. She started the first of two children down at the Pacific Palisades, because she thought she'd like to be near the beach, only it gets foggy down at the beach very early in the after-
noon, and Ava couldn't stand heat.

Sinatra feels the same way, if not about children, certainly about a house. Since his wedding to Ava, the only house he's owned has been the Million Spring mansion, and he hasn't been able to get down there very frequently because of his TV com-
mitments.

Marriage to Ava has been the one over-
riding thought in Sinatra's mind ever since Nancy filed for divorce last October. In order to speed up the proceedings, Frank even waived the service of any papers in the action. He asked that the action be tried as a default case as soon as possible.

Friends say that while he was working on his television show out of New York, he and Ava discussed the possibility of their marriage. Ava went out with Richard Greene. A phone call from Ava cleared that one up in a hurry.

What had actually happened was that Ava had gone out with her business manager, Ben Cole. Frances and Van Hefflin were along, and so, too, was Richard Greene. The British star happened to be in New York and took a lift to Ava's apartment club and that's what started the silly rumor that Ava and Frankie had split up.

At this point, the only possible release of the break in the Ava-Frankie union lies in the way of personalities. These two are deeply in love, and there are no rivals.

"People keep telling me," Ava says, "that Frank and I are bound to have career difficulties. But I haven't two more years left at Metro, and Frank isn't tied to anything but his TV show. If any career trouble shows up, we're pretty grown-up kids."

A little more than a year ago, the marriage comes first. After marriage, it's children, and then if there's any time or energy left, that's for the career.

"Frank and I have both been married before, and in a way, that's a good thing. We know how little irritations can de-
velop into big quarrels and what to do to avoid them. We try very good

But in Frank's favor is the fact that
house of macrae

(Continued from page 44) such literary luminaries as "The Quest for Historical Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer, and "Pamela" on Wheels." One team got hopelessly stuck on "The Quest" and had to get help from the middle man. By one-thirty in the morning, the excitement of the unseen competition had worn everyone to a frazzle, and Gordon and Sheila were wav- ing their last guest out.

"How about a swim? Gordy suggested to his slender blonde wife.

"Beat you to it!" cried Sheila, and like a pale Diana she raced across the brick patio to her dressing room, dropped her clothes, and bounded into the pool.

Lying in bed, tired but completely re- laxing after the dip, she couldn't refrain from a few party post-mortems. "The turkey was good, didn't you think?"

Gordon, from the borderline of sleep, muttered, "Uh-huh.

"Weren't the kids sweet? They didn't fuss once.

"Uh-huh.

"It is a good house for a party, isn't it, dear?"

MacRae sleepily, "Uh-huh.

"Oh, go to sleep, you great big romantic lover!"

Plainly, the MacRae house is a natural for charades, parties, children, and for getting away from all three.

After house-hunting for a year and a half, Sheila and Gordon found the octagon house in all San Fernando Valley that combines the triple features that their type of family life requires. It has a separate studio for Gordon, plenty of space (inside and out) for three jet-like children, and an eastern look to remind Sheila of back home on Long Island.

The MacRae house was originally built by a commercial artist named Anthony Loomis, who did most of his work at home. Mr. Loomis used a two-story guest house as his studio. The top floor is one large room with a good north window and plenty of uncluttered space. Downstairs there are two guest rooms that also serve as dressing rooms for the pool. Gordon merely stepped into the big empty studio once, and it made up his mind for him. He says he bought the house "in order to find a place where I could work at home."

Soon after he'd moved the family into the house, Gordon told his busy wife to go ahead with her decorating plans. He'd take care of the studio. With the experience of a brick-layer from Warner Brothers, he added a large fireplace, book shelves and a compact bar to the room. Then he and his friend laid the Flaxtex carpet from the old MacRae house, painted one wall forest green, and papered two with a bold hunting print. The last thing they did was to move in the baby grand piano and a stack of music, and it's been the MacRae Rehearsal Hall ever since.

Sheila's enthusiasm for the house ran equally as high as she counted up its good points for rear-end three children. Number one was its more than comfortable size. Their last home had one family bath. This one boasted five baths plus 12 comfortable rooms.

When it came time to assign people and purposes to the dozen rooms, Sheila set aside definite areas for the children. Because Gordon gets home too late for the children's evening meal, she turned the breakfast room into a second dining room for the youngsters. What was intended for a den, she furnished with small scale chairs, low tables and a television set. She calls this one the children's study. It's a place where they can entertain

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Written by a registered physician. This booklet tells in detail how to gain complete confidence in your own daintiness. It explains the hygienic importance of syringing as regularly as you bathe. Illustrates the various Faultless Feminine Syringes widely preferred for this intimate care and discusses their gentle but thorough cleansing action, their ease and simplicity of use and their special advantages for travel. "Intimate Feminine Care," is sent free in a plain envelope. Write for it today.

Feminine Products Division, Dept. M-22

The Faultless Rubber Co., Ashland, Ohio
friends without disturbing their parents or being interfered with. About five-thirty every afternoon, the neighborhood gang gathers in this room to watch "Howdy-Doody," and oftentimes they come to part with Gordon his remarks that "study" is a slight misnomer and that "bedlam room" might be a good substitute.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Gordon, Jr. (Gar for short) has the room next to his parents on the first floor. It has practically no furniture because Gar is just beginning to out-grow his allergies to dust, wool, fur, and a lot of other things. The room has no chairs and a chest of drawers, the only furniture is his bed and a delightfully gay wallpaper called Happy Valley.

The two bathrooms belong to the girls. Outside Heather's blue and white room, a balcony runs the width of the house. She keeps her pair of hamsters here. At this stage of her life, keeping pets were an adventure for Heather.

Meredith is a more sophisticated child. She has French hand-painted wallpaper in her room. She'd asked her parents to paper the southernmost bedroom nearest her mother could get to that was a French wallpaper with turrets, bugs and flowers as its motif. Meredith's room opens onto a small sun deck. So far she doesn't find it as a haven as she'd hoped. She uses a deep pink cloth in time. At the moment she's found that it's a perfect spot to set up her water colors and finger paints. The view is inspirational, and no one can get in.

If you ask the MacRaes children why they like their new home, Meredith, who's the spokesman for the trio, says, "There are so many things to do. They have the freedom to do all these things all year round. There are swings and a play ground slide. The macadam motor court in front and the brick patio in back are great for bumping around. And the whole family plays an improvised game of croquet on the lawn.

The house proper sits on a high rise of ground in the middle of two acres of rambling, uncultivated hillside. The land is just wild enough to appeal to children's imaginations. It's cress-crossed with woody paths and studded with gnarled live oak trees. She'd agreed to make the deal super the MacRaes are surrounded by a neighborhood jammed with youngsters.

Meredith, Heather, and Gar are so busy in these new surroundings that they haven't time to be problems. But, as any parent will agree, even the nicest children can be too much with you at times. When this happens, Sheila and Gordon retreat to their room. The master bedroom suite is off in a wing by itself. By disconnecting the telephone and closing the door, they can forget the rest of the family for an hour or two.

The big, square room is so comfortable with its own fireplace and door opening onto the patio that Sheila decided to furnish it as a sitting room. She found an unlined roomy blue on the walls and bedspread. She had one of Gordon's favorite wing-back chairs from their former house recovered and a new MacKenzie print. She placed it invitingly between the fire and a table loaded with books. Whenever Gordon takes time to stretch out full-length, his statuesque writer in her own right, rolls out her typing table and works on her nostalgic project, a narrative, historical poem about Long Island.

His wife's nostalgia for the East Coast, (New England, and Long Island, in particular) is something Gordon likes to kid her about. But after he tires of joking, it's apparent that he and the Easterner, too. Their furnishings reflect this.

The two main rooms, for example, are filled with early American antiques that they've collected during nine years of marriage. Fortunately the new house was large enough to have a room to part with a single heirloom—not even the paintings of famous American doorways made by Gordon's grandfather, Albert Sonn. In the bedroom, for example, a mahogany dresser with press that ceased to function long ago but is kept in a conspicuous spot because it reminds them of Cape Cod and cranberry bogs. The breakfast, filled with their decorative linens,都在 eyes in a Pennsylvania hardware store. The sofa-susan and Windsor chairs are not genuine antiques but good reproductions. MacRae's versatile husband, made the furniture for the MacRae's specifications and to correspond in style, if not in age, to the rest of the furnishings they own.

Many of the furnishings in the living room were also acquired over a period of years. Before he became so busy with pictures, radio, and recordings, Gordon liked to peruse over antique furniture shops from Boston to Santa Barbara. He can recall where every chair, table and ash tray came from and how well it stood the test of five MacRaes and their friends.

Until a year ago, it had always been his aim to own an authentic New England farmhouse in keeping with his collection of early American furniture. Somehow, Gordon, Or dear, Gordon left New York for a contract at Warner Brothers. The children increased in number and it looked as if the MacRaes were destined for a large home—wholly unlike that a Connecticut salt box is hard to find in Southern California," Gordon explains.

"But when we saw this house, we sort of closed our eyes to its New Orleans exterior. It feels like a house that fits in with the southern facade. Now I find myself doing as Sheila does. When friends ask, I simply say we own a farmhouse."

The night of the housewarming, Sheila got one more nostalgic inspiration. She dove into their collection of unhung pictures and pulled out a Currier & Ives print called American Winter Scene and hung it over the fireplace.

"There," she pointed out to Gordon, "that's to remind us of the kind of winters we're surrounded. Then she kissed him because Connecticut or California winter or summer, the MacRaes are a happy two-some, and the house they live in reflects their love."

(Gordon MacRae's latest film is Warners' About Face.—Ed.)

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


Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.
what is tony curtis really like?

(Continued from page 49) look like a schmo.

That’s Tony. But it isn’t all of him. To understand all of Tony you have to go a long way back. Someone once said about him, “All he wants is to see his picture on the cover of Modern Screen.” But he wants a lot more than that.

A person’s very first memory will tell you much about him. It is not what he has experienced in childhood that counts, but the impression that it has left on him. Tony remembers the time he was three years old and standing on a street corner crying his eyes out because he was lost. A woman saw him and knelt down to ask him his name but he couldn’t remember it. He was crying so hard her forgotten who he was! Finally, his mother found him and took him home.

Also in his memory is the time he was going to the hospital to have his tonsils removed. He was riding in a car, although his family didn’t own one, and with him was a little girl whose tonsils were headed for the same fate. Tony was crying but the little girl just sat there sucking her lollipop. Tony couldn’t figure out why he was crying so hard and she wasn’t—just sitting there, sucking on that lollipop. Why was he so scared? And why was he the only one? Although Tony is the best natured guy in the world there are fears and lonely places and violence in his nature. He has a high temper but he learned to control it a long while ago.

He was 13 when he got fighting mad at one kid. He doesn’t remember the reason, but he can still feel the emotional impact. This other boy had said or done something that sent Tony into a wild fury. He had one big desire—to beat that kid to a pulp. But to his amazement he found that his rage had stripped him of bodily control. “There I was swelling up like a mad man,” he said, “but I wasn’t landing a single punch. I was all out of control. I got beat up by the kid who was in control.”

Flannery does the same thing to Tony that anger does. He remarks when he was on a submarine in the Navy, “We were in some trouble,” he says. “The fear was awful. I could taste it in my mouth.” (Tony is prone to underestimate the circumstance but never the emotions.) There was no time to turn to. In his terror and desperation he doubled up his fist and hit it hard on the bulkhead, so hard that he broke three bones. It was only later that he wondered why he had done it. “We came out of it all right,” he recalls.

He got hurt in Guam; his legs were temporarily paralyzed. Tony, being the kind of wildly imaginative person he is, knew he would never walk again. Lying in the hospital he was afraid to touch his legs, he hated them so. “They were like some stranger or something,” he said. And always he’d dreamed of running, and playing football—a game he’d never played.

Tony Curtis has a loving heart and the need for love. He is so outgoing that he is hurt and surprised when he experiences a rebuff. This is an interesting sidelight on his character, for his background (his was a poor Jewish family and his playground was the streets of New York) would seem to foster aloofness and suspicion. But he can be thrown into the depths of despair when he comes on the lot and says “Hi” to someone without having the “Hi” returned. The slightest “brush” upsets and depresses him.

One of the most awful rejections of his life occurred shortly after he arrived in Hollywood. A friend he had worked with...
in New York told him to look up a certain actor and his wife. Tony did and liked them as he is inclined to like everyone. In fact, this is one of Tony's great vulnerabilities—he lays himself wide open for being hurt. He is too highly strung and delighted with his career and his having, as he puts it, "good clothes, a car and someone to recognize me on the street," that he thinks everyone else should be delighted, too.

Well, the actor and his wife took advantage of Tony, although he didn't know it. They welcomed them to their home and wanted to see so much of him that the actor had to go to Tony's lot to see him. Then the actor, having gained admittance to the lot, barged into producers' offices looking for a job. When asked how he happened to be inside the studio he said, "I'm here with a pass from my friend, Tony Curtis—you know, that wacky, brash kid you just signed."

When Tony realized what was happening he didn't say anything. He just kept walking away. He did leak some records at their place, and he went back to reclaim them. The couple had seemed nice. Perhaps he'd been mistaken. He asked to play his records, and they left it to him. He was a boor, they told him in effect, he didn't know his way around. Didn't he know everybody in town was laughing at him? There was a fight—verbal, the actor and Tony, shookers at this betrayal, walked home, fighting back the tears.

What is Tony Curtis really like? That's a pretty high question to answer, because Tony is a complicated human being.

You might say that the actor—of shoes—he owns 20 pairs of all kinds—is an affectionate affair. But it isn't. This is the actor's fetish. Joan Crawford is mad for shoes. His daughter, Joan Evans, has 30 pairs, and is not unusual. Tony had trouble saying why he likes shoes. "Shoes knock me out. I don't know—they're so nice and crisp and neat." When I pressed him for a reason, he said, "I just didn't know, because I didn't have so many shoes when I was a kid that would be too easy, wouldn't it?" "Yes," I said, "that would be too easy." So I told him what I thought. This symbolizes going somewhere, running, knowing that someone or other is out there in the dark, a little bit lost.

The first movie star Tony met when he came to Hollywood was Ann Blyth. He was staggered by her. She talked to him! She was warm and friendly. And when he at last mustered the courage to ask her for a date, she accepted him. What luck for Bernie Schwartz! She was one of those and they talked a lot about acting. When a big role came along (The Prince Who Was A Thief), and the studio wanted to know if fairly inexperienced Tony Curtis could handle the title role, he took a test with him! She played the Piper Laurie part, helped him, encouraged him. He thinks Ann is wonderful.

But it was all quite different when he saw Janet Leigh. Although they met at a publicity party and although he knew she was a big star, Tony felt different about her. She was a beautiful girl, a girl people knew to know better. She was going with another young man at the time and Tony is no poacher. He has been lost so many times himself that he wouldn't even try to cause — could cause loss to another human being. But when Janet and her beau drifted apart Tony was ringing her telephone asking for a date. There was anybody in Hollywood who didn't know that person was dead and blind.

It was his marriage to Janet that was the first signpost on the road to finding himself. Their honeymoon was a test. They married, as you know, Tony and Janet were making a personal appearance tour in the East. Immediately after the wedding Janet returned to California to start a matronly place for them. Tony finished the tour, he thought, and joined Janet on the coast to prepare for Hear No Evil in which he plays a deaf and dumb prizefighter. The next day he was sent out on Tony again and the day he returned his father had a heart attack.

Tony never left his father's bedside. He was out of his mind with worry. They helped to drive that Janet was with him. It didn't stop the anxiety. And it was not until his father was out of danger—completely out of danger—that he could step into his new role—Tony Curtis the actor—but it seems to me. Janet said, "if we could survive those separations and this worry we can survive anything."

Tony is much more sensible now that he has a wife and that his father will be home to work for at least a year. When he didn't have money he always spent it. "When I had $20 bucks I'd blow 20 bucks," he said. "What's the use?" But that's different. He doesn't throw money away.

But the most important thing that's happened to Tony is the release his acting has brought for his temper, his enthusiasm, his energy. He no longer fits off in Tony directions. He's so much more now for he knows that when there's something in him that's about to burst he can let it burst in front of the camera. And that's good for him. But even then Tony has learned a kind of mental control. As he said, "When I first came out here everything was so new to me. There were all new things to resolute in. And the idea that you could make things go. You get a concept or idea and you think, 'This is wild.' Now I can sit down and work 'em out. I've been able to transfer thought into a tangible outlet. It's hard to explain, but I know what I mean and I've got it:'

This, as far as I know, is what Tony Curtis is really like.
She doesn't like her type!

(Continued from page 34) individual who doesn't make plans. She says, "You plan ahead and you expect too much. Too often the results are a 'let down.'" Take, for example, what happened when, to the vast surprise of her husband, Marty Melcher, her husband, was ready to go to work. She was bidding him goodbye when he asked, "Can you be packed in an hour?"

"Sure," Doris said. "Why?"

He explained that he thought it would be fun to go to San Francisco to see some dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melcher. The friends were doctors and in the midst of a busy practice. Doris and Marty Melchers met in Palm Springs. They are from the Middle West and when Doris was a little girl in Connecticut, she recalls, "My mother turned doctor, large and just because, ...STATE.

question.

S.

is seems very important to her.

Her cleanliness goes even further. Try to tell her an off-color joke or a piece of malicious gossip and she is really preoccupied. She will not hear it, she simply refuses to listen. As a result, she seldom tells her. She neither drinks nor smokes and no hard liquor (only beer), is allowed in her house. Doris' heart is a little bank, too. A uniquely unambitious girl, she wants no more than what she has. According to Doris, she has everything. A husband she loves and who loves hers: a loving aunt and a devoted aunt who live with them; a darling 10-year-old son, Terry; her beautiful home. And, most important of all to Doris, she has "peace of mind." Her home is filled with antiques. This is a new passion which she developed after she came to California. Although it is not in her character to think of the past, she contraries her antiques and affinity for the old. "Things that are old just have more charm for me, that's all," she says. "They have more beauty. Old copper, old wood — they're different from new stuff. But I never think about the people who have used the things before I did. No, it isn't that, I can't explain."

But she can explain why she loses things. She loses everything: "I'm always losing things. I always put things off." She, too, asked a question. "Do you think," she asked, "we should have green or yellow drapes in the den?"

She had not heard a word he'd said. For Doris can shut her ears to what she does not want to hear. Tell her she has an amusing business appointment. Tell her she must make a decision about something before she is ready. Tell her: "You will tune you out. She will look at you with those big blue eyes, her head cocked to one side in a listening attitude, and you know you have no chance to talk about it.

What is she thinking about when she has that preoccupied look? Doris knows herself better than she thinks she does. She realizes a lot of things. I'm wondering what we'll have for dinner, when is the growing season in the back yard. She knows this is wrong. She will apologize. "I'm sorry, I didn't catch the last part of what you said," when she has not caught anything of it. But she can't help it because, she says, "My mind is always buzzing."

What else enters into Doris' complicated make up? Her personal cleanliness and neatness goes far back into her childhood and is a dominant motivation in her life. It seems connected with the way she displays a flair for fashion. She is like a sudden storm that is gone as quickly as it came, leaving the sun to shine. It also accounts for her way of life.

When she was a little girl if she found one small spot on her dress she would change it. Sometimes she would wear as many as three cotton dresses in one day. She would think of the sort of behavior. Alma says, "You take too many showers. You'll wash all the oil out of your skin." Doris showers two or three times a day and shampoos her hair daily.

When she was a little girl in Cincinnati her mother often took her to visit a certain friend. On the dining room table in this woman's house there was a large Swiss chalet. But instead of flowers floating in the bowl, as was intended, there were rubber bands and used pencils, paper clips, stubs of theater tickets and bobby pins. Doris had to put her hands behind her back to keep her fingers straightening the catch-all. She has never forgotten the swan.

Now her temper rises when she sees someone moves an ash tray to a place it doesn't belong. She has to bite her tongue to keep from scolding a guest who absent-mindedly carries the objects on a coffee table. "It gives me such satisfaction to see everything in order," she explains.

Marty says, "I'm always being inspected and I love it." Before he goes to his office Doris looks over his clothes. "They are spotless. "They always are, of course," she declares with pride. "Marty is one of the neatest people I've ever known," and this seems very important to her.

Hundreds of sizes to 16 ft., seamless, any length

San Diego

Early American

Doris' hearth is a little bank, too. A uniquely unambitious girl, she wants no more than what she has. According to Doris, she has everything. A husband she loves and who loves hers: a loving aunt and a devoted aunt who live with them; a darling 10-year-old son, Terry; her beautiful home. And, most important of all to Doris, she has "peace of mind." Her home is filled with antiques. This is a new passion which she developed after she came to California. Although it is not in her character to think of the past, she contraries her antiques and affinity for the old. "Things that are old just have more charm for me, that's all," she says. "They have more beauty. Old copper, old wood — they're different from new stuff. But I never think about the people who have used the things before I did. No, it isn't that, I can't explain."

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Wrong track in her relationships with people. In Doris' work she must, as can be imagined, meet a lot of strange birds. If you bring somebody to her with an apology—someone who perhaps can help her career but she regards as a fellow actor, he was pompous and pretentious. He tried to steal scenes from her, often didn't bother to learn his lines and definitely let it be known that he considered Doris unadventurous, little upstart.

It got under Doris' skin. "I don't like him at all," Doris said to a friend. But even as she said it she got the preoccupied look. This it was that she wasn't listening to. But instead of thinking about plants for the back yard or draperies for the den she had something much more important on her mind. What was she thinking was: "There is nothing wrong with that person. It's just my thinking about him that's wrong." So, Doris said later, "I changed my thinking. I saw him as sweet and wonderful and that's the way he was. Now we are friends." For Doris believes that love is reflected in love.

She has never been disillusioned in love. She has never experienced, in almost every Hollywood star is known—the so-called friend who loves you not for yourself but because you are a star. She has never, to her knowledge, been played for a sucker. She has a way of life what you expect. If you expect people to do dirt they will. She always believes that if you can really communicate with another person you will never have misunderstandings.

Sam Goldwyn was scolding a newspaperman who told Sam that he doubted the veracity of a story his press department just released.

"The story isn't exactly the truth," admitted Goldwyn, "but we have the facts to prove it."

H. W. Kellogg

Here is another facet of her personality. She goes to bed around ten-thirty at night so she can get up at eight in the morning. When she was traveling with hands she worked until all hours and had to sleep until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. She felt she was wasting her life. Rather, she felt she was wasting her days and she liked days better than nights. She is a very resourceful girl and there is no such thing as a career—yet she got too tense. She must take everything in her course. What should happen comes naturally.

A secretary at Doris' studio says, "I've never given a present to a star in my life. I couldn't afford anything than the average movie star would ever look at. But I just bought Doris Day a present because I knew she would like it. It cost a dollar. I saw an ad for it in a magazine and thought of her."

The present was a mystery story that could be solved. She bought a jigsaw puzzle that went with it. Doris loves mystery stories. She also loves jigsaw puzzles. Doris liked that present from the secretary as much as the diamond bracelet she never wears. She has no place to go to wear a diamond bracelet. She reads the mystery story and worked the jigsaw puzzle at home.

Doris thinks of herself as just an average, normal person. Relaxed as she is, though, she is impatient. Her personality is scarily because she thinks faster than she can talk. Her mother, reflecting how daily happenings, is prone to relate the story in minute detail. Doris says, "Come on now. Let's get to the point."

Doris has had many experiences which she would like to forget. But she has no regrets about the past since she acquired maturity. That's why she thinks she has friends like Charlotte Mattson and her husband is older than she. She gravitates towards mature people because, "I try so hard to be mature in my own thinking."

She is impressed by good people—sound, normal people, and draws away from pompous ones. She is in rapport with people of a religious turn of mind. She believes that drinking is sin and that a lot of drinking. She has known people who went without food to buy a bottle of hooch. "For what? Doris wants to know."

It is because neither she nor Marty drink that they find cocktail parties dull and so have acquired the reputation of being anti-social. Same way with night clubs. They generally there are so they want to see. They watch it, and leave.
back to Rome to get my dresses. Frank Lattimore was in Rome and he'd been awfully nice to me on one of his visits. He took me to the ballet and Vittorio was there. He had seen me in A Place In The Sun because he knew someone who was working on the set of the picture and they let him see it. So he knew who I was and he knew my work. When I saw him I wanted to know who he was, because he was one of the handsomest men I've ever seen. I was very natural thing that I'd ask about him. Lattimore told me, 'he's the Marlon Brando of Italy.' Someone else referred to him as the 'Laurence Olivier of Italy,' and I guess he's the tops. They also told me he had the reputation of being a very remote man—devoted to his art and an attractive and brilliant actor. I was flattered when he paid me such attention right from the start.

I said, 'But I hear he is married.'

'Oh, no. He has been married but he's been separated for about five years.' And when I asked Shelley if he intended to get a divorce she said, 'I don't know. After all, we only knew each other for one week. He introduced me to his mother and sister from a wonderful family. We weren't happy about having to be separated so soon. Vittorio wanted me to go to Paris with him but I explained that I had a picture waiting and had to come back; that my European holiday was over. But since I am alone he has asked me to write to his mother.'

I was surprised that Shelley tore herself away at that announcement and I told her so. She toped my frankness with a statement:

'I ought to have my head examined. I was suspended by the studio—that's something about me that wasn't made public. I probably make less than Francis the mule. I've made six pictures in America the last one I'm starting now—and they've made me $150,000 on me in loans.'

'Well,' I told her, 'you always run the pictures you make and you certainly run your men. I suppose you know that European men run their women?'

'I gathered that,' Shelley's voice sounded strangely meek, 'and I'm prepared to be run. Vittorio has had trouble with me so we could talk the situation over with Farley. He thought Farley was my fiancé and that I'd have trouble explaining things, and he was very anxious to get everything straightened out. But I

The End
I had a marvelous cold most of the time.” she added, “but you can’t crawl off to bed the first time— you hit Paris, so I carried on. They have regular little revues in the night clubs and their approach to entertainment is very American. At St. Germain’s Pres they had Tommy Dorsey and his band and we put on a big party one night. First thing I knew I was singing ‘A Good Man is Hard to Find’— it was the kind of thing.

Shelley, who got to the top in pictures the hard way and knows the value of a dollar, rebelled at some of the Paris prices: “Six hundred dollars for an eight evening gown I said it just wasn’t worth it and walked out. We work hard for our money over here and you think twice before you spend that much on anything— but they had found some lovely things for a whole lot less.”

In London Farley and Shelley were welcomed with open arms. All the young people in Hollywood gave her a fan and entertained them. Shelley loved the British way— they go to work at noon, they dine at eight or nine or even later—they love to give parties and they love parties. I have seen such parties as the English can give. They turn on the lights and make the fountains play for you. We had wonderful times. The night of the two parties I did the thing—the most wonderful thing I’ve ever seen.

That night I wore my most beautiful dress— green satin veiled in black lace. I spent six months in London and knew all the beauties in London would be there so I wanted to look my best. Farley couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw me. I really looked pretty good—you’d hardly recognize me. I told Farl I never had time in Hollywood to go into this dressing thing in such a big way. Well, I guess you can hurry. You work until six and jump into a tub and then into your gown. It takes time for a real production. I wish we could slow our tempo a little. leisure is very satisfying.

Elizabeth Taylor was coming out of the studio when she was accosted by a very tiny fan who came up to her every time she added: “Do you mind printing your name? I can’t read writing yet.”—Riving Hoffm in The Hollywood Reporter

Shelley has something more valuable than mere beauty but her early experiences in Hollywood gave her a fixation on the subject. She couldn’t get a job anywhere. Casting directors would say, “But you’re not good-looking enough for the part.” Or producers would tell her, “You’re not tall enough for leads and you’re too good looking for character roles.” So she fell between two values. At Metro they made her up to look like Lucille Ball and when she objected to it, they said, “Well, if you don’t want to look like yourself, do you?” At Columbia they tried to make her look like Rita Hayworth. At 20th, Betty Grable was a perfect match for her and told her she just couldn’t make the grade. She went back to New York in disgust and got a job playing the role of Ado Annie in Oklahoma, which Vittorio had directed. She didn’t do much trying to look at and act like other people and played straight Shelley Winters. Suddenly everyone discovered she had talent. She was in the job of the waitresses in the Colman film herself and failed on the first test. George Cukor got to thinking it over and gave her a second test. When they tried to find her she was playing a role at Metro. She got $100 to turn enough money to get back to New York. She knew now that she’s got what it takes, but she still worries about not being a beautiful creature.

Then the girl who had her first Hollywood apartment in a tenement where she raised the wrong hats and who ironically described herself as “Shelley Winters of stage, screen, radio and Schwab’s Drug Store,” found herself in New York, at home, in New York.

She’ll never be the same again.

“Paris was wonderful and London was out of this world, but Italy was heaven!” she said. “The people in the streets called out ‘bella, bela, blonde’ when I went by. And how those Italian men treat women! I’ll never wonder about Ingrid Bergman any more. Amazing— why, honey, you used to be so pleased. But these men do something for you—they build you up in your own estimation. They called me feminine. I thought they meant it! I’m an able-bodied girl who can shift for herself. They’re all that way—the whole Italian nation. Right off Vittorio da Sica said he had a film for me and we wrapped up the script in a room with Greg Bautz, my attorney, for approval. That’s why I may go right back there.” I said. “Of course Vittorio Gassmann would have nothing to do with me.”

Shelley has a flood of superlatives when she talks about her latest acquisition when you may have seen in Bitter Rice. She says, “He’s the handsomest and the most aristocratic actor in the very first moment. And the way he puts things! I was really feeling low when we parted at the plane—I didn’t want to leave any more than he wanted to stay. So I tried to smile bravely. My! I waved good by to show that I was a good sport—chin up—and all that sort of thing. So my first cable Vittorio sent me on arrival read, ‘I found your last and eminently encouraging. Now what American man would word it like that, I ask you. When he decided to make the driving point of his film, he would have full of yellow roses. He used this gorgeous brand-new Daimler and one day we drove out into the country. Something went wrong suddenly—the thing simply was too bad. But he didn’t show the slightest annoyance or irritability. He fussed with it a little then lifted his eyebrows, smiled and said, ‘You know, Italians aren’t a bit mechani- cally minded— why this is a better friend than any machine— it decided to find someone to drive us back to the city.”

When she talks about Vittorio, Shelley is a different girl. You’d never think she was the forceful actress who tried to direct Behave Yourself and was in the dog-house with everyone concerned because of it. Or the dogged character who crossed a continent to New York for a part in a play. Or the lady properly. She’s not the tom-boy who loves to tell about the seven hours it took her and Farley to drive from Stratford-on-Avon to London because they asked directions from the natives couldn’t understand a word anyone was saying. Or the back seat driver to whom Farley would say, “I think when she didn’t stand her continuous advice.

This is quite another girl—this girl who fell in love in Italy on a moonlit night. She’s meek and adorable. She thinks of time and distance. She may suffer a complete transformation in character and temperament. So far being in love has not cut down on the speed of her stiff little pace. People. But from where I sit, this looks like love.
Hollywood’s most tragic people

(Continued from page 30) question I’d have to be a psychiatrist. But I’ve known her since she was a plump happy kid staring in the beloved Wizard Of Oz. Without being an expert, I would diagnose Judy’s trouble as mental.

She is an overstimulated girl. Unlike other hard-working actresses of Holly- wood she could not shake off the excite- ment of her work and relax when she left the studio. Judy was always “on”

When she was still a little girl she sought and attracted friends who were too sophisticated and worldly for her. They lived on excitement and jazz sessions and late hours.

Even worse for her, she went through a near tragic love affair with a married man at the unbelievably young age of 15. A time when the average girl is just beginning to date and hold hands and “neck” a little, Judy was carrying a torch a mile high for a man who couldn’t marry her.

In both her marriages Judy was wed to men as highly sensitive and emotional as she. Dave Rose, musician and composer of the lovely “When You’re In Love,” among other fine melodies, is a charming man but when he was married to Judy his career was not as firmly established as it is now, Judy was as young and ambitious and as self-centered as she was above.

Her second husband, Vincente Minnelli, was more mature and understanding—in fact, he was almost a nurse to her in the last two years of their marriage. No one could have been more patient than Vincent.

When their daughter, Liza, was born everyone hoped that Judy’s emotional upheaval would take a rest. And they might have been if she had not adapted to take on weight as do many women following the birth of a child.

To meet the rigid demands of the camera for strength and stability Judy dieted and dieted and became so nervous she could neither sleep nor eat. The eventual crack-up of her nerves and her health was inevitable. And, perhaps, that frightful headline, “DOROTHY GARLAND ATTEMPTS SUICIDE AS MOVIE CONTRACT ENDS was inevitable also.

It looked like the skies. Everybody said it was a tragedy. Judy, at 27, was through. She couldn’t get a job in Holly- wood or Broadway so she went to Europe where they do not so quickly discard favorites.

Into her life at this time came Sid Luft, ex-husband of Lynn Bari, handsome, well-groomed, witty and a born playboy. Luft was good for Judy in that he is gusty and masculine and lends a strong masculine shoulder for her to cry on.

But it was more than good for her as the other men in her life had been. He’s too much of a stay-up-late boy, a “Let’s go somewhere and do something” the perfect companion for a girl like Judy even after she hit the comeback trail.

Judy did not finish her performance at the Palace until nearly midnight but it was a nightly event and every act got Judy and Luft arriving at El Morocco or the Stork at three or four in the morning as most of the owls were heading home. The stardom of Judy’s influence. I know Judy well enough to believe that she could well be the one to say, “Let’s go, go, go—” because she still can’t sleep at night and her nerves are raw.

Yes, in spite of her stage comeback—well-loved little Judy is still a long way from being out of the woods—a tragic, lonely little figure who apparently cannot yet help herself nor be helped.

Robert Walker never thought that Holly- wood was responsible for his unhappiness or the cause of the troubles that beset him—even to his marriage and the five month recuperation in Menninger’s Clinic which followed.

Bob would insist that he would have been a much milder and neurotic person no matter what career he had followed or with whom he had married. I can’t go along with that. To me, the sensitive, repressed, emotional, flagging Walker is one of the real heartbreak stories of Hollywood.

He might have weathered everything—perhaps to the point of being a completely happy person—and still have been able to have walked off the gaff, had he been thrown into a less turbulent world; and if the only woman he ever really loved had been a less beautiful, complicated and am- bitious person than Jennifer Jones.

Bob used to say to his intimates, “It’s wrong to blame Phyllis (he always referred to Jennifer by her real name). I gave her many bad times long before we ever came to Hollywood and when we were still struggling on Broadway with two little boys to support.”

This tendency to blame himself for everything, to make himself suffer in the eyes of others as he suffered in his own, was the most dangerous neurosis by which young Walker was plagued.

He was constantly bellowing his work even to telling director Leo McCarey that he could not do justice to the “big scene” in My Son John and that the speech should be given to Helen Hayes, his co-star.

McCarey scoffed at what he believed was Bob’s false modesty. Walker was reading the speech, “banging up” on it as he called it, night and day, without sleep, his nerves a flickering point when the torrent finally burst.

He literally “went crazy” hitting walls with his bare fists, breaking everything he could put his hands on before his doctors administered the drugs which had always calmed him in the past but which this time proved fatal. Poor Bob had demonstrated his last inner revolt against the career he had neither emotionally nor physically geared to handle.

FRANCHOT TONE is a tragedy of Hollywood because he has permitted the worst influence of the studio to affect this industry to change his personality. He came here a gentleman, a cultured intel- lectual man, a graduate of Cornell with a fine family background.

For years he stood for all that is circumspect and proper. Even when Franchot and Joan Crawford ended their marriage it was done with as much dignity as is ever achieved in coming apart.

When his marriage to blonde Jean Wallace began to go on the rocks it was Franchot who ratted most of the sympathy and who seemed to make the “solid” foundation for their two little boys.

And then Barbara Payton entered the picture—a woman who seemed to exert an almost hypnotic influence over him and with whom he fell madly in love—and madly is the word.

I know that Franchot tried to break with Barbara several times before that un- savory brawl with Tom Neal who handed him in the hospital and all three of them in disgrunting headlines. I know he tried to keep away from her because—before he left New York for the Coast two days before that fateful brawl, he called my office asking that we print a story that

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he had no intention of seeing Barbara while he was here fighting for the custody of his boy.

Did he keep that promise? He did not. Barbara called him at his hotel a few hours after he arrived in town and he was completely unprepared for his way to a beating that seems to have permanently changed the refined appearance of the Franchot Tone we used to know. His merry-go-round marriage to Barbara and her madcap brawl with a newspaper woman (she claimed he spat in her face) are events at the other end of the rope from the things Franchot Tone has always been associated with. Florabel Muir, the writer who made the charges that Franchot spit on her and kicked her, claimed that his speech was rambling and incoherent. She was given a medical test, and after a medical examination it was proved that Franchot was not under the influence of drugs as had been claimed by some. He felt and behaved as he had in the early days of the films there was no doubt that dope had ended the career of one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known, and suffered from a nervous breakdown and irritability, according to Wallace Reid.

Even though Wally has been dead for nearly 30 years, the memory of him has not died. If ever there was a young Greek god in modern times, that was Wally. He was the tall, handsome, incomparable, and wonderful-looking man who was the idol of a nation in his clean sports-inspired films. Yet at 32, Wally was dead, victim of a habit he fell prey to because of his love for work. So few there are imposed on if they make three films a year. Wally made eight movies a year—that is how great his popularity was. But it took an enormous toll on him both physically and mentally, because he started taking drugs at first to “pep him up” so he could fulfill the demands his popularity made on him. As always happens—because he became not the drug but the narcotics that he felt were necessary.

Because he was known and loved as an athlete, Wally took dope through the soles of his feet and through the veins, but as not to make any obvious marks. Toward the last years of his life when he was hopelessly addicted, his teeth fell out from too many thrusts of the narcotics needle, and this young man who was as sunken as an old man of 80 unless he was wearing his false teeth.

Dorothy Reid, his gallant wife who stood by him through it all, so thin, did everything in her power to combat the drug evil which had claimed him and put some of Wally’s insurance money in an antitoxin film. But to this day, no one is certain of the exact number of the most tragic figures ever to fall from the heights in Hollywood.

Four beautiful women—“too beautiful women” is the most tragic tragedies in Hollywood. I mean, Carole Landis, Jean Harlow, Barbara Lamarr and Lupe Velez.

I believe that all of them sought more from fame than fame could give to them. They were beautiful, but all these great beauties sought security and foundations in their careers—the two things which were to be denied all of them. Nor were they ever to know the comfort of sincere love.

Jean, Harlow, the glorious platinum blonde, has never been equalled for the sexy brand of glamour she achieved. Yet, her personal life was a series of tragedies and frustrations including a teenage divorce, the suicide of her second husband, Paul Bern, and a short-lived marriage to cameraman Hal Roenon, and then a love affair which nearly broke her heart.

Jean was loved by many men but she loved only William Powell. She died and was denied of a kidney injury at the young age of 26 soon after she and Bill had broken up following a quarrel. I do not believe Bill has ever gotten over the heartache of the beautiful girl who loved him too deeply. Bill always thought anyone else wanted to marry him more than anything in the world.

Lupe Velez, the feisty, talking little Mexican girl, is another who never knew happiness in Hollywood. She was one of the great happiness fans found in Lupe. Lupe was constantly in love, her greatest love being Gary Cooper.

But the most tragic of all was her last love. The man who killed herself over when she found she was going to bear his child and he would not marry her. Under an empty bottle of sleeping pills which he had taken to end her life, Lupe left the fatal note: “May God forgive you and forgive me, too. But I prefer to take my life away and our baby’s, too, before I bring him shame and hurt.”

Barbara Lamarr was a victim of her own beauty. Alone in the world and thrust out into the world too young in life, Barbara was one of the first to be brought into the Los Angeles Judge because of the company and the late hours she, a minor, was keeping. The lovely youngface in front of him touched the big magistrate. He pitifully, kind but prophetically, he said:

“My dear, you are too beautiful for your own good!"

A group of Hollywood people were discussing the problem of reverse glamour. When to tell the producer of the movie when it obviously isn’t a hit. An eye-witness then reported how Greta Garbo had avoided expressing any outline of her dissatisfaction with a picture she’d been at a preview attended also by the producer. When the lights went up, she approached Goldwyn who was eager to hear her reaction, but the actress had none to give, for she was determined to be noncommittal. “Sam,” were her words, which satisfied both, “there is only one kind of life.”

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Barbara, with her hair as black as a raven’s-wing, her jewel-like green eyes and white skin, went on to be the glamour girl of her day in Ramon Novarro pictures and under the directorial guidance of Rex Ingram. But, as the Judge had predicted, her beauty was too much for some men, and she made the fatal mistake of settling for the tinsel of fame and fortune and of burning the candle at both ends. But for great was Barbara’s love for Ann Edna St. Vincent Millay’s lines about the lady who burned a candle at both ends, “It gave a lovely light”, while it lasted for this really beautiful woman.

Carole Landis, the beautiful blonde with the magnificent figure who took her life a bare five years ago, is another tragic figure.

Hers is a “different” story from most of the beauties. Carole sought Hollywood not for its glitter and excitement. She sought stability and an anchor in Hollywood. Fortunately she was out on her own. She traveled around taking jobs here and there that would pay her a bare living and for the trimmings, well, there was always money—spending escorts for beautiful and the world she lived in was giddy and careless.

But Carole was different from other butterflies. She was intelligent and she wanted more for herself than the world could give. While she was still living in San Francisco she was an avid reader of fan magazines and the stories that attracted her most were those about the home life of the great stars.

So Carole came to Hollywood—and she was among the few in the thousands of girls who wanted to achieve stardom. She became a star, and in the end, she attained her heart’s desire. But she, too, had a good share of the troubles of the stars. She sometimes thought she had found it, particularly after she married wealthy Horace Schmidlapp and had her own beautiful home and garden. But she wasn’t to work out to that way. Fate willed it that her career, which had been so bright for a few years, began to hit the skids just about the time her marriage was about to be a success.

Her money was going fast, few jobs were in sight and an unhappy romantic interlude with Rex Harrison proved to hold too much for her. She broke off the engagement and married that other girl who had expected so much—too much—of fame. On July 4th, 1946, Carole Landis was found dead in the bathroom of her home, a pitiful martyr to that happiness she had sought in vain in “home” growing movieland.

The stories of the other three stars who round out my greatest tragedies of Hollywood all start in the same way: the youngest of fans, perhaps) to need much interesting. I refer to gamin, lovable little Mable Normand, to Rudy Valentino and to John Gilbert.

They are such sorry fables of our town and are part of screen history. Recently you fans discovered a new young idol when Tony Dexter brought the world of Hollywood to life through both that portrayal you learned much, not all (they changed many events in the script) of Valentino’s flaming short career. This flinging young man with the smoulderings, loved and adored by women except, as he once told me, “the women I love, don’t love me.”

Soon Paramount is bringing the story of Mabel Normand to the screen and we will relive again the sunny first part of Mabel’s story when she was a madcap star of Mack Sennett comedies. If the scriptwriters are honest, they will bring us through the black, black days of the end of her career following the time she figured in the sensational William Desmond murder investigation and on to her death, a drug addict.

As for John Gilbert—I believe his story, too, will come some day be put on the screen. He was a young actor, a witty, slightly mannered, and flirtatious, and the audience and they loved him. Gilbert was a great writer—“he was a great writer.” He was a great writer. He was a great writer, who broke Jack’s heart. It was a mechanical contrivance called a microphone, “the talking screen” that broke the Jeff Gilbert. He never recovered from cruelly frank reviews that the great lover of the silent screen had a “thin, high pitched, effeminate speaking voice” over camera.

Well, there they are—all my tragic figures of Hollywood. Let us think of them all—those that have gone on. Let us think of those who still have a chance to continue it of it, hopefully. For one and all, they have given us wonderful moments of glamour and excitement in their screen portrayals.
the startling loves of liz taylor

(Continued from page 29) on her carelessness in declaring such a huge sum when it wasn’t necessary.

"That was silly, wasn't it?" Liz agreed. "Would it have cost you much?"

It would have cost a small fortune, but the man didn't tell her. He just muttered quietly to himself about women who had no regard for money. It was a far cry from the little girl of two years ago who had been thrifty with her small allowance.

The point of all this is that Elizabeth Taylor has probably made the most astonishing change in the history of Hollywood. She is, at 19, a complete sophisticate, a divorcée, and well on her way to becoming the femme fatale people expected she would be by the time she reached 30.

When Elizabeth Taylor arrived in New York City and decided to stay awhile before heading for Hollywood, a romantic charade in which she set down here to Lola Montez began. And the little girl who thought she was getting too involved with men because she had been engaged twice was the center of it all.

At first there was Nicky Hilton. Liz took a flying trip to Texas to see Nicky. According to published statements, she went to talk to Nicky about something—something that any good lawyer will tell you was settled finally before she went into court. Then Nicky came to New York. Nothing romantic, the newspapers said, just a visit to talk over a few details in the property settlement. Then, together, Liz and Nicky drove up to Richfield, Connecticut, and spent the week-end together—again talking business. People who saw them on that latter trip say it was the closest legal huddle ever beheld.

When Nicky left for Texas again, Liz was terribly lonely—for about five minutes. Then the phone rang and it was Montgomery Clift. He came right over and was her constant companion until she checked out of the Savoy Plaza to fly to Hollywood. But Liz didn't go to Hollywood. She just went down the street and checked into the St. Regis Hotel. Michael Wilding had moved into living with her from London the same day. Intersperse in this set-up the person of a handsome young band singer named Merv Griffin and you have quite a bit of romance.

This writer happened to be in New York at the time and was fascinated with the newspaper accounts of the affair. He called Liz and recorded certain statements and observations which we set down here to fill out the lines.

The first observation is that Elizabeth Taylor is entirely finished with being a child. There is nothing in her voice or manner that would suggest adolescence. Her high-pitched tones that was something of a trademark is gone. Her voice is low and her speech precise. There is no uncertainty in her opinions, as there was two years ago. I might say that she is quite a lady with the lads, there is no coyness in her conversation about men—and there would be if she were still a kid.

"I would like," I said, "to talk to you about romance."

"Oh, please no," said Liz.

"But it's what everyone wants to read about," I said.

"I don't believe it," said Liz. "Most of the things that are printed about me and men are untrue and so unreal. And besides, people are getting tired of hearing about it.

They're not," I told her. "You're a beautiful woman and you have so many men crazy about you that the public wants to know every move you make romantically."

"But why?" I asked Elizabeth. "I'm only 19. I've been engaged once. (Liz doesn't consider her marriage to Mattie as an engagement) and I've been married and divorced—something I'm not at all proud of—WHY are they so particularly interested in me?"

"Maybe it's because of the kind of men," I said. "Take Montgomery Clift for instance."

"Monty and I are just dear friends," Liz said. "We're crazy about each other—but it's just a friendly crazy."

There wasn't enough conviction in her voice to sell me.

"Do you think Michael Wilding?" I asked.

"Michael and I are just good friends," Liz said. "We've known each other for years."

"I and some people tell me," I said, "that you might remarry Nicky."

"That you can be sure won't happen," Liz said determinedly. "That is all in the past. We will never marry again.

"On two, three occasions you went the men in Liz's life at the moment. All just good friends—and one, an ex-husband, who was not going to get back into her heart."

"I couldn't help but think back to that interview two years ago."

"What I want more than anything in the world," Liz said that day, "is to meet some nice man when I grow up and marry him and raise a family.

"I'm afraid," I had answered, "your life is not destined to be that simple. You are going to have many great and important things to do with you—and your only problem will be whether or not you will be able to handle them and yourself."

It was pretty paternal, and she took it that way.

"I hope you're not right," she had said. "And don't think you are. Why right now. I don't know a single boy I like well enough to date regularly."

The very next day she met Nicky Hilton—and married him two months later.

I observed during my talk with Elizabeth Taylor in New York that she had progressed career-wise, too. We spoke of this fact, and it was clear that MGM would be up in a year and she could be a free agent if she chose.

"Of course," Elizabeth said, "the decision as to whether I sign or not is not entirely up to me. But I want to do a lot of things that a contract actress is not able to do. I want to appear in a play on Broadway. I want to make pictures in Hollywood, but I also want to make them in Europe. I want to advance as an actress and do everything an actress can do."

"You're already handling your own affairs, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Almost all of them."

"And I heard you were going to buy a home of your own on the coast," I said.

"You're right," Liz said. "But for the present I'll keep my lease. I have a lease, she said as an afterthought.

All in all, Elizabeth Taylor's life and outlook have changed. She is still earnest in her ideals and anxious to improve herself continually. It seemed to me that she still said silly things about men, but her evening vray bup, baa, is, without question, involved in a romantic triangle that might unmellow her and spoil everything.

If an outsider were to select a mate for her from among the three major men in her life, he would, if he chose wisely, pick Montgomery Clift. To see them
together is to see a beautiful couple.

The romance between Monty and Liz began during the making of A Place In The Sun. Although Liz was being courted by Nicky Hilton at the time, those close to her knew that she was quite taken with the quiet, scholarly Monty. The two hit it off right away, although they didn't voice their opinions, that the love scenes between Liz and Monty were torrid mainly because they both enjoyed them so much. This is not intended to imply that Liz was fickle when she was going with Nick. Kissing on the screen is kissing, after all, and if it can be enjoyed by the screen lovers involved it lends reality to the picture.

Monty liked Liz, but he was too busy working to pay any real attention to her while the movie was being made. When the cast was waiting around to learn what added she had spent a good deal of losing time in her company. Maybe then he would have liked dating her with romantic intentions, but by that time Liz's wedding to Nicky was almost at hand.

There is something more than just casual dating between them now, because they make concessions to one another that they will not make for anyone else. Monty prefers to spend quiet evenings in the company of old cronies and if a cafe is visited, it is certain to be one of the small, out-of-the-way spots that stud New York's East Side night scene. Liz, however, hates the “dives” but when she dates Monty she goes to these places with him and becomes a regular member of his gang.

On the other hand, in the period of a month, Monty took Liz to such chi-chi spots as The Maisonnette Room of the St. Regis Hotel and to other night spots that belong. On these occasions he conducted himself like a real man of the world and mixed with Liz's friends grandly.

If there is any very fond of one another, neither would step out of his niche for the other. Add that to the fact that there is a good deal of affection showing when they are together in public, and you have a fair case of young love.

Michael Wilding has been called "old enough to be Liz's father," but Cupid doesn't seem to care about that. No matter how much they might be lovers of the other sex, it is true that a love-type association exists between Michael and Liz. How deep the affection is, no one but Michael knows. But it is a fact that he is fascinated by the elegant Englishman. His influence over her is almost along the Sveorgali order. When he snaps his fingers, Liz, they say, answers and runs to his side.

When Monty, who was coming to New York, Liz dropped Monty like a hot potato for the moment and, using the excuse that she was going back to the picture, imprisoned him. She denies that the interest involves romance, it is all too obvious when she is with him in public that this is not so. She glows. And they, too, make a handsome couple. The fact is that they both like the same things—and ignore the cost. They like to dress for dinner and they enjoy the subtle small talk of the English club set. They like swank ski trips. They like to travel. The only bug in the affair is that Michael won't be free to marry for a time.

Just how romance will come out is a matter for sound thought because it is also a point of a triangle. It is hard to believe, but the other person involved is Marlene Dietrich. Not that Marlene is difficult—she's not, but it appears incongruous to think of both Marlene and Liz vying for the same man.

Whether Nicky's figure in Liz-Taylor's life is also difficult to figure. Liz is no doubt sincere in her statement—and belief—that she will not go back to Nick, but it can not be denied that she finds that in the normal events of his company. Generally, when a man and woman separate in Hollywood they are not too friendly, despite the tales you have heard otherwise. Liz is fond of Nick and makes no bones about it. When she dated him in New York she was very affectionate and people who saw them in Connecticut say they were like a couple of happy kids on a holiday. And at about the same time, Nicky undertook a charm offensive of Liz dancing with Connie Hilton, Nick's dad, at a gay party. There is no animosity between Liz and Nick, to say the least. Although Nicky announced that he was jointed shortly before he rendezvous with Liz in New York, it was stated in the inner circles of cafe society that he still carried a torch for his ex but would not let this knowledge straighten things out. If he doesn't, it will not be because he didn't try. He is solid in the trio of favorite men and logical contenders for Liz's heart.

It is important to note that Liz can't have her wish about the magazines and papers forgetting her romantic life, but that would be impossible. Maybe the probing into her private life will continue. Although people in the public eye, Liz Taylor will not tell all the facts. Like her sisters in the films she may feel that it is all her business, and that evasion will serve her best. But I hope we have finished talking about Miss Taylor's romance, no matter how careful the star is, there comes a moment when something is said that may be a slip—and that may give the whole thing away.

When we had finished talking, my sister and I were about to say goodbye. I dropped the impersonal manner of the reporter. "All right, Liz," I said. "You say you are only friends. Now don't cross me up—only me. After all, this story appears on the newstands, will you?"

"When will it appear?" she asked.

"In the February issue," I said.

"Oh," she said. "There was a silence, a long silence. "My divorce," she said, "is final in January."

Three men are Liz's very own, they say, if she wants them. She could marry one, the other, or the third one."

(Elizabeth Taylor will soon be seen in MGM's Ivanhoe.)

“nice girls don’t wear lipstick”

(Continued from page 58) that she was bringing up her daughter not only intelligently but considerately. And she could prove it, or seemed to. Yet, as I analyze it now, she was wrong, and whatever her reasoning, I suffered socially.

She held that I had been born with a good complexion and nothing had gone wrong in a test of her reasoning to improve it. Again and again she would swing me around to face her big mirror and there would be the following speech.

"Look here, At home you were a pretty skin and the blush on the cheeks. That blush is what women are trying for with their rouge, but they only get an imitation of what you have. Your eyes were a good color, you had a little pigtail or a rash so many youngsters suffer from. And do you mean to say that you want to smear a whole drugstore across that nice face and spot it?"

She would never admit that she had made me wear my hair in curls past the proper age for it. She defended this policy by pointing out that a little girl of 12 and a half is not an old girl of 13 and why dress older than she looked? And as for my wardrobe, it didn't hurt me a bit not to go in for the prevalent fads. It merely gave me an air of individuality which was certainly a nice thing for a young girl, wasn't it?

I suppose that a million youngsters have miserably tried to come with this sort of logic, logic which I now know to be both true and false at the same time. The face remained unmarred, but her arguments I was feeling inferior at school. Whether I needed makeup or not, using it was part of the business of growing up at that time. The girls didn't talk history or geography when we got together. They talked makeup and parties and boys. Good skin or not, my face felt bare and over me hung a sort of stigma. When it came to my curls, being small was the more reason for trying to look older, the way I felt about it. And as for being a girl with individuality, I don't have to explain how I felt. I was quite an open about this. You can be distinctive in some ways but you've got to go along with the crowd in a general way. Mother wasn't making me look like another Slim or another girl—and not only looked it, but felt it.

When, a year after I left high school, Mother died suddenly, I was still her girl. It was hard then to get used to me, as I was not complete. From that day, to the day I overcame this handicap in New York, my main job, you might say, was to regenerate what was missing. One day we were at the Dayton Company store or Harold's or Borkman's, take one look at the latest Paris imports, and copy them from the store pages. For the washrooms the moment she hit school they would really slap on the makeup. The results weren't always good because in their deficiency they over-
The rating of teacher's pet in school, and had never been one of the gang (the closest I came was when I was caught chewing gum in class and had to wear a wad of it on the end of my nose till the experience of the other girls) who had never been one of the gang and had never been invited to their parties. Mother saw it, read it, and waved it at me as documentary proof, to say that she had been right all along.

"They passed up the complexities of the gossipy world to me, a notice," she said.

"This once, I was more than industrially edu- cated, " Mother explained. "I received, and it was a gift. I received it, and it was a gift. And for the ones who were always talking to boys and going to parties—yours is the one they think will succeed, not them."

I was hopelessly intrigued. It hadn't been easy for her to stick to his game plan, and the tears and tantrums and rebellions. I still admire her for this. But in my heart, I didn't agree with her. Maybe success was ahead of me. I don't think I was too concerned right then. All I felt was that up to that moment, in youth's business of trying one's wings until there's the glow and confidence of the strong winds, almost all those laughing, gay kids about me had already succeeded!

I felt this to be even more keenly when I left Minneapolis for school in Chicago. It is revealing, I think, that I began to pay a great deal of attention to makeup; I depended on it as a distinct personality aid. And I like to think it was the way only because on my 15th birthday an aunt had given me a compact and Mother couldn't bring herself to nul- lify that purchase by not letting me use it. And just six months before that, yes, not until I was midway through my thirteenth year, had I been able, finally, to put an end to wearing my hair in long curls—with bows in them, naturally. If you don't think that hadn't been a trial!

Even my father sensed how I felt about it. Some time after my thirteenth birthday, I was said to be a girl, and I threw a tantrum about going in my curl. "I'm too silly!" I wept. "There'll be younger girls than me there with their hair combed out. How do you suppose that will make me look?"

Mother wouldn't budge, and I was an- nounced broken-heartedly for the tenth time that I wasn't going when Dad shot me a certain "look." It had to be the kind that meant something interesting might happen if I would shut up, I did, with a inner security that my problem wasn't the kind of thing that wouldn't be resolved. I took it to drive me to the party. After he had gone some way from the house, he took a comb from his pocket and handed it to me. I pulled the ribbons from my hair, combed it out, and he put the ribbons in his pocket.

On the day I graduated from Washburn High School in Minneapolis I received a lot of congratulations because I was salutatorian, with a record of A-minus for the term. But my biggest kick came not from being salutatorian, but from the knowledge that for the first time in my life I was wearing mascara on my eyelashes. Just a touch. Mother had supervised, had practically applied it herself, to tell the truth. But it was there. Despite the fact that I practically had

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by hedda hopper
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Learn from this Camay bride! See a clearer, brighter skin appear with your First Cake of Camay!

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MARCH, 1952

AMERICA’S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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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. My mother tells me she saw Joan Crawford in motion pictures 30 years ago at which time she was in love with a director named Woody Van Dyke. Is this true and with whom is Joan in love now?—E. D., New York, N. Y.

A. Joan Crawford made her motion picture debut in 1926. Her first film was directed by Woody Van Dyke. These two were never in love. At the moment of this writing, Joan has no particular love interest.

Q. Why did June Allyson change her name from Jan to June? Isn't it true that she's really 35 years old and once worked as Betty Hutton's understudy?—C. T., Dover, Del.

A. Miss Allyson thought that Jan was too masculine a name. She changed it to June when she began to look for theatrical work on Broadway. The name-change apparently brought her good luck as she was hired to understudy Betty Hutton in Panama Hattie. June Allyson was born on October 7th, 1924.

Q. Is it true that Alan Ladd refuses to pose for pictures with his son by a first marriage? If it isn't, why don't we ever see such pictures in Modern Screen?—K. F., Norwalk, Conn.

A. See Louella Parsons' Good News in this issue.

Q. I understand that Tony Curtis has developed a swelled head now that he's tasted a little fame. Is this on the level?—H. J., Toper, Kan.

A. Curtis is still extremely cooperative with all members of the press. In some quarters his new-found self confidence is being misinterpreted as conceit. Actually, it is impossible to become successful in Hollywood without undergoing some very definite personality changes.

Q. Does Janet Leigh ever run into either of her two ex-husbands, and does she still deny they exist?—T. Y., Merced, Cal.

A. Janet has never denied her two previous marriages, never has run into her two previous husbands.

Q. Is it true that child actresses last longer in the movies than child actors? If so, why is it?—B. F., Louisville, Ky.

A. It's true largely because it is easier to find story material for young growing girls than for young growing boys. Latest child star to have his career threatened by adolescence is Claude Jarman, Jr.


A. The Academy Awards are given out in March.

Q. Does Betty Grable plan on having any more children?—G. F., Medina, Tenn.

A. No.

Q. Is it true that Dale Robertson's mother gave him the family savings so that he could crash Hollywood. How much money does it take to crash the movie business?—C. J., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. Dale's mother gave him $10,000. His two aunts gave him another $10,000. There is no fixed sum necessary to crash Hollywood. One needs money to live on, however, before the lucky break comes.

Q. Before Harry James married Betty Grable, didn't he have two sons somewhere? Do these boys live in Hollywood? Who has custody of them?—V. S., Dallas, Tex.

A. James' ex-wife, Mary Louise Tobin James has custody of both sons in El Paso, Texas.

Q. What is the truth about Ezio Pinza? Did MGM drop him because he fought with Lana Turner on the set of Mr. Imperium or because his pictures were terrible?—B. B., Atlanta, Ga.

A. Pinza's two films for Metro, Mr. Imperium and Strictly Dishonorable, were not box-office hits. Story material for Pinza is also difficult to obtain because of his age. Pinza was dropped for these reasons, no other.
HIS NAME WAS **Thunder**!
HIS LOVE WAS **Fire**!
HE WAS THE FLAME AND THE **Fury**!

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Directed by

**Elia Kazan**

Written by

**John Steinbeck**
The ex-mrs. Sinatra and the ex-mr. Ava Gardner finally meet—Wow! . . . Pat Neal and Gary Cooper decide to

Would you like to read an eye-witness account of the first meeting between Nancy Sinatra (the former Mrs. Frank) and Artie Shaw (the former Mr. Ava Gardner) in New York?

My favorite New York spy writes the details.

"New Yorkers hadn't seen Nancy's NEW personality since her divorce from Frank," reports my friend, "and I must say she has become a dazzler, so petite, so chic and so sparkingly pretty."

Well, on this particular night, Nancy came into Gogi's La Rue with her friends from the Coast, the William Perlbergs. They were soon joined by Judy Garland and Sid Luft and then the whole party moved into the small private room, adjoining the main dining room, where Artie Shaw was sitting with his fiancee (?), the Dowling girl, and a columnist.

Apparantly, Shaw had never before set eyes on the original Mrs. Sinatra because I overheard him ask the writer, "Who's the little beauty with the big brown eyes?"

He was told it was Nancy Sinatra.

"What!" gasped Ava Gardner's second husband. "You mean he left THIS doll—and three children? He's gotta be crazy!"

My spy comments, "Everything considered, I think this is quite a commentary."

Rita Hayworth's suspension at Columbia lasted just five days. But they were five days of jitters for everyone concerned. Columbia had invested $500,000 in pre-production costs on Affair In Trinidad. And the minute she walked off the picture, Rita's $500 weekly salary was stopped.

"She is very emotional and mixed up," said one of her friends, "the break-up of her marriage to Aly Khan took its toll of her self-confidence. Rita is a bundle of nerves and very unsure of herself."

I find that hard to believe. Rita had rehearsed two dance numbers for the film and they were wonderful. And she looks radiantly beautiful these days.

Could she be getting a Greta Garbo complex.

Ever since her return to Hollywood she has shunned her old friends even to refusing to come to the telephone when they call. On the few occasions when she has accepted a social invitation she has been heard to remark that "people aren't nice to me."

Stuff and nonsense!

To Rita, once my good friend, I say as one who is still her friend: "Think straight and act wisely. Your leave of absence from Hollywood while being a 'Princess' did your career no good. But, don't, for heavens sake, be your OWN worst enemy."
I was with Joan Bennett within an hour after the shocking news that Walter Wanger had shot her agent, Jennings Lang, in a jealous passion over Joan. I'm not going into a dissertation on the moral angles of this tragedy one way or another.

But I shall never forget Joan—distracted, completely beside herself, and shaking like a leaf. She couldn't sit down—just kept pacing the floor up and down, back and forth. She hardly seemed to hear the words of comfort given by her former husband, Gene Markey, who had dashed to her side, or from other friends present.

Over and over she kept repeating, "To think that I should be the one to bring this terrible scandal on Hollywood. I can't believe it. It's a terrible nightmare."

The rain, that started that Saturday morning, poured and poured all day and was drenching all Southern California by nightfall, didn't dampen the enthusiasm of the lucky guests who had been invited to the housewarming of Linda and Tyrone Power.

Their new home is enchanting and the large colorful rooms were a perfect setting for Linda, vivid and flashing in a beautiful Fontana gown of green that almost matched her eyes and the emeralds she wore.

I hadn't any more than noticed this—than I spotted Joan Crawford in a gown that just matched her stunning Topaz jewelry. I filed it away for a little fashion note.

At dinner, I sat next to Michael Rennie and he and his Maggie are two of the most attractive Brits who have ever settled in our town. They came with their neighbors and good friends, Fieldie and Walter Lang.

Speaking of an attractive Englishman—Ronald Colman was there and he told me Benita had been, and was still, very ill with poison ivy. "And, don't you dare say she caught it from our HALLS OF IVY," he laughed.

Evie Johnson's new shorter than short hair cut was attracting attention and she told me it had been barbered by her ever lovin' husband, Van.

Valentina Cortesa and Richard Basehart, the new mamma and papa, didn't stay long and hurried home to the thin, adorable, brand new bambino.

Far be it for me to say that the "highlight" of the evening was Shelley Winters introducing her new love, Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, to her old love, Farley Granger—but it was quite a moment. Fari seemed to weather the blow without missing a heartbeat.

He told me he had been a house-guest of the Powers for a week. "They're calling
LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Alan Ladd is a busy star, but he's also one of Hollywood's most devoted family men. Here he dines out with three-quarters of his brood — (left to right) Laddie, his oldest son, 14; four-year-old David, wife Sue and daughter Alana. The Ladds also have a teen-age daughter.

me 'the man who came to dinner' and stayed a week,” he grinned.

Bradley’s date of the party was Hildegarde Neil and I think he likes the lady pulenly—but her heart is supposed to belong to Anatole Litvak, her favorite director.

Mrs. James Stewart, Merle Oberon, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Rocky Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, Claudette Colbert and Janet Gaynor — these are the other beauties in gorgeous gowns getting their "pitchers took" by Bunny Waters Greene who was here, there and everywhere snapping the festivities with her camera.

CLOSE-UP OF JOHN WAYNE: He has exactly the same close friendship today with which he is at the top of the heap as he did when he was just "old Duke," the cowboy. His inseparable man companions are John Ford, the director, and actor Ward Bond. . . . He likes his whiskey straight and his women shy and modest. If there's anything he hates it is a "conspicuous display . . . He doesn't like social affairs from big to small dinners. But he has been known to drop in on a friend, talk for hours, stay for dinner and then spend the night! Once, he dropped in on John Ford and stayed two weeks. . . . He doesn't want anyone to know it, but he is still a little bit shocked over women smoking. People have been seen with pretty girls . . . Way back in grade school he learned some poems and he can still recite them. Robert Service, and his poems of Alaska, are his favorite reading matter. . . . He isn't startled by the success which has made him No. 1 man on the screen because it happened so gradually he "didn't notice anything" . . . He wouldn't live anywhere but California if you gave him a worldwide choice. His next favorite spot is Mexico. He loves the lazy people, the mañana attitude and the hot hot food. . . . He's kind of a lazy guy himself. . . . He's been in the Mocambo nightclub just once and he's never dined at Romanoff's. Now and then he'll venture out to some quiet little place and listen to a good piano player. . . . He's more like an older brother to his children — seems that he just can't discipline them, no matter how hard he tries to be firm! . . . All in all, he's a very good guy to be representing us as the top actor at the box office and the popularity polls.

ALL you girls who worry because you can't have a steady fellow probably won't believe this—but it's true. Luxurious Marilyn Monroe, publicized as having more sex appeal than any movie star since Jean Harlow, didn't go to two pre-holiday parties because she had "no escort!"

Have you noticed that you never read about curvaceous Marilyn dining and dancing with this-one or that-one in the various nightclubs? As beautiful and alluring as she is — she is one of our real stay-at-home girls. And she admits it.

"Maybe I'm choosy," Marilyn told me. "I don't like to be going out just to be seen somewhere. But I won't lie—I'd like someone to come along who is nice, and a good dancer and fun to talk to — just like hundreds of other girls."

Before his death last year, Marilyn was devoted to her former agent, Johnny Hyde. Johnny made no secret that he wanted to marry her in spite of the difference in their ages (Johnny is 25). He did everything in his power to put her over as a star and she was always grateful to him. But she realized that gratitude was hardly the basis for a successful marriage.

When Johnny was taken very ill with a serious heart attack — and Marilyn was told by the doctors that he could not live — she let Johnny give her a diamond engagement ring because it made him so happy. Everyday she was a visitor to his bedside at the hospital. She made his last days very happy.

But surely, sometime, someone will come along who will bring "dantes" and romancing and real love for this girl who says her career is "everything" to her. Is that fair for a belle who, obviously, was not designed for a bachelor-girl existence?

PURELY Personal: Shelley Winters has really given me the chill since (as she says) I haven't taken her big romance with Vittorio Gassmann seriously. The gal says what she feels for the Italian actor is the real thing and that she is going to marry him. Unfortunately, he has a wife which Shelley says he will shed — and Vittorio says he won't . . . Since he started making love to luxuriant Liz Taylor, Michael Wilding wears his hair piece all the time—which is more than he did when he was making love to . . .
Happy Picture!
Happy People!

So much fun and joy and love, it bubbles over—all over you! You’ll go out smilin’ in your heart at the fellow who made room for the girl he loved—and forgot to lock the door!
Why risk ruin of your marriage with neglect of intimate hygiene creating another you!

Marlene Dietrich... Esther Williams is on her way to becoming the Hedy Green of the screen. Where money is concerned—Esther knows the secrets. Everything she touches turns to cash and she's sure to clean up when she goes on tour with her Aquacade this Spring. Not since Sonja Henie, has any pretty girl shown more "cash" sense than the movie mermaid... Kirk Douglas is becoming a cynical gent where the ladies are concerned. Methinks it will be a long, chilly time before Kirk gets around to marrying again.

That so beautiful redhead, Arlene Dahl, and her handsome groom, Lex Barker, invited their friends to their home for a Glade Jul party. Arlene, who comes of Scandinavian parentage, had all the smorgasbord, drinks and delicious things that go with such an elaborate fete.

The guests came early and stayed late. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Harris had a special celebration because it was their wedding anniversary. Pretty Georgiana Young Montalban, wife of the popular Ricardo, and Jeanne Crain were discussing babies. Both have dates with the stork, and it is the fourth child for each of them. These two girls are both beauties and believe in big families. I find that this is happening with quite a few Hollywood celebrities.

Farley Granger came all alone. Maybe he couldn't coax Hildegard Neil to accompany him, or maybe he's just tired of women. Personally, I think Farley was hit a little harder than he'd like people to believe by Shelley Winters' desertion. Not that he wanted to marry Shell himself, but just another case of a dog-in-the-manger.

Anne Baxter was receiving congratulations on having been voted the most cooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

That reminds me, Tyrone Power went on the air and really took the Press Club apart for naming the most uncooperative actors, saying it was of no interest to anyone except the disgruntled who voted. I wouldn't know, because I don't belong to the organization, but I was surprised to hear that Esther Williams had been named the most uncooperative actress. I have always found her to be just exactly the opposite.

Naturally I was not surprised that Frank Sinatra won the dubious honor of being named the least cooperative actor. The feud between Frank and some of the fan magazines dates back a long time.

There are very few newspaper women in this club. Most of the members are fan magazine writers with a few press representatives among them.

The two year romance of Pat Neel and Gary Cooper is over. Pat still loves Gary deeply, but she feels his ill health is caused by worry over his daughter, Maria, whom he adores.

Pat made a break two or three times, but always went back to Coop because he pleaded with her not to leave him. But she knows there's no chance for marriage because Gary's wife will never consent to giving him his freedom.

Personally, I do not think Gary wants to do anything as drastic as getting a divorce himself because of Maria. There's no feeling for Rocky any more—that Gary has said. He admits that he loves Pat, but he would never let his own feeling interfere with anything that might be harmful to his beloved daughter Maria.

The Letter Box: V. Johnson, of Winthrop, Maine, is worried that Dan Dailey's new candid camera shots are revealing signs of fatigue again. "Please, please—tell Dan to take care of himself. He is my favorite star and wo who love him cannot bear the thought that he might have to suffer through another breakdown."

"Just Stephanie," of Dallas, chides Hollywood producers. "How can they permit Olivia de Havilland to stay away so long? She is the greatest of screen actresses. Don't tell me there aren't good roles for her. She could have played The Blue Veil or Streetcar Named Desire or a half dozen other great parts. What's the matter?" Olivia's been touring with Candida, Stephanie, and she hasn't liked the films offered her.

"Clifford," Atlanta, Ga., thinks Farley Granger has broken Shelley Winters' heart and "that's the reason she acts so flighty—just to show him she doesn't care." Can't say that I agree with you, Cliff.

Well, that's all for now. See you next month!
Don't just wish you had exciting hair, shining like silk, even when the lights are dim; sensuous, so silken-soft to touch.

Watch your wish come true when you shampoo with gentle Drene.

(Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silks your hair.)
LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

How badly has the Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger-Jennings Lang mess hurt Hollywood? Not too badly, it’s felt... As usual, everybody in Hollywood chose sides in the case, one of the worst scandals ever to rock Filmville. The sober-minded, however, realizing that calmness is the best course in time of panic, pointed out that the sins of a few shouldn’t be placed on the doorsteps of all.

One of the most seriously affected when Miss Bennett’s husband shot Lang in the belief that the agent was breaking up his home was Jane Wyman, who was visiting her friend Pam Lang, the agent’s wife, at the time of the atrocity. Jane had been suffering from a serious kidney ailment, and friends said it was a nervous shock. But it doesn’t appear that the publicity will affect Jane adversely...

Joan, incidentally, had just finished her Christmas shopping when the shooting took place... Everybody was recalling how Joan had been named Mother-of-the-Year on a Mother’s Day broadcast last year.

Metro is dusting off Forever, bought by the studio years ago for Norma Shearer but never produced, for June Allyson. It’s about two lovers reunited in death... You’ll see the old Ann Sheridan in Steel Town, with Howard Duff and John Lund. She plays a really tough babe, like she used to with Bogart and Cagney.

SEX APPEAL:

For Lana Turner’s legs in The Merry Widow, MGM’s wardrobe department turned out hand-made imported Belgian black hose worth $200 a pair... Sight of the month: Lana waiting outside his dressing room for Fernando Lamas to finish work in Widow every night... But why didn’t Lana list Turhan Bey among her amours in that magazine piece she wrote? He was one of them, as you’ll no doubt recall... Do you think we’ll ever get used to calling her Lana Lamas?... Esther Williams accepted a beautiful orchid lei at the Cocoanut Grove and said, “I wish I could go around in just this!” And a man in the audience hollered, “Me, too!”

You’ll see Eleanor Parker wearing white silk tights opposite Stewart Granger in MGM’s Scaramouche. But remember when she refused to make The Girl From Jones Beach (the part Virginia Mayo inherited at Warners) despite two perfectly good reasons...?... Femme whistle department: Alan Ladd will play three bare-breasted sequences in Shane... Total weight of the dozen gowns

Denise Darcel wears in Young Man In A Hurry won’t equal the weight of the ONE she wore in Westward The Women... Marilyn Maxwell was voted by Military Police at Point Mugu, Calif., as “The Girl We’d Most Like to Handcuff”... TV is showing its effect in Hollywood films. Wait till you lamp Angela Lansbury’s cleavage in Mafinery—makes Faye Emerson look like a Campfire Girl!

WHO’S MAD AT WHO:

Marilyn Monroe is boiling at a calendar company that exhume an old photograph of herself in her birthday suit and used it on the 1952 calendars. Marilyn posed for it when she was broke a few years ago. And she can’t sue because unfortunately she signed a release at the time...
"This 8-hour shower left me dry!"

"Again and again through the shooting of this picture, I was dripping wet. You know how drying that is to skin!" Happily, there was wonderful Jergens Lotion to use after every 'take'. There's no quicker way to restore softness to dry skin.

"To get this comedy sequence, I was literally doused for hours." What a relief to smooth on soothing Jergens! It's so quick and easy to use—never leaves any sticky film.

ESTHER WILLIAMS
co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "SKIRTS AHOY!"
Color by Technicolor

A scene like this is worse for hands than mopping 20 kitchens. So see why Jergens helps so fast. Smooth one hand with Jergens Lotion—the other with any lotion or cream...

Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care. No wonder stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!

"For close-ups with co-star Barry Sullivan, my skin was smooth again." Jergens makes it easy to keep skin soft in spite of chores or chapping.

Keep your hands lovely. Use Jergens Lotion and see why it's used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.
Hollywood report continued

Monroe gal sure generates a lot of heat. She dated the entire Notre Dame football team when the pigskin lads were here... A tourist was snapping pictures at the Beverly Hills Hotel swimming pool. Hedy Lamarr was within range, sunning herself. She spoke up: "Please stop that. You are invading my privacy." Apparently mistaking her for a fellow tourist, the man said, "Look, lady. I'm just taking pictures. You wanna make something of it?" And Hedy covered her face with a towel... Hedy, by the way, tells friends Hollywood is the only climate that agrees with her and she just has to stay here while hubby Ted Stauffer works in Mexico.

Just before she broke up with Farley Granger in favor of Vittorio Gassmann, it reached a point where Shelley Winters wasn't kissing Farl goodnight when he dropped her at her apartment after dates. They merely shook hands... We've been to several Sunset Strip nightclubs lately on the same nights Shell's been on hand, and all we gotta say is we wish she'd quit singing while the floor show's on... And Farl doesn't know how close he came to losing the romantic lead in Danny Kaye's new picture, Hans Christian Andersen. Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, the producer's wife, has seen Henri Vidal, the big hunkaman who murdered femme audiences with his physique in Farl,Remember Vidal for the part. But Sam was afraid Henri's thick French accent was too strong. So Farley won out.

Hollywood heartbeats:

I sat next to Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis at the Hollywood press agents' annual Panhandle Dinner. Ronnie kept up a steady stream of conversation on everything from Hollywood's public relations to what a pretty dress his date wore, and Nancy hung on every word he said. A truly devoted couple... Ronnie told me, "One of the things that gave Hollywood a black eye in its early days, aside from some of the scandals, was the publication of costs for making such pictures as Intolerance and Ben Hur. The innately thrifty American public read these figures, was shocked, and resented Hollywood." When Ronnie broke his leg and swore off baseball? Well, now he's starring in The Big League, a biography of baseball's Grover Cleveland Alexander, for Warners. Proving that for a buck you can change your mind! Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson broke up, but neither shed a tear... And then alluvia sudden Vera and Dick Anderson were a two-some!... Ginny Simms and Bob Colhoun may be wed by the time you read this. Their mothers have met and, to all accounts, approved. Bob—and this isn't generally known—was a taxi driver who was left close to $1,000,000 by an aunt... The little invalid girl who came out from New Jersey to see her idol, Mario Lanza, wasn't interested in any of the movie stars she met or any of the events planned for her. All she wanted to do was be with Mario every minute, from six A.M. on—until she had to fly home... Mario's because was closed to visitors while the child was here, and newspapermen were boiling about. But MGM explained that the production department clamped down because the visitors had caused delays in shooting. "Mario has been wonderful," we were told, "devoting all his time to the little girl. He doesn't even eat lunch—just goes to his dressing room and relaxes and rehesters his songs—so there's little time for interviews..." When she finished Clash By Night at RKO, Barbara Stanwyck took off with pal Nancy Sinatra for a siesta in Palm Springs, came back much rested.

ODDS BOOKINGS:

Ironic, I thought, that Frank Sinatra gave Judy Garland such a genuine plug as "the greatest girl singer" on his television show. It was Judy's bow-out, remember, from the role of Julie in Sh家 Boat that gave the part to Frank's Ava... No more talk about Rodgers and Hammerstein wanting to use little Judy in a stage musical. They probably figure she couldn't stand up under the strain of a long run... The Garland family were all made up again as we went to press, following a falling-out. Judy birthday-gifted her mother, Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, with a huge basket of mums, jonquils and lillem-of-the-valley. And promised that her brother-in-law, Jack Cathcart (sister Sue's husband), will be her next musical conductor... La Gardner's new license number is prefaced by the letters FA, which stand for—you guessed it—Frankie and Ava... Complimented on her beautiful figure, Ava said she won't have it long 'cause she wants a baby RIGHT AWAY!

Isn't it odd that Jimmy Durante is famous for his big nose, while Danny Thomas is famous in SPITE of his?... Judy Holiday and Annabella, Ty Power's ex, are lookalikes... I never realized Brod Crawford's southpaw till I saw him doing a phone left-handed in The Mob... They've put extra COPS on duty these nights at the drive-in theaters around Hollywood... When U-I merged with Decca records to make pictures, it was noted that the studio has only one singer under contract. Her name is Ann Blyth. This lot was un-

(Continued on page 16)

Easy money!

Once upon a time, Valentines were mostly all homemade. But now chances are you'll breeze into a store and buy a fancy affair that says, "I love you" and costs you a pretty penny. We've got some pretty pennies for you, it so happens, in the form of crisp dollar bills. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now?

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE 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
[ ] Luella Parsons' Good News
[ ] Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
[ ] Hero Comes The Bride (Ronald Reagan-Nancy Davis)
[ ] Lena's Latin Lover (Lana Turner-Fernanda Lamas)
[ ] After Shelly—What? (Farley Granger)
[ ] Bang Went The Strings Of Her Heart! (Shelley Winters)
[ ] Liz Does It Again (Liz Taylor)
[ ] There Is No Jeff Chandler
[ ] Modern Screen's Party Of The Year
[ ] World's Apart (Borboa Stonwyck-Bob Taylor)
[ ] Too Hot To Handle (Marilyn Monroe)
[ ] Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better (Bill Holden-Glenn Ford)
[ ] Up In Brady's Place (Scott Brady)
[ ] A Life Of Her Own (Jane Russell)
[ ] "Somebody Loves Me" (Betty Hutton)
[ ] Life With Lane (Mario Lanza)
[ ] Pretty-Eyed Bébé (Leslie Caron)
[ ] Gary Crosby of Stanford U.
[ ] Modern Screen Fashions

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? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MAL star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is...
My address is...
City...
State...
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At important moments like this
... underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be checked and stay checked. Smart girls use Fresh Cream Deodorant because it really checks perspiration.

Furthermore, with Fresh you are assured of continuous protection. That's because Fresh contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated... and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness... bathe daily with mild, fragrant Fresh Deodorant Bath Soap, containing miracle odor-preventing Hexachlorophene to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!
Slim
The Way
The Stars Slim

- Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."

- Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs ... calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

doubtedly become a major producer of musical films in which song stars will be built for Decca. ... Spike Jones asked Margaret Truman to sing on his TV show. Don't laugh. Margaret worked with Spike and his City Slickers at the White House Correspondents' dinner. She was a hit, too!

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:
Scott Brady got a black eye working with Shelley Winters in Untamed. She turned suddenly in one of their sequences together, socked him accidentally with her head, and gave him a beautiful shiner. ... Don Hartman is now head of production at Paramount but he was once an actor. He played the role of Andy Hardy on the stage in Skidding, the play that MGM bought and built into a series of pictures for Mickey Rooney. Well, Don is still a trifle actorish, although a nice boss it would be hard to find in Hollywood. He met Vivian and Rosetta Duncan, the oldtime stage stars who came to a Para luncheon to wish Betty Hutton success in the film version of their stage musical, Topsy And Eva. Rosetta was introduced for the first time to Don, who asked pleasantly, "Are you going to do a little song and dance for us?" Rosetta looked him over and asked right back, "Why? Are you in charge of the music department here?"—hardly flattering to the man who holds the reins on pictures starring La Hutton, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope—but it brought giggles from the luncheon guests.

We're waiting with bated breath to see how Girl Is White and stars June Allyson, Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill turn out. They're whispering around that director John Sturges had his hands full because Gary took his dialogue home every night and came back next day with his (or Bette's?) version of how it should be done. That Dick Powell was guiding June in her lines; and that Kennedy held out for HIS version!

HOME FIRES BURNING:
Marty Melcher gifted wiley Doris Day with a flowering peach tree for doing so well in I'll See You In My Dreams. She planted the tree in back of their Valley home. ... Did you know that the dreamy Day's refusal to do "live" radio shows is costing her a fortune? She'll sing only on shows that are "taped" beforehand, so that if there are any mistakes they can be fixed before going on the air. Among the shows she has fixed is The Railroad Hour, with Gordon MacRae ... Maureen O'Hara's brothers, Charles and James, have been crew-cut, Brooks-Brothered and de-hogued since their arrival from Eire, adventuring American film careers for both goodlooking lads. ... Jean Simmons has been over here quite a spell but still mails back food packages to her former hairdresser, wardrobe mistress, makeup girl and eight others in food-shy Eng-
land... I was on the set when the Simmons dreampuss was doing a love scene with Vic Mature for Androcles And The Lion. I asked her to comment on British versus American love-making. Said she: "Well, Vic is a bit eager and enthusiastic!"... June Allyson broke down and cried when her daughter Pam, three-and-a-half, had to go to nursery school. It suddenly made her realize that her child is growing up and really getting along in years.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery observed their eighth wedding anniversary with a small dinner party at their Encino home. He's up to his neck with work in his furniture factory and Dinah's too busy with her new TV series for any special celebration...

...When the Betty Hutton-Norman Krasna romance broke up, 'twas whispered around Hollywood that it was because Norman wasn't exactly crazy about children, including Betty's. But the week before he married Erle Jolson, Al's widow, Erle adopted a five-month-old girl!

Dale Robertson planned a trip to Oklahoma, so that his wife, Jacqueline Wilson, could meet his many relatives. It takes a long time to meet all of the Robertsons, says Dale. And he and Jackie are expecting the stork this summer... Ditto Ida Lupino and Howard Duff, although Ida has been told she must take it easy because of a spinal injury suffered in a fall some time ago... While I was visiting the famous set at Paramount, Bing Crosby proudly displayed a clipping from the San Jose Monitor that listed son Dennis as unanimous choice for the 1951 All-Catholic Prep Team in Northern California... Vic Mature said, "If everybody will leave Dorothy and myself alone our marriage will be all right!"

... We cornered Glenn Ford at Modern Screen's Popularity Awards party at Ciro's but he had to tear himself away from the wonderful affair in order to pick up his wife, Eleanor Powell, at a Parent-Teachers meeting.

QUICK NOTES:

Did you notice that one newspaperman summed up Mickey Rooney's affection for tall girls by calling him "Mountain Climber Mickey Rooney"?... Keeke Bratelle, who used to sell shoes on Hollywood Boulevard, autographed a picture to his ex-boss: "Thanks to you, I got off on the right foot!"... Steve Cochran points out that the public has accepted blondes in movies as good girls. Back in the '30s and beyond they usually played 'vamps.' "But now," says Steve, who knows a good thing when he sees it, "look at Betty Grable, Doris Day, June Haver and Virginia Mayo!"... Milo Anderson, costume designer at Warners': "Jane Wyman, then a young starlet, decided to launch her social career in Hollywood with a very elegant cocktail party. We discussed the plans at great length. I promised to be on hand early, to give her moral support. I was. I walked into the living room...
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. Dial's bland beauty-cream lather gives you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. You do far more than remove dirt and make-up when you wash thoroughly every day with Dial. Dial with AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravates and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays
© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

and could plainly see the pains she had taken to have everything perfect. Suddenly my eye was caught by large bowls of ice cream with brightly colored objects. Close inspection proved that our very thoughtful hostess had anticipated the wants of her guests with every brand of chewing gum! But Jane is today, in addition to being a great star, an accomplished hostess."

It's Red Skelton's motto for the Red Cross: "Don't Drink That Pint—Give It!" ... Fritz Lang, directing Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Ryan in a love scene for Clash By Night, told them: "Movie kissing is very complicated. You should remember all the rules but still kiss each other so that the audience will be satisfied!" ... Helen Duryea cried her eyes out during the sad part at the Chicago Callig preview. Later she said, "It's the first time in the 20 years Dan and I have been married that he ever made me cry!" ... And this is Loretta Young's capsule but canny comment on fashions: "Your cover is the index to your contents."

ON THE FIRING LINE:

Leslie Caron received a fan letter from Leslie Caron! It wasn't conceit, but coincidence. The fan was Private First Class Leslie Caron, an artillery spotter with the 25th Division in Korea. ... Sign of the times: There are 15 different war films playing in Los Angeles theaters. ... His pal Danny Arnold was hospitalized when Jerry Lewis swung a golf club too vigorously and almost knocked Danny's left eye out. ... Danny Kaye, since his return from the Korean battlefront, has been spending his time making phone calls to relatives of the GI's he met.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

MGM is getting an unexpected beehive from audiences with a scene in Lone Star when Clark Gable, who has been palavering in an outdoor scene with a tribe of Indians, turns to his side and yells, "Go pack my saddlebag, Geronimo!" Whereupon a little Indian kid comes out and packs it for him. It's supposed to be a dramatic scene but for some reason it's laughable. ... Roy Rogers has made a million dollars during the last few years riding hither and yon, but he says that all he has left after taxes is $88,000. ... Republic's Allan Lane has a colt by champ racer Reaping Reward, and will enter it at the Santa Anita track this year. ... Guy ("Wild Bill Hickok") Madison and Gail Russell packed their bows and arrows and went boar hunting on Catalina Island. ... The Warner Brothers are looking for a horse to play the part of Will Rogers' favorite, Soap Suds, in the late cowboy star's life story. Rogers' son, Will Jr., is playing his father's role. ... This is the bedtime prayer that Dana Andrews' six-year-old says: "God bless Mommy and Daddy and please make Gene Autry my uncle!"
Everything in a "Perma-lift" Pantie is perfect—even you. You're slim and sleek, and the patented leg design means your "Perma-lift" Pantie will stay put, just can't ride up. But ah—the wonder of the Magic Inset. Not a bone or stay to poke or pinch, just the soft smooth comfort that you can't find in any other pantie. You, too, can enjoy the difference.

1. The Magic Inset eliminates uncomfortable poking, pinching bones.
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Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in a "Perma-lift" Pantie today and enjoy the difference. Modestly priced from $5 to $10.

Illustrated—No. 3069—Patented Pantie—$6.95

Left—An actual photo of an ordinary pantie with uncomfortable bones.
Right—Change to a "Perma-lift" Pantie with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

picture of the month: the greatest show on earth

Cornel Wilde, aerialist and big box office draw, joins the circus as it leaves on tour. Circus ladies (like Dot Lamour) love him.

Circus boss Charlton Heston has his hands full trying to curb the dangerous rivalry that springs up between Wilde and Hutton.

Getting to top Betty, Cornel falls and ends his career. Betty decides to desert boy-friend Heston and become Cornel's wife.

A train wreck in the night brings out the heroism and loyalty that circus trouper have. It also resolves the tangled romances.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! The circus has come to town—or rather Cecil B. DeMille's fabulous, fascinating movie about the circus, which is every bit as wonderful as the real thing. The Greatest Show On Earth parades before our dazzled eyes the whole gaudy, gorgeous galaxy of the big top—clowns and monkeys and bareback riders, daredevils and tigers, fat men and midgets, right down to the peanuts and popcorn. It is death-defying, breathtaking, funny, spectacular—and unforgettable as your first visit to the circus when you were only so big. Spending several months with the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey troupe in their winter headquarters at Sarasota, Florida, DeMille photographed in marvelous detail every aspect of circus life, from training and rehearsing, to loading onto trains for the tour across America, to setting up and performing in each new town. Against this bewitching background, The Greatest Show On Earth pictures the loves and conflicts and heartaches of trapeze artists Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde, clown James Stewart, circus manager Charlton Heston, and showgirls Dorothy Lamour and Gloria Grahame. These players are all excellent, but the real star of The Greatest Show On Earth is the circus itself. Just the miraculous precision with which the circus workers raise the huge canvas tents under which the artists perform is alone more astonishing and awesome than any love story in Paramount's The Greatest Show On Earth.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Seymour Peck
DEATH OF A SALESMAN

Admired everywhere as one of the two or three great plays of our time, Arthur Miller’s Death Of A Salesman has been brought to the screen magnificently—with all its emotional power and tragic sweep intact. A revelation of an average American workingman’s anxieties, struggles, hopes and defeats, it is so true, so illuminating that it ties your stomach in knots, leaves you spent and limp—as though it were speaking to you of your own life, your own aspirations and failures. Yet Death Of A Salesman is not a totally dark and somber experience, for it soars with the beauty of its author’s love and faith in mankind. Fredric March gives an intensely moving, impassioned, electric performance as the tired old salesman, Willy Loman, whose world cracks up with age, an inability to live by real values, and a bitter conflict with a son who once adored him. The way Willy Loman’s shoulders stoop wearily under the weight of his sample cases, the way his face lights up with love and hope for his son and sags again with disappointment, are all conveyed heartbreakingly by March. As Willy’s loyal, good wife, no actress could be better than Mildred Dunnock, who repeats her memorable stage portrayal. And an intelligent, fine-looking young stage actor, Kevin McCarthy, makes a sensitive screen debut as the son in rebellion against his father’s standards. Death Of A Salesman may pain you, may make you weep—but you can’t afford to miss it. It is too penetrating a portrait of modern life, and the way many of us live it.

Cast: Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, Kevin McCarthy, Cameron Mitchell, Howard Smith.—Columbia.

THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER

Thelma Ritter, who very nearly stole A Letter To Three Wives and All About Eve away from their stars, is, at long last, a star herself. And The Model And The Marriage Broker gives Thelma a star-spangled opportunity to be funny, wisecracking, tough, tender and lovable all at once. Thelma’s no beauty, and she’s well over 21 but, like the great Marie Dressler, she radiates more down-to-earth, honest-to-goodness personality and character than a dozen younger, shape-lier babes. The Model And The Marriage Broker is cut exactly to her pattern: as Mae Swazey, who makes her living in the delicate and slightly raffish business of finding mates for lonely hearts, Thelma can point up all the comic absurdities of the trade, while making us feel the pathos in the shy, reticent, sometimes homesick, sometimes aging people who come to her, all wanting desperately the companionship that marriage affords. Jeanne Crain is a model who is...
Hands that work
look lovelier in 24 hours*
or your money back!

Here's one hand cream made specially to help working hands look smoother and whiter!

- If your present hand cream isn't helping you much, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands.

But hands that go through a daily routine of cleaning-washing-cooking and hands that work in an office or shop need something special. Give them Noxzema's two-way medicated care.

Surveys show 5,000,000 women all over America now use this greaseless, medicated hand care!

Barbara Swanson, Philadelphia career girl and homemaker, says: "I'm in business all day and do all my own housework, too. But Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Elaine Stewart, Upper Montclair TV actress, says: "I paint as a hobby. Since red, rough hands would show up in the camera, I use Noxzema regularly. It helps me keep my hands looking lovely."

Helps heal—helps beautify! Noxzema helps sore, chapped working hands look lovelier these two important ways:

1. Helps heal tiny cuts, cracks in skin with its unique medicated formula!

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*In clinical tests, Noxzema helped the sore, chapped hands of 9 out of 10 women look lovelier—often within 24 hours! Try it! If it doesn't do the same for your hands, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back.

FOR MEN ONLY

"Sleeper of the month" is this surprise picture, which plunges into the turbulent emotions of college students with an impact that has never been matched. Its motivation comes from the strangest sort of murder mystery ever filmed—the death of a dog during a fraternity hazing. Its love story is that of a medical professor (Paul Henreid) and his faithful wife (Margaret Field), whose ideal marriage is challenged by the power-house attractions of a Lana Turner-type student, played by Kathleen Hughes. There is not a dull moment from the time Robert Sherman, playing a fraternity pledge, turns tail and runs under the "supreme" test, until the college hero cracks up on the foundation of his psychopathic lies. An able supporting cast includes Bob Sherman (the most compelling eyes since Valentino), Russell Johnson (more sadistic than Kirk Douglas in The Champion), Jimmy Dobson and cute Vera Miles.

Cast: Paul Henreid, Margaret Field, Kathleen Hughes—Lippert Prod.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

Too many movies about songwriters—from Cole Porter to George Gershwin to Rodgers and Hart—have given us a false image of these boys who knock themselves out rhyming June, moon, spoon and tune. Now at last, a very human and tuneful and refreshing musical sets the record straight: Songwriters are NOT all brilliant, unstable, tragic geniuses. Songwriters are not all...
great lovers. Songwriters do not all compose at 4 o'clock in the morning in a wild burst of inspiration after leaving Alexis Smith's penthouse. Telling the life story of Gus Kahn, whose lyrics grace some of the best songs of the last 35 years, this friendly, appealing movie shows Kahn as a plain, decent human being who works hard, loves salami sandwiches, marries and has kids, and enjoys giving his kids their bath—like all the rest of us. The only crises Kahn goes through are those the whole world goes through—a war, a depression, illness. Danny Thomas, as Kahn, is wonderfully likeable. He is perhaps a rough, homely guy and his speech isn't elegant. But he has more gentle, goodhearted humanity and warmth than a whole battalion of pretty boys. As his loyal, understanding wife, Doris Day has never been better—her singing is topsnotch. Thomas and Day are naturals and with its down-to-earth good sense and good songs I'll See You In My Dreams is a natural, too.

Cast: Danny Thomas, Doris Day, Frank Lovejoy, Patrice Wymore.—Warner.

BOOTS MALONE

Boots Malone is the story of a lonely boy and a lonely man who find happiness and meaning in life through their friendship for one another. This friendship grows around a large racetrack where the boy, who is only 14, dreams of becoming an outstanding jockey, and the man trains him until he is good enough to achieve his dream. Written cringely and tersely, Boots Malone steers clear of the sentimental goo that usually fouls up stories of lonely little boys who fill an aching void in the lives of lonely, embittered men. Boots Malone works hard, and succeeds in capturing the proper balance of affection, manliness, straightforwardness and paternalism that may exist between a boy and man moving around a fairly hardened race-track crowd. No conventional love stuff clutters up Boots Malone, either. It gets its color and drive and excitement from the hard, rigorous way the man shapes the boy into a prize jockey—it's rougher, you'll find out, than becoming a champion boxer—in the way the boy grows away from loneliness to self-confidence, and in the way the man, who had been down on his luck and cynical, experiences a return to pride in seeing his protegé make the grade. The usual mobsters drift melodramatically in and out, working to make the man and boy throw the big race, but you won't pay much attention to them. It's the purity of the playing of William Holden and Johnny Stewart, as trainer and jockey, and the quiet, wordless eloquence with which they express their devotion to each other, that will hold you.

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ACT NOW! Buy a large jar of Shasta Cream Shampoo at regular price. You'll receive a generous personal jar free. Hurry! Supplies are limited!

THE GREEN GLOVE

The worthy talents of Glenn Ford and some very handsome scenery in the south of France fight a losing battle with a bad script in The Green Glove. The Green Glove is a mystery—you're supposed to wonder who is the dead man in the church tower near Monte Carlo and how did his body get there. But the real mystery is why an American company sent a director and actors all the way to the French Riviera to shoot a story that would make any comic book look like classical literature. Amidst the general senselessness and amateurishness of The Green Glove, we gathered that Glenn Ford is searching for a jewelled glove worth $100,000. A gang of scoundrels, whose members include one Pepe the Crab, also wants the glove. They chase Glenn up and down mountainsides, throwing threats, bullets and boulders at him. Now and then a mad Countess darts in and out, making like Ophelia in Hamlet, and Geraldine Brooks stands by. In case Glenn has a spare moment for romance, The Green Glove lurches along as if nobody had bothered to direct it at all. Come to think of it, there probably wasn't any script either. Maybe everyone just made this one up as they went along. Sounded just like it.

Cast: Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks, Cedric Hardwicke, George Macready.—United Artists.

JUST THIS ONCE

"You're the most selfish, egocentric, insufferable human being I ever met," cries Janet Leigh to Peter Lawford in Just This Once. May you conclude from this that Janet loves Peter, loves him, loves him, loves him? You may indeed. For just this Once is one of those light, frolicsome romantic charades in which boy and girl think they absolutely detest each other—until both realize they have been hoodwinked in love all along. Just This Once is more charming than most such comedies because Janet and Peter make a most engaging, attractive pair of lovers. Peter is a multi-millionaire playboy who spends money wildly on most of
ON DANGEROUS GROUND

Like Detective Story, On Dangerous Ground probes the mind and heart of a violent police detective. But unlike Detective Story, this movie is not altogether convincing as human drama. In fact, you can hardly believe it. Sloppily written, On Dangerous Ground uses up half its running time merely to establish the personality of its cruel, brutal detective, Robert Ryan. The heart of the story—Ryan’s conversion into a decent, generous human being—is compressed unsatisfactorily into the last part of the movie, and accomplished too hurriedly to be taken very seriously. “Exiled” out of the city after giving someone a fierce beating, Ryan meets a blind farm girl, Ida Lupino, whose young brother is wanted for murder. In loving Ida, and in seeking to save her brother from the lynching spirit that menaces him, Ryan finds salvation from the warped, self-destructive life he had been pursuing. It’s a striking, if somber theme, and director Nicholas Ray gets some strong emotion out of it, with the help of a forceful portrayal by Ryan. But Miss Lupino misses fire as the blind girl, perhaps because she is too sophisticated a woman to be playing trusting farm girls, perhaps also because, in this poorly organized screenplay, she does not come into the picture until the last 20 minutes, and then she has to work what amounts to a miracle on Mr. Ryan’s extremely nasty character. Cast: Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, Ward Bond.—RKO.

THE WILD NORTH

The Northwest Mounted Police always get their man—except, of course, when the man is rugged, stalwart Stewart Granger. Granger is the kind who gives himself up—if he’s so inclined. Anyway, Mountie Wendell Corey rushes by dog sled into the icy North to catch Granger, a fur trapper wanted for murder. Corey locates Granger all right, but bringing him back to civilization for trial is quite another matter. The two men get lost in the frozen outdoors for weeks, blizzards rage, the temperature falls to 38 below, an avalanche of ice nearly buries them and finally, when a pack of wolves attacks them, Corey collapses into a numb, mindless creature, staring dully into space. Granger could leave him there to die, but compassion moves him and, in the end, it is the man wanted for murder who brings the Mountie back, rather than the conventional other way ’round. It’s a neat story twist which brings distinction to a movie already boasting plenty of tough, virile action. Granger is just the big, hardy chap for this sort of snow-swept adventure; his battle with those hungry wolves will chill your spine faster than a deep freeze. For any who may find it all a little grim. The Wild North provides a happy ending—Stewart Granger is finally acquitted of that pesky murder charge. Seems it was all in self-defense.

Cast: Stewart Granger, Wendell Corey, Cyd Charisse.—MGM.

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FULL-BLOOM

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Put on full-bloom curves as easily as you add lipstick... with this fabulous new Bra by Flexees! Full-Bloom is lighter than any padded bra; dries almost as fast as nylon hosiery. Nylon taffeta with Dacron. Buy it in white, also black. A and B cups: $3.95

To JULIA ADAMS, her newest Universal-International technicolor picture "Bend of the River" was no place for a glamour girl, in her opinion. For three weeks she bounced around on a wooden seat of a covered wagon, sacrificed pretty clothes for a pair of men's trousers and a lumberjack shirt, and worked ten hours daily under a grueling sun, eating dust by the ton.

"I used to dream of being fussed over by hairdressers, makeup men and stylists," commented the Little Rock, Ark., brunette wryly. "Instead, I'm fighting for my life with the reins to a four-horse team burning callouses into the palms of my hands. Who ever said moviemaking is glamorous?"

Julia, a recent bride of Writer Leonard Stern, had very little time to enjoy her honeymoon, inasmuch as "Bend of the River" took her away from the bridegroom for five weeks, then two weeks of all-night filming on the back lot continued to keep them apart after the company's return from location. As soon as she finished her part, she and her husband flew out to Nevada for a vacation, as Julia put it, "in a nice little cabin with no phone to call me back to work for awhile."

You may order by mail any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on pages 26 through 31 from Lansburgh's, 7th-8th and E. Sts., N. W., Washington 4, D. C. To order by mail, use the coupon on page 27.
#2 GOLDEN GIRL LOUNGE COAT  $5.99
Like to linger over coffee in the morning, or look extra pretty for him at night? Then don Gingham Girl’s comfy brunch coat. It’s gold-dusted tapestry print cotton, with gold-toned braid and buttons for extra spice. It’s guaranteed washable. Lilac, blue or rose in sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 22½. Order from Lansburgh’s, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#20 SWIRLING SQUARE DANCER  $5.99
A sun dress, a square dance, a charming home or on-the-go cotton you’ll wear all summer. You’ll love Charles Hirsch’s styling—the elasticized waist, sleeve and neck-line for on or off the shoulder charm. Brilliant fast colors in a charming picture print; Gold, Red, Turquoise. Sizes 10 to 20 and 9 to 15. Lansburgh’s, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#6 MISS SWANK’S MANDARIN MAGIC  $3.95
Pajamas to lounge in, to help make your dreams come true, superbly tailored by Miss Swank. Look at the coolie top, with rich piping on fashion’s favorite Mandarin collar. You’ll feel like you just stepped from the land of apple blossoms in these! Sleek multi-crepe, 32-38. Red and black, black and white, white and white, gold and black, white and black. Lansburgh’s, Lingerie, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#1 DOUBLE DUTY DENIM DUSTER  $8.95
Wear it a dozen ways to dozens of places, Brendelle’s dream of a denim duster! Wear it around the house, as a spring coat, to the beach. For an extra dress, convert the bow to a saucy sash at the waist. Of fine washable cotton denim, in aqua or rose with matching stripes, or nile and green with brown stripes. Sizes 10 to 20; and 9 to 15. Lansburgh’s, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.
the new action bra that lifts... and never shifts

CUPFORM' by MODEL

Whatever your figure, Cupform by Model is your action bra. Boneless, wireless, your bust is molded, lifted towards the front, accents small bosoms, diminishes larger. Elastic section gives strong support, permanent separation. White embroidered nylon, A cup: 32-36; B, C Cup: 32-38; $4.00. Fine Cotton broadcloth, white only A, B, C, cups $2.50. D cup $3.00. Lansburgh's, Corsetry 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#7 SLEND-EZE PROPORTIONATE $3.99
Choose this tattersall checked percale classic for your active life. It boasts a handy 33-inch zipper, action sleeve, deep pockets. For the shortest to the tallest, in proportioned sizes. 12 to 42 regular and tall, 14½ to 24½ short $3.99. Sizes 44 to 52 regular $4.99. Colors lavender, red or brown. Matching cap $2.98. Order from Lansburgh's, Daytime Dresses, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#22 SWEATER AND SKIRT DUET $3.99, $7.95
Little Miss English fashioned a cotton-rayon boucle into a sweater that does things for you! Fits flatteringly, with mock turtle neck and wing sleeves. Rose, lime, natural, white, sizes 34-40, $3.99. Team it with a full circle-skirt of rayon butcher by Junior Vues. Sizes 9-15, 10-16, in the same colors plus navy, black, dark green, $7.95. Order from Lansburgh's, Sportswear Department, 2nd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

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#21 ARISTOCRAT RAVON AND NYLON $3.95
Superior styled this for a smooth fit, easy
laundeting. Luxuriously topped and hem
lace trimmed in sheer nylon. Seafoam,
pink, white, sizes 32 to 40. Lansburgh's,
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#14 A TREASURE IN TAPESTRY $5.98*
What a wonderful way to carry all the
doodads we have! Henry Seligman delib-
erately styled it for all-purpose use. Carry
it casually for sport and street wear. It
really goes with everything! And you knit-
tin' kittens! It will find it holds all your para-
phernalia easily. You'll be glad it's a large,
roomy purse without being bulky. Framed
in swart gold plate, it sports a zipper com-
part ment outside for locating small change
in a hurry. An oval gusset on the bottom
helps it keep that fine stand up alone
shape. What is especially nice is the elen-
tant tapestry Henry Seligman used. You
know, tapestry is the last word in this early
spring. Order it now. Use coupon on page
27 or write directly to Lansburgh's, Art
Needle Work, 3rd Floor, Washington 4,
D. C. *Plus Federal tax 20%.

#10 JIB SHIRT BY RHODA LEE $3.95
Heave a-ho for happy compliments when
you sail forth in this merry new jib blouse!
Rhoda Lee turned cotton broadcloth into
the nearest bit of nautical finery seen in a
pirate's age. Just pipe that nautical-styled
collar you can wear up or down, and the
T-neck! Those are leg o'mutton sleeves,
the very latest in style. See the gay 4-button
front with matching button fly back. You're
sure to be seen coming and going when
you wear this new jib shirt. Striped broad-
cloth is preshrunk, washed and irons like a
bantry. In stripes of red, navy, green,
brown, black or purple on white. In mel-
tow solid colors: white, navy, jade green,
red, black, pink, blue, maize or tangerine.
Sizes 32 to 38. Use the order coupon on
page 27, or write Lansburgh's, Blouses,
2nd floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#17 DANIELLE LOVELINESS ON HAND $3.00
Give your Easter outfit an extra fine flair-
ishing by wearing Dawnelle glasses. These are
cotton double-woven in four-button length,
with hand-sewn detail at the wrist for a
flippant flare. Select from smart spring
shades: pink, beige, navy, white, black,
beige, brown. Sizes 6-1/2. Lansburgh's,
Cloth, Street Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#8 LEG LOVELINESS BY LARKWOOD $1.65
If you long for lovelier legs, try fa-
mous Larkwood 3-V top keeps seams
straight, gives a glamorous, sure fit. Sizes
are proportioned: small 8 1/2 to 10; medium
8 1/2 to 11; tall 9 1/2 to 11. Spring new colors:
Judo-Chime (pale taffeta), Sari-Beige (pale
beige), Bronze Bell (Burmah beige), 51
gauge, 13 denier, 3 yrs., $1.80. Lansburgh's,
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You will be a thrifty shopper when you buy any of these wonderful "finds of the month," in person or by mail from Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C. To order by mail write letter or use coupon on page 27.

#19 LIKE MOTHER—LIKE DAUGHTER
She wants to be the image of mother, and here is her chance. Smartly styled—look alikes by Jack Borgenicht in tissue soft chambray with tuck detail and crisp white accent. In sunset pink, seafoam green, sky blue. Mother sizes, 10-18, $8.95. Daytime Dresses, 3rd Fl., daughter sizes 7-12, $3.99; 3-6x, $4.99, Girls Wear, 4th Fl., 1-3, $3.99. Lansburgh's, Washington 4, D. C.

#10 TAM O'SHANTER BASQUES, & MATCHING SOCKS.
Your boys will look like little gentlemen in the Easter Parade in Tam O'Shanter's basques. They're color-fast cotton. Socks of fine cotton, with nylon reinforced heel and toe. The 2-button club collar shirt in navy, brown or green combinations. Sizes 3-6, 6-18, $1.99. Socks 99c. Multi-striped crew necked basque comes in brown, navy or green combinations, sizes 3-6, $1.19; 6-18, $1.69. Socks 99c. Lansburgh's, Girls & 30 Boys, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

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Take her to a party in this dainty frock. She'll look like a Valentine framed by the lingerie embroidered organdy Bertha collar. Tiny Town shaped it of lustrous cotton broadcloth in little girl sizes 3-6x at $4.99. Big sister sizes 7-12 at $5.99. In Bermuda coral, cypress green. Lansburgh's, Girls & Teens, 4th Fl., Washington, D. C.

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For the little man around your house, it's a Pickwick poplin jacket. It's Zelan treated to guard against foul weather, your son is kept warm and dry. Faced with a colorful sanforized plaid, it's guaranteed washable. Girls like these neat-looking and practical jackets too. Girls sizes 7 to 14. Teens 12 to 20; sizes 6 to 20 for boys. Matching caps are $1.00. In vat-dyed colors: hunter green, red, royal blue, copen blue, tan, yellow, gray. Lansburgh's, Girls, Teens & Boys, 4th Floor, Washington 4, D. C.
smart coming and going!

#9 Wrisley's Bath Superbe Soap $1.25
For a refreshed, luxurious sense of glowing cleanliness, try Wrisley's the next time you bathe. Whether you take a quick shower before an early date, or leisurely soak your cares away, you'll love the way it lathers into rich foamy suds. Smooth textured Wrisley's makes a marvelous beauty aid. You'll love the tantalizing perfume that lingers, and the delicately colored cakes of soap, pretty just to look at. With every Four Cake Box of Wrisley's Bath Superbe Soap, you receive an extra bath-size bar as a gift. Everyone likes a long lasting soap, and so will you when you discover Wrisley's never seems to disappear! That's because it's a fine, French-milled soap. It's Wrisley's if you're looking for a special gift to please. Every trip to the tub becomes an exciting event with this soothing soap. Pine, carnation, bouquet, verbenia, gardenia, apple blossom. Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Fl. Wash. 4, D.C.

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Hollywood stars glitter with beauty and enchantment. And because the woman of your life must be stunning in every respect, they know the importance of a subtle, exciting perfume. That’s what Suspicion is... alluring yet soft in its appeal. Rare and rich, it’s bound to make you proud to wear it. Dab a tiny touch on your arms, throat, hair, and you'll feel like a desirable and different woman. That's what Suspicion was created to do. It's an inspiring fragrance and you'll be thrilled wearing it. Perfume: purse size $3.00; 1 oz. $3.50; 1/2 oz. $10, 1 oz. $18. Eau de Toilette: 2 oz. $2.00, 4 oz. $7.75, 6 oz. $5.00. Dusting Powder $1.50, Bubble Bath, $1.25, Soap (3 cakes) $1.50 and Gift Zebra $3.50, all plus 20% federal excise tax except soap. Order from the coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, Street Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#12 Plastic Sleepy Time Pals $2.79
When you crawl into bed and bemoan the rumpled sheets, try this Hollywood trick for keeping bedwear smooth and clean. Cover your mattress with an attractive Tedlee mattress protector with nylon stitching. It's terrific for folks with allergies, because it keeps feather dust from flying, locks out dirt and dust. To clean, just whisk a damp cloth over the surface. It's waterproof, except for the seams, and it slips on and off with extra long 70-inch 3-way zipper. Made of heavy gauge vinyl plastic, it'll wear and wash! You can have pillow covers to match. Order both the mattress cover and pillow protector and keep your bed slick and clean. Now for colors: In blue, mauve, coral, green, or clear plastic. The pillow protector is 45¢, and the mattress cover $3.79 for both double and twin size mattress. Order by coupon on page 27 or write to Lansburgh's, Domestics, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.

#100% Plastic Shelf-n-Edge
At last, a clever idea for keeping shelves fresh and pretty. Water-grease-fade proof, it's keen to keep clean with a damp cloth. Guaranteed to lie flat on metal or wood shelf without fastening. Folds easily on a permanently creased line, forming luscious looking edges. Two pretty patterns make it seem hand embroidered on sheer white organdy materials. Rosebuds or polka dots in yellow, red, blue or green on white.

12 ft. roll $2.50
30 ft. roll $2.00
Order from Lansburgh's, Linens & Domestics, 3rd Fl., Washington 4, D. C. 

#4 Look! Nemo-Kins Fit You! $3.95
Believe it or not, Nemo-Kins by Kop's Brothers fit a doll, and it fits you! Yes, this doll-size girdle and panty actually fits women! Famous Nemo designed it of knitted two-way stretch nylon and elastic, with four garters to hold hose snugly. And just watch your hips whittle down to doll size with Nemo-Kins. You've got plenty of wear from Nemo-Kins, because it moves with you. No need to tell you that it'll wash speedily and dry before you can say Nemo-Kins. Well, almost that fast. The small size fits a waist 24-25-26 inches; medium 26-27-28; large 28-29-30. And it only comes in hard to find white! Use the blanking provided for making your shopping easier on page 27, or write to Lansburgh's, Cosmetics, 3rd Floor, Washington 4, D. C.
Nobody's going to do a double-take when Ronnie and Nancy walk down the aisle. They've had that "about-to-be-married" look for over a year.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

Almost any night you care to drive down Beverly Boulevard in Hollywood and then pull into the parking lot beside Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant, you are more than likely to run into Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis. You can almost set your watch by the time they arrive in Ronnie's car—seven-forty-five—and walk through the front door of the famous cafe.

Inside there is no waiting. The lobby can be full of tourists and Hollywood big shots, but Ronnie and Nancy push right through them and are escorted to a front line table where a neat "reserved" sign is whisked away and a waiter hurries up with a menu. They dine slowly and then, for an hour or so, sit back with coffee and visit with the table-hoppers.

Yes, almost any night you will be able to observe this little scene, and, if you are like most folks, you will attach little importance to it. But you will be wrong. It is highly significant. It is very significant, indeed.

(Continued on page 91)
The face that everyone is talking about

POND'S

Angel Face

in its stunning new Mirror Case

It's foundation and powder in-one! Incomparably becoming... and so beautifully uncomplicated! That's why more women are using Pond's Angel Face than any other complexion make-up:

- no greasy fingertips!
- no wet sponge!
- no loose, spilly powder!

Just smooth the Angel Face puff over your face and at once, little skin flaws hide beneath a delicate, velvety finish that stays on—much longer than powder!

"Really, Angel Face is unique among make-ups," Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says.

Tuck the pretty new Mirror Case in your handbag—and you have everything you need to sweeten up anytime! Mirror, puff and heavenly Angel Face! "It's a boon to my handbag—so slim, and it can't spill," says Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr. "And Angel Face gives my skin such smooth color!" In 6 pretty skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case is just $1.99.

Delicate, sweet-tinted, incredibly flattering—this is your Angel Face by Pond's!

Angel Face also comes in this well-loved blue-and-gold box, at 89¢ and 59¢*.
Young America is finding out

The Younger Generation (the feminine half of it!) has been a powerful force in spreading a knowledge of Tampax as the sanitary protection for women during "those days" of the month. Sales in women's college towns prove the campus popularity of Tampax and the hometown circle quickly learns to follow the discoveries of Miss Undergraduate.

Every woman should understand Tampax, which is very different from the older forms of protection. But also it is very simple. It is made of pure absorbent cotton and designed by a doctor to be worn internally. Dainty one-time-use applicators make insertion quick and convenient.

Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads. Eliminates odor and chafing. Cannot "show through" in ridges or bulges. And you cannot even feel the Tampax... Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A full month's supply will fit into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up

looks and feels so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik®! Max Factor’s exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like
your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—
with never a trace of “made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous
Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood’s
loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max
Factor’s exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring,
natural loveliness with perfect results guaranteed*
the very first time you use it.

Pan-Stik
by
Max Factor

New cream make-up
in stick form
$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting
shades—to harmonize with any
complexion. At leading drug
and department stores.

Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik’s
unique form makes it so simple
and quick. Just apply a few
light strokes to nose, forehead
and chin, with Pan-Stik itself.
No messy fingernail deposits
as with cream cake make-up;
no dripping as with Liquid.
And Pan-Stik tucks away
neatly in your purse for
unexpected touch-ups. No
spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much!
Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far
more easily just with the
fingertips, blends more
evenly than any other kind of
make-up. Never becomes
greasy or shiny. Covers more
perfectly, clings far longer. No
hourly touch-ups necessary.
Your skin always feels and
looks so fresh—young—
naturally lovely.

Pan-Stik by Max Factor

*Guarantee: Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to
directions. If you don’t agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time
you use it, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

CORINNE CALVET
as she looks when away from the cameras.
This vivacious young actress
is now appearing in
“SAILOR BEWARE”
a Hal Wallis Production
a Paramount Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who
enhance their fresh, glowing, natural
loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik
Make-Up... wherever they go... whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring
and medium complexion, Corinne
wears “Medium” Pan-Stik.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.
New
Beauty
Miracle!

New Prell leaves hair ‘Radiantly Alive’

...actually more radiant than cream or soap shampoos!

More Radiant! New Prell’s cleansing action is amazing! Ounce for ounce it leaves hair more radiant than any other leading shampoo! Your very first shampoo will show you the difference, no matter what soap or cream shampoo you may have been using.

Softer! New Prell leaves your hair softer, too, than cream or soap shampoos! So soft, so smooth, so immaculately clean . . . yet so easy to manage. Why, curls and waves practically fall into place.

Younger-Looking! After New Prell, your hair has a younger look—it sparkles with enchanting radiance and glowing natural loveliness, even though it seemed dull or “lifeless” before. You’ll just love this thrilling new shampoo miracle—try New Prell today for hair that’s “radiantly alive”!

Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee!

Try one shampoo with New Prell—and if you can’t see how much more sparkling and “radiantly alive” your hair is . . . return the tube and the unused portion to New Prell, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, and you will receive double your money back from Procter & Gamble.

Radiantly Alive’

New Prell’s marvelous
New Cleansing Action leaves hair
softer . . . lovelier . . . more
gloriously “radiantly alive”!
DOES JOHN AGAR
BELONG IN JAIL?

In December, Modern Screen asked its readers, "Is John Agar emotionally maladjusted, or a social menace—a sick boy or a play boy?" In that issue an accompanying article by Lloyd Shearer on Agar's imprisonment encouraged one of the greatest floods of reader mail Modern Screen has ever received. So sharply contrasted were the opinions that two letters (instead of one) were chosen for publication, and $200 will be awarded. The editors appreciate the response to this controversial article and herewith present the two letters which best reflect the most opposite points of view.

YES

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I purchased the December issue of Modern Screen solely because of the caption on the cover, "Does John Agar Belong in Jail?" Without opening the magazine, and unaware of the award for opinions, I mentally replied, "Yes." Having read the article, and with or without $100, my answer is, "Yes, naturally, and of course, John Agar belongs in jail." Furthermore, cheers for Judge Vernon Hunt for refusing to place the blame for the latest Agar peccadillo on Shirley Temple's slim shoulders.

Poor Shirley! Will she never be free?

As to Lloyd Shearer, did Sonny or Mama Agar hire him for this whitewashing detail? Or is it all in the name of the god, Publicity?

Drunkenness, arrests, and jail sentences have at least kept John Agar in the public eye since he apparently can't accomplish this by talent. Someone should advise Mama and Lloyd Shearer that a person does not take anti-alcohol drugs because a person has been "three times in his life slightly tipsy," or by "drinking no more than other young men," that plenty of young men who are inevitably "a part of the cultural pattern of our civilization," a civilization where many people drink to excess to escape the strains of ordinary living, do not drink at all. As for "one bad break after another," didn't Mama ever hear of anyone who had real trouble (Continued on page 99)

NO

Dear Mr. Saxon,

I agree with Mr. Lloyd Shearer—John Agar does not belong in jail.

Mr. Agar is just one more victim of our society's ruling that jails are the punishment for crimes, regardless of the nature or circumstances in which the crime was committed.

It is often the case that, because we haven't learned how to deal with different levels of misbehavior, we throw them all into the same pot, making the lesser criminals into bigger ones by putting them under the influence of hardened criminals.

John Agar is not a criminal. I do not think he is even a delinquent, unless we also choose to call every young man who drives a car while slightly under the influence of alcohol a delinquent. I think it would be highly improbable that we would sentence all of these drunken driving offenders to prison terms... our jails would be bulging at the seams, if we did. Why, then, did young John Agar get the full treatment?

I have my own theory about that. Mr. Agar is a celebrity. Mr. Agar is a "Hollywoodite," and Mr. Agar is rather wealthy, according to layman's standards. These three reasons add up to "Who does he think he is?" in many people's opinions.

Regardless of the man involved, many people tend to want to "get even" for what one man has, and (Continued on page 105)
When they're making a picture, actresses work six days a week and rest on Sunday so that on Monday the camera can accurately record their perfect loveliness.

After resting for six consecutive Sundays during the filming of The...
HOW SOON WILL IT BE BEFORE SHE STARTS SINGING, "SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE HIM AWAY"?

*Merry Widow,* Lana Turner decided that on the seventh Sunday she'd celebrate. When Turner celebrates, there is nothing halfway about it. On this particular Sunday, she chartered a DC-3 and flew her whole gang to Tijuana, Mexico, for an exciting afternoon at the bull fights. When the last bull had been killed, Lana, logically enough, went out with Antonio Velasquez, the chief matador. Reporters asked Lana if Antonio were her latest heart interest, and the beautiful blonde answered with a smile, "Boys," she said, "you have the wrong Bull of the Pampas."

What Lana meant was that the right Bull of the Pampas was (and is) Fernando Lamas, her tall, dark and handsome leading man in *The Merry Widow.* (Continued on page 84)
Girls! Girls! Girls! Whether in Paris or at New York's Copacabana, Farley just can't get enough of beautiful chorus dolls like these.

after shelley-what?

by Vicki Blodgett
He'll give you a ring anytime, but it won't be a diamond. Now that Shelley's found Vittorio, Farley's busy spreading himself around.

Night life in Paris sometimes extends to the Halles Centrales, a giant produce 'depot near the Louvre, where practically all the city's perishable food is brought to be sorted for distribution. Workmen feverishly busy from midnight on, usually pay little attention to the revelers who wind up their play with onion soup at one of the many cafes in the district. But one dawn, a few months ago, they stopped their stooping and hauling for a sight which was too astonishing to disregard. A huge bevy of girls seemed to be skipping and running down the street into their midst.

At second sight it turned out to be very nearly the same thing as at first sight, but now they could count eight or nine girls who were somehow crammed into, above, or around a small, English two-seater runabout driven by a boy. The springs of the car were squawking louder than the horn, the girls were screaming happily and the boy was doing a masterful job despite the legs and arms interlaced all about him. A moment later he stopped the car at one of the restaurants, and after some general untangling, accompanied by merry squealing, all of them disappeared inside. The workmen smiled at each other before going back to work. This was more like it, their expressions seemed to say. This was like the gay Paris of old.

The boy would have agreed with them—even though all he knew about the gay Paris of old was what he had read. But if this was it, it sure agreed with Farley Granger. And as it was in Paris that morning, so it was in Rome, and in London. Now that he is back in Hollywood he smiles reminiscently and hopes that he'll be having those times, with those same girls again. Farley, who loves his friends, even if as yet he's had no loves, makes no attempt to hide what he is—a young man serious about his work, but not overly serious about life.

Two years ago when June Haver and Pat Neal kidded him about forming an "Ex-Farley (Continued on page 72)
When Shelley Winters falls, it's with a crash. Now the whole world knows she's mad about Italy's biggest heart-throb—Vittorio Gassmann.

BY JIM BURTON

WENT THE STRINGS OF HER HEART!

Ever since her first marriage collapsed six years ago, Shelley Winters has been searching for love. Now, at last, she's found it, and it's affecting her like a super-charged bomb. She's on fire, she's ecstatic, she's breathless. The man responsible is a 29-year-old Italian actor named Vittorio Gassmann, whose mild manner and soulful brown eyes contrast romantically with Shelley's dynamic personality.

"When he's free," Shelley says, "I'm going to marry him. I really am. I'm very much in love with Vittorio. It's entirely different than it was with Farley Granger. Farley and I just played around together—like kids. After all, Farley is three years younger than I am. But what I feel for Vittorio—that's something else again. That's love.

"Just think," she says. "I sent him a cable that said I'M LONELY AND I'M sending you a kiss and then he sent me a cable that said, I'M LONELY TOO AND I'M RETURNING YOUR KISS. But I never thought that he would fly to California all the way from Italy just to spend six days with me.

"He must feel pretty strong about me to fly all the way from Rome. Think of the trouble, the expense. He's wonderful. He really is. I've never met anyone like Vittorio before."

Oddly enough, Shelley met Vittorio while she was supposedly touring Europe with Farley Granger last November.

Actually, there has never been anything serious between Farley and Shelley. They dated each other because it was good publicity, it was fun and they were both very much interested in acting.

When they arrived in Paris last winter they went their own ways. Farley remained in Paris, and Shelley journeyed on to Rome.

One night in Rome she visited the Teatro Valle, a theater run by Frank Lattimore, the English actor. He recognized Shelley when she called backstage and invited her to a party.

Shelley accepted immediately, but she didn't have a date.

"Don't worry," said Lattimore, "I'll get you one."

He phoned Vittorio Gassmann, but Gassmann (Continued on page 99)
When Liz met Michael Wilding three years ago, she never dreamed they'd fall in love, become 1952's most publicized couple!

LIZ DOES IT AGAIN

by Hedda Hopper
By the time you read this, Elizabeth Taylor will be Mrs. Michael Wilding. Whether Liz and Michael marry in Hollywood, in England or in Mexico, the British actor will be husband number two for our great screen beauty.

Liz to me has been the Helen of Troy of Hollywood, just as Helen must have been the Liz Taylor of Troy. Both represent Beauty in their time, plus a remarkable talent for getting into situations.

Helen started a war. If men went to battle over women today, Liz would touch off many an incident. But wars are colder things now, so she'll probably go down in history as the gal who hit top score in male conquests.

Romance, for her, has been swift, impassioned and full of ups and downs. At 19 she has two broken engagements, one divorce, an interrupted near-engagement to her credit. Now comes Wilding, the Englishman with whom she'll take a second fling at matrimony. Liz doesn't admit this in so many words. She doesn't need to; she wears a huge sapphire set in platinum and surrounded by diamonds on her third finger—it speaks for itself.

Wilding is a new type for Liz Taylor. He is balding, officially 39 but more often referred to as mid-fortyish. But he could give Casanova lessons in how to kiss a lady's hand. He is a big wheel in British movies and off-stage has tremendous personality and charm—such charm he can make his superiority in years over Elizabeth seem to be an asset. In romance, Wilding is a sophisticate—he has been married and just recently has been divorced—and he is a post-graduate of the Marlene (Continued on page 96)

Hedda knows all about Liz' latest romance, and here she tells plenty! It's the inside story about the dazzling beauty who set the film colony on its ear.

Michael (left) and Stewart Granger are old friends—so naturally a strong bond sprang up between look-alikes Liz and Jean Simmons.
There is no JEFF CHANDLER

Most people think they can tell a lot about a person by the way he looks. You figure a small, balding guy has to be a hen-pecked milquetoast, and a big-busted, lush girl must be a sex boat. But it ain't necessarily so. The little fellow may turn out to be a lion, and the size 38 can be nothing but a mouse.

Jeff Chandler looks like a movie star, but try to convince him he is one. He thinks of himself as Ira Grossel—and that's all. Gable's a star. Crawford's a star. But Jeff Chandler? As far as Ira's concerned, Chandler doesn't even exist! Take the time a group of stars went out on the Movietime, U.S.A. show. John Wayne was in the troupe and when he was introduced everyone cheered, Jeff right along with them. Then Jeff Chandler was introduced, and the cheers were almost as great. "I felt like the pretender to the throne. I felt the way the pretender must feel," Jeff said. "It was thrilling to hear the people, but it was difficult to realize they were applauding me in the same way and for the same reasons I had applauded so many movie stars just a few years ago. And I kept thinking, 'They just don't know. They don't understand. I don't feel like a movie star.'"

There are lots of contradictions in Jeff Chandler. His eyes have the wise look of a man who's lived forever, but he's only 33. He looks as if he'd flirt with every pretty babe, but during the seven months he was separated from his wife he was lonely and miserable. He
gives off an air of sophistication, but when he meets a celebrity he's almost speechless. There was the time, for instance, when he met Clark Gable. Gable had come to the Universal-International Studios to look over the work of a certain director. Afterwards, he lunched in the commissary with a studio executive. Jeff happened to come into the commissary and when he spotted Gable he couldn't believe his eyes. He walked past the table three times to make sure. Finally, he said, "Well, won't somebody introduce us?" Somebody finally did. Gable stood up and shook hands. "Then he smiled at me," Jeff said, remembering. "And that really did it. Then turning to the executive who introduced us, he said, 'You sure grow 'em tall over here.'"

Jeff remembers every look, every word the great man said. This is not the way you'd expect a man who has the very same appeal as Gable to act. But that's Jeff, and one of the keys to understanding (Continued on page 105)
June Allyson, queen for the second year, wouldn't let go of her trophy at Modern Screen's annual popularity poll party at Ciro's. She was with Dick Powell, Geary Steffen and Jane Powell.

Dale Robertson and Modern Screen editor Chuck Saxon inspected the silver tray Dale won as "most popular male newcomer of the year." Debbie Reynolds, who capped the "most popular" girl's newcomer prize was away on tour for MGM.

A ten-second hush fell over the party when June Haver and Dan Dailey sailed in together. Engrossed in each other, they nibbled hors d'oeuvres oblivious to the stir they were causing.

The party took on a "hearts and flowers" theme when such "happily marrieds" as the Don DeFones and the now reconciled Jeff Chandlers got together. (For more on Jeff, see page 46. M.S. guests braved a torrential rain to get there.

IT RAINED BUCKETS BUT THAT DIDN'T

modern screen's

PARTY OF THE YEAR
Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were so overcome at finding their award citations right up near Ciro's entrance that they threatened to just stand there all evening looking at them. "This is a nice family affair," said Tony to his beaming bride.

Dell publisher George Delacorte couldn't resist the beaming faces of Doris Day and her husband, Marty Melcher. Happy Doris had plenty to smile about. She was not only among the "top ten" but won a most popular girl singer award.

June Allyson was determined. She would not let go of her silver trophy. "But, sweetheart," Dick Powell said. "You can't take it with you!"

"Oh, no?" said June, practically wrapping it in the folds of her new velvet party dress. "This is the second time I've won it, and I'm not going to let it go."

This family squabble took place in just about the center of Ciro's at Modern Screen's big (not to say colossal) party for the winners of its 1951 popularity poll. June Allyson was the Queen and she was proud enough to let the whole world know it. Even Modern Screen's editor Charles Saxon couldn't wheedle her into putting that trophy down.

"But you're going to dinner now," he said. "And you don't want to lug that along."

"Oh, no?" said June. "This cup not only goes with me, but for a whole week you will find it right in the middle of the living room."

Editor Saxon was properly overcome. After all, he had just heard a tribute to Modern Screen readers all over the world. In fact, he had just heard a summing up of all Hollywood's attitude toward the first big event of the season.

Later, Dana Andrews told a radio audience, "This is one party of the year I wouldn't miss. (Continued on next page)"
PARTY OF THE YEAR

continued

We know that Modern Screen's Annual Awards are the on-the-level-result of movie-goers' opinions of 'us all.'

"Not only that," said Van Heflin, "but in my opinion, these awards are prophetic. The winners here tonight—some of them, at least—will be taking Oscars home in the not too distant future." And Van Heflin, who has one himself, ought to know.

But to get to the party—and almost everyone in Hollywood did—it was one of those blowouts that was just for fun. There were no hour-long speeches, not a stuffed shirt in sight. And you never saw so many celebrities in your life. The few who couldn't come sent their love, and top-man John Wayne, who was in Acapulco, sent his voice. This might sound difficult, but it wasn't with Louella Parsons around.

"Hand me a phone," said Louella, and with the phone came Mexico.

"Hello, Duke," said Louella. "I want to tell you that you've won Modern Screen's popularity prize for 1951, and I'm arranging to have the award sent down to you for an official presentation."

Not only was the award delivered 24 hours later—in person—but the person was Hedy Lamarr. She gave the silver cup to John amidst a gathering of high Mexican government officials.

By the way, you may have heard Louella's memorable call on her Sunday ABC radio program. And Jim McCulla's table-hopping interviews were broadcast over the Liberty network. Cameramen from both MGM and 20th Century-Fox brought the party to you via newsreel.

If you caught the newsreel you may have imagined that the party went off like a charm, but it didn't—anyway, not at the beginning. An hour before the event, Modern Screen's editors sat bleakly next to a window watching the torrential rains. "That noise you hear," said Hollywood editor Carl Schroeder, "is my career going down the drain."

But suddenly in walked Glenn Ford with our publisher, George Delacorte. "Don't let that mist bother you," Glenn said. "Let's just wring out our topcoats, pull up a chair and see what happens. I had to skip lunch today, and with a little luck I can eat my way through at least half of those magnificent hors d'oeuvres."

Glenn didn't get a chance to see if he could make it, though. Hedda Hopper arrived, dry as toast under one of her huge hats, and then the doors literally burst open at Ciro's.

John Wayne's great and good friend, Grant Withers, arrived, to "sit in for the Duke" as he explained it, and was promptly joined by the Forrest Tuckers, the Bill Holdens (he's one of Modern Screen's almost perpetual top ten, it seems), Piper Laurie, Dorothy Lamour, the Larry Parks, the Bill Bendixes and Bill Demarest.

"I didn't come with nobody," Bill Demarest said, "but I got a reason for coming. You see, them two boys, Duke Wayne and Alan Ladd are old buddies of mine. I talked to Alan in Palm Springs this morning, and he told me I got to get dolled up and get on over here on account of he can't show up, what with his kids being sick. So he's (Continued on page 104)
anything you can do, I can do better
“No, you can’t!” says Glenn Ford. “Yes, I can!” says Bill Holden. And so Hollywood’s battling buddies continue to slug it out for top man.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

One morning recently Bill Holden got up from his breakfast table and casually said to his wife:

“Honey, I’m going to run into town for about an hour or so.”

“What for?” asked Brenda. “I thought you were going to loaf around the yard today.”

“I just want to pick up a couple of things at the store,” Bill said. “I won’t be long.” And he reached over and kissed her and was gone.

Brenda leaned over and took a look at the newspaper Bill had been reading while he ate. Then she picked it up and walked into the kitchen. The housekeeper was washing the dishes.

“You want to make me a little bet?” Brenda asked.

“What’s that?” asked the housekeeper.

“I will bet,” said Brenda, stabbing at a picture in the paper, “that Mr. Holden comes back here in an hour with some of those Slim Jim narrow neckties the men are beginning to wear.”

The housekeeper looked at the picture. It was a shot of Glenn Ford getting off a plane, back from Europe. The camera appeared to have been focused on a fancy Slim Jim tie Glenn was wearing.

“You just wait and see,” said Brenda.

An hour later Bill walked into the house and announced with a cheery yell that he was back. Brenda came to greet him.

“What have you got in the package there?” she asked.

“Oh,” said Bill, “I just happened to pass a haberdashery and I saw some of those narrow neckties in the window, so I bought a few. I think I’ll begin wearing them.”

“That figures,” said Brenda.

“What?” asked Bill.

“Nothing,” said Brenda. “What do you want for lunch?”

It has always been that way, ever since Bill Holden and Glenn Ford have known each other. All Hollywood knows it, but neither Bill nor Glenn will admit it. Whatever one does—the other will do, and try to do it better. Whatever one starts, the other will pick it up—and claim he originated it. If Glenn Ford took up croquet tomorrow morning, (Continued on page 93)
A large Braque reproduction dominates the living room and sets the pace for the modern decor. Functional but decorative furniture lends spaciousness.

The dramatic effect of the soft wall-to-wall drapery is heightened by the sharp lines of the low coffee table, the two huge chairs. All the wooden furniture has a natural blond finish so as not to show dust.

Paul Fox, Scott's decorator, chose the color scheme carefully. Paul's theory, with which Scott agrees, is that a monochrome room is more masculine than one full of color. But bright touches like the burnt-orange chair add interest.
UP IN BRADY'S PLACE

HOUSe OF THE MONTH

It was six a.m. of a beautiful winter's day in Westwood Village, a small, fashionable community four miles from 20th Century-Fox.

In the low, white apartment house where Scott Brady lives, everyone was sleeping except Brady. The tall, tousle-headed kid from Brooklyn was preparing breakfast in the kitchen of his bachelor apartment. The preparation sounded like an atomic bomb somewhere in Nevada.

Pots and pans bounced off the floor, Scott's baritone voice bounced off the ceiling, towers of smoke swirled up from the frying pan, and water gushed from the taps at full speed.

The bedlam woke Scott's kid brother, Eddie, who happened to be spending the night up at Brady's place. He was sleeping in the soft, foam-rubbered daybed that serves as the living room couch. Eddie raised himself on one elbow. "For cryin' out loud," he shouted, "what's goin' on out there?"

"I'm getting breakfast," Scott shouted back.

Eddie got up and shuffled into the kitchen. (Cont'd on next page)
"Hey, you don't have to go to all this trouble for me."
"No trouble," Scott said. "I do this every morning."
Eddie rubbed his scalp. "You do?" This was a surprise to the youngest of the Tierney clan, because when Gerald Tierney lived at home—that's Scott Brady's real name—he was the one Mom had to call and shake for 15 minutes before he'd even turn over, never mind get up.

Now here he was in his own kitchen, bare-foot, stripped to the waist, wearing only a pair of blue jeans and cooking like crazy. With a tumbler full of chilled orange juice in one hand, he stood in front of his stove shifting his attention from burner to burner. In one skillet a dozen slices of Canadian bacon sputtered beautifully. A chemex of coffee on the back burner sent up an appetizing aroma. And on another, Scott had set his pièce de résistance, an omelet of eggs, chopped onions and cheddar cheese.

Eddie couldn't believe it. "You been goin' to a cooking school or something?"

Scott grinned. Like a master chef he flipped the omelet onto a platter, removed a tin of hot rolls from the oven, put the coffee on the table, and then motioned to his brother. "Sit down, kid," he said, "and have a little food."

Eddie sat, but the wonderment of it all was too much for him. "I don't get it," he confessed. "At home you never even ate breakfast."

"Gee, kid," Scott explained. "I couldn't ask Mom to fix me a big meal at six in the morning. I don't mind doing it myself, but you couldn't ask that of any woman, not even Mom. Besides, I like looking after myself."

Ever since Scott announced six months ago that he was leaving the Tierney family apartment to live alone, his folks have wondered why.

A friend suggested that perhaps Scott wanted to have a place of his own where he might entertain his friends, especially of the opposite sex. After all, there's a lot of competition in the Tierney family. Let Scott bring his date home and introduce her around, and the very next thing anyone knows, Scott's date is no longer Scott's. The girl has switched to Larry or Eddie.

When you ask Scott if this is the reason he took a bachelor apartment, he hedges and says, "Not at all. I just wanted a little privacy."

In direct contradiction to this explanation is the fact that Scott is rarely alone. In and out of his apartment, he is usually accompanied by one of his two brothers, his agent, or his stand-in.

"Brady isn't particularly articulate or profound and sometimes he finds it difficult to explain things, but actually his bachelor apartment is simply part of his growing up, of going out on his own.

Scott isn't sure when the idea of looking for an apartment first struck him, but it probably coincided with Johnny Darrow's getting him a couple of big pictures at Universal and two at 20th Century. Johnny is a top agent who helped June Allyson, Gene (Continued on page 102)
At 18, Jane was a problem child trying desperately to grow up. So fervent was her search to find herself, she ran away from home...

BY STEVE CRONIN

a life of her own

Her mother says simply, “I lost the reins.”

Jane says, “I just had to go through all that. I’m not sure why... but I had to learn for myself.”

These are the words with which they recall the time in Jane Russell’s life two years before Hollywood discovered her when her teen-age idealism mixed oddly with the world as she found it... and she rebelled. For three months she stayed away from home, living with a girl friend, and trying to find herself. This was a period when her whole character was to be tested and her whole life shaped into its final mold. This was to be the emotional crisis of her youth...

Perhaps it all began during her last year of high school when the gang she traveled with became enamored of the free-spirited poets and writers, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, of Shelley and Byron and Thomas Wolfe...

“We used to gather at one girl’s house, a girl whose dad worked nights, and drink burgundy while we read or listened to records,” Jane has recalled. “Everything was quite arty but there didn’t seem to be any pretence at highbrowism. Some of the kids came out with (Continued on page 83)
"SOMEBODY LOVES ME"
by Sheilah Graham
SOMEONE LOVES HER, BUT BETTY'S TIRED OF WONDERING WHO. SHE WANTS A MAN NOW!

If Betty Hutton has convinced herself that Charles O'Curran has a brain, and that he will be a good father to her kids, the handsome young dance director and the blonde tempestuous star will be man and wife by the time you read this story. But if happy-go-lucky Charlie, who had proposed to Betty every hour on the hour for the past three months, had failed on either count, there'll be a new guy reading this issue of Modern Screen in Betty's beautiful French Provincial front parlor.

Having covered every eventuality—I hope—let me tell you why a guy like O'Curran and a gal like Hutton get to be an inseparable item in Hollywood.

Betty, at 30, is desperate. Somewhere in this chaotic world she wants to find peace and happiness for herself and her two children. And that means—a man in the house. And that, of course, means a husband. And she wants him now. She won't rest until she can sing those three words, " Somebody loves me, " to all the world.

Charles is available. This, in Hollywood, is more potent than looks, wealth or position. There are practically no eligible men here. And for every man who is free and over 21, there are 20 eager movie maidens who must have an escort, or they are dead, socially speaking. Married women positively will not invite "single" stars to parties. They're afraid they might lose their husbands.

Betty loves parties. She needs a man who will take her everywhere, who won't sulk in quiet corners when she huddles with other fascinating people, who will always be there when she wants him, and happy to take her home when she is tired or bored.

O'Curran is one of the most easy-going guys I know. His placidity makes a good bouncing board for Betty's vivacity. Because of his work and contacts, he moves in the same social orbit as Betty. This is important. The unwritten code forbids a star's falling in love with a guy in a lower strata. Did you ever hear of a top actress marrying an extra?

And this is most important. Charlie loves Betty. Betty doesn't breathe right unless there is a man who loves her. "She's the most wonderful girl I ever met," Charlie told me when I asked him about marriage plans. "I'll be the proudest man in Hollywood with Betty as my wife. But because of her children, she won't rush into marriage until she's absolutely sure." I was glad that Betty was pausing despite her eagerness for a mate. She isn't exactly famous for looking before leaping.

Her desperate way of loving began way back when she first came to Hollywood, a frightened, insecure kid, fresh from the New York stage. If any man so much as smiled, Betty was immediately ready to swoon.

Betty isn't frightened any more. But the insecurity is almost as obvious as when she told me breathlessly, nine years ago—"I'm engaged to marry Perc Westmore." Perc gave her a big ring. The engagement lasted a month. Norman Krasna's ring was bigger. The engagement was over after five days. Betty, a lady from way back, returned both rings, but kept her longing for a man to love and cherish her—until dissatisfaction does them part.

When I asked O'Curran, "Did you buy Betty a ring?" he admitted, "I'd be afraid to, might scare her off." He wasn't kidding. Betty scares easily—but only in the marriage department. She'll get engaged at the drop of the question. But, when she's just shopping for romance, then it's something else. (Continued on page 100)
Most cities have several quaint, quiet, little restaurants where lovers meet for a rendezvous. Even Hollywood has one or two. Romeo’s Chianti is a place like that. It’s an Italian restaurant—small, warm, unobtrusive—located on Melrose Avenue just a few blocks away from Paramount. The table cloths are checkered red; the food is superb, and the music on the phonograph is always operatic.

In this restaurant Mario Lanza fell madly in love. After seven hectic, exciting, incredible years, he is more in love than ever. “My Betty,” he raves, “she’s absolutely wonderful, too good for me, an angel. She’s the best thing that ever came into my life. Without her, who knows where I’d be today? With her, I’m always in heaven.”

And he was in heaven on that unforgettable August night in 1944 when he proposed to Betty Hicks, a trim, brown-eyed brunette from Chicago.

The scene, of course, is indelibly stamped in Betty’s mind. She was 22 at the time, ready for romance, and it came with a speed and passion that left her breathless.

“I’d known Mario for a few months—he was in uniform all the time—and on August 29th—I will never forget that date—he came by and said, ‘Honey, let’s go to Romeo’s.’ So that’s where we went.”

It was a warm, clear California night, when even the smallest stars were out, but Mario was in too much of a hurry to get
It isn't all noise and tantrums when Mario's around. There's love in his house that came along with a starry-eyed girl named Betty

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

life with lanza

The nation was touched when Mario invited ten-year-old Raphaela Fasano of Newark, N. J., to be his guest in Hollywood. Raphaela, suffering from incurable Hodgkins disease, was met at the airport by her hero and his wife.

Romeo showed him and Betty to a side booth and quickly brought the Chianti and antipasto. The wine and the food and the music (La Traviata) mellowed Mario. Ordinarily, he bubbles over with enthusiasm, but now he was soulful. He poured some wine for Betty and himself then he gazed at Betty with love-struck eyes.

"Betty," he finally said, "you look wonderful tonight."

"Do you think (Continued on page 85)"
She was the rage of Paris, the toast of all Europe. And now Leslie Caron has danced her way into the heart of America!

BY JANE WILKIE

pretty-eyed bébé

In the late spring of 1950, a blase young man behind the soda fountain of New York's La Guardia Airport found himself confronted by a wide-eyed young girl. "Eef you please," she said, "I would like some of your ice creams." She twirled the seat of the stool with an experimental finger, looked down the long expanse of shining counter and sighed, "I theenk a ba-nana spleet."

To the soda jerk the French accent was no novelty—he was accustomed to dialects—but there was something about the girl that made it difficult to take his eyes off her. She was so intense, so earnest, and when she looked at him it wasn't in an offhand manner, it was a direct gaze from chalk-blue eyes, tilted at the corners, that made him wonder if she wanted to start a conversation. But at the same time he had the feeling that if he did speak, she would bolt and run in fright.

Those who've seen An American In Paris, were left with the same impression of Leslie Caron. She is like a fawn, her eyes seem to listen as well as see, and her lithe young body is still and intent one moment, and then suddenly moving with swift grace.

That "ba-nana spleet" was Leslie's first plunge into American ice cream. It was the way she chose to spend the 20 minutes allowed her in New York before changing planes for Hollywood, and the reason behind it was that her mother hails from Topeka, Kansas. Margaret (Continued on next page)
Petit Caron had spent many a charmed hour describing America to her young daughter. Often Leslie would sit by her mother's bedside in the early morning, talking for hours on the law of art, science, and Indian and mechanical things and the beautiful hair of the American girls. To Leslie it was like a fairy-tale, but the thing that claimed her most was the fountain. Leslie has been introduced, in the past year and a half, to a great deal more than our ice cream. She was up early, before dawn, from her bed in Paris and transported to Hollywood in an immense plane, then plummeted into the pink-and-white world of the movies.

The film director, for the first time, studied dramatically, visited her first nightclub, and starred opposite Gene Kelly in a film that turned out to be a masterpiece of his, and married George Horman, heir to the Horman best fortune, and with the release of the movie became the toast of America as well as France. Yet Leslie feels no change, even since the fact of France arriving in America. "I have no time for books, no time for attending the concerts," she says, "and that is bad."

Self-educated, though her schooling in a French convent was probably superior to that given a great many of the world's children, she feels that travel and life, rather than than geography and algebra. She is aware that only, with 20 years of life behind her, she is a cosmopolitan who charms cynics right out of their boredom.

Margaret Petit, her mother, left Kansas to study dancing and early on became an acknowledged dancer at the Green-Wollickes on Broadway. Her health broke under the strain and in order to rest she went to Paris, intending to paint. It was there she met Claude Caron, who was a manufacturer's chemist. Their first child was a son, Aimery. Leslie arrived little more than a year later. They grew up in the hill-top homes of a great many Frenchmen, and in the little house, lying northwest of old Paris. Aimery, as big brother, was expected to watch over Leslie. He reacted to this responsibility by promptness and accuracy, and during the first weeks, accepted Leslie as one of the gang and expected her to do anything they could do. This included hanging on for dear life to a board set on roller skates which many kids as it would hold, hurtled down from the top of a hill through the winding streets. Then there was the tree house, built by Aimery and Leslie, whose roof was only the lid of the family washing machine. The lid was sorely missed, but the tree house was out of reach of everyone but the children, no one dared enter it.

The attic of the family home yielded a small stove which the children hoisted into the tree and used to make pancakes. Later they found an old victrola, a few records, and in the attic Leslie and her brother dreamed away many an afternoon listening to Chopin and Brahms.

Eventually, Aimery was sent away to board school, and his absence would have left a great void in Leslie's life, if she hadn't become interested in ballet. She was 11 at the time, and she accompanied a friend to a ballet. Leslie was only fascinated, and went home and announced, "I want to become a dancer."

Margaret Caron pleaded with her. "I have always thought you should choose your life. You can be anything you like—an actress, a painter, a nurse—but please, don't be a dancer. It's the most difficult work in the world. It will break your health. You don't realize the hardships—"

"But I want to be a dancer," said Leslie in a firm voice.

She began with one lesson a week, increased it to two, then three. When she was 14 she saw a professional ballet for the first time and came home with stars in her eyes. "I have never seen anything so beautiful," she said. "All the lights, the music, the costumes—"

"Well," said her mother, sounding very much like a practical woman, "I suppose then that we'll take you out of the convent. If you're to be a dancer, you must devote your life to it. You can study at the National Conservatory."

Claude Caron was horrified. The old Catholic church frowns on dancers, and despite the popularity of ballet in France, to the Caron family it was completely forbidden. When he learned of the plan, he harrumphed and said, "We haven't much money," she pointed out. "We can't give Leslie the advantages of high society. Nothing would be so dull for her as a routine education, and a routine life. If she wants to live life, she is better off in the ballet." She smiled to herself and added, "In show business."

With her mother by her side, Leslie went on a balloon flight with the wind. The war was over and the liberation of France was complete. In the past years, the family had left Neulîly to go to the south of France for rest. This time Leslie was in the Ballet des Champs Elysées and soon had a part all her own. Her first solo performance, a dance that left her alone on the stage for three-quarters of an hour, was given to her by the ballet director. Leslie was dressed as a clown, her face covered by a mask, and during the first ten seconds she made what seemed to be a grotesque maneuver.

From a difficult step she landed in the wrong position—perhaps two degrees off. Says Leslie now, "I think to myself, I miss it. People are going to see a screwball on the stage but they're going to see me."

In her first appearance it was criticized with celebrities and royalty. Leslie was dressed as a clown, her face covered by a mask, and during the first ten seconds she made what seemed to be a grotesque maneuver. From a difficult step she landed in the wrong position—perhaps two degrees off. Says Leslie now, "I think to myself, I miss it. People are going to see a screwball on the stage but they're going to see me."

In the second act she was given the part of a clown's wife, and she made the most of it. From the moment she went on the stage she was in the eyes of all present.

His first performance, as a clown, was less than a week ago. It was during the Paris, France, and then a night when the performance began in the "Queen of France." The program included operas and ballets.

"There is so much beautiful, and here comes the Queen with her pretty children. She is very gracious and presents the children. I don't know what to do but in my houses (my houses) and the little prince extends me his hand. I am so very stupid and I bow again because I am so very stupid."

That faux pas didn't seem to bother anyone but Leslie, either, and soon there was a special ballet written for her. "Oedipus and the Sphinx."

Paris, France, following the tour that Gene Kelly attended the Ballet des Champs Elysées and was struck with Leslie's talent. He went backstage after the performance to commend her. "Nothing like her has ever come before."

Kelly had gone home. He had known her in the audience, the high spot of the performance was the grapevine—but he had thought that he would want to see her. It is doubtful she would have stayed even if she had known, for at this point the audience was completely in love with all Paris and she was perpetually swamped with compliments, congratulations and the adoration of the public. She was only 16 and found the position too serious. Some people are so constructed that they can listen to praise from sunrise till sunset and lap it up with ease, but to Leslie it was as though she were anointed with the unceasing acclaim. Even her family could talk of nothing else once she was home, and this included her father's family who, one morning, while reading a notice in the paper of a pro- gramme, had turned completely human and considered the ballet the greatest thing that ever happened to France, and Leslie the greatest thing that ever happened to the ballet.

The plaudits kept pouring in, building up pressure, and Leslie wished desperately she could be just a plain human being once more, sitting in the tree house and listening to music.

Her negative reaction was possibly due to her health which, as her mother had prophesied, was breaking under the strain of the war in France during the war, during those years when Leslie was growing so fast and needed nourishment. There had been little meat, milk or eggs in her diet and she had been afraid of it. But people can't grow healthy, or particularly happy for that matter, on a diet of squash, and Leslie developed anemia, which became more and more serious as the war went on.

The stress of the war and the strain of the work completely took the edge off. The family was very much in the forefront of the war work. They were always on the job, and Leslie was always doing or giving what she could. Leslie had gone to Canada, Belgium, and England, where a command appearance was made for the Queen. Leslie had made the acquaintance of the Queen and Prince Margaret Rose. For the latter performance, Leslie was unable to make any company appearances, and her act included in the chosen four out of the possible 20. She was as excited as anyone else, for the French people feel a close alliance with England, and naturally, when they were an American and not a Frenchman, Leslie was flat on the floor of the stage along with 39 other girls in the cast, lifting the heavy fringe at the bottom of the curtain in order to be the Queen and Princesses in their box. Excitement got the better of them and they soon became so obvious that the Queen noticed the line of faces, whereupon she smiled and nodded to them. It was not as though they had gone home. She had known he was in the audience, the high spot of the performance was the grapevine—but he had thought that he would want to see her. It is doubtful she would have stayed even if she had known, for at this point the audience was completely in love with all Paris and she was perpetually swamped with compliments, congratulations and the adoration of the public. She was only 16 and found the position too serious. Some people are so constructed that they can listen to praise from sunrise till sunset and lap it up with ease, but to Leslie it was as though she were anointed with the unceasing acclaim. Even her family could talk of nothing else once she was home, and this included her father's family who, one morning, while reading a notice in the paper of a programme, had turned completely human and considered the ballet the greatest thing that ever happened to France, and Leslie the greatest thing that ever happened to the ballet.

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girl it was always, "when we go to America—"

Weeks passed and Leslie almost forgot about it. Then, the day before a new show opened, Gene Kelly telephoned her. It was all set, he said. His studio was enthusiastic that a contract had already been drawn up. You’ll have to pack right away,” he said. “You’ll leave in three days.”

“So then,” says Leslie, “I am so excited I jump on my head!” She went home to the family and they almost collapsed at the news. “But should I go?” Leslie wanted to know.

“You should go,” they howled in unison. “Of course!”

There was frantic packing, and hurried farewells. Leslie said goodbye to her friends in the ballet, kissing the cheek three times as was the custom. It seemed no time at all before she and her mother boarded the plane, and they left France without even knowing if the French moviemakers had decided that Madameissielle Caron was worthy of a contract. The plane’s sleeping accommodations were wasted on Leslie. She sat by the window and looked until her eyes felt they were being pulled from their sockets. England, Ireland, Newfoundland, the soda fountain in Manhattan, a stop in Chicago, and they were on their last hop to Hollywood.

The day after she arrived in Hollywood, she was invited to Gene Kelly’s home, where she met his family and many people who with whom she would work. Leslie was terrified around so many people as often as possible. It seemed people were staring at her “with beeg eyes” and momentarily she wanted to be back in France, where she was known. She had little time to be homesick, however, for the next day she was introduced to all the important men at MGM and, although her hands were clammy and her heart went like a pom-pom, managed to read aloud from the English script they handed her.

Mrs. Caron returned to France, where she and Claude Caron sold their home and went back to the Virgin Islands to live. Amary went on to Hollywood, to share an apartment with his sister. With Amary near, plus the passage of time, Leslie learned how to be fearless in Hollywood, that its people were warm and friendly, and she began working with enthusiasm. For two months she rehearsed dances every day and studied English on the side. Today she has perfected the language to the point where she pronounces even Paris the way we do, rather than retain the French pronunciation. She admits this is necessary, for if she lets one French word slip into her conversation, she lapses entirely into her native tongue.

The turned 19 in July of 1950 and soon was dating a young Frenchman. He had had many admirers in France, but ballerinas are a very close group, seldom going with outsiders, so that at home she had no opportunity for romance. And because it is not French word or infection for girls to visit Paris night clout or even sidewalk cafes, Hollywood’s night clubs were the first thing of their kind that Leslie had seen. Amary watched his sister emerging from her cocoon and teased her about it in the evenings when she was cooking their dinner. In Paris, Amary’s friends had formed a pool, with the case of liquor to buy the boy who would give Leslie her first kiss. The wine was never collected, and in America, George Hormel came along before Hollywood’s bandwagon had much time for beginning the wine-winning project. They met briefly at a cocktail party and

young George was immediately attracted to Leslie. She noticed him for only one reason, “He has one eyebrow, you know,” she says. “Very funny!” We understand this to mean that George Hormel has all the eyebrows necessary to a human being, but that there is not the usual absence above the bridge of the nose.

Not long after their first meeting, Leslie was planning to have dinner with two other girls, one of whom had a date with Jimmy Howard, George’s brother. The two were going to see Ella Logan afterward at the Greek Theater, while Leslie and the other girl friend were to follow the dinner with a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. But that afternoon George had happened to ask his brother about his plans and Jimmy told him he was meeting some friends for dinner. “Who’ll be there?” George wanted to know.

“Among others,” said Jimmy, “Leslie Caron. At least, for dinner.”

“Who’s she?” George wanted to know.

“What a memory! You almost melted Hormel must be out of his mind—that he hardly knew her. He knew very little, in fact, other than that he loved her. And dating by, often to which they dined together every night, he found that he had been wrong in thinking she worked as an extra in movies. At the end of the week he asked if she would fly with him to his home in Austin, Minnesota. The trip, the chance to see more of America, may have appealed in part to Leslie, but after seven dinner dates more than willing to spend time with George. His parents (he is French-born) found her captivating and she was equally impressed with them, but Leslie returned to Hollywood without a decision. Her mind went all to hell for her on September 22 when the studio handed her a script and told her she would begin work almost immediately on MGM’s Glory Alley with Ralph Meeker. She was due to go to San Francisco on opening night for the opening of An American In Paris, then to Florida for a publicity matter, then to begin working on the new picture on her return to Hollywood. That afternoon she told George, realizing that she couldn’t possibly be married for three months.

“That makes it simple,” said George.

“Let’s get married tonight.”

They bought a wedding ring just before the stores closed and phoned an airline for reservations to Las Vegas. George phoned his two brothers, then Amary said, “Well, what’s today?”

“You have a party, yes?” asked Leslie.

“Well, sort of,” grinned George. His mother was visiting Hollywood at the time and when Leslie and George had rounded up Mr. Everyone, the three brothers, everybody was hysterical. For future Amary, who knew little about the romance and couldn’t believe his kid sister was about to marry someone by the altar-bound.

They arrived in Las Vegas at four o’clock on Sunday morning, and everyone headed for the hotel except Leslie and George, who took off to get their license. Finding the hotel closed, they took a taxi to get breakfast, inviting George along. The license acquired, they made an appointment with a minister for six-thirty A.M., then went to collect the family. The ceremony, repeated from Bach, was performed by both the older and newer Mesdames Hormel into tears. George wired his father in Minnesota, “I HAVE JUST BECOME THE FATHER OF A HUNDRED AND TEN POUND GIRL,” and Leslie wired her parents in the Virgin Islands that she had changed her name, and they all flew back to Hollywood, the newlyweds speechless with happiness.

After a harried honeymoon in San Francisco and Florida, and a visit to the Virgin Islands to see Leslie’s parents, they settled down in a studio in Laurel Canyon, filled with furniture, including a piano, from George’s bachelor apartment. For George plays hot piano, and he uses his music job with the Hormel Company in order to study, and make jazz recordings. Leslie appreciates his talent—she likes the rhythm and melody of jazz—and often dances as he plays. One evening, while she’ll spin a record of her own, and when George makes a face at Bach, Leslie smiles in a very grown up way and tells him that one day they both learn to love it, because it is a part of her.

She wants to return to Paris only to show her city to George. In the beginning she missed France, but now she loves it here, loves the country side, the people. And the American people love her. They are—how you say—enchante.
One afternoon several weeks ago, an attractive little co-ed was sipping a coke at The Cellar, a well-known snack bar on the campus at Stanford University.

As soon as she put the straw to her lips, a stocky, blond male with the regulation crew cut, flopped down beside her.

"Hi," he said quietly.

The co-ed, whose name happened to be Joan, turned and looked. She liked what she saw.

"Hello," she answered.

The boy grinned. "You a freshman?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you?"

The crew cut nodded. "How do you like Stanford?"

The girl's eyes twinkled. "I think Stanford's just terrific... By the (Continued on page 80)
that nobody would dream of arguing with her . . . not even the waiter if she happens to catch him in a bit of excessive addition.

Farley thinks that one of the outstanding personalities he met in England was Dame Sybil Thorndike, who is in her eighties and was starring in Waters Of The Moon, a legitimate play which he went to see in London. Afterwards he literally sat her feet as they talked about the theater.

"I am so glad you young people have come to see us," she said. "You are so fresh and enthusiastic in your ways. But when I was talking Farley felt that she herself was showing more vitality and energy than even Shelley could. He told this to Shelley later and she promptly snapped, "But of course I am."

Farley's parting words to Dame Sybil Thorndike were: "T'll never know what you know about acting by the time I am your age."

"My dear boy," she replied, "by the time you're my age you can have learned everything."

When he told that to Shelley she said, "And you need every year of it!"

This is the bantering kind of relationship he's had with Shelley that he's going to miss. And Farley knows it. "I think it is easy enough to be with someone you love," he has said. "But it is not so easy to make a real friendship."

"You know," he added, in a lighter vein, "some fellows once told me, you are pretty mixed up when you get to be some age. You know the more you'll know about girls."

"Well, it's pleasant confusion. I wouldn't want to give it up just for the clarification of knowing."

Farley met a very resourceful young man. A fellow can get awfully lonesome picking up technical honors like that.

Actually he is serious about meeting the other girl of his life. He thinks that she will more likely be of the theater than the screen although this is not an absolute requirement. He knows better than to set up qualifications on this sort of matter.

"It's just that the theater seems to absorb a person less completely and permits more time for personal living," he says.

In movies each picture that you make takes all four years of your life, until it is finished.

Yet Farley, when he got back to Hollywood, didn't take an apartment again but moved back to a hotel room he had rented . . . a group of married couples.

He seemed to be studying them and you might imagine that he was trying to visualize himself in the role of a husband. But conclusions were not reached. What one fellow said rather sums up what they all said:

"It's a nice place and it's pretty wonderful to have it all alone and do what you want to do. And it's wonderful to be able to pick up any time and go where you want to and do what you like."

This set Farley thinking but he is old enough to figure out that it is not the romantic or wedded sort of life that appeals at all to him and back nostalgically to what they recall as lost liberties of single blessedness. So he doesn't think this will scare him any. It might delay him a bit though.

"But that's all right," he says. "I wasn't in a hurry anyway."

The End

 władz of Shelley, what?

(Continued from page 41) Granger Girl Friends Club," saying that Gloria de Haven and Ann Blyth, among others, would have to be written out for good, and she agreed that something ought to be done to curb his activities. Now that his pal Shelley ("I'm lonesome, Vittorio") Win ters has decided to stop making time with him and to earnest romance with Signor Gassmann, he is wishing her all the best. And he is looking forward to an immediate future much like his immediate past, but between his self-centered character and Shelley's is already an understanding.

There must be an eventual parting.

Farley has always said that he likes to save Shelley and the meet the people—girls especially. So in a sense he is looking. He admits it. "Somewhere, sometime, I should meet someone who will make me feel that I don't want to be the fellow, now," he says. "That's in the book for me."

The girls he took on horse to that onion soup breakfast in Paris were members of the English chorus featured at the Club Lido on the Champs Elysées. Farley's safety factor in girls is to go out with a quantity of them so that there is too much distraction to particularize. But Farley takes his risks, too. While he was in Rome he received a telegram from Shelley saying she was going to see a friend named Peggy Malie, who worked with him in I Want You in Hollywood, or Melissa Hayden, who dances with New York's City Center Ballet and was playing an English engagement in London when he was there, or maybe even Betty, Madge or Caron who dance at the Lido. And there is still another for whom his admiration is unbounded. Farley too deserted the movies for TV in New York. Farley was no sooner back in Hollywood than he announced plans to spend Christmas in New York, seeing as much of Geraldine as he could.

The time he spent with other girls in Europe was not time he denied Shelley, who joined him there, and whom he had promised Good and sound. She was ill a day or two of the time.

In London, Farley was supposed to escort Shelley to the British Festival but didn't—again she was struck down by the same malady. At this point Peggy Malie unexpectedly walked in. She had been in Paris and had suddenly decided to cross the Atlantic. She didn't even take time to change the plaid coat and slacks she had on when the notion struck her.

Shelley immediately suggested that Farley accompany her on the expedition. But while there was to be no formality about the visit you still don't make personal appearances in London in slacks. Peggy simply rolled her hair up above her knees so they were hidden by the coat and she and Farley were off. An hour later she again showed her resourcefulness when someone at the festival got the idea of discussing the pair to the crowd as "Shelley Winters and Farley Granger."

Farley was for straightening out the mistake. "Peggy don't be silly, Fergie," he said. "Forget it," she whispered. "Don't make a fuss." And very sweetly she stood up and bowed her head (which is blonde) left and right. It went over fine and when they got back to Shelley they were able to tell her that she made a swell impression that night.

In every fellow's life there is at least one girl who gets around thinking that she would make a very practical partner. In Farley's life that girl happens to be Melissa Hayden. Melissa likes to have fun but she also keeps a sharp eye on what's happening in her boy. With all of her a mixed group of couples dining out, for instance, and the waiter brings the bill in one whopper of a check, everyone automatically waits for Melissa to settle up. She can mentally "tote" up just what each escort owes, in a flash, and be so exact

An RKO starlet was handed one of Jane Russell's gowns and ordered to assume a cheesecake pose. She turned to the wardrobe woman and queried, "Haven't you got one for a beginner?"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

But Farley wasn't stumped. He rushed to the closet, made off his room and came back for a fellow the one who came running turned out to be an Italian who could talk French all right—but not English! Yet he had to do. At least he could say he tried. Farley acted out his way to her room and just spoke to Helene. Her answers were acted out by the bellboy for Farley while Helene waited. But it worked and at the conclusion Farley and the boy congratulated each other for wonderful performances.

The call was about another date, of course. At the appointed time and place Farley was there, and a reasonable time, Helene showed up. With one skillful wave of her hand she managed to signal, "Hello! How are you? I am sorry I am late" . . . and the acting started all over again.

When Farley says he wants to see the girls he met on his last trip, most of his friends think he has Helene in mind. But he wouldn't dream of mentioning this to Shelley, who deserted the movies for TV in New York. Farley was no sooner back in Hollywood than he announced plans to spend Christmas in New York, seeing as much of Geraldine as he could.
"Be Lux Lovely" says Maureen O'Hara, star of "FLAME OF ARABY"!

Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother," says this charming Hollywood star.

It's wonderful the way Lux facials really make skin lovelier," says Maureen O'Hara. "I cream the rich active lather well in." Lux active cleanses gently but thoroughly.

"I rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Now my skin looks fresh — feels softer, too. You'll find Lux Toilet Soap facials are kind to delicate skin — quickly bring new beauty!

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9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux for lovelier skin!
Piper Laurie trim and tempting has a date at the Derby


Piper Laurie, is appearing in Has Anybody Seen My Gal, a Universal-International picture. Photographed at the Brown Derby.

Modern screen fashions can be bought from the stores listed on page 80; in person or by mail.

In This Issue:
Gloves—Wear Right
Jewelry—Coro
Petticoats—Eye-ful
Shoes—Cupello
The modern screen fashions in Hollywood
News for a rainy day! Peggy Castle, now appearing in Columbia's *Harem Girl*, is ready for rain in a full, flared raincape with detachable hood. Made of latex-backed nylon—this cape will wear without tear indefinitely. It comes packaged in a matching envelope pouch—all weighing less than 16 ounces. The colors: red, black, kelly green, beige, powder blue, gold, brown, grey and tangerine. Sizes: small, medium and large. About $25.00. "Featherrain" by Duchess Royal.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
Alice Kelly, appearing in Universal-International's Francis Goes To West Point, wears Toni Owen's novel bandana fabric ensemble cleverly designed for patio parties, beach—for casual town dates! The blouse with little cap sleeves has a convertible collar—the skirt, a soft waistband and deep cuffed side pockets. Red and white only. Sizes: 10 to 16. Blouse about $7. Skirt about $12. The clever Capezio shoes are of the bandana fabric (made to order).

Peggie Castle chooses a peach of a suit that can be worn glamorously and consistently all through Spring. Checked—and of 100% worsted yarn—the short jacket has a notched collar and cuffed patch pockets (with button trim—the skirt has six gores). The jacket has interfacing of Armo hair canvas for perfect shape-retention. Sizes: 10 to 16. Colors: bright navy and white, grey and white or gold and grey. About $50. A Bardley suit by Finger & Rabiner. Hat by Rex of Beverly Hills. Wear Right gloves—Capezio shoes.
SEPARATES—

STRICTLY GLAMOR

Popcoat—the biggest little news in top fashion for Spring—is worn by Patrice Wymore, appearing in Warners' I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS. Wonderful wrappy, new—pop this coat over everything. Wear it, with the hood up or down in city or country, day or night, North or South—with full skirts or slim! Patrice wears it with a full sunburst pleated skirt of faille. Textured 100% wool in powder blue, pink, gold or white. Sizes: 8 to 16. About $50. Designed by Bob Fields of Goldberg-Weissman.
On the right, quilted “get-togethers”—party-looking and gay—are worn by Colleen Miller, RKO starlet, appearing in Las Vegas Story. The fabulous fabric is luxurious rayon taffeta in iridescent muted stripes, quilted to make it one of the season’s “standouts.” The full-circle skirt billows over a starched fishnet petticoat. The strapless bodice has a pert little peplum. Colors: quilted iridescent striped rayon taffeta with red and gold stripes or red and navy stripes predominating. Also quilted rayon taffeta in solid black, turquoise, red or navy. Sizes: 9 to 15. Camisole top, about $6. Circle skirt, about $11. By Ilene Ricky, Colleen acccents her separates costume with Coro’s golden chain necklace, earrings and bracelets.

On the left, Linda Douglas, RKO starlet, soon to be seen in Marshal Of The Pecos models a gem of a separates outfit! The 100% knitted wool sleeveless top will also match up smartly with your suit, shorts or slacks. This top is natural foil for Coro’s large rhinestone shoulder pin—matching earrings and bracelets. The skirt of unpressed pleats is made of Bates cotton bedspread fabric. Linda wears her own velvet belt for added dash. Blouse: navy, black or white. About $10. Skirt: natural beige only. About $20. Both come in sizes: 10 to 16. By Toni Owen.

Photographed in the Sun Lounge, Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL
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, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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EYE-FUL PETTICOATS Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.


TONI OWEN (Bandana Dress)—Pg. 77 New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.

TONI OWEN (Separates)—Pg. 79 Cincinnati, Ohio—Henry Harris Dayton, Ohio—The Metropolitan Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock’s Wilshire Minneapolis, Minn.—Young&Quinlan New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co. Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamakers Providence, R. I.—Giddings San Francisco, Calif.—The White House Seattle, Wash.—Best’s Apparel

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SEAMPRUFE’S VERY-FEMININE SLIP—an added bit of daintiness for your Spring-time wardrobe—is of nylon tricot with trim of nylon netting and nylon vel lace. The front of the slip is styled with a twin-V-center bodice—a slenderizing three panel skirt (the back is styled with a single bodice—a single panel skirt). The swirled hemline has a deep flounce of nylon netting topped with vel lace. Sizes: 32-40. Colors: White, pink, turquoise. Prices: $5.95. Seamprufe lingerie is available at loading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

(Continued from page 70) way, my name’s Joan Benny.”

The boy looked surprised. “Are you Jack Benny’s daughter?” he asked.

“The very one,” Joan smiled.

“I heard you were on the campus,” the husky freshman said. “My name’s Gary Crosby.”

They shook hands heartily as if they hadn’t just met, but were old friends long-separated.

“What’re you studying, Gary? Mostly football?”

“I’m out for the javvees,” young Crosby admitted, “but I’m taking a kind of business—economics course.”

“So am I,” Joan Benny said.

She told him she was living at Raleigh, and he told her he was at Toyan, then Joan stood up. “I’ve got a class, Gary,” she said. “It sure was nice meeting you.”

Gary smiled. “The pleasure was all mine.”

That afternoon, Gary was boning up on his biology when his three roommates, Bob Hammond of Walla Walla, Wash., Ed Barr of San Diego and Don Wells of Oakland, straggled into room 245 of Toyan Hall.

“Who was that chick I saw you talking to?” one of Gary’s roommates asked.

“That was Jack Benny’s daughter,” Gary admitted. “Not bad, eh?”

“Not bad at all,” the roomie agreed.

“Why don’t you ask her to the Freshman Dance?”

Gary thought for a minute. “She probably has a date already.”

Over at Roble Hall, the girls’ dormitory, a similar conversation was in progress.

“I met Gary Crosby today,” his father is reported to his roommate, a pretty brunette whose real name happens to be Judy Garland. (Not the Judy Garland of motion picture fame whose real name happens to be Frances Gumm.)

“What’s he like?” Judy asked.

“He’s very nice,” Joan began. “Not at all what I expected. I mean I thought he’d be shy, but he spoke right up. It has a terrific personality, and he’s out for the football team, and he’s really quite . . .”

The telephone buzzer interrupted Joan’s conversation and she ran to pick up the receiver. “There’s an overseas telephone call for you, Joan.”

Joan Benny’s 17-year-old heart did a somersault. She knew who was calling from Germany all right. It was Vic Damone, who had been drafted into the Army and had spent his last furlough at her house.

Talking about the trans-Atlantic call later, Joan said, “It was Vic, and he wanted me to know that he was starting on a tour of Germany with some other soldiers. I guess to entertain the troops. He’s a real sweet guy. We write to each other. But it’s nothing serious . . . really.”

“Since Damone is in Germany,” Joan was asked, “and there’s nothing serious between you two, what do you think of Gary Crosby?”

“I think he’s just terrific,” Joan admitted.

This, however, is not the general campus opinion concerning 18-year-old Gary Crosby.

At Stanford, Gary’s considered just another freshman, and no one seems impressed by the fact that his father is famous. That seems to young Crosby fine, because it would be embarrassing for him to be singled out as a chip off the old block or as the kid whose records have sold more than a million copies.

When Gary arrived on the campus and then right away (Continued on page 82)
Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Evening dress, Maurice Rentner

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reported for football practice, a couple of sports photographers from San Francisco asked him to pose for some pictures. "Give me a break," Gary said. "You don't want my picture. I haven't done anything to deserve it."

In contrast to the actions of other famous men's sons, this was a refreshing attitude. Almost at once, Gary was asked to play for the varsity as a regular guy.

"He didn't make the team," one of the coaches points out, "but he sure worked hard. We had him doing tackling duties nine miles from the big conglomeration with the varsity. He was a pretty fair sort of line-backer in prep school, but this is the big time up here, and the kid just didn't have enough speed. You can never tell, though. Next year he's liable to be a world-beater. What we like most about him is his spirit. He has a lot of fight and a lot of humility, too. In a freshman, that's good.

Gary has reached that point in life where athletics count the most with him and girls the least.

"I know," says, "and I've seen Joan Benny a couple of times, but I just haven't got the time for dating. This is no snap school, you know. I'm carrying a pretty full load, and the last thing I need to keep my grades up is any Dad keeping phoning three or four times a week. He calls from San Francisco or Pebble Beach or Tahoe, and if I'm not around, he wants to know why.

"During the football season I didn't have a single date—on the level. Dad gave me a 1951 Mercury hardtop and on weekends, I drive over to San Jose and see my brother, Roble, or Susan Bellarmine, you know. They play football, too."

Bing has always believed in keeping a strong hand on his boys, and in Gary's case, he's been especially insistent. Gary's recordings of "Play A Simple Melody" and "Sam's Song" have passed the million mark. More than a hundred requests have been received at the Bing office for Gary's picture, and Gary is a regular Gary Crosby Fan Club, and the youngster has been offered, via his father, fabulous sums for radio and TV appearances. He's also been written up in several national magazines, and Gary, who has justifiably worried all this goes to the youngster's head.

"You let a kid know he's making a little stir in the world," Bing says, "and he'll only become insufferable overnight. It's a good idea to sit on Gary for a while."

Not that Gary needs it. Another Stanford freshman, who likes to speak for the rest of the boys when he says, "Crosby seems to be a pretty good egg. He doesn't throw his weight around, and we've yet to hear him mention his old man once. He's just one of the guys. Everybody else—denims and sportshirt—and he doesn't talk about Hollywood or the entertainment business at all.

Bob Hammond, one of Gary's roommates, says, "We do so much studying around here that we don't have time for cleaning. Besides, with four guys constantly coming and going, it's hopeless. Gary's the only one who cares about it. He's easy to room with, never gives any trouble."

"Does he play the trombone? Not that I've seen. He used to play it, I understand, when he was in high school, but then I've only seen him play up here is football. Wait a minute! Last week, his old man sent him a guitar. Told him to start practicing in his spare time. Good idea! His old man is strict. I mean he calls Gary practically every night. Really keeps close tabs on the guy. Even if Gary wanted to play around which he wouldn't have much chance. That Bing is a regular old eagle-eye."

Gary, however, is more amenable. Where the "other Dad," he says, "is a pretty nice guy. Just doesn't want me to step out of line."

A review of Gary's educational history reveals that he's not a trouble. Bing enrolled him at St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles when he was a cocky 11, whereupon Gary announced that he was Bing Crosby's son. "You don't have to brag about it," a classmate told him one day. "We know who your father is. So what?"

After that, Gary never again mentioned his Dad in school.

Warner and Major John Scanlon, instructors at St. John's, recall Gary as a lad who was always in and out of trouble, but none of it very serious. "He always seemed to have a good streak. Yet he never told, though. Next year he's liable to be a world-beater. What we like most about him is his spirit. He has a lot of fight and a lot of humility, too. In a freshman, that's good."

Gary's father is a good deal more than a "regular old eagle-eye." Gary Crosby's recordings have earned him a cool $25,000. Gary himself, however, hasn't seen a cent of the money. It's being held in trust for him by the O'Melveny firm, and only the bank over-sees the basic $200,000 trust fund which Bing and Dixie have given each son.

Gary claims he doesn't need very much money, anyway—"I hardly get into town," he says. "I'm not interested in the world's great experiences. Outside of tuition, food, and stuff like that, is my car."

Eventually, he may join a fraternity—several houses have shown an unofficial interest in him—but right now, his primary interest him far less than football. He very much wants to make the varsity one day and to maintain high academic standards. Bing thinks the exhibition might never fail to impress on Gary that he was sent to college primarily to study. "If you loved books as much as you loved sports," the Bing, "you'd be big on occasion. He'd stand up a great scholar. Gary's the most serious athlete we have in the family."

Last year he dislocated his shoulder, so vicious was his football tactics. "I wouldn't have missed that for the world," said Gary's Dad for two days because Bing cawed around while they were playing baseball up at Spokane. "If you want to goof around," Gary yelled, "I'll go around, but I came out here to play ball."

Off the playing field, Gary is modest almost to the point of reticence. On the field, he doesn't talk very much, and if he pulls a boner, he's the first to acknowledge it.

Gary has been identified with Bing so much that people forget it was Dixie Caruso by whom he brought him up—and beautifully, too. Dixie imbued him with a good sense of values and the fact that he is regarded as a well-bred, regular, modest young man is a tribute to her maternal ability.

This past summer, just before Gary entered Stanford, he underwent an operation for a shoulder injury. The operation took him to Lake Tahoe for a vacation. "I had more fun with my mom up at Tahoe last summer than I've had in some time," Gary recently told a reporter.

Gary doesn't particularly like the Crosby ranch at Elko since it usually means hard work. Bing pays all his boys' hand -salaries, and the standard rule is no more than $20 a week. Two years ago, Gary was given the job of creosoting some fence posts. He fell asleep on the job and some of the ranch posts caught fire. Bing ducted the dog and gave Gary some money, and Gary hasn't forgotten it yet.

Like most college freshmen in this troubled world, he feels that sooner or later he's going to be a professional footballer. Until such time, however, he plans to keep working and playing. "I'm taking business administration," he says, "but I may end up coaching or even playing around. I don't think Bing and mom don't care just so long as I choose something respectable. They've always wanted me to be happy."

Right now, he's trying to summon up enough courage to phone a certain freshman over at Robie Hall. Her name is Joan Benny, and he strongly hopes that the two of them may get a little more in common than just famous parents.

The End
a life of her own

(Continued from page 51) rather good thing for them; for as, me, I painted or listened. There were football hero sessions sometimes lasted until three in the morning and Mom used to get a little unhappy with her eldest daughter."

There were other things that made "Mom" unhappy with her eldest and only daughter. A couple of years before, when Jane was just a skinny, bossy sophomore at Van Nuys High School there was a football hero senior who used to have a curious effect on her. Every time he came near her, as she has said, "... the hair on the back of my head would stand up straight. I'd spit some endearing..." at him like it.

Bob Waterfield went on to U.C.L.A. to play on the varsity team and Jane became a senior herself at Van Nuys at which time she was a little older and a lot more mature. Her bathing suit felt right at home.

Bob apparently decided that her sharp manner was perhaps just a cover-up for an empty core. He came over to her on the beach, that first time, and it was so nice her that she was thrown completely off her guard. Before she knew it she wasn't nipping at him any more! That night she sneaked downstairs and tried for the first time in her life. She and Bob had a date to meet on the beach again. She wrote her mother a note and said that "the guy way back in my diary" had asked her to go out and have a date Friday night or no school night she just had to go.

But there were church nights, too, which he was to cause her to pass up. These were every evening when Jane and her mom and Bob would go to the little church in Sherman Oaks. Bob, now dating her every night she could get away, would know where they weren't so spindly up outside, purposely racing the motor of his downhill roadster. With each acceleration the deep, unmuffled exhaust would carry to the rear of the congregation in- side, particularly to the back and would drop and she would shift about in her seat uneasily. Her brothers would grin maliciously, and her mother would ask up, doctors wondering who was in it.

Sometimes Jane would try to resist temptation, but there were other times, too, times when she had been arguing with her mother about life and about God, and was in a resentful mood. One night, as she heard Bob outside, she turned to her mother and asked, "How long must I continue this farce?"

Her mother, instinctively knowing that she was contending with a spirit as strong as her own, and indeed derived from herself, looked straight ahead as she answered, "You don't have to continue it. I will never ask you to go to church again if you think it is a farce."

Jane sat in silence for a few minutes. Then she got up and walked swiftly to the door. The door was still closed but disappeared outside. A moment later, a last spurt of noise came from the car, a thunderous blast that seemed to symbolize the defiance of youth as Jane and Bob sped away.

Sped away where? Jane didn't know. She was always speeding away from the "as is" to the "as should be." She was always being pulled by motivations she couldn't understand, from traces that seemed to shape and bind.

"I don't remember just how," she has said, "but around this time, with the arts and the different crafts brought me and a sense of the church crept in. I guess I figured that all the people we were reading, who

... gained world-wide recognition just couldn't be wrong, and that Mom was a little old-fashioned and that the thought of God and Jesus comforted her. But if a person were to be really honest with herself, she'd plainly see that she couldn't live the way she wanted to. Just be honest... that's all.

It wasn't then that she left her home, however. She was still seeking another way. After a while she went to visit her grandmother on a lake in the Canadian Rockies. Every afternoon she would row to the middle of the lake and sit and think, content just to be there. But her grandmother didn't understand it. He wanted to take her sightseeing and fishing. Once he told her that he was a little worried about her lack of interest in his wealth. She might think of no future—except that she must make one for herself, and that before she could begin she must not be treated as a child. She returned to the San Fernando Valley and she talked to her mother.

"We are not a mother and her little girl anymore," she said. "I am a person and directly. But she recalls that she prayed like this: "Lord, listen to me. You have been kind to the husbandless and a father to the fatherless. See over this child, that the harum-scarum not use her for their glory."

With patience she waited for Jane to realize it was she who would," she says, "She was not a sinner. She was a girl with strong convictions. She felt she must save herself as an individual even at the risk of losing herself as one of the family."

And though Who, Jane told herself, found it difficult to condemn her for anything but humanness—the kind of human Jane Russell happened to be. And today, hiding herself, she will tell you she stands before her God, not as an innocent but as a true penitent.

Jane racked her brain with questions why she was away from home. She wrote her thoughts down. "Why was I born? she wrote. "Was it an accident? What is my purpose or obligation to life... to be a good kid and help the world be a better place?"

She would balance a joyful event in her own life against a tragic event in the life of someone else. She would think of how she felt in Canada when at last she made up her mind to return, and knew that Bob would be waiting for her. But now, allowing herself to think of marriage, yet she wrote then: "The quarterback looked good to me and he even threw his arms around me like the last school, as I knew he was glad to see me, too."

The same girl would write to herself, "The suffering in India and China makes me want to... Ignore it? Enjoy life? Live it to the hilt. How do you do it to be happy for the good by being strong-minded and optimistic? Maybe, but I'd get awfully tired making and I'd have to wear blinders and never look to the future. I'd have to just look at the guy selling pencils. And then where? You die... they dig a hole for you and time marches on. No thanks. That thought makes me feel. It gives me so much they can dig the hole right where I am.

Even at the age of 18, she was deeply concerned about all of life. She didn't give voice to it aloud because she hated the emptiness of the whole thing, but there was a surging of affection. She is uncomfortable today with people who are professionally religious in their attitude. Not long ago she went to army hospital with a group of church volunteers. We were all jumpy, even to the way they sat, or talked, or held their hands in folded piety. She was so uncomfortable that she notified the leader of the delegation that she simply could not go with them again. At the hospital, as a matter of fact, she spent most of her time in the company of a talking soldier who was emphatic in his rejection of all religious consolation. He offended the other members of the delegation, but Jane thought he was exactly the man they should persevere with. Jane was her sister over she and the soldier had gone deeply into a conversation and if his redemption was not obtained at least his interest in her words was sincere.

This was the sort of girl who had struck out for herself, and these feelings that were crying toward her mind. It wasn't any wonder that she descended into illness, both physical and mental. In addition she was going through a period surged through her mind, there was the pull of the ties she had broken—her brothers, her mother—and the memory of her hero.

She would think of her brothers in a motherly way—the intense yet shy Tom. Kennie so bold and optimistic, Jamie always abrupt but impulsively affectionate as well, and Wally who was even then
showing signs of the sophisticated air which was to come to him later. She thought of them mother-wise because she had been in charge of them for so long—
al through the illness which had curdled her father's heart. She was ever colder than they were, just a few days after a "successful" operation, her father suddenly died. Everyone but her mother had gone away. She, the thing which had been attended to, her mother handled. Never did anyone ever see her cry—
until a Sunday night sometime afterwards. They all went to church again and the choir sang the beautiful hymn. The congregation was standing, and her mother—
just crumpled to her seat and buried her face in her hands. The music now became a background for her sobbing. Yet there was nothing to do but wait. And when she finally stopped and got up, she looked like Jane, and she had a good cry on somebody's shoulder. Jane thought she had.
Jane's illness marked the end of her "runaway." She divorced home and was not only welcomed, but, as she will always recall gratefully, was welcomed without any fuss. And it was there, lying in bed at home, looking out at the beautiful, shining Eucalyptus trees, that Jane found the Someone she had to find before she could find herself.
She was no longer unsure. When less than two years later, in 1941, her career as an actress began she was ready for it, and as a mother she knew her way she moved with sure footing. Not long after this when Bob enlisted she sensed im-
mediately what her role should be in real life. They were married, and she thought she should come to Hollywood she was ever happier to ask for leave from the studio and become just another one of the nation's thousands of army wives.
This was the strength of self and of self-
knowledge she got from that Someone she found—about whom she has written: "There was no chance of mistakes—identi-
ally.
The End
(Jane Russell can be seen in RKO's Macao — The Ed.)

Lana's Latin lover

(Continued from page 39) Lamas and
Lanas are supposedly very much taken with each other. Fernando, who was born in
writing for the Weekly Journal, and Lana
is helping Fernando forget about the 
estranged wife he left behind in Argentina.

It's a cozy romance which began last November.

Curt Bernhardt, director of The Merry Widow, had signaled the sound man to
play a Strauss waltz. He had also ordered Lamas to take Lana in his arms to
dance. Fernando executed the orders and
it was a little to ardent.

"Cut!" Bernhardt called. "Let's do it
again. Only this time, Fernando, take it
easy.

Fernando grinned, "I'm sorry," he
said. He turned to Lana. "I'm really very sorry.

Lana laughed, "Think nothing of it."
So they did the scene again, Fernando
behaving like a perfect gentleman, and
it was a take. Bernhardt called a break
for lunch and Lana ambled off to her
dressing room where two of her friends
were waiting.

"What do you catch?" they asked her.

"What?" one of her friends asked.

"That last scene," Lana said. "The Bull
of the Pampas just let himself go. I guess
that's the way he treats the girls in Argentina.

The treatment seemed to please Lana
who realized now that Fernando was finding
her increasingly fascinating. And even
since Bob Topping walked out on her and
began to see a lot of June Horne, Jackie
Cooper's ex-wife, Lana's ego has been in
need of bolstering.

They say that nothing is better for a girl than to have a romantic Latin lover —
and that certainly is what Fernando
Lamas is.

He and Lana have been going every-
where together—dinner parties, nightclubs,
private parties. Jaded Hollywood skeptics
consider the romance studio-inspired, a
publicity buildup for Lamas, but seeing
these two in action makes it difficult to
believe. Kimball Powers, of Course, convinces you
that it isn't need of publicity, but need of
each other that has drawn them together.

Lana fears loneliness, and Fernando
fears failure.

FERNANDO LAMAS is in his early thirties.
He was born in Buenos Aires, Argent-
a, and was orphaned at the age of five.
He was raised by his grandparents and
had his first taste of fame when he won the
South American free style swimming
championship in 1937. After that, he was
given a job on radio and eventually got
on stage.
He made 20 films in Buenos Aires before
he was brought to Hollywood to complete
the Spanish version of a Republic picture.
The executives at Republic didn't think too
much of his talent; and in view of the fact
that he could hardly speak English, he
wasn't offered a contract.

His agent, Curt Bernhardt, assured that L. B. Mayer
had held out contracts for singers (in any lan-
guage) and took him over to MGM. Lamas sang,
and Mayer reacted. Although Fer-
nando didn't know what Mayer was talking about, he
did understand about signing a contract.

"My first year in Hollywood," Fernando
says, "I spent most of my time learning
the language, taking lessons, singing at
benefits, things like that."

When the studio felt that Fernando was
intelligible, he was given a leading role
opposite Jane Powell in Rich, Young And
Pretty. And in The Lady and The Lady
With Greer Garson. A few months
ago he was advanced enough
warrant co-starring with Lana in The
Merry Widow.

Fernando has been advised to say nothing
about his wife or his South American
love-life, and he sticks to this admonition.

However, he does admit—having a wife
and since he and she are Catholic, a
divorce may be out of the question.

Fernando doesn't say much about Lana,
either. He sums up the way he feels like
this: "most beautiful, talented, and char-
ming woman I know. I think she's
greatful, and I'm very fond of her." All
of which is nice but not very informative.

Come right out and ask him. "Are you
in love with Miss Turner?" and he says,
"But we'll see.

Lana is much more secure in her fame
and much more outspoken. "The Bull
of the Pampas is a very nice guy," she says,
"and a very good lover. I let me get
over the last case of love before I start
looking for more trouble. It's enough to say
that Fernando and I are just going out
for a little companionship."

Lana's friend, which cares very
deply for a mysterious man at the studio
who sends one yellow rose to her
dressing room each morning. With the rose comes
a card that bears the romantic greeting,
"Good morning, my love!"

Some people say the rose comes from
Lamas. Others say it's from Curt Bern-
hardt. Lana herself refuses to reveal the
romantic source.

Whatever romance there is for her in
Hollywood, Lana seems more determined
than ever to get away from the west coast.

"In 1932," she's said, "I want to spend
a lot of time abroad. I want to go all over
Europe. I've got to get out of this town.
I was in Europe on my honeymoon, but
I wasn't feeling very well, and I didn't
have too good a time. Now, I really want to
see the place and enjoy myself."

Actually at this point, Lana is the victim
of mixed emotions. She's confused and
doesn't know quite what to do at this point.

She thinks that getting away from
Hollywood will take her away from her
problems, but they lie within herself, and
will go with her everywhere until she
herself, enganges. But
Lana wants quite frankly to play the
field, to date many men and fall in love
with none. But in Lana's case this is
almost impossible. Between the men or four times, she falls in
love with him. That's why so many
columnists insist that she has fallen for
Fernando Lamas, the man for whom she
herself.

But Lamas looks like a dead end.
Religion is the stumbling block.

Thus by going out with Lamas, Lana
runs the risk of losing a man she can't
loose, a situation that may bring her only heartache.

Lana has the uncanny faculty of falling
in love with those gentlemen who can hurt her the most.

There is no actress who is still more in her search for
love. When Lana gives her friendship, she gives it who
cathartically, she can't help
herself. Because she is aware of her impo-
ness, she makes it legally impossible for herself to marry
again quickly. Instead of having her
lawyers draw up divorce papers she an-
ounced that she wanted a legal separation
"from Fernando," she said.

"to take it easy, to think things. Europe
would be a good spot. I'd get away from all
these hussles and pressures."

With Lamas as her escort she's safe in
one respect. He can't talk in terms of
marriage.

But what about love and happiness and
career—the three most vital factors
Lana's life after the welfare of her daugh-
cher, Cheryl?

Lana's career has been foundering ever
since 1946. She needs a good picture—
maybe The Merry Widow is it. If it isn't,
Lana will probably leave MGM. She has
been stalling about signing a new con-
tract until the film is released.

It may be that some wealthy lover will
come along. Then Lana

Lana Turner is marking time.
She may mark time for a week or two,
but in the months to come when the re-
viewers start forming, Lana will not be mentioned alone.

Somehow, wherever Lana Turner is
men of all nationalities appear in droves.
Her magnetism, of course, is universal.

The End
life with lanza

(Continued from page 65) so, Mario?"

"When I sit with you I feel wonderful..." he said.

Then he reached across the table and took her hand. "I love you, Betty. I love you very much."

"I love you, Mario."

"Then we're officially engaged," he announced, triumphantly. And that was all they needed to be promised to each other. No ring, no formal printed announcement, just three little words.

If you travel in movie circles nowadays, you can hear many jealous females comment on how Betty snared Lanza because she knew he was a gold mine.

There isn't a word of truth in that. "I never really heard Mario sing," Betty says, "that is, listened to his voice attentively, until we were on our honeymoon. Once before, he'd sung at a party, but it was too noisy and I was too excited to pay much attention."

"I wouldn't have married him if he'd been a ditch-digger. I married him for his love. Everything else, his voice, his career, his success—all that has been an unexpected surprise. In my eyes Mario doesn't have to sing to be great."

Betty thought Mario was great the first time she ever met him. That was during the war. She had come out from Chicago to Los Angeles to stay with her sister-in-law. Her brother Bert, who'd worked at 20th Century-Fox, had been drafted and his wife and child were lonely living alone.

Betty wasn't in Los Angeles very long before she decided to take a job with Douglas Aircraft. It was not only the patriotic thing to do, but the salary was pretty good.

In Los Angeles, Betty took some snapshots of her family and sent them to Pvt. Bert Hicks who luckily had been chosen for a small part in the Air Force show, Winged Victory.

Pvt. Bert Hicks showed some of the snapshots to his buddy, Pvt. Mario Lanza. Lanza pointed to the girl in one of the photos and being the kind of impetuous, forthright fellow he is, said, "Say, that wife of yours is really built."

Hicks grinned. "That's not my wife, that's my sister."

"Married?" Lanza asked.

Bert shook his head. "Not yet."

"When we hit L.A.," Lanza began, "I think that you should..."

Bert Hicks felt that he should, too; so just as soon as the Winged Victory troupe landed in Hollywood, he took Mario Lanza home with him.

"Betty was wearing red slacks and one of those blouses that come down off the shoulder. I looked at her," Mario says, "and I'm telling you, it was really something. We sat down to dinner and her mother was there and I couldn't keep my eyes off her—off Betty, that is. But every now and then, I'd turn to her mother and say, 'Mom, tell Betty to stop staring at me.'"

Betty says, "I guess maybe I did stare at him. But then, Mario isn't the kind of fellow you just look at and forget. He seems to vibrate all over. The first night Bert brought him home, I said to myself, 'Betty, this guy is something special.'"

Not long after, Mario tossed a party at Romeò's in celebration of Bert's birthday. The Army had just paid Mario, so he took his month's salary, pressed it into Romeò's palm and said, "Amigo, for this party the works—cake, champagne, everything."

It was a wonderful, memorable wartime birthday party, and of course, Mario's date was Betty Hicks. After the party they drove downtown and listened to a visiting opera company present Faust. The music did something to Romeò, who had accompanied the party to the opera.

"Listen," he said, "the celebration hasn't lasted long enough. Bert is soon going overseas. The night is still young. I go back and open the restaurant again, and the party continues."

So back went the party. Champagne flowed again. The opera records were re-stacked on the turntable, and the music began anew. As the record of Enrico Caruso singing Vesti la Giubba came on, Mario suddenly broke out in song. He sang along with the world's greatest tenor and when he finished, his buddies were slapping his back. Romeò was kissing his cheek, and somehow Betty Hicks was in his arms. "I don't know," Mario says, "my arms seemed to belong around her. I held her and kissed her and the sensation was wonderful and in my heart I knew what was happening to Mario Lanza."

The next time he and Betty visited Romeò's, they became engaged. He was 23, and she was 22. They decided to keep the engagement a hush-hush affair until the war was over. "Then," Mario promised, "we'll have a nice church ceremony."

Mari and Betty Lanza are both Catholic, but their first marriage was a civil ceremony in the Beverly Hills court of Judge Charles J. Griffin. The date: Friday, April 13th, 1945. The witnesses: Betty's sister-in-law, Harriet Hicks, and Mario's pal, Al Gordon.

Mario was broke at the time of the marriage so that all he could pay for a

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The wedding band was seven dollars, but even though he earned more than a cool million during 1951, Betty still wore that seven-dollar wedding ring. Mario has offered to replace it half a dozen times but as of this writing Betty still refuses to let it come off her finger.

Like their engagement, the Lanzas’ civil marriage ceremony was a quasi-secret affair. Mario simply couldn’t tell his religious family that he was going to get married in a City Hall; and yet he wouldn’t push off the date.

“The church wedding can wait,” Mario insisted. He explained that the Army was about to discharge him, he’d signed a recording contract with RCA Victor, another contract with Columbia Concerts; he was scheduled to leave for New York in a few weeks. And he wasn’t taking one step out of California without first getting married to Betty Hickox.

“If I go to New York,” he said, “you’re going with me.”

So they were married and Betty went on to Chicago to tell her folks all about it. Mario went on to New York to find an apartment for his bride and to break the news of his marriage to Mama and Papa Coccoza. (As you know, Coccoza is Lanza’s family name.)

By the time Betty had arrived from Chicago and they were living together in an hotel, Mario still hadn’t told his parents.

“You’re going to have to tell them some time,” Betty said.

“This weekend,” Mario promised. “They’re coming up from Philadelphia.”

When mama and papa arrived, Betty was not in the hotel. She had gone to a movie. When the movie was over, she phoned Mario. “Have you told them?”

Mario’s voice boomed over the wires. “Of course, I told them. I told them I married the most wonderful girl in the world. They can’t wait to see you. Hurry!”

Betty couldn’t wait to see them. In a matter of minutes, she was in Papa Coccoza’s arms, and Mama Coccoza was crying with happiness. And everyone was saying yes, the ceremony would have to be performed in a Catholic Church; so they were married again, this time in the Cathedral of St. Columbo.

After a honeymoon, Betty decided that life in the Park Central, while convenient, was also more than the Lanza budget could bear; so the newlyweds moved into an apartment on the third floor front at 8 West 49th Street. This apartment belonged to a friend, Robert Weede of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and overlooked the skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza.

There had been an awful lot of stories to the effect that Betty and Mario Lanza almost divide raided, but only one is accurate—poor. It just doesn’t happen to be the truth, even though it’s romantic.

When Betty and Mario were living on 49th Street, Mario had not only received $320,000 for signing with RCA Victor, but he also had a contract with Columbia Concerts, and he was singing on the radio. He appeared on the Schaeffer Beer program, he appeared in his Great Moments in Music.” When he gave that up, he formed a trio with George London and Frances Yeend, and this outfit known as the Bel Canto Trio was booked throughout the country.

The assumption that Hollywood discovered Mario Lanza is at odds with the facts. Mario was a singer of stature long before he signed an MGM contract. He had the courage and the good sense to give up his radio work, however, because he felt his voice needed additional training.

Mario explained this to Betty, pointing out that voice instruction was expensive and that money would be going out of their household for months, without any possibility of going in. Betty merely smiled and kissed him. “Honey,” she said, “you do what’s best. Don’t worry about me.” And never once did Betty complain.

Fortunately when Mario abandoned his radio appearances, he found a sponsor who had faith in his future, a patron who, because he loved music, insisted that Mario must take vocal instruction from Enrico Rosati, the voice teacher who had prepared Benjamins Gigli for the opera.

This patron was a real estate man named Sam Weller. For 15 months, Sam gave Mario enough money to take care of his household expenses. At the end of 15 months, Enrico Rosati said to Mario, “I have given you polish. Now, go out and get experience, and don’t let anyone fool with your voice.”

Mario went out on tour. Betty went with him. She served him his coffee in bed the way he liked it at home. She fixed his meals, made his bed, and came to understand the singer’s temperament.

Mario and the Bel Canto Trio were sensational in Chicago, tremendous in Milwaukee, incomparable in Wheeling. A point out about Enrico Rosati Artist Management which handled Mario in 1947, reads “Entire tour of 60 concerts during 1947-48 sold out. Make early application for your date, Season 1948-49. Anyway, 1948-49.”

When Mario arrived in Los Angeles and L. B. Mayer heard him sing, a motion picture contract was inevitable. But it wasn’t the ordinary run-of-the-mill contract. Mario had talked things over with

When Zsa Zsa Gabor first had husband George Sanders worried about her becoming a movie actress, Red Skelton remarked, “Tell him he has nothing to worry about.”

Sidney Skolsky to

Hollywood Is My Beat

Betty and insisted on having six months off a year for concert courses. He also wanted all radio and recording rights. Metro started him off at $750 a week and agreed to his terms.

While touring the country with Mario, Betty became sick of the idea of him being a singer. “It was kind of funny the way I told him,” Betty recalls. “We were having dinner at Antoine’s in New Orleans—just the Weilers and the Lancas, and the food was wonderful. But somehow it made me sick and Mario said, ‘Now, don’t argue with me, I know I’m going to be a father.’”

When Colleen was born on December second, 1947, Mario became a father. He celebrated by buying Zsa Zsa Gabor a new car. “That Midnight Kiss. He raced down to the hospital, kissed Betty, then asked to see his daughter. They brought the little girl in, ‘Her name,’ Mario announced, ‘is Yuliana.”

Two years later, Betty gave birth to another daughter, and again Mario supplied the name. “Elissa,” he declared, “after another grandmother.”

What is it like being married to Mario Lanza? “Is he really as temperamental as people say?” Is he spoiled and pampered? Is he really a genius? Does he like to get his own way? Do you like to be his man? These are just a few of the questions people ask Betty Lanza.

“Life with Mario,” she explains, “is very wonderful. Somehow people think he’s the kind of tenor who goes around the house screaming and beating his chest. He’s nothing of the sort. He loves his home, his wife, his children. He’s a normal man. Of course, but that’s part of his heritage just as his gentleness is and
here comes the bride

(Continued from page 32) Time was when a young man, wishing to express publicly his honorable intentions, slipped a diamond rock on the third finger of his lady's hand and they called it an engagement and everybody laughed and cried and congratulated the happy couple. It still happens—even in Hollywood. But, nowadays, particularly in Hollywood, the custom has been for the young man to slip into a panic when anybody brings up the matter of honorable intentions. Not that he's against them, of course, he just thinks, generally, that they're his own personal intentions.

But Hollywood has other ways of discovering just how far a local plans to carry his courtship. Watching his dining habits, hunger pangs, is one of them. If he takes his girl trotting around, in the cafes, a different one each night maybe, he's probably very fond of her. But, if he takes her to the same spot each evening, that means it's more serious. And if he has a reserved table each night, and dining with his girl at that table regularly has become a habit, the Hollywood folks know they belong to one another—and they accept that little situation as being the binding as a diamond, as big as a battleship. The only logical follow-up, they know, is a wedding cake some night and the corks popping out of champagne bottles.

If you were to ask Ronnie Reagan if he is going to marry Nancy Davis he'd make them grin and tell you a funny story. If you were to ask Nancy, she'd make a joke and then tell you to ask Ron-nie—who would tell you another funny story. So the best thing to do is not ask them. Just believe that the Hollywood custom of eating at the same reserved table each night is enough, and get a congratulations card ready to send them.

As far as this reporter is concerned, a casting director couldn't pick a more "married" looking couple. And in every other way you can estimate they are perfect for each other.

Ladies first, so let's start with Nancy. She is the daughter of one of Chicago's wealthiest and most socially prominent families. Her father is a famous neurosurgeon. She was reared in strict observance of the niceties of living. She attended the finest schools and when she came out she was one of the most sought after young ladies in the mid-west. She is neither star-struck nor movie-struck. She liked to act and when it came time to choose a profession she took up acting. She was good enough at it to come to Hollywood of her own, with no pull, and to make a name for herself in short order. There is no frivolity in her makeup. Fun, yes, but no nonsense—and any romance she indulges in will be a serious one or very, very short-lived. In total, she is a substantial woman.

If Ronald Reagan wasn't an actor, he would more than likely be the president of the biggest bank in the town in which he lived, or a senator or something important. His background is not as rigid as Nancy's. In his youth, he was a sports announcer on the radio and when he first came to Hollywood, something of a roof-raiser. But, with marriage—to Jane Wyman—he matured and began to take an active interest in the community life in Hollywood, in politics and in most prominent in the Screen Ac- tors Guild, of which he is president. To-day, he, too, can be called substantial.

It's excellent casting, but that's all it took to make a marriage, people could pick mates out of telephone books and high school annals. But Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis have something else going for them. They're in love.

Away back, three years ago, although it seems like more, they were hanging crepe on Ronald Reagan's heart. His separa-tion from Jane Wyman was one of the biggest shocks Hollywood had received in a long time. There had never been a hint of gossip about either one of them. They seemed the happiest couple in town and, with their two children, Maureen and Mi-chael, the happiest family. Then one day a gossip columnist hit the front pages with the story that they had parted. Because they were both big stars, the press plagued them night and day. Ronnie went into seclusion and Jane wouldn't talk. Then, when a divorce action was filed, Jane said simply—and without doubt, truthfully—that Ronnie's Guild and political activities had caused them to drift so far apart that their marriage couldn't be mended. Unlike most Hollywood divorces there was not the slightest hint of scandal.

But in the months that followed, all Hollywood began to feel sorry for Ronald Reagan. He lived alone, simply, in a small hotel and took all of his meals and minor pleasures in the company of other couples or fellows. No girl, it seemed, would ever get close enough to the Reagan heart to hurt it again.

There is no question about it. Ronnie did carry a torch—for a reasonable period of time. He was a pretty unhappy guy. Then one day he seemed to change. He showed up at one of the studio night clubs with a date—some unknown girl, pretty and good company. He began to see people he had avoided for a long time. He didn't announce it, but he was through morn-
ing and he wanted to get into the normal swim again.

However, there is nothing a glossy col-
un that hates more than a room bleed-
ing heart. If Ronnie was observed at a
party laughing while he sat up close to a
doll the gossipers would state: "Ronnie
Reagan isn’t fooling anybody with that gay
that he effects at parties these
things. His heart is still breaking for
Jane Wyman. Too bad."

At first Ronnie used to complain bitterly
of these heart hosed out again and
again. "Why," he would cry, "don’t they
leave me alone? Why won’t they believe
that I can live a normal life?"

When they didn’t leave him alone, he
began to make this up—or similar ones
—publicly, with some people think, rather
disastrous effect. The press descended on
them as though he had just saved one of
their group in two. They howled—and
Ronnie howled back. But whether it was
by accident, or design, they stopped talking
about Sorrowful Reagan and began print-
ing stories about Ronald Reagan, the son
of the press. Maybe Ronnie laughed about

Ronald Reagan’s courtship of Nancy
Davis began so quietly that nobody no-
ticed it at first. But Metro’s brightest hopes, was not very well
known and, not being much of a publicity
seeker herself, she didn’t get her name in
the papers very much. She was not inter-
ested in any particular man, so she didn’t
go out often.

One evening, at a Guild board meeting, it
developed that there was a temporary va-
cation for Nancy, due to a leave of absence. Someone suggested that Nancy
might be a good replacement. The board
moved that she be called upon to serve—
and it was ordered that the Guild president
be deputed to ask her.

There are, in the Guild, two girls named
Nancy Davis. Faced with this fact the
next morning, Ronnie, as President, and
appointed solicitor, called Nancy’s house
and the conversation naturally got a little
off the usual track. Not wanting to ask the
wrong Miss Davis to serve, Ronnie had to ask
a number of pertinent questions so
that by the time the conversation was
over there had been quite a bit of laughter.
Both Nancy and Ronel enjoyed it and
before hanging up, Ronnie suggested that
they really look over the group
personally. Nancy agreed. They had din-
nner that night—and have had it together
nearly every night since.

At first, not wanting to bring the gossip-
ers down on his head with more ques-
tions, Nancy and Ronnie did things his
way. They ate in out-of-the-way places and
steered clear of the night clubs. The
Holdens, Ronnie’s close friends, ap-
proved of the whole business and, it is
supposed, encouraged it. Then, after a few
weeks of steady dating, Ronnie could be
sent out to a well known cafe. Nobody seemed
to pay any attention, so he did it again—
and before Hollywood knew it, everyone
was used to seeing Ronnie Reagan and
Nancy Davis together.

When the gossipers did get wise to the
fact that Ronnie had a steady girl friend they almost scared him away. All of a
sudden, evening parties ceased—and of a
coming marriage—all at once. Ronnie, as
anyone who talked to him about it at that
time well knows, was scared to death. He
had honestly met it. When the night of mar-
riage—and when he did, it terrified him.
It is a matter of record that, although he
seldom even looked at another girl, he
tried to get the studio publicity people to
link his name with other women—any
other women—to stop the marriage talk.

When Nancy was questioned at that
time, she didn’t know what to say. She
was in love with Ronnie and quite possi-
bly knew she would someday marry him, but
she didn’t want to have her hopes set up in
type. She hemmed and hawed, because sh’s
not very good at lying, and the re-
porters interpreted her answers as they
best. But she looked as though it would spoil everything. But,
thank heaven, it didn’t.

It was just about a year ago that Ronnie
and Nancy apparently decided they were
in love. But there wasn’t time then to live
the way they wanted to, to make their
own decisions and their own announce-
ments—at a time of their own choice.
Nancy was more than just a casual girl friend would. She
spent as much time as she could at his
valley horse ranch, working, and she’d
be off home at night dog tired but happy. Al-
though she had never had a bit of experience
with rural matters, she began to study the
care and breeding of horses and soon be-
came quite an authority on the subject.

And it was about a year ago that Ronnie
began treating Nancy like his only girl. It
was then that he started that table every
night at Chasens.

At the present time, Nancy Davis lives
in a new apartment in Westwood. She
furnished it before she met Ronnie, but
they say she has been changing pieces,
pieces that wouldn’t look just right in a
bachelor’s type of home. She lives in a
larger apartment just north of Hollywood,
and people who visit it often say that
he seems to have lost all interest in
decorating it. For a time he had big plans.
Changes he was going to make that would

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not be fair to say that Ronnie put Nancy through a test in this matter, but it is true that she had to win her way into Maureen's and Mike's hearts on her own. When she first met them, never having been married and, of course, childless, Nancy was rather terrified of two husky healthy off-spring of the man she loved. But she soon found out who they were interested in—and made it her business to learn about these things.

At first it was horses. Nancy came through the horse stage with flying colors. She began to ride, badly at first, but later regularly and excellently. The kids admired this and Nancy scored one. Then it was animal husbandry in general. This, of course, has to do with caring for animals. The kids loved it. Nancy soon proved herself a quite capable hand at these chores—and scored two. Probably the most surefire test for Nancy, however, was the tidiness test. To Maureen and Mike, as to most kids, their Dad was the boss man of the universe—and what he said went. That wasn't too hard for Nancy to go along with, for it is certain that she feels the same way about her man. But anyway, when the kids had time to observe that Nancy could take orders and execute them without mutiny she was in.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan" is something Hollywood never expected to see above a doorbell again, but that is in the past. The man who acted like a man during his first marriage, and divorce, and who carried his head high when he was deeply hurt, is a whole man again—able to have a family and home once more.

So, the next time you are in Hollywood, and the dusk is settling and the lights come on, drive down Beverly Boulevard and stop at Dave Chasen's fancy restaurant. Drop in and stand in the crowd that waits for tables and, when Ronnie Reagan and Nancy Davis walk in through the crowd and over to their accustomed place, don't just say you saw a couple of movie stars. Say you saw Ronnie Reagan and his Nancy—and when you saw her she was wearing a diamond ring as big as the top of a cafe table.

anything you can do...

(Continued from page 57) Bill Holden, would have a mallet in his hand by nightfall. It is a friendly contest that includes all endeavors, but it is a real and earnest contest.

It wasn't too friendly at the beginning, though. That was before the war. Bill Holden, a youngster from Pasadena, had skipped into the movies through the back door. Columbia Studio had been searching for a Golden Boy, to play the title role in a picture of that name. The director wanted an unknown and the search for a lad with the physique of a prizefighter and the sensitive face of a violin prodigy had covered the country. Then someone brought in Bill Holden from Pasadena—and overnight he was a star.

Columbia, in those days, was not too well populated with stars and before long, Bill, although not in the big money, was one of the top personalities in the lot and was being assigned the choice young leading man roles.

The way those who remember tell it, Bill began noticing a tall, good-looking young fellow earnestly trotting about the studio grounds almost every day. He was quiet, self-effacing and kept strictly to himself. Bill was a mixer and the silent fellow bothered him. One day he decided to find out who the man was. During
lunch he turned to an associate producer sitting next to him. He pointed out the stranger across the room.

"Say," he said, "who is that fellow?"

"His name's Glenn Ford," said the producer.

"What's he doing here?" Bill asked. "Every time I turn around I see him. Almost like he's following me."

"Maybe he is," said the producer. "He's an actor—and the company hired him to replace you, anytime you can't make a part or pick up your head."

"For the record," said Holden. "Why, the scavenger! He's like a ghoull"

*For the next few months Glenn Ford paid little attention to anyone he didn't have to do business with. He made little of that Bill Holden thought he might have played if Glenn hadn't been around. There were B pictures, but some good ones. A, Blonde, things of that sort. So ended. And, finally, a good one, *So Ends Our Night*, with Fredric March and Margaret Sullivan. Holden watched the young man's career with extreme anxiety."

He was called into the front office.

"We have a fine script for you, Bill," he was told. "A real great outdoors yarn called *The Man From Colorado*.

"Good," said Bill. "What's the story?"

"Well, there are two young fellows," said the executive, "who are after the same girl, and . . ."

"Who's the other young fellow?" Bill interrupted.

"He's right outside in the other office," said the executive. "Like you to meet him." He pushed a buzzer and Glenn Ford—the other young fellow—entered the room.

They were not friendly, quiet Gladameechas and Bill Holden and Glenn Ford became friendly, but eternal enemies.

During the shooting of Texas, the entire production company was in high gear. If a scene called for Glenn to ride up to a hitching post, dismount and walk through a saloon door, Glenn would arrive at the post like a jet plane, leap off the horse and land the away and charge through the door without bothering to open it—while Bill sweatied on the sidelines and muttered "Ham! And if Bill was supposed to stage a quiet battle with two or three on a room full of stunt men, he would ignore his instructions and, quickly polishing off his assigned targets, would wade into everyone else in the room. There were some who thought they'd never live through the picture.

But something more than the birth of a rivalry started during the shooting of Texas. Although Glenn Holden had already developed a profound respect for one another, and by the time the film was completed they were fast friends. From that day to this they try to top each other in any department. They will not stand by and listen to a word spoken against the other.

The war extracts their competition for story. Bill went into the Army and a few days later Glenn dropped by the studio to announce that he had enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. It has to be admitted that Bill got the rank. He became a Private First Class, while Glenn remained an enlisted man, but Glenn was always quick to explain that any enlisted man in the Marines was better than any twocer in any other branch of the service.

Back in civies, Bill and Glenn were immediately thrown back into their old competitive life. Again they were informed highly of the business. They were co-starred in a Western called *The Man From Colorado*. They appeared together in the

**SAW IT HAPPEN**

*When I was standing on the corner of Wilshire Boulevard one day, it started to rain. I asked the driver of a car that had stopped for light to give me a lift as far as the Brown Derby. The driver said, "OK, hop in." Imagine my surprise when the woman at the wheel turned out to be Joan Fontaine.*

*John Becker
Miami Beach Florida.*

about that dirty rat Ford?" he cried. "He's riding every day and working out with bar bells. He's figuring on making me look like a jerk in the picture."

When the picture started, it was a thing to behold—the two muscle men vying with one another to break their own necks. In a burst of enthusiasm, during a fight scene one day, Glenn picked up a 180-pound stunt man, lifted off his feet and flung him across a bar at a bunch of extras. Holden was goggle-eyed and mortified that he hadn't thought of it first.

When the picture is expected to be released here that neither Glenn nor Bill are what you would call actorish actors. They are not the least bit hammy, are both substantial family men, serious citizens, and active in Hollywood life. They have the usual number of rabid fans, but serious students of good acting are also among the active members of their fan clubs. Looking over some of the pictures, from Mickey Rooney and Joan Crawford to Thomas Mitchell and Jean Gabin. Their jousting, then, is not at all an expression of professional jealousy, but rather a righting guide that has lasted and taken on a serious note.

**GLEN FORD would rather swindle Bill Holden out of a dime than find a hundred dollar bill for him.**

"And, so," he wound up his tale all out of breath, "I dumped the thing in the back of his car and made him give me this check for it—so he couldn't change his mind.

He showed the check proudly. Brenda's face fell.

"You're probably going to want a divorce," she said.

"We've decided," said Bill.

Brenda took him out to the garage where the sadder was perched atop a saw horse. Bill's eyes bugged.

"You didn't let him return it, did you?"

"No," said Brenda sadly. "He came by a while ago and I bought it from you... for $35—and I gave him cash."

The arrogance of the two men becomes so intense at times it almost gets idiotic. They were talking about their kids one day when Glenn casually remarked that his son was three years old.

"No he's not," said Bill, "he's four."

"Guess," said Glenn, "I ought to know how old my own son is. He's three."

"Four," said Holden.

"Three," said Glenn. "I'll bet you ten bucks he's four," said Holden.

"You've got a bet," said Glenn. "He walked to the phone and called his wife.

"How old is Peter?" he asked. "That's what I thought," he said and hung up. He walked back to Holden.

"Okay, wise guy," he said, "pay up, I just called Ellie and she said he's three."

"I won't pay up, Holden. You're both wrong. He's four."

Competition really got rough back when Glenn married lovely Eleanor Powell and moved into a swanky house in Beverly Hills. When Glenn was nine, his father was a fabulous $75,000 mansion, which he had purchased from the late Leon Errol. He really couldn't afford it, but he was happy when he saw the look of wonder on Grant's face.

Shortly after Bill bought this house that Glenn gave him his finest trimming. They were strolling through the grounds and Bill opened the door of a lath house. Glenn spied a huge stack of boxes containing planting bulbs.

"What you got there, boy?" he asked.

"Some things the former owner was going to plant, I guess," said Bill. "I'm going in and out and store gardening tools in here."

Glenn, quite a horticulturist, walked over and examined some of the bulbs.

"Why don't you plant them yourself?" he asked.

"No," said Bill. "That's not my line."

And then he got an idea. "Say," he said, "you've got lots of ground, why don't you let them from me and plant them yourself."

"Well, I don't know," said Glenn. "It would take a lot of hauling to get all there.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Bill, "give me 50 bucks for the lot and I'll deliver them."

"Twenty," said Glenn.

"Okay," said Holden. "Cash."

And then he dashed into the house waving the bill and crying to Brenda how he had just taken old Glenn Ford for a round 20 bucks.
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A couple of weeks later Glenn called him on the phone.
"By the way," he said, "remember those bulbs you stuck me with?"
"I sure do," gloated Bill. "You ought to get wise to yourself, kid."
"I thought you'd be interested to know," Glenn said, "that I just sold most of them for three thousand dollars. I'm planting a couple of acres with the rest of 'em."
The blow almost killed Bill, but when, a few months later, some horticultural society came out and inspected Glenn's garden and gave him a first prize, Bill wanted to drive over in the middle of the night and pull every growing thing on the acreage out by the roots.

BILL HOLDEN seldom wears makeup today and it is all due to Glenn Ford. When they were making Texas, year ago, Glenn appeared on the set sans grease paint. Bill noticed it in the second shot. He went to the director.
"Didn't you notice?" he whispered, "That new guy hasn't any makeup on."
"Oh," said the director, "he doesn't wear it. He has a clause in his contract excusing him from it."
"Oh, he has, has he?" said Holden. "Well, I don't like it. I think he's trying to pull something."
"No, he's not," said the director. "He just doesn't like to wear it."
"That's what you think," said Bill. "He's up to something, and I'm not going to let him get away with it. You guys can just wait for me while I go and take my makeup off."
And he did. And he would never wear it again when he worked with Glenn.

There was the time that Bill was coming home from Washington on a train, after a few weeks of fancy dining and high living. He learned that the train would pick up a Hal Wallis troupe, including Glenn Ford, at Flagstaff, Arizona. Bill glanced at himself in a mirror and decided he looked a bit bloated. That would never do, he decided. Glenn had been working hard in the sun and would be lean and tanned. So, for 36 hours, while the train sped across the country, Bill worked out. And when the train stopped at Flagstaff, he leaped off the steps to greet Glenn, several pounds lighter and looking like an athlete.

Somebody tipped Glenn off as to what had happened, so he saw to it that Bill was kept on his feet for the rest of the journey. When the train pulled into Los Angeles, they almost had to carry an exhausted Holden to his car.

There is just one place where Bill Holden and Glenn Ford hurst the hatchet. Glenn is a member of the board of directors of the Screen Actor's Guild, and Bill is vice president—and at the semi-monthly meeting they are all business. They don't let personalities enter into their official duties. Glenn, as a matter of fact, is very proud of Bill's ability as an administrator and hopes to see him elected president of the Guild one day. However, there is one joke they do have around the big table. Bill has the habit of saying "Jeepers!" when he gets excited—and whenever he does, Glenn looks at him and smiles, and Bill blushes and vows he will never say it again.

Yes, there is a spirit of competition in Hollywood between Glenn Ford and Bill Holden, but they and buddies. They will do anything in the world to top, win or rook one another—but it is a closed shop, any outsider who tries to cut in will have both of them on his neck. The End.

(Bill Holden can be seen in Paramount's Submarine Command.—Ed.)
liz does it again

(Continued from page 45) Dietrich school of romance since “Grandma” Dietrich was Liz’s immediate predecessor. This gave rise to the waggish remark that he must really be in love with Liz since he won his hair piece all the time for her whereas he only wore it for parties when he was romancing Marlene.

Liz will be free to marry on January 29th. Kay Young, the actress who married Michael in 1937, sued him for divorce on Nov. 15th. Since an English divorce takes only six weeks, Wilding will be back in bachelor’s ranks before Liz is free. Liz will be 20 on February 27th and somewhere around these times there’s a wedding date in the offing unless they jump the gun and marry over the border. No doubt the adoring Liz talks around the subject while twiddling that enormous sapphire ring and Michael smiles and says: “How can I discuss marriage to Elizabeth when I am not yet free?” The sheer logic of this leaves questioners holding the bag. But word has gone out that Kay Young is all set to marry Douglas Montgomery—one-time Hollywood actor who has lived in England for many years now—so everyone is paired off as satisfactorily as the final act of a French farce.

The fly in the ointment of Liz and Michael’s romance in its early days was his marriage. They were married three years ago when Liz was in England making a picture with Robert Taylor. Her mother was along and Michael Wilding was working in the same studio. Liz flew off in love with Liz and went back to England to make Iveshoe last summer. As Wilding was married, there was gossip, and so Metro snagged its beauty back to New York for a personal appearance at the Quo Vadis premiere, thinking that would be the end of the matter. But Michael followed her to Hollywood where he took up residence with his old-time pals Stanley Granger and Jean Simmons and successfully pressed his suit. Liz has been a house guest of the Grangers also—she believes in getting to know her fiancé at close range. The Taylor’s had a fortightnight during that romance and Liz and her mother visited the Pawleys in Florida. At that time Liz told me: “You can’t tell too much about your feelings for a man if you’re just together at parties. You can think you like somebody terribly much in an atmosphere like that, but it might be just the glamour. When you’re still together all day and have a quiet time you find out many important things that show each other’s character and disposition.”

Liz’s publicity has progressed from mice to men with lightning speed. One day she was concerned with Nibbles her chipmunk, her dogs, cats and horses; the next, she had discovered sex. The gold football which Glenn Davis, All-American West Pointer, pledged of his affection moved rapidly in a forward pass to Bill Pawley Jr., to Hilton, to Donen, to Wilding. There was some slight interference from Montgomery Clift and Bob Taylor’s name entered and faded out again from a long list of dazzled boys who managed one or two dates but couldn’t catch her interest.

There is a threadbare tradition that all beauty and brains never go hand in hand. I say threadbare because my experience has often been to the contrary. Liz Taylor can parry questions with the skill of a lawyer. Early in life she learned the value and importance of the indirect statement. She knows a denial is easier to wriggle out of than an affirmative answer. Generalizations are a favorite refuge with her and when put to it she can fall back on humor as a quick get-away.

When I asked her about Michael Wilding she was in a negative mood. She had returned from New York where she’d had a lot of publicity about dates with Montgomery Clift and about some hand-holding on back roads she’d done with her ex, Nicky Hilton. But Wilding had arrived in town just before some of them were at the Grangers and there was good reason for questioning.

We began our interview with some discussion about A Place In The Sun and I asked Liz if she thought she’d be up for an Academy Award.

She replied: “Are you kidding, Hedda?” I said no, I wasn’t kidding that I thought it was the best performance: “Didn’t you think it was?”

“I liked it,” she replied. “And I loved working in the picture. I hope it gets nominated for an award, the picture I mean.”

For diplomatic modesty this took the cake: “Aren’t you being very modest about it?” I asked.

Liz said no, that she didn’t think she was being modest. And when I asked her how Monty Clift was she came back with, “He’s just fine. You mean when I saw him in New York, don’t you?”

“Yes, that’s what I mean,” I said. “How many dates did you have with him?”

Her answer was nonchalant: “I don’t know may be a few . . . I didn’t keep count.”

When I intimated there might have been so many dates she’d lost count she quickly corrected me: “No, I don’t think it was many.” And when I inquired if Clift was more social now than he used to be she told me: “I think he’s always been social.”

“Well, he didn’t look that way out here,” I said. “And I don’t believe he gave any pretty good indication of a hermit. Nobody ever saw him at premiers or out where there were people.”

“I guess he doesn’t like night clubs.”

Liz said with a finality that ended discussion of Monty and his notions. I wanted to know when he was coming back to Hollywood and said I didn’t want to answer “When he finds a good script, not before.”

So we got around to Michael Wilding, a subject which had been quivering between us from the betterment of a man to a man and one to be handled with kid gloves. I asked: “What do all your male admirers in America think about your dating an Englishman? Aren’t they crying ‘unfair’?”

“Nobody has said a thing to me about it,” said Liz although the columns were full of the fact that Stanley Donen was planning an expedition to Mexico to ease his broken heart.

Fencing became monotonous so I decided to take the bull by the horns: “What has Michael Wilding got that American fellows don’t have?”

Liz giggled: “An English accent.”

“Is that all?”

“Well . . . he’s a man.”

“Your American bums are too, aren’t they?”

“Uh-huh,” said Liz . . . then silence. Suddenly to Bill Pawley, “Wilding is older than you. Is there any advantage in getting married to an older man?”

“I don’t think of him as an ‘older man’—her tone put my word older into quotes.

“Is he more considerate of you than younger fellows?”

“I don’t know. He couldn’t be sweeter. He’s a wonderful person.”

I wanted to know what their common interests were, aside from music, but Liz was vague: “Oh, just common interests—getting fun out of life. I’m having a wonderful time. Right now, I really am.”

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Mike Curtis was sitting alone on the set of a romantic comedy. He knew Liz was going to be there. He had made a bet with someone else, "You look worried, Mike. What's the trouble?" "Three things," answered Mike, "the present, past and future." - H. W. Ketelick

I knew she was destined to play a big role in my life. She started romancing so young that her parents took a hand in things, perhaps not wisely. Her mother did much to break Bill Wyman romance. Bill wasn't a millionaire, for one thing, and her mother ambitiously thought her gorgeous child should handle a record from the right quarters. By the time Donen entered the picture Liz and her mother were not on speaking terms, so fast had been the romantic scene. She was living in her own bachelor apartment with Peggy Rutledge, a secretary-companion, and was fast becoming a night club figure with the ambitious director. As Donen's wife was in process of divorcing her husband, she signed a contract, and Liz as Liz's constant escort. He drove her blue car about and friends who dropped in on her informally either found him there, or he telephoned during their stay. If that isn't romance, Hollywood style, it'll do until the real thing comes along. But to my surprise when I suggested to Liz that she might have married Stanley Donen had she remained of good taste. England, she said: "Oh no!" very decidedly. I told her I knew I was an interfering old friend but I had her good at heart. That is the real thing. The verdict on an unsolicited statement: "Hedda, I'm not in love with anybody!"

Well, love was in the air in England. As stories of Liz and Michael's romance were the sole topic in the letters my friends had been writing me when she was making "Breakup," When her studio brought her back to this country, she pined between dates. In fact her many dates in New York, in -
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John Agar married Shirley Temple, a schoolmate of his sister's, in order to establish himself in the movies. Infected by the movie bug—it is now known that he was batting around Hollywood as early as 1941, trying to gain a toehold in pictures, and that before he sang in a Chicago night spot—and probably convinced that he himself needed only the right "breaks" (although, more implicitly the Agar family believes in "breaks"), he decided not to wait the long years necessary for a qualified people to get started in films. Considering that everyone who was anyone in pictures, not to mention the Governor of California, attended his wedding, what a smart decision it must have seemed!

On the subject of his marriage, one magazine, "Shirley Temple, 21st Birthday Album, Prepared Under the Direction of Modern Screen," printed the following. The parenthetical comments are mine: "Suddenly the question of what to do became very important. . . . It had been understood all along that Shirley would continue her school (I'll bet it had!) but that Jack would support the family. How? Well, there was always the meat packing business. . . . Now his mother was in the fashionable dress business, his brothers and sisters were on their own, he was back to school at 24, and with a wife? . . . David Selznick made a couple of moves. (Goody, goody, just what Jackie was angling for?) Mr. and Mrs. Agar, just married, were Mr. and Mrs. on the screen.

As soon as Agar achieved the first tioe of recognition, he became indifferent to Shirley, and both could tie forever the fact that he had nothing to offer. He drank, and still drinks, because he was and is good; not the other way around. No one HAS to drink. So much for these high-sounding phrases, "compulsion" to drink, failure to understand said "compulsion," "neurosis," "illness." At the time of her divorce Shirley stated that never again would she marry anyone with movie aspirations.

As for the rest of Shirley's testimony, maybe she could have obtained the divorce saying nothing, in accordance with Standard Operational Practice in Hollywood. But why should the unpleasant facts be hushed up? If she has blazed the trail for "authentic" complaints and truthful reporting, perhaps it will become a bit difficult for these leeches to make a farce and travesty of marriage in order to establish themselves in the movies or to dip into someone else's earnings. Justifiable, honest complaints and the interesting change that the truth would make in the "ready part" of fan magazines would generate more respect and admiration from the public, too. There are just as many numbers thereof who have washed their hands of Hollywood and its product, because of its casual husband and wife shedding.

Having married a child star for the advantages he hoped would accrue to himself, there remains now only one course open to this "boy" (!): to face the fact that he is not an actor, he can, and go to work at something he can do, like anyone else.

I do not expect to have to thank Modern Screen for $100, the frantic, frenzied efforts of someone in Hollywood magazine, an agent, this "Probation Department" Lloyd Shearer mentions, or person or persons unknown, to rationalize and justify John Agar's purchase of that only "boo hoo, poor baby" deed with this price; but I am sincerely grateful for the invitation to speak. It's been a pleasure.

To you very truly,

Elizabeth M. Cae

Indianapolis, Indiana

(Continued from page 37) declined. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I have an appointment this evening."

Lattimore arranged for Vittorio to meet Shirley the following night. It was a nice meeting. Shirley was struck by his good looks and he was apparently struck dumb by her charm, but this was partly because he couldn't speak her language as well.

Vittorio says, "It was not love at first sight. We are too mature for that. But there was, how you say in English, great rapport between us, great understanding. I look at Shirley, Shirley look at me. We know we get along. Her blonde hair, her eyes, her figure impress me very much. And her personality, So American. What is on her heart she speaks."

That night Vittorio took Shirley to the Pasetto, a restaurant in Rome, and they exchanged addresses. Vittorio told her that he'd appeared in 93 stage plays, that he was currently teaching elocution in the Dramatic Academy, that he'd studied with Carra, an agario in Bitter Rice, and that he would soon go to Spain to star in a film, Las Tratas de Blancas (The White Slavers).

Shelley found herself in the relatively strange role of attentive listener. Usually he situation is reversed, but not with Vittorio. His English came slowly. He had a conceit on every word, and as he spoke, Shelley tried to help him with his mixed vocabulary.

In addition to Italian, Vittorio speaks French, German, and Spanish, but Shelley's only language was English, and they had to make that one do.

The following night they began to think they were in love, and there wasn't much talking at all. They dined at the Tabbagia, a restaurant on the banks of the Tiber. They dined; they looked into each other's eyes; and then they left the restaurant. Later that night as many people walked the streets of Rome, Vittorio told Shelley more of his background. He was born in Genoa of an Italian mother and a German father. He had studied at the dramatic Academy in Rome, he had developed a passion for acting.

He asked Shelley if she'd ever been married, and she told him yes, but it had been one of those hasty war marriages—not nearly a marriage at all—and when the war was over she had been divorced. Vittorio shook his head a little sadly.

It was relatively easy to get a divorce in America, he muses. After all, America was a Protestant country. But in Italy divorce was difficult, almost impossible; a man had to go to the Pope to get a divorce.

Shelley looked up at her Vittorio. "Are you married?" she asked bluntly.

Vittorio nodded slowly. "Married but separated." And he told her the whole story. When he was only 20 he met and became infatuated with the daughter of Renzo Rici, the great Italian actor. They were married very quickly, and two bang went the strings of her heart...
years later, a girl, Paula, was born. But then the marriage began to dissolve. Vittorio and his wife separated, his wife taking custody of the child. Vittorio threw himself into the theater with all his energy. He played stock, Shakespeare, radio, everything, even being drafted into the Italian army just as the war ended.

Since he hadn’t fallen in love with any other girl, he saw no reason for starting long, complicated romance proceedings. “But now,” he said to Shelley, “I know I must be free.”

When Shelley left Rome, she was wild about Vittorio Gasman, and the feeling was mutual.

When Shelley reported back to Universal, she was cast in Unarmed opposite Joseph Cotten. She tried to concentrate on her work, but Vittorio kept interfering. His letters came regularly.

A few months ago Shelley imagined herself to be in love with Vince Evans and before that with writer Bill O’Brien, but these affairs paled beside Vittorio.

Finally, Vittorio decided to visit the American Consul in Rome and applied for a visitor’s visa.

On the application he wrote that Shelley Winters was a freelance business associate who would vouch for her financial and moral status, and that under no circumstances would he become a public charge while in the USA.

Then Vittorio bought a round trip ticket to TWA and flew to New York. From New York he flew to Los Angeles and into the arms of his wonderful blonde love. Vittorio stayed in Hollywood for six days, and during these six days, Shelley wouldn’t let him out of her sight. She took him on the set with her. She ate with her. She introduced him to her friends, and most of Hollywood’s socialites at the Tyrone Power housewarming. With characteristic frankness she confessed that “Vittorio is the greatest love of my life.”

How did Vittorio react to this? It was his first trip to the United States. It was eventful, exciting, and hectic but he took it in stride. Vittorio stayed in Hollywood for six days, and during these six days, Shelley wouldn’t let him out of her sight. She took him on the set with her. She ate with her. She introduced him to her friends, and most of Hollywood’s socialites at the Tyrone Power housewarming. With characteristic frankness she confessed that “Vittorio is the greatest love of my life.”

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Shelley was wildly extravagant. “What are those Vittorio’s Kracons?” she kept saying. “I don’t want them to wander off. Vittorio’s liable to say something he shouldn’t.” Then she’d run up to him and kiss his cheek. “American reporters,” she’d explain, “they ask very personal questions. Just talk about your horse to marry Shelley?” the reporter asked.

Vittorio summoned up most of his English vocabulary, “I don’t like to talk about it,” he began. “But when I hear about something very close to you, how you say—sometimes talking destroys the love. But you’re in love with her?”

“I’m in love. I love Shelley with all my heart. She has American freshness, but I think European mentality. She has sophisticated view of things.”

When do you plan to get married?” Vittorio shook his head. He explained that divorce was almost impossible in Italy since the Catholic Church does not recognize it. The only avenue open to him was annulment, which he had already begun to discuss with a lawyer.

“If you marry Shelley,” the reporter continued, “will you move to the United States and become an actor here, or will Shelley go back to Italy with you?”

Vittorio smiled. He had spent one week with Shelley in Rome, and they had just gotten to know each other, and had just fallen in love. They had said very little about marriage. How could he tell truthfully what was going to happen? “I’m afraid,” is that I love Shelley and I must return to do a film in Madrid. After that, we see.”

At this point, Shelley joined the conversation. “You’re telling him, darling?” she asked Vittorio. He kissed her. “I have told him that you are a friend and business associate,” Vittorio said, and kissed her again.

“Some business,” the reporter ad libbed.

“I want you to know,” Shelley volunteered, “that Vittorio’s going on location with me in Arizona. They made him return to Europe. But this picture is over I’m meeting him in Rome.”

The reporter said something about the possibility of the studio objecting. After all, she said, “the studio,” cried Shelley, “All the time it’s the studio. Who cares? Can’t you realize that when Vittorio is free I’m free, like Shelley?”

The reporter said no, that after Shelley was born, the mold was thrown away. Vittorio looked at the reporter and the reporter groaned. “The whole afternoon talking French and Spanish in an effort to understand each other.

Shelley was mildly exasperated. “What are those Vittorio’s Kracons?” she kept saying. “I don’t want them to wander off. Vittorio’s liable to say something he shouldn’t.”

“I believe Ted is still in love with Betty. Who wouldn’t be? When this baby loves, this baby gives. And she’s hard to forget. Even Norman lauded Kracons—he was trying to re-light the fire two weeks before he married Jolson’s widow. He met her at a Milton Pickman party, took her home, and was ready to renew. In fact, Betty refused to believe he was married until Norman’s partner, Harry, confirmed it to her. Ted, who was generously wired Norman congratulations.

Betty is the first to admit she is hard to live with. I’m impossible. She’s working like mad. But she mentioned this to O’Curran, he gave that confident masu- line smile.

So did Robert Sterling, whom Betty was mad for a few weeks. And Pete Rugoio. I saw her several times with Bob and Pete at Palm Springs. There was nothing secret about the relationship, or Betty married another man. Each was ‘The most wonderful man I ever met.”

But a little time and closer inspection proved to Betty that they didn’t have what she was looking for of this story for what. And, add, Financial Security. The latter sounds fantastic when you add up Betty’s earning power—a quarter of a million dollars a year. But apart from high taxes and expenses, she’s never been able to believe in her good
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up in brady's place

(Continued from page 60) Kelly, and Van Johnson all got their start at Metro. When Johnny came over to the Tierney place one afternoon and told Scott that his chances of working regularly seemed remote, Scott approached mom with the revolutionary idea of moving out. "What would you say, Mom," he asked, "if I rented a small bachelor deal some face and gawp for you?"

Like the truly understanding mother she is, Mrs. Tierney smiled her consent. "Roddie, I always want you to do what will make you happy,"

"I think that's it, Mom."

So they kissed and after that Scott called Joe Zboran, his stand-in, and the two fellows met and plotted into Scott's convertible. They drove out Sunset Boulevard in the direction of Westwood. On his way to the studio a few weeks before, Scott had seen a group of partly finished apartment buildings in the vicinity. The one that struck his fancy was a job with wrought-iron balconies. Each apartment in the building had its own entrance so that it looked like a small separate house. In addition, a private patio came with each apartment, and they were all large, sunny, and unfurnished.

Scott left a $20 deposit on a three-room job—living room, bedroom, and kitchen. There was also a terrace that came with the place, and Scott felt this was a necessity because where are your friends going to hang around when the living room gets jammied?

Apparently, furnishing a home was a subject Scott had been thinking about for some time. In his indirect, half-sounding manner, he'd let certain bon mots slip, his homes in Hollywood. The two he admired most belonged to Johnny Darrow and Chuck Walters, the MGM film director. Both places had been decorated by a versatile young designer named Paul Fox.

It so happens that Fox is one of these generous characters who spends his spare time designing and furnishing his own homes. His regular job is chief director at 29th Century-Fox, where he's been responsible for much tasteful decor, especially in such films as "Laura," "Elopement," and "Let's Make It Legal." And half a dozen others.

As soon as he signed his apartment lease, Scott Brady called Paul Fox. "Paul, I'm thinking of moving in and I want to furnish my place completely. And remember that I'm broke."

"Let me guess," They surveyed the apartment, and Paul agreed that the simple, open-floor plan would lend itself perfectly to modern furnishings.

"Anything you say is okay with me," Scott said flatly. "I just want you to furnish the place completely. And remember that I'm broke."

In the large main room, Paul used a lot of beige and brown. The carpet, draperies and upholstery are all beige, and the woven pieces were done in natural blond finish so as not to show the dust. Fox believes that a monochrome room is not only basically masculine but much more restful and calming than one that's jumping with color.

He's not completely anti-color, however, which is why the upholstery on the dining room chairs is an apple green, and a very vivid Braque painting hangs over the couch. Actually the Braque is a copy. It was painted by a studio man who specializes in copying famous art treasures.

Paul's reason for placing it so conspicuously is because, "Scott instinctively likes good paintings without knowing a thing about art. The room needed one important picture, and since the guy couldn't afford an original at this point, I gave him the next best thing, a good reproduction."

"I like the painting," Scott says, "because it isn't too pretty. It also arouses a lot of criticism, and I like to hear what my friends think about it."

Scott also owns several small originals done by a promising local artist named John Morris. He puts on an exhibition not caring very much about them, and he says he hangs them just to fill up wall-space, but the truth is that he chose them because basically they're abstract, and that's the sort of stuff that appeals to him.

HAVING decorated a number of bachelor homes, Paul Fox has some definite opinions about men's taste in home decorating. He thinks men are less afraid to try new ideas and will follow their own predilections in the face of custom and convention. For example, chose black wrought-iron furniture for the dining room. It's tough and durable and very easy for a bachelor to maintain. And yet, relatively few angle girls would approve of iron furniture indoors.

Similarly, Scott's lamp table is a piece of accoutreous board set in a wooden frame. This sort of material is normally used to soundproof cellars. Fox didn't care. He found it stylish and practical. He also okayed two easy chairs and a foam-rubber couch without arms.

They make sense to me, he said. Because of the deep yellow bedspread and draperies, he calls the bedroom "My Gold Room," but this doesn't prevent him from tossing his clothes around heller skelter. Brady is the kind of man who just lets his clothes drop off when he heads for bed. He does keep his dresser drawers neat, however. One of the nicest things about a bachelor's taste, he points out, "is that there's no one to yell at me."

Just the other evening, Scott had his brothers and a couple of pals in for steaks before the Thursday-Nite poker session got underway. As the boys were sitting around, letting their dinner settle, Eddie observed that the apartment was just about perfect. "This is a pretty nice joint," the kid brother volunteered. "All it needs now is a woman's touch."

Scott shook his head. "Listen, kid," he said. "If there's anything I've learned in this racket, it's to leave well enough alone. Scott being Scott, he just let things go, and go get the chips. You'll find them in the oven."

(You can see Scott Brady now in his latest 20th film, The Model And The Marriage Broker.—Ed.)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When we were at Paramount Studios collecting screen epics of the week, we noticed a small boy collecting the cowboys' autographs. The boy was Bob Hope came out of the studio, the little boy asked a question, and the boy's autograph reads: "Kindest regards from (Bob) Hopealong Cassidy."

Judy Kaplan
Los Angeles, California
MARILYN'S tremendous sex appeal would have little meaning in her career if she had no acting ability to accompany it. But even her severest critics admit that she has more than enough to fill her first few screen roles. She gave an individual and striking performance in The Asphalt Jungle. In All About Eve, she was the memorably blonde. From all advance reports, her work in Clash By Night promises to back up the overwhelming wave of publicity she has received during the last year. Apparently, her own studio thinks so, too. They've cast her in her first leading role, opposite Dick Widmark, in Don't Bother To Knock, and have plans for giving her a star buildup in 1952. At the moment, she needn't be worried less about her frank appeal to be met with plenty of reason to believe that if Marilyn becomes a talented and versatile actress, she will command a large feminine audience as well.

In Hollywood, girls seeking a film career achieve recognition in many ways. Marilyn was no overnight wonder. Orphaned when she was still a child, she was forced to develop a hardy form of self-reliance early in life. She spent her childhood in a series of foster homes, and of necessity, kept much of herself turned inward to herself. At that time none of them included a film career. It wasn't until she was 17, a divorcee, and one of the busiest models in Hollywood that she thought of acting. As a model, she got lots of work on the studio lots, with the advice, "You ought to be in pictures." Pretty soon she started to study dramatics. By living at the Hollywood Studio Club and keeping her expenses down to the barest essentials, Marilyn was able to join a little theater group. For nearly two years, she paid for her dramatic lessons by doing every photographic modeling job in sight. She also modeled bathing suits, demonstrated merchandise in department store windows, and appeared on an occasional TV show. Even with this whirlwind sched- ule, Marilyn was unable to keep up with her expenses and for awhile she had to play a running game of hide-and-seek with the finance company in order to hang on to her inexpensive car. To be seen by the right people, Marilyn attended a number of cocktail parties and more than once, gave the canape table a frightful working over because she was hungry and too broke to eat after she left the party. Fortunately, Marilyn had a few staunch friends who helped her over these lean days. One of these people was Lillian Burns, drama coach at MGM, who might consider this walk a trifle affected. But not the men. From carpenters to top pro- ducers—they stop, turn, and watch her as she ambles down the company street.

On the set, Marilyn, with no special effort, attracts the attention of every male. Executives stop to pass the time of day with her. Grips come around frequently to make the starlets’ comfort more or less complete and well situated. Magazine photographers visiting the set invariably make a few candid shots of Marilyn and then stand around as long as they possibly can. Quite understandably, this kind of popularity often irritates other women on the set. In fact, it would have taken an icepick to break the chill that existed during the filming of RKO's Blonde. "When Marilyn was over here," says an RKO publicity man, "she went around speaking to everyone with a very serious tone. I'm sure that if a stranger had overheard her he would have said, 'What a phony blonde!' But actually, she was simply taking advantage of her off-stage opportunity to train her voice in normal conversation.

At the moment, Marilyn is studying the Stanislavsky method of acting, and she is inclined to think of herself as a bit of a hammy as long as she is around people who she likes and trusts, because she feels they will understand.

There was considerable snickering a few months back when Marilyn began showing up at studio with a whole lot of poetry and philosophy tucked under her dainty arm. One day when she toted a heavy edition of Spinoza to work with her, a fellow actor took it from her, hefted it a few times, and cracked, "Isn't that an awfully heavy book to use for balancing your head, honey?" "What are you doing with that old Pressing flowers?"

was another typical comment. The last thing anyone would have suspected was that she might be reading it. Which indeed she was. She admitted difficulty and little understanding as a part of the philosophy and literature course she was taking at UCLA. Marilyn recently told a columnist who asked her about her studies, "I don't mind if people think I'm a dumb blonde, but I dread the thought of being a dumb blonde."
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m. s. party of the year
(Continued from page 50) soaking them up with sunshine, and if you'll just pass me one of those waiters, I'll soak it up too."
Right there they had it. They picked up the tune of jalops and Cadillacs splashing their way to Ciro's front door.

"THAT was a good idea—your framing the Award Citation right at the entrance," Tony Curtis exclaimed. "I think I'll stand next to mine all evening long, and Janet can stand next to hers. Makes a nice family thing of it, don't you think?"
Photographers and Bob Beerman did think, so they took a half dozen pictures. Matter of fact, all together they took more than a half a hundred along with standbys, Walts Davis. No sooner had they finished with two dozen color photos of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis, who were obviously not trying to hide the glow they felt toward each other, than the Mitchums arrived.

"Mind if we shoot?" Bert asked Mrs. Bob Mitchum. "Not at all," she exclaimed. "There are really three of us, and I may not be the perfect matronly—if you will—wife of 1951, but go ahead anyway." (The baby is due in February.)

The moment June Haver and Dan Dailey arrived a second bust fell over the room while everybody looked and speculated as to whether this might not be Hollywood's most exciting new romance.

June and Dan wouldn't admit anything. "We're in a picturesque thing," Dan explained. "—and who can tell what's going to happen?" Who? It's hard to say, but all of a sudden columnists stopped mentioning June and that Texas oil millionnaire, and for a solid week afterwards, nobody saw Dan in public anywhere without June. This year's party could certainly have had more flowers as the theme song, because William, who has barely missed winning the top feminine popularity award three years running now, and by a handful of votes, held hands with her husband, Bill Holden, the evening.

Then there was Doris Day, who not only joined the top ten but won a special award as the most popular feminine singer of songs. She got the award in the company of her less-than—a-year husband, Marty Melcher, that she positively outshone the spotlight.

Some of the other "long marrieds" among the younger stars included the John Lunds, the Keenan Wynns, the Larry Parks (whose table was visited by almost everyone who showed up), the Don Andrews, Van Heflin, Mr. and Mrs. "Reconciled"

an album of classical music on her bedside record player and Spinaza propped up on her ample bosom. On nights when heavy reading gets too heavy, Marilyn samples a random handful of the fan mail which arrives at her house by the carload. The majority of it comes from men and contains countless propositions of marriage, or rapturous eulogies about her beauty. Although Marilyn is gratified by this kind of appreciation most of her adult life, she never tires of it. But Marilyn will never be completely happy until the day she receives a letter which begins, "Dear Miss Monroe: Just as I am putting on the cover of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' and I would like to tell you..."

Her tremendous impact as a man's kind of woman is in part due to the way off for quite some time. But if Marilyn keeps trying, anything can happen.

Jeff Chandlers, the Marshall Thompsons, the Rand Brooks and several dozen others who have conquered the "be a star and stay married" type—hard bachelor, Scott Brady, brought with him an exciting new screen discovery, Susan Ball, who's been working with him at United Artists and Paramount. He ad

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does john agar belong in jail? (no)

(Continued from page 37) the things some people want, but can't obtain. I think this has been the case with John Agar. He is being made an example of. He is the symbol that has been set up to show everyone that the famous can be persecuted as well as the unfamous. The rich can bejailed as well as the poor, and that justice is equal for all.

I have just one thing to say in regard to that. Nuts! If we are going to start prosecuting famous people as examples, why not start with some of the outstanding bad examples of Christian living that reside in the Hollywood district? If we are out "to get" the movie stars because of jealousy or petty thinking, let's start with some of the seven-time divorcees.

Let's start with some of the abandoned children's parents. Let's start anywhere that there is a good cause to start. Not with a whole drunken driving charge. If so, everyone would have to put in time at one prison or another during their lives. Some of us can face life and its disappointments better than others, and some

of us need lots of help from experienced people—doctors, psycho-analysts, etc. Putting an emotionally upset individual into prison because he can't find the right way of life at the time we say he should, can't be the answer to the problem. Especially, when the individual has already made obvious efforts to start on the road to good living.

No, I for one do not think John Agar belongs in jail. Rather, I think he deserves the chance to continue his flight to gain stardom on his own merits, and to gain the happiness of life that should be his. I hope as soon as this unhappy incident is over, he and his publlshers can find that happiness, and that his memories of Justin in the United States won't be too black. As for his career, I don't think that the average overdramatization-actor would ever hold a drunken-driving charge against a fine actor, with a lot of spark and personality.

Here's wishing John Agar lots of luck and happiness.

Sincerely,
Barbara Archer
Chicago, Illinois

there is no jeff chandler

(Continued from page 47) him lies in his analytic, introspective mind. Don't let the camera fool you, he's much more than a handsome hunk. In fact, his being so ruggedly tall (six-feet-four) has been a sore spot for him.

"Height and bigness are associated with strength," he says, "if a smaller guy picks on you and you don't stand a chance, you're yellow. If you lick him, you're a bully. If he licks you, you're a sneak." And I've been taken by smaller guys, particularly when they're much younger and not so well coordinated."

One Saturday night, when Jeff was in summer stock on Long Island, the company was going to a restaurant for coffee. The guy who chose to pick on Jeff was of average height. He was also quite tight. He began taunting Jeff for being a "bum actor." "He hadn't even seen the show," Jeff says, "so how did he know?" Jeff didn't want to fight, he doesn't like to, but he was talked into it. He leveled the guy and felt very sick.

The amazing thing about Jeff Chandler is that he began life with one desire—the desire to make the whole world love him. This is, he says, the reason for almost all of his mistakes. It is also why he is an actor.

Now he thinks he's growing up emotionally. He's learning that he can't devote his life to making people like him. He's learned that people won't come.

"When you try too hard for the public you come up short," Jeff says, "you do ridiculous things. You spread yourself so far with emotion that you reach the point of frustration." Even though he is the truth of this, Jeff was devastated by something that happened recently. He was on location at Port Austis, Virginia, for The Red Ball. He got into an argument about the demands of a location trip. Up on the Thirty Axt, back after sundown dead beat. So when the switchboard operators at his hotel advised him that calls were pouring in, he told them to use their own discretion about which ones to put through.

Well, one day a letter came to him at the hotel. It was from a girl who said he had tried to call her. All she wanted was to hear his voice on the telephone. That was all. It was little enough, wasn't it, since the letter said, "you mean more to me than anybody?" But she was told he was "too busy," and now she was through with him.

Jeff wanted to call her at once, but her name was not in the telephone book. He wanted to write to her, but there was no return address on the letter. He'd written him all during the making of the movie. It still bothers him, because, he said, "she may be losing other people. She mustn't.

For this reason Jeff Chandler has no fan mail as much as possible. "I'm afraid behind," he says, "but I like to do it. I like to put my own stuff down on paper."

He's the brooding kind, the thoughtful type who hurst easily. He can't make a move without first thinking it through. Listen to the story of his sepa-ration from and his return to Marjorie Hoshelle, the girl he met in 1941. Jeff was in a neighboring company. Five years later, he had done a four-year stint in the Army, he married her. She is the mother of his two daughters, Jamie, four, and Dana, two.

Marge is tall and good-looking, with skin like a baby's. She is unaffected, intelligent, exuberant. They seemed, as the song writers put it, meant for each other.

Everyone thought they were completely happy until the day a publicity girl at U. I. went out on the Jerry and Jeff about an interview appointment. Jerry Chang of wandering around the set. The girl knew that Marge was in New York for a few days. She asked, "What do you hear from Marge?"

"Nothing," Jeff said. "We've separated." The publicity girl forgot she would have to give the story to the press. She thought only how much she liked this couple. "I'm sorry," she said. The publicity girl said, "But don't do anything hastily. If you've quarreled or something, well, lots of people do, but we're a little while."

"It wasn't a quarrel," Jeff said. "It's been coming on a long time."

What causes a separation that has been "coming on a long time"? It's nothing and it's everything. It's the way two personalities blend or don't blend.

Jeff underplays everything, always fear-
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thing comes out." He is learning constantly and he wants to learn.

It is interesting to note that people who want to live forever, as Jeff does, do not require much sleep. Jeff does just fine for five or eight hours. No matter how late he goes to bed he is up at seven because, as he says, "there are so many things to do." When he and a friend had their own stock company he slept almost not at all from Sunday until Tuesday. They would close a show on Sunday and start preparing for another which meant learning lines, rehearsing, constructing sets and painting scenery. Jeff managed an hour in bed out of the 24 hours. His lucky charm likes to sleep and needs this. This doesn't bother Jeff any more.

He used to have terrible dreams, but those awful things were compensated for by the wonder of opening each new day. "It's great to wake up from a bad dream," he says. But the bad dreams do not come so often now, which is, of course, part of maturity and shift. When his children occasionally cry out in the night he knows what they are experiencing. He knows their fear dreams are a part of every child's insecurity.

Jeff has been doing research on maturity. Take, for example, his angels. He is annoyed with people who do not do a job as well as they think it can be done. And that includes being a good friend. Of the children. When Jamie was two and first sat at the table with him and Marge, Jeff expected her to use her knife and fork as well as the rest of the family and not spell anything. He was annoyed when she spelled like anything less than an adult. "But I'm better about that now," Jeff says. "I have learned that she must learn and that I must not impose my adult ideas on her infant mind."

His angels are sudden and explosive even though it takes a lot of the big drug dealer to keep his head down until the moment his rage caught fire. But unless he could blow his top immediately in front of the person who made him furious he did not blow his top at all. He could not carry the anger. The difference between then and now is that he does not smolder. He laughs and admonishes himself: "Forget it."

But the thing which makes him wild is the person who tells him what he is thinking. "I know what I'm thinking and the other person doesn't. I can't take it when they do what I tell them," the other person says, "That isn't what you mean at all."

This really gentle man reacts so violently because this attitude costs him friendships. (And remember, he's the guy who wants the whole world to love him.) For example, he was talking once to an old friend of whom he was fond. They were talking about acting. Jeff was trying to explain how he felt. The other man said, "You don't talk that way at all. This is how you feel." And he told Jeff how he should feel.

Jeff was burned. "Don't you tell me what I mean and what I don't mean. Just because I'm younger doesn't mean I don't have a mind of my own. A mind of my own and I know," End of friendship.

He is so proud of what's hot he is and he cannot change. This antiquity is one of his few vices. Marge knows this and never tells him that he may be saying one thing and meaning another.

So much for his angels and joys? A job well done—whether by himself or by someone else. And the well done means not only his work on the screen but the job of his life he was beaming, "I got really happy today," he said. "I kid you did everything I asked them to not do because I, the great big father, commanded, but because I asked them in an entertaining way."

There was no case of his procrastination. He understands it and it goes a long way back. His mother was, he says, a "do-no-wonder." She did not nag him, but he had to do done to be done at once. The other was defeated by rebellion. As a result if Marge says seriously, "You know, Jeff, you should fix that window," it puts off the chore by a week. Or he used to be a big thing to control the rebellion. "I bring some thought," he says. "I remember she has asked me because the window needs fixtures and not because she wants to drive me."

And this, by the way, is another got straight during the seven months of being alone.

It was for psychological reasons that Jeff wanted to be an actor. It was, he said, a "defense against the void. Maybe I was seeking the love I looked for being with my father when I was a boy. Ninety percent of all actors, I think, use their art as a substitution for something missed earlier."

Success has meant confidence and security. "I'd be a big school kid if I didn't have more confidence now," he says. But success almost had a bad effect on him. "It's a big challenge," he said. "I didn't.

"You've got time to do things you want to do things you want than the others. When you're not worrying about how to pay the rent you explore—looking for the things you want. But the things you need. You lose sight of the real values and start believing you're leading an unsatisfactory life.

So he is not a typical movie star, yet when he walked into the Universal commissary just after he was signed for Sword In The Desert, every woman in the place sat up and took notice. A studio executive recently summed up his appeal. "The women in the audience never feel they can mother Jeff. Women from eight to eighty realize he has sex appeal. But they never think of him as your boy. They think of him as my guy."

You cannot mother Jeff because the core of him is strong. Yet he is not predatory. He is not detached and cold. He is not, actually, secure. He has an inner warmth. He likes more than he dislikes. His and Marge's idea of a good time is to visit and be visited by friends. Lots of friends. Jeff is not a fog on any sense "on the make." He doesn't have to be.

His face belies his character but his voice does not. Listen to the voice and you'll know him. His voice is full of pity and sympathy for mankind. That's Jeff Chandler. It's nice to know he does exist.

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OUELLA PARSONS: Hollywood’s Problem Lovers

modern screen

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

April 1954

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

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under Label Form 3579 to 901 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 44, No. 5, April, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 951 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 951 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 Universal Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Berne Alps Convention. Single copy price 20c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $2.00 a year, $3.30 two years, $5.00 three years, Canadian Subscriptions one year, $5.00; two years, $9.00; three years, $12.00, foreign $5.00 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 1932 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.
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**Q.** Is it true that MGM threatened to sue June Allyson before she would star in her last picture, Girl In White? What is June's real name, and where was she born? —B. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**A.** MGM did threaten to sue Allyson for $250,000. Her real name is Ella Geisman. She was born in the Bronx, New York.

**Q.** Did June Allyson really play the piano in Too Young To Kiss? If not, who did? —K. C., NEW CANAAN, CONN.

**A.** Miss Allyson played the piano herself. She plays fairly well and after a week of concentrated coaching was able to perform the stint.

**Q.** I've been told that Mario Lanza, Gene Kelly, and several other Hollywood stars plan to spend the next 18 months or so in Europe. Why is this? Don't they like the U. S. A.? —D. O., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**A.** According to a new Federal law, U. S. citizens who reside outside of the country for a minimum of 17 months do not have to pay income tax. Lanza and Kelly both love the U. S., but they'd like to save a little money for their old age.

**Q.** Why did Warner Brothers cancel Joan Crawford's contract? —B. O., MIAMI, FLA.

**A.** The contract was cancelled by mutual consent. Miss Crawford's pictures haven't been making very much money lately. Warner Brothers paid Miss Crawford $200,000 for the cancellation. She gets $50,000 a year for the next four years.

**Q.** What are the real names of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and who really runs the act? —D. L., AKRON, OHIO.

**A.** Dino Crosetti and Jerome Levitch. Lewis runs the act.

**Q.** I understand that Stewart Granger fights with nearly all of his directors. Is this true? —C. C., LONDON, ENG.

**A.** Granger is one of the toughest actors in the business to direct. He argues vehemently with many of his directors. He feels his suggestions will help make the movie a better production.

**Q.** Does June Haver wear a bra? If so, what size? —J. K., PEORIA, ILL.

**A.** Yes, size 36.

**Q.** Is Jimmy Stewart a millionaire? —W. N., FORT WAYNE, INDIANAPOLIS.

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** How long have the Gene Nelsons been married, and was their second child a boy or a girl? —E. R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**A.** The Nelsons have been married ten years, have one boy, Christopher, four, and a second son in premature birth.

**Q.** Isn't the Gregory Peck marriage on the rocks? —B. S., BUTTE, MONT.

**A.** Not now—it's just rough going.

**Q.** Has Paramount offered Margaret Truman half-a-million dollars to sign a contract? —C. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**A.** No! Miss Truman has been offered $100,000 for one picture.

**Q.** Isn't Elizabeth Taylor having contract trouble with her studio and personal trouble with her parents? —A. H., SANTA FE, N. M.

**A.** Yes, but she's determined to live her own life, solve her own problems.

**Q.** Who is the most charitable actor in Hollywood? —T. W., KANSAS CITY, MO.

**A.** There are so many it's hard to name all, but Red Skelton, for one, is up on top.

**Q.** Why doesn't John Wayne pose for pictures with his four children? —O. D., PENNSVILLE, N. J.

**A.** He does.

**Q.** I understand that Betty Hutton isn't very popular with her fellow employees at Paramount. Is this true? If so, why? —A. G., MINNEAPOLIS, MN.

**A.** It's true. Miss Hutton is incredibly ambitious, constantly driving, has never let anyone or anything stand in her way.
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

At the time that the John Waynes were having trouble a few weeks ago, John very gallantly took all the blame. But those close to the situation feel that Esperanza's continued bad health had something to do with the separation.

The story of the rift broke at a time when both the Waynes were in the hospital. She is in a Los Angeles hospital suffering with flu; John at Scripps Clinic getting a check-up.

As I write this the Waynes are on the verge of a reconciliation, and perhaps the realization that they were so close to the divorce court may have cleared the air between them. John feels he left his wife too much alone and that is why he consulted Jerry Giesler about a divorce.

But on his side it can be said that he frequently wanted to take her on his long location trips, but she was ill, and too often in the hospitals of her native country, Mexico. Just how it will all end I don't know, but I do know John is trying hard to talk his wife out of a divorce.

Although Piper Laurie still wears the ring young Universal-International executive, Charlie Simonelli, flew out from New York to put on her finger—methinks the romance is cooling.

The unhappy part is that the youngsters are still in love. But their religious beliefs are different and in their particular case this is becoming more and more of an insurmountable obstacle.

Piper and the good-looking Italian boy, who manages the New York publicity office of U-I, have decided to give themselves a year to see if their problem will solve itself.

They still talk over the telephone several times a week—Charlie sends her lovely gifts (the latest being a valuable camera)—but Piper, at this writing, is still thinking it over.

Who's Wooin' (subject to change without notice): That cute little Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner are getting serious. Most of Debbie's romances in the past have been along puppy-love lines—but this is different with a big D.

Carleton Carpenter's heartthrob seems to be Barbara Ruick, blonde starlet at 20th. They date several times a week and usually wind up at a favorite spot with Carleton at the piano and Barbara singing and dancing. Carleton's settling down to a steady girl is sure to upset the teen-agers who are real "gone" on him.

Kirk Douglas has it so bad for Elizabeth Threatt that he took her to the luncheon hosted in his honor by the New York models who hopefully (looks like hopelessly) voted him "the most eligible bachelor of the year."

Nancy Sinatra steps out now and then with good looking director Freddie De Cordova.

Nancy Davis and Ronald Reagan are so steady they even read newspapers over cafe dinner tables. These two are so companionable and contented together they will surprise the whole town if they don't marry.

Gene Tierney's suit for divorce didn't come as any great surprise to any of us. For months there have been whispers that she and Oleg Cassini, the dress designer, were not getting along. Gene is very close-mouthed where her personal life is concerned. I believe she talked with me as freely as she intends to talk to anyone.

"It's hard for any marriage to survive when two people are separated as much as Oleg and I. When I went to Europe last summer, he promised to fly over. He didn't. When I went to South America to make Way Of A Gaucho he said he would fly there to be with little Tina and me. He did not.

"We have not been together more than three times in a year. That is an impossible situation!"

Gene, who outwardly seems so cool and poised, is far more broken up over the end of her marriage than you might expect from such a self-sufficient girl.

This is the second time Gene has sued Cassini for divorce. Several years ago she filed, and then they secretly reconciled and Gene bore Oleg another daughter, little Tina, who is a beauty. Gene adores the child and is seldom away from her. Their other child, eighth-year-old Daria, is ill and has been for many years.

But Tina has been to Europe with Gene and to South America. She is a gay, happy laughing little girl who has the same type of beauty that makes little Lisa Minnelli, Judy Garland's daughter, such a very special child.

Now that her marriage has failed, Gene told me she is going to Paris to live. She definitely wants to get away from it all—but time, I think, will change her mind. If there's one thing you cannot do—it's to run away from
your troubles. They always catch up with you.

By the time you read this—Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman, the Italian "love of her life," will probably be married and living happily after an elopement to Mexico.

Their present plans are that Gassman will divorce his wife in Mexico City (she is the Catholic—not he). Then, he and Shelley will be immediately married.

Talk about "love" changing a girl's personality! Shelley is suddenly so subdued and so different.

Garbo, herself, couldn't have put on a more aloof act when Miss Winters put on at the airport after she had flown from Hollywood to Rome to meet Vittorio.

She just shook hands with her Latin beau. To reporters covering the momentous event, Shelley sighed sadly, "Please do not ask us personal questions. I am very weary." Then, slightly shrugging her shoulders this usually bombastic gal said, "There is nothing we can say."

Shelley? With nothing to say?

There was a lot of whispering going on when Gloria Grahame appeared wearing a gorgeous ring. I finally tracked her down and asked, "Where did you get that ring, girl?"

She said, "Oh, it is a Christmas present from Stanley Rubin (the director)—but we're not engaged."

Gloria, who was married to Nick Raye, and whose separations from him have been off and on for a long time, has finally made up her mind at long last that it's off for good.

But the lady says she "can't be engaged because I'm not yet divorced."

She didn't, however, deny that she likes Rubin very, very much and that he is head man in her life.

Gloria's stock as an actress has zoomed overnight since she played the elephant girl in The Greatest Show On Earth.

Scott Brady was fit to be tied over the stories that he had given Joe Cotten such a bad beat in a scene in The Untamed that Joe was temporarily forced out of the picture.

Brady told me, "Everybody looks at me and says 'What do you mean—a big, brawny man like you—beating up an older man like that?'"

"The truth is—and anyone on the picture will verify this—that Joe threw his spine out of place when he bent over to lace his boots—and we hadn't even had a rehearsal on the fight scenes when it happened." Okay, Scott—we'll take your word.

The mid-January floods (and I mean they are unusual) brought tragedy, drama, thrills and some laughs to our town. Movie folk who usually confine their conversations to themselves and their career were switched to tale after tale about "my moment in the mud" or "blocked by rocks" or some other hair-raiser.

The most tragic note was the death of handsome Gile Steele, costume designer at MGM, who had won two Academy Awards for his fine artistry. He was drowned when he was trapped in his car after a 15-foot wave of debris washed his car into a torrential ditch. The whole industry mourns the loss of this talented man.

As could be expected, Humphrey Bogart had a field day (if you can call anything so wet by such a term) wading in the flooded streets in front of his home helping push stalled cars and diverting traffic from the danger zones.

Glamor gal Corinne Calvet and her husband, John Bromfield, shoveled a path through four feet of mud against their front door, and stayed up all night serving hot coffee to stranded and miserable motorists.

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin were making night scenes on a Paramount stage and Jerry was all over the place putting buckets under places spurring water.

Much damage was done, and many people suffered real privation. Luckily, my house and street in Beverly Hills was not in the path of the roving currents and I feel such deep sympathy for those who suffered loss and discomfort.

The Dooglies Fairbanks, Jr., gave one of the most charming parties of the month honoring Lord Wakehurst, Sir William and Lady Rocotes and the new French consul, Count Bertrand.

Mary Lee and Douglas are such warm, cordial hosts with a gift for making all their guests feel like "guests of honor."

Walter Fidgenson, just back from the cold and storms of Iceland and Greenland, told me about the jaunt he and a troupe of entertainers had made to entertain our service men stationed in those spots. He had much to say...
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LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Betty Hutton was right on hand when Charles O’Curran’s plane landed in New York. Rumer has Charles all set to be Betty’s next mate.

about the courage of these men, many of them youngsters.

Irene Dunne, in a short rose-colored gown, lived up to her reputation as being one of the world’s ten best-dressed women.

It’s always a pleasure to see Maureen O’Sullivan Farrow—mother of seven beautiful children—looking like a debutante. This evening she looked younger and lovelier than usual in a filmy, floating white gown.

Gone Markey was my dinner partner and I so much enjoyed listening to him and Lord Wakehurst talking about Australia. Both were there during the war years and Lord Wakehurst is just back from “down under.”

PERSONALITY Pointers: Ann Blyth seems to be concentrating intensely on everything said to her. Very batting... Ginger Rogers taps you lightly on the arm to emphasize a point... Joan Crawford always says “Bless you” before making a departure from a friend... Debbie Reynolds hums softly when she is nervous... Barbara Stanwyck kicks her shoes off immediately upon entering the house and frequently does it at the most formal parties... Marlon Brando bums cigarettes... Jeanne Crain blushes easily turning red right up to the roots of her hair at naughty jokes or if someone compliments her beauty... When Katharine Hepburn is angry she snorts—and I mean snorts... Judy Garland cries at the drop of a hat—even when she’s happy... Piper Laurie has a firm, firm handshake for such a young seemingly shy girl... When Zsa Zsa Gabor thinks the spotlight is turning away from her to less interesting subjects she cries out like a child, “Look at me, look at me.”... When Jane Wyman is deeply touched she makes a wisecrack... Shelley Winters tosses her head in the air when she sees someone she does not like... Even when she’s dressed up fit to kill, Janet Leigh curls up in a chair... Tell Maria Lanza something exciting and he hits his thigh and cries, “Teas!”... Spencer Tracy can’t stand to be slapped on the back... Susan Hayward will not gossip even when there’s a good hot scandal in Hollywood... Paul Douglas keeps his head down and looks up when he talks to you. These characteristics are supposed to be revealing. What do you make of ’em, you amateur psychiatrists?
You're Gonna Love
THE HAPPIEST HARVEST
O' MUSIC, ROMANCIN',
FUN 'N DANCIN' EVER!

Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick

Starring
Alan Young
Dinah Shore
Robert Merrill

with
Adele Jergens
Minerva Urecal
Martha Stewart

Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton
Direction and Screenplay by Claude Binyon

Based on the play by Walter Benjamin Hare
A Paramount Picture
I dreamed I led the Easter Parade in my maidenform bra

Harvey is so proud of me today... my curve- lovely Easter outfit is giving him (and me!) a tremendous lift! Yes,
I mean my Maidenform... fitting companion to a fashionable figure... the bra that puts my dreamy contours lilttingly, upliftedly on parade!
Maidenform's dream of a bra:
Over-ture* in white satin;
also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth... from 1.75
There is a maidenform for every type of figure!

BLESS their little home-loving hearts. When Jane Powell and Geary Steffan become landlords in March—their new apartment unit in the Valley will be completed by then—they are instigating a set of rules guaranteed to put blackhearted landlords in a new light.
First, only people with children can rent the apartments.
Second, all the wallpaper will be of washable materials—dito the coverings on the furniture.
And, in the patio, will be sandboxes, see-saws and junior workout rings and bars.

The gossips who have been chattering that all is not well between Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron should have seen them the night Rory flew home after seven weeks on location in South America.
The scene of the meeting was Ciro's cafe because Lita has been appearing there in an act with dancer Billy Daniel.
Rory walked in right in the middle of the act. He tried to take an inconspicuous table where he wouldn't be spotted before she finished. But Lita saw him, stopped right in the middle of a song, let out a "Whoops!" and jumped from the stage straight into Rory's arms.

The Letter Box: Jo Ann, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, writes that a whole new generation is growing up which has not seen Gone With The Wind. This teen-ager says, "I've just finished reading the novel and so have many of my girl friends. We'd sure like to see the picture."
Rosalie Morabito, Philadelphia: "MODERN SCREEN is the top movie magazine on my list. But they make the same mistake you don't give us enough stories and gossip and chatter about Bing Crosby, the absolute tops man in the entertainment world." (Are you readin', Chuck Saxson?)
All the way from Calcutta, India, "Miss S. R." writes: "My ox is out for all the people who criticize Mario Lanza, that incomparable artist. So he is temperamental? That is a small price to pay for the joy he gives us when he opens his mouth and sings straight from heaven! Bravo our new Caruso!"
Do something wonderful to your hair—so it shines like silk, feels soft as silk, gleams and shimmers like silk. That something wonderful is so simple—just a shampoo with today's gentle Drene. You'll see! (Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silken your hair.)

DRENE SHAMPOO  
silken your hair...as it cleanses!
SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Bing Crosby refused to make The Road to Bali for Paramount. The reason was simple. He told me, "It's The Road To Zanzibar all over again, and the fans wouldn't like a repeat, would they?" As a substitute, Bing and pal Bill Morrow submitted their own script, The Road To The Moon. It's about a mad scientist who whisks the Groaner and Bob Hope off into the wild blue yonder, and it has a lot of songs that rhyme moon with June. But Para couldn't see it his way. Bing again: "If the studio won't let me do my own, I won't be making movies till next fall!" . . . Anne Baxter got a parking ticket in front of Don Loper's shop. Tried to charm herself out of it, but no go . . . Janis Paige plods to New York, after making some not-so-good movies, to chalk up a real triumph as a stage star in Remains To Be Seen. Then MGM buys her play for the screen and talks about starring Debbie Reynolds in the film version! . . . Mercury Records, boiling mad because it lost Frankie Laine to Columbia Records, is pushing a new young singer named Buddy Charles to fill Laine's shoes. Buddy is RKO producer Tom Gries' brother . . .

An interior decorator threw up his hands on re-doing the Jennifer Jones-David Selznick home, claiming he was thrown into a nervous tizzy by all the temperament.

FUNNIES:

A star leaned across her table at Ciro's and let slip a real blooper while telling me all about her date: "He's very rich," she said, "and every time he phones me I get chinchillas up and down my spine!" . . . Phyllis Thaxter told me she reprimanded her little girl for using naughty language and not 10 minutes later the youngster asked her what picture she was working in. Phyllis blushed and said, "Retreat Hell!"

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Travis Kleefeld, who used to date Irene Wrightsman, helped Jane Wyman celebrate her 38th birthday at Ciro's the night Les Paul and Mary Ford opened there, and we all turned and sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Janie" in Miss W.'s general direction. Kleefeld, now a building contractor, was playing a tuba in the Beverly Hills High School band ten years ago, when Jane was Mrs. Ronald Reagan . . . You gotta take a guy and gal's word. I saw John Payne and Lina Romay acting romantic at LaRue but both denied any big amour, although John admitted she's a "most wonderful girl." Dig that "most." Usually when I press a point the answer is just plain "wonderful girl" . . . Before she took off for Europe, a pal told Janet Leigh 'twould be cold and to take along her long woolies. Janet replied, "I've got my love to keep me warm!" . . . U-I's press agents in London told Tony Curtis to bow from the waist when he met Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip, but he forgot and merely gasped, "Hi!"

Greg Bautzner gifted Ginger Rogers with a magnificent mink coat, just because she's such a sweetheart. . . . Jane Nigh brought Dan Dailey a silk kimono back from her USO tour to Korea . . . Joan Crawford recommended her ex-husband, Franchot Tone, for the second male lead in her next picture, Sudden Fear, although he didn't get it. And Jack Palance was chosen to co-star with Miss C. when they couldn't get Jeff Chandler . . . Carleton Carpenter stepped out on Debbie Reynolds (Continued on page 14)
THAT WORLD-FAMOUS 'STREETCAR'!

A PARTIAL LIST OF THE MANY AWARDS AND MORE COMING IN ALL THE TIME!

NEW YORK FILM CRITICS AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST DIRECTOR OF THE YEAR
SAN FRANCISCO CRITICS COUNCIL AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTOR OF THE YEAR
INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL AT VENICE
THE "SPECIAL AWARD" and
BEST ACTRESS AWARD
LOOK MAGAZINE AWARDS:
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR
BEST ACTRESS OF THE YEAR

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
"A Streetcar Named Desire"

STARRING
VIVIEN LEIGH AND MARLON BRANDO

From the Play that Won the Pulitzer Prize and Critics Circle Award

KIM HUNTER • KARL MALDEN SCREEN PLAY BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN BASED UPON THE ORIGINAL PLAY "A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE" BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
AS PRESENTED ON THE STAGE BY IRENE MAYER SELZNICK

Now! Everywhere!
with Joan Evans... Mrs. Loyal Davis, Nancy's mother, says it's "just Hollywood gossip" that her daughter will marry Ronnie Reagan. Says Mrs. D.: "They're just good friends and matrimony is a gross exaggeration." Does mother know best in this instance?... There are those who say Mike Wilding used to have a big crush on Jean Simmons before she married his pal Stewart Granger, and that's why he's enamoured now of Liz Taylor, who's a little bit like Jeannie in both looks and age... Incidentally, Liz wants $5,000 a week, 47 weeks a year, up quite a jump over her present $1,500 weekly, to stay under contract at MGM. She has a few more months to go on her old pact.

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Don't expect U-I to co-star Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis in too many more pictures after they finished Almost Married. These two just don't like to work together!... Shelley Gassman. Some name, huh? At press time, Miss Winters' Roman Rogen, Vittorio Gassman, was planning to hop to Mexico when he finishes his current film assignment in Italy, secure a quick divorce, presumably with his wife's okay, and then marry Shelley... Did you know Shelley was an extra in Red River, just a few months before she became a star in Ronald Colman's A Double Life?... Latin Lovers, in which Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas will re-team after The Merry Widow, is about a Brazilian singer discovered in a Manhattan nightclub by an heiress who makes a star out of him. Fernando sings and is from South America... Dale Robertson has written a screenplay about Robert E. Lee, his idol, and is twisting Darryl Zanuck's arm to let him star in it... Prediction: Bob Carson, Jack's brother, will go places in Filmdom. He's the ringmaster you liked in The Greatest Show On Earth.

Bob Taylor wasn't planning on rushing into his next marriage when this column was on its way to the printer. Bob, who has been doing the night spots solo (so looooooow!), thanked me during a lunch break in the MGM commissary for not printing any of the romantic rumors a lot of other columnists have been falling for. Said Bob: "You just might turn out to be the guy Diogenes was looking for!" This looks like the year that will put Taylor out in front again as the hottest male star in Hollywood. His 1952 releases include Quo Vadis, Westward The Women and Ivanhoe. Remember when Bob was fighting that too-pretty-for-a-man tag?... And Mario Lanza oughta change his tag from "The Loveliest Night of the Year" to "The Loveliest Year of My Life." He made a mint in '51, and, now that he's down to a slim 185 again, expects to repeat his boxoffice smash in '52... Sue and Alan Ladd caught the photos offguard, making one of their rare nightclub outings to catch Bill...
After a dance number, what's your next step?

☐ Thank him and retreat  ☐ Do a repeat

As the music stops, 'tweem numbers—maybe you're plagued by a passed of doubts. Such as—might Pete prefer the next whirl with some other girl? Should you retreat to Wallflowers' Roost? Or high-sign the stag line? 'Course not! Continue with your partner 'til a gent cuts in. If problem-time doubts beset you, you can vanquish them with Kotex, for those flat pressed ends rout revealing outlines. So prance through the prom undismayed!

When to tell him your dating curfew?

☐ When starting out  ☐ Play the waiting game

He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But you're due home—as of now! Why wait 'til the hours dwindle down to your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. And remember, that special safety center gives you extra protection.

Does writing letters help to improve—

☐ Your romance  ☐ Your chatter  ☐ Knock-knees

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you can whistle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—'write' letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: the napkin that holds its shape. (Made to stay soft while you wear it!)

If you agree to go steady, should you—

☐ Forsake all others  ☐ Try a part-time plan

Accepting his class ring calls for a huddle as to what going steady will mean. No other bookings? H'm-m. You may miss a lot of fun. Why not try a part-time plan—dating him week-ends and for gay-lah doings? To decide what's best for you—when buying Kotex, you need only try all 3 absorbencies. There's Regular, Junior, Super... suited to different days.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

How to prepare for "certain" days?

☐ Circle your calendar  ☐ Perk up your wardrobe  ☐ Buy a new belt

Before 'that' time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait 'til the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. Why not buy two—for a change!
**How to LOSE Weight Without Dieting or Hunger!**

- Music is one of Yvonne De Carlo's major interests. Yvonne says: "I'm grateful for what Ayds has done for my figure. It helps me to lose weight and look and feel better while I'm doing it."

- Yvonne in one of the lovely costumes she wore in a recent picture. "I have many friends—Hollywood film stars—who feel about Ayds just the way I do," says Yvonne.

**Yvonne De Carlo Tells You How to Reduce!**

Let lovely Yvonne De Carlo tell you how to have a lovelier figure. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want.

**Slim the Way the Stars Slim**

No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. 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.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box (2.98) or money back.

**Hollywood Report continued**

MacArthur's opening at the Gala. Watch for more news about this young singer.

**SEX APPEAL:**

Marilyn Monroe arrived an hour early every morning for her role in *We're Not Married* at 20th. It took a half-hour to squeeze her into the tight bathing suit she wears in the picture and another half-hour to get her past the gawking soundstage crew! ... Didja know that Marilyn was once under contract to another actor—John Carroll? He saw her playing golf and signed her right there on the fairway ... Speaking of squeezing, it took both Helen Rose and Walter Plunkett to pour Esther Williams into the wisp she wears in *One Piece Bathing Suit*. I stood by, just in case, but everything came off okay.

Toughest makeup job of the year: making Anne Francis unattractive for her role in 20th's *Dream Boat* ... Is it mere coincidence that Jane Russell lives on ROUND Valley Road? ... They're talking of releasing Marie Wilson's next picture in Brazil ... Ava G. Simatra wore a SHORT Gown to the *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman* premiere. Last one she went to, a studio executive stepped on her train ... And, in true musical comedy tradition, the dance team for the same premiere's pre-screening stage show quarreled, left the theater, then kissed and made up just in time to go on! ... Only star who dressed informally for the *Pandora* premiere was Scott Brady, who wore a gray suit ... Romance on the wing, same affair: Debbie Reynolds and Dick Anderson ... And the crowd kept asking Anne Baxter where John Hodiak was.

**ODDS BODKINS:**

That new ruby ring Lana Turner's wearing is a gift, not from Fernando but from daughter Cheryl, who won it at a radio giveaway show here in Hollywood ... Lee Garmes, who photographed the biggest scene in screen history—the battle sequence in *Gone With The Wind*—last month filmed the smallest: Susan Hayward taking a shower in the cramped confines of a house trailer bath for RKO's *This Man Is Mine*. The set measured 36 inches by 28 inches! ... Susie, by the way, couldn't find a maid so her lovin' spouse, Jess Barker, minded the kids while she worked in this picture with Bob Mitchum.

Aldo Ray emerges as a new star in *The Marrying Kind*. And Judy Holliday, who vowed she'd never do it again after *Born Yesterday*, plays a dumb blonde. ... A sightseeing company here added the MCA parking lot to its schedule. You can hear the barkers shouting, "And on your right is the parking lot where Walter Wanger shot Jennings Lang!" ... Hal Wallis is enthused about Dean Martin's new voice. "It's deeper and sounds more virile than before," Hal told me. And Dean, on the set of *Jumping Jacks*, said, "I dunno
TONY'S TERRIFIC!
with TWO kinds of WOMEN
to tame!

FLESH AND FURY

MEN knew the fury of his fists...
WOMEN knew his lips...

Starring the new Screen Sensation of this Generation!

TONY CURTIS

JAN STERLING • MONA FREEMAN

with WALLACE FORD • CONNIE GILCHRIST • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY

Screenplay by BERNARD GORDON • Produced by LEONARD GOLSTEIN • A Universal-International Picture
what happened. A few days ago I woke up and there was a new voice! ... Arlene Dahl made her trip to Sun Valley with Lex Barker pay off. She interviewed Gary Cooper and Norma Shearer there for her Chicago Tribune beauty column. ... The Bell Sisters, Kay and Cynthia, who racked up a smash hit with their recording of "Bermuda," are only 11 and 16 years old respectively. They live in Seal Beach, Calif., where their father, a graduate of Ohio State University, works at an aviation plant. ... New shop in Toluca Lake called Put 'n' Take features the used clothing of stars. You can buy a mink coat for $250. ... Jeanette MacDonald's original fan club celebrated its 20th anniversary last month.

QUICK QUOTES:
"The only exercise some girls get," George Montgomery muses, "is jumping to conclusions" ... Marie Wilson says she likes to read those pocket-size news magazines because she can read 'em fast and it leaves her more time to WORRY about the news! ... Hollywood social climber: "I had dinner at the Deauville with Betty Hutton. Of course, she was in the next booth, but we DID have the same waiter!" ... What with poodle coats and poodle haircuts, Bob Stack thinks the gals are leading a dog's life.

Character actress Sid Espino took a long look at Warners' Mari Aldon on the set of Distant Drums and sighed: "The one thing I always prayed was that I would never have a beautiful daughter, because losing beauty is the worst thing that can happen to a woman" ... Jerry Lewis thinks it's strange that when he was starting out in show business he had to work so hard for laughs. Now all he does is open his mouth and people fall on their faces. ... Lou Holtz, whose attempt to revive vaudeville in Los Angeles was a failure, says that Judy Garland's Palace Theatre success proves only one thing. It isn't vaudeville that's made a comeback. It's Judy! ... Warners' redecorated Pat Wymore's dressing room and asked her if she wanted a giant photo of her ever-lovin' Errol Flynn covering one wall. "No, thanks," said Pat. "When I'm at the studio I'm MISS Pat Wymore!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:
This looks like a record year for real life action stories datelined Hollywood. Following close on the Wanger-Bennett-Lang fracas, Humphrey Bogart tossed Oscar Levant out of his home at the height of a party, Steve Cochran hopped an unwelcome guest in his home, Zeppo Marx clouted producer Alex Gottlieb and James Mason slapped Bill Saroyan. No newspaperman has to make up stories about this old town ... That was a fortune spent by RKO to advertise Warner star Jane Wyman for the best actress Oscar for her work in The Blue Veil. Warners', on the other hand, spent another FORTUNE exploiting another gal who isn't even under contract there, and I do mean Vivien Leigh

(Continued on page 100)
Look lovelier offer!

Yes, lovelier looking skin in 10 days
with Doctor's Home Facial... or your money back on special offer below!

MORNING:
1. For thorough cleansing, "creamwash": Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water "creamwash" with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks! No dry, drawn feeling!
2. Apply Noxzema lightly as powder base. It helps protect your skin all day long.

Evening:
3. "Creamwash" again with medicated Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt.
4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's medicated—that's one secret! Greaseless, too. No smears on face! No messy pillow!

Follow these directions for a lovelier-looking skin!

Blemishes*. "Until I started using Noxzema, I always had blemishes," says Val Lewis of New Orleans, "It's fine for rough, dry skin."

"Creamwash." "My skin looks smoother since I 'creamwash' with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to all my friends."

See for yourself how quickly the new Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier.

This simple routine was developed by a noted skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to love-lier-looking complexions—often within two weeks.

Surveys show that all over the United States hundreds and hundreds of women like those pictured here are switching to this sensible skin care, shown at the left.

Read how it helped Val Lewis of New Orleans who had rough, dry skin. Read how delighted Phyllis Riggs, Norma Buchanan and Paulette Hendrix are with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and keep skin looking smooth and lovely. Hundreds report similar results.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It is a medicated formula. That's one secret of its effectiveness!

If you have problem skin and have been longing for a complexion that wins compliments—that looks softer, smoother—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10-day trial.

Noxzema works—or money back!
If not delighted with results, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! For inexpensive trial, take advantage of LOOK LOVELIER OFFER today.

*externally-caused

CLIP THIS COUPON AS A REMINDER!

Look lovelier offer!
Get 40¢ NOXZEMA
only 29¢ plus tax

1. Use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps your skin look
2. then save money by getting the GIANT 10 oz. JAR only 89¢ plus tax!

At any drug or cosmetic counter.
THE AFRICAN QUEEN

The African Queen is pure delight—an unusual, thrilling blend of high adventure and
romantic love in the Congo which communicates enchantingly some of the plain, wonderful
joy of living. For the woman of the movie, Katharine Hepburn is a creature who has vir-
tually given up living—she is a narrow, priasy, cold, "psalm-singing, skinny old maid," spending
her years as a missionary among the heathen tribes of Africa. And the man of the
movie, Humphrey Bogart, is quite the other extreme—a coarse, slanty, easy-going, gin-swilling,
warm and human skipper with an unmistakable passion for life. And The African Queen
traces the impact of these two upon each other in a time of great danger: the year is 1914 and
both are British subjects in a remote jungle territory that has just been seized by the Germans.
How this man and woman flee all alone on his shaky, small boat down an almost unnavigable
river, finding love, insects, wild animals, heat, leeches, malaria, Germans and other menaces
along the way, is the rich, exciting substance of The African Queen. Filmed in Africa in color
under John Huston's masterful direction The African Queen has all the spell-binding wonder
of faraway places. And Bogart, as the man who learns from him to love life, brings out the subtleties of their relationship sometimes humorously, sometimes touchingly, always magnificently. They and their movie make you want to toss a hat or two in the air.

THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS

Crime has rarely been so glamorous as it is in This Woman Is Dangerous. Leading a life
of larceny, Joan Crawford suffers for it by having both Dennis Morgan and David Brian
madly in love with her. Her failure to wear that would tax the purse of a Rockefeller, and
by carrying around—for pocket money—small sums like 30 or 40 thousand dollars. Hav-
ing just pulled off a $90,000 robbery with partner-in-crime Brian, Joan takes herself to a
hospital for a major operation on her very lovely eyes. Seems Joan is going blind in This
Woman Is Dangerous, but doctor Dennis Morgan performs a successful operation, saves
Joan’s sight and decides while he’s at it that Joan would be so nice to come home to after
a hard day over an operating table. Will Joan marry doctor Morgan? Can she tell him
about her sordid past? Will partner-in-crime Brian tolerate her leaving him? Despite the
Hollywood edict that crime must not pay, things work out miraculously well for Joan,
and we’re really very glad—Joan deserves the best. But may we hope that all impres-
sionable little girls who see This Woman Is Dangerous won’t rush into a life of crime on
the chance that they, like Joan, will suffer only by having both Dennis Morgan and
David Brian fall madly in love with them?

Cast: Joan Crawford, Dennis Morgan, David Brian.—Warners.

PHONE CALL FROM A STRANGER

Reminiscent in mood and structure of A Letter To Three Wives, this one might be
called A Phone Call To Two Wives And One Husband. For Phone Call From A Stranger
also looks in episodic style at several mar-
rriages and the effect upon each of a remark-
able event—this time a phone call from a
man informing two wives and one husband
that their mates have been killed in a plane
crash. Like Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call
From A Stranger mixes wisecracks, laughter,
tears and pathos shrewdly and effectively as
tells the story of each marriage up to the
plane crash and after. It’ll be tough, too, to
decide which couple you find most interesting
—Shelley Winters as a strip-teaser who is
fighting a losing battle for Craig Stevens
against his nasty mother, Evelyn Varden;
Michael Straight as a doctor whose wife,
Beatrice Straight, has been helping him hide
a terrible secret; or Bette Davis as the wife
who once ran away from her loud, boorish
husband, Keenan Wynn, but found him still
willing to help her and love her when she got
in a bad jam. Gary Merrill is the man who
runs across in each of these marriages
manages to be vastly entertaining and not at
all morbid, though death enters all of them.
For this, expert writer Nunzally Johnson
(Continued on page 22)
As revolutionary as Playtex girdles themselves! New Adjust-All garters fit you all from small to tall, adjust with a touch to your lines and your liking—and they're kinder to your stockings!

Introducing

Invisible Playtex® Fab-Lined Girdles with exclusive new *Adjust-All* Garters

Now, the world's most famous girdle—the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin—brings you a dramatic idea! New Adjust-All garters, four on each figure-slimming, freedom-giving Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!

Like the girdle, Adjust-All garters are made of smooth latex, never lose their elasticity, never show under clothes. All one smooth piece with the girdle, they're wafer-thin yet long-lasting, fit perfectly with complete comfort and freedom, always stay gently resilient!

Don't wait another minute to enjoy this newest Playtex plus! Get your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle with new Adjust-All garters today!

PLAYTEX Fab-Lined Girdles with Adjust-All garters come in this new, Slim Playtex tube.

PLAYTEX Fab-Lined Girdles with new Adjust-All garters. White Magic or Pink, $6.95

Other Playtex Girdles, in panty brief or standard garter styles; pink, blue, white, from $3.50.

At department stores and specialty shops, PLAYTEX... known everywhere as the girdle in the Slim tube. Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.

©1952 International Latex Corp'N... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover, Del. Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada. *U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending
Ann Sheridan praises amazing results of penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream...

It cleanses deeper!

It softens better!

It leaves you lovelier!

Beautiful Ann, co-starring in “STEEL TOWN”, a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor, shows how easily penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream loosens hidden dirt! Penaten takes rich oils so deep your skin feels “re-born”—sating, supple, soft!

Clark Gable’s still The King. In Lone Star, a Western recalling the turbulent days before Texas joined the Union, Gable looks trimmer, rides faster, fights harder, shoots straighter and makes love smoother than most of the boys who have come along in those 20 years since he took the throne in Hollywood. Lone Star is solid, fast action fare, with Gable punching away against Broderick Crawford for the heart of Ava Gardner as well as the destiny of Texas. Crawford, a selfish, power-seeking politico, has everything to gain by keeping Texas an independent nation but Gable, an agent of Andrew Jackson, maneuvers successfully to bring her into the Union. The political wrangling never grows too burdensome in Lone Star; there are always Comanche Indians or Crawford and his stooges to whoop it up in his culfus with Gable. And though Ava is at first ardently on Crawford’s side in love and politics, time and Gable change all that, bringing about a union —Texas with the U.S.A., and Gardner with Gable. It is worth noting that Ava looks dazzling and is a credit to Texas whatever side she is on.

Cast: Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Broderick Crawford, Lionel Barrymore. —MGM.

THE BIG TREES

Kirk Douglas, who was downright mean around a police station in Detective Story, and even meaner around a prize ring in Champion, steps into the great outdoors in The Big Trees—with mean. However, you can bet your last Sequoia that fresh air, the wide open spaces and the love of a pure-hearted lass will bring honor at last into Kirk’s ornery heart. Kirk

rates credit, along with as smart a troupe of actors as you’ll ever find together in one movie. Following in the path of Letter To Three Wives, Phone Call proves perhaps that lightning can and sometimes does strike twice in the same place.

Cast: Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill, Michael Rennie, Keenan Wynn, Bette Davis.—20th Century-Fox.

PHOTO CREDITS

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

set out for Northern California in 1900, an arrogant, lawless, land-grabbing lumberman with his greedy eye on the forests of redwood trees there. Kirk means to push the poor settlers off the land and make his million in a flash. "Honey, we're going to be rich, rich," he boasts to blonde Patrice Wymore, his dance hall sweetie. But after a gander at brunette Eve Miller, the sweet, devout daughter of a settler, Kirk chucks Patrice and switches to the settlers' side against another mob that is trying to grab the land. Kirk is always the blazing man of action—he fights bad guy John Archer at the edge of a cliff, blows up the dam Archer is using to hamstring the settlers, and rescues Eve from a runaway train just before it plunges off a bridge. Heel or hero, Kirk is rugged as a stick of dynamite all the way through The Big Trees. But we can't help wondering: whatever became of the Douglas who portrayed a quiet, intelligent schoolteacher so gently and appealingly in A Letter To Three Wives?

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Eve Miller, Patrice Wymore.—Warners.

INVITATION

The beautiful lady with the rare, fatal disease—the doctors give her only one year to live—is back with us again in Invitation. Bette Davis played her in Dark Victory. Margaret Sullivan had her fling in No Sad Songs For Me, and now it's Dorothy McGuire who is hovering tremulously and tearfully on the brink of rigor mortis. We bow to Miss McGuire: in a script that is soggy and artificial as a soap opera, she acts beautifully, with passionate belief in the tragedy of the rich, sick and lonely girl in Invitation. Though dying, Miss McGuire brings the only note of life into the movie. For if a fatal malady were not at work here, Invitation might simply—and easily—talk itself to death. First Dorothy talks of her marriage to Van Johnson: she thought he loved her but discovers he was practically bought by her father to make her last year happy. Then Van unfolds his side of the marriage: he may have been "bought" at first, but he has come now to love Dorothy deeply. It makes for a powerful lot of talk and we're afraid Van is not at his happiest in this morose conversation piece. And just when Dorothy has decided she doesn't mind dying, having had Van's love for one whole year, a doctor turns up with a new kind of operation to cure her incurable illness. Miss McGuire therefore has the pleasure of being gloriously tragic all over the place, yet living happily ever after, too—and with Van Johnson. It proves, we guess, that life—and death—can be beautiful.

Cast: Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire, Ruth Roman, Louis Calhern.—MGM.

SCANDAL SHEET

Pardon us if we let out a long, slow "ho-hum" over Scandal Sheet. But we've had our fill of movies about newspaper life in which the hero is one of those smart, brassy reporters who always beats the police to the scene of the crime, solves murders before the law even has a clue, and seldom does anything so shockingly ordinary as sitting down at a typewriter. John Derek, the wonder boy of Scandal Sheet, reminds us of no reporter we have ever met anywhere in America, and that goes double for his editor, Broderick Crawford, a barking, semi-gangster type who sounds as if he might be taking bets in a

(Continued on page 93)

In the heart of Paris, on the Île de la Cité,
Evening in Paris is an invitation to romance. And because it lingers like a love song, Evening in Paris is worn by more women than any other perfume.

Exciting things happen when it's

Evening in Paris

BOURJOS

Created in France...Made in the U.S.A.
Two telegrams, delivered to Peter Lawford within a period of ten days by trans-oceanic cable, completely changed the course of the young actor’s life.

The first told Pete that his close friend, Lieutenant Charles Dunne, had been killed in action in Korea.

The second brought news of the tragic death of Robert Walker.

For a man to lose his two best friends in the space of a few days is more than tough luck. It is a violent blow that is quite likely to set off an explosion somewhere in his inner being. On the surface, Peter took the news as many men would. He left his hotel room, walked to the nearest bar, and tried to steady his nerves with a stiff drink. He didn’t talk about his grief. He still doesn’t, but in the months that have passed, it is evident to his most intimate friends that Pete is not the same man he was, and never will be again. At 28, he has run smack into the grim realism he never before encountered during a more or less carefree existence in Hollywood, the least realistic city in the world.

Peter doesn’t believe that there’s any drama in his life at the moment. He says, “I know that actors are for writing and talking about, but outside of certain personal ambitions of my own in the field of my profession, I can’t dig up anything startling about myself.”

But, actually, Peter Lawford is at the critical point in his life. And like a gambler, staking all on a throw of the dice, he gives no indication of an awareness of this fact. (Continued on page 96)
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, $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 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 93, Wallingford, Connecticut.

WALLACE

Third Dimension Beauty

STERLING

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Exciting Color that clings to your lips!
Smooth Loveliness that lasts without drying!

Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

Eight Glorious Shades—So flattering, and Fashion-Right!

Touch it to your lips... feel how smoothly it goes on! Then see how the radiant color of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick brings a new, bewitching beauty to your lips! And that glorious color stays and stays... fresh, luscious, exciting! Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick won't dry your lips... keeps them always adorable, kissable! There's a perfect, flattering shade for you in Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick. Buy it today!

Just 29¢
In the popular swivel case

Face Powder
Talcum Powder
Hand Lotion
All-Purpose Cream

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
On this and the following 14 pages are stories of Hollywood’s lovers—the ones who get their hearts broken, and the ones who get away; the bachelors, the bobby-soxers, the gay divorcées. For each, love holds a different meaning, but always a promise...

HOLLYWOOD’S PROBLEM LOVERS

by Louella Parsons

Before we go any further—don’t for a minute think that I’m against Hollywood’s “problem’ lovers.” If it weren’t for the romantic headaches of the widely conspicuous group of Hollywood honeys who can’t manage their love lives, Hollywood would be a far less “human” place and probably I wouldn’t be pecking out this piece, or have 30 years of a newspaper gossip column behind me—and 20 years of a radio show.

May I tell you something about you? You fans respect the stars who marry and stay married and who enjoy happy home lives.

But you eat up stories about those less fortunate glamor girls and boys who can’t seem to cope with Cupid.

To even an amateur psychiatrist like myself—this seems to prove that more people have love problems than don’t have ‘em—so what I have to say from here on is in a purely sympathetic light—and should be so considered.

Getting down to cases, I don’t know any girl in any walk of life anywhere who wants more to be in love, be married and have a happy home life than Betty Hutton. And yet love-happiness continually eludes her. Why? Because she’s in love with love!

She is constantly mistaking the mirage for the real thing. Knowing her as I do, I believe she has never rid herself of an image of love as it is lived in the movies or in books of fiction.

In her childhood, she never knew a settled, happy, home life. Her father ran out on her mother while Betty and her sister, Marion, were still in pigtails. She never had an example of real love and happiness between her parents in those all important formative years of her youth.

So, Betty turned to a love ideal as it is romantically and attractively lived in musical comedies, movies and fiction thrillers where everything is constantly exciting and where affairs d’amour are lived at a colorful pace.

Everytime she falls in love, I believe Betty sees herself as a fiction heroine. When she was married to Ted Briskin her “role” was that of the wife and mother carrying a financial load and forced (by Ted) to behave in a sedate and mature manner that stifled her natural exuberant instincts.

When her marriage failed, as it was bound to do, Betty’s next big romance was with Robert Sterling. Everything she had been holding back as Mrs. Ted Briskin, she let go when good-looking Bob came into her life. She danced, she sang, she “necked” openly and unabashedly with Bob as the “heroine,” suddenly released from too much responsibility. (Continued on next page)
HERE ARE HOLLYWOOD'S UNHAPPY PEOPLE; THEY CAN'T STAY IN LOVE—OR OUT OF TROUBLE!

(Continued from preceding page) Betty's next romantic mood was a five-day "engagement" to brilliant, young producer, Norman Krasna. During this interlude, Betty dramatized herself as the little girl with "no education" who came from the wrong side of the tracks, who had no "upbringing" but who, miraculously, had attracted the love of a near genius.

All during their hectic and short-lived romance, Betty's constant comment was "How can he be in love with little old me?" When the excitement over the Zing Girl and the Boy Genius died down—she must have found out. It was hard to believe, but they actually didn't have anything in common!

Right now, Betty's love life is choreographer Charles O'Curran, a talented dance director, and the "role" is obvious: the successful star helping a clever young man up the ladder of fame. I think Betty will remain in love with O'Curran just as long as this Lady Bountiful mood interests her.

Someday, sometime, a real love will come into Betty's life—for she is a generous, goodhearted girl with a sincere desire for a home and family life. When that happens—she'll be glad to stop all the pretending and settle down to being a woman in love—and not a fictional character.

Elizabeth Taylor's love problem is obvious—too much spoiled youth plastered over by a heavy coating of pseudo-sophistication.

Before we criticize luscious Liz too much, we should stop and remember she's a kid just out of bobbysox who is having a you-know-what of a time kicking up her French heels along the romance trail.

Whether or not she is married to Michael Wilding, Liz and love are not through with each other. And they won't be until she is far, far more mature—not just a little girl playing at a grown up emotion.

She was just a child "dressed up" in a wedding gown when she married Nicky Hilton. It was a child "playing" grown-up who had previously announced herself as being in love with football star Glenn Davis, and later with millionaire Bill Pawley. But Elizabeth won't fool me—with all her sophistication and cigarette smoking and gay girl-of-the-world behavior—until she proves that she is really a mature human being by acting like one.

Women who are outstandingly beautiful to look upon—as Elizabeth—frequently have trouble with love problems all their lives. Consider the case of Hedy Lamarr who has been hailed as the most beautiful woman in the world and who, as such, should (Continued on page 91)
Faced with the most difficult decision of his life, Gary Cooper is torn between his love for Pat Neal, and his reluctance to break up his home. Coop says: "I love Pat and she loves me, but it isn't as easy as that."

Love problems were blamed by friends for Coop’s recent illness. He recuperated in Sun Valley with daughter Maria, wife Rocky. Eighteen years of married life have a great hold on Gary.

Betty Hutton, desperately wanting a secure home life for herself and her daughters, now thinks she’s in love with Charles O’Curran. But Betty has always mistaken the mirage for the real thing, and happiness keeps eluding her.

With a stormy, front-page courtship behind them, Ava and Frankie’s troubles are just beginning. Most Hollywood observers feel that their pre-marital battles were a prelude to what’s next.

Lana can’t find a man who wants her for herself and not for her glamorous reputation. She has always been willing to give up her career for marriage, but may lose out again with Fernando Lamas who already has a wife.

Money was one of the causes for Sylvia and Clark Gable’s split-up. Clark resented her careless spending, and may have composed her to his third wife, Carole Lombard, who went 50-50 on everything.
Holding hands with Liz Taylor helped dispel one of the false impressions so common about Monty. The guy really does like to step out!

His reputation as a recluse

There are a couple of tales told in Hollywood that are supposed to point up the oddness of Montgomery Clift, with respect, of course, to his poverty-stricken appearance and his shy immersion in solitude.

One day, a story goes, a grip working on a Clift picture had missed his lunch and during the afternoon had slipped out to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He brought them back to the set, perched on top of a property wagon and began to wolf the food. Then he happened to spot Monty Clift, slumped disconsolately in a canvas chair staring into space. The grip put the sandwich down and had trouble swallowing the bite he had in his mouth.

“What’s the matter?” asked a fellow grip, “aren’t you hungry any
WHO IS MONTY KIDDING?

Contrary to public opinion, good food served well is very important to Monty. When he doted Judy Balaban, he took her to midnight supper at a swanky New York night spot on the East Side where he was completely at home.

Monty does own a tux, and what's more, he enjoys wearing it! Monty is happy to be seen with around New York or L.A.

evaporates every time he hits the night spots or dons a dinner jacket . . .

more? Why aren't you eating now?"

"Sure I'm hungry," he said, "but how do you think I can eat with that poor son of a gun over there starving to death?"

Then there was the time when a group at Paramount was collecting clothing for a European relief organization. A couple of employees were wheeling a hand truck down the main studio street, gleefully chattering about the haul they'd made at some dressing rooms. Montgomery Clift turned into the street on his way to makeup. He was dressed in ill-mated trousers and jacket and wore a rough shirt without a tie. Nothing seemed to fit—and the outfit was obviously beyond the stage of salvage. The collectors fell silent until Clift had passed and was out of earshot. Then one of the men halted the truck, patted the bulging bundles and turned to his companion.

"Say," he said, "are you sure we're sending this stuff to the right place?"

There are other stories, too many to record here, and they all have pretty much the same point. Poor Montgomery Clift. Some of the yarns say that he is robbed every pay day and never gets to keep a dime. Others that he is so gone on his work that he forgets to eat and buy clothes; or that he hates simple luxuries like steaks and warm coats. Much of this is believed—and much of it is tagged publicity. However, it is generally conceded that Montgomery Clift is a character with a penchant. (Continued on page 83)
Jane Wyman’s getting ready for the fling of her life—and you can bet your bottom dollar that when the smoke clears away she’ll be clinging to the arm of a brand new flame.

BY STEVE CRONIN

Jane Wyman strutted into a shop in Beverly Hills recently and picked a small bronze statue from the window display. She held it at different angles and a salesgirl approached her.

“What do you get for this work of art, honey?” Jane asked.

“Twenty dollars, madam,” said the girl.

The manager appeared from behind a curtain leading to the back room, saw who his customer was and began to fidget with a table display.

“Stick it in a nice box and send it over to my house, will you, kid,” said Jane. And after giving the address she said, “C.O.D."

“Yes, madam,” the salesgirl said as she started towards the counter.

“Thanks, honey,” said Jane and charged back out into the street.

“Hey, wait a minute,” cried the salesgirl, dropping out of character. “Just a minute, lady!”

The manager came over. “What’s the matter?” he said.

“She was in and out so fast,” said the salesgirl, “that I forgot to ask her her name.”

“The lady,” said the manager testily, “was Jane Wyman.”

“It was not!” said the salesgirl.

“It certainly was,” said the manager. “I’ve waited on her before. I know her.”

“Well, it just happens,” said the salesgirl, “that Jane Wyman is my favorite movie star. I never miss one of her pictures. And if I saw her in the middle of the night with the lights out and my glasses off I’d know her. That was not Jane Wyman.”

The manager won, but not without a battle. And the salesgirl wasn’t alone. It is a very usual thing for people not to recognize Jane Wyman—about as common as the stories that are told about fans not recognizing their favorite movie stars.

But with Jane Wyman it’s different. The real, physical, emotional Jane Wyman is so far removed from the screen Jane Wyman that it’s not at all odd that she is seldom recognized.

If you have seen her in *The Glass Menagerie*, *The Blue Veil* or *Johnny Belinda*, you wouldn’t know her if you saw her. In all of those pictures she played a mouse, an unvital character with a limp, a twitch, an affliction (Continued on page 88)
His marriage was a tragic failure; it threw him for a loss. But now he's Happy Dan the bachelor man with a new girl every Sunday. And so he says:

"I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN"

by sheilah graham

"I'll never marry again, Sheilah, so help me." It's Dan Dailey speaking, and I usually take such a statement with several grains of skepticism. But something final in the way Dan says it convinces me absolutely. I'll go on record and state he will not ever marry again. (Not for years and years, anyway!)

I gathered this information at the Encore Restaurant on La Cienega Boulevard, owned and run by Dan's great pal, Andy McIntyre, as newly divorced from Marilyn Maxwell as Dan is from his Liz. At the Encore we talked of love, life and Dan Dailey.

Over the hot consommé and salad, I ask Dan, "Is it true what I hear about you and girls?" Dan grins and says, "What do you hear—that I love 'em?" "That you rotate them," says I. He roars, "I hadn't thought of it like that. But you're right. I don't want to get too close to any girl. Why should I ever fall in love? I'm happier as a bachelor than I ever was when I was married to Liz."

I was coming to the ex-Mrs. Dailey later. First I wanted to know about Dan's dates with Jane Nigh, Shelley Winters, June Haver, Ann Miller and young Barbara Whiting, among many others. I wanted to know whether any one of these girls meant something romantically to Dan, or were they all just a part of an objective system for playing a tune without having to pay the piper. And I do mean marriage. He told me—with the frankness and lack of self-kidding I have always liked him for:

"First of all, you must know this about me," Dan said. "I'm a male. I like to support my woman. I like to pay for everything she needs. And I can. If I weren't in show business I could work as a laborer. I'm strong. I've dug ditches. I could never come home to a wife who was helping to pay for the groceries. That is why I could never marry a career woman. That rules out Shelley Winters right away. And Jane Nigh and June Haver and (Continued on page 97)
STILL IN LOVE WITH ALY?

The divorce waits in Reno, but Rita sits tight in Hollywood. Is it because Aly Khan is not only on her mind but in her heart as well?  BY CYNTHIA MILLER

Remember last year how determined Rita Hayworth was to divorce Aly Khan? Remember how dramatically she left her playboy husband in Africa, flew to Europe, bundled up her babies, and proceeded to Reno? Remember all the hullabaloo and headlines out of Nevada? RITA DEMANDS $3,000,000 FOR CHILD . . . ALY'S LAWYER TO FLY FROM PARIS . . . RITA WARNS ALY TO QUIT STALLING.

That was last May.

At this writing, Rita Hayworth is still Mrs. Aly Khan, and still Princess Rita to the Moslems.

What cooks? How come after establishing legal residence in Nevada, hiring attorneys, filing documents, obeying all the divorce requirements to the letter, Rita has failed to pick up her divorce?

She may pick it up any day after she finishes Affair In Trinidad with Glenn Ford. She may even have the valuable document as you read this article—but why all the delay? And why did Rita say, "I'm holding the divorce in abeyance."

You can't get Rita to talk about the Prince these days, or for that matter, about any of the men in her life. Could it be that despite all the anguish and trouble he caused her, Rita is still in love with Aly?

On New Year's Day this year, Aly phoned Rita from Rio de Janeiro. The call lasted 30 minutes and cost $120.

When Rita slipped the phone onto its cradle, her eyes were misty. She decided at that moment to let the divorce lie. After all, there was really no hurry. Whenever she wanted she could fly up to Reno and get the decree papers in a few hours. (Continued on page 102)
Ann Blyth lives passionately—on the screen. Does she expect fiery roles to make up for a life without love?

Ann Blyth is driving a magnificent new Cadillac these days. Nine years ago, when she was 14 and just signed by Universal-International, she stated her two fondest ambitions. One was to have a mink coat. The other was to own a Cadillac. She didn't mention a private swimming pool.

She bought the mink coat two years ago. The Cadillac and the swimming pool—they were given to her by Howard Hughes a little before 1952.

But it's Ann Blyth, so everyone says, "Oh, yes, the Cad and the swimming pool are bonuses she got for going into The Korean Story. That's all, because everyone knows that, romantically, Ann is idealistic as a schoolgirl, and she'd rather have a lonely heart than a bad conscience. And it's true, despite the fact that the very charming bachelor Mr. Hughes has always liked lovely, talented ladies around him. (And the lovely, talented ladies have returned the compliment.) But Ann Blyth, as lovely as any of them, and twice as talented as most, fits into a separate category.

Last winter, after a few weeks shooting of The Korean Story, the star, Claudette Colbert, became too ill to continue. Delays were costly and Hughes looked for a replacement. He decided that Ann was the ideal girl to replace Miss Colbert.

She was immediately contacted, but for the first time in her Hollywood career, she hesitated. A change had come over Ann Blyth. Very quietly, but very confidently she was beginning to assert herself.

She hesitated. Other actresses would have argued, screamed, stalked about like tigresses, but Ann displayed a quiet resistance that could move mountains.

She hardly said a word; she knew better. She knew she'd just have to smile and look up from the depths of her exquisite eyes. So by gesture, rather than talk, Ann conveyed the idea that after all a role written (Continued on page 68)
These were John Wayne’s words when his marriage

- This is a difficult story to write. It is difficult because the author is not sure how to write it. Should it be the story of an actor in trouble with his wife—an actor who has been chosen the greatest star in Hollywood and the happiest in his private life. Or should it be the tale of a man who has a problem and wants to work it out? Probably, because the author was, in a minor way, there at the time, it should just be a recitation of events that will tell everything. Yes, that’s the way to tell it.

The reason for the story is a series of news items that
was tottering. Will they be enough to save it? Modern Screen brings you the story of a troubled man.

appeared in the nation's press. They stated simply that John Wayne and his wife of seven years had separated, and that she had retained an attorney to handle a settlement of their joint properties. It said nothing of divorce, but it hinted that such a thing was possible. These news stories came as no surprise to this writer because he knew about it but had decided not to tell—not, at least, until it had to be told. Now it does.

I decided not to tell this story just after I heard it, in an airplane last Christmas Eve. The plane had been in the air for hours. I sat next to John Wayne, and in the comfortable peace of the giant ship, with the propellers humming a hypnotic spell around us, we talked for several hours. We talked about a hundred things as men will when they have time on their hands—and just for a moment we talked about him and his wife. But everything was said in that minute. Then the pretty little Latin hostess came along. She was carrying a silver tray on which there were two pink cocktails in long-stem misty glasses. Where they came from, at 18,000 feet in the (Continued on page 103)
how Betty Grable lives

A little imagination, a lot of red paint—and the James' gloomy, 25-year-old mansion became a home just as vivid and up-to-the-minute as Betty herself!

The solid, well-built balustrade in the front hall, made by an English craftsman years ago, could not be duplicated today.

Books and racing trophies line the walls of the library. The compact bar in the corner at right was once a useless closet.

A long-neglected, over-grown Italian garden in back of the house was replaced by this modern pool and brick terrace. Wooden benches, which made the grounds resemble a park, were removed.

Over-sized couches and an eight-foot square coffee table fill up the huge living room. Either a portrait of the James' girls or one of the new colts will go over the fireplace—but Betty hasn't decided which it will be yet.
The dark mahogany panelling of the library was brightened by vivid colors and gay fabrics. The two lamps were made from brass hitching posts.

The unique dining room arrangement was Betty's idea. Whenever she entertains, and she likes to do so often, she pushes together the three tables (only two are shown above) to make one unit.

Betty Grable has one favorite household chore. She loves to pay bills! On the first Saturday of each month, she clutches a stack of statements, grabs her typewriter, sneaks into husband Harry's study, and for two whole dreamy hours does nothing but type out checks. This done, she pats them into a little pile and leaves them for the head-of-the-house to sign.

One Saturday a few months ago, Betty was ecstatically happy. She had not only made up with her studio after a nine-month suspension but here she was, living in a new house and typing out checks in Harry's new study.

She had just finished paying the gasoline bill when her two auburn-haired little daughters, Jessica and Victoria, suddenly burst into the room. (Continued on next page)
Their eyes were burning with excitement.  
“Mummie,” cried Victoria. “Guess what!”  
“Sh-h-h,” Mummie cautioned. “Your daddy’s still asleep.”

Six-year-old Jessica shook her head sadly.  
“Maybe you’ll have to wake him, Mummie. Something’s happened.”

Betty frowned and turned towards Vickie.  
“What is it, darling? What’s happened?”

Vicki grinned. “Some people are having a picnic on our lawn.”

“You’re not fibbing now, are you?”  
“Honest, Mummie. A whole bunch are down there. They parked their car under our trees.”

“And,” added Jessica, “they’re eating and eating and eating. Why don’t I wake Daddy? Maybe he can chase them with his trumpet.”

Betty got up. “Don’t dare disturb your father. I’ll come and see about it.”

She tip-toed through the bedroom and hurried down the steps with Vicki and Jessie close behind.

As soon as she opened the front door, Betty Grable chuckled. Sure enough, a family of five were sitting on her front lawn munching sandwiches and pouring milk out of a thermos.

Betty, dressed in her usual outfit—slacks and turtle neck sweater—walked over to the trespassers.

“I’m sorry to disturb you,” she announced, “but you’re on private property.”

The embarrassed father jumped to his feet. “Gosh!” he explained. “We sure are sorry. We’re from out of town, and we’ve been riding around searching for a picnic spot. When we saw those big open gates, we thought this was some sort of public park. Sure am sorry, Miss. We’ll clear out in a minute.” He stopped and looked down at Vickie (Continued on page 105)
Harry objected to Betty's suggestion of red for their bedroom, so she decided on raspberry. When Harry first saw the bed pillows, he thought they looked like lollipops—but Betty's happy with them.

A port of the attic was made over into a combined study and dressing room for Harry, with plenty of room for all his mementos and clothes. Betty's mother crocheted the afghan on the couch for him.
if he were only single...

GIRLS SIGH OVER RIC, THEIR "BEAUTIFUL GUMDROP"—BUT HE JUST BLUSHES AND REMAINS THE PERFECT

The Hurricane Bar on Broadway was not exactly the place you'd pick for a grand premiere. It was bedlam that night with a phony tropical storm beating against a pane of glass and flashes of phony lightning blazing on the customers who sat there in the murky room mainly because they had no better place to go.

But at one of the tables was an eager young guy of about 20 with blue-black hair and an olive complexion. His eyes were glued to a juke box which played jerky little movie shorts when you slipped in a dime. "Soundies," they called them. After this excited character had invested six dimes, Number Seven came up. It was his big moment. "The Latin From Staten Island," the title flickered, "starring Ricardo Montalban."

"Here I come," he breathed expectantly. And there he was—on a cardboard ferry flashing his white teeth and bawling out Gus Van's title tune. In a minute he was off and Number Eight was on. His starring debut was over. It was big stuff for Ricardo; he'd actually earned 70 dollars for that triumphant performance, which marked a big step forward in his career.

A sailor, who'd been soaking himself in rye, leaned over from the next table and slapped his shoulder.

"Say," he muttered, "was zat you?"

"Yes, yes indeed," responded Ricardo gratefully.

"Buddy," said the sailor, "you really stink!"

By now Ricardo Montalban would be the last person in the world to challenge that early verdict, although at the time it didn't make him feel very happy. But by now, of course, things are a little different. The pride of the soundies is now the pride of MGM, and his efforts are definitely more appreciated.

A few years ago, Ricardo walked into
the premiere of Fiesta unmolested, but on the way out he lost part of his clothes and got lipstick smeared all over what was left. After On An Island With You and that hot dance with Syd Charisse, he got passionate pen proposals like the one which said, “I just want to die dancing—held tight in your arms!” And as recently as Across The Wide Missouri, when he bared his beautiful muscles, a veteran MGM mail clerk disgustedly handed him a scented letter begging, “Lift me up on your wild horse, my darling, and let us ride away together into the sunset!”

“Listen, Rick,” said the clerk, “you’d better watch it. Dames haven’t gone screwy like this since Rudy Valentino made The Sheik—and you know what happened to him.”

Ricardo Montalban is the first truly Americanized Latin to take Hollywood by storm. And to tell the truth, although he’s been around Hollywood seven years now, not more than a dozen people understand him. From Valentino himself clear down to Fernando Lamas, Hollywood’s exotic menaces have been cats of a different stripe—and to some selfish ladies it’s a shame that Ricardo’s not.

Not long ago at a big Hollywood gala, Ricardo started dancing at seven o’clock and kept it up until four-thirty in the morning, sitting down only to snatch something to eat at nine. When he finally left, with his wife, Georgiana, the lining of his dinner jacket was wringing wet and the stitching in the sleeves was ripped out (he had to throw it away the next day). His hair was tumbled and his face flushed with fun. Watching him exit thus an envious doll, one of the gang who had stood in line for his dances all night, clucked regretfully and shook her carefully coiffured head in obvious dismay.

“Oh, man,” she thought out loud, “What that kid would do to Hollywood if he were only single!”  

(Continued on page 62)
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAIR IN THE WORLD

Hollywood's most famous beauty experts formed MODERN SCREEN's board of judges and chose these 12 stars as the best-tressed of the year.

For the second successive year, nine of Hollywood's top beauty experts were invited by the editors of MODERN SCREEN to select the 12 stars who have the most beautiful hair in the world. The job was both hard (last year's winners were automatically eliminated) and easy (lovely hair is almost a commonplace among Hollywood actresses). But the judges finally decided on these outstanding beauties, who, by combining skillful care with the most flattering coiffure, merited a place among this most select circle.

Last year's winners were June Allyson, Ann Blyth, Bette Davis, Rhonda Fleming, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman.

There is a saying among Hollywood beauty experts that goes, "A face is a face, but a head of hair is a mop you can really do something about." Despite the fact that the stars pictured on these two pages have the kind of faces you write home about, they take that saying to heart. They know that hairstyles can make or break them glamorwise, and they pass up coiffure fads for individual cuts that always charm, never grow old. And long ago they learned a simple rule: beautiful hair is clean, shining hair. There are no secret methods for achieving that. Frequent shampooing and brushing result in never-failing loveliness. So take a tip from those who know—wash your way to glamor!

The judges who selected these top 12 stars are: Nellie Manley of Paramount; Jean Burt of Warner Brothers; Larry Germain of RKO-Radio; Irene Brooks of 20th Century-Fox; Joan St. Oegger of Universal-International; Helen Hunt of Columbia; Perc Westmore of Westmore's Salon; Myran Nolt, Beauty Salon, Beverly Wilshire Hotel; Bill Tuttle of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
SUSAN HAYWARD's hair requires light permanents, frequent washing to give it body.

JEANNE CRAIN's fashionable short hair-do is easy to manage, stays lovely with brushing, weekly shampoo.

LIZABETH SCOTT is a hair-brush addict. She knows that a simple cut has to gleam.

JUNE HAVER's baby fine tresses call for liberal oil treatments and careful handling.

JOAN CRAWFORD says hair-care is more important than face-care, stresses importance of fine shampoos.

JAN STERLING occasionally wears her hair pulled straight back to ward off split ends.

JANET LEIGH's long bob always shines thanks to 100 strokes a night with a good brush.

JANE RUSSELL ignores style trends, once bobbed her hair, but so many fans protested she let it grow back.

ARLENE DAHL substitutes a champagne rinse for the vinegar wash of grandma's day.
the Dereks live the way they like—in the hills far from Hollywood. They can’t afford to entertain, avoid glamorous outings.

CALL HIM SOFT AND YOU’LL BE SORRY. DEREK PACKS A WALLOP THAT’S PRETTIER THAN HIS PROFILE!

Pretty tough

by Kirtley Baskette

John didn’t have a double for his role in Saturday’s Hero. He suffered a concussion during the filming.
It had been a hard day for John Derek. It was always hard for him to make a personal appearance in a theater since he couldn't sing, dance, or tell funny stories. He felt that he was making an ass of himself. But that was over now, matinee and evening, and he was ready for a steak.

So, after the Saturday's Hero show, he sat in a restaurant in an Eastern city and while he waited, the local Columbia representative went out to get the papers. He tossed one at John, flipped open to the drama reviews. "He doesn't love you," he grinned wryly. John started to read—and he lost his appetite then and there.

"The sports boys are right," wrote the critic. "After seeing John Derek it's obvious he couldn't play football against 11 powder puffs. A real grid squad would squash this pretty boy in five minutes..." And so it went on, taking him cruelly apart.

John tightened his already taut mouth and paled at the temples underneath his tan. "Who the devil is this guy?" he demanded. "Him I've got to get!"

"Sh-h-h!" warned his companion.

"Here he comes now."

There was a mumbled introduction and a hand stuck out. Automatically, John took it, then the thought flashed red in his brain. "I hate this man." Suddenly he flipped his hand scornfully up in the air—and swung.

Somebody caught his arm and pushed him back in his seat and it was over. So John started to eat his steak, but without tasting it and he thought moodily about what had happened in this city; how he'd gone to an outlying theater as a favor, when he should have stayed in his hotel with that flu bug, and then, just as he was walking in, the mocking voice, "Well, well,—so this is the re-d-d-d hot quarter-back, hey?" And how he'd spun, as if winged by a bullet, and stalked back through the lobby and up to three boys bullies standing there. "I'm not a quarter-back," he'd said in a voice flat with anger. "I don't play football. I make pictures. I made a football picture. And does anybody here want to make anything out of that?" But suddenly nobody did and he whirled back inside the theater and was still so mad when he went on stage that he let the audience have it, told them off. said his piece—the longest he'd ever spouted—until they almost had to drag him off the stage.

What was the (Continued on page 78)
He's going that-a-way!

BY JIM BURTON

"I can't put on any airs," says Dale, who cheerfully donned an apron to help Mom with the dishes on his recent visit to Oklahoma.

His mother's dog, "Captain," was waiting to greet Dale and "Chief" on their arrival in Oklahoma. Dale made the trip in 28 hours.
Look out—here comes Dale Robertson! This fellow with an Oklahoma drawl and a hankering for horses is galloping to fame.

Dale, who loves outdoor life, leaped at the chance to shoot quail with his brothers, Roxy and Chet, during his Christmas visit. Came home with his legal limit that very afternoon!

Cath in the act! Dale looked up guiltily when his Mom found him tasting her lemon pie. "Dale never could wait till I set it on the table," laughed Mrs. Robertson. "He hasn't changed in any respect."

Dale Robertson means what he says. He's only 28 but he knows where he's going and his fans are taking him there faster than he dreamed.

Robertson is so hot at the moment that the studio has hired two extra girls to sort out his fan mail. Exhibitors all over the country are shouting for more Robertson pictures, and studio executives, who've placed him in six films during 1951, are trying to see if they can squeeze him into seven this year.

Despite this sudden popularity and the fact that he is currently earning a considerable salary, Robertson insists upon remaining himself.

"I have bought very few clothes," Dale says, "since I got out of the army in '46. I like nice clothes but don't wear them much. See this sport coat I'm wearing? Cost 26 bucks six years ago."

(Continued on next page)
he's going that-a-way! continued

Dale stays out of night clubs and fashionable hotels and wears a suit only on very special occasions such as his marriage. I'll probably wear one for the baby's baptism, too," he adds. (The Robertson's first baby is expected in June.) "Only there's not going to be any remodeling around my house when the baby comes. We live in a tract house, one of those three-bedroom stucco jobs, kind of cocoa-colored, and I pay $58 a month rent. Bought the place under the G.I. bill, nothing down, four percent interest for 25 years. It's out in a place called Reseda, and it takes me exactly 35 minutes to get to the studio. My wife, Jackie, does all the cooking and cleaning. We have no maid, and I don't imagine we'll have a nurse, either. Biggest expense is to board the horses, but they make it back working in pictures."

Dale Robertson is an old horse-lover. He has five of them fattening up at Dick Dixon's Boarding Stable in Hollywood. And he has 24 other horses quartered on the ranch of Tex Newsome, a friend in Stillwater, Oklahoma.

"I'm in the movies for one reason," Dale explains. "Want to get enough money to buy a ranch."

Dale's mother says, "That boy isn't fooling, either. His lifetime ambition has been to own a ranch and become an Oklahoma cowboy. Even when he (Continued on page 81)"
DETERMINED. HIS AUNTS WANTED HIM IN FANCY-PANTS, BUT COWBOY BOOTS HAD ALREADY WON HIS HEART.

Will Rogers, who once met Dale when he was a youngster, suggested: "Let me give him a screen test." But mother refused, thought he belonged home.

But no one could make a sissy out of him! He discarded fancy clothes as soon as he could and started acting rugged—even climbed Pike's Peak at 14.

Dale hasn't bought many new clothes since he was discharged from the army in '46. (He was a 2nd Lt. at 23.) Still wears a coat he bought then for $26.

Dale's a horse-and-dog lover, says he's in Hollywood for one reason: "to get enough money to buy my horses a ranch." His lifetime ambition has been to become a cowboy, although his fans are on the way to making him a movie idol.
Saturday night at

People used to sing that Saturday night was the loneliest night in the week—but not at Debbie's house, where everybody joins in making fudge and whoopee!

It was Debbie Reynolds to Bob Wagner on the phone. "Oh, lucky boy," she crooned. "I'll pick you up at half-past-eight, and don't forget to wear an apron." This invitation left Bob slightly confused, but not for many days, because that Saturday night Debbie was honking for him at the curb, and when he'd hopped into her jalopy she explained. "It's a turnabout party. You know—the men do all the work and the women have all the fun."

"I'm not coming," said Bob, but in a flash, he was at Debbie's place, staring into the woe-begone faces of Dick Anderson and Jeff Hunter. Dawn Addams, Barbara Rush (Jeff's wife) and Jeanette Johnson were grinning diabolically. "Nice to see you, Bob," said Dawn. "Got your cookbook?"

"I just remembered," said Bob. "I have a date with my dentist."

"Too late," giggled Debbie. "It's the galley for you. And while you're dreaming up something delectable we'll loll around."

The men went into a huddle. Maybe
Debbie's

they'd been taken (and wrapped up in white and popped into chef's caps) but they weren't beaten!

"What's easy?" murmured Dick.
"Oh," said Debbie, "I'm so hungry. I'd really go for filet mignon and Caesar salad."
"Would you go to Dave Chasen's?" asked Jeff.
"None of that," said Debbie. "You serve it, I'll eat it. But hurry!"

By this time Dick was halfway into the refrigerator. "I've got it!" he cried. "We'll start with ice cream. Delicious. Especially with pineapple sauce—canned."
"A mastermind," said Bob, admiringly.
"We'll end with ice cream," said Dawn.
"Chop suey!" Dick exclaimed. "A child could make it! All he needs is a box of Chinese noodles and a little imagination."
"And a pot," added Debbie, presenting him with one the size of a bathtub.
"That is chop suey?" asked Dawn.
"The best," said Dick. "Nothing but the best for you."
"What can no party be without?" Jeff asked suddenly.
"Guests," chirped his wife, Barbara.
"Fudge," said Jeff, "Creamy, delicious fudge. I'll make it. Do you have some cream cheese, Debbie?" (Continued on next page)
The fudge went like lightning when Debbie passed it around to Jeff Hunter (of Belles On Their Toes), his wife, Borboro, Bob, Dawn, Dick. Later, Deb ended up the turnabout party by driving Bob home in her 1929 Ford.

Saturday night at Debbie's continued

"Sure," said Debbie, dipping into the refrigerator and handing out a package. "From Philadelphia. Imported."

"Dick," directed Jeff, "melt some chocolate. Dawn—chop the pecans. Debbie—out of my way."

"It had better be good," warned Debbie. "That cheese was going to be my Sunday lunch."

But Jeff was concentrating—mixing, blending. "On second thought," he said, "you eat chop suey. I'll take fudge."

As it turned out, they all took everything.

"Maybe it's not chop suey," said Dawn, eating it gingerly. "Was the recipe in the original chinese?"

"Try the fudge," said Jeff.

"Go away," moaned Dawn. But Debbie was game. So were Barbara and the chefs. "Delicious," they chorused.

"I'll have some," said Jeanette. But she was too late. After the food came billiards, music and a lot of talk. And the hours flew by. "Okay," said Debbie wearily. "I guess we'll take you guys home—or your mothers'll worry."

"Do we have to?" asked Dawn.

"Turnabout," grinned Dick Anderson. "And I may even let you kiss me goodnight!"

So Dawn took him home—and he did. **THE END**

---

**DEBBIE'S "PHILLY" FUDGE**

1 3-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (or 6 level tbsps. from the 1-lb. pkg.)

2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

2 1-oz. squares melted unsweetened chocolate

¼ tsp. vanilla

Dash of salt

½ cup chopped pecans

Place cheese in bowl and cream it until soft. Blend in sugar slowly. Add melted chocolate. Mix well. Add vanilla, salt and pecans; mix until well blended. Press into well-greased pan. Place in refrigerator until firm (about 15 minutes). Cut into squares.

(For softer fudge, blend 1 tsp. cream.) Recipe can be revised for Maple, Almond, Coconut, or Peanut Butter Philly-fudge.
"I look for real quality in my dogs and guns—and in my cigarette. That's why I smoke extra-mild FATIMAS. You'll like them too."

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NOTED SPORTSMAN—ENGINEER

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21% Longer...
Extra-Mild and Soothing...
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Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes
Hollywood likes 'em pretty and never mind the brain—so Jeanne Crain thought she'd play it smart by acting dumb. She did so well she almost fooled herself!

BY FRANCES CLARK

When George Nader, a young actor whom Jeanne Crain discovered, was being interviewed recently for facts about his life, he pulled an unusual switch. He didn't want to talk about himself. He wanted to talk about Jeanne. "She's so intelligent!" he exclaimed. "Bring up any subject—art, music, literature, philosophy, anything—and she'll know how to talk about it. A couple of times I thought I'd outsmart her—boned up on something obscure and sprung it on her. She sprung right back with an answer. What a woman!"

George Nader doesn't stand alone in his ecstatic admiration. Everyone in Hollywood—including those important people who cast the movies—are beginning to realize that the girl Jeanne used to be—the ever-sweet ingenue with nothing but light, gay thoughts in her pretty head, isn't there anymore. Jeanne has emerged as a beautiful, mature woman, and, as if this weren't enough, she's revealed a brain with a special glow of its own.

You may wonder how it happened, how such a radical change could occur. Well, to reverse the self-descriptive phrase of another Hollywood beauty, you can say that until recently Jeanne has outwardly appeared as little more than a charming child, while inwardly she has had the emotions of a woman. It just took a little doing to coax her hidden talents to the surface.

For a while those (Continued on page 94)
be a smoothie!

NEW Lady Wildroot

CREAM HAIR DRESSING makes your hair behave!

Has your hair lost its sparkle? Is it dry, stiff and hard to manage? To make it behave, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those fuzzy-wuzzy ends!

Is your hair dry, brittle?
Just pat a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temples, on the ends . . . and then brush for a next, natural look.

Is your scalp dry, tight?
Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp gently. You'll love the way it makes your scalp relax . . . feel so good!

Not sticky . . . not greasy!
Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women's hair. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry ends, give hair body, gleam . . . make it behave. It's delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity.

P. S. For a shampoo that gleams as it cleans, try new WILDRoot LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO.

Personal size 50¢
Dressing-table size $1.00

(Continued from page 47) But that's just the point—he isn't. In fact, the tall, pretty gal who smiled contentedly and whisked Ricardo off home got him before Hollywood did—and that could be one reason why Ricardo's a domesticated screen romancer, and also a conflicting blend of North-and-South-of-the-border traits.

Ricardo's Castilian Spanish is a melodiously perfect thing to hear—yet his English is slangily native. He's a typical American husband who forgets his wedding anniversary, yet if he's away from home even overnight Georgiana gets purple passage telegrams that make the Western Union girls giggle. He lets his wife buy his ties and banish him to the bathroom to plunk his guitar, yet he disdainsfully refuses to step a foot in the kitchen—no place for a caballero. He rules his children, with austere Spanish discipline, yet he has them out in "Hoppin'" rigs and grins indulgently when they rip up the rugs. The girls, Laura and Anita, could be ducky cherubs in a Velasquez canvas, but tow-headed Mark might be a farm kid from Kansas.

Ricardo worries about the high cost of living and taxes, still he brings home extravagant trinkets like solid gold manicure sets for Georgie. He's emotionally moved to tears by a bull fight, but yells "Murder the bum!" like any home grown fight fan at a boxing bout. He greets everyone he knows—male or female—with a rib crushing embrace, yet he blushes like a country boy when actresses call him "Honey." He likes the correct wine with his meals, but orders hamburgers with the works when he lunches out.

This man-of-two-worlds makeup puzzles most of the people Ricardo meets in Hollywood, but it doesn't seem strange at all to Ricardo—and with good reason. He's been shuttling back and forth between Mexico and the U.S.A. ever since he was out of knee pants and while officially a Mexican citizen, he couldn't truthfully tell you which place is home, although his aficionados down South sure can. It was almost an international incident when he deserted Mexican films for Hollywood and they still rumble resentfully down there. As one fiery critic at the time wrote—"The Yanquis take everything. First the silver, then the oil and now Ricardo Montalban!"

That good neighborly piracy took place back in 1944. It was in Mexico City that Jack Cummings, an MGM producer, arrived on a very special mission—hunting a very special man. He looked up his old friend, Norman Foster, who was directing movies down there.

"Norm," he said, "I want the best looking, sexiest, most graceful and dashing actor in Mexico who can play a bull-fighter with Esther Williams in Fiesta. He's got to be—"Come on—a my house," interrupted Norm. "Got something to show you."

What Norm had to show were a flock of films he'd made with Ricardo—some of them bullfighters—but after a couple Jack Cummings didn't need to see any more.

"That's my boy!" he said. "Where is he?"

"Oh, a few blocks from you."

"Well, call him—tell him over here!" deferred Jack, but Norm shook his head.

"I can't. I mean, he's a few blocks from you—in Hollywood. He's just married my sister-in-law, Georgiana."

Norm didn't explain the way Ricardo had married her, which was romantically Latin. Only two weeks after they'd met they eloped secretly to Tijuana, Mexico. Then, taking Georgie back to Hollywood,
he raced off to Mexico City, to make a film to support her. This was after a two day honeymoon! When Ricardo headed stateside again and blessed the union properly in the Catholic church of their faiths, Georgie was pregnant and the altar boys gave the bride and groom questioning stares. "It was a little embarrassing for everyone concerned," Ricardo allows.

But even then Ricardo chased back to Mexico for another picture, came home to Hollywood again just a week before his baby, Laura, was born. And after a while he took Georgie on a belated honeymoon to—Acapulco, Mexico! Right at this moment, after a stretch in Hollywood, he ought to be down Mexico way making Mexican Village with his brother-in-law, Norman Foster.

All this international commuting is strictly okay with Montalban. He loves both countries and both ways of life passionately. He has strong family ties and fervent fans in both places, and a career, too, in either climate if he wants it. In fact, he can make more money today in income tax-free Mexico than he can where Uncle Sam takes his cut, although he's not thinking of reversing the deal. But sometimes he admits "I feel like a jumping bean"—the way his double track, back-and-forth life has gone and keeps on going.

It started November 25, 1920, in Mexico City where his parents, Ricardo and Jenara Montalban, had emigrated from Castile. The Montalbans are of aristocratic lineage, descended from the Conte de Montalban, which means roughly "White Mountain." Being a textile man, Senior Montalban soon gravitated to what Mexicans call "Land of the White Gold"—the cotton country around Torreon farther North. That's where Ricardo, the baby of the family, grew up—a brown-eyed, sensitive almost too-beautiful boy.

At the Torreon school, where he went until he was 14, it was all right, but when he came to the States to school, Ricardo was a tempting target. He spoke the elegant Castile brand of Spanish, unlike his schoolmates, and his parents hadn't gotten him out in traditionally tailored Spanish outfits—short pants, wool hose, coat, white collar, and beret. After getting them ripped off a few times Ricardo begged his folks for a change but it was no go.

"They were traditional people," he explains, "And I was like the American boy beginning his school days and a friend told his father, 'Now that your son's starting school, you ought to buy him an Encyclopedia.' 'The hell with him,' replied the father. 'Let him walk to school like I did!'"

So he had to take it, but summers, on his dad's rancho, he practically grew up on horseback, and spent his days hunting rattlesnakes. He bagged and skinned about 30, and finally grew into a wiry, muscular kid who could rattle off the local lingo and handle himself in a scrap. He still can, as you know if you saw him throw leather in Right Cross. But when he was packed off to the Ecole Francaise in Mexico City, all this country culture made the city kids size him up as a hick. And because he had a high uncontrollable cowlick which made his noggin shape up like a dirigible, they tagged him "Zeppelin."

"Zep" Montalban wasn't too happy as an Ecole internato. In fact, most of his life, Ricardo's been some kind of a Displaced Person, until now he's used to it. "All my life I've had to go all out to make friends," says he a little wistfully. But before he really had a chance to get adjusted at the Catholic Ecole Francaise, the church-baiting Cardenas regime closed it down.

Back in Torreon, Ricardo was placed in a business school and because he was sharp (Continued on page 66)
During the
dark hours of war
in Italy, faith
walked beside me like
a devoted friend.
I learned then to live
without fear.

I live with prayer

by Pier Angeli

■ If it were not that I had within me a
comfort, a way of knowing what my life is and
what I must do with it, I would be in much
trouble now with my family.

Supposing in Italy I wrote that I was 19
and had never been on a date without a
chaperon—it would not be considered un-
usual at all. This would be true of a
lot of unmarried girls there of that age. In
this country I know that it will be a little
hard to believe and many girls will feel
sorry for me. I know they consider me something
like a freak—it comes out in their eyes,
and in the eyes of boys, too, when they
meet me and hear about it.

I watch from my windows and I can
see how here the boy drives up in front of a
girl’s house and blows his horn . . . and pretty
soon she comes dancing out and they drive
away to the beach to spend the whole
day together. I see them in cars at night, the
boy in tuxedo and the girl in something special.
That’s pretty nice. Don’t think I wouldn’t
like it. But I do not let myself get desperate and
defy my mother. To want something is not
sufficient reason for having it in the way I
have lived . . . and I have long ago chosen to
live in the church.

The church does not say I must agree
with my mother. I do not in this instance. I
say to her that 25 mothers would not keep a
girl proper if she did not want to be proper.
And she could live in the middle of an army
camp and not be bad if she were really
good. But the (Continued on page 85)
Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only $1.25, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

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PIPER LAURIE—MEET PIPER LAURIE!

You can, as well as Tony Cur- 
kit, Jimmy Durante, Pat Neal, Ginger 
Bird, Shelley Winters and Rob-

ering, an amazing group of 
life-like movie-star 
models, all attired in 
newly created, large 
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figures in war. 

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closest to you:

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Thalthner’s, Richmond, Va.
Hecht, Philadelphia, Pa.
Macy’s, New York City
Jordan’s, Philadelphia, Mass.
Gert’s, Jamaica, Long Island
Lovemans Co., Columbus, Ohio

DATE
Mar. 2-8
Mar. 16-22
Mar. 30-Apr. 5
Apr. 13-27
Apr. 27-May 3
May 25-31
June 1-16
June 22-28
July 6-12
July 21-26

If he were only 
single

(Continued from page 63) at mathematics, 
headed for an accountant’s career in 
commerce. But that didn’t take, so his 
dad planted him in a dry goods store 
purchased by a friend, “a dry goods store,” 
Ricardo remembers, “I almost went nuts, 
taking inventories, filling orders and 
pasting labels on packages.” A year and a half 
later he was up to 75. People, but a well- 
tied wife and brother, “Chu-Chu,” 
in Hollywood grew increasingly desperate. 
And Chu-Chu was a kindred rebel soul.

At that point, Carlos Montalban, as 
the family knew Chu-Chu, plied Blanche 
Blondy in Hollywood. But before 
that, he’d tried a fling at a movie career 
himself, although he never got the real 
break he wanted and was a little bitter 
about it. He, too, tried to seduce 
Tallullah and brought his little brother up to live 
with him and try some American schools, 
the whole idea was like Heaven opening up 
to Ricardo. He didn’t have a Hollywood 
name, exactly, but “I was a 
terrific movie fan,” he confesses “and 
everything I saw about America I 
worshipped—the streets, the houses, the 
people, the girls, those girls!”

He met them at Belmont High and then 
Fairfax High in Los Angeles, where he 
also picked up the American language and 
customs and something else just as 
important—mystical ideas of what he 
wanted to do. That happened through 
some school plays, one of which, Tovarich, 
moved an MGM talent scout to offer a 
screen test. But Carlos vetoed that idea. 
Erica Brachen, from New York, where he’d 
gone with the beer business, leaving 
Ricardo with a family friend.

“My over dead body,” Chu-Chu replied 
to this. Then he told him how and what they 
did to me in Hollywood. Get gradu-
at and then come back here where I 
can keep an eye on you.” Which is what 
Ricardo did, dutifully, although pecking 
anedictor to the idea. He knew next to 
about, but soon discovered. It was 
Broadway and acting, of course, and when 
Ricardo tearfully spilled his ambitions, 
Chu-Chu reassured him, saying it was 
no more than youthful 

But Broadway wasn’t such a soft touch. 
It never is. And Ricardo Montalban’s saga 
there was the same old story. A good-
looking young man, unlike a thousand 
others, with nothing to sell but youth 
and those looks—and him a foreigner besides.

Luckily, he had a place to sleep and 

enough to eat but his feet got sore and his 
heels became painful. rvonging the 
pavements, climbing stairs and sitting 
hours in offices until people barked “Good-
bye, now. Don’t call us—we’ll call 
you.” And when he then took those 
extra jobs in “sounded,” at the Edison 
Studios on Long Island, “which,” Ricardo 
points out, “is just about as low as you can 
get in the theatrical world.”

But he completed a few stage bits at last— 
one as a butcher in Nancy’s Private 
Affair and another in My Sister Eileen. Then one day 
an agent lifted the telephone receiver in 
his room, where Ricardo was parked, “at 
liberty” as usual.

“Yes,” he said. “I see—I see. I’ll be right 
over.” He turned to Ricardo, “Come on,” 
he said, “you go, too.” He didn’t say 
anything about the vacation. They settled 
in a swank Eastside apartment building there was 
Tallullah Bankhead with a long cigarette 
holder, a frown and a pet lion cub.

“Chu-Chu,” he said, “you got to me a new man. I tell 
you, the boy you sent is horrible. He can’t 
even remember his lines. Get me somebody 
else—anybody and right now.”

“How about Montalban here?” sug-
gested the agent, motioning to Ric. 
“Sit down,” waved Tallullah and Ricardo 
did. The lion bounded over and bit him 
on the foot, tearing his shoe, which was a 
touch of tragedy, because it was the only 
pair he had, but the head ignored this 
when Ricardo—he smelled a job, “Can 
you remember lines?” she 

demanded. “Dahling—all I ask is that you remember 
lines.”

He got the job—a croupier in Her Card-
board Lover starting the next night. So 
he went home with his “sides” and stayed 
up all night, struggling coffee to learn them. 
Then he slept. While the day and hustled 
over the theater—no rehearsal, and he’d 

forgotten to shave. They practically pushed 
him out on the stage when his cue came, 
with Tallullah frowning in the other wing. 
Maybe it was all of 15 seconds, but it

seemed like an hour to him. He stared at the 
audience, they laughed. Then 
the lights flashed on again in his 
brain. There wasn’t anything to it. “Very nice, Dahling,” 
said Tallullah, “and a very 

handsome young man in these 
goo-goo eyes again. And, 
by the way, tomorrow night—would you 
come to borrow my razor?”

She was nice to him. When on, gave him 
her cue, worked him up, even took him 
out to Coney Island for some lovely—dovey 
publicity photos. Next summer Ricardo 
did stock in Maine, came back to Broadway for 

a nice, and made a 

test. But he never learned how it came out 
and still doesn’t know. Because about 
then there was a call from Torrence. 
“Mother’s very ill, an operation. Get 
packed,” said Carlos. 

And Ricardo was 
back where he started from.

Well, to tuck up a tale, that 

anxiously等候ing is why Ricardo is where he is and 
what he is today. After his 

mother was out of danger, he went down 
to Mexico City for a look at the new 
movie industry which was having 
a boom. The minute he stepped on a set he 
was snapped up for a passel of 

people, play—gay boy with Maria Elena 

Marques, later Gable’s Indian 
girlfriend in Across The Wide Missouri. In 
his first very 

screen job Ricardo made the 

seniors double the head—this time it really 

he was the only one in America 

a film star. The film includes 

Georgiana.

“T’d never seen anything like Ricardo,” 
Norman recalls today, “he had the boyish 
charm and beauty that back no 

Spanish boy has. I knew it 

would be a hit, and I was right.” 

He was all I had dreamed of being when 

I was an actor—and I wanted to make him 

be what I never was.” After Santa they 
turned Ricardo back on Ricardo, 

He had such a 

radiant good 

sense of humor. He 

saw light in people. 

They all knew 

nothing about him. 

But Ricardo was 

a Miss World 

that was him. 

And Ricardo was 

an American 

boy, and Ricardo was 

a Mexican 

boy, and Ricardo was 

a Spanish 

boy. He was 

a boy, and Ricardo was 

a woman.” 

He looked like 

Georgiana. 

And Ricardo 

was a boy, and Ricardo was 

a woman.” 

He looked like 

Georgiana. 

And Ricardo 

was a boy, and Ricardo was 

a woman.” 

He looked like 

Georgiana. 

And Ricardo 

was a boy, and Ricardo was 

a woman.”
religiously, there was a slight complication.

Georgie's mother, Mrs. Belzer, gave them her apartment in Westwood to start housekeeping. She's a busy decorator and inclined to move things in and out. So when they came home that night—well—there wasn't any bed.

"A fine thing," cried Ricardo. "Even after I marry you in the church your mother moves out the bed!"

By now Ricardo and Georgie have a big Monterey style house—with beds, and with children—Laura, Mark and Anita, six, four and two. And there'll be another Montalban (Phillip, if it's a boy), sometime in April. Most of Ricardo's private life revolves around his home and children.

In some ways, the protracted holidays between film assignments are a blessing to the private life of the Montalbans and in others an ordeal. Ricardo is wound up like a two-dollar watch. As his pal, Jimmy Whitmore, puts it, "He always acts as if he's running a temperature of 102!" When he isn't working to earn his pay, Ricardo grows, "I feel like a kept man!"

To ease his conscience and calm his ambition to "grow as an actor" Ricardo shows up every day at the studio, work-or-not, still ironing out traces of accent with coach Gertrude Fogler, or rehearsing with the new kids on the lot. There isn't a starlet signed at Metro in the past two years that he hasn't helped with a test, just because he likes to. With Jim Whitmore and some of those young actors and actresses he's formed an experimental group to cook up plays for their own amusement and training. But that leaves a lot of Ricardo's nervous energies still to burn.

So if he isn't splashing in some friend's swimming pool or lacing a tennis ball, he's hanging his guitar or restlessly snatching any loose gadget he can get his hands on around the house to take apart and put together again. He grinds out Spanish music constantly—he has his set of Mexican records and Georgie hers, the Yankee swing kind. But in either case, like as not whatever Mrs. Montalban finds herself doing, she'll be swept soon or later into a rhumba or tango right in the living room even if she has a broom in her hand.

At such times, in self-defense, she sug-Eagen a movie—even in broad daylight, knowing perfectly well that if it might wind up three movies, or maybe four, as happened not long ago, starting at 11 in the morning and carrying through the night. Then there are drives and trips to fall back on with the kids and if the family can't join him Ricardo roars off to the beach and storms up and down the surf alone to work off an explosive energy that as Georgie laughs, "leaves the Montalbans without fear of an atomic bomb. We've already got one.”

What works best to relax Ricardo is a strenuous physical exercise, and curiously now that's doctor's orders—ever since a bronco he was riding on location for Across The Wide Missouri bucked and slammed him down with a rock under his spine. It raised a painful bump and right after that Ricardo's left leg began to act up. It's still partly numb here and there and he can't use it in some postures. What's more, the doctors have told him unless he exercises it faithfully and long every day, it might wind up paralyzed. So now there's a weight lifting session at the gym, and corrective callisthenics, working or not. That takes care of some excess steam, besides keeping every one of that beautiful "symphony of muscles," as one smitten fan describes them, oiled and in top trim.

However, the accident hasn't kept Ricardo and Georgie from their favorite family sport—dancing—although with the multiplying brood they don't get around much

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with the gay set these days. Usually it’s dinner and an evening of canasta (they introduced that Argentine card craze to Hollywood, and we experts), with the friends they see most—Jim and Nancy Whitmore, Marsh and Barbara Thompson, and Geary Steffen and Jane Powell. And then there’s the clannish, close-knit Young family—five couples and 15 kids, with birthdays, anniversaries and something going every holiday of the year and in between.

At a recent Thanksgiving dinner, Loretta wrote out the place cards for all of the clan: “Dear Lord, thank you for Sally and her sympathy.” And another “Dear Lord, thank you for George and her humor.” But for George’s husband, Loretta wrote, “Dear Lord, thank you for Ricardo and his wonderful warmth.”

That’s one way, and a sincere one, of saying what Ricardo Montalban nine years everyone who catches a spark of his charm, close at hand.

Last year, down in Puerto Rico, on a flying Film Festival Jaunt, Ricardo and George were riding through the streets of San Juan and most of its population turned out to see the famous Hollywood stars. There were cheers for them all—but when the Mexican girl, scream a remark in Spanish that set the crowd roaring.

“What did she say?” George asked Ricardo, Ricardo grinned, “You really want to know?” George really did.

“She said,” Ricardo blushed, “Oh, you beautiful gumdrop, you!”

The End

(Ricardo Montalban can soon be seen in MGM’s The Story Of Three Loves.—Ed.)

little miss lonely heart

(Continued from page 38) for Claudette Colbert wasn’t one that she could step into overnight.

Ann was too gentle to announce that for her, the part had to be younger—but presto, it was rewritten younger.

The film, with Robert Mitchum in the male lead, was shooting up in cold, mountainous central Washington, and there had come nothing about its being inaccessible. Immediately a Hughes plane was at her service, with Mr. Hughes standing by to fly it.

And Smiled gratefully. This was all so charming and thoughtful but the truth was that she was tired. She’d been working steadily. The “loanout” money she would earn from The Korean Story would go into stulting, Universal-International. This extra picture, therefore, would mean no profit.

So Mr. Hughes gave her a swimming pool, a new car—and she’d received a week earlier than she’d thought—so she got the Cadillac.

Then, of course, as Ann always does, she went in and gave a great performance. She’s got the gift of getting into a part, but then, she has never been a suspected murderer which she played in Thunder On The Hill or Caruso’s wife, or anything at all like that. As Pierce, who chopped him so terribly for her mother, Mildred. But Ann, always sensitive and very wise can portray other people’s emotions, and she can transmute some of the unhappiness she felt as a very little child, into a flawless acting job.

ROBERT MITCHUM came away from the production fully repaid for Ann, and few people really earn his respect. Hughes came away singing her praises and so did the director. As for Universal-International—who got her when she was 14, with nine solid years of acting triumphs behind her—they were prouder than ever. Yet this time their pride had a new basis; they realized that this “loanout” represented a new side of Ann. To put it bluntly, it was the first time Ann had shown that she was aware of herself as an important star, and had negotiated in a most ladylike way, a very smart deal for herself.

Now, if to top this, she would just fall in love with a millionaire, or even a hundred-thousand-dollar-man, her studio would go berserk with happiness. But there’s the rub. Ann doesn’t fall in love with anybody. On-screen she is fiery, passionate and beautiful. Off screen she is spiritual, unaffected, and virtuous.

This is a little baffling to Hollywoodites. She could be cut out every night of her sweet young life, if she chose. Plenty of nice boys constantly telephone her. Plenty of not-quite-so-nice boys have telephoned her, too. Ann gives them all the same treatment. She says that she and Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat are going to be home all evening. Would the caller like to come over for some good talk, and a few records, and some especially delicious ice cream?

One evening a particularly bold young man—about-town turned up at her house, unannounced and definitely uninvited. He bore long-stemmed roses, and his convertible, at the curb, was nearly as long as Ann’s whole house. But her Uncle Pat told him off so fast that he left in ten seconds flat. With the roses.

When Ann does date it is with Dick Clayton, whom she has known since they were both kids in the Professional Children’s School in New York. Or whenever he’s in town on furlough, she goes out with Dick Long, her friend of nine years. Everyone who catches a spark of his charm, close at hand.

Add all that together and you haven’t even the vestige of romance. Yet to be 23 and beautiful and visibly emotional and not have romance . . . what goes?

I put the question bluntly to Ann one rainy, spring day recently. She had just finished The World In His Arms with Gregory Peck.

She said, speaking thoughtfully, as she always does, “I don’t blame Hollywood for hunting a romance in my life. Any girl like myself, who’s become a public character through her work, gets dreamed into a plot.” She smiled. “I do want to be a typical heroine in real life, eventually. Sometime, and soon, I hope, I want to marry and I very much want children. But now . . .” she paused, thinking it through. Then after a long silence, she burst out laughing. “I never realized this before but maybe I’ve got the answer to why I haven’t fallen in love,” she said.

“It isn’t that I put my career first. I’ve been working over since I was five, so I’m used to that. But through my work, I get the chance to blow off all the emotions that many girls store up in day dreams.

“Take the dream of traveling, for instance. My work sent me to England, and gave me the chance to go to Ireland. It let me meet President Roosevelt and gave me the opportunity to get to know and have an audience with His Holiness, the Pope. My whole life will be enriched by those meetings.”

She paused again, thoughtfully. “I know that the experience in love scenes is vicarious,” she said. “I even realize it is learning about life vicariously, but still for the moment I do experience emotion. I’ve been the writer and the reader. I certainly have encountered some extraordinary points of view.”

“Lately you have been wildly vicarious then,” I said. “To jump from that to dressing up in The Golden Horde to anything so modern as a young woman’s wife in The Korean Story and then to being a Russian ‘Countess’ in Gregory Peck’s arms takes a bit of doing.”


“And having an average boy,” I said, “who, on a date with you, has to compete with the polished speeches that Greg or Mario Lanza or Bob Mitchum make to you in your lovely lines.”

“Oh, now,” said Ann, in gentle reproof. Then she grinned. “I would like to meet the man who could compete with that all.”

Again she paused, and her mood changed. “Somebody with all the ‘pizzazz’ that I’ve got,” she said. “Could it be the lack of a very superior, intelligent, subtle, handsome man? Until such a man (if such a man exists) comes along Ann will go on being warm—but impersonal. That seems likely, for Ann Blyth is Hollywood’s true ‘good’ girl and the whole town loves her for it.

One day recently a gown had been designed for Ann which she didn’t like. Typically, she didn’t rant or make faces. She just walked quietly away from wardrobe, visibly downcast.

Immediately the whole place was in an uproar, and two days later, she has a newly-designed gown. This time, when it was shown to her, Ann beamed, “Oh, aren’t you good to me? Aren’t you good to me?”

The difference between Ann Blyth of today and the child of yesterday is that now she is mature enough to know that her consideration produces this result with people. Her strength is that she is wise enough not to use this power except subtly.

For the moment, her life is full but unfilled. But when a man comes into her life, who is neither high nor saint, but very strong, richly human and understanding, then watch this Little Miss Lonely Heart! She’ll know how to turn romance into a sufficiently real-life story.

THE END

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PENNY-WISE, GLAMOR-MAD!

Joan Evans greets spring in the newest hit of the season

A "flight of fancy" was the inspiration for this Henry Rosenfeld gold pima cotton dress* with red chevron embroidery—it was inspired by the gay and ingenious packaging of the Bristol-Myers gold and red Ipana toothpaste carton. Sizes 10-18. Gold and red only. About $15. By Henry Rosenfeld. Joan accents the dress with a red handbag and red gloves (held securely in Abon's clever glove ring—$1). The one-strap red kidskin shoes with Little Louis heel are by Valentines. About $11. Joan, a Samuel Goldwyn star, is now appearing in MGM's Skirts Ahoy!

Modern screen fashions can be bought from the stores listed on page 77; in person or by mail.

In this issue:
Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery
I & M Petticoats
Ledo Jewelry

*See this dress on CBS-TV's Break The Bank
modern screen fashions in hollywood
Sally Forrest, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, wears a lively, lovely one-piece halter-top dress of “zebra” striped cotton (an exclusive fabric design with McMullen). A wide patent leather belt is striking contrast to the muted grey and white stripes of the dress—a full separate organdy petticoat gives the gored skirt the new bouffant look. The dress, wonderfully washable, buttons down the front for easy ironing. Sizes 10-18. Available in grey and white stripes only. About $40. By McMullen.
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modern screen
fashions in
hollywood

Penny-Wise, Glamor-Mad!

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5. TONI—ankle strap sandal of imported linen with wide band of Milan straw trim. Medium or high wedge. Wheat/toast combination or solid colors with trim to match or contrast (Brown ombre on beige group, Mexican multi-colors on all other solid colors). $3.99. D. H. Holmes, New Orleans

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Billy Eckstine's on the hill, too. They came to see him, not me. And only when they've mobbed and hugged him and roared his name does he finally believe they like him. Then he feels okay. His sore throat's gone.

"Come on, John, give us a smile," says the studio still man. "Get your curls in place.

"Yeah—I just had my Toni," answers John, smiling obligingly. But there's no laugh in his voice. It's not really funny.

Nick Ray, the director, took him aside when he made Knock On Any Door, almost four years ago. "This is the scene that makes or breaks your performance, John," he said. "When you choke the D.A. I want you to fly into a rage, scream, go to pieces—cry."

"Nick," John protested, "I don't know acting tricks. I can't cry."

Nick knew what to do. He took John aside, to a quiet corner of the set and relentlessly intoned, "You hate cops... you hate cops... you hate cops... And each time he said it, for a half hour or more, he slammed John hard in the back with his fist. Nick's a big man; the blows hurt, and so did the indignity. "All right," Nick finally signalled the camera crew, "move in. John's ready." His eyes were flooded, his voice wild. He went into the scene and it was great. But then he couldn't stop. He sobbed for an hour and Nick had to lead him to his dressing room and calm him down.

"Acting with me," John Derek will tell you, "is rough."

That's an understatement. Acting with John Derek is living the hard way. He's psychologically unprepared for it. That's why he's touchy. All his life he's been a fiercely independent, dead honest guy—and still is. Yet there he is making his living in the stereotyped, artificial world of Hollywood. Any psychiatrist could tell you that's what's eating John Derek. That's why being a movie star is rough on him—and maybe always will be.

Let's start at the beginning...

John Derek never wanted to be an actor, even though he was born in Hollywood, and his mother was an actress. She called herself Dolores Dorian or sometimes Dolores Johnson when she worked for Cecil B. DeMille and Hal Roach and his dad, Lawson Harris, was a promoter mixed up in everything—acting, directing, writing—but mainly animated cartoons. His fortunes went up and down and so did his wife's. But about all of this his son, Derek Harris (for that was his name) knew practically nothing and cared less.

Once when his mother took him along to a Paramount set, he blinked uncomfortably at the bright lights, hated the noise, the stuffy stage and all the glamorous people. "Let's get out of here, Mother," he begged, "let's go home."

What Dare Harris wanted to be was just one thing: he wanted to be an all-male man. He wanted horses and guns and dogs and a lot of room around him. He wanted to be physically tough and capable and strong. Maybe he wanted to be that more than most kids. Because his mother, who was almost a blonde copy of Dolores Del Rio and his dad, who had lean chiselled features and a debonair air, were both beautiful people. "I knew I was pretty," John will tell you. "People told me so. And I guess that's the reason I reached for everything rugged around me to prove to myself and everyone else that I was no sissy."

He had every opportunity for that. A lot of tears have been spilled over John Derek's insecure childhood. His father and mother were divorced when he was five.
and home for him was a shifting, unstable
place. Part of the time he lived with his
mother, part with his dad. Sometimes he
was on his own, at a private school or a
camp or at the ranch of Russ Harlan, an old
friend of the family. But in a lot of ways
his was an enviable boyhood, at least from
his own viewpoint. His folks treated him
like a grownup, and he usually got what he
wanted.

He got a .22 rifle when he was hardly
big enough to pack it. But he was the kind
of kid you could trust with a gun and he
learned to be a dead shot. He could pick
off hawks in the air and drill quail on the
rise. He got a pistol later and a horse, and
he would hang tin cans up in the eucalyptus
trees on his dad’s place and thunder
by on his horse, shooting under its belly
like an Indian, and knocking them down.

He hated school; it was too confining.
He’d show up the first day, then stay away
two weeks, until they caught him, and
expelled him. He went to eight private
schools in all and four public ones. He
wasn’t a troublemaker—unless you ob-
jected to his trait of hauling his schooling
mates home and boxing their ears off—but
he just wasn’t interested in classes.

His mother would promise him a summer
at Catalina, or Big Bear, or Lake Arrow-
head if he’d buckle down to math. And
she always delivered, whether he did or
not. He climbed Sierra cliffs that would
make him dizzy today, and dove for pen-
nies when the tourist boats pulled into
Avalon.

For a year or so he had a tutor and just
traveled around in a car and that was
perfectly swell. The tutor, “Mister Dean,”
as John remembers him, was a kindly soul,
more of a companion than a master. They
rolled all over California with the school
books. They went to Palm Springs, camp-
ing in the canyons, and Dare killed hun-
dreds of rattlesnakes with his .22 and shot
eagles with a bow and arrow. They
rambled to all the scenic spots with their
sleeping bags and down to Russ Harlan’s
ranch where there were horses. He learned
to break them in and gentle them. He got
kicked more times than he can remember—
and there was a thing about that: If any-
one saw him tumble—especially if they
laughed—he’d turn purple with anger and
hate them.

So that’s the way Dare Harris grew up.
He loved that name, by the way; it
suggested “I dare you.” He welcomed every
dare and every scrap, win or lose, because
it gave him an exultant feeling to test his
strength and skill. But for what end he had
absolutely no idea. Sometimes he’d think
he wanted to paint. Other times, he
thought it was a ranch he wanted to run.

Never once did he think about Hollywood
or anything as exhibitionist or un-
acting as acting.

How it happened has been well told.
Dare was riding in the Santa Monica hills
one day near his dad’s ranch when Tom
Moore, the old silent star, then drama
coach at Fox, saw how he looked in levis,
flat sombrero and high heels and recog-
nized a potential movie hero. He talked
him into a test and nothing came of that,
but then Henry Willson, David Selznick’s
talent scout, caught Dare bowling one
night in a Westwood alley and offered him
$150 a week, just to join Selznick’s Cin-
derella gang—Guy Madison, Rory Cal-
houn. That was a fad of Selznick’s then,
rounding up good-looking unknowns and
processing them to fill the young man’s
shortage of wartime Hollywood.

“Sure,” said Dare, not stopping his
game, “why not?” That was a lot of money
at 17; he could use it. He had his eye on
a brace of expensive setters and a new
shotgun. “Why not?” was as good a reason

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as any why Dare Harris took a crack at the movies in the first place, for, although he didn't know anything about it, he did know, rather resentfully, that the only reason in God's world it happened to him was because of his face, which didn't happen. It was a whole thing began as an easy dodge. Oh, he showed up at acting classes with Helena Sorrell like the rest of the kids but wasn't interested. The big day came and went. So away, to his pal, Tom Devlin, would round up a few girls and go out for some fun—without leaving a thought behind at the studio. It wasn't a big thrill for him to be a child star anymore, but it called him for a job one day in *I'll Be Seeing You*. He sat at a table feeling silly and self-conscious. Togg’d out in an Air Corps lieutenant’s uniform, he imagined that if the biggest kid he was, he was told to watch Shirley Temple come into the room and sigh “Beautiful!” It was the first acting job of his life. And he was terrific. He earned it, he didn’t buy it, didn’t dodge. And then— "I don’t think it’ll be right," screamed his director, teutonic William Dieterle. “She’s beautiful, isn’t she? You think she’s beautiful, don’t you?”

“I guess,” said Dare. He thought she was pretty. He knew her and liked her. In fact, he was dating Shirley then and he didn’t know a nicer kid. But he couldn’t honestly feel she was beautiful. The director was right, he didn’t like it. He said he’d been at it three hours. One simple word. And this stubborn, stupid kid couldn’t say it right.

“All right,” he thundered, leaning heavily the table. ‘Say ‘keep’—say ‘swell’—say ‘nice’—say any of your childish expressions—but mean it, mean it!” Then he stalked across the set shaking his fists in the air. “Why in hell do you do all this?” (which he didn’t say, “why do they give me this awkward amateur and hold up my whole picture—just to start his career?”)

William Dieterle has probably forgotten that the big kid who had a big part in *I'll Be Seeing You* was John Derek, and that he’s never heard of John Derek, then—boom—his name was on everybody’s lips Important people called him “pal,” flattered him, told him he was the greatest young guy in the business, the找 most talented kid. And the only one he didn’t hate. He was. He was the one the world was his oyster. It was all as strange and as deceptive as his new name, but he thought it was real, that he’d go right on from there to the top. “I got the fat head,” he’d tell you, a little bitterly, today. “I was sure the whole thing was a hundred per cent. I was certain. Actually, of course, it was a hundred per cent a mistake. I told myself, ‘in three years, I’ll be on top of the heap. ’ I’ll be the biggest name in Hollywood. With that start—my first picture! How could a kid like me know that? ’ I told myself. In three years, I said, ‘I’ll be on top of the heap. ’ The same name in Hollywood. With that start—my first picture! How could a kid like me know that?”

Let’s see what happened to John Derek in those four years.

He’s had some surprises, not all pleasant ones. For one thing, the same people who found his handsome face exciting soon leveled off to outline it with knives.

There was a time when he walked into Christian’s Hut down in Balboa, hungry from surfing and set for a curry dinner. A middle-aged movie producer at the bar spotted John as he passed. “Get you a glass of beer, John,” he said. “I’ll be right back.” John bit his lip and moved on to the juke box. The singer followed him over. “If I was as pretty as you, Baby, I’d own the whole place,” he said. But only briefly. The pest pursued him, laughing. “Tell me, Kiddo—how does it feel to be so beautiful?” John got up and left. If the man had been younger he’d have socked him. But he was old. He was sick. That’s just a sample. It’s happened right along.

Sometimes, though, he’s had a chance to talk back. Once, a sportswriter, Bill Stern, asked him bluntly, out of the blue. “How do you like your looks? How do you really feel?”

John paused a minute. It was unfair. “I like them,” he came back truthfully. “I think they’re good—I had good-looking parents. I’m proud of my looks and I like them. I think that’s why I’ve developed the assets that make a man.”

“I apologize for a vicious question,” said Bill Stern. “You’re all right and all men in business. Very well. Today if you drive far out in the San Fernando Valley, beyond Encino, up a curving drive to the top of a tree-studded knob, you can see the good things that four years have given John Derek as and you can see John himself, as he is and really wants to be.

He’ll be there, for sure, unless he’s off on a trip or making pictures or something. He’s usually out on the three-acre place chopping cypress, sawing eucalyptus logs, building a wall or hardening a tractor. It’s his home, the kind he wants. And he wants to be there, and to be the director of Hollywood—and he knows that the things there are his because he’s making them with his own hands.

Inside the big Spanish style house will certainly be his pretty wife, Patti, and their two-year-old boy, Russell Andre. These are the real things in his life and John Derek knows he could never have them if it hadn’t been for Knock On Any Door, and the pictures and the director.

John hasn’t any wardrobe to speak of and neither has Patti. They haven’t been to a night club since they were married. If they have time off it’s only to buy tomorrow night (which they won’t)–he’d have to rent a tuxedo and she’d have to make over an old dress. None of the excitement and glamour of Hollywood enters their lives although they’re living in a pretty certainly attractive. They never go to parties, seldom see friends. They’re chronically broke. They can’t afford to entertain. This is in his family—and that he likes. John Derek tells himself he should be completely happy—and sometimes he is. But sometimes, too, he’s not. That’s when he gets to thinking about himself and the life’s work. He was handed on a silver platter and then he says to himself, “The start was easy. But now the job’s just beginning. The rough part is starting. And how do you like that?” Right now he’s looking wrong with John Derek that one terrific picture couldn’t cure—but that’s the trouble. Although he’s made six since Knock On Any Door, nobody seems to want him. “Whether it’s an Englishman in green tights, an Italian in black tights or a Pole in a football suit,” he reproaches himself, “it isn’t me. So my first picture was my best picture, so that’s the one I can think of that?” he’d say, really talking to himself. “What am I anyway—a morning glory?”

Brood Crawford is one who doesn’t think so. In fact, on one of the afternoons after Scandal Sheet wound up, “you know I didn’t used to like you. When you made *All The King’s Men* with me I thought you were a swell—headed, selfish kid who needed a good thrashing. But when I saw you now I grinned, sticking out his hand, “I want to say I like you, I like your work and I like to work with you, too.”

From reports, Scandal Sheet is a pretty fat picture for John Derek. But mean while he suffers keenly from every jab at his ability—far more than he does from the cracks at his curls. A Hollywood columnist once put it succinctly just the other day: “John Derek would be great for the part,” he wrote—"if he could act." If he could act! How can you act unless you believe in yourself? You ever seen a swimming pool unless you go all out? Some seasoned stars wouldn’t grant that a wrinkle. But with John it’s so different.
He has read another book lately—and again he's fallen in love with it. It's the life of Joaquin Murietta, the California bandit of the Gold Rush days. If you mention it to Derek you're off for an hour or two's excited talk. He wanted to do it more than anything he's ever thought about. Why, Joaquin is himself—young, dark, dashing, intense, emotional or mixed up. He's pestered his Columbia bosses for months with ironclad arguments. He'd do it free. He'd make it himself in Mexico. He'd do anything. "Wel-1-1," they say, "we don't think so."

Sometimes he thinks they haven't looked inside the covers. So he takes the book around to their offices with gum stuck inside the pages. And it comes back—with the gum uncracked. He's getting the reputation for being off his trolley on the subject, but he doesn't care. "It's an obsession with me, sure," he says, "but I've got to play it. I've got to do something big, something great. I've got to make good like I said I would."

Last Christmas, John sent Charlie Feldman, his agent, a greeting card that he'd drawn himself. It showed a big, sparkling tree with an oversized, shining star at its peak. Leading up was a ladder, a tall, tall ladder with all the rungs broken and dangling. At the bottom was a tiny man, groaning blindly. John Derek, of course.

"How do you get to the top of this thing?" he wrote.

Nobody can give John Derek the answer to that. He'll have to find out for himself. But one thing is certain: For him the climb will never be painless or smooth. He'll do it the hard way—all the way.

The End

(Continued from page 55) was a wee tyke back here in Oklahoma City, horses and dogs were the great loves of his life. 'Someday, Mama,' he used to say, 'I'm going to own a slew of 'em.'

Robertson owns a German shepherd, Chief, as well as a pointer named Radar recently given to him by his business manager, Morgan Maree.

"Tell you why I have a business manager," Dale explains. "When it comes to money I'm just not very interested. It seems to slip through my fingers."

"Take this money I'm making now. I couldn't rightly tell you if I have one cent in the bank. I don't drink. I don't go to nightclub. I don't buy any clothes, but left to myself I couldn't save a penny."

"That's why I got me a business manager. I don't know how much I pay him, but he's sure worth it. He takes care of all the bills, all the taxes, all the expenses."

"He used to give me $25 a week for spending money, but the office figured it was too much, so now I'm down to ten bucks a week. They give my wife $25 a week for her pocket money. We seem to be making out okay. At least I got a 1951 Pontiac convertible last year, and I think all the stuff we bought to furnish the house—it's modern furniture—has been paid for."

As you probably know, Dale Robertson mortgaged himself for $20,000 to get into pictures. After the war he'd tried crashing Hollywood the hard way. He supported himself at odd jobs, and during his free time he begged for screen tests and interviews. Nothing happened.

"Then it came to me suddenly," he explains, "that trying to crash Hollywood was a full-time job. A man couldn't pull it
Billy Grady, MGM's famous casting director, told Dale, "You have a good face. I see if we can find something for you."

That sounded great to Dale, but the months winged by, and he was still haunting the sound stages.

In the interim, however, he made friends with the studio secretaries and messenger boys. "These kids," he says, "would show scripts and test pieces out to me. I'd read 'em, then call my agent and say, 'Hey, Ned, Paramount has a Western coming up and I think I'm right for such and such a role.' Ned would go around the next day and get me a reading.

"Lots of folks think the best way to crash Hollywood is to give parties for actresses and big shot producers. Not true. Much better to use the time for study and the chance to meet people.

"One office boy, I remember, worked for Nat Holt and slipped me a copy of *Fighting Man Of The Plains*, a movie Nat was planning to do. 'I read the script and there was a wonderful Jesse James role in it. I picked up the phone and called my agent. 'You've got to get me an interview,' I told him. He did it, too, and it was right. His brother was directing the picture. "They asked me if I could ride and I said, 'Sure.' Then they asked me if I

**Studio boss Harry Warner's hobby is building and selling homes. Recently he erected a beautiful place at 1530 Sunset Terrace for me.'**

Billy Grady

- **Dale and Lillian Queenan were sure, even when Dale was four years old, that one day he'd end up on the stage. In fact, Will Rogers once saw the boy in Oklahoma. Why not let me take him out to Hollywood and give him a screen test?**

- **But Dale's mother refuses the offer.** Saturday Evening Post, May 20, 1944

**When Dale showed up in Oklahoma City in 1946 and asked them for a $20,000 stake, his aunts were convinced that the young man had triumphed over his love of the outdoors. They gave him the money and Dale headed for Hollywood.**

**"He was so homesick out there," his brother Re recalls, "that every time he saw an Oklahoma license tag, he'd chase the car like a dog chasing a rabbit just so's he could tell the driver, 'I come from Oklahoma myself.'**

**Homesick or not, Dale knew that he had to make a go of it in motion pictures. He had to satisfy his own ego and he couldn't fall down on the folks back home.**

**His aunt and his uncle, Fred and Ada, gave Dale $200 he had saved and he figured out his plans. "I realized right from the start," he says, "that drawing-room dramas weren't for me. I took a couple of night classes in motion picture production at the University of Southern California to get an idea of how the movie business worked."

**"I also learned that I didn't want to work with others. If you're a newcomer, you'd better get yourself an agent."**

Ordinarily, top-flight Hollywood agents shy away from newcomers who've had no dramatic training. Luckily for Dale, he was produced by a producer to Ned Marin, who works for Charley Feldman's Famous Artists, Inc. Ned Marin took him out to MGM. "I'll show him to Billy Grady," Marin said, "he looks the Metro type."

"That was on November 9th, 1949—a little more than three years after Dale had borrowed $5000 from his aunts and spent it."

In the two-and-a-half years that have elapsed since he signed his contract, Dale has acted in 15 pictures. His first was in 1950, and Call Me Mister, Take Care Of My Little Girl, Golden Girl, Lydia Bailey, Return Of The Texan, Outcasts Of Poker Flat, all made in 1951.

"Three years ago, I was already 34 days after he met the girl. Her name was Jacqueline Wilson, and they met on April 15th at a dinner party hosted by producer Andre Hakim. Five nights later, on their second date, he said to Jackie, "How about you and me getting married one of these days."

"Dale smiled, and they were married on May 19th at her parents' home."

"They spent a week-end at Santa Barbara then Dale had to return to the studio. They've been married four years."

"But Dale had two weeks off between the completion of *The Outcasts Of Poker Flat* and the start of *The Full House*, and since it was Christmas time he decided to take Alice and Jack to Oklahoma City and show her off.

"Dale was so anxious to get home that he made the trip in 28 hours. "Coming back to Hollywood," he says, "I wasn't that anxious. Took me three days."

**A mong the 40 members of the clan who gathered to spend Christmas at the Robertson and Dale's cousin, Fenny Wilson, says, "Hollywood may change most people, but it sure hasn't done anything to Dale. He looks the same, acts the same way."

When he was a little kid, he was wild about hot biscuits and grease gravy. He still is, also lemon pie.

His mother, Mrs. Varvel Robertson says, "About that lemon pie. Dale never could wait until I set the pie out on the table. He was always sticking his finger in. He did the very same thing at Christmas-time. Maybe he changed one bit, not only in little things but in outlook as well."

"To my boy, Hollywood is just the means to an end. He loves the outdoor life. That's all. Not anything more than anything else. People tell me that sooner or later acting gets into your blood, that it will get into Dale's blood. I don't know. Maybe it will."

"Dale says that this last Christmas at home was one of his best not only because he introduced his wife to the folks and she got along with them beautifully, but because she got going in the business spending some time with his brothers."

"Three days after Dale arrived, his brothers showed up with three shot guns and a bird dog. That night the Robertsons came home with their legal limit of quail."

A day later, Dale and his wife rode out to inspect the six fine saddle horses his mother owned on his north-west of Oklahoma City. There was also much play with Captain and Chief, two German shepherds.

It is incredible how little of Hollywood has rubbed off on him. His best friends are people like his stand-in Kit Carson, his double Tom McDonough, and Kit's brother-in-law, Charley James. He keeps away from the girls and he keeps his head. "I'm not much as an actor," he draws, "but maybe I can make a go of it. And by the time I wear on the public maybe I'll have enough put away to start something of my own."

"I want something working for me so that I can have a ranch and plenty of horses. I'd like to go fishing for maybe three months. And I'd like to have three sons and a daughter. But I'll take what I get. I'd also like a ranch house with a lot of land. A man needs space and lots of air."

"I've heard any talk from Dale Robertson about plush Hollywood nightclubs or the latest stage hit in New York. Neither is he interested in local gossip or the public. He always describes his work as the "bobby-soxers Western delight."

"He likes Hollywood very much," his mother says, "and he's set his mind on becoming a big success. But his thoughts always revolve around animals."

"On horses," Dale adds. The End
Too vital a matter for
guess work
among young
wives
(only two minutes’ reading time may end all your confusion)

For a number of years there has been great confusion as to just what to use for internal feminine cleanliness. Women are certainly fully aware how necessary internal hygiene is to their health and married happiness. They realize how important it is to douche after their periods and to guard against offensive odor. But what to use has long been the bewildering question. In the past, many women were forced to use harmful poisons. Then next, women foolishly went to the other, extreme and used weak, ineffective home-made solutions. Imagine an up-to-date fastidious woman taking such chances with the most intimate concern of her life! But fortunately the advent of ZONITE has put an end to all this confusion.

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A lucky day for Me

tailed crock for a week or more, changing cats, walking through buildings using all sorts of devices to give his juvenile shadows the slip long enough for him to duck into his apartment house.

Although the kids weren't Sam Spades they showed a remarkable talent for the game, because after a few days of fruitless tailing they apparently came to the conclusion that they were being had in the traffic, and turned to the apartment house itself as the best hunting ground.

Naturally, in view of the situation, Monty didn't have his name on the mail box, but the kids deduced that he went in there with his belongings and was undoubtedly still there. They got themselves a handful of magazine subscriptions and began canvassing the building. When they knocked on Monty's door it just happened that a young lady who was his dinner guest opened it. The girls tried the magazine bit for a few minutes, then one of them came right out and said, "Doesn't Montgomery Clift live in this apartment?"

The girl who answered the door was quick. "I wish he did!" she said.

But the "detectives" didn't give up. Every afternoon they came to the building and with a new gimmick—anything to give them an excuse to knock on all the doors and maybe peer in. It finally got so that every time a knock came on the door, Monty, if he was alone, would dash for cover, and if someone was with him, he'd make like a mouse until the girls had gone. Monty, clever as he is, never left the house.

He was sitting with his date one night when the knock came again.

"Okay," said Monty. "Let them in."

The kids were admitted, victory shining all over their faces. Monty got them down and had a nice talk with them. He explained that whenever the autograph collectors found out where he lived they came around because the fans complained and the manager asked him to move. He told them he liked the apartment he had now and beggared the kids to keep his address a secret. The agreement was sealed with a hand shake and cokes all around—and after an hour or so the visitors left.

That was a coup in a sense for Monty because he had never been found and right wasn't discovered, but he never quite understood the reason why they stole two expensive silver ash trays from his living room coffee table.

The usual talk with Montgomery Clift, according to the legend, is like something that could be expected from a gangster hiding out from the law. Slip into a dimly-lit bar, sit back, relax, and right and left, sink down the back alley ways to a crummy saloon or cafe where a whispered conversation could be held in dark booth. This place came into view when it was disclosed that Monty didn't lunch at "21" every day or dine at the Stork Club every night.

Actually, Montgomery Clift would rather not eat than dine in a fast house. It is true that he does most of his chomping on the East Side of New York, but you will find that most of the better eating places in Manhattan are in that district. They're not as high as the celebrity hang outs, but the grub, according to gourmets, is much better. And the wine cellars of some of the smaller Lexington and Third Avenue bistros are the best in the land.

In the matter of food, Montgomery Clift is quite the opposite to the fellow pictured as preferring hot dog joints. He likes his meals prepared by experts, and does not settle for a medium steak if he orders it rare. And he's no hair tonic drinker, either. He wants his liquor from a bottle with the best label.

When you get Montgomery, like a good many young American men these days, leans toward the casual grace found in good conservative clothing houses. The object of these clothes is to make a man look casual, comfortable and conservative. It is also true that disciples of this sort of attire appear to have only one suit. Actually, and it is true of Monty, the clothes closet is well packed with shirts and suiting. Take a look at his shoes. They're the best.

It will probably come as a surprise to many, but Monty is considered one of the best customers at the Maisonnette Room of the St. Regis Hotel. And this is as swank as boites can be. The waiters in the room say that Monty, instead of acting like a fish out of water, has all the finesse of a rich roué in his department, and can slip a head waiter a large bill as quietly as a Vanderbilt. It must be said that during his most steady patronage of the room he was escorting Liz Taylor, who likes the place, but Monty liked it, too.

F, as the writers say, Montgomery Clift is at heart a Greenwich Village Bohemian, why, then, doesn't he take up residing in the Village, and sleep on lumps of Kapok. He doesn't like that sort of life. If, as the writers say, he doesn't care much about pictures, why doesn't he get out of them? That is very easy, he's played, has, from the first, surrounded himself by the cleverest brains in the business. All who have done business with him reckon his lawyer to be as sharp as any of them, and those have counted the best in the movie business. His press agents have always been the cleverest, as is his mentor, Leland Hayward. Montgomery Clift has one passion, he wants to satisfy to the limit. It has been written about, but it is not a fake. He wants to travel and see the world. He wants to fill his bank with enough green set aside, then he wants to see the far away places when he quits—and to do a good bit of wandering before he quits.

To suit that purpose he will come to Hollywood when his contract, co-star and money are right. He will stick to the Garbo gimmick as long as it pays off and keeps him a head or so above the movie players. He has spent a lot of living in the fires on him, he'll change the gimmick, but he wants to be a star.

During one of his talks with a famous Hollywood writer a couple of years ago, this man confessed, and denying he was odd, gave 30 or 40 instances proving he was. It was a stock interview and maybe the writer didn't expect anything true out of it. But Monty let one line drop that gave the whole show away. Nobody, not even the writer, got the full meaning.

"How about money," he asked. "They tell me you don't care about money."

"Oh, but I do," said Monty, looking away off into the future. "I like money very much. It gives a guy wings!"
I live with prayer

(Continued from page 64) church also tells me that I must understand my mother, and I know that to her, who was brought up very strictly in Italy, my words are so far just talk.

Not knowing even the language of the strange country in which she finds herself, and with the responsibility of three daughters falling on her, her very love for us keeps her from accepting easily patterns of conduct which seem completely unreliable. If I did not know this to be true I would rebel. But since I do know it, how can I depart from the custom which gives her so much security?

So this is my big job now—to convince my mother that in America, where girls have more independence, I, too, can be trusted with such freedom. And the feeling that I will be successful . . . this, too, comes from my faith.

The church means much to me. It seems that I found it almost without any help from others. In Italy we are most of us Catholics, but my father was not a churchgoer nor did my mother go often. They did not oppose, they did not urge. I had to come to it, as I did, by myself.

When, as a small girl, I first started to think of people and the world, I decided that humans had two sides . . . their inside and their outside. Things could happen to your outside but they were not important unless you felt them inside. To be complimented or scolded or get a present—that was important because you felt it inside. But to get your face washed or eat your dinner—that was just outside stuff and meant nothing. (Food was puzzling and a sort of disappointment. You had a great want for it inside but as soon as you got it nothing much happened—
you just didn't seem to want it any more.)

When I was seven years old I went to a Mass at which, strangely enough, the officiating priest was not only my father’s uncle (he had brought up my father from the age of six months, even more strangely!) but he also lived with us. I was tremendously proud as I watched him at the altar and, as a child will, wanted to tell everyone around me who he was. Then I began to get interested in the service itself. I didn’t understand it but I did begin to feel it, glowing and wonderful . . . the greatest “inside” feeling I had ever had. It was like being sung to . . . and I knew then for the first time that I had a soul . . . and I knew to Whom it was committed.

It may seem funny but that which I learned as a child, not only my love for God, but that people have two sides, is still something I believe in, and to me only inside happiness counts. Just the other day Andrew Marton, the director of my present picture, The Devil Makes Three, was talking about dialogue and said the same thing in different words.

“If you don’t feel a line there is no use speaking it, and if you do feel it you don’t even have to speak it to convey the idea,” he said.

It made me think of my father. Even though he did not go to church I could feel his quick disapproval if I were late for an early Mass on a Sunday. He didn’t have to say anything, it was just there in his manner. And I know it was so because sometimes I would reply just as if he had spoken. I would say, “All right, I will be sure to go at noon.” And instantly I would know that his anger was gone.

All during the terrible war years when the Germans had possession of our country there was no comfort to be had anywhere but inside of you. If you talked to people they would say there was no hope. If you listened to news reports they were almost always bad ones. Every development, every happening, was discouraging. And so we who were there had nothing left but our hearts and what was in them. This is why I cling so strongly to my faith. It was not only a religion, it was a friend to me, and I did not pray so much, it seemed to me, as I talked to this friend when I was in need.

This habit of talking—or praying—has entered my life never to leave it. There have been times when my prayers were not directly answered, . . . but always, the praying brought me such peace of mind that my difficulties, whatever their nature, suddenly became supportable.

If someone asked, “What has been the greatest help to you as an actress?” I would have to answer, “Prayer.” The reason is very simple. Without prayer I wouldn’t have been able to speak even the first word of the first line I ever had in a picture. I remember when this first picture, Tomorrow Is Too Late, was made in Italy, I was just overcome by the thought of going before the camera.

“I will not be able to do it,” I told myself. “I will stand there and forget everything. They will look at me and say, ‘We have made a mistake with this Pier Angeli girl. Get her out of there.’”

And then I remembered that around the corner from the studio was a little church (as there is a little church around every corner in Rome) and I ran to it as fast as I could. When I came back I felt as I always feel after prayer—serene.

There were, I think, 229 separate scenes in Tomorrow Is Too Late. That’s very nearly how many times I ran into the little church!

I can remember how as a youngster I
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prayed for such odd blessings. I wanted a little girl of my own to mother, mastery of Latin in which I was very poor, and even a banana! (I had not seen one for years.)

I love children and when I was about 12 or 13 it seemed to me that I simply must have a little girl over whom I could fuss. I prayed for one constantly, and one day my mother, who had not had children since my twin sister, Maria Luisa, and I were born, gave birth to a baby girl. After such a lapse it was the surprise of the community, and since my feelings and what I had done about it were very well known I was told to be very careful thereafter about what I was praying for.

My Latin never improved, but on the other hand, when the day came for me to learn English for films I picked it up without much trouble at all. It is not good English, I know, but it is far better as English than my Latin was as Latin.

As for the banana... my craving came for it during the war when nothing like that was obtainable except at those stores where food prices were so high that only profiteers could afford to buy. Yet one afternoon my father came home with a package and out of it he took just one banana—not one of the big bananas you have here but a small, African-grown type. As long as I live I will never forget this delightful surprise.

Maria Luisa and I didn't eat it with biles. Oh, never! We broke it in half and licked at our portions just like you do an ice cream cone. Mine must have lasted at least two hours.

Despite the fact that it was not safe to be on the streets during the war, especially towards the end when the Germans knew they were losing and got desperate, my father wanted my sister Maria Luisa and me to keep on with our school. "We must not be frightened into living in holes like animals," he said, "We must be as normal as we can. I must work if I can, and you girls must learn if you can."

At the same time father, who was an architect, would also go to work every day, though for him it was quite risky. Men who knew anything about construction were useful to the authorities and found themselves being separated from their families and sent to far-away places. This no one wanted—your chances of coming back were just a gamble. So every day my father would disappear into a building where the front door was marked "Closed," in order to keep soldiers from investigating. And he would not come out until it was time to start for home at night.

One afternoon, when I was not yet 13, I was coming home alone (school was nearly a mile's walk from home) because my father had not gone to classes that day. Suddenly I saw a German soldier with a sub-machine gun looking at me from across the street. He was not staggering, yet I knew somehow by the expression on his face that he had been drinking. The next second my heart almost stopped for he called out and started to walk towards me. For an instant I stopped—then I went flying. I didn't have to look back to know that he was running after me—voice lifted up in an enraged "Halten" and his heavy army shoes pounding the pavement in pursuit.

I was so young that I had only one idea—he wanted to kill me, and I kept thinking that any moment bullets would tear through me. Not so long before this I had actually seen a civilian shot in the shoulder, and then shot again, this time to death, when he got up on his feet and split into the face of his attacker. In desperation I ran into an apartment.
house and flew up the stairs praying that I would find help. I was just reaching the third floor when a door opened and a man beckoned to me to enter. Without stopping I ran in and he closed the door. When he turned around I was so faint I would have fallen if he hadn't caught me. He put me on a chair and after a moment I started to whisper what had happened, but he motioned to me that it was not necessary to explain. I still felt terribly frightened and then I felt frightened for him as well. He could get in great trouble for helping me if he were caught. I told him this and started to get up, but he told me just to keep quiet and not worry.

"If we Italians did not help each other then we would be worse than the Germans here," he said.

We heard the soldier clumping up the stairs and my heart threatened to fly apart with each sound, but the man remained calm and gestured to me to drink my brandy. Apparently the soldier had not seen where I had entered because after a while he went downstairs again. But when the man went out to look the soldier was still downstairs, leaning against the wall as if determined to stay till I came out.

We waited for more than an hour for him to leave and during this time the man wanted to know if I cared to telephone my family to keep them from worrying about me. But I thought this would be unwise. My mother would get word to my father and I knew he would come running for me only to get into a fight with the soldier. It was almost dark when it at last seemed safe to go, and the man walked with me all the way to our house.

"I don't know who you are," I told the man, "but you came out of my prayer." He looked at me with his face straight but his eyes widening as if he were thinking about my words. "What a wonderful thanks you have given me," he said. "Now I am grateful to you."

I think the happiest day of my life was my First Communion which, because of the disruption of war, I did not receive until I was nearly 15. For months my mother searched through Rome for white material for my dress and finally came home one day with some beautiful organdy. My saddest day was to occur not many years later and after I knew I was coming to America for a movie career. Two weeks before I was due to leave with my mother and two sisters, my father died suddenly from a heart attack. We had been so close to each other that I practically collapsed. Nothing in the outside world could comfort me. But the other world, and, I am convinced, only because I had always kept myself close to it, came the solace and strength to lift me from my grief.

Now we are here to start a new life. I have been through too much to let little things bother me. My mother is making a nice home. This, too, is part of her early training because in Italy much attention is paid to the home to keep it attractive and happy so that the girls in the family will not be too anxious to go out, not too anxious to make a quick marriage.

When boys first asked me to go out in Hollywood my answer used to be, "May I bring my mother, too?" I had only to notice the funny look in their faces to know that I was saying the wrong thing. Now I simply do not accept unless they already know that someone else must be along. But, as I say, I am not too worried. I have faith that everything will come out all right. . . . even that my mother will some day soon let me go out like other girls. And for that I need lots and lots of faith!

The End
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"LADY BE GOOD"

(Continued from page 33) or a problem. Her face is known as a mask of sorrow. She's America's most noted bleeding heart.

See Jane Wyman on the street. She is five-feet-seven, with the figure of a fashion model, very, very slender; slim, but stacked. Her carriage is almost regal and she stands and walks with her head up, chin in and chest out—as though she's glad about her figure. Her dark hair is modestly styled and sprinkled liberally with grey. She has the face of an imp, pert, small-nosed—and her mouth is full and pouty, like a calendar girl. Her eyes are somber and down. From the usual expression on her face, you might expect her to shout "Hurray!" at any moment.

That's physically. In personality, Jane Wyman is even more distant from the screen role she portrays. In Johnny Belinda she was a mute. In person she'll talk an arm off a chatterbox and never let him get 2 words in. In The Glass Menagerie she was a demure little mouse. In person she's ball of fire, a squirmir, a leaper-out-of-chairs, an arm waver. She's almost dangerous to be around.

The little old lady in The Blue Veil was a quiet, gentle spinster. In person, Jane Wyman has the courage of a homocide cop and wherever she doesn't fit she'll squeeze in. Something happened. Jane walked into the house and knew the burglars were still there. But instead of running screaming down the street to a neighbor's for help, she marched right up to him, opened the door, and, in a very loud voice, called the police—and then sat fuming on the edge of the bed till they came, while the robbers scrambled from the problems in terror.

A couple of days later when a character came to her front door, told her that he knew who her jewels and offered to take her to the crooks, she stood in the doorway and talked to the guy—and darn near wound up going along with him. Even the tough cops turned pale when she told them.

Within Jane Wyman, it must be admitted, there are some of the traits of most of the characters she plays. But, in the main, she is another kid altogether. Today she's Jane Wyman and Love.

Let's start from scratch. Today. Nobody is more weary of the sad tales that even today are still careening up in the magazines and newspapers depicting her squirming in the wreckage of a smashed marriage, massaging a crippled heart and weeping for justice and understanding than Jane is herself. The stories are generally illustrated with a photo of Jane in one of her more deflected screen poses—one that would make a rent collector cry. Jane cringes when she sees them.

"Why don't they do this to me? Why don't they use a picture with a smile?"

There is one thing you can be certain about. Jane Wyman, in 1952, is a happy, well-adjusted, beautiful divorcée. She loves her children, likes and gets along famously with their dad and, aside from a normal remorse that things didn't last, has no interest in a new marriage.

And she's normally interested in love.

When an appointment was made for an interview with a Modern Screen reporter, her publicity agent took a different view of any possible discussion of romance.

"I don't think she'll talk at all about anything like that," he said.

The reporter decided to try anyway. Seated in a comfortable office in the ele-
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Star whose fans turned on him when he was divorced calls 'em his Fong Club.

with more men than the average girl?"

"No," we agreed, "but there have been a few. You've been rumored on the verge of marrying a couple of them."

"That's what I mean," Jane said. "I've been rumored on the verge of marrying. Why rumored? Look, if I ever decide I'm going to marry a man there will be no need for rumors. I'll call up everybody I know and tell them about it. I'll take ads. I'll hire somebody to tell about it while I'm asleep."

Jane sat down and got very serious. She wanted to be well understood.

"I think it is a mistake," she said, "for actresses to have their names linked with every man they go out with. Supposing I'm introduced to a man and I find him interesting—for any of a number of reasons. Like maybe he has a nice voice, or he talks well, or he is an authority on something I'm interested in. We would like to get together again. What do we do, arrange to wear disguises and meet behind a sign board? No, we go to dinner or a night club. The photographs come by and snap our pictures. A columnist sees us. The next day it states in the papers we are engaged, and when the magazine comes out a couple of months later, there is a picture of me and the guy with a caption reading 'we're the current hottest romance. By that time the poor fellow is probably back home in Cleveland or someplace and maybe married. That's kind of silly."

Jane had to get up and get a drink of water. She moved about the office like a show girl leaving for work.

"And think about how it scares the fellows," she said abruptly. "Maybe I like him and I kind of force him into a date—"some
A Hollywood producer suggested to his secretary that she accompany him on a weekend trip to Palm Springs. "Listen," she snapped, "I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable!"

Irvayng Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

A separation from Ronnie Reagan. There were some bold columnists who said that Jane had left Ronnie because she was in love with Ayres, but thinking back, time had proven that wrong. Once or twice, Jane had denied romance with Ayres and then had just dummyed up. She had just finished making Jane and John Belinda with Lew, and it appeared, in retrospect, that the association had been one of friendship based on a close contact of the moment. And then there was Manya & Nick, Frank Sinatra’s pal and head of R.C. records. Jane, while in New York, spent almost all of her free evenings with Sacks and they had been photographed together in most of the swanky spots. It had said for a couple of columnists, that their relationship was platonic and business. Nobody believed her, so once again she stopped talking about it. The fact that she is now selling phonographs as a singer sort of proves she was telling the truth. And then there was the endless talk that Jane would remarry Ronnie. With two children they work, and love it would be next to impossible for them to stay entirely away from one another, and they have common business interests after ten years of marriage. So rumors and such were inevitable. Whenever the gossip about a reconciliation started, Jane would promptly deny it—once—and then drop the matter and let the reporters write what they pleased.

Yes, it can be truthfully said that Jane Wyman has had more than her fill of rumors about love and romance and she could hardly be blamed if she was a little bitter at it all. She has determined to have no part in future gossiping on these subjects. However, the one thing the writers failed to take into consideration is that Jane really is entirely unlike her screen personality in all respects—and that she wasn’t and never has been lonely and pressing for a romance to fill out her life like any beautiful woman who would rather not live alone.

This reporter tried to double check that angle.

"Wouldn’t you like to fall in love?"

"Of course I would," Jane said with a twinkle in her eye. "I’m nuts about the idea. The trouble is, truly, that I haven’t had much time to expose myself to the bug. For the past two years I have been so busy that I have been doing little else but work and sleep. I go to bed right after dinner and get up at six for an early call. There aren’t many suitors around at that hour. When I work I like to concentrate on what I’m doing, so I spend most of my time between shots in my dressing room learning my lines."

"And how long can this keep up?"

she was asked.

"It’s just about over," Jane said, laughing and jumping up on the arm of her chair. "When I finish The Will Rogers Story at Warner Brothers, sometime early in May, I’m going to buy four or five feet of train, boat and plane tickets and little Jane Wyman is going on a fiing."

"Like to where?"

"Like to Paris," she said. "Like to Lon- don, the Riviera, Rome and all points east and west. I have never been abroad for this. This time that I beg to think about I’m going to go to England and pick up a couple of chums and I’m going to take them with me and the first one who mentions work gets sent back home in disgrace."

"Is there some man you’re thinking about over there?"

the reporter asked.

"No," said Jane, "but who knows what will happen? It will be spring. No early calls and lot of parties and get to know them. I’m not looking for romance—but I’m not knocking it."

And if there is romance abroad, or in New York, or in Hollywood, Jane Wyman, given the time to seek it out, will find it. She is riper for love than she thinks, and when she is free from the influence of the drabs she plays in Hollywood movies she might find it easier there. There is one thing in her favor, too. She can soften the toughest people.

During the shooting of Here Comes the Groom, which she made last year Bing Crosby, broke down the barrier that surrounds the famous crooner.

During the first couple of weeks of shooting, Bing was polite and considerate, but as soon as he had a chance to do things with his fellow players. Every afternoon at four, Bing would stop work and go to his dressing room and have a cup of tea, a pipe of tobacco, a shave, and take advantage of the break and have tea served in her dressing room. It was a ritual that never changed.

One day, though, just a week or so before the picture was finished, Bing called his usual habit.

"Tea time," he said.

Jane left the set and started toward her dressing room.

"Hey," Bing called. "Just a minute. Where are you going?"

"To my dressing room," Jane said, "for tea?"

"Nonsense," Bing said. "Follow me, girl, I’m pouring."

And he did. And there is a legend that anyone who can soften Crosby up can get a date with the Statue of Liberty. Jane Wyman may do all right that spring.

The End

(Jane Wyman can be seen with Bing Crosby in Paramount’s Just For You.—Ed.)
Only Suave makes hair obey... new soft way!

hollywood's problem lovers
(Continued from page 29) certainly have found at least one happy love in her life.

If her face is her fortune—it is also her problem. Hedy's beauty is a living, vital
separate thing to her and to thousands
of her fans. Her sheer loneliness has won
homage from men the world over—and
women have envied her and tried to look
like her.

So, is it any wonder that the glamorous
Lamarr might easily have developed what
the psychiatrists call a Narcissus complex
(Narcissus saw his face reflected in a clear
pool and promptly fell in love with his own
image)

Several men who have been hopelessly
(and I mean hopelessly) in love with Hedy
have told me that she is in love with them
only in the thrilling, rhapsodic early
stages of the romance—the flower-sending
stage, the ardent courting stage, the first
exhilarating chapters when they are lit-
erally at her feet, swooning over her.

When the adoring, incense-burning male
suddenly becomes a husband or a less
ardent suitor, the practical side of love—
such as trying to live together happily—is
nigh on to impossible. It is one thing to be
rapturously "in love" and another to love
when there are children's noses to be
wiped, groceries to be bought and income
taxes to be paid.

Now the rumors are prevalent that Hedy
and her fifth husband, Ted Stauffer, are on
the verge of separating because "his busi-
ness keeps him in Mexico"—and hers in
Hollywood—I wonder if Hedy's fabulous
beauty has been a blessing or a drawback
to her personal happiness?

But women are not the only sufferers
from love-problems—not by a close-up;
King (Clark) Gable himself is in self-
imposed exile from his kingdom because
of the bitterness he feels about his divorce
from the former Lady Sylvia Ashley.

As much as he has been adored by
feminine followers and deeply loved by
many women in his life, Clark has found
complete happiness with only one woman,
Carole Lombard.

It is commonly believed that her image,
permanent in his heart, is the reason he
has not found happiness since her death.

And I believe that that is largely true.
It was when Sylvia began changing and
decking out the house where Clark had
lived so happily with Carole that their love
troubles began.

But, what a great many people do not
know is that Carole was a business par-
tner, going 50-50 with Clark on all invest-
ments and expenses, as well as his perfect
love-mate.

That was one marriage in which there
was no problem of money because they
went along together on everything. This
was also true of Clark's second marriage—
to Rhea Langham.

So, when Sylvia started spending money
like water, it was a new matrimonial ex-
perience for The King. One of the few
comments he has permitted himself about
their separation was: "We were too young
to know what we were doing."

Or let me put it another way: he deeply
 misses the wonderful home life he shared
with Rocky for nearly 18 years and with
their daughter Maria. And he is in love
with beautiful, serene Patricia Neal.

As I write this—Coop has neither woman.
He has been seriously ill and I agree with
Pat that much of his illness has been
brought on by his inner turmoil, regret
over his broken home and the separation
from his adored daughter Maria that it
entails, conflicting with the love he sin-
cerely feels for Pat.

The fact that Gary's predicament is not
novel and many men have faced similar
crises, doesn't make the pain any less
acute for him.

He told me soon after he separated from
Rocky, "We are no longer happy together.
But a man can't live with a woman for
18 years and know the happiness of being
a father and husband so long—without
feeling a terrible sense of loss."

And he said to me about Pat, "I love
her and she loves me. But this is not the
solution to every man."

Obviously not—for several weeks ago,
Pat told Coop she is stepping out of his
life forever—or until he can decide in his
own heart, which love is the strongest.

A mong the younger men, Farley Granger
seems to me to be having one of the
most serious problems to solve. I think
"Farl" was at one time very much in love
with Shelley Winters. And he has had
other romantic flirtations.

But, first, Farley feels he must make his
way as an artist and a successful star.
They said no one would dare to publish it, but here it is! It's Chicago from the inside...the low-down on the big town. The most sensational exposé you've ever seen, Chicago Confidential tears the mask from a city's respectability and brings you the unvarnished truth, complete, unabridged and uncensored.

You'll learn the real story of the big, braying, untamed, hurly-burly city on Lake Michigan...its B girls, mobsters, molls, honky-tonks, strippers and clippers. You'll read about Chicago's own vicious brand of bobby soxers, and you'll get the incredible story of Virginia Hill of Kefauver investigation fame. Only these famous columnists could dig out the truth about the high life, low life and night life on Chicago's gleaming avenues and in its secret back alleys. It will shock you!

High Adventure by the Author of "Yankee Pasha"

GYPSY SIXPENCE by Edison Marshall

A DELL 35c BOOK

Come along on a romantic journey of love, intrigue and adventure in mysterious India. Your companions will be Rom Brook, the dangerous, dark and handsome officer who is half English aristocrat and half Gypsy; beautiful, repressed Sukey, his colonel's daughter, and lovely Sithy, the hot-blooded, ivory-skinned slave girl from beyond the Himalayas. An exciting tale of Oriental passions that will make your heart beat faster.

- FRAMED IN BLOOD by Brett Halliday
- FOR RICHER FOR POORER by Faith Baldwin

NEW
DELL 25c BOOKS
- MURDER TOLD TWICE by Donald Hamilton

Get these DELL BOOKS at your newsstand
(Continued from page 22) horse parlor instead of getting out a paper every day. Crawford is booming the circulation of the New York Express sky high with sensations and scandals when his own past catches up. It’s Rosemary DeCamp, the wife he deserted just 20 years ago—and Rosemary wins just now. In a scuffle Crawford accidentally kills Rosemary but cleverly covers his traces. You guessed it—Derek, the reporter Crawford himself raised and trained, gets on the story, solves the case and has to turn in his own boss. The law and Crawford shoot it out all over the offices of the Express. As Crawford dies, he dictates the inside story of his crime. “Write it up big, kid,” he gags to Derek, “Tell a lotta papers.” Maybe, but it didn’t jolt our circulation a bit.

Cast: John Derek, Donna Reed, Broderick Crawford.—Columbia.

BEND OF THE RIVER

Bend Of The River takes us along with a band of hardy pioneers going to settle in the wilds of Oregon some hundred years ago. These settlers, led by Jimmy Stewart, ride in covered wagons, paddle boats up the river, meet and lick Indians, and generally have more lousy, rip-roaring experiences than you’ll find in our tired aspirin age. Altogether Bend Of The River has a giant-size portion of shootin’ and fightin’ and hollerin’. Stewart has to whip many shifty characters along the way to Oregon and all the while he has to keep his sharpest eye on Arthur Kennedy, who may be perfectly good but then again may be perfectly bad. Throughout the journey most of the suspense comes from this question: Is this fellow Kennedy on our side or against us? Both Stewart and Kennedy play their parts so laconically that their very calm makes you feel you’re surely on top of a powder keg. You’ll have to find out about Kennedy for yourself—we won’t tell you—and while you’re finding out, you’ll get a boot out of the fighting, the natural homesteadom of Oregon and finally the peaceful life the settlers win after much hardship. Julia Adams is one of the pioneers in Bend Of The River and she’s a very special reason why we’d have liked to have been an Oregon settler, too.

Cast: James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams, Rock Hudson.—U.I.

VIVA ZAPATA!

Marlon Brando made sparks fly in A Streetcar Named Desire. In Viva Zapata! he sets the screen ablaze. His characterization of an illiterate Mexican peasant who fights boldly for a better life for the people has the fire and grandeur of profound acting. Written by John Steinbeck, Viva Zapata! is a poetic and majestic look into the Mexico of some 50 years ago. Brando, as Zapata, one of the titans of Mexican history, is young, uneducated and dedicated. He becomes loved among the peasants but so learned among politicians that the Mexican Army goes after him, catching him in an ambush and shooting him mercilessly until he is dead. This story of Zapata’s life has been directed by Elia Kazan with a proper sense of tragedy, but also with an appreciation of the fun and vitality in Zapata’s nature. It is rare and funny and significant to see this peasant youth love a girl, marry her, and on their wedding night, make her give him his first lesson in reading.

Cast: Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn. —20th Century-Fox.
the beautiful brain trust

(Continued from page 61) hidden talents even eluded Jeanne's closest friends. One of them—Fay Beck—that when I first met Jeanne I thought she was just another dream girl. And Betty Ling added, "Jeanne and I were the only young women at a party in Palm Springs this day we met. Naturally, I thought we'd have a lot in common, but I had to draw every word out of her. So then, of course, she thought, well, she's beautiful, but that's all." Jerry Hunt, wife of her business manager, says, "The first time I met Jeanne I was waiting for my husband in the car outside her home, and she insisted that I come in. I did, but she became almost silent as soon as I'd stepped inside the door. Then she took me to the nursery to see her baby. (it was her first) and I talked a lot about him. I thought then that children would be all I'd ever talk about with her."

Eventually, though, Jeanne joined these ladies in their sewing circle. At first, they all had to laugh about it. "She couldn't even thread a sewing machine," says Jerry Hunt. "A sewing machine! Why, she couldn't even thread a simple needle. But there was Jeanne made herself a felt skirt with caricatures on it that everybody ago."

"That's what I love about Jeanne," Betty Ling says. "Some things so quickly that before we experts know it she's better than we are!"

"A few months after we met," Jerry Hunt recalls, "we invited her to go on a hunting trip. When we went out the first time to bring down a dove and she helped pluck the rest of them. I was amazed when she said she'd never been hunting before. And fishing. Naturally, we all went fishing together, but even when Jeanne first started going with us she'd bring in a haul. "How do you do it?" I asked her once, and she said, "Oh, I just offered a little prayer to St. Peter."

But now let's really go back, far back into Jeanne's life when she had no thought of woodwork and try to find a key to her present personality. If Jeanne's mother were listening in to these descriptions of her daughter, she wouldn't blink an eye. She knows her girl. "Jeanne always thought she could do anything," says her mother. "She learned to read at three, to swim expertly at five. Piano-playing, painting, ice-skating, tennis-she tried them all and did them all well. I used to pray that I would have the wisdom to guide her. But she was so introspective, it was hard to fathom her mind. I had reason to worry most when she gathered her friends, because this was a hard time for her. And this was a time that might explain a lot that happened after."

In high school at 12, Jeanne was a straight-A student. She was the youngest and the smartest and many of her classmates at St. Mary's Academy knew how to use her brain. On the day before a history test, Jeanne, for example, gathered around her and she'd condense pages of required reading on the Mayflower Compact into less than 50 words. When she'd finish, one of the girls would try to stump her. "Well, we won't have to study that tonight. How about going ice-skating instead?"

"But she'd never ask me," Jeanne tells vividly recalled, "though it's not at all an ice-skater, too. Suddenly I saw I wasn't exactly in the swim. They gathered around me only at school and only because I was a brain!"

"And yet, Jeanne deliberately started making mistakes in order to get marks as low as her struggling fellow students. But that didn't increase her popularity. Then she thought the thing to do was to seek out popular girls and invite them places."

One night, she asked such a girl to have dinner, go to a football game and stay overnight her. The girl refused politely; she had other plans, but the next day she called to ask what kind of time Jeanne had."

"Terrible," Jeanne moaned. "It's just as well I didn't go. I ran away and..."

"Oh, that's a shame," sympathized the girl. "We had the most marvelous time!"

"When I hung up the phone," Jeanne reported, "I was greeted by my mother, 'Nobody else ever seems not to have a good time. Why is it I'm the only one who's disappointed?'

Mother answered. 'They don't always have a good time. They just don't let the world know. People aren't attracted to those who are always disappointed.'"

Thinking that over, Jeanne realized that the popular girls made the smallest event seem exciting with their enthusiasm, or turned a mishap into an adventure."

"When I analyzed what they said, it was only small talk but it was magic at that age."

The first time Jeanne used this magic was when she went to a Junior Prom at another high school. Her escort wasn't the boy she'd wanted—"the one she'd wanted hadn't asked her."

"For the first time I kept quiet about the other boy. Instead," she smiles, "I talked as though the boy I went with was the only one. About the wonderful time we'd had and about the other couple with us. It worked, too! The girls accepted me as a person, not a brain."

Jeanne was graduated from high school at 15, still under the spell of that victory. If people didn't react to brains, she'd be brainy enough not to act too bright! At 17, when she was signed by 20th Century Fox, she concealed her real reason for wanting to be an actress. (That reason, by the way, was her desire to sample the kind of lives—through acting—which interested her.) She thought she'd enter a world that demanded beauty and small-talk, not brains and talent. Wasn't Vanessa Brown, a fellow player, bemoaning the fact that she couldn't make people forget her in a scene?"

"I didn't set foot inside the studio commission for six months after I was signed," she says. "No one asked me and I couldn't face it alone. The studio world is actually quite a step from school. At least it was for me. I was very lonely."

Instead of people, books became her constant companions in her dressing room and between scenes on the sets. "The Fountainhead" set off her interest in architecture. Other books opened new fields to her."

When she did eat in the commissary, her beauty was a magnet. But the people who noticed her, noticed her silence, too. She absorbed all she heard and saw, but she talked little. Because she accepted all while she accepted with serenity, she was called the most co-operative actress in the studio."

Only the fact of her marriage to Paul Brinkman, than completely of her own choosing, indicated she was other than a wholly docile beauty."

Georgianne Montalban unconsciously revealed her attitude when she says, "One evening when she was here, Ricardo was simmering over being typed as a guitar-playing Latin lover, and threatening to insist that the studio give him better roles."

"Jeanne told him, 'The people who run studios see you objectively. It's pretty
hard to see yourself that way even on the screen. But those men do. It takes time for them to find a role which gives your fans what they expect from you, plus something more challenging to you as an actor. Don't insist on getting something peculiar. Just be prepared for different types of roles, and if you're capable of playing them, sooner or later you will."

"The moment he got his words, Mrs. Montalban concludes, "the more sense they made to him. Now he's glad he didn't make a fuss because varied roles have been coming his way."

At that time, Jeanne firmly believed her words, and firmly felt that Pinky proved her right. But, oddly enough, the studio did not give her more challenging herself doing more young girl parts, while the solid roles went to other actresses.

"One day she exclaimed to Jerry Hunt, "I guess I've outlived Hollywood's deadliest sin. I talk so much about my marriage and my children that nobody thinks I can talk about anything else."

"Her rebellion grew and she decided to go after the role in People Will Talk. Joseph Mankiewicz was amazed. He, too, thought of her as "Margie."

"While they argued back and forth, Mankiewicz began to see her in a new light and seemed almost convinced that he'd better drop out for the part. But he told her, "I'm sorry, but Anne Baxter is being assigned for the role tomorrow. We're already told her."

That stopped Jeanne, all right. But just before the picture was ready to go into production, Anne excitedly informed the studio that she and John Hodiak at long last were expecting a child, and she'd decided to withdraw from the movie.

"Mankiewicz called Jeanne and told her to cut her hair, because she had got the part. Jeanne cut it without a whimper, and then she sent him a huge birthday package with a card attached that read, "If I fail you, you may pick me in this!"

"He didn't. Without waiting for critics' opinions, he broke open the bottle at the end of production and everyone celebrated.

"To hear her friends tell the difference a simple hair-cut has made in Jeanne is to hear a complete reversal of Samson's historical shearing.

"'She's become even more exciting to her friends in the last few months," Betty Ling reports. "We knew a long time ago there was more to her than our first impressions. But no matter what she wore or what she did before she cut her hair, that beautiful girl's mane blinded everyone to the sophistication which was the time."

"We used to tease her about her little girl clothes," her long-time pal Peggy O'Connor says. "But not any more. She's so chic now. We also noticed how shy she was around 17 and 18, and how now she kids them just as naturally as she did then."

"She can hold court in a discussion too. One day, not long ago, when our group started talking about religion and philosophy, Mankiewicz, our group's great one, raised the subject. He was raised by the Jesuits and is used to challenging most people when they talk on those subjects. Much to his surprise, she really put her case down. She thoroughly enjoys seriously discussing the subject with her because he knows her faith comes through intelligence, not just pure emotion or childhood habit."

"Enlarging this intimate picture of Jeanne, Fay Beckett quotes her husband, world famous architect Welton Beckett, who did Jeanne's home: "She knew just what she wanted and how to tell it." That's real praise from an architect. Mrs. Beckett continues, "It's hard to give specific instances that illustrate Jeanne isn't just the dream girl I thought she was."

"But that's a sequel to Cheaper By The Dozen and it's logical she should play the role."

"Then why has Jeanne gone through those shabby phases of personality and career which were destructive to the ultimate goal she had set for herself? Jeanne attributes some of it to the day at St. Mary's Academy when she decided it didn't pay to be a brain.

"Learning to deal successfully in small talk brought her that much desired youthful popularity as a person. Those impressions stayed with her too long.

"How has she erased those teen-age scars? The answer seems to lie in director John Huston's, which Jeanne herself quotes: "In my life, I have things to please myself. If the world in general happens to like something I do and is really moved by it, that's just good fortune."

"Jeanne's not about doing anything to please anyone else."

"She feels that Huston expresses the thoughts of many people like herself. As a result she has become a mature actress and joins the company of such exceptionally successful women as Irena Dunne and Loretta Young. Self-assured, beautiful, charming, feminine women whose work includes a happy marriage, children and distinguished success. What more can any woman, and especially, a beautiful brain trust like Jeanne, ask of life?"

Don't Destroy Your Marriage

Neglect of intimate hygiene can create another you!

Don't Destroy Your Marriage

Neglect of intimate hygiene can create another you!

Only the Real You Can Hold His Love!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As my friend and I were leaving the theater we noticed two handsome fellows walking in back of two tiny girls.

"That's Rory Calhoun," I exclaimed. My friend replied, "Yeah, look at those two kids in front of them." Rory laughed, for one of those kids was his wife!

Mrs. Calhoun
New York

Toes but that's a sequel to Cheaper By The Dozen and it's logical she should play the role.

Then why has Jeanne gone through those shallow phases of personality and career which were destructive to the ultimate goal she had set for herself? Jeanne attributes some of it to the day at St. Mary's Academy when she decided it didn't pay to be a brain. Learning to deal successfully in small talk brought her that much desired youthful popularity as a person. Those impressions stayed with her too long.

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is Jean Pete’s pick?

(Continued from page 24) Inwardly, though, he must be aware of it, more now than ever. On his return from England, he went back to the home where he and his parents, Lord and Lady Lawford, have lived ever since and became an important star. But he must have found that his roots were no longer here in Hollywood, because for the first time in his life, Pete became a bachelor.

It is almost surprising that Peter Lawford is an actor at all—he is so completely and almost agonizing normal. Consider his two brothers, for instance, the late film legend Charlie Dunne and Bob Walker. Pete and Charlie met for the first time on the public beach at Santa Monica where they used to play volley ball with a gang of grays and gals. They had had a strong common interest in athletics of all sorts, particularly surf-boarding at Malibu.

And Pete’s other staunch friend, Bob Walker, wasn’t the type at all. He was completely a sensual hedonist, presumably the opposite type who preferred a tough session of poker to a walk around the block. Lawford has always had a lot in common with the friends he chose, plus one trait that only partly apart. This was his constant itch for travel.

A friend who had invited Pete to dinner might get a telegram the day before, saying that the actor was en route to Bermuda.

As one buddy of his put it, “Oh, Pete’s the dependable type, all right. He’ll always get there, but he might occasionally be six months late for dinner.”

“I’ll admit it,” he said, recently, “it’s the escapist in me that makes me keep on the go so much. And don’t make a big thing of it. I’ve not been running away from any particular thing or person. It’s just that I’ve never built a life around myself consisting of a lot of possessions. And what’s so unusual about that? I like to travel frequently, fast! I have a salon!”

And that’s just what he has done, getting away from the intricate life of Hollywood that has tried to snare many young men like him into almost everything they didn’t want, from business deals to marriage. He always liked to choose romance, or find it by chance, not have it thrust on him because someone else imagined that the line would be too good a wife. In the past, Peter has taken everything Hollywood has been able to throw his way, with no outward evidence of being disturbed.

When one writer called him a “wolf” because of his numerous dates with the glamorous girls, he was displeased, but didn’t go around ranting and raving. When another called him a “sucker” because he didn’t know the value of his money around, and never gave him credit for the manner in which he has so long been more than generous to his friends and relatives, there were still attacks of dramatics. He was well aware that on the surface these things seemed to have at least a trace of truth to them. But inwardly, he knew what he was and what he wanted.

There, where her mother, Mrs. Marion Blair, is in the real estate business. And Jean, talking to Pete during the hour they spent together on the beach, told him of her journalistic ambitions. It was Pete who suggested that she come to the States, and find a job.

That’s exactly what she did, some weeks later, only to discover that the vicinity of Hollywood is filled with young talent (she’s 22), looking for magazine and newspaper work. She is only natural that Pete should help her all she could, but Jean insisted on making a go of it by herself. Fortunately, it was not a case of work or starve, so she free-lanced for awhile, and waited for a chance.

Now comes the coincidence at which the calloused characters of Hollywood love to wink. Jean found her chance for a job at Pete’s own home studio, MGM. Knowing that it might cause some talk, she talked to Pete about taking over a position in the publicity department. He advised her to do exactly what she would do if she had never known him at all, so she went on the job.

You have to live in Hollywood to realize what a tough situation something like this can be. There are movie stars who have friends among the general population, and there are movie stars who have friends among those who work in publicity departments, but these friendships usually are fleeting, and almost never on a socially equal basis. The whole town of Hollywood is marked by sharply defined levels of society.

There is the “A Group,” the directors, producers, stars and top writers, who play tennis together, live in the same neighborhood, money, and divorce each other endlessly. Then there is the “B Group,” consisting of lesser players who can’t afford big homes and Cadillacs. Their lives are emotionally mixed—with the assistant directors, the cutters, and others engaged in lesser capacities in helping to make movies. Last comes the “C” or fringe group. These are the publicity workers, magazine and newspaper writers. In themselves they are either a happy and successful group, but their lives seldom cross those of the other groups.

To put it bluntly, a top feminine star falls in love with her press agent, only in novels, and never in Hollywood. And to desert delicacy completely, there are those who are now whispering off-stage, “What’s wrong over in the Petes’ Lawford see in that little publicity girl?”

## Callouses

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These thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, protective pads lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Speedily remove callouses when used with the separate Medications included. Ask for Callous size. Cost but a trifle.
The answer is—plenty! Pete sees more in this slim, intelligent, dark-eyed Jean MacDonald than he has in any of the glamorous girls with whom his name has been linked. The gossipy inference is that Jean is a little Miss Nobody who has set her cap for Movie Star Lawford. And the inference is so strong that people in public have passed the word that Miss MacDonald is a "soft pedal" linking of their names.

Whether Jean MacDonald knows this, or knowing, is influenced by Hollywood’s rather undemanding public, is not. The relationship between men and women in widely differing salary brackets, isn’t possible to say. But someone should point out in print that Miss MacDonald’s education and background is considered superior to most movie stars, even though her salary of perhaps slightly more than $100 a week does not place her in the "A Group" of Hollywood society. And her all-around qualifications as a fit wife for Pete are undoubtedly ten times better than most of the several times divorced stars with whom her name has been linked off and on during the years.

While all this frankness is going on, it should also be known that Pete Lawford feels very deeply about Miss MacDonald. And between them, the ultimate mutual decision they make about the subject of marriage will be based on their love and respect. If Pete, as he has repeatedly asked her to be his bride (as he may before this article reaches print) it wouldn’t make any difference to him whether she was a $5,000-a-week star in a drive-in, or sold papers on a street corner.

Among other things of which Pete has been accused is a too acute social consciousness. This stems largely from the fact that he is English, his father bears the title of Sir and his mother is always addressed as Lady Lawford.

The truth is that Pete has always been the most democratic of movie stars. Editors and reporters are not surprised to see him come strolling into their offices, unannounced. He drops in to say hello, if he likes them, and not for the purpose of getting his name into, or out of any magazine or newspaper.

Pete has always been like this and always will be. The only change in him, already mentioned, is increasing evidence of adulthood. Credit part of that to the loss of two of his closest friends, to his growing a little older, and to the increasing realization that much of Hollywood’s attitude towards its stars is far less genuine and understanding than those who are on the "outside."

Delving into the facts still more, observers noted that when Pete was greeted by Jean at the airport when he arrived back from England after finishing T For Terror, he brought with him several sweaters for her—a rollicking Boxer pup named Sam, and some attractive sweaters he’d picked up in Scotland.

It was expected, then, that this friendship would blossom into an altar-bound romance over-night. Certainly, Pete made no bones of the fact that he was barely interested in Sharrman Douglas, an old flame whom he only saw once or twice while in England.

For several weeks, Jane and Pete were seen frequently together. Skiing with friends in the mountains, having dinner together at the quiet Ready Room restaurant, or hiking on the beach with Sam, the Boxer.

Everything seemed to be developing normally and naturally, until the sudden report from nowhere that the two had quarreled seriously. The suspicion is that Jean might have absorbed some of the advice too freely given advice in some quarters to the effect that actors are insincere no-goods of whom a girl can’t be too careful. She may have given Pete some tough advice, and he, naturally, to the effect that it would be better, considering their different stations in life as it’s lived in Hollywood, for them to go their separate ways.

The facts are that when Pete momentar-ily stopped seeing Jean MacDonald, he took no other girls out... he continued to look for a home of his own, out around Brentwood and Pacific Palisades, and he temporarily stored the considerable amount of furniture and antiques which he had purchased in England.

There is no question that the course of Pete’s life has completely changed, and the reasons are the factors which have been set down in this article. Today Pete Lawford is a finer actor than ever before, a more solid and thoughtful individual. He will always be a man who likes to travel at the slightest provocation, but the prediction here is that before long those trips of his will no longer be in the nature of solo flights.

He quite likely will have Mrs. Peter Lawford with him.

![Edna’s BRIGHT WITH MIDOL](image)

**Edna’s DISMAI**

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."

**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."


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"I’ll never marry again"

**(Continued from page 35)** Ann Miller and even Barbara Whiting. I reminded Dan not so long ago, a very reputable reporter had quoted him at a party as saying that he didn’t marry Miss Nigh. "Complete misunderstanding," Dan assured me. "This is what happened. I took Annie Miller to that party. And when I said I planned to marry Jane, I said no, but that if I did, kiddingly, I’d let the reporter know. I guess with all the noise around us she thought I said yes I was getting married to Jane. Jane was furious. Called me after reading the item, and said, ‘If you are going to marry me, I think I ought to be told.’""Don’t get me wrong about Jane. We have a lot of laughs together and she’s swell. She’s easy to be with, she can romp around in blue jeans, or dress up and look like a queen at a party. But we are not getting married." Don’t take this to mean that Jane is not in love or ready to fall in love with Dan. He’s the most likable and eligible bachelor we have. But I think Jane realizes he aims to stay one.

"How about you and Ann Miller going to London together next year to dance at the Palladium? If you do, won’t that revive talk of a romance?" I ask Dan. "We’ll do two weeks at the Palladium," says Dan. "But I’m not in love with Annie, and she’s not in love with me. I’ll take her a long time to want to marry anyone again." Ann never discusses her marriage and divorce from wealthy Reese Milner, but she was sick for months after losing her baby, and Milner soon after. It was a heart-breaking experience.

But like all of the girls he dates, Ann adores Dan. "He’s the best companion I’ve ever had," she told me when I questioned her about seeing Dan so often. "And," she added unnecessarily, "he’s a dreamboat and a dreamy dancer."

I can’t understand a man like you, basically quiet and rather shy, dating a brash exhibitionist like Shelley Winters, says your reporter, digging into Dan’s
mottoes over the roast beef and baked potato. "Well, I'll tell you," says Dan. "Not many people understand Shelley. She's very frightened really, and the noise is a cover up. I like her, even if I don't want to marry her or any other girl in show business."

"But like this with girls in show business," says Dan. "I have to work with them all day long on the set. A guy has to be careful how he handles them. I wouldn't want to come home and have to go through all that in the evening too. I'd prefer someone who was more interested in my career, not interfering, of course. But telling me when this scene was good, and that, not so good. You know, making like she cared about my own.

"But what other women do I have a chance of meeting? I've been in this business most of my life. I didn't go to college, I didn't belong to any fraternities, just met all the girl friends I did. And I feel awkward when men who did talk about it. So I stick pretty close to people in show business. Those are the girls I know, and those are the girls I don't want to marry."

"How about June Haver?" I pause between pastry bites to ask.

"She's sweet, but can you see me married to June?" Dan demands. "I can't!"

"That leaves Barbara Whiting," says I. He looks at me. "What would I do with a young kid like that? Or with any young girl? I prefer people who know their way around. You know how it is with young girls. They enter worship a movie star, I couldn't take that as a steady diet.

"There are always girls in society," says I. "Wasn't your wife a local society girl?" Dan gives me a quizzical look, asks for the check, and says, "Looks good, and I've got the Mocambos." So we leave the Encore and step into Dan's car—a Ford. "What happened to your Cadillac?" I ask, as we drive the short distance to the goggle night club on the Strip. "My wife took it, along with everything else," says Dan, a bit on the grim side, but not for long. Smiling comes just naturally to him, and being kind. I'm sure that his ex-wife is going to wake up one day and say, "Why in heck did I ever lose him."

"But you were talking about Liz," says Dan, when we sit against the plush wall inside the darkened Mocambos. "That 'society' business, where did you get it from? Her family was so rich that's all. She was terribly unhappy at home. I was sorry for her. When I had to go overseas during the war, in '42, we married.

"We were never really in love," confesses Dan. "Her family and agents, they made it difficult for us. But at the beginning, when we didn't have much, we were quite happy. And when Danny was born, I thought this would be a home, a place for the bank, horses, a good job, a son, a beautiful wife. All the things I thought I had wanted all my life.

"There was a publisher at the Clinic, yes, he was there for treatment too. A lot of the cases were really bad, but the Menninger's will be able to help you, but I'm not sure of what they can effect a cure. I was advised to write as therapy. I showed some of the pieces to the publisher. He said they were obviously amateurish, but that I had the stuff to make a go of it.

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IT HAPPENED TO ME

Before leaving Texas for art school in New York, my mother warned me, "Now, don't take up with strangers."

The day I was rushing to a class from a downtown exhibit and found myself trapped on the wrong side of Fifth Avenue while a Memorial Day parade passed by. Tanks, soldiers, and more soldiers passed endlessly and I began to be worried about missing my class.

A man beside me said, "I want to get to the other side, too, but it doesn't do any good to worry about it. So... just enjoy the parade." I decided he was right and I stopped worrying, but remembering my mother's advice, I wouldn't look at him.

Finally, the parade ended and as I crossed the street, I saw the man go hurriedly on his way. Then I wished I had talked to him, for the "friendly stranger" was no stranger at all... but Bing Crosby himself.

Mrs. W. M. Curtis
Sherman, Texas

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agent and closest Hollywood friend.) I had to figure out what I wanted to do. When everything was clear in my mind, and I was ready for responsibility again, I looked for an apartment. I have a wonderful butler; he was found for me by Barbara Whiting's family. He comes in every day at 12. It's wonderful not to have to talk to any one in the morning, you must know how that is. My man's a wonderful cook, as good as any wife could be, he looks after me fine. I watch television for hours at night, and I have my books on psychiatry. But I haven't been to a psychiatrist since I left the Clinic. My friends think I live with psychiatrists and always ask me for advice. I don't need psychiatrists any more. I'm happy, but my friends go to them all the time.

"Why do the Menninger doctors believe it's bad for you to fall in love?" I ask Dan as we drive to my home. "I guess they think it's better for me not to have any problems. But Sheilah, how could a wife improve my position? I go home when I like, see whom I like, make as much noise as I like, dress as I like. Tonight I wore a tie for you. But usually just a shirt and pants. My career is doing great, I make thousands of dollars a week — it all goes in taxes, but still I make it, and it thrills me to see those checks.

"But don't get me wrong, I love girls. And my idea of a wonderful girl is someone very feminine, whose arms are soft when she puts them around my neck. But no falling in love." When Dan perceives the slightest hint of possessive love, he's off in the opposite direction before she can say, "Kiss me." "That's something I like to say anyway—I mean, 'Kiss me,'" Dan laughs, stops the car before my house, and hops out to open the door for me.

"Before you go," says I, "What would you say is your philosophy of life in general?"

"Sounds corny," Dan answers, "but it's this, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Then you are sure to hurt nobody."

I've enjoyed my evening and I tell him so. "So have I," says Dan. "How about dinner one day next week?"

I hope this means I've joined his rotating line of ladies. My head is certainly spinning enough to qualify. He's a sweet guy to be with. Easy to talk to, guy friendly. But I can't promise not to fall in love with him. I'm kidding of course—on the level.

(The End)

(Dan Dailey will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's The Girl Next Door.—Ed.)

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and A Streetcar Named Desire. Fred Astaire says Donald O'Connor won't make his life story. Fred himself will do it, seese, if it ever screened.

Imagine Clifton Webb making life miserable for a professional wrestler. It's true. Guy's name is Sandor Szabo, 20th hired him for some rough wrestling scenes with our boy friend Belvedere in Dream Boat. And Sandor had to cancel his grunt-and-groan sessions during an evening TV shows because Clifton fought him to a fizzle during their daytime hours on the studio stage! . . . Now that the Katie Grayson-Mario Lanza feud is out in the open, will she bust loose with the story about how she bit his lip when he made her make up a romance scene for Toast Of New Orleans? . . . Oleg Cassini had his foot on a Hollywood-bound plane when Gene Tierney filed that fast divorce action. He put it back on the ground. . . . Errol Flynn started the year with four lawsuits. One was his own, against Duncan McMartin, the others were against him; Lili Damita's for $62,000, Bill Marshall's for $25,000, and a third for an unpaid tailor's bill in Australia.

DANCING DOLLS:

A bright new ballerina, Britain's Claire Bloom, will soon be grabbing headlines as Charlie Chaplain's leading lady in Limelight. But Charlie, who did it with Paulette Goddard once too, won't let the photos flashbulb Claire till he's ready to turn on the publicity guns. . . . Virginia Mayo plays a character named "Hattie Gertsie" in her next picture, She's Working Her Way Through College. . . . Sally Forrest is taking dancing lessons from Rita Hayworth's father, Jose Canosino.

HE WENT THATAWAY:

Randy Scott, after all these years, just bought himself his first tuxedo. . . . If studio dressing rooms could talk, there's one at Republic and wouldn't say a wordful. Vaughn Monroe inherited Roy Rogers' dressing room when he checked into the San Fernando Valley lot March 3. It's the one that Rogers, in turn, inherited from Gene Autry not so long ago. And both Rogers and Autry left Republic in a HURRY, if you'll recall! Roy is making TV Westerns now. One day last month his pose overrode a scene, running out of camera range, at Iverson's Ranch, and wound up in a Crucifixion procession being shot by the producer of a religious film! They had an awful time separating the cowboys from the long-bearded actors!

While visiting out at Republic, we saw John Agar and Ruth Hussey stroll into a saloon. But if the probation department reads this and wonders why John isn't being a good boy after his jail sentence we've got to add that it was for a scene in Minnesota. . . . Indians who used to work on location in Westerns for as little as $3 a day won't work for a dime less than $9 a day now! . . . While locationing on The Saber And The Arrow in Yuma, Brod Crawford and Barbara Hale put on a benefit and raised $2,000 for the Arizona Boys' Ranch. . . . Clyde Beatty is planning on invading Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd's territory. Beatty has a line of jungle outfits for kids coming up, and hopes they'll do as well as Hoppy's cowboy duds have been doing.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Louis and Quiche Jourdan bragged to me about their new baby. "He's got my head, eyes and nose," Louis said, "but he looks just like his mother!" . . . Danny and Marie Thomas celebrated their 16th wedding anniversary at Mocambo helping Fran sing one of Danny's I'll See You In My Dreams songs, "It Had to Be You." Eleanor Parker rented a trailer, drove it to Tucson and lived in it there while locationing with Bob Taylor in Eagle On His Cap . . . Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin are making tape recordings of their Tony, Jr.'s progress instead of taking 16mm movies, as do other parents. Reason, a fairly obvious one: Tony's a singer. . . . MGM tried to keep it a secret, but starlet Paula Raymond is the mother of a two-year-old girl. She's divorced from her first husband.

Burt Lancaster got his first look at his new baby, now eight months old, when he returned from making a picture in Europe. His Norma brought the infant to the airport to meet Pop. . . . Diana and John Anderson will make Joan Bennett a grandmother again in April. . . . Stewart Granger, gifted Jean Simmons with diamond earrings on their wedding anniversary. . . . Rita Hayworth is in Hollywood only for a visit, believe it or not. This isn't her legal home. She's a legal resident of Nevada, at least till the divorce from Ayl Khan goes through. . . . Rita may be broke, as of now, but she's got the long—at $250,000 per picture and 25 percent of the profits. Even Clark Gable doesn't have such a lush deal. . . . Didja know the only jewelry Rita has been wearing for the past several months is a handmade St. Christopher medal with a few diamonds imbedded here and there?

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Doris Day's first year of canarying for Columbia Records earned her $103,000, and that ain't birdseed. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan does better financially as the mother of seven than she ever did as a star. She got $10,000 for posing for two days for some baby oil ads! . . . John Derek, now getting $750 a week at Columbia, where he started for literally peanuts, but he's still loaded with bills and can't finish furnishing his Encino home, even if it does have a swimming pool.

Guy who sublet Betsy von Furnenburg's apartment when she returned to New York to appear in a play found something while rum-
maging around in the feminine debris she left behind; an MGM paycheck for $173 that she had forgotten to cash. . . . Here we are on the subject of Doris Day again: She’s No. One boxoffice queen out at Warners’ but in one of her upcoming pictures she is going to be in six pages of dialogue out of an entire script. What a waste of talent! Warner’s, why don’t you wise up?

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS:
Big Noise, the Betty Grable-Harry James racehorse, won $90,000 for them last year. Betty says she’ll settle for that anytime in lieu of an Academy Award. . . . Did you know that the James’ nags won several stakes during Betty’s suspension, and the winnings helped carry the load of her layoff no end? In fact, Betty bought a new bleached seal coat with just a fraction of the take on Big Noise alone, and Alan and Sue Ladd bought a new dashahund to replace the one that was killed. . . . And Alan couldn’t go to work in Botany Bay at Para one morning because he’d been up all night tending a horse on his Hid- den Valley ranch that got stuck in a waterening trough. Before strangling itself to death, the poor animal took a severe bite out of Alan’s helping hand—the right one.

The Siamese cat that Roz Russell carries onstage in her play, Bell, Book and Candle, is not a prop but her very own. . . . Leslie Caron named her new beige-colored Afghan hound Lana! . . . Bob Ryan is taking lessons in how to train his new dogs—a boxer and a terrier.

TIME TABLES:
Howard Duff and Ida Lupino moved from Malibu to Hollywood so that Ida, who was expecting, wouldn’t have so far to drive while producing and directing at RKO. . . . Ida worked, and hard, although her medicos advised her to spend as much time as possible in bed until the baby came, because of an old back injury. . . . Pier Angeli, who just learned to drive a car, is now learning to drive a jeep on MGM’s Lot Three for her next role—and they’ve moved everything move- able out of the way! Go to it Pier!

Mala Powers and Piper Laurie wrote their names in lipstick on a big shell during their trip to Korea and then saw it fired into the communist lines. . . . Jerry Wald told me it’ll be only a matter of a few months before Barbara Stanwyck’s next picture, Clash By Night, puts her back in the same strong position occupied by Joan Crawford after Mildred Pierce was released and won her an Oscar . . . . Margaret O’Brien ordered a flock of off-the-shoulder gowns from dress designer Sari Taffy. Time flies, kids! Pretty soon that O’Brien gal will be keeping us columnists busy!

The End
still in love with alay?

(Continued from page 37) What magic words had Aly uttered so weakly Ritas determination for it? She just wanted to talk about the children and wish us a very happy New Year. That's all, was Ritas explanation.

Which leaves you with nothing but the fact that minutes is an awfully long time for a simple New Year's greeting.

It seems more likely, in view of Rita's present attitude, that Aly spent most of their conversation re-conciliation and exploring the possibility of his flying to Hollywood to see Rita and his child. It may well be that he ended up by pleading with his former wife to leave open the possibility of a reconciliation.

Undoubtedly, Aly Khan is still very much in love with Rita—and always has been. When she left him last spring, he wrote her a letter long as there is a particle of hope. I for my part will not wish to lose it... If in time your thoughts ever turn to me and the love I have always had for you, my arms are then open.

A young girl who recently received dancing with Aly at the Copacabana Palace in Rio (after the Prince's New York's call to Rita) confessed to a friend, "Aly is still mad about Hayworth. I think she did exactly the right thing by leaving him. Now he wants her all the more, and he'll do anything to get her back, because not only love but his precious ego is involved.

In Hollywood, there are some who say that the only reason Rita is even entertaining the thought of a reconciliation is because she's so desperately unhappy at Columbia Studios.

A friend of mine recently told a reporter, "Rita feels that anything, even life with Aly Khan, is preferable to fighting constantly with her studio." The truth is that it happened when Aly flew to Hollywood from Reno several months ago and announced her intention of going back to work, the studio had no script ready for her. Writers were put to work on several new scripts, but 63 pages of a story entitled Affair In Trinidad were finished, they were sent to Rita. Simultaneously came the announcement that she would stop her film and get married to Glenn Ford.

Rita refused to do the picture until she had read the entire script. This seemed eminently reasonable under the circumstances. After all, when you try to come off a film and leave the absence you want to be sure you're not in a flop. Rita felt that she needed more than just 63 pages of script before she could make a decision. So she sent it to Rfrica. Then she said she would make the picture providing it was the last one she made at Columbia. (Her contract has four more years to run.) The studio then went on to do a big public relations coup.

Glenn Ford then walked into Harry Cohn's office and explained that he didn't want to co-star in the film with Rita, mainly because he had to be paid a trifle less than was received by Universal and MGM and had no idea when Trinidad would begin at Columbia.

Cohn told him it was all right, that everything would work out.

A day later, Rita sent telegrams to all the members of the press inviting them to a conference so that she could explain her position about the film. That afternoon, the studio's legal department got in touch with her and suggested that she read her contract. This she did, and found a clause in fine print that made it possible for her to refuse to appear without coming to a press conference about any studio product, whereupon Rita sent out another batch of wires cancelling her previous date.

The studio then announced that Rita would report to work opposite Glenn Ford in Affair In Trinidad almost immediately. By the time you read this, Affair In Trinidad will be finished, and Rita once again will be making her plans for a possible attempt to get away from Columbia.

Hollywood cynics say that this is why she's interested in Charles Feldman, the 47-year-old head of Associated Artists, a talent agency. Feldman is a potent force in movie politics and conceivably might be able to talk Columbia into releasing her.

Hollywood romantics, on the other hand, point out that Rita is handled by the William Morris Agency, and that her relationship with Feldman has nothing to do with business, but everything to do with love.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was late for my appointment at the Bethesda Medical Center. I rushed down the hall, only to collide with another woman. Grabbing my arm, Rosalind Russell smiled, said, "Square your hat, sailor!"

and

sent me on my way.

Mrs. J. G. Bumpner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

"Charley," it has definitely been said, "is another of Rita's strange love problems. He's nuts about her—but wouldn't he marry her if she were free? He's had one disastrous marriage, and nowadays, he seems very much the bachelor."

Feldman is a millionaire who not only guides the careers of Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, and dozens of others, but he also helps produce motion pictures. His share of the profits from A Streetcar Named Desire will probably dwarf two million.

He lives lavishly on a scale to which Rita became accustomed when she married Aly. Rita says, "Charley's all right, and I am too. We are just old friends. Occasionally, we spend a little time together. But talk about romance is simply nonsense. I'm still a married woman."

This may be true but then again Aly Khan was a married man when he met and fell in love with her.

An acquaintance of Charlie's says, "I really think he's fallen for Rita. After all, that isn't hard. She's really beautiful and since her marriage to Aly, she has a very fascinating background. In fact, I think Charley will only need to give himself a chance to look at things objectively."

Rita, of course, has been seen with a number of men, including Hollywood studio studs like Howard, Gilbert Roland, Benny Holtzman, Jackson Leighter, and others, but she insists that right now she is interested in her children and career.

To date, Rita's problems are: (a) Shall she take back Aly Khan? (b) Shall she obtain her divorce and give up all hope of obtaining a financial settlement for Yasmin? (c) Shall she start playing the field.
with an idea towards future matrimony? (c) Aly was to marry again and abandon her career? (e) Aly was to leave her men (they've caused her so much heartache in the past) and concentrate on her children and career?

These are pretty complex problems. Take the first one, for example. Suppose Aly Khan should turn up in Hollywood, and suppose he and Rita should reconcile, this means that Rita must pack up and move back to the Riviera, and she would also have to relinquish her career or perhaps start a new one in Europe. Rita likes Europe very much. She believes, in fact, that two women should be very well off in Swiss schools, but what she refuses to put up with is Aly Khan's European conduct. Around Monaco, Aly is recognized as a man who loves the gaming tables. Rita does not care for gambling in any form.

She is wise enough to know, too, that Aly is not going to change—not at his age. He has never wanted her for living, and there is no reason to believe that he suddenly will start now.

Despite all this, she loves him. She risked her career for him before they were married and abandoned it for his sake.

Rita can have her reconciliation for the asking. All she has to do is pick up the phone, and in a matter of weeks she will be living in the Chateau de l’Horizon. She will be living in the lap of luxury, far away from Columbus Studios. There is no chance whatever of Aly's becoming an American citizen, since the bulk of his father's fortune was never turned into sterling, and there is no way of transferring it into American dollars. This was once suggested as the solution to Rita's foremost problem. But the answer was, in the question, since Aly would never give up any of his European estates.

If Rita goes through with her divorce and writes Aly off as husband number three and a bad bargain, at that, she will probably get very little money for Yasmin. When Rita married Aly, she promised to raise any offspring in the Moslem faith. She intends to keep her word, but rearing Yasmin as a Moslem is practically impossible in Hollywood.

There is also the question of visitation rights. Aly will undoubtedly want to spend some time with his little daughter. How much time will the court permit? Will Rita take Yasmin to France during the summers?

Rita has always felt bitter about Aly's refusal to settle $3,000,000 on Yasmin which, reputedly, is the amount he settled on each of his two sons by a previous marriage. Actually, Aly doesn't have that kind of money, and, as he told Rita, there is no danger that Yasmin will be disinherited. "Under Moslem law," he said, "a man cannot disinherit any of his heirs, nor can he give more to one son or daughter than to another. According to that law, whether I like it or not, Yasmin will inherit one-fifth of my property."

Rita is not particularly worried about Yasmin's inheritance; she's worried about her upbringing. Certainly, Aly Khan, divorced or not, should be partly responsible for her. Rita herself has never asked for alimony.

In all fairness to Aly, it should be said that he is not dodging any of his responsibilities. He's willing to pay for Yasmin's support. He can even guarantee that Yasmin's mother to leave him for good.

Aly is shrewd enough to realize that Rita may talk all she wants to about giving her up, but love is always infinitely more important to her. If she divorces him, she will certainly remarry.

"Right now," Rita says, "I contemplate no change whatever in my status." All of which means that until she irrevocably casts the die, Aly Khan is still top man in Rita's life.

A reconciliation at this point would surprise absolutely no one. The End

"I love you, chata!"

(Continued from page 41) air, we had no idea, but we took them and we clinked them together and said "Merry Christmas."

And later, we didn’t speak of the things we had talked of on the plane, because we were friends. And then, believe it or not, I gave him a pink horse that was four feet long and three feet tall, so he could take it home to his wife. And the last I saw of him he was walking away with the horse under his arm, waving a Merry Christmas.

What happened after she started in a very exotic setting. It was eight o’clock in the morning. The early plane from Mexico City to Acapulco was just coming in. From the window of the plane sat the man who could see the mountains where the plane was swinging through, and when he banked to get into the field traffic pattern I caught sight of a patch of the bluest water I have ever seen. I also noticed under the wings, under the enormous giants, the ships shuddered softly into a landing, the door was opened, and the hot air of the tropics rushed in.

To understand why anyone would go to Acapulco one must go there. The first sight is of a sea-scape that will never be adequately described. There are tall bending trees, the sand must be sifted and bleached by hand to attain such perfection. And all along the shore the breakers roll in, purple at the base as teeth in a comb. The airport, at arrival or departure time, is alive with brown men in whites dashing about, even in the heat, at a hundred chores.

On the way to the city, which is a 20 minute drive from airport, a visitor will see every photograph he’s ever looked at in a travel bureau booklet on beautiful Mexico. There are the tiny burros, ridden by men twice their size, ambling down the roads, the sombrerosed riders twitching their flanks with twigs and dragging their feet on the ground. There are children, naked as nature, playing in the fields with strange looking dogs. There are the women with postures like Vogue models carrying tremendous bundles of wash, or tubs of water, or bound branches of wood on their heads. And along the sidewalks there are houses that might have been built 500 years ago.

In the city of Acapulco it is much the same. Except that the houses are closer together and the sidewalks wider. And there are peculiar foreign signs saying Coca-Cola and Chesterfield. But on the outskirts of the city there are magnificent luxury hotels.

I had been in my room in one of these hotels only a few minutes when the phone rang. It was a call from Holly- wood who had heard I was coming. He invited me to come over for breakfast at John Wayne's house. He said he'd send a driver.

Although we had both worked in Hollywood for 20 years, I had never met John Wayne. After I climbed the 50 steps to the veranda of his house, I got my first chance to look at him. He was seated at the head of a large table set for breakfast.
Also at the table were a producer, a director, and a business manager. After introductions I, too, sat down, but I felt like an interloper. The talk, during the meal, was inconsequential, no business—but I wasn't included very much. I had heard that Wayne was wary of reporters and although he was in the soul of politeness, I wasn't sure he liked me there. We ate, by the way, bananas plucked from the trees that overhung the porch.

During that first day in Acapulco I spent a good deal of time with John Wayne and his pals. We sat at the beach under a cement canopy and dunked in the water of the lagoon regularly. We had cocktails on the terrace. This involved pulling coconuts from the trees (that also surrounded the house), chopping their heads off, stuffing them with ice—and a drop or two of rum—and sipping the milky liquid through straws. And I had dinner there also.

Dinner was a festive occasion. The house overlooked the sea on a cliff. The terrace was big and the other rooms had no doors, so the area was large and the 30 people who had been invited didn't crowd the place. The food was being served buffet style. There were tiny crisp-fried fish, miniature clams baked in rye, a variety of sausages, sauce that seemed to be made of cream and mustard and a dozen other things that a fat Mexican cook and her helper had spent the entire day preparing.

Everyone seemed to be having a good time but Wayne. A troupe of Mariachi walked among the guests strumming guitars and singing Mexican ballads. There was light laughter and chatter and Carlos, the white-shirted, ever-smiling houseboy seemed to be having the time of his life taking care of everyone's needs. John Wayne was standing over at the far end of the terrace, his foot on a low guard rail, looking at the moon shimmering on the sea. He was dressed in whites and looked like something out of a Somerset Maugham novel, particularly in that setting.

Carlos came over and asked me if I'd like a cocktail. Although I'd made a pig of myself on the food, I said I would, when Wayne spoke.

"The man is a visitor, Carlos," he said.

"Let's give him something to remember Mexico." he said.

He came over, took me by the arm, and we followed the now delighted Carlos to the small bar.

"Vino del pais," Wayne said.

Carlos brought a basket of cut limes from beneath the bar, set down a shaker of salt and reached for a bottle.

"Vino what?" I asked.

"Vino del pais," said Wayne. "In English—the Wine of The Country. Tequila," Carlos put the bottle of tequila on the mahogany bar and set a couple of glasses before it and stood there and grinned. Following Wayne's gestures, I picked up a small cut out of his hand, sprinkled the area behind my thumb with salt and, with my right hand, picked up the glass of tequila.

"Your health," said Wayne. He sucked the lime, licked at the salt, threw the tequila into his mouth and sucked at the lime again. I sucked the lime, licked at the salt, tossed the tequila into my mouth—and spat it out as Carlos had done.

"Wayne and Carlos started to laugh. They held their sides and laughed at the stranger who tried to drink the Mexican national drink like a native. I got sore.

"Fill it up again, Carlos," I said.

He did. And he filled Wayne's glass. John held his up to me and we clicked them together.

"Salud y besetas y tiempo para gas-
pug nose and because that was Mexican
for pug nose. They lived in a house in
the San Fernando Valley that was a man’s
house, filled with guns and saddles and
the things a man likes to have around.
They were a volatile couple, but there
had never been a serious trouble in
their home. But why was he in Mexico
alone just before Christmas?
The next day we didn’t talk about any-
thing but Ireland. Wayne had just come
back. He had been making The Quiet
Man there with John Ford directing. He
told me how much he liked the Irish
people—and how very much they were like
the stories he had read of them. We never
mentioned Chata.
When it came time to leave it was a
sad parting, but a gala occasion. Like the
guy who says when the shadow of beeeewaat Hawaii fading into
the horizon, I had a lump in my throat. Many
of the friends I had met in Acapulco came
to see me off, and John Wayne, in shorts
and a gay shirt was with them. We shook
hands.
”You’re a crazy sonovagun,” he said. ”I’ll
tell you what. Forget about me. I’ll write
a story about you.”
”That’s a deal,” I said. ”See you when
you get back home.”
I boarded the plane and once again
looked out the window of the pilot slitt-
tered through the mountains at a height
that would take us away from the tropics.
And then Acapulco was gone.
The airlines, because of the pre-holiday
traffic, were jammed, and it was necessary
for me to stay in Mexico City for two
days. That got me out on Christmas Eve.
The night before I was to leave, I toured
the city, in the midst of the Christmas
gaiety. The Mexicans enjoy Christmas.
They celebrate it at parties called Pasadas,
which are held for a week preceding the
holiday. And every one of these parties
that represents something very
much like our Christmas tree. It is called
a Pinata. It is designed in the form of a
duck, a horse, or an elephant or some
other animal. It is made of paper, but the
center is a clay bowl. The Pinata is attached
to a strong rope. It is pulled to the ceiling
and a guest or party is blindfolded and
given a large stick about the size of a
baseball bat. He is then turned loose and
told to hit the Pinata and break the clay
bowl, which contains gifts and treats for
everyone. While this boy or girl is swat-
ting at the Pinata, it is pulled to the ceiling
by the rope, firecrackers are set off at his feet, and everyone has a high
old time laughing at the antics of the
stick-swarmer who whacks the air as the
Pinata is lowered and raised out of his
reach by the rope.
That night before I went to bed I
bought a Pinata to take home. It was a
pink horse, made of paper with a clay
pot in the middle. When I showed up at
the Mexico City airport the next after-
noon they thought it was very odd, but
the customs paused, because they
thought I was a crazy American.
I had ten minutes before plane time so
I went into the coffee shop at the airport
to wait. I had just ordered when the door
flew open and in walked John Wayne.
”I thought about it,” he said, ”and I
figured you’d never make it alone, so I
decided to come along with you.”
We sat and grinned at each other and
when our plane was called we boarded it
we took seats side by side and fastened
our safety belts.
We had been in the air an hour, maybe,
before we took off.
”Why did you really catch this plane?”
I asked him.
”I want to spend Christmas with my
wife,” he said.
”Trouble?” I asked.
”You know it,” he said.
”Yeah—I know it,” I said.
Thanks for not asking me about it in
Acapulco,” he said.
”I couldn’t get it out,” I said. ”I should
have, you know.”
”I know,” he said. ”That’s why I said
thanks.”
”I hope it works out okay,” I said. ”I
hope you both work it out—maybe mor-
row, Christmas.”
”So do I,” he said. And then, for the
first time I’ve ever heard them said by
an actor without a camera, I heard John
Wayne say three words. Three famous
words that are seldom spoken with the
proper feeling in Hollywood. ”I love her,”
he said.
And then the pretty little Mexican host-
ees came by with the cocktails on the
tiny silver tray and John Wayne and
his touced glasses and said, ”Merry Christmas.”
”Look,” I said. ”Back in the tail of this
plane I’ve got a Pinata—a pink horse
Pinata—it’s four feet long and three feet
high, and I guarantee you no girl in
California will have such a Christmas
present tomorrow. Take it home to her.
And another thing you talk too much.
The last I saw of him he was walking
across the airfield with the pink horse
under his arm.
The End

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Margaret Kissack

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by Nurse

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Harry James' library, as you might expect, is not only for books, but is stacked with record albums and horse trophies. The two largest trophies are those won by Betty's famous horse-year-old "Big Noise." Betty and Harry bred and raised the colt on their ranch. Already he's won $60,000 for his owners.

The library's beauty stems from the contrast of bright modern fabrics and dark antique woodwork. Betty used as much of her favorite red in this room as Harry would stand. She substituted many of the antiques than she used to, when Harry suggested that she turn an under-the-stairs closet into a modest but adequate bar, she kissed him on the cheek and said, "You're really a frugal decorator.

It was Betty, though, who pulled off a decorating coup in the dining room. "Let's have three tables in the dining room instead of one," she said. In fact, the two tavern tables along the walls and an English hunt table in front of the fireplace, can be easily combined to form a large horse-shoe table for very large diners.

Other times, Betty arranges a buffet supper on the hunt table, and the guests serve themselves and then sit down at the long tavern tables.
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BRUNETTES:  Lighten your hair color . . . or add gold or red color, or deepen its blue black brilliance.

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AVA GARDNER FIGHTS BACK
the inside story behind
CLARK GABLE'S FEUDS

also in this issue:
LOUELLA PARSONS
HEDDA HOPPER
SHEILAH GRAHAM
Look! Camay takes your skin
"out of the shadows"
and into the light of New Loveliness!

MRS. S. PAUL BOOCHEVER, delightful
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For complexion or your daily beauty
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introducing a brand new service feature

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT .... by Jan Sterling, star columnist for May 78

ON THE COVER: Color picture of Warner Bros.' Doris Day by Nickolas Muray. Other picture credits on page 89.

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

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3578 and copies returned under label from 3579 to 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 44, No. 6, May, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Danville, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 921 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George 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 Berne Aines Convention. Single copy price 30c. Subscriptions in U.S. A., $3.50 (two years); $5.00 (three years). Canadian Subscriptions one year, $3.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $6.00. Foreign, $5.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 19, 1930 at the post office at Danville, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright class matter September 19, 1930. No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any form without written permission. Produced by Artcraft Press, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Copyright reserved.
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stars Esther Williams, Joan Evans and Vivian Blaine as three bewitching Waves in a musical romance that’s joyous as a Maypole with its songs, dances and water-revels.
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A Product of Bristol-Myers

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. Frank Sinatra had three children by his first wife. Will he and Ava have any more and does Ava ever see her step-children?—S. O., BALTIMORE, MD.
A. Ava would like at least two sons of her own, plans to see the step-children as frequently as the circumstances warrant.

Q. Is there a religious revival in Hollywood? Is that why there are so many biblical pictures?—Y. O., DENVER, CO.

Q. Can you tell me how much Tyrone Power earns each week and whether he is standing in the way of his wife's acting career?—B. H., BOSTON, MASS.
A. Power's salary is $5,750 a week. He has no objections to Linda Christian's acting career. She has, in fact, recently signed to appear in a Columbia picture.

Q. Is it true that Greer Garson and Clark Gable dislike each other?—A. L., GREAT NECK, N. Y.
A. Ever since Adventure their relationship has been polite but distant.

Q. What was Dinah Shore's real name before she came to Hollywood?—G. F., NASHVILLE, TENN.
A. Fanny Rose.

Q. Is Rocky Cooper willing to divorce Gary now because she's found a suitor?—B. U., BOSTON, MASS.
A. Since her estrangement from Gary, Mrs. Cooper has frequently been seen with Bob Dix, airlines executive. Although she has no intention of marrying Dix, she's willing to divorce Gary.

Q. I understand that the Corinne Calvet-Zsa Zsa Gabor fight is not a genuine feud but just another publicity stunt. What's the lowdown?—D. R., DENVER, COLO.
A. You're right. It's a publicity stunt. Who's kidding whom?

Q. Was Annette Warren, who sang the songs for Ava Gardner in Show Boat, told to deny the fact? Where is she now?—D. N., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Miss Warren was never told to deny her off-screen role and has never denied it. She is currently playing the night club circuit.

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman's ex, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, plans to marry Celeste Holm?—A. S., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Miss Holm's divorce does not become final for another seven months. She has no plans for marriage within the next year, and regards Dr. Lindstrom as a friend.

Q. Isn't Peter Lawford an adopted son?—A. N.
A. No.

Q. How much money do Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis make between them each week?—T. H., MERCED, CAL.
A. They're both working, $1,450 per week.

Q. What is the basis of the unpleasantness between Danny Kaye and Red Skelton?—Z. M., TULSA, OKLA.
A. Kaye allegedly refused to introduce Skelton to the audience when Red followed him at the London Palladium last year.

Q. Could you tell me who walked out on whom in the Stanwyck-Taylor affair?—M. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.
A. Taylor on Stanwyck.

Q. I understand that Sid Luft, Judy Garland's heartbeat, was an ex-flame of Eleanor Powell. True?—M. N., N.Y.C.
A. The truth is that Miss Powell employed Luft as a private secretary for a short period, which may have given rise to romantic rumors.

Q. Is Deanna Durbin going to make a comeback opposite Mario Lanza? Is it true that Deanna weighs 155 pounds?—E. W., DALLAS, TEX.
A. (Continued on page 32)
PRESENTS 119 DRAMATIC-ROMANTIC MINUTES OF SHEER CINEMATIC DELIGHT!

THE JANE FROMAN STORY

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

in color by Technicolor

The fabulous cavalcade of Miss Show Business herself, who fought her way up the ladder of musical triumph, song by song, show by show, thrill by thrill. A trail-blazing musical that bewitches the eye and captures the heart!

starring

SUSAN HAYWARD  RORY CALHOUN  DAVID WAYNE  THELMA RITTER

Written for the Screen and Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Directed by WALTER LANG
Call it a presentiment or something, but I just couldn't help calling Elizabeth Taylor before she planned out to London to marry Michael Wilding.

"Elizabeth, are you sure in your heart that you are doing the right thing?" I asked.

Her voice was steady and firm as she replied, "Of course, I am sure. I wouldn't think of taking such a serious step as marriage with Michael unless I was sure that I loved him very much. I'm surprised that you ask."

I said, "But you should be especially careful that you are right this time. You are so young and you have had one unhappy marriage."

"Believe me, I have thought it over carefully and I know in my heart that this marriage will stick," she hesitated a moment, then added, "—forever."

So, in spite of the way the fans feels about her marriage to the British actor 20 years her senior, that was that and nothing more to be said about it.

I switched the conversation over to a less dangerous subject and asked about her wedding outfit. "I'm wearing a gray suit which Helen Rose designed for me—very simple, and with it I'll wear a white hat." Very, very different from the magazine cover bride Liz was when she married Nicky Hilton.

Never let it be said that Elizabeth hasn't shown iron determination in making up her mind to wed Wilding. The marriage does not please her fans, his fans, her studio and many of her devoted friends.

And, she can't be superstitious because one of Hollywood's most patronized fortune tellers predicts the marriage hasn't "a chance."

Can't mention names—but this is too good to keep:

The eight-year-old son of a famous actor has been very much on his mother's side since the divorce of his parents. The other night the little boy was watching his mother dress for a formal party. As she showed her lovely gown for her son's approval, the kid suddenly said:

"You look beautiful, mother. Can you imagine that louse walking out on us?"
THE MONTH . . . GENE TIERNEY DENIES ROMANCE WITH TED STAUFFER . . . GORDON MACRAE'S A HIT AT THE COCONUT GROVE

Sunday morning at the swank Racquet Club in Palm Springs:

The pink-and-white-striped umbrellas reflect in the blue swimming pool, the waiters stand around listlessly because there won't be much doing until noon.

The four tennis courts are busier with those who have had a less hectic Saturday night. Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer are playing—and winning—every set of mixed doubles they enter.

Kirk Douglas, his body deeply bronzed from the sun and his hair sun-streaked is one of the first on the swimming pool scene for breakfast. Kirk, who is stagg over the weekend, stretches out in the sun and doesn't seem to mind that some tourists are surreptitiously snapping his picture.

Sy Bartlett, the writer and Kirk's pal, puts in an appearance. "Hi," says Sy. "Low," says Kirk—and he isn't kiddin'.

A long table is beginning to fill up with guests elaborately arrayed in sports clothes and I mean elaborately. Mrs. William Powell (the vivacious "Mousie") has on white shorts and a white sweater, the whole outfit emblazoned in white pearls like a Sonja Henie skating outfit.

An eastern socialite at the same table wears a red linen "sports" dress with a red sweater covered with sequins. The tourists sort of gulp over our California "sports" styles.

The tables around the pool are crowded now and the waiters scurry around with bulging breakfast trays although it is now way after noon.

Linda Christian and Ty Power drop by to say "hello." They are houseguests of the Darryl Zanuck's who have a lovely home in Palm Springs. Ty and his boss and two other men have been playing croquet until dawn.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery (they've built a beautiful home in Palm Springs) show up for tennis and they're actually dressed for tennis—Dinah in a cute pair of white shorts and a short sleeved white blouse. George has a camera with him and takes pictures of the "movie stars" around the place.

The sunshine pours over the whole place, the day is warm and perfect—but at four o'clock in the afternoon I hadn't seen one person in the pool.

Oh, well—that's "sports life" and rugged outdoor living among our movie babies in Southern California.

I wasn't taking anybody's word about how Debbie Reynolds feels about goodlooking Bob Wagner on account of those two young people are certainly getting around together and they've got "that look" in their eyes.

But Debbie just laughed when I cornered her and asked how serious her romance is. "We like each other fine, otherwise we wouldn't spend so much time together. That adds up, doesn't it?"

"If you mean anything more serious—no!

We both have a long way to go in our careers. Bob is just getting started at 20th and the same goes for me at MGM."

(Being a star at 19 is hardly just getting started, Deb.)

She went on, "Bob and I are not new friends. We've known each other a long time—oh, well over a year." (1)

Debbie said she would be 20 years old on April first and she's never been even remotely in love, no shivers up and down her spine, no thrills when the phone rings, not an hour of sleep lost over any male!

So what's she doin'? I'm taking top dancing lessons and next month I have exams coming up to be a Girl Scout leader!

And to think—Debbie is just the same age as that sparkling woman of the world, Liz Taylor!

Close-up of Doris Day: Her favorite foods: Avocado, roast beef, French fried onions, baked potato with sour cream and chives and fried chicken—and she doesn't gain a pound. But now and then she gets "gastronomic conscience" and goes on the yogurt and blackstrap molasses routine. Deeply religious, but very quietly so, she says her prayers morning and night and frequently before she goes into a difficult scene. She doesn't drink, smoke or travel the nightclub circuit but she doesn't like this emphasized lest people think she is a prude. She would rather sing than anything in the world and she's a far better dancer than she gets credit for. It upset her greatly when stories were printed that she and Danny Thomas were "feuding" over honors in I'll See You In My Dreams. She and Danny sent each other letters and telegrams and flowers, voicing affection and admiration and denying any knowledge of how the false rumor started.

Debbie also was given a small part in the film of the blessed because she is a completely happy person. She is definitely the "little woman" in her married life, Marty Melcher being very much the head of the house. She likes to play baseball and football with her ten-year-old son, Terry Jordan, born of her first marriage to Conrad "Bud" Jarrett (with Jimmy Dorsey's band). Her real name is Doris Kappelhoff and sometimes she signs notes to her husband and son as merely "Kappelhoff." Her philosophy is—if your work is a struggle you're in the wrong business.

"People drown who struggle too hard," says Doris.

For the third year the Louis B. Mayer's gave a party honoring Ann and Henry Ford II and for gayety, beautifully gownned women and a unaminous good time it was, as usual, the best party of the year.

The Mayfair Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was ablaze with red and white flowers and the mirror-walls were decorated with baby orchids.

Our table was particularly gay with Bob Hope and George Burns telling stories to such appreciative listeners as Irene Dunne (she, too, has a poodle hair cut, surprising because Irene seldom goes in for any kind of fad) Henry Ford, Mervyn Le Roy, Dinah Shore, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt and our charming hostess, Lorenza.

It had been a long time since any of us had seen Greer Garson, she's such a busy belle in Texas these days. Greer looked wonderful with her red hair swept back from her face and tied at the nape of her neck—like a portrait from Godey's Lady Books.

Joan Bennett, who has attended few big parties since the showing headlines, wore a stunning gown of hycanth chiffon and looked unbelievably beautiful.

June Allyson in white, Esther Williams in pale pink, Gracie Allen in champagne chiffon under black lace, Ann Sheridan in black,
If you spy a sliver in the fricassee—
□ Sound off □ Inform your squire
A delectable dish—till you eagle-eye a sliver (or whatever) in same. So... you tag the head waiter and sound off. Or do you? If you'd avoid disapproving glances, you'd quietly mention the snag to your date; let him arrange for a new serving. If you're glance-conscious at trying times, scoff off anxiety with Kotex; those flat pressed ends defy revealing outlines. And your new Kotex belt gives added comfort. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling. Washable. Dries fast!

When a gal's "all ears,"
what's the cure?
□ Clam up □ A forward look □ Drop earbobs
'Tisn't the snooper type we mean—just wanted to keep you guessing. It's a gal with really outsize ears. The remedy? Imray on skinned-rabbit hairdo's. Cover ears with curls that turn softly forward. And for the softness you want and need in sanitary protection—count on Kotex. It holds its shape, keeps you comfortable. Made to stay soft while you wear it!

Are you in the know?

Which hotel plan should you choose?
□ American □ European

Maybe the American plan (meals included) appeals to you. But mornings, would you rather sleep than yawn into the bacon n' eggs? Or prefer exploring new dining spots to dashing back for hotel chow? Then consider the European plan. When vacationing, being carefree's important, and on problem days let Kotex help—with the extra protection that special safety center assures you. Try all 3 absorbencies of Kotex.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest® deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, because Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy Quest powder today.

P.S.®

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Von and Evie Johnson drink in Greer Garson's words at the Damon Runyon dinner. Greer's been in Texas with hubby Buddy Fogelson.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Anne Baxter were all fashion plates.

But in the men's field—Georgette Jessel topped them all. He wore white tie and tails and his date was Marilyn Monroe in a bright red dress.

SHORT SHOTS: An eastern columnist printed Ava Gardner Sinatra was "expecting" in August. Ava says no one is sorrier than she and Frankie that it isn't true.

Gene Tierney called me from Mexico City to deny that she's the new love in Ted Sturifer's life now he's divorced from Hedy Lamarr. Gene took her own divorce from Oleg Cassini very hard.

Mitzi Gaynor has THE assignment of the year (that is, it will be so considered by belles who like to eat). She's been told to put on 20 pounds for The Girl Who Couldn't Help It at 20th—but a streamlined gal who gets fat while her best fella is in the army. But a lacl and alias, she has to get it all off again before the end of the picture.

I wish a good stylist would take over Marilyn Monroe's clothes problem. It's hard for a girl with that gorgeous figure to go so wrong on clothes—but Marilyn accomplishes it. Rocky Cooper says she "offered" Gary Cooper a divorce six months ago and he asked her not to go through with it.

The best news of the month is the reconciliation between John Wayne and Esperanza. They were both miserable apart.

What a touching and sincerely beautiful thing: Mercedes McCambridge told me several days after the death of her baby. She and Fletcher Markle had hoped and prayed so much for the little boy who was born dead.

"God knows better about these things than we do," Mercedes said. "Fletcher and I have so many things to be grateful for; we have each other and my little son by a previous marriage, and good health and our work. These things we try to remember in our sorrow instead of asking 'Why?'"

GORDON MACRAE'S Coconut Grove debut was a wow—just as everyone expected the place was jammed with stars to welcome one of the most popular guys in our town. But what turned out to be a surprise (in a way) is that he broke all existing records at the place—even the high set by Tony Martin.

Shelley Winters, as her husband sang, played the sax, told funny stories and gave imitations of Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Frankie Laine, Shelley has (Continued on page 10)
NOW—the most fabulous permanent since home waves were introduced!

New Toni

with Priceless Pink lotion

Never before—a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!
Holds the set longer than any other permanent!

Which Twin's Toni was set a week ago—
and which was set today?

Beverly Dahm, on the right, had her Toni set just before this picture was taken—Barbara, on the left, had her Toni set one week before and never re-set it! Proof that Priceless Pink lotion gives a wave that stays lovely without re-setting!

You'll forget all other ideas about permanents the first time you use New Toni with Priceless Pink lotion. For it gives a wave with the vibrant spring and silky-softness of a natural wave. And it holds the set longer than any other permanent.

Never a lotion so wonderful! New Priceless Pink lotion curls more completely—yet is kinder to your hair! And that means a lovelier, livelier wave for you. Less re-setting. New freedom from nightly chore of pin curls.

Never a neutralizer so fast! You save 20 minutes with the new Permafix method of neutralizing. And because Permafix neutralizes more thoroughly, it "locks in" your Toni wave so it can't come out.

Today have a Toni with New Priceless Pink lotion—and you'll forget your hair was ever straight.

New Toni Refill $1.50

Toni

makes you forget your hair was ever straight!
Charlie Fitzsimmons (he's Maureen O'Hara's kid brother) extends a glad hand as Ann Blyth looks on, He's her next serious beau to date.

(Continued from page 8) a new poodle haircut and on her it looks good.

At their table were seated Jeff Chandler and his wife, Other guests of the MacRae's were the Gene Nelsons, the Dean Martins and the Danny Thomases.

Capering with Cupid: Terry Moore and Johnny Ray living it up, walking on clouds, soooo crazy about each other for the whole week he was visiting in Hollywood.

Need I remind you that Johnny is our new song stylist whose "Little White Cloud That Cried" is the No. 1 hit. Only it turned pink when he was with Terry.

Has Ann Blyth finally tumbled? She's dating regularly with Charles Fitzsimmons, 28-year-old brother of Maureen O'Hara, and a good looker if I ever saw one. He's taking a refresher course in law at UCLA and he has played in a movie or two. So far, Ann has paid more attention to him than to any other man in her young life.

Rock Hudson, who said "no more movie star romances" when he and Vera-Ellen parted, seems to mean it. His new girl is script-girl Betty Abbott, niece of Bud Abbott.

The Letter Box: From Antwerp comes a blast from "Ann F." in very definite English, "We are sick to death of Elizabeth Taylor—tired of looking at her and hearing about her!"

Mrs, Emmett Lawrence of Liverpool, Ohio, wants Norma Shearer to know her fans want her back on the screen again. "No one since has equaled her loneliness and talent."

Marilyn Barnhouse says Steve Cochran is Tops and wants to know how old he is. Steve's 27, Marilyn, isn't married and lives with his dog Tchaikowsky. You're welcome, Pat Summerson, who has met Yvonne De Carlo in person, wants other fans to know that "Yvonne is the very nicest to meet of all of them—not stuck up or standoffish at all."

If Mario Lanza is in dangerously poor health, I haven't heard about it, Joyce Walters. He has had to diet strenuously—but not dangerously.

G. F. Heilen says I neglect Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon in this department. Good heavens, let me get busy about them both next month. They are favorites of mine, too.

Ann McKay, Philadelphia, thinks Duke Robertson is the greatest and the best of the he-men. But, she adds, "Burt Lancaster is delicious, too." Burt will cringe at that "delicious," Ann. Well, guess that's all. See you next month.

You get a generous size 25¢ bottle of Kreml Shampoo FREE of extra cost.

When you buy a 59¢ jar of 5-day deodorant pads the daintiest way to daintiness ever!

Just pat with a pad and your perspiration problems are over.

No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad... then throw it away!

8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested! Yet 5-day pads can't affect clothes or normal skin. Guaranteed to stay moist in the jar indefinitely.

Discover 5-day pads today... and get your free Kreml Shampoo. Offer for limited time only!

"We Powers Models use only Kreml Shampoo" says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it at no cost today... in this special offer!

Once you try them... you'll always buy them.

5-day deodorant pads

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only 2¢ on 25¢ size... 4¢ on 59¢ size... 5¢ on $1.00 size.
RED MOUNTAIN
STAINED BY THE BLOOD
OF THE WEST’S GREATEST HEROES

One of the frontier’s epic adventures
brings one of the greatest action
spectacles to the screen!

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE
Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas,
George F. Slavin and George W. George
From a Story by George F. Slavin and
George W. George. A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

in
HALWALLIS’
PRODUCTION

RED
MOUNTAIN

The grandeur of the West—
Settings never before filmed—now in blazing
COLOR BY
Technicolor

Ladd crams it
with excitement—
nature crowns it
with magnificence!
Why risk ruin of your marriage
with neglect of intimate hygiene
creating another you!

Be the Real you your husband loves!

TAKE no chances with your intimate hygiene! Be the real you who won your husband’s love—confident, serene . . . sure of your feminine daintiness.

Douching regularly with “Lysol.” Cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucus matter. Kills germ life quickly on contact. Non-caustic, will not harm delicate tissue. Recommended by many doctors.

Get “Lysol” brand disinfectant today. Use it regularly! Don’t ever risk neglect that can create another you—unsure, unhappy in your marriage. Send today for free booklet on feminine hygiene, prepared in collaboration with a leading gynecologist. Mailed in plain envelope. Write Harriet Dean, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Box D.M.-525, Bloomfield, N. J.

“Lysol”
Brand Disinfectant
A Concentrated Germ-Killer

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report
by Mike Connolly
famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Come closer and I’ll tell you a secret. Farley Granger takes a trip to Europe this summer to forget all about Shelley Winters . . . You fans, through your mail, are showing a revived interest in Ingrid Bergman. Is it the new Rossellini bambino that’s renewing your curiosity in this once most luminous of all Hollywood’s stars? . . . The first big female stars to go all-out for acting on television will be Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck and Irene Dunne . . . His work in Viva Zapata! will mean even bigger and better roles for Marlon Brando. And in this picture—for once!—you can understand what Marlon’s saying. He doesn’t mumble as much as he used to . . . Warners would like to get Judy Garland to play the lead in The Helen Morgan Story, which will give out with the whole story of that tragic singer of the bathtub gin era.

It’s my considered opinion that Donald O’Connor’s great singing and dancing talents haven’t even been scratched in either pictures or TV, and that includes his smash performance in Singin’ In The Rain. The next few years should see Don established once and for all as one of the biggest stars in Hollywood . . . Watch for Frank Sinatra, Brenda Marshall Holden, Jane Wyman, Ann Rutherford and Mona Freeman to blossom out as artists. They slip into smocks once a week and meet at Paul Hesse’s studio to paint under Paul Clemens’ supervision . . . Incidentally, the planned Korean jaunt of Ava G. and Frankie was postponed at press time till summer. Frankie could stay in the Pacific only 12 days, and if the Army takes him it’s gotta be for at least three weeks . . . Lana Turner’s new seven-year contract at MGM will be the best ever handed an actress there. It calls for only two pictures a year, with 14 weeks’ vacation between each film. Greg Bautzer bowed out as her attorney after eight months of negotiation on the contract.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Liz Taylor made a down payment on a home here for herself and Mike Wilding before planning to London to marry him . . . Oddly enough, Liz attended a party thrown for the President of Mexico’s son, Miguel Aleman, by an old flame, Stan Donen, shortly before she took off for her wedding! But it was just friendly,” to quote Liz herself . . . Up to Liz’s leave-taking, MGM costumer designer Helen Rose was throwing together a gray gown with organdy trimmings for the breathless star’s marriage, and on the Sunday she took off her mother, Mrs. Frances Taylor, spent all afternoon frying chicken for her daughter to nibble enroute to Los Angeles’ International Airport . . . John Wayne’s reconciliation with Esperanza involved a pink straw horse contributed by peacemaker Jimmy Henaghan . . . Dewey Martin, who’ll emerge as a new star in support of Kirk Douglas in The Big Sky, married Margaret Ann Havelhurst, a San Francisco gal . . . Fernando Lamas helped Lana carve her birthday cake for the photos . . . Well, the Lana-Lamas romance may be just a publicity gag, as they say in some quarters, but we’ve got a feeling Fernando really cared through it all.

The walls of Walter Wanger’s office are still covered with pictures of Joan Bennett . . . Jay Kantor, the agent whose apartment was reported by police as being used for meetings by Miss Bennett and Jennings (Continued on page 14)
THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING FOR THAT "BORN YESTERDAY" BABE... in the story of a marriage from "I do" to "Drop dead!"—and back again!

"There's one at every party—but why does it have to be my husband!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JUDY HOLLIDAY
—Last time she won the Academy Award—this time she'll win your heart, too!

The Marrying Kind

introducing ALDO RAY
—with MADGE KENNEDY
Written by RUTH GORDON and GARSON KANIN
Produced by BERT GRANET
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
I dreamed I stopped at a Sidewalk Cafe in my maidenform bra

I came to watch the world pass by...but passersby refuse to pass! They linger on the sidewalks to marvel over my lines...so smart, so secure, so **chic** in my Maidenform!

Of course it's incredibly flattering, gives me a really sensational lift...

(my Maidenform, I mean!)

---

**Maidenform's dream of a bra—**

Maidenette® Strapless in brocadcloth and lace; acetate satin and nylon marquisette...from $2.00

There is a maidenform for every type of figure!

---

**hollywood report continued**

Lang, has been moved to New York by his employer, MCA...New two around town: Joan and her ex-husband, Gene Markey...More new two's: Patricia Knight, Cornel Wilde's ex, and Kirk Douglas; Ann Blyth and Maureen O'Hara's brother Charles; Janice Rule and Arthur Loew, Jr.; Dan Dailey and Kathleen Hughes; Marilyn Maxwell and Scott Brady...Bill Lundigan celebrated his contract renewal and raise at 20th by giving his spouse, Rena, with a Ford convertible...Deanna Durbin is due back in Hollywood in September, after all these years. Producer Joe Pasternak has this to say about Deanna: "The fans never leave the stars—the stars leave the fans." And he's right. Condolences to Mercedes McCambridge and Fletcher Markle, who lost their child...Betsy von Furstenberg and Nick Hilton have been a long-distance item.

**ODDS BODKINS:**

Pvt. Vic Damone wrote to Virginia Mayo from overseas, asking her to send him an autographed picture! Vic, whose friends in Flickerdom are many, must be quite the star with his GI buddies himself. In real life John Derek and Harry Lauter are best friends. In real life they're playing best friends in Columbia's *Prince Of Pirates*...

A new wedding chapel in Las Vegas is called The Hitching Post...MGM had an awful time this year deciding which of three supporting actor nominees to push for the Oscar. Three of them work for MGM: Gig Young, Leo Genn and Peter Ustinov...Wait'll you see the NEW Jan Sterling. Her resemblance to Lana Turner is amazing since she's had her nose altered...Biggest name-dropper in Hollywood is agent Henry Willson. By dropping 'em, I mean he's the guy who changed Roy Fitzgerald's name to Rock Hudson, Marilyn-Louis to Rhonda Fleming, Francis Timothy to Rory Calhoun, Gail Shikles to Craig Stevens, Robert Moseley to Guy Madison, Arthur Gelien to Tab Hunter (here's a kid who'll be a big star soon!) and Charles Locher to Jon Hall.

Flashiest sight of the month: Van Johnson as emcee at Irene's fabulous star-modeled evening gown show was wearing a red vest, red wool sax and black velvet slippers embroidered with "V.J." in gold...Did you happen to see an old Monogram picture on TV called *Ghosts On The Loose*? It starred the East Side Kids, and AVA GARDNER was their leading lady!...Rita Lupino, Ida's actress sister, is studying law at Southwestern university...The weepiest double-bill of the year was shown here at the Valley Theatre: The Blue Veil and Bright Victory...Did you know that Lana Turner, Alexis Smith and MGM's Nanette Fabray, were all Hollywood High School classmates, and that Alexis and Nanette spent most of (Continued on page 16)
Want to Lose Weight?

Listen to Hedy Lamarr!

An enthusiastic music lover, Hedy Lamarr has a large collection of records. Says Hedy: "Many stars in Hollywood take Ayds to keep themselves in trim. It keeps your figure looking slim and lovely."

Here is Hedy Lamarr exercising with her Great Dane, Doner. "If I find myself putting on weight, the first thing I turn to is Ayds," says Hedy. "I can sincerely recommend it to you and all my friends."

Hedy Lamarr in one of her most famous roles. "Every star has to take care of her figure," says Hedy. "Ayds is the natural way to reduce. It helps you slim the way Nature intended you to."

No Drugs...No Diet...Not a Moment's Hunger!

If you want a lovelier figure, let Hedy Lamarr tell you how. Lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

Proved by Clinical Tests
With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to. 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 hunger pangs ever. 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.

Results Guaranteed
Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Slim the Way the Stars Slim

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD TAKE Ayds
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. You see, Dial’s bland beauty-cream lather does far more than remove dirt and makeup...does far more than give you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. Here’s the important difference: when you use Dial with AT-7 every day—it effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread pimples and surface blemishes. Skin doctors know this, and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY — NBC, Weekdays

hollywood report continued

their time neglecting their schoolwork to envy the Turner curves? . . . And that Lana’s wardrobe includes 101 pairs of white slacks, 97 black shirts to go with them and 300 pairs of shoes? . . . Whoops! A Culver City theatre’s marquee had this emblazoned on it: Pandora, with Ava Gardner, For Men Only! . . . Kathryn Grayson picked up a real collector’s item during her trip to Lima, Peru: an old Fernando Lamas recording. He was quite the singing star there.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Tony Curtis answers the phone at home by shouting: “Hungarian Underground!” . . . Diana Lynn posed in some of architect-hubby John Lindsay’s homes for a magazine layout, only to find one home that she can’t get out of her mind. Now she wants to buy it! . . . Bette Davis and Gary Merrill entered daughter Barbara in the Progressive School of Hollywood and adopted another child, this time a boy . . . Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton hung a “For Rent” sign on their newly re-decorated Sunset Plaza Drive home, which probably means they’ll stay away from Hollywood for a spell . . . Pete Lawford spent two months looking for a bachelor apartment. He’s been getting restless living with his folks . . . Wally Russell, Jane’s brother, landed a part in RKO’s This Man Is Mine . . . The Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby isn’t expected till summer but they’ve already finished frilling up the nursery.

Van and Evie Johnson celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary, thus confounding those who said it wouldn’t last . . . Ava has learned to make spaghetti better than Frankie! She has also gone domestic in a big way. She bought some fancy matching ashtrays for their bedroom, so’s she and Frankie won’t disturb each other smoking in bed.

TIME TABLES:

It takes Marilyn Monroe 25 minutes to put on her lipstick . . . And it took Marlo Lanza two months but he cut his weight from 230 to 184 . . . Shirley Temple’s baby is due in mid-May . . . Miriam (Mrs. Gene) Nelson’s appearance at the Coconut Grove for Gordon MacRae’s Los Angeles nightclub debut was her first night out since she lost her baby.

WHO’S MAD AT WHO:

Jane Russell is threatening to walk out on her RKO contract the same time Bob Mitchum leaves . . . From a card postmarked Italy: “Italians were startled out of their minds the other day when they saw Shelley Winters walking along in a skin-tight pair of beige gabardine slacks. All agreed that for her travel is very broadening” . . . On his South American tour, How-

(Continued on page 92)
When you wear your first "Perma-lift"* strapless bra, you’ll know there’s a wonderful, wonderful difference.

The kitten soft Magic Insets at the base of the bra cups assure lovely curves, guarantee they’ll stay that way. Enjoy the difference—it costs no more, yet means so much.

I. Magic Insets are guaranteed to outlast the life of your "Perma-lift" bra—no matter how often you wash it or wear it.

II. Magic Insets support from below, are cool and comfortable always.

III. Magic Insets give you a lovely, lasting uplift—assure you of a youthful bustline.

Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in a "Perma-lift" strapless bra today—you’ll enjoy the difference, $2.50 to $7.50.


Above: An actual photo of an ordinary bra without the Magic Insets.
Below: Change to a "Perma-lift" bra with the Magic Insets and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort. . . . . . .

Enjoy the difference
WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

With A Song In My Heart salutes the impressive courage and talent of singer Jane Froman, whose injuries in a plane crash near Lisbon in 1943 nearly cost her life, and threatened to rob her of a glittering career in show business. The saga of Miss Froman's comeback on the stage, her perseverance through 25 agonizing operations, her will to go on, are certainly an inspiration to all who know affliction. And this large-scale Technicolor musical pays her homage with taste and skill. With A Song In My Heart uses The Jolson Story technique—that is, Susan Hayward plays Jane Froman, but whenever Susan opens her mouth to sing the voice that comes out is actually Miss Froman's. It works fine, since the synchronization is expert and Miss Hayward has just the right sultry, torchy look that goes with Miss Froman's sultry, torchy singing voice. There are 30 top-notch tunes that Miss Froman has sung during the last 15 years, there are David Wayne and Rory Calhoun to help greatly as the men in Jane Froman's life, and there is Thelma Ritter to lighten the movie's sadder moments with her tough, refreshingly hard-boiled humor. All these should make With A Song In My Heart a very popular movie.

Cast: Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter.—20th Century-Fox.

THE PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS

For the kids who play ball in a backlot, for the fans who crowd the ball parks, for all America that loves and follows baseball, The Pride Of St. Louis is the movie to see. This is the lively saga of Jerome Herman Dean—also known as Dizzy Dean—who started out pitching barefoot in the Ozarks and rose to glory as one of baseball's most colorful and dazzling hurlers. The movie concentrates on the few years when Dizzy made history for St. Louis, his sad decline when his pitching arm went bad, and his climb to fame as a radio sports announcer. At the age of ten Dizzy was picking four or five hundred pounds of cotton a day. He made his way working hard, talking fast, and demonstrating tremendous confidence in himself. This confidence, The Pride Of St. Louis does not hesitate to point out, bordered on egotism. "Ya pitched a great game," someone says to Dizzy in the movie. "Yeah, I did, didn't I?" Dizzy replies. Dizzy's virtues and his weaknesses are unfolded here. Don Dudley is perfectly cast as Dizz—tall, gabby, jovial, and sometimes childlike. And Joanne Dru is helpful as the wife who tries to make Dizzy settle down to the realities of his up-and-down career. The Pride Of St. Louis has a natural in Dizzy Dean, his story, and baseball itself.


LOVE IS BETTER THAN EVER

Since this is leap year, MGM has come up with a delightful, delicious leap-year love story—of a nice girl's determined efforts to hook a boy who is just as determined not to get hooked. Since the girl is Elizabeth Taylor, you may wonder how Larry Parks can resist her, but he is a slightly tough Broadway character. "Not the type for marriage," laments Liz, a dancing school teacher in New Haven, Conn., to her dad. "Every man thinks he's not the type," replies Dad. And from there on Liz—with a slight assist from Dad—puts on a romantic campaign that proves a little dancing teacher from New Haven can outsmart a hup bachelor from New York every time, Love Is Better Than Ever is fun because Liz, Parks, the writer and director all bring a fresh, youthful enthusiasm to their work that is wholly contagious. Not the least of the gayety in Love Is Better Than Ever comes from Liz's small dancing school in New Haven, where eager parents bring their kiddies, determined to make Eleanor Powells or Pavlovas out of the little dears. The annual show which the tots put on for their proud parents—a wonderfully amateurish, costumed pageant—is altogether hilarious. "I'm a grape," one tiny boy whispers solemnly to Larry Parks backstage. "I'm happy for you." whispers Parks just as solemnly.

Cast: Larry Parks, Elizabeth Taylor, Tom Tully, Josephine Hutchinson.—MGM.
How wonderful to be his love... keep his love, always.
And for this moment... you'll want to be sure you won't offend. That's why smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant.
For when you use FRESH daily, you get both continuous and special protection in moments of emotion and exertion. Because FRESH's amazing "moisture-control" formula gives that special protection you need. No other deodorant makes you this promise!

Enjoy a new kind of cleanliness... bathe daily with mild, fragrant FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap, containing a miracle odor-preventing ingredient to keep you "bath fresh" from head-to-toe all day!
Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift. Not a tint! Not a dye!

BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta’s rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually “super” cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.

RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather brightens all hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches your hair color.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

NAVAGO

Navajo is a fresh and charming folk tale of a little Indian boy’s love and pride in his land, his ancestors and his traditions. Produced for what Hollywood would call pecu-
nuts—$100,000—Navajo is far more likely to appeal to movie audiences, especially children, than many costly epics we could name. For it relies on a straightforward, lifelike story, on the breathtaking cliffs and mountains and plains of the Southwest, where the Nava-
jo people dwell today on a reservation, and on the appealing face of Francis Kee Teller, a Navajo lad who is no more than eight years old. Francis, who has never acted be-
fore, plays a child who wants to live today just as his ancestors lived. He resents bitterly the school the U. S. government maintains on the reservation, since it will teach him the white man’s ways and draw him away from old Indian beliefs and rituals. When he is sent to the school, Francis runs away and hides in the cliffs, where Navajo comes to a striking and touching conclusion. Around Fran-
cis Navajo weaves the folklore and magic of the Indian and altogether proves as fresh and different from most movies as a diamond is from a rhinestone. Navajo is a small diamond, but it is pure.


RANCHO NOTORIOUS

Rancho Notorious wants to be a Western—at the same that it wants to poke fun at Westerns. It turns out to be not a very good Western or a very good joke. Especially in its strange casting does the movie hurt itself. For it asks Mel Ferrer, one of the most soul-
ful, ascetic and intellectual looking of our younger actors, to be a dangerous, hard-
bitten desperado, Frenchy Fairmont, the fast-
est draw in the old West. And it asks Arthur Kennedy, another serious actor, to be the bold, daring, fist-fighting Western hero, out to find—and kill—the varmint who slew his sweet, innocent fiancée. By now we have all gotten used to seeing glamorous, continental Marlene Dietrich in Westerns, but you may find it difficult to accept her as the sweet-
heart of young Ferrer. As the proprietor of a secret ranch where outlaws may hide from the sheriff, Marlene wears some of the most uncommonly gorgeous gowns ever seen in old Texas, sings several throaty songs, and gradually falls out of love with Ferrer and into love with Kennedy. Aiming at something unusual, Rancho Notorious has achieved only something a little foolish.

Cast: Marlene Dietrich, Arthur Kennedy, Mel Ferrer.—RKO.

FIVE FINGERS

Five Fingers is perhaps the most startling and unique spy story to come out of Holly-
wood—and it becomes all the more startling when one realizes it is quite true. During World War II it can now be told—a highly trusted valet in the British Embassy in Ankara, Turkey, made himself more than one million dollars by handing over to the Nazis nearly every secret that was locked away in the Embassy safe, even including plans for the opening of a second front in Europe. With James Mason acting the valet, Fox relates this adventure in treachery in one of the most engrossing, original and suspenseful thrillers to reach the screen. Director Joseph L. Man-
PAULA

Somewhere in Paula there is a genuine human problem; however it is very nearly buried. The movie introduces Loretta Young, as Paula, through a real and recognizable misfortune—the loss of her infant at birth, and the discovery that she can never bear children again. However, instead of probing honestly the emotions of Paula and her professor husband, Kent Smith, it nose-dives into implausible melodrama. Paula gets involved in a hit-and-run auto accident and is haunted by the fear that she'll be sent to prison, ruining her husband's chances to become dean of the college. The way in which the accident occurs and the way in which Miss Young's worries mount are completely lacking in credibility. But Paula does strike one interesting, reasonably authentic note: For Miss Young appears the orphan boy struck down by her car, and since the boy has been deprived of the power of speech by the accident, she promises gives him necessary therapy. These detailed, scientific lessons in speech for the handicapped child lead some force to Paula, but otherwise it's full of false notes.

Cast: Loretta Young, Kent Smith, Alexander Knox, Tommy Retig.—Columbia.

MY SIX CONVICTS

What makes men criminals? What brings them to the failure and frustration of a prison cell? Can anything be done for them in prison to make them better men? In this very sensitive, moving and humane story, a young psychologist goes to work in a big prison occupied primarily by hardened criminals, hoping to help these men. Derived from Donald Powell Wilson's powerful book of his own experiences as prison psychologist at Fort Leavenworth, the movie fills you with compassion. It is a realistic and sound drama which argues that many prisoners can be—deserve to be—guided back towards social responsibility. The psychologist in the movie, acted with extraordinary conviction by John Beal, enlists the aid of six convicts in conducting his experiments at the prison and through the tough, skeptical personalities of these six, the movie generates rowdy humor as well as piercing drama. Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland, Marshall Thompson, Alf Kjellin, Henry Morgan and Jay Adler are all superb as the convicts, and there is a desperate and frightening jailbreak to bring My Six Convicts to an embattled climax. But the break is less important than the notion you get from My Six Convicts that a man, even in prison, is a human being.


In an atelier on the Left Bank, Evening in Paris lingers lovingly, caresses with a romantic aura that invites the moment to live forever. Favorite of all fragrances, it is worn by more women than any other perfume.

Exciting things happen when it's

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Eau de Cologne $1.00 to $1.50
Perfume $1.00 to $3.50
Face Powder in eight different shades $1.00 each
All prices plus tax
NOW...all women are made equal...

with the new

EQUALIZER BRA

1. ELIMINATES THAT PADDED LOOK
Subtly built in contours retain fullness of cup sections, always.

2. SELF ADJUSTING CUP SECTIONS
Provide perfect fit for in between sizes; give added fullness to regular sizes.

3. DESIGNED FOR COMFORT
Porous cups breathe with you.

4. LAUNDERS LIKE A "HANKIE"
No gimmicks to take apart.

EQUALIZER Bandoon Style 192 $2.50
EQUALIZER Strapless Style 892 $4.00

A cup 32 to 36 • B cup 32 to 36
White cotton BROADCLOTH

EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERES, INC. New York 16 Chicago 54 • Los Angeles 14 • Toronto, Canada

PIPER LAURIE SHOPS FOR YOU AT THALHIMERS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Piper Laurie co-starring in Universal International’s "No Room for the Groom."

HOLLYWOOD GOES SHOPPING FOR YOU!

"BEST BUYS OF THE MONTH"
Sit back and relax...this month lovely Piper Laurie has done your shopping for you at Thalhimers in Richmond, Virginia, with an eagle eye to smart, right style and budget-wise price, too! Canny shopper, our Piper! Shopping at Thalhimers is an easy task, tho, reports Piper, who’s always been partial to historic old Richmond. These items she selected for you are from Thalhimers famous Budget Fashion Floor. And you can order them by mail...delivered right to your door...by letter or by sending the coupon on opposite page. Order each item by number or clip the picture of the items you want and attach it to your letter or coupon, together with your check or money order...and send to Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia.

You may order, by mail, any of the "Buys of the Month" featured on this and the opposite page from Thalhimers, Richmond, Virginia. To order by mail, write letter or use coupon on opposite page.
#2 MAC SHORE CLASSIC COTTON BLOUSE, $2.98  
It has everything but sleeves! The style and tailoring Mac Shore's famous for, washes like a dream! White, rose, black, pink, maize, blue, navy, lilac; 30-38.

#3 ZIP-DOWN-BACK SEERSUCKER PINAFORE, $3.98  
You're pretty as a picture, fresh as a daisy in this dainty little pinafore from famous Joseph Feldman! And you'll stay fresh all summer long, for this little wonder is of easy-washing seersucker that never needs ironing! Red, blue, green, navy circles on white, bow trim; 10-20.

#4 NEW LINEN-LIKE RAYON BLOUSE AND SKIRT.  
Doubly pretty team-mates by Ernest Donath... cut so smartly, and will take to suds without a whimper! The tiny-collared sleeveless blouse in white, lime, melon, beige, mauve, navy, 10-18, $3.98. The side-pleated skirt comes in navy, violet, green, toast or red; 10 to 18, $5.98.

#5 SHROYER'S LINEN-LIKE RAYON DRESS, $8.98  
So pretty, so basically simple, it will be the background of your summer wardrobe. Buttons from the flattering neckline to the hem... you're dressed in a jiffy without mussing your hair. Dyed-to-match embroidery trims 2 patch pockets; Aqua, pink, lilac, grey; 12/20, 14 1/2-24 1/2.

#6 KRINKLE TONE KOORDINATES FOR PLAY TIME.  
Styled by Queen Casuals, these wonderful cotton separates go together like sun and fun! Preshrunk and fast-color... wash in a whisk and never need ironing! All in navy, cocoa, green, lemon, purple, tangerine, grey. Cap, S, M, L, $1.95; Bra 32-46, $1.95; Shorts, 10-20, 38-46, $3.95.

#7 LAGUNA PEARLS WITH STERLING CLASP, $2.98  
Faithful replicas of rare natural pearls in a beautiful gift box! Perfect Mother's Day or graduation gift! 3-strand, shown, $2.98; 2-strand, $2.45; 1-strand, $1.79.
“A woman needs a man to protect her and love her,” says Judy. And it looks as if she’s found him—at long last.

BY JOAN KING FLYNN

"someone to watch over me"

For Judy Garland, the past few years have been filled with frustrations and unhappiness, but the nightmare was blotted out by the cheers and bravos of a tear-swept audience one April night last year at the Palladium. In the wings, the man she loved stood proudly by. The presence of Sid Luft made her happiness complete.

He was standing by her side again a few weeks ago on Judy’s closing night at the Palace theatre. In her dressing room, in one of her rare interviews, the twice-divorced star told this writer why she had chosen Sid Luft to be her husband.

“Any woman who’s a real woman wants a man to protect her and love her,” she said. “That’s what Sid does for me. We have accomplished so much together.”

The facts are there to prove it.

Directly over her brown head, as she spoke, was a new but permanent fixture on the wall, a gleaming, gold plaque which read:

“This was the dressing room of JUDY GARLAND who set the all-time long run record Oct. 16th, 1951, to Feb. 24th, 1952, RKO PALACE THEATRE.” (Continued on page 83)
**Satin Beauties**

...and how they grow

at Woolworth's cosmetic counters

as told by Susan Smart

It's Spring... and in every rain-washed bud you see the promise of Summer... urging you on to Springtime beauty care that will blossom into your own Summer loveliness.

So... waken your skin, brighten your smile, put fresh new glints in your hair and glow with new make-up shades!

It's all so easy, especially if you follow my advice... and visit your nearest Woolworth's. There, on those handy cosmetic counters that make shopping so easy for so many smart women, you'll find the timely toiletries described here... and many more besides. Choose quietly at leisure, or ask the saleslady to help you. You'll enjoy beginning your own Spring-to-Summer beauty course at your convenient, easy-to-shop Woolworth store.

† Woolworth's Shopping Reporter
new faces

Here are some of the screen's most promising newcomers. Remember their faces—they're going places!

MARGE AND GOWER CHAMPION go halves on everything: their work, their marriage, even their hobbies—collecting records and cats. But it's as a dance team that they're double dynamite! (They lifted the screen in Mr. Music and Show Boat.) New to Hollywood, but not to dancing, they both learned how at Marge's father's dancing school, where Gower's mother enrolled him as a child. Marge and Gower became good friends, but waited till they grew up to form a partnership in business and marriage. The merger occurred in 1947, after Gower was released from the U. S. Coast Guard. (While in service, incidentally, Gower toured with the Coast Guard's musical revue, Tars And Spars.) Shortly afterwards, they made their professional debut in a New York nightclub. A cliche for success, nightclub engagements piled up, and in between shows, they worked on the choreography of several Broadway hits. Credit them for the sparkling dance numbers in Lend An Ear, Small Wonder, and Make A Wish. It was while they were appearing at the Mocambo that an MGM talent scout snared them for Hollywood. They were such an amazing success in Mr. Music, their first film, they were immediately cast as Frank and Ellie, in Show Boat, where they delighted their fans. Watch for the Champions in Lovely To Look At, and Everything I Have Is Yours.

SUSAN CABOT's beginning to feel like a one-woman branch of the United Nations. She was a Samoan native in On The Isle Of Samoan, a Sioux Indian girl in Tomahawk, a gypsy dancer in Flame Of Araby, an Apache Indian in Battle At Apache Pass. And now, she'll play a Persian maid in her next film, Son Of Ali Baba. But Susan, who was spotted by a talent scout while acting in a television show, isn't complaining—even though she does say, rather wistfully, that her big ambition is to portray a typical American girl, complete with saddle shoes, ice cream soda, and freckled-faced boy friend.

ALDO RAY had no intentions of breaking into the movies. He was quite content as the peace officer of Crockett, California. But one day, his brother Guido, having no car of his own, asked Aldo to drive him to an interview for an acting job. When they got there, the studio man took one look at Aldo, and bingo—he had a contract. (Aldo's disappointed brother was tagged as "not the movie type.") A natural comedian, Aldo showed his stuff so well in Saturday's Hero that he was grabbed for The Barefoot Mailman, and My True Story. And, to top it all, he's co-star of The Marrying Kind, opposite Judy Holliday.

KEVIN McCARTHY finally has a job he likes! When he was working his way through college, he tried chauffeuring for an elderly lady, sold fireworks, clerked in department stores, but nothing satisfied him. Then he got a part in a school play. Acting, he decided on that opening night, was it. In no time at all he'd chucked school, determined to carve himself a place in the acting world. He came to New York where persistence won him a part in the stock company of Brother Rat. He made such a memorable impression on London audiences as Bliff in Death Of A Salesman that he was tapped for the movie role.

ANNE FRANCIS was only six months old when she became a "cover girl." Her blonde, blue-eyed charm sold magazines like magic. As soon as she could toddle, she modeled dresses, and when she started to talk it was on radio programs. Pretty soon she was on television in New York—which quite naturally led to a movie contract in Hollywood. But for a whole year Anne did nothing but gather dust on the studio shelf. Finally, Hollywood got smart, cast her in So Young, So Bad, and she was on her way. Soon you'll see this beauty in Lydia Bailey. She'll be Lydia—and, chances are, a star.
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 post-
age) to Wallace Silversmiths,
Department 94, Wallingford, Conn.
FROM THE MOVIES

AARON SLICK FROM FUNKIN CRICK—Marshmallow Moon by the Four Knights (Capitol). Album of Songs by Dinah Shore and Robert Merrill** (Victor).

Dinah co-stars in the film with Robert Merrill. Her record of Life Is A Beautiful Thing and Why Should I Believe In Love is available separately, as are Merrill's Still Water and My Beloved.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—Oops! by Louis Armstrong & Ella Fitzgerald** [Decca]; Margaret Whiting* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia). Baby Doll by Gordon MacRae* (Capitol); Doris Day* (Columbia). Hard to choose between the three leading versions of Oops!, a clever novelty song by Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren. We'll take Louis and Ella—they've never sounded better together.

KATHRYN GRAYSON—Kathryn Grayson sings* (MGM).

Grayson fans will be delighted by this selection. Her famous treatment of Lousie is included, as well as Romberg's Lover Come Back To Me, Kern's Yesteryears, Berlin's Always and two film favorites. Love Is Where You Find It and All Of A Sudden My Heart Sings.

POPULAR

TONY BENNETT—Silly Dreamer* [Columbia]. Not a great tune, but anything Tony does nowadays is bound to be a hit, and chances are you'll like this one.

ALAN DEAN—Since My Love Has Gone** (MGM).

The young British singing sensation does a terrific job with this adaptation of a Traviata melody by Verdi. There's a great tune on the other side, too—If You Go, imported from France. Leroy Holmes' orchestra gives Alan sterling support.

BILLY ECKSTINE-SARAH VAUGHAN—I Love You** (MGM).

The Cole Porter song, and an old ballad called Ev'ry Day, are both excellent duet vehicles for two of the most artistic of all present-day ballad singers.

JOHNNIE Ray—Please Mr. Sun* (Columbia).

Here's a youngster with the most original new vocal style since Frankie Laine. Whether you find him weird or wonderful (or both), you've got to admit he's different. The same tune is done in more conventional style by Perry Como (Victor) and Tommy Edwards (MGM).

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON—LP record* (Victor).

A worthy addition to Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances, featuring some of the all-star recording bands. Lionel used to assemble with such men as Harry James, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter.

WOODY HERMAN—Blue Flame* (MGM).

ELIZABETH TAYLOR...Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest...with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Elizabeth Taylor, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse...dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water...needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars...ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
star dust

The great Ziegfeld was supposed to be an infallible judge of glamour. However, once when he was helping Sam Goldwyn pick girls for the chorus of *Whoopee*, he turned thumbs down on a group of 17-year-olds including Virginia Bruce, Lucille Ball, Betty Grable and Paulette Goddard.

Bob Hope says, "I once had a big chest and a hard stomach—but that's all behind me now."

When the Jane Powell-Geary Steffan baby was born, Howard Keel bet Geary that the baby would be a girl. He lost and had to pay in the form of a brand new diving board for the Steffans' pool.

Jerry Lewis recently bought 60 pairs of slacks at $80 a pair.

Don McGuire was asked to script a picture for an actress he loathes, so he sat down and wrote one line—"The opening scene takes place in a portable gas chamber." He was relieved.

It's like this... Gary Merrill sometimes wears plaid shorts to swanky Hollywood parties... June Allyson drinks a half-and-half mixture of tomato juice and buttermilk... Ty Power wears lace dress shirts with his dinner jackets... Shelley Winters' father, who used to be a tailor, is now her personal manager... Al Ladd owns part of Chester Hayes, a heavyweight wrestler... Jimmy Stewart won't sign autographs until the fans first look at his twins' pictures.

Esther Williams is building a "boatel"—a water version of a motel, on the shore of a Wisconsin lake. The Indians used to have "boatels" in that part of the country years ago.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery own Hollywood's most glamorous furniture factory. They try out all the new pieces they design in their own home before putting them on sale, in order to make sure the items are practical.

Remember the man who hits the gong that starts every J. Arthur Rank picture? He's a 30-year-old wrestler named Phil Nieman who was picked from 30 applicants. He was once the light-heavyweight champion of New Zealand.

Girls!

**WANT QUICK CURLS?**

**WHAT GIRL DOESN'T** want quick curls these days! Especially when you get a last minute call and have to hurry to look your best! Now... with new Lady Wildroot Wave Set your worries are over. You can set your favorite hair-do and be ready in less time than ever before because it's quick setting... quick drying! Use it after home permanents, too!

**NEW LADY WILDROOT WAVE SET** is nothing like old-fashioned heavy, gummy wave sets. It's light bodied and will not flake. Contains processed lanolin, too. Try it. Style your own hair at home, quickly and without fuss or disappointment. You'll find that new Lady Wildroot Wave Set leaves your hair soft, appealing and natural looking no matter how you do your hair.

**NEW**

*Lady Wildroot*

**WAVE SET**

Comes in two colors — Green and Clear 29¢ plus tax
So quick! So easy!
and no other make-up looks and feels so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik®! Max Factor’s exciting new creamy make-up, as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood’s loveliest stars—and now brought to you.

Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor’s exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.

Pan-Stik by Max Factor
New cream make-up in stick form
$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores. Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

LORI NELSON
as she looks when away from the cameras. This vivacious young actress is now appearing in "MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR" A Universal-International Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties who enhance their fresh, glowing, natural loveliness with Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up... wherever they go... whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond coloring and fair complexion, Lori uses "Fair" Pan-Stik.

*Guarantee: Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don’t agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use it, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.
A. Deanna will be starred opposite Lanza at MGM sometime this spring. She weighs 124 pounds.

Q. Why won't Betty Grable play any straight dramatic parts? Why is she always in musicals?—J. G., HARTFORD, CONN.

A. Betty Grable insists that she is a song and dance girl.

Q. I've been told that Bob Hope's wife, Dolores, is the most devout Catholic in the entire movie colony, and that one of Bob's four adopted children wants to become a nun. True or false?—D. O., CANTON, OHIO.

A. Dolores Hope is extremely religious. None of her children have yet made up their minds about future occupations.

Q. Whatever happened to Alan Young's two children from his first marriage?—C. F., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. They live with their mother in Seattle, spend summer vacations with Alan in Hollywood.

Q. Doesn't Mario Lanza wear lifts in his shoes?—B. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. Yes.

Q. Why did Lana drop Greg Bautzer as her lawyer after he arranged for her new contract at MGM in January?—T. U., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Lana wanted more speed in her property settlement with Bob Topping. She is still on the most friendly terms with Bautzer, although her present attorney is Neil McCarthy.

Q. Isn't it a fact that Howard Keel and Betty Hutton can't stand the sight of each other?—N. T., RENO, NEV.

A. They don't belong to a mutual admiration society but both have pretty well forgotten the tensions that went into making Annie Get Your Gun.

Q. Which movie actor receives the most fan mail?—C. G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. It varies from month to month. At this writing, Roy Rogers and Dale Robertson lead the field.

Q. I have a bet with my buddies that the almost nude dame on my calendar is Marilyn Monroe. Did she ever pose for calendar art? If so, when?—E. Y., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A. Your bet's good. Marilyn Monroe posed for calendar art six years ago.

Q. When Carole Lombard died she left an estate of almost a million dollars. To whom was it left?—S. A., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. Her husband, Clark Gable.

Q. Why was Phyllis Kirk dropped from MGM, then dropped from the cast of the Broadway hit, Point of No Return?—B. O., BOSTON, MASS.

A. The studio had no parts for her; she was too inexperienced and miscast for the Broadway lead.

Q. Whatever happened to George Raft?—N. B., DETROIT, MICH.

A. He is filming a series of television pictures in which he plays a detective.

Q. I've been told that Donald O'Connor is currently the hottest young actor in Hollywood. How come?—U. B., TORONTO, CAN.

A. O'Connor is absolutely sensational in Singin' in the Rain, especially in dance routines with Gene Kelly. Belatedly, he is being recognized as one of the most versatile talents in the business.

Q. I read in a newspaper column that Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth fought all through the making of Affair In Trinidad. What really happened between these two?—A. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. There was no fighting at all. Ford and Hayworth are good friends.

Q. Hasn't Debbie Reynolds' popularity declined? Isn't it that really why MGM removed her from the lead in Fearless Fagan?—J. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Debbie was removed from the picture because producer Eddie Knopf decided she wasn't right for the part. Her popularity is at its highest point.

Q. Who is the highest paid songwriter in Hollywood, and how much does he earn?—A. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. Irving Berlin. His income varies from $150,000 to $750,000 per year.

Q. Why doesn't Montgomery Clift make more pictures than he does?—I. G., EVANSTON, ILL.

A. He is extremely particular about getting the right story.

Q. What is the general opinion of Marlon Brando in Hollywood?—E. V., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. He is generally considered a little eccentric but very talented.

Q. Why hasn't Lauren Bacall worked in movies lately? Won't any studio give her a job?—V. O., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Miss Bacall, married to Humphrey Bogart, is expecting her second child.

Q. What is Doris Day's name, her right age? How many times has she been married? How many children does she have?—G. G., AKRON, OHIO

A. Doris Kappelhoff, age 27, married three times, mother of one son.
No more of these old make-up troubles

no wet sponge — no greasy fingertips — no spilly powder

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Tuck it in your handbag!—In the slim, new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case you have everything for an angelic new complexion! Mirror, puff—and Angel Face! And it can't spill! "I'm never without my Mirror Case!" says the Marchioness of Milford Haven. In 6 skin tones, Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1*.

Pond's Angel Face also comes in this well-loved, blue-and-gold box, with puff, at 59¢, 89¢.*

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Happy Anniversary!

Marty helped Doris buy the house, then he moved in. That was a year ago, and now everything's changed—except their love.

BY JIM BURTON

For Doris Day and her tall, dark, handsome businessman husband, love is a private affair. They are very much like that young couple down the block from you. When the wedding bells have been stilled, the rice all swept up, the corsages of the bridesmaids wilted and the bride and groom are back to reality—that's when the year really starts. That first year together. That year when the newlyweds try to make their adjustments with dozens of admiring friends happily trying to watch their every move. Sooner or later, the newlyweds find they have to close the door and be alone together.

That's not too difficult for the average couple to do, if one or the other is not in the acting business. Take Doris Day, for instance. During her first year of marriage, she has had to engage in no end of strenuous picture work while creating, at the same time, a happy (Continued on page 89)
N

o matter what your problem is nowadays, blame it on Frankie and Ava, and you're bound to feel better. This may seem a little far-fetched, but it isn't, because lately the Frank Sinatras have become something of a national scapegoat. Kicking them around seems to bring the same kind of release that pounding on a punching bag does when you're angry.

Ever since Frank got sore in Mexico last summer and told reporters, "I don't have to talk to anyone. It wasn't the press who made me famous; it was my singing and the American public," he has become the victim of a vicious campaign. People who once professed to be his friends are knifing him behind his back, or making blatantly cruel criticisms of him and his bride to the world.

Even before their marriage, the bricks began to fly. "Artie Shaw didn't send Ava to a psychiatrist for nothing," said one "wit" when Ava announced she'd be the new Mrs. Sinatra. "She may not be smart," another cat meowed, "but you have to give her credit for courage."

No matter where they go or what they do, the Sinatras are ridiculed, for no logical reason—except maybe that they fell in love, got married and are trying to make it work, and less fortunate people are jealous.

A few weeks ago, Ava and Frank made applications with the army to entertain the troops in Korea. They wanted to do their bit, the way other stars have, but what happened? Some wise guy loafing at a cafe table picked up the news and said, "Get this. The Sinatras are going to Korea. Don't they know the soldiers would rather see Mickey Mouse?" (Continued on page 104)
SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:
With the wedding bells still echoing,
the experts are saying it won't last.
Can Liz be happy with a man twice her age?
Liz and Mike think so.

HER LIFE'S COMPANION?

MEETING AT LONDON AIRPORT, a windblown Liz (note diamond and emerald engagement ring) fell into the waiting arms of Michael Wilding, but Wilding was informed. Liz had left New York incognito as "Virginia Courtney", misleading the press. He and Liz drove off in his Jaguar with three trunks and nine suitcases.

ARRIVING AT CAXTON HALL for the wedding on Feb. 21st, Liz appeared the more composed of the two. She wore a grey woolen suit with a stiff, organdie collar. The ten-minute civil ceremony was witnessed by about 14 friends. Herbert Wilcox (over Mike's shoulder) and his wife, actress Anna Neagle, wore the attendants.
BY SUSAN TRENT AND HOLCOMB SMITH

On February 21, 1952, Elizabeth Taylor stood in the registry office at Caxton Hall, London, and became a bride for the second time. With an expression of radiant happiness on her face, she held out her left hand to 40-year-old Michael Wilding who slipped a plain gold band on her third finger. The ceremony lasted ten minutes. Then, propelling Liz lightly by the elbow, Mr. Wilding headed her into a mob of 3,000 Londoners who had massed outside the building.

"Hy'a Liz!" shouted her fans, pressing closer. "Are you happy?"

"Yes, yes, very happy," Liz replied, laughingly, waving and smiling to those near her.

As she approached the waiting limousine, a husky bobby swept her up in his arms and carried her to it while her husband trailed behind. Seemingly delighted by the flurry and excitement, Liz's parting (Continued on page 74)

The happy couple flew from London to Paris en route to a ten-day honeymoon in the French Alps. Liz was wearing the plain gold band Mike bought at Cartier's.
how casual can he get?

You can hear anything you want to hear about Bing Crosby. Down-at-the-heel song-pluggers won’t even mention his name (because even if Bing tried to sing half of the songs these pluggers wanted him to he wouldn’t be through till he was 20,000 years old). But ask the Boys Club of America for their opinion of him and it’s too corny to print.

When Bing does a benefit every penny goes to the charity.)

People call him saint, and they call him sinner. They say he’s a dynamo and they point him out as the laziest man in the world. But the adjective everyone applies most often is casual. Casual— the word was made for Crosby.

But just how casual can a man be and stay one of the top singers and top money-makers in the country? There’s something about Bing that nobody knows, some quality you can’t define that is the real key to his character. He won’t help you define it; he doesn’t like to talk about himself. You can only observe him and analyze his actions, and maybe reach some sort of conclusion.

One of Bing’s traits is his difficulty in realizing that what may be unimportant to him may be very important to someone else. He is bored and embarrassed by big accolades, large dinner parties. Whenever he receives an award he tries to duck out on the public celebration. But he’s delighted when someone says to him, “I enjoyed your last picture, Bing,” or, “I never miss your radio shows. They’re always good.” He is not, as he has been called, a “fundamentally shy guy.”

He talks easily and pleasantly to everybody. But he hates a display. And since he hates it, he can’t understand why it might be important to someone else.

Which brings us to the one and only time Bob Hope was ever offended by Bing. All the insults that generally fly back and forth, are for fun (and the benefit of the box office). But Bob was sincerely hurt when a testimonial dinner was given in his honor by the Friars Club and Bing didn’t show up. The dinner meant (Continued on page 105)

Is he saint or sinner?
A human dynamo or the laziest guy in the world?
Come meet the real Mr. Crosby, the man nobody knows . . .
BY KATHERINE ALBERT
you’re Wrong about Jane Russell!

She’s Hollywood’s prize paradox—sultry siren or happy housewife, rowdy or religious. You’ve heard a lot of rumors, now here’s the truth...

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Not very long ago a typically “hot” Hollywood story came winging out of Las Vegas, Nevada, from the scene of RKO’s premiere for The Las Vegas Story. More than 100 members of the Hollywood press were in town at the time, partying at the studio’s expense, so the story was well covered. However, it was one of the most provocatively confused tales to ever hit the front pages.

The fact was that Jane Russell had a black eye. But beyond that no one seemed sure of anything. One group of reporters held that Jane’s husband, Bob Waterfield, had belted her in a moment of masculine pique. Another, that Waterfield had aimed a tender caress at comedian Ben Blue and Mrs. Waterfield got in the way. And the loudest and mostest scribblers howled that Jane had been downed by a Cadillac door in a high wind.

How Jane Russell got the mouse is, actually, of no consequence—and it is, by now, ancient history. The point is that 100 reporters covering the same story ran about like pigeons in a panic frantically trying to get the low-down when it was there for the simple asking. All they had to do was ask Jane Russell. She’d have told them—for sure.

This exhibition is a fair example of what the press boys and girls have been doing with Jane Russell ever since the day she was photographed in a hay barn for a scene in The Outlaw. They have been describing her, analyzing her and misquoting her until today—if you have read all of these canards religiously—you are a graduate (Continued on page 102)
IS INGRID UNHAPPY AND HOMESICK? HERE IS A REVEALING GLIMPSE OF HER LIFE IN ITALY.

Behind Bergman's Closed Doors

by Hedda Hopper

Grahame Green, author of "The End of the Affair," called on me in my Beverly Hills home when he was enroute from Saipan to England, and told me that Ingrid Bergman was his choice to star with Gregory Peck in the film version of his book. He has sold the rights to producer David Lewis, and the picture will be made in England this September.

If you haven't read the story—one that's going to be very difficult to put on the screen—it's about a woman who, through an adulterous affair, reaches sainthood after suffering the emotional tortures of the damned. Said Green to me, "Ingrid is the perfect actress for the part. She even looks like the character, though I certainly didn't have her in mind when I wrote it." And David Lewis, who was present, said, "Why didn't I think of her? The one I saw in the part was Jean Simmons."

"No," said Green, "she looks too young and inexperienced. Ingrid, whom I saw in London last year, is more beautiful than ever. There's a new zest for living in the expression on her face. Her body's slimmed down like a race horse, and with those luminous eyes of her, she can look like a saint."

After the author and David Lewis had gone, I called Ingrid on the overseas telephone in Rome. She was much easier to reach than when she lived a block away from me in Beverly Hills. She returned my call immediately. This time there was no press agent standing in her way, and I listened to the voice of a woman bubbling over with happiness six thousand miles from Hollywood. She was the same friendly Ingrid that I had known of old. She hesitated (Continued on page 95)

She gets full "star treatment" in Italy, and enjoys it. No longer hiding from the public, Ingrid recently attended the ballet in Milan, met the troupe's stars. Rumor to the contrary, Ingrid is still deeply in love with Rossellini, and very much "at home" in Italy, where she has more fun than she did in Hollywood.
Ingrid’s face is a mirror of her present happiness. Those who’ve seen her recently say she has become more beautiful than ever.

Ingrid celebrated Roberto’s 42nd birthday with a small party. She feels so secure in his presence it’s doubtful if she’ll ever want to work for another director.

Reconciled to the fact that Pio is permanently separated from her, Ingrid lavishes much affection on her son, and hopes for another daughter in June.
BACHELOR MICHAEL O'SHEA BOUGHT A HOUSE FOR HIS FOUR-LEGGED LOVE. THEN HE MARRIED VIRGINIA

a house for a horse

by Maria Peterson

Mike describes himself as "a boy from Brooklyn who always wanted to be a cowboy." His tack room with its smell of horses and leather, has one of the best paddocks in the San Fernando Valley.

The O'Sheas knocked down walls to make one large beamed living room. They furnished it unpretentiously with emphasis on comfort.
who moved in and finally managed to put everything, including the horse, in its place.

Virginia remodelled the dining room by adding a fireplace, cupboards and paneling as well as her favorite Van Gogh print. Large and uncluttered, the room is ideal for parties.

While he was away on location in Arizona, Virginia decorated Mike's bedroom. He came back to find she'd gone Western with heavy oak furniture, Navajo rugs and bold red wallpaper. Suits the would-be cowboy fine.

Michael O'Shea's first proposal to Virginia Mayo took place in 1943 when they were working together in a film called Jack London.

Mike didn't know Virginia very well, but one afternoon he spotted her alone in a secluded corner of the set. He tiptoed up behind her, kissed her lightly, and said, "Let's get married."

Virginia whirled around. "You're pretty fresh," she snapped indignantly. Then she got up and stalked off.

Mike didn't give up. Five years later he proposed again. Only this time he knew Virginia better and he had more to offer.

"I've got a nice little ranch house in Van Nuys," he began cautiously. "In fact, I had you in mind when I bought it. If you'll take me along with the house, I promise I'll make you happy."

The O'Sheas had been married a week before Mike summoned enough courage to confess the truth about his "little ranch house."

"I really didn't have you in mind when I bought this house," he said to Virginia, "or it would've been much different. I actually bought it for a horse."

"You bought it for what?" Virginia asked. (Continued on next page)
A front view of the house belies its Western interior. Mike's first work after buying the homestead was to build a brick patio facing his beloved paddock.

The kitchen has every conceivable appliance and when they are alone, Mike and Virginia eat here. The poster is Virginia's trick for livening up a room.

A back and side view of the O'Shea's Van Nuys ranch house gives no inkling of the tumble down place it was when Mike bought it about four years ago. Large trees and careful landscaping help to form this inviting setting.

house for a horse continued

"My quarter horse," Mike said, painfully. "You see, the fellow who was boarding him suddenly sold his ranch and my horse had no place to stay. I was living in a Hollywood apartment and I couldn't keep him there, so one Sunday I drove to the San Fernando Valley and bought a house."

Virginia shook her lovely blonde head. "I can't believe it."

"It's on the level," Mike continued. "And after the deal was set, the people I bought it from told me that the house was 20 years old and not very well-built at that. Can you forgive a dumb guy who loves you?"

"Darling," Virginia whispered reassuringly. "Don't worry. We'll fix the place up."

Four years have elapsed since that day, and any resemblance between the house as it was and the present place is simply an oversight on Virginia's part.

Time, a woman's determination, and money have changed the ramshackle building into one of the most unusual and inviting homes in Hollywood.

At first, Virginia and Mike didn't make any startling changes, largely because they lacked the do-re-mi. Virginia ran up a set of dining room curtains; Mike repainted the kitchen and built a brick patio facing the paddock. They made the rounds of the local (Continued on page 101)
I didn't need a miracle

... TO MAKE ME BELIEVE IN GOD'S EXISTENCE. HE HAS LIVED IN MY HEART ALL MY LIFE.

by Elizabeth Scott

Less than a year ago I was on a plane miles over the ocean when two of the four motors had to be stopped because of fire. I was part of a group of Hollywood stars flying from Rio de Janeiro to the film festival at Montevideo in Uruguay. We were an hour out of the airport when the pilot's voice suddenly came to us from the loudspeaker in the cabin.

"We have a gas and oil leak and we are returning to Rio. You will notice I am going to get rid of 4,000 gallons of gas."

That's when we saw smoke from one of the motors and noticed that its propeller, as well as the propeller of another motor, was stilled. Then the wing tanks were emptied and we could see the gasoline falling like silver rain below. At that second there was a hush in the plane, and I thought, "How much like a theater it is... just before the curtain goes up. Now we shall see the play. Who will be the heroes and heroines, and who the cowards?"

There was a moment of stark terror (for me, at least.) "Well, this is it," I remember thinking. "If this is the cue for death, nothing—not hysteria, not prayer, not fear—nothing will delay the entrance." My faith in God proved itself then, and I sat back and closed my eyes and—yes, I felt serenity.

Can you touch courage? Can you weigh love or nail faith to a wall and say, "There it is"? Nothing less material exists in the world, yet nothing as powerful is at the disposal of humans. I have always had faith, faith in myself. Long ago when mother waggled a finger at me and said, "Come home from drama school—you've had it." I stood my ground. I don't remember ever having defied a parental edict before. But I knew—don't ask me how—I just knew I could find creative fulfillment in New York if only I were given time to work it out. My letter of explanation must have been eloquent, because mother gave in. But she cut my allowance to ten dollars a week. Ten single dollars between me and starvation in the Big Town! Mom knew what she was doing. I'd get good and hungry. (Continued on page 94)
When you've been in Hollywood as long as Clark Gable has, which is almost 30 years, and you've been married four times, the chances are pretty good that you're going to be involved in some hot feuds, both private and professional.

Right now, Gable's calling a halt to what was his number one feud—with his studio. But his number two feud, no matter what you read about the uncontested divorce, is with his wife, the former Sylvia Ashley.

Clark is also not on the best speaking terms with Greer Garson and two of his previous wives, but these are minor feuds compared with the two major hassels.

A few months ago Gable was staying at the Flying ME, a swank divorce ranch in Franktown, Nevada, waiting out his divorce from Sylvia Ashley. Unfortunately for him, the Nevada divorce plans didn't come off. They were ruled illegal.

At the time, however, Clark didn't
know that. He was busy dating the various divorcees, trap-shooting and riding, and blithely ignoring the messages written for him on the blackboard. These messages were, “Please call Howard Strickling in N. Y.” “Call Howard Strickling.” “Operator 44 in N. Y. is trying to get you. Howard Strickling calling.”

Howard Strickling is Metro’s director of publicity, and he was very anxious to get in touch with Clark back then, but Clark was all for hiding away, and having fun.

At that time Clark was really burned up about Sylvia’s supposedly extravagant financial demands, but of her, he said, “Sylvia is a very wonderful woman. We’ve had our differences, largely because we come from different backgrounds, like to do different things. But I admire her a great deal. Our lawyers are conferring, and I’m sure they’ll work out a settlement that we’ll both finally consider equitable.”

What Gable said for public consumption and what he said to his lawyer don’t bear the slightest resemblance. His lawyer inferred to reporters that Gable would carry the case to every court in the land if need be, that he was in no mood to be “taken,” that he would fight, wade through all the mud, use every means at his command before he fulfilled the demands Sylvia was making for a settlement.

It cost Clark half-a-million dollars to get free of his second wife, the socialite Ria Langham, and when he realized that he was in the identical position again, this time with Sylvia Ashley, he was fit to be tied.

Because Clark cooled off in February of this year and visited Sylvia at Doctor’s Hospital in New York, many people think that their financial feuding is finished, and that a reconciliation is in the offing. The financial feuding has merely simmered down, and there isn’t the slightest chance of a reconciliation between them.

By the end of April, Sylvia should have her divorce. It will be uncontested, but only if Clark has agreed to hand over a sizable chunk of currency.

Here’s the background of the Ashley-Gable financial feud:

When Clark had all the locks changed on his Encino ranch house last year, Sylvia’s vanity was hurt. There is no truer statement than “Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.” Unless it is “Hell hath no fury like a wife scorned.”

Anyway, Sylvia vowed that Clark would pay for her humiliation. Jerry Giesler, ace Hollywood criminal and divorce lawyer, would help her see to that.

When Gable heard that Sylvia was allegedly demanding half-a-million dollars, he blew his top. He drove to Nevada to (Continued on page 72)
a simple case of love

Don't laugh at marriage counselors! Susan and Jess took their problems to one and turned what looked like domestic disaster into marital bliss.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

In a nation where 8,000,000 married women go to work each day, where, in fact, working wives outnumber unmarried working girls seven to five—no one is shocked because a wife's earning capacity is larger than her husband's. This is especially true in Hollywood where career women started getting married long before it was the vogue in other parts of the country, and where professional couples have since evolved various formulas for ways to stay happy though married. Of all these couples, 32-year-old Susan Hayward and her good-looking actor-husband, 36-year-old Jess Barker seem to have found an ideal recipe for their special needs.

Susan is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. She has one of those fabulous Hollywood deals you read about in the gossip columns. She earns $5,000 a week every week of the year, whether she works or not, and has a seven year contract with no options.

Jess Barker (as fine an actor as Susan is an actress) earns $1,000 a week. This is certainly nothing to scoff at, but Jess isn't under contract to any studio. At one time he was a contract player at Columbia and then Universal, but nowadays he free-lances which means that his income varies. At the moment he is testing for several television shows, and two movie studios are dickering with his agent for term contracts. But chances are that Jess can't hope to equal Susan's yearly income, within the immediate future largely because each is in a different salary bracket.

According to many people this disparity in earning (Continued on page 85)
The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh living room was like Grand Central Station, complete with train, when I arrived at their Wilshire Boulevard apartment for an interview one recent Saturday morning. Janet had gone off to work at MGM in Fearless Fagan, the phone was ringing, the maid was cleaning up the breakfast dishes—and Tony was eating an orange while playing with a new electric train that had arrived from Europe that very morning. You heard me—26 years old, and a movie star, and playing with an electric train. And one that he had bought for himself, not for his kid brother. I ignored it and begged for coffee. Tony made a potful.

Every other magazine writer in town but me had interviewed Tony, yet I had known him longest. I was, in fact, the first Hollywood reporter ever to write a line about him. That was four years ago, when he first arrived from New York, a wide-eyed, scared, naive unknown. I had met him, announced his arrival in my column in a Hollywood trade paper, prophesied a successful career for him and then continued writing about his activities while other columnists ignored him.

Anyway—here I was now. And there was that train. This was a new side of Tony. Maybe I didn’t know him so well after all.

“I thought I’d write a story about you and call it ‘Now I Can Talk,”’ I said, after he got off the phone. “Something that’s never been touched on in your other interviews. Something . . .”

The phone rang again. It was his mother. He excused himself, talked to her lovingly for ten minutes, excused him-
He was afraid to relax, afraid to be himself. A stranger to Hollywood, Tony Curtis let others do his talking. Now he's ready to speak his mind.

"now I can talk"

by Mike Connolly

One of Hollywood's happiest couples—Tony and Janet will have their first anniversary June 4th. He says, "She gives me self-confidence."

self again after he hung up, and said. "We'll only have a few more disturbances, I promise you. Janet will call once or twice, when she gets a break, and that's all.

"See this train?" He was playing with it again, making it back up. The engine leaped off the track, scattering the coaches right and left. "I didn't have one when I was a kid," he said. "This makes up for it."

His present life is making up for a lot of things he didn't have as a kid. He had been afraid of (Continued on page 99)
Spring fashions started pouring into Modern Screen's West Coast office from New York and all points east, and with them—the rains came! By the time Modern Screen was ready to stage its Annual Award Showing of Hollywood Approved Fashions for Spring and Summer, there was a veritable flood flowing past the door of the Bel Air Hotel.

Nevertheless, this isn't the story of a wash-out. Far from it! It's an on-the-spot story of fashion news that was made in Hollywood among the stars gathered in the Bel Air's Garden Room. Seated at luncheon tables decked with flowers they chose their favorite outfits for Spring and Summer glamour.

Guests started trickling into the Bel Air early. Jane Powell shed her rain togs, murmuring, "The things we do for this magazine!" and further predicted that they'd have to call the Coast Guard to take them home.

"That's not all," chimed in Ann Blyth, shaking her dripping umbrella, "I live in the San Fernando Valley and according to the last weather report, the whole place is beginning to shift toward Mexico."

But there wasn't a peep out of Piper Laurie. She was busy enjoying the sudden transition from stormy weather to springtime. The tables were a mass of yellow jonquils, white narcissus, pink and lavender stocks, and early spring tulips. Attractive exhibit booths were displaying merchandise on the sides of the room.

(Continued on page 69)
Exciting new fashions went on parade at MODERN SCREEN's gala party; while Hollywood oohed and aahed—and picked the winners!

and summer

Nylon hosiery on the fashion pages by Holeproof

Above: Lovely Janet Leigh, currently appearing in MGM's Just This Once, co-starred with Peter Lawford, poses in the after-five dress that received the grand award from the Board—an all-quilted taffeta cotton with a full, full circular skirt over an award winning Eye-ful petticoat. White or baby pastels—pink, blue, aquo, yellow. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By Junior House. Janet also wears award winning LaTausca pearl and rhinestone jewelry.

Upper left: Mona Freeman and Mona Jr. wear the award winning "mother-daughter" two-piece dresses of piqué with denim trim. The weskit jackets are of denim with piqué sailor collars. White with blue only. Toddlers—sizes 2 and 3, about $4; Sisters—3 to 6X, about $5; Sisters—7 to 12, about $6; Subteens—8 to 14, about $8; Mothers—10 to 18, about $9. By Jack Borgenicht. See Mona in U-I's Flesh and Fury.

Left: Joyce Holden, co-starring with John Lund in U-I's Bronco Buster, wears award winning fashions from top to toe—Glenties scarf, Pandora's DuPont nylon sweater set (short sleeve slip-on), Korday's quilted Stewart plaid cotton skirt. Rockettes—of mesh with leather trim. Sweater—white, pastels or darks, sizes 32 to 40, slip-on—about $6, cardigan—about $7. Skirt—Stewart plaid only, sizes 10 to 16, about $9. Rockettes, about $7.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
Cool and smart—two-piece blouse and short outfit from Korday's mix 'n' match collection of checked tattersall separates worn by lovely RKO star Mala Powers, now in 20th's Rose Of Cimarron. The short is cuffed—has two pockets. Available in black and red check, brown and tan check or navy and powder blue check—cream background. Separates, 10 to 18. About $4 each. Wedgies by Rockettes.

Ginger Crowley, to be seen in the Warner Bros. film She's Working Her Way Through College, poses in an ensemble of Everlast Chevonnaire that is styled to lead a double life. Sans jacket, the halter-neck dress plays the role of sun costume—with jacket, a smart town outfit. White, lemon candy or ice blue. Sizes 10 to 16 and 9 to 15. About $17. By Freshy Playclothes. Hansen gloves—Coronet handbag.

Winners all
Hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer

Hollywood approved fashions can be bought from the stores listed on page 69; in person or by mail.
Swirl—a comfortable, flattering wrap-tie fashion (walk into it, button once, wrap and tie) for home and casual wear! Joyce MacKenzie poses in a Swirl styled of sanforized combed broadcloth with block tucking on the yoke and pockets. Colors: Coral, lavender, Neptune green or lemon. Sizes 10 to 20. About $8. Joyce is in the 20th Century-Fox film Wait 'Til The Sun Shines, Nellie.

Glamor in separates—Phyllis Thaxter wears Korday's dramatic black and white costume. The black broadcloth peasant blouse has fagoted sleeve trim—the white piqué skirt has white embroidery (American Indian motif) on broadcloth bands. Blouse, skirt in sizes 10 to 16. Blouse about $4—skirt about $11. Glentex scarf. Phyllis will be in Warners' She's Working Her Way Through College.
Donald O'Connor and a bevy of filmland's best dressed young stars, admire the Grand Award Winning dress by Junior House.

Handsome Peter Lawford has a "fashionable" time talking clothes with Janet Leigh, who's chic in a dark town suit and glamor-veiled hat.

Debbie Reynolds, of MGM's Singin' In The Rain, wears a daytime dress of woven square-dot on tissue-cotton trimmed with venise type daisy lace. The dress buttons down the back—has its own crinoline petticoat. Navy, brown or pink with white dot and trim. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By Junior House. Shortie gloves—Hansen. Handbag—Coronet.

This costume worn by Rebel Randall was styled by McArthur, Ltd. with just about everything that's news in fashion! A pique halter-neck dress with jeweled buttons and four-gore skirt—a pique trimmed tissue chambray duster. Dress, white only. Duster, grey or light brown—white pique trim. Sizes 10 to 18. Costume, under $25. Dress, under $13 (duster not sold separately). Shoes by Valentines.
winners all
hollywood approved fashions for spring and summer


Liz Scott wears separates from a Junior House mix 'n' match collection of separates designed for versatile summer living. The pirate pants are of ticking, the fabric used for collar and cuffs on the broadcloth blouse—both are trimmed with coin buttons. Red velveteen belt. Both in navy and white only—sizes 9 to 15—about $6 each. Liz is in Hal Wallis' Red Mountain for Paramount.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 69; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
Giggle at Jerry's
capers if you will—that's
Martin's bread and
Lewis's butter. But behind
that goony grin
lurks a steel trap!

Jerry Lewis came to earth with a bang.
Literally. His double had already made the
jump from the airplane. Now, the
camera was picking up Jerry's comedy landing,
his feet fantastically tangled in the ropes
and paraphernalia of the parachute.
Very funny—until Jerry tried to walk away.
His ankle was swollen like a balloon.
They rushed him to the Hollywood Hospital.

"Sorry, Mr. Lewis," they told him outside
the X-ray room. "This is our busy
day, you'll have to wait five minutes."
Grimacing with pain, Jerry said, "That's okay,
gimme a phone." He called his agent and
quietly and methodically planned the
radio show he was to do with Dean Martin
that evening. Just the way he has
always planned everything for the top
comedy couple of our day.

"I hate to see this guy without a smile on
his face, I know it'll cost me a lot of
money," Hal Wallis, who is no slouch at
business himself, told me when we
discussed the Bright Brain masquerading as
Jerry Lewis. "How about Dean?"
I asked. "Dean," Hal said, "is what Bing
Crosby is reported to be—very casual."

But even Bing interviews the girls he is
going to sing with. Not Dean. He
leaves that and (Continued on page 97)
Debbie acts her age
Debbie Reynolds is one Hollywood star who's willing to shout her age from the house-tops. Just a year past her teens, she's in no hurry to grow up, and she doesn't care who knows it!

**BY JANE WILKIE**

Her feet were on the coffee table, which meant that Debbie was at home. In fact, she and her parents were engaged in a discussion of teen-agers—their problems and their fun—and Debbie was talking eagerly.

"You see, teen-agers feel that just because they are young doesn't mean—" Debbie suddenly stopped and sat bolt upright. "Oh, brother!" she exploded.

"What's the matter?" her mother wanted to know.

"Well—gee—I just remembered. In April I'll be 20!"

The way she said it made it sound like 90, and Maxene Reynolds smiled to herself. "What's so awful about becoming 20?"

"Don't you see?" asked her daughter. "I won't be a teen-ager any more!"

The conversation took place early this year, and since then Debbie has weathered her twentieth birthday without accumulating a mass of wrinkles, or suffering hardening of the arteries. But she was obviously reluctant to leave the golden days behind.

Debbie is the rare young girl who acts her age and doesn't strain to 'grow up.' Despite all the hoopla about life beginning at 40, and the charm of a woman at 30, no one can deny that the girl in her teens and early twenties has a great treasure—the bloom and the freshness of youth. And youth has never been wasted on Debbie Reynolds, because while she is totally unconscious of the resultant charm, she lets nature take its course in the matter of maturity.

She has never claimed to be older than she is, or to try on the veil of sophistication. "I only ask," she says, "that people give me credit for being as old as I am. When I was 16 and began going out with boys my own age, everybody thought my dates were robbing the cradle. I guess it was because I was small, and the nut of the crowd, but at any rate people thought I ought to be home reading 'The Bobbsey Twins'."

As a matter of fact, her mother despairs that Debbie will never grow up, that she is too imbued with the spirit of Peter Pan to be interested in exotic perfumes, sheer negligees and all the things that go with womanhood. Debbie confines herself to light perfumes, (Continued on next page)
still clowns around the house, still collects monkeys, and sighs for the good old days when she had time to toot her French horn. She seems to cling to everything reminiscent of her school days, and once in a while will open her cedar chest and gaze sadly at the blackened chrome on her batons. The other night a friend came around with an offer to buy Debbie's French horn, an instrument that is badly needed in a local band. "I just couldn't," said Debbie. "I can't part with it. After all, some day I'll have time to play it again. And the piano, too."

She continues to chew gum, noisily and with great gusto. She has conceded to her mother's pleas in only one respect: she doesn't chew in public. To Debbie, chewing is a relaxation, and when she comes home tired at night, she often climbs into bed with a book and a sizeable chunk of gum. She doesn't smoke, and dislikes the odor of tobacco. "So when Pop smokes, I chew," she says. "And I don't pretend to chew gracefully. I just have a ball of a time."

In subtle ways, Debbie is growing up. Few girls of her age pay any attention to politics, but Debbie, who has always been interested in the inner workings of her native Burbank, has widened her interests to national politics. Last year, on a trip to the Capital, she met and (Continued on page 81)
Gail, Debbie's niece and special pet, was only three months old when Debbie started teaching her to swim. Deb's even taken her to premiers!

Carleton Carpenter, who was teamed with Debbie in her early movies, went with her on a recent hospital tour.

Bob Wagner's the lucky lad who won the honor of becoming Debbie's first steady beau. But Debbie still says she won't marry till she's 23.
Debbie Reynolds...
gay as a posy in our flower-garden separates

Fresh and flattering—garlanded ’round with Spring blossoms. They circle a slender throat, sweeten a bodice, fit into your own fashion plans.

Wear the skirt with camisole top or blouse, they’re designed for each other in Steven’s Moonbeam broadcloth, Sanforized and delightfully washable. Lilac, Blue or Pink. Detachable fake flowers. Sizes 9 to 15.

1. Boned camisole about $8.
2. Skirt about $9.
4. Sunback dress with bolero about $15.

See Debbie Reynolds, Co-starring in M-G-M’s “Singin’ in the Rain”
**Hollywood approved fashions**

(Continued from page 61) This was the Hollywood fashion event of the season and the stars wore their best. Miss Monte Hargus, one of Southern California’s outstanding fashion authorities, took over and the fashion parade began.

Cool crisp clothes calculated to make you want to hurry the pages off your calendar, flashed by as the models twirled and proceeded. Leading the “holly-socks and feathers” section were such celebrated guests as Mrs. Jerry Lewis, Nanette Fabray (who just signed with MGM), Barbara Rush and her little girl, the center, Maureen O’Hara’s brother Dick Fitzsimmons, Joyce Holden and fiance, Don Stanford, Mrs. Marshall Thompson, and Mrs. Cameron Mitchell, Bill Campbell and Marge Champion. (Gower was once recovering from an appendectomy.)

More than 20 apparel and accessory manufacturers were represented, together with leading department houses. When the modeling was over, it seemed firmly established that cotton dresses would be the high note, in fashion for both spring and summer. And also in the limelight were such accessories as shortie gloves, casual Wedgies, little House-heels on pastel shoes, pearl chokers, scarves, straw hats, leather handbags, and an ingenious glove holder.

The official results, as scored by our judges, appear on this month’s fashion pages. The intimate audiences are listed at right (see fashion photos in the July fashion pages of **MODERN SCREEN**).


**INTIMATE APPAREL AWARDs**

Artistic Foundations, Inc. (Flexees) Bestform Foundations, Inc. (bras and girdles)

William Carter Co. (lingerie)

Eye-ful Lingerie Inc. (petticoats)

Hopleoer Hosiery Co.

(Luxurie lingerie and hosiery)

Hopleoer Hosiery Co.

(“Spure-pack” packaging)

Hollywood-Maxwell Co. (bras)

International Lingerie (Playtex girdles)

I & M Co. (petticoats)

Lily of France, Inc. (bras and girdles)

Lovable Brassiere Co. (bras)

Maiden Form Brassiere Co. (bras)

Munsingwear Inc. (lingerie)

Peter Pan Foundations, Inc. (bras)

A. Stein Co. (bras)

Perma-lift bras and girdles

Sturdway Inc. (lingerie and hosiery)

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.

Willys of Hollywood (hosiery)

Photos in July issue.

**modern screen’s**

**hollywood approved fashions**

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

**ARON GROVE LINGE** Pages 56 (top photo) Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**CORONET (hombags)** Pages 58, 59 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**DELA (pears)** Page 61 Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

**EYE-FUL (petticoats)** Page 57 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**FRESHY PLAYCLOTHES** Pages 58, 59, 60 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**JACK RYCE** Pages 52, 53 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**JONAS GILLBRIGHT** Pages 54, 55 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**KORDA (skirt-blouses)** Page 59 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**LaUSCHU (pears)** Page 57 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**MAGGIE* ** Pages 56, 57 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**SALON** Pages 58, 59, 60 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**GLENSTY (scars)** Pages 57, 59 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**HANSEN GLOVES** Pages 58, 60, 61 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**HOLLER'S** Pages 56, 57, 58, 59 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**JONAS GILLBRIGHT** Pages 54, 55 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the county.

**KORDA (denim-tottersticks)** Pages 56, 58


Buenos Aires, 6. V. La Jugger, Inc.

Custom, Ohio, Smed & Son Co.

Columbus, Ohio, The Union Stores.

Davenport, Iowa, C. W. Doolin, Co., Neusterfer's.

Detroit, Mich., Mill Hingham Bro.

Denver, Colo., Bradford's, Inc.

Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggerty

Houston, Texas, Beeler's.

Philadelphia, Pa., B. F. Dewees

Pittsburgh, Pa., Barbour Bros.

Syracuse, N. Y., Addis Co.

Washington, D.C., C. C. Frank R.

Jelley's, Inc.

Washington, D.C., Richmond Steely Co.

Youngstown, Ohio, Chas. Livingston & Sons.

KORDY (skirt-blauce) Page 59

Available at leading department, specialty and jewelry stores throughout the country.

**LATHRO** Pages 60, 61 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the county.

**MCHRTHUR LTD.** Page 60

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the county.

**VALENTINES (shoes)** Pages 60, 61

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

**VALENTINES (shoes)** Pages 60, 61

Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.
Her hair’s the color of Kansas corn, her outlook’s as normal as blueberry pie—and all Hollywood seems brighter since Joyce Holden’s been around!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

HEY, GOOD LOOKIN’!

When she came to the studio she was practically as unknown as a gal can be and still have a couple of friends to say hello. She was just a Kansas City girl who had gotten her legs into TV, laughed easily and spread the feeling around. But that was enough. After a couple of minutes of looking and listening, the head of the talent department started pawing around his desk for a contract she could sign.

As his judgment told him, she could do more than just laugh. The first time she took a screen test it was for Jimmy Durante. When the Schnozzola showed up to see the test, he was very unenthusiastic about her chances to play opposite him in a picture. But when she got through with her number he just fell all over her and cried out gladly, “That’s my girl!”

He meant as an actress, of course. The first time she met the boy whose girl she really was to become, he was due elsewhere for a conference. But he didn’t go. Forgetting time, place and previous obligations, he sat for five-hours across a midnight-to-dawn supper table just dreamily taking her in.

And as for the public... the first time she ever made a formal address (Continued on page 83)
Girls!
Win One Of 6
Universal-International Studios Screen Contracts!
... your opportunity for fame and fortune! THRILL to an all-expense-paid trip to California and the world's greatest beauty pageant!

ENTER the only world-wide beauty contest!

"MISS UNIVERSE" BEAUTY PAGEANT

Catalina Swim Suits

As your state representative—you'll fly to California via luxurious Pan American World Airways, stay at the finest hotels overlooking the blue Pacific at colorful Long Beach, California.

You'll enjoy breathtaking pageantry and thrills before millions of spectators during the week of June 23, 1952.

You'll compete for the "Miss United States" title—the winner then to compete against beauty winners from 40 foreign countries for the "Miss Universe" crown.

You may win the world's foremost beauty crown "MISS UNIVERSE" and one of six Universal-International Studios contracts or other valuable prizes.

IT'S EASY TO ENTER: Merely send in a photograph of yourself wearing your new Catalina Swim Suit. Contest now open; closes June 7, 1952. Ask for a contest entry blank at your nearest Catalina dealer—or write: Catalina, Inc., Dept. 312, 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, California.
behind clark gable's feud

(Continued from page 51) establish residence and seek a divorce from Sylvia.

Sylvia checked that move by obtaining an injunction against his Nevada divorce action. Clark agreed to abide by that injunction. He said, however, that come April 26th, he would show up in the Santa Monica Superior Court, and bitterly fight the divorce action.

Sylvia's reply was to catch a plane to Nassau in the Bahamas where she has many friends.

Once in Nassau, Sylvia began seeing quite a bit of a certain Mr. Symington, who apparently was very attracted to her. As for Clark, he was being zero. His studio suspended him (for reasons to be explained); he took off for Arizona; he was almost killed in a motor accident; and he was keenly disappointed at the criticism of his two latest movies. There was also the very great possibility that because of the California community property law, any divorce settlement would call upon him to give Sylvia 50% of everything he has earned since their marriage—at least $225,000.

In February, a depressed Gable left for New York with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Grif- fin. In New York, Clark appeared at an Eisenhower-for-President rally which was televised, and Metro was in an uproar, since Clark's contract explicitly prohibits his appearance on television.

The studio, however, did nothing and finally dropped the matter. While Clark was in New York, Sylvia Ashley was in an automobile accident in Nassau, and fractured her ankle, suffering a compound break. She flew to New York and was admitted to the very swank Doctors Hospital.

To the surprise of all, Clark called on his wife. His first visit was considered a courtesy call, chalked up to gallantry. But he showed up the second day, too, and the third and the fourth, staying several hours each time.

Whatever he said to Sylvia, she was in a pretty receptive mood. Friends say this was because she'd learned in Nassau that men still found her attractive. Why scare off a potential fifth husband by rolling the fourth over a barrel?

On his last visit to the hospital, Sylvia was most cheerful. They spent two hours together discussing the divorce. Sylvia said she would compromise on her settlement demands, and Clark said he certainly appreciated her attitude, in fact, he was determined not to contest the divorce, to make it as quick and painless as possible.

The amount of the financial settlement Sylvia Gable is to receive, however, was not decided upon. Certainly, it will be much less than $500,000. The chances are she will settle for $50,000 and legal expenses amounting perhaps to $25,000 more.

When Clark was asked directly if a property settlement had been made, he said, "We discussed it, but the details haven't been worked out as yet. I must say though that Sylvia seemed very willing to co-operate, and I was much more cooperative than she was seven or eight months ago. We both feel that it wouldn't be good for either of us to be involved in a drawn-out legal battle. We think the whole matter can be settled in a nice, peaceful way."

Maybe it can. That depends on whether or not Clark will meet Sylvia's minimum financial demands. It will be for work out a property settlement with Ria Langham, and he finally saw it through because he was desperately anxious to marry Carole Lombard. This time Clark is desperately anxious to marry anyone, although Sylvia may be...

In any event, after April 26th, when the divorce will probably be settled, Clark may make it his business to see that his path never again crosses Lady Sylvia's.

From that date on, he plans to concentrate on his career. His feud with Sylvia will have been settled, and the only hassel will be the question of who will be the professional one with his studio.

Last November, the studio suspended him, taking him off his $7,500-a-week salary because he refused to star in Somebody Loves Me, opposite Ava Gardner.

Clark loves working with Ava—in fact would rather play opposite her than any other actress on the lot—but he didn't love the script, and therefore turned it down.

"Next thing I know," he says, "they put me on suspension. For four months running, I didn't receive any scripts or anything. They make me wonder. I don't see much point in working if I can't act in some pretty good stories. I know that good scripts just don't grow on trees, but other actors get good yarns—fellows like Cooper and Peck and Stewart. Why can't I?"

Clark feels that if he can make one or two outside films a year—that is, away from the studio—he not only will have a better choice of material, but he'll be able to keep more money.

More than half my salary," he explains, "goes for taxes, and while I'm not griping, it would be a healthy thing to get a piece of some picture."

Clark has reference to the system Jimmy Stewart and Gary Cooper have worked out, whereby they star in a film and reap a percentage of the profits. Stewart cleaned up over half a million on Winchester .73 in this manner.

Recently, Gable left his old agent, Bert Allenberg, to sign with the Music Corpora- tion of America. MCA is Stewart's agent, also Gregory Peck's, and both of these boys have prospered with them.

Now in all fairness to the studio, it must be said that MGM has tried to buy the best story material available for the King. Writers have been hired and paid enormous sums just to develop plot ideas for him. As one Metro spokesman pointed out, "We try to make the best motion pictures possible. Gable is a big star today, because Metro made him one. We spent a fortune developing that guy. He's made millions for the studio—no doubt about that but the way some people talk you'd think we were going out of our way to put him into a series of flops. Every film Gable has been in starts out as a potential winner. No one ever hopes to make a bad picture or even a passable one. We want...

(Continued on page 74)
See what Holeproof does for Mother...

Gift-wraps precious nylons in a clear, plastic case!

Luxurious gift at little cost. Multi-purpose plastic case with three pairs of sheer nylons carefully tucked inside. Wonderful for women who like to keep their best nylons protected.

Equally wonderful: Holeproof's heaven-sent new shade, Camellia Blush. 15-denier sheer; proportioned lengths and widths. $1.50 each lovely pair.

Holeproof
PROPORTIONED NYLONS

At better stores everywhere or write:

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In Canada: London, Ontario, World-Famous Men's Socks • Extre Lingerie and Hosiery • Nappers—All Nylon Slippersocks
Some years ago Rosalind Russell was appearing in a revival of Philip Barry's play, playing the role of the maverick sister, the one who rebels at the stodginess of her too-practical family. In the play Roz was supposed to be moping in her bedroom down-stairs into the drawing room, face her family and say: "I know what you've been doing. You've been talking behind my back!"

That night Rosalind walked down-stairs and faced the others. And then out of her mouth came, with all the weight of the world: "I know what you've been doing. You've been talking about my behind!"

F. Louis Friedman


doesn't know what she's doing!" The echoes of these remarks must have reached your ears many times in all their senseless, cloying sweetness.

The Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage was this fictional character, not you. And while Nicky was courting you, he had to approach you as though you were a Dresden doll. That's how it happens, that you, this well-known fam-i-ly never discovered that Nicky was like most other young men. He liked to drink. He liked to gamble. He didn't mean to lie to you about himself, he simply said that the whole story of the two of you was created out of the vast enthusiasm of people who wanted you to be their idea of Elizabeth Taylor.

So it was as if the world helped you to discover that you were strangers. Per-haps it's going too far to say that you were simply "too much woman" for Nicky. At least it's possible that neither of you knew—not each other—but yourselves well enough to give the mar-rriage a chance. People simply couldn't understand how a honeymoon couple with $1,000,000 in each of a European honeymoon could fail to have a good time. Both you and Nicky soon learned that $15,000 is like a bag of peanuts when it collides with the Monte Carlo gambling tables.

If you want to date your factual ar-rival at adulthood you might put it at the time you dug your way through pneumonia to get back home. Even then both you and Nicky tried to make a go of your marriage. But when you came home, you were plopped right back into the old place. "You are supposed to help "this little girl" straighten things out merely made a hopeless mess.

It's just human nature for friends and relatives not to allow the personal relationships for too long. That's why, today, they ask the brutal question, "Why is Eliza-beth marrying a man old enough to be her father?" But you needn't worry about that. Only a set of words, spoken by many of those who should have learned not to interfere.

Your husband, Michael Wilding, is not even distant, not even "Holy wood" who made your life so miserable, just after you divorced Nicky. They sent you flowers and expensive gifts. There was not a proposal, of the lot, (Continued on page 76)
"Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother" says this charming Hollywood star

"Smooth skin is so important," says Ann Sheridan. Her own Lux-smooth skin is glamour itself! "First, I cream in active Lux lather." Active lather—that's why Lux Toilet Soap cleanses so gently, so thoroughly.

"My skin simply sparkles after a warm rinse, a stimulating cold splash," Try Ann Sheridan's daily Lux Soap facials. You'll love the way your skin feels—so exquisitely smooth and soft. Lovely screen stars depend on Lux.

Lux Girls are lovelier . . . luckier in romance! See what this Lux Soap care screen stars use can do for you. It's so quick, easy, but it really works. No wonder Lux Toilet Soap is Hollywood's favorite beauty care. Discover life's lovely . . . when you're Lux-lovely.

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux for lovelier skin!
I WAS AT LIZ’S WEDDING

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Liz Taylor’s wedding seemed to come as a welcome relief to Londoners from the gloom that had been hanging over the city since the King’s death. Michael Wilding was careful to observe the royal request for dark, quiet clothes, and Liz couldn’t have chosen a more suitable color than the grey she wore throughout the ceremony.

All day Monday (the wedding was on Thursday) Mike waited in his Bruton Street flat for word from Liz. He expected a cable which never came. Liz later explained that a cable would have revealed her identity—she was traveling under the name of Virginia Courtney—and she didn’t want “to spoil the game.”

All of Mike’s information seemed to be coming from reporters, and he said, “I seem to be the only man in London who knows nothing about it.” He admitted he’d been afraid Liz was joking when she said she’d marry him. His wedding plans were still vague; he seemed to be relying on Liz to make them.

At eight o’clock that evening, while Wilding was eating a solitary dinner, Liz phoned from New York and told him she would arrive the next day.

Mike reserved a suite for her at the Berkeley Hotel, and had it filled with seven baskets of pink and white hydrangeas. After dark, he went out to the airport to wait for the plane. He waited two hours, and by the time the plane arrived he was very pale. When Liz appeared, she and Mike faced reporters who asked them for the formula of a successful marriage. Bashful and reticent, Wilding said, “I haven’t a clue.” But Liz replied, “You can’t draw a diagram for a successful marriage. It’s a two-way business. All you can hope to do is to work very hard at it and believe sincerely that it is a marriage for life.” Then her fiancé said, “We’re going to work hard at it and hope for the best.”

As Liz and Mike stepped into his car she turned to him and said, “Dooling, you’ve had your hair cut,” and then they drove off to Herbert Wilcox’s flat for a snack. (He was to be best man; his wife, Anna Neagle, was Liz’s attendant.) Mike was the chef and Liz said she was glad he could cook because she didn’t know how.

Wilding laughingly announced that he was “pretty hot with ham and eggs.” He went to the bar, and they all rushed to Caxton Hall to make a formal application for a license. They wanted to include that day in the three-day waiting period.

When Registrar J. D. Holiday asked to see their divorce papers, Mike produced his but Liz looked alarmed. “I don’t have them with me,” she said.

“But everybody knows I’m divorced.” She glanced at her pleadingly. Finally, the Registrar decided that a cable addressed to him from the California court would be satisfactory, and they hurried to send a wire requesting it.

At four-thirty the next day (Wednesday) Liz and Mike were off to Cotter’s. It took them just five minutes to go in, sit down, and then up the road they had selected the day before and ordered engraved. (Liz had bought the engagement ring herself because Mike was short of American dollars.) From there, they went to the house of a friend in Bruton Street where they stayed for tea and received a Georgian silver ashtray as a wedding gift. It was dark when they started for Liz’s hotel, but they took their time walking over, and stopped to look at the store windows, seemingly most interested in those that displayed furniture.

Liz was up at eight, breakfasted on ham and eggs with Mike, and then she had selected the dress she was to wear. “The last word, Miss Taylor,” he said. And then he inquired, “Is this wedding going to be for good, Miss?” “What a silly question,” said Liz, annoyed. “Of course it is!”

By eleven she was dressed, but the room was so crowded with her belongings that she couldn’t find her shoes. Finally, they were located at the bottom of a trunk. The shoes were very high-heeled grey pumps just the shade of her bag, slightly darker than her bolero suit whose skirt was held out with two stacked peticoats, both threaded with blue ribbon. However, nothing was old or borrowed, so Miss Neagle insisted they trade strands of pearls and lent Liz her handkerchief.

Just before the ceremony began, Mike’s father said in a loud whisper: “She’s a wonderful girl, very wise, and she promised me she’d make my boy very happy always.” Soon Registrar Holiday announced, “You are now married. You are actually man and wife.” Shakily, Liz asked him, “May I kiss the groom now?” “Certainly,” said the Registrar, and she did it with a smile and tenderness.

Outside, the crowd had grown and had begun to shout. For a moment, Liz lost her balance and clutch Mike’s arm. He whispered something to her and she straightened up. Later, she said that she’d been thrilled by the reception, but at first “It looked like a mob come to draw and quarter me.”

The newlyweds spent their wedding night at the Berkeley Hotel and held a very informal reception there the following afternoon. Liz was curled up on a settle, smoking a cigarette in a long holder. A short honeymoon in the French Alps had been planned, and Wilding stated they’d live on his allowance. Afterwards, the couple would head to Hollywood for a wedding and divorce, although Mike Wilding was well-known and acceptable even in the viddy social gatherings. What he most liked to do was sit on the floor at parties, meet new people and enjoy the exchange of creative ideas. And that’s just about the whole story, except that this time you ruled out all the people who had “helped” you before. You made life very tough for reporters who were used to explaining your every move. You spent most of your courtship in the company of the Stewart Grangers, and no newshounds were able to penetrate the curtain around your private life.

When you went to Palm Springs, you cleverly let the word slip that you were headed for New York. And about the time that you finally let it slip out that Liz had asked you to marry her and the event would take place any minute, you made reservations in Acapulco. That, Elizabeth, was a cute trick. You contacted the office of Mr. Saxon and a trip to Mexico was launched—much to the relief of Michael Wilding.

They sent a photographer and reporter all the way to Mexico where they cooled their heels for ten days waiting for you to check into the hotel room on your wedding night.

Now, for awhile at least, you’ll have to get used to predictions and rumors that hurt when you see them in print. Frankly, you had to hurt a few people yourself. Liz can’t break up with Mike abruptly. Perhaps now they realize that this was the only thing they could do. They represented a threat to your happiness, for if they had been allowed to stay with the wedding, the whole thing would have been too. And you can hardly be blamed for not wanting to make a circus of your second marriage.

So you’ve come to the happy ending, and it is not so much a feeling of joy as it is that you don’t feel that you should continue the drastic measures you’ve employed. For example, you and Mike have a big problem to face. He must spend almost half of his salary. That means that it will be difficult for you to create a permanent home. There will be long months during which you will be working in Hollywood, alone. That means that there will be inevitable rumors about a separation. But, if you and Mike realize that you have sincere friends among the press, what the other people say won’t bother you at all.

As for your studio, it is only natural that with a little more than a year left on your contract, they will seek to renege. You will continue, with a small percentage interested in your future there should be a way in which you can make plans that will allow you to spend the greatest share of your time with your family. Coming up, Elizabeth, you’ve had a rough trip through Hollywood, emotionally speaking. You’ve earned your present happiness, conducting yourself with grace and charm, and in answer to those who say, “It can’t last” should be simple.

Just tell them, “Nothing in this world is forever, but Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding hope to come awfully close to it”
Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that

No Other Home Permanent Today

makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

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Naturally Curly Hair!

Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, litl is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior...safer, surer for every type of hair...even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a foolproof Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior Neutralizer! It gives as long-lasting a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair softer, lovelier!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look...and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so easy-to-manage. A Lilt requires less frequent setting than any other home permanent wave!

Lilt Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!

Refill, only $1.25*
(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, $2.25* plus tax

Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!
Modern Screen presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Jan Sterling introduces the first in a series of columns to be written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it
by JAN STERLING, star columnist for May

I HAVE NO APOLOGY for anything I may say in helping to launch this new department in Modern Screen. Just pull up a chair and let's talk. Frankly speaking, I believe that movie stars are entitled to speak up in public and give a certain amount of advice. I don't hold with the idea that no star should admit to being a Republican for fear of annoying the Democrats, or that if she changes the color of her hair she mustn't ever admit it. I'm going to say what I think and believe—and so will Joan Crawford, Janet Leigh, Betty Hutton, and all the others to follow.

I'M IN FAVOR of poodle haircuts, because men will think we're so wonderfully feminine when we let our hair grow out again ... I'm for Ike, even though I am a Democrat, but I won't be unless he surrounds himself with those I believe are the right people ... I am for LeLong's #7, when it comes to men's colognes, and if the company appreciates the plug, they can send me a tank car full of the glorious smelling stuff ... Fearless, I am for children rebelling against parents when it comes to choosing careers, if the kids have respectable I.Q.'s. I fought to go to dramatic school, and I'm happy in what I'm doing ... I am against folks insisting that every girl should be an expert cook ... Maybe she'll marry a man who can work miracles in the kitchen, like I did. No one in their right minds would call my husband, Paul Douglas, a panty-waist, but he's superb in the kitchen. (Matter of fact, for me he's superb in any part of the house.)

IF YOUR BOY FRIEND is in Korea, I may have seen him there. There's nothing heroic about movie stars flying to the battle front. Personally, I bad the time of my life when Paul and I went there, along with a lot of other entertainers ... Somebody asked me if I was afraid ... The answer was NO. In the battle area, it's like belonging to an exclusive club. Everyone is in the same boat. You either have the pants scared off you, or you don't care. Funny thing, though. To be the only girl among thousands of men somehow almost makes you forget you are a woman. I didn't feel that I was a man, either—just that we were all of a kind ... I was surprised when one night a sentry was posted in front of the van in which I was to sleep. It was explained that the men had been up there a long time without seeing a woman. Paul asked about the sentry and was told, "He's been up here a long time, too." Everyone broke up laughing, and Paul slept at the entrance to my
rugged boudoir. I could hear men shuffling around outside and asking in loud whispers, "Where's the 'broad' sleeping?" But I knew that even without sentry and husband, there would have been no trespassing. They all treated me like angels—those angels!

**IF YOU ARE A "DIRTY" BLONDE,** which I frankly am without cosmetic aid, you can appreciate the problem of touching up your hair at ten below zero, with only an army helmet to dunk your head in ... After I had made with the ammonia and peroxide, Paul helped erase the shadowy places I'd missed, with a tooth brush ... Women ought to look delicate and feminine whether on display before one man or a hundred thousand. Solution: You shampoo your hair once a week. But in a helmet? Try it sometime.

**IF YOU'RE PUDDY,** which I was as a young girl, you probably are as complexed as a traffic jam. When I was in my teens, I weighed 140 pounds. I was fat all over, and even though some of it was growing weight, I must have been a little horrifying. But I thought I was divine. Today I weigh 106, and I'm not so sure. There's no easy secret to the weight problem ... Mostly I think it's self-discipline. I don't drink, and I don't diet. Mornings I have eggs. Noons, I eat vegetables. Nights, lean meat. About twice a month I go on a fudge spree ... Just shun the starchy foods and keep the thought in mind that somebody's going to think you're rather precious. But let it go to the man's head, not to yours.

**IF YOU ARE AFRAID** of anything, I may have a helpful formula: Don't keep your fears a secret. Admit them. Let those of your friends who are dinner table psychiatrists work you over. Their advice probably will be next to worthless, but you'll laugh at what they think they know ... Air travel has always given me the shakes. Pretty ridiculous. When we took off for a smooth Constellation ride to Honolulu, Wake Island and all points East, I comforted myself with a St. Christopher medal and a Mazuza. Then somebody gave me a small Buddha, which I took along just in case anything happened over Japanese territory ... Don't accuse me of being sacrilegious. I'm as good an Episcopalian as the next Episcopalian—I hope. (Continued on next page)
I'm Warming Up. More advice. Don't fall in love with money. I'd tell my kid sister that if I were allowed only one remark. As a child I fell into the "rich kid" classification. Real name: Jane Sterling Adriance; private tutors in Paris and London . I had any tendency toward snootiness ground out of me in theater work . On the other hand, my husband, Paul Douglas, grew up as a poor boy, which makes him basically a nice guy than I am . . . Paul gets along with everybody, loves Cadillacs. I drive a little Studebaker, and fight a tendency to be afraid of new acquaintances.

Ever Hate Your Face? Well, I did. For years, all because of a nose that was too full in the middle. It was so bad that every time I looked at anyone I didn't see a face. Only the nose. My dislike spread, privately, to Lana Turner, Betty Grable and 23 starlets with beautiful noses . . . Then, one day, a plastic surgeon of high repute did for me what he had done for so many women. He fixed it . . . Now I don't care what anyone, including cameramen, thinks about my nose. When they look at me closely I say to myself, "Well, at least I tried!"

One day you too may want a prettier nose, in which case, here's some advice, well meant: Don't have your nose fixed as a whim, because they can never give you back the old one. Don't do it because you have a complex. First you have to get rid of the idea that your nose is ruining your life. Then calculate carefully. If a nose operation will obviously improve your chance for personal happiness, and you can afford it, go ahead . . . But never without the best of surgeons, and not if you are under 20 . . . You may not know your own mind.

Things I Love: The advice of an ex-glamor girl who told me: "The best way I know to stay beautiful is to fall in love, scrub your face with soap and water and say your prayers with equal thoroughness, every night."

Home is a Place a lot of girls are in a hurry to get away from, so they can marry, settle down, and build a nest just like the one they left . . . (Think it over. Mean that as a tribute to your parents.) And while on that subject, I don't agree that children should make friends of their parents. Make mothers and fathers of them, instead. They like it that way . . . I've found my real home, at last. Saw it first, several years ago, and it was a Douglas home then—belonging to Melvyn Douglas. When a couple of months back, Paul and I called an agent about a house, the first thing mentioned was the Douglas home in the old Outpost section of Hollywood, high in the hills. We took it like a shot, and now we're furnishing . . . We're searching the town for furniture we've always wanted—our first selection being a tremendous king-sized bed . . . I want a Utrillo for over the living room mantel, and for Paul's cooking, an O'Keefe and Merritt or some other veritable Wurlitzer of a stove, and a GE refrig. (No endorsement implied; I just like 'em.)

I'll Confess something. As a child I was a BRAT! I've always been a little spoiled, and my husband, bless his heart, hasn't changed me too much . . . Like a million or more other children, I come from what some people refer to as a "broken home" . . . My parents were divorced, and at an early age I learned what it was to be "more to be pitied than censured." Little devil that I was, I played mother against father, and enjoyed being the center of the stage. Got away with it for a long time, too, before somebody spanked my little bottom. Apparently my beloved father and step-dad didn't put too much stock in the loving psychology concerning children of divorce . . . So I've been living happily ever after. Thanks for letting me talk to you.

Yours,

[Signature]

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jan Sterling personally. Simply write to her, c/o Honolulu Screen, 1446 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.

. . . and take my word for it

Jan Sterling allowed me to read what she has to say, between scenes of our co-starring film, Flesh And Fury, and I asked the editors for an opportunity to help launch this new series. I think you all should know that Jan is as honest and clever as she appears on the screen. Far as I'm concerned, this column is going to be on my "must" list every month. Sincerely,

[Signature]
debbie acts her age

(Continued from page 66) observed many of our top statesmen and attended a session of Congress. She came away with definite ideas, and is really interested in the voting privilege she will have next year.

On the lighter side, Debbie has finally bought a hat. Her purchase threw the entire household into a tizzie, for Debbie has always scorned any kind of headdress. She not only bought this chapeau, but she wore it, plus gloves, to three consecutive social functions, and Maxene Reynolds sighed happily. "You know," she said to her husband, "I think there's finally a ray of hope after all."

In years gone by, Debbie regarded babies as strange creatures. Lovable, but strange all the same. If you couldn't talk with a character, or dance with a character, what kind of a character was it? Then she became an aunt, and on the day when the baby was left in her care, Debbie toted it over to Gene Kelly's house and from there to MGM, carrying it proudly, and beamimg at every compliment.

Debbie's attitude has changed towards her brother, too. Bill had always been the big brother, the guy who knew everything and everybody, but with the passage of time Debbie has caught up with and even passed him in maturity. Now she refers to him as 'my little brother'. Bill doesn't object to this at all. On the contrary, he admires her tremendously.

Debbie's mother and father no longer loom as strange and mystical overlords. In the past three years she has come to know them as real people, to understand their problems and their moods. "I've even got to the point where I know how to work them for what I want," she says, with a grin. Apparently this isn't very difficult, for Ray and Maxene Reynolds have always let Debbie make her own decisions, so she has evolved into a self-reliant girl with sound judgment.

In the past, boys have suffered a lot of pangs over Debbie, and only now is she beginning to realize how unfairly she treated them. "I guess I was sort of scared of fellows then," she says. "And when they'd ask me for a date I'd give them the brush-off. When I look back now, it strikes me I was pretty terrible. I don't know why they even bothered to speak to me." Or, in other words, she is no longer shy with the opposite sex.

Without being aware of it, Debbie is learning how to talk with people in all walks of life. In her position as a movie star, she's met senators, farmers, lawyers, bricklayers, and the President. Debbie has always liked people, she used to sit on her street corner for hours at a time and watch people go by. But her recent contacts have taught her a lot and given her great poise. Debbie herself says, "Without a movie career, I would have been a jerk."

But growing up has much to do with that, too. Debbie showed definite signs of an oldster when she recently advised a friend not to work so hard at school. The girl in question was boding under the burden of extra-curricular activities along with her regular studies. "Stick to your schoolwork," opined Miss Reynolds. "Don't knock yourself out working for pins and letters. It isn't worth it."

Two years ago this same Miss Reynolds belonged to every club in school, collected pins and letters like mad, and joined every committee that would take her—and these things were important as life and death to her. But now, from her advanced position

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81
as an ex-teen-ager, she realizes that this hullabaloo isn’t worth all the trouble.

The neighborhood kids now look to her for advice on clothes and makeup. As the fashion oracle of Evergreen Street, she is a great help to them. They all borrow her clothes despite the fact that some of them (to Debbie’s amusement) are growing larger than she is. One girl, barely in her teens, was thrilled by Debbie’s offer to lend her a particularly devastating formal. Although she ate nothing all day in order to keep slim for the dress, Maxene and Debbie had to lay her out flat on Debbie’s bed in order to close the zipper. Another neighborhood girl, discouraged because of her complexion, came to Debbie for help one evening and Debbie gave her a full treatment, a la MGM.

One of the reasons Debbie acts her age is the fact that she has not gone Hollywood. Most say her age begin having flings things with town with older men, and drape themselves in fur. Debbie sticks to dating boys two years older than she, realizing that she has more interests in common with people her own age, even though she can hold her own in an older crowd.

Debbie’s parents understandably have been concerned over the possibility that their daughter might go berserk with success, and Maxene Reynolds consulted her own mother one day late last spring. “Maybe I’m too close to Debbie to know,” she said. “You tell me, frankly, if she has changed with all this Hollywood business.” She certainly has,” said Debbie’s grandmother. “She takes much better care of her clothes. And her diet is better. But I can’t say the same for the way she keeps her hair.”

Perturbed by this assurance, Mrs. Reynolds took the plunge and suggested to Debbie that perhaps she might want to move into an apartment by herself. Maxene felt it was a plunge because she knows enough about Hollywood to know that when local girls make good and move out of their own homes, they are often on the road to losing their sense of values. Debbie, though, was amazed at her mother’s suggestion. “Why should I move?” she demanded. “I don’t want to live in one of those elegant places. I want to stay right here when I can kick off my shoes if I feel like it.”

Actually, Debbie has a distinct aver-sion to living alone. Ray Reynolds converted the double garage in the rear of their little property into a small guest house, thinking that Debbie might like it for quiet and study. But Debbie wouldn’t budge from her accustomed domicile. She just plain likes being with her family, and has stayed away only on those occasional nights when she works late at the studio and is dog tired. Then she shunts the 20-mile trip back to Burbank and stays with Miss Horn, her ex-teacher who lives in nearby Westwood. Sometimes when she’s working on a picture Debbie sees little of her parents.

“Well look who’s here!” says Maxene when Debbie blows in after a few days’ absence. “Let’s see if you’ve changed any.”

Debbie works hard, as does any actress starting her way up the ladder, and even when she does come home, she wakes after her father has left the house for work. Somewhat later, she comes in without seeing him. “I look in on you in the mornings sometimes,” says Ray Reyn-olds a little wistfully, “just to make sure you’re still alive.”

She forgets her piano lessons to concentrate on the singing and dancing needed for movies, and gets so busy she forgets to eat. She manages to keep up her activities and her love for Burbank and writing to as many servicemen in Korea as time will allow. Despite her home ties, she wanted desperately to go to North Africa to entertain troops and cried when the doctor wouldn’t let her. For Debbie, there is never enough time and often, she remarks, pensively, “I wish I were back at J. C. Penney’s, (she sold blouses there on former summer vacations). Life was so simple then.”

The “simple life” appeals to Debbie so strongly that she can bear the Brass Hat of Warner executives when she was at that studio. Laid off salary temporarily, she found her piggy bank was almost empty, and Christmas was just around the corner. So she went to work at Newberry’s, a novelty store of the five-and-dime variety. The studio called at home one day; she was out. “Well, where is she?” they wanted to know.

“She’s working,” said Maxene Reynolds simply. “Working, but she’s under contract to us. Where is she working?”

“The hardware counter at Newberry’s,” Maxene said, and the lid blew off. Debbie was taken to task for such unheard of action and she listened to the lecture, in silence, uncomprehending. If it was Christmas and she needed money, and if Warners wasn’t paying her anything, she couldn’t see any reason why she shouldn’t work. And so she got her licence.

Hollywood just doesn’t impress Debbie, and neither does the flattery that is offered by strangers. The kids on Evergreen Street don’t bother. They know that if they were to say to Debbie, “Gee, you were great!” she’d look at them as though they’d gone off their rocker. Because Debbie truly doesn’t think she’s great. On the other hand, if a friend, or you, were sort of good in that scene, Debbie beams because she can believe it. Sort of good, maybe, but great—never.

She is living up the whole time now, her own way, and with success, and is un-aware that Hollywood is rubbing off on her the only way it could rub off on Debbie Reynolds. She has acquired poise and good grooming and good glamour, but through it all she continues to have the appeal of the purity of youth.

Debbie doesn’t look forward to being sophisticated. “It is only one milestone she wonders about. She has made five-dollar bets with everyone that she won’t marry before she reaches 23.

The five-dollar bet is made up to a small fortune, but Debbie isn’t worried about it because she’s so positive she’ll still be single. Besides, if she is married, her husband will be duty bound to dig in his jeans to pay off, and he’ll be a pleasure for the man who hooks Debbie! END

(See Debbie’s next MGM picture, Singin’ In The Rain.—Ed.)
(Continued from page 70) was at a church convention. The speech started formal and stayed formal—but not the delivery. Into that she put something so human that her audience was soon captivated, rocking with amusement one moment and both warmed and thrilled the next.

That's Joyce Holden. She's not unlike Carole Lombard in her spirit, nor unlike Lupe Velez in her gift for spontaneity, nor unlike Imogene Coca in her flair for mimicry.

Medium-tall and flawlessly fair, with blue eyes and blonde hair that could have come from any—or all—of four lines of forebears, Swedish, English, German and Dutch, Joyce is all-woman. And she's so happily and unaffectedly all-woman that she convinces everyone who meets her that this must be the most wonderful of things to be. That she has a genuine joy of life seems to be the key of her success in meeting people—failure to respond to her is like admitting life means little.

At the Moorrey Screen cocktail party held a few months ago she entered knowing only a few of the guests. But those few were kept busy by their friends begging for introductions. She left knowing nearly two hundred, and had danced with a half dozen, compared notes with 20 more, and found things to talk and laugh about with all of them.

Bill Holden was brought over to meet her. "Is Holden your real name?" he asked. "It isn't mine."

"Nor mine," quickly responded Joyce. "Who are we?"

"Friends, by George!" replied Bill, delighted with an introduction that was painless in contrast to the many that have to be propped up with stilted conversation.

Bob Mitchum, who scoffs at formalities, met her for the first time at the same affair and delivered a verdict about her in her expressive way later. "Elegant!" he said. "Yet as casual as a postcard."

How did she come to be that way? Joyce, whose father was a sheet metal contractor, and whose mother was an employment counselor when she was born in Kansas City 21 years ago, has no special explanation. She likes people. She can find things to talk about with anyone, anywhere, and get a kick out of it. And she remembers that when she was nine years old she had to take a new look at life—her parents divorced.

Her mother, with whom she and her older brother, Glen, stayed, had to go to work, and Joyce had to do the house and cooking after school. With less time to play she learned to squeeze the most out of what she did get. "I just couldn't afford to wait on events, or my playmates," she remembers. "I had to make my own happiness. I couldn't waste time being shy or different. I had to get enough fun out of minutes to last me for hours, and I had to get it out of what was near me. She has an out of dreams of the far-off and impossible."

Release from her kitchen duties came to Joyce when she was entering high school; her grandparents came to live with them and her grandmother took over the meals and housework. Time hung so heavily on her hands now that she started off a half dozen activities at one time, including modeling, singing, dancing and drawing. She won a scholarship at the Kansas City Art Institute with her drawing, modeled professionally at Harfled's department store (where they assumed she was 17) and got herself loused up socially in high school with her dancing.

This last happened when she responded to a call for volunteers to entertain at a...
Then she said, "You tell me, frankly, if she has changed with all this Hollywood business." "She certainly has," said Debbie's grandmother. "She takes much better care of her clothes. And her diction is better. But I can't say the same for the way she keeps her hair." Portrayed by this assurance, Mrs. Reynolds took the plunge and suggested to Debbie that perhaps she might want to move into an apartment by herself. Maxene felt it was a plunge because she knows enough about Hollywood to know that when local girls make good and move out of their own homes, they are often on the road to losing their sense of values. Debbie, though, was amazed at her mother's suggestion. "Why should I move?" she demanded. "I don't want to live in one of these elegant places. I want to stay right here where I can kick off my shoes if I feel like it."

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Debbie's parents understandably have been concerned over the possibility that their daughter might go berserk with success, and Maxene Reynolds consulted her own mother one day late last spring. "Maybe I'm too close to Debbie to know, easy money!

They say that April showers bring May flowers, so it seems that now's the time for it to rain pennies from heaven for you. And we just happen to have 100 in the form of a crisp new one-dollar bill. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this May issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all haste. We're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now?

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? **WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE 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
- "Someone To Watch Over Me" (Judyl Garland)
- Happy Anniversary! (Doris Day)
- Ava Fights Back (Ava Gardner)
- Her Life's Companion? (Liza Taylor)
- Was at Liz's Wedding (Bing Crosby)
- You're Wrong About Jane Russell!
- Behind Ingrid Bergman's Closed Doors
- A House For A Horse (Virginia Mayo-Mike O'Shea)
- I Didn't Need A Miracle (Liz Scott)
- The Inside Story Behind Clark Gable's Feuds
- A Simple Case of Love (Susan Hayward-Jess Barker)
- "Now I Can Talk" (Tony Curtis)
- Crazy Like A Fox (Martin & Lewis)
- Debbie Reynolds Acts Her Age
- Hey, Good Lookin'! (Joyce Holden)
- Take My Word For It (Jon Sterling)
- Modern Screen Fashions

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 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

What FEMALE star do you like least?

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

What television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues?

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State: ____________________________ I am: ________
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who lives in nearby Westwood. Sometimes when she is working on a picture Debbie sees little of her parents. "Well! Look who's here!" says Maxene when Debbie blows in after a few days' absence. "Let's see if you've changed any."

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"She's working," said Maxene Reynolds simply.

"Working! But she's under contract to us. Where is she working?"

"The hardware counter at Newberry's," Maxene said, and the lid blew off. Debbie was taken to task for such unheard of action, and she listened to the lecture, in silence, uncomprehending. If it was Christmas and she needed money, and if Warners wasn't paying her anything, she couldn't see any reason why she shouldn't tell them what they were doing, said Debbie.

Hollywood just doesn't impress Debbie, and neither does the flattery that is offered by strangers. The kids on Evergreen Street don't bother. They know that if they were to say to Debbie "Joe, you were great," she'd look at them as though they'd gone off their rocker. Because Debbie truly doesn't think she's great. On the other hand, if a friend of her or a fan, who knew she was sort of good in that scene, Debbie beams because she can believe it. Sort of good, maybe, but great—never.

She is living in a big house, now, her own, that of her work, and she is unaware that Hollywood is rubbing off on her the only way it could rub off on Debbie Reynolds. She has acquired polish and good grooming and quite a bit of glamour, but through it all she continues to have the appeal of the purity of youth. Debbie doesn't look forward to being sophisticated, or having only one million dollars about. She has made five-dollar bets with everyone that she won't marry before she reaches 23. The five-dollar bet comes up to a small fortune, but Debbie isn't worried about it because she's so positive she'll still be single. Besides, if she is married, her husband will be duty bound to dig in his heels to pay the bills and be a pleasure for the man who has hooked Debbie! 

(See Debbie's next MGM picture, Singin' In The Rain.—Ed.)
Are you unknowingly risking
married
happiness
...even your health?

Don't Fail to Read These Frank Facts About the Most Intimate Concern of Your Life...

It's a tragedy that so many young women keep up with the latest fashions and hairdo's yet remain woefully old-fashioned (really uninformed) about the most intimate concern of their lives—internal feminine cleanliness.

Too many women do not realize the great importance of putting ZONITE in their douche for complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness), for married happiness, their health and to protect against unmentionable odors.

Some women think they have to use harmful poisons, overstrong solutions of which in time can cause serious damage. Others go to the other extreme and use weak homemade solutions of vinegar, salt and soda. Your own good sense should convince you these 'kitchen makeshifts' do not and can not offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of modern ZONITE. Yet ZONITE is absolutely safe to tissues.

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No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. It is not a poison. It is positively non-irritating. ZONITE contains no phenol, mercury or cresote. It is safe to leave around your home.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE thoroughly deodorizes. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. Whereas it's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, you can depend on ZONITE to immediately kill every reachable germ. It leaves one with such a refreshed dainty feeling. Always use as directed.

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school assembly. Joyce learned the Hawaiian War Chant dance and demonstrated it, celophane skirts and all, for the teacher in charge. It was approved and formed it into a custom. Unfortunately, the teacher had not bargained on boy psychology. Though the movements of the dance were strictly in classic tradition, the boys did their best interpreting and crossed themselves.

No blame fell on Joyce as far as the school authorities were concerned, but she was soon aware of an undetermined resentment of resentment of the part of the girls. This was made quite clear not only when she lost out on joining the sorority she had her heart set on, but in many other little ways. For a while Joyce bore her disappointment, yet another task she was asked to contribute invaluable to her character. Instead of her ways being standardized as to dress, demeanor and custom by sorority decree, she was free to acquire anew—indeed, she was free. One of the girls in school who originally sided against Joyce, but later became a close friend, was smart enough to figure all this out.

"I wanted to be blackballed out of the sorority now," she said. "We're all like little puppets, talking the same, dressing the same, while you're a somebody.

Most girls who've been Hollywood hopefuls have dreamed about it for years; almost every girl 'gives the possibility an occasional thought. Joyce belongs to the latter group. Hollywood, the movies, and the road to stardom are now, as it were, all unplanned developments. After she completed her junior year in high school her parents, Mrs. D. E. Heckert (Joyce's real last name is Ann Heckert) took her to her brother to Los Angeles for a two weeks' vacation. Like many visitors, they liked California so much they began to kid each other about not going home; but the two weeks were up they stopped kidding. They knew they were going to stay.

Joyce busied herself the rest of the summer trying to find work for it, and for anything else to do entered a couple of beauty contests. When she was ready to enter Hollywood High for her last year she was vying to be the only girl to bring Miss Movie of 1948, but Miss Southern California of that year also. In deference to such honors the president of the student council himself introduced her, around, but she was defeated and as near to normalcy—she found that in Hollywood every other girl is a Miss Something-Or-Other. In her class there were, among others, Murlin Eye-Lash of 1946, Miss Manhattan of 1947, and even a Miss Die-Now-And-Pay-Later!

Her mother found a position in Los Angeles and Joyce shortly got back into modeling and got a bid for TV work. Her face and form hit the covers of several national magazines and Ed Wynne picked her as the girl to bring him his funny hats and props. She graduated at high school while she worked and became a freshman at UCLA, her last stop before fortune literally cut in on her life. She was whirling around the campus at the same time when a talent agent tapped her partner on the shoulder.

"If my? He asked.

Two days later he had brought her to the office of Ralph Cowie at Universal-International, and only a week later after she was pointed out to Jimmy Durante as the girl who should play opposite him in The Milkman.

"I dunno," responded Jimmy, not liking the idea of working with an inexperienced actress. "Let her learn the dance and song routine and we'll see.

He had invited her to study her part 84 and Tony Curtis to help her rehearse. If you remember the "It's Bigger Than Both of Us" number from The Milkman you know how much she impressed Durante. But he wasn't the only one to cry out, "That's my girl!" The very same words were uttered by a young writer named Donald Stanford when he saw a Beverly Hills movie some months later and saw Joyce on the screen. At that instant an empty life flashed before him which he recognized as his own. And, he knew that he had filled it properly. What happened then he has promised faithfully never to write into any of his scripts because it would never be believed.

It seems that that very same week Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen, invited Joyce to go out on a dinner date with them. They had a partner for this, too. It was a Beverly Hills movie some months later and saw Joyce on the screen. At that instant an empty life flashed before him which he recognized as his own. And, he knew that he had filled it properly. What happened then he has promised faithfully never to write into any of his scripts because it would never be believed.

I saw it happen

During Bob Hope's personal appearance at the New York Paramount Theater, the weather was raw, cold and windy. On one of the worst wintry days we were supposed to go outside before the first show. Imagine our surprise when we saw none other than Bob Hope passing out hot coffee to the line's freezing occupants.

Jean M. Unger
Union City, New Jersey

just looking and listening. Don and Gwen had gone home long since. Neither Joyce nor Dok knew exactly why.

It has been more than a year since that night and the two have quarreled many times—but never for longer than a minute. For this Dok gives Joyce all the credit; they both received into a deadly silence. Finally Dok spoke, or started to. He got as far as "Well, when Joyce cut in quickly, "I forgive you, but answer these two words and they will generally reflect her feeling more than her thoughts, yet almost always seem to fit well. A member of Unity Church was anti-alcohol and members at the Farm, the national headquarters in Kansas City, last year. Her subject was on the value of religion as she had found it in her life. She had come before her allotted eight minutes were up, she was back on her own level of communication into which the fun of living simply has to be incorporated anything she had to say. But appreciative listeners found themselves laughing and responding like an audience watching a gay comedy.

Whatever the power of Joyce's personal appeal, it seems to take effect within minutes after exposure to it. "All the good top comedians have it," one of her predecessors, Lou Breslow, has said. "It's something that can't be cultivated or learned. Put Joyce into a crowd and good feeling seems to ripple out from her.

Dok had a friend, a talent corporation attorney, who not long ago celebrated a wedding anniversary with a party at his home. Dok took Joyce, of course, and when they entered they couldn't believe their eyes. A whole complete family. Mostly there were those costumes made up of husband and wife. Otherwise a few men had gathered together to talk business, leaving wives to take up domestic chores.

"It's like a wave!" whispered Dok to Joyce. "I'll just say a few words to the host and then we'll go.

Dok went looking for the host, and was taken aback when a burst of laughter and music came from the living room. They went in to find everybody in a merry gang around a couple who seemed to be giving a complete family. One was a brawny, plump business executive and the other, of course, was Joyce—with her shoes off to stay on eye level with her partner, Dok looked at his watch. It had taken him four minutes to break up the frost.

Even Shelley Winters, who is the current "queen" of the U-I lot, was awe-struck by this unconventional family. In a luncheon, a group of players, including Joyce were talking to a writer known to be almost finished with a comedy script all the girls were crazy about. Soon Shelley walked up and said, 

"Is that script finished yet?" she asked. "I got to do it, remember. Nobody else but me!"

Joyce turned to Shelley, "I don't blame you, Shelley. It's an awfully cute script and I would just love to do it myself.

Shelley thought a moment; her eyes studying Joyce thoughtfully, all right, and said finally, "You can do it. You got talent.

Actually it will be up to the studio decide who will do the script, but coming from Shelley Winters, to whom talent is art, and art is all—this was a statement so momentous as to almost split the studio gossip pipeline wide open.

Since neither Joyce nor Dok knew exactly why their common experimentation, she is not unduly concerned about her career and is content to await the future. Since The Milkman she has made five pictures, including The Great Man, with Jeff Chandler, and her latest is a modern spectacle of the west, Bronco Busters, in which Scott Brady and John Lund are starred with.

"I'm thinking of marrying Dok and they keep setting dates to set a date. In the meantime she lives at home with her mother, writes letters to her brother who is in the Navy, and spends her time in at cooking. She likes to eat everything that comes in a pot—especially stews and fricassées.

She used to love to buy handbags but had trouble with them. Now she has learned to buy them at the same time. She has been hearing and once, when her mother noticed her with her ear to the wall, claimed she was listening in with the back. Her hearing comes in handy when introductions are made. She isn't the kind names fly by. Last year on a visit to his College fraternity she was introduced to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity for a brief cocktail party. There were 30 members present, and she stayed just 5 minutes. When she said goodbye to 24 of the boys by name.

You can be sure that none of the 24, or the 30, for that matter, will forget her easily. And that goes for everybody who meets her!
a simple case of love

(Continued from page 53) Capacity should lead to big trouble. Jess should feel bitter, outraged, inferior. He should resent, at least subconsciously, his wife's success. Susan, too, should feel cheated, guilty, domineering. After all, she's the major bread-winner in the family, and doesn't that weaken her role as a woman?

The chronic prophets of doom have not only predicted divorce for Susan and Jess, but they're anticipating marital disaster, on the same basis, for Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea, and all the rest of those professional or non-professional couples whose incomes are unequal in the wife's favor.

Of course, if you predict divorce for ten or 20 Hollywood couples, you're likely to be right occasionally. It's like betting on every horse in a race; you're bound to come up with the winner. But in the case of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, which is essentially a case of love, the chances of marriage failure are very small. The Barkers are intelligent people who have faced up to their problems, surmounted the obstacles (although this took a good deal of adjustment) and are now very happily married in a most un-Hollywood way.

"Susan and I," Jess explains, "regard our marriage as a partnership. Whatever each of us earns goes into the family bankroll. The very nature of the entertainment business is cyclical. Right now Susan is having a great run. Next year or maybe the year after, it'll be my turn. There's no point in becoming a neurotic just because your wife is a big success.

"I admit frankly that when a man isn't working, especially an actor, it can set on his nerves. He begins to brood, becomes jumpy and irritable. It's happened to me. But you've got to snap out of it. It's no fair to you, not fair to your mates, and certainly not fair to your children."

Susan Hayward, who is probably one of the most intelligent actresses in Hollywood, presents her point of view this way: "I'm not competing with Jess for acting laurels or earning money or anything. I'm collaborating with him. Who can properly judge the relative contributions to any collaboration? In a marriage, it doesn't particularly matter if the wife's monetary contribution is greater than the husband's, just so long as they both contribute love and understanding and mutual effort."

It's well known in Hollywood that when Susan is away on location and Jess is at home, he looks after their seven-year-old twins, Timothy and Gregory—when he isn't working.

A year ago when Susan was in Georgia for I'd Climb the Highest Mountain, Jess phoned her one evening and said that their housekeeper had quit. "What am I going to do?" he asked. "Who's going to prepare food for the twins?"

Susan promptly dictated a detailed list of instructions on the care and feeding of twins. She also gave Jess a few recipes and suggested that he buy some supplies, and try to cook dinner himself.

A pretty resourceful guy, Jess did exactly that, and when Susan returned from location each day thereafter to find out how he was doing, Jess assured her that as an amateur cook he wasn't half-bad.

What was even more important, he showed no resentment at bearing his share of the family domestic load.

In Hollywood this is pretty unusual. It calls for maturity, honesty, and the frank acknowledgement of realities. There are dozens of actor husbands who would

---

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sooner be caught dead than be seen wheeling a carriage, or shopping at the supermarket. These fathers see their children for a few hours on weekends, kiss them goodnight on weekdays, and consider their responsibilities ended.

Jess Barker is different. In the past few years, he has probably spent even more time with Tim and Gregory than Susan has, because when Susan is working, he leaves the house at six or seven in the morning and doesn't return until seven-thirty at night when the boys are ready for bed.

Thus, while Susan is contributing money to the family collaboration, Jess is contributing love and affection to his sons. When Jess is working, Susan tries to arrange her schedule so that she can devote ample attention to the boys.

Efficient and workable as their marriage is today, there was a time when things weren't running so smoothly.

About four years ago, Susan and Jess were squabbling incessantly, "about little things, minor peeves, quarrels which fostered and ran on for three or four days."

This happens in many marriages and unless the quarrels are seen in true perspective, they frequently develop into major troubles.

Well, four years ago, Susan and Jess had made career plans for themselves. Susan was under contract to Walter Wanger at the time, and he was ready to sell her contract to a major studio. Jess, who'd been with Universal, failed to have his option lifted.

Optimism in the Barker household was at a low ebb during this period. Had two less intelligent persons been involved, the affair would have resolved itself in a divorce court. But Susan and Jess took their troubles to a marriage counselor.

What he told them in essence was this: "You're both in the same profession. Expectations are the same background. You were poor in your youth, ambitious, eager to get ahead. Whether you know it or not, you're competing against each other. Jess is the man of the house. He should be the dominant wage-earner. Susan is a fine actress. She feels she should exploit her talents.

"Your quarrels probably stem from these frustrations, but a marriage can't last if the husband and wife compete against each other. You've got to compromise and collaborate. And most important of all, quarrels should be settled before you go to bed. Never carry an argument over into the following day."

Susan admits that she and Jess still argue about things. "But every night we kiss before we go to bed, and in the morning there are never any hard feelings."

This intellectual approach to marital difficulties is characteristic of Susan Hayward's entire approach to life. She wants her future so badly she works nonstop without any delay follow through with determination.

Her history bears that out. She was born Edythe Marriner in Brooklyn on June 30, 1919. Her father was a wireman for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

As a little girl, her life was harsh. There was never enough money for little luxuries and when she was graduated from Girls' Commercial High School, she had to get a job. "I wasn't trained for anything," she recalls, "but I had to earn some money, so I got a job as a model."

Just about this time, David Selznick was beating the bushes for an unknown actress to play the part of Scarlett O'Hara in Gone With The Wind. One of his downtown secretaries, George Cukor, happened to pick up an issue of The Saturday Evening Post in which he saw a fetching picture of the hazel-eyed redhead.

Susan was tested for the role first in New York and then in Hollywood. After three weeks in Hollywood at $50 a week, she was told that she wasn't "right for the part."

Instead of returning to Brooklyn, Susan moved into a cheap bungalow with her sister. "I was determined," she says, "to get a job in pictures."

The job wasn't very long in coming. One morning, Susan received a big, lost-control of it, and wound up in a prone position on the lawn of an agent named Benny Medford. Benny says, "I took one look at her, and knew she belonged in the movies. I took her out to Warners, and they signed her at $50 a week, but they dropped her after six months. I was sure she had what it takes, and so was she, so we went to Paramount, and sang a song or two for the boys and they gave her a contract at $250 a week."

At this point, Susan was bent on becoming a great dramatic actress. However, Paramount and other studios tried to talk her into playing in comedies, but she wouldn't listen. They gave her a role in a film based on the novel "Dolores," and there she was. They put her in a series of minor B's and then sent her around the country to exploit other Paramount pictures. She did this for years. Her salary kept mounting, but she couldn't get any good parts.

Finally, Susan decided to strike a blow for Susan. When the Paramount film salesmen came out to Hollywood for their annual convention, she and even another actress on the lot were introduced to the men by studio vice-president Y. Frank Freeman. The other actresses merely nodded and allowed Y. Frank to call her up and left the stage. But not Hayward. She made a speech. "Most of you gentlemen," she said, "know me already. I've met many of you on tours in your home towns and it's good to see you again. In the past you've been kind enough to ask why you haven't seen me in any pictures. There's one man here who can answer that question. Mr. Freeman, will you please tell these gentlemen why I'm not in any pictures?"

Y. Frank Freeman wasn't studio vice-president for nothing. "Don't worry, my girl," he said. "You'll soon be in plenty of pictures. We have big plans for you."

Susan then got the key role in Highwind, a Paramount production which stars the British actor John Gielgud and was to be directed by W.dirname. Unfortunately, the film was not a big success and Susan was once again out of work.

But that night Jess asked Susan if he might take her out. That would be very nice, Susan thought. Jess took her home—she was living with her mother at the time—and when they got there, he got a kiss, she hauled off and let him have a beautiful right-hand slap in the face.

Barker was stunned and Susan was insulted. She rushed into the house and slammed the door before he could apologize.
Barker couldn't figure it out. Here was an actress who'd been working in Hollywood for years, an experienced young woman who'd been around. What sort of reaction was that?

During the next week, he phoned three times. Susan refused to come to the phone. However, she made it a point to turn up again at the Canteen and run into Jess.

She has subsequently admitted that "in the game of love, the gals are always the pursuers and the men the pursued."

"Every woman," she says, "when she first sees her Prince Charming, tries to find out how she can meet him again—accidentally. But she isn't satisfied unless her pursuit causes his pursuit. Of course, after you're married, you're dead certain that it was your husband who did the pursuing. I guess that particular feeling is a woman's face-saving device."

"Actually Jess and I broke our engagement twice in six months before we decided we were absolutely right for each other."

Whatever the Hayward tactics, they worked. In 1944, Jess took Susan as his wife.

During the early years of their marriage, both of the Barkers' careers were on the upswing. Susan left Paramount and was immediately signed by Walter Wanger who started to give her some fine pictures. And Jess was working out at Universal. They were both earning a lot of money, and the future looked good. There was no problem of the wife's overshadowing her husband.

That problem came into being when 20th-Century-Fox bought up Susan's contract from Wanger and set about making her one of the really top-flight dramatic actresses in the business.

That's when people began sympathizing with Jess and predicting that his ego would be unable to stand the strain of his wife's success.

They were right for a short period of time—until Susan and Jess with a marriage counselor's aid, worked out their own design for happy living.

"Today, despite the fact that Susan has starred in five successive hits—Rashide, I'd Climb The Highest Mountain, I Can Get It For You Wholesale, David And Bathsheba, and With A Song In My Heart—the Jess Barkers are easily one of the happiest, most well-adjusted couples in Hollywood.

Susan realizes that because of her success, it is sometimes almost impossible for Jess to get a job. Only recently, Barker was up for a big part at a major studio. "What do you need a job for?" the casting director asked him. "Your wife's making plenty of money."

"That's a pretty typical attitude in Hollywood, and it is a most trying obstacle to surmount. Barker is a man with lots of talent and courage. He can't go to a casting director and say, "Sure, my wife's making a lot of money, but suppose she stops after three or four years? What happens then? Today with taxes, not very much is left. I have to work, just because my wife is working, too, doesn't mean I should retire."

But Jess says none of this, and he never mentions to Susan the problems which beset the actor—husband of a successful actress—wife. He keeps them to himself, makes the rounds of the studios, takes whatever parts, large and small, that are offered to him and hopes one day that a lucky break and a lot of honest effort will land him on stardom's top rung."

Until that day arrives, he and Susan have no intention of endangering what is now one of the most solid marriages in town.

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MUSIC

"Someone to watch over me"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24) For 20 exciting, song-filled weeks, the star who had tried to end her life in despair before she met Sid Luft, had made show business history. Not only had she become the world’s highest paid performer, but she was acknowledged by all to be tops in her profession. Sophie Tucker, the grand old veteran of song, had wept on opening night at the comeback drama of the great Garand vaudeville and sense of showmanship.

Looking back over those satisfying weeks, Judy said, "This whole thing at the Palace has been magic. Huddled in her cotton dressing-room, she looked youthful and slender once again. "Sid has done it for me," she said simply.

He re-entered the room which he had left when Judy started to discuss her feelings for him.

"That’s my fella," she praised as she watched him adoringly through the dress-circle mirror. "Brown-haired, brown-eyed, with much the same coloring as Judy, the soft-spoken Luft is tall, slender and handsome.

There is no inordinate display of affection from this couple in love. Just a quiet acceptance and understanding of what each means to the other.

The telephone rang. It was for Luft who was arranging some last minute details for a closing night party in the theatre. Judy had been disappointed earlier that they might not be able to hold it in the Palace, originally planned with deft, efficient Luft, had smoothed out the wrinkles, much to Judy’s pleasure.

He explained to her in amusing detail how he had accomplished it. Her upturned nose wrinkled, her glistening eyes filled with adoration as she doubled up in joyful laughter.

The happy secure girl was far different from the frightened, bewildered, overworked girl who had been before Luft and love changed her life. Before they first went out together, each was living a day to day existence. Luft, too, was alone.

The romance between Judy Garland and Sid Luft was almost over before it began. It happened like this:

"Judy Garland please. Sid Luft is calling."

"Just a moment, sir. I’ll see if she’s in."

The New York hotel switchboard operator left the line. When Judy’s voice came on, she said brightly, "Judy Garland has gone out."

Disappointed, Sid Luft hung up the telephone. Perhaps he hadn’t been definite enough about the date he had arranged for that November night in 1950. Maybe Judy misunderstood or maybe she was just kidding a few evenings before when she agreed to go out with him. They had met at a party. Later when the greats went to El Morocco, he and Judy had danced together and laughed together, too.

"Well, Luft got up enough courage to ask her. Judy’s famous cascading laugh rang out. "What happened to me? I like that. What happened to you? I was there!"

In the midst of relieved explanations they made another date and kept it.

The Garland laugh which had been stifled too long in the months of personal tragedy and turmoil rang out more often after that and it was no coincidence that when Luft was at her side.

The sparkle was back in her deep brown eyes, her voice and her smile. Judy Garland was happy.

Her millions of fans who sat in judgment on everything she did took a dim view of this new man in her life.

"Did Judy get what she wanted in divorcing her director-husband, Vincente Minelli?" They asked querulously. "Should she have terminated her contract with MGM? Will this Luft, Lynn Bar’s ex-husband, break her heart?"

The valiant singing star heard these rumbles.

In the hectic years before when she was a pillar of the music world and destines were pulled and tugged at by many, she might have listened, but in her own emotional upheaval of maturity she had broken the strings that had made her bow and sing and dance to others’ bidding.

At long last, she was a free soul.

"Judy and I never had any doubts," Luft told this writer.

"I love Judy. I want to protect her from the trauma she once knew. I don’t want her to be bewildered or hurt again. I want her to have happiness. She knows now what she wants. I want her to take her own decisions, not to be tied down to any studio. I, nor anyone else, can ever force her to do anything she doesn’t want to do. When she was a child and an innocent, I did my best to do what was good for her. She listened. The only security she knew was that she had a talent, one that she takes for granted because singing is such a part of her being.

"She has no desire to retire because she always has to sing."

Whenever Judy enters a room, even if it’s filled with glamorous women in jewels and cars, somehow, the glorious Garland octopus takes over the room. That’s the magic of her talent.

It was in London, where Judy had been invited Luft in Holland to join them for their runs. Judy, sensing that the star asked him to manage a tour she was to make in the English and Scottish provinces. He realized that physical health and exercise were needed.

In Scotland, Luft, a good golfer, introduced Judy to the game that originated there.

"Her only time on a golf course, she shot a 48 for nine holes," he recalled with pardonable pride. "In Glasgow I had a set of clubs made to her measure—she’s not very tall, you know, and needed special clubs. We had a room made for her daughter Liza, too, with her name on them.

"After her endurance test of 20 record-breaking weeks at the Palace theatre, Judy proved she is in top condition again. That last night as she sat in the dressing room and discussed her plans, she admitted with a peaceful, gentle smile that for the first time in her years she had no problems. She was no longer the puppet on the string. No one was tugging at her.

"Her future had been planned by her own, binding marriage; marriage that was then undiscovered and time and place, and a sunny sojourn in Florida with rest and golf her prime requisites."

In the latter part of April, she said, she was scheduled to appear at the Philhar-
monic Auditorium for four weeks in her show which carries the credit line, "Production under Supervision of Sidney Luft." After Los Angeles, she planned to take her act to San Francisco. In late fall, she hopes to make her first movie since Summer Stock.

"None of this would have been possible," she said glancingly, "without Sid. He and I have accomplished so much in the last year. He's the kind of person you can lean against if you fall down. He's strong and protects me. I respect him. And most important, I like him as much as I love him."  

happy anniversary

(Continued from page 35) home for her new husband. Many another actress has found the task impossible. Not Doris. When she watched the big man walk up the path from his car with a couple of huge suitcases in his hands, there was a warm feeling in her heart because this man was to open the door to the happiest chapter in her life.

During those first few days, Marty did the usual things that new husbands do. He'd put the cigarette box where the lighter was supposed to be. Or he'd put his slippers at the head of the bed, instead of at the foot. And Doris did things that caused an equal amount of delightful confusion. And it was fun for them all, particularly for Doris' son, Terry, because there was another guy around now. Marty was something of a hero to him.

It wasn't for a week, probably, that Marty's most amazing trait came to light. That was when Doris learned for the first time that she had married a fixer. A tool-crazy amateur repair man.

It was on a Sunday morning. Marty got up from the breakfast table and sauntered over to the window that looked out on to the garden. He observed the area speculatively for a few minutes, then went outdoors. He sauntered around the yard a bit and then, with one foot touching the other he began to pace off the gravel walk, measuring it. Doris eyed him suspiciously through the window and then went into the yard herself. "Good heavens," she thought. "He's probably going to put up an apartment house here."

"Something wrong, honey?" she asked.

"No," said Marty somberly. "I think I'm going to put a brick walk in here."

"Did you ever put a brick walk in anywhere else?" Doris asked quietly.

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


Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lr., Left; Rt., Right.

It's the sensible thing to do!

"A swish of Lavoris
As you start the day
Takes from the germs
Their place to play"

For a clean mouth and a fresh, pleasant breath

To Tampon users...

Fibs
-the Tampon with rounded ends
-the only Tampon
"Quilted" for comfort...
"Quilted" for safety...
Next time try FIBS (internal sanitary protection)

FASHION FROCKS, INC.,
Studio J-5054, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PHOTO CREDITS

"You get what you pay for!

Lavoris Mouthwash is the sensible thing to do!

1. Detaches debris where germs propagate. The "bed" for germs is removed.

2. For a clean mouth and a fresh, pleasant breath.

3. The only Tampon with rounded ends.

4. "Quilted" for comfort, "Quilted" for safety.

5. Next time try FIBS (internal sanitary protection).

6. Everything is given to you FREE with a "Style Show"!
“In-a-moment,” said Marty, “but it's easy.”

And it was easy. At five o'clock that evening, the novel brick walk had been set. Doris was exhausted, but game. He shuffled off to bed, and was asleep in 20 seconds. At which point Doris exclaimed to herself, “What a man I married!”

Within a very few months, Doris became reconciled to the fact that she was living with an uninhibited jack of all trades. If they had to go to dinner in a cheer and Marty snapped a light switch and it didn't work, he would quietly mutter, “This will only take a minute,” and scamper to the garage and change a fuse. He would then switch out of the wall in no time and before you could say “Let’s call an electrician,” have the thing all over the floor. “He's the only man I know,” Doris would whisper to the parties with tool grease on his tuxedo.

If an electric iron broke it became necessary to keep it a dark secret to the great office. If the whole machine broke down, the family lived in horror of the thought that he'd find out. And subterfuge didn’t work, because Marty was given to unexpected heroics. Whenever Doris heard a chortle of triumph from some recess of the house, she'd groan in terror because she'd know her husband had detected an electrical conspiracy that he'd have in pieces before she could get there to save it.

Everything that Marty repaired worked fine afterwards, because he repaired it in the privacy of the next day to fix it right—and Marty, not knowing this, swaggered about among his accomplishments like a victory-drunk genius.

“Do you think you're spare time?” Doris once asked a friend. “We’ll be sitting in the garden having a nice rest when Marty will ride, I feel like a breath of air. Let’s go for a ride, and we’ll go for a ride—to the nearest war surplus store. And I spend a couple of delightful hours among shell casings and rubber rafts. And it's worse when I don't go with him. He can bring back a new car, or wallow in the garage and come out of it all perfectly. Doris in pictures and records. Marty as an agent whose main interest is music publishing. Marty, with his fine sense of humor, will talk endlessly with his agent, working up — working up. And when they return Doris in a little insane by refusing to behave like the usual New Hollywood husband who brims over with intimate anecdotes about his bride. For one thing he was the world’s greatest." For another, he is too busy with Doris and other important matters—not the least of which is helping the kids in their black performances. Day and night they went on and off the war plays. More often than not, he is joined by Doris in this worthy project while an army of magazine writers fret about how unavailable they are. And when he is all this? Well, most girls would rather go shopping on a day off than lie in bed and have a store deliver a truckload of merchandise free. Doris Day is no different. There is some secret thrill she shares with all females that comes from peering into glass show cases and trying on shoes and gowns she had in the slightest intention of buying—just to see what they feel like. And it often happens often," Doris said. “Marty will say, ‘Come on, kid, let's go into Beverly Hills and do a bit of shopping.’ I dash to the car before he changes his mind, my head whirling with dresses, shoes, and jewels. “Do you know where we’re going to shop? In a hardware store. I linger close to the door for a couple of minutes, wistfully thinking of Sales and Magnins while Marty walks with the Stellon wrenches and ball-peen hammers. My heart is in the May Company basement—while his is in the screw driver or the nut and bolt department of the world, and he went into such a fit of ecstasy over the astonishing advantages of the things that almost had me convinced he should buy a couple of them. Then, get a couple of hammers, and go home and pull all the old iron nails out of our house and replace them with aluminum ones before the building collapsed.”

Christmas time is a time for gifts and part of the joy of Christmas is slily trying to find out what a person liked so that they could give a delightful surprise under the tree on Christmas morning.

“Hi!” said Doris Day about Christmas. “Two months before December 25th I asked Marty what it was. ‘Tools,’ he said. The next day I asked him what time he'd be home from work. ‘Tools,’ he said. When he injured his finger in the oven, instead of oath he howled. ‘TOOLS’! And then several weeks before Christmas all his equipment mysteriously disappeared. He'd glare at a useless toaster and scowl that he'd fix the doggone thing in a jiffy if he had even a nail file with a razor edge!

“And when I'd open a knitting box,” said Doris, “I'd find a circular advertising ‘if you have a beard, take this equipment in the middle of a ball of yarn, or an ad torn from a magazine in my make-up case extolling the qualities of a Handi-mechanic that would buff silver, drill holes, turn barrels as a barbecue spit and repair shoes. So what do you think I get him for Christmas? A nice silk robe, a gold watch, a polo pony? Not on your life! I took him tools. I didn’t need anything else.”

And there was the time that Marty surveyed the back yard and decided it should be illuminated at night. They engaged a master landscape architect, he plotted the position of the lights he intended installing—and when he was satisfied that his calculations were correct, he worked hours in the treacherous outer buildings stringing wire and bracketing on reflectors. When it was completed Marty went back to business and stayed away long enough for Doris to be redone by a quiet little man who knew what he was about.

“But ever since,” says Doris, “it has been his pride and joy. When we have guests for dinner, Marty doesn’t take their coats and escort them to chairs. He snatches at them the minute they enter the front door and charges them to the kitchen, where he spends ten hours in making the

BUT it was fun. At the end of the first year, Doris Day could count up 12 months of uncertainty and surprises, but 52 months of laughter and happiness.

And with a year under her belt, she could look back on the experiences with a smile and a lump in the throat. What, after all, is closest space and the comma? What is it? What is a home without a man pattering about ruining the garden walk and facing electrocution in installing mazda miracles in the back yard? What is a house without a Tuscan-faced sorcerer who leaves holes in the wall and pliers behind the sofa cushions? What is an odor of creosote when you know it comes from a man’s desire to turn his garden furniture against the tricky weather? It’s sweeter than incense ever was!

Doris Day vows it was fun. And she wants to do it a lot more of it. She wants as much of Marty in her home as there is—all of him for all time.

And nowadays when Doris looks out the living room window and sees Marty coming to the walk empty-handed, she wishes he was carrying something, like more suitcases or another armful of clothes. She wishes that his shoes would always be buttoned up, and his beard looked like he liked to see him relax that way. And she hopes he’ll suggest they go for a ride or shopping, so they can buy a few more gas masks or another remote control motors—or maybe around a hardware store finding out what’s new in the world of mechanical magic.

Ask Doris Day and she'll tell you the first thing she’s seriously looking forward to is many more of them with her around the house.
movie reviews

(Continued from page 21)

STEEL TOWN

When Steel Town puts before our eyes the daily operation of a real—and gigantic—steel mill, it is nothing sort of magnificent. In blazing Technicolor we behold the red, molten steel pouring from the furnaces, the men stoking the furnaces and stopping quickly away from the infernal heat, the derricks carrying steel down the production line for shipment all over the world. All this in Steel Town is vital and strong as steel itself. But when Steel Town gives us the brawling of John Lund and Howard Duff, two tough, handsome Lotharios of the steel mills, for the head of Ann Sheridan, then it grows small and trite. These two chaps, grown men both, are forever squabbling, betting and blacking each other's eyes for love of Ann, cashier in a steel town beerery. And their brawls are generally on the level of childish arguments over what toy belongs to what child. The boys even carry their feuding into the steel mill, though you'd think there'd be too much hard work to allow them much time for such nonsense. Ann, Lund and Duff are three of our most attractive and capable actors but they are swamped by the juvenile antics of the plot, and by the endless stream of cheap wisecracks that pass for dialogue. Steel Town is strictly small time—especially when set against the drama of steel itself.


—Universal-International.

AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK

Meet—and love—Aaron Slick, shy country bumpkin, and Josie Berry, the farm lass he wooed shyly. Meet—and kiss—Bill Meridew, the dastardly city slicker who nearly comes between Aaron and Josie with his villainous schemes. These three—virtuous farm boy and girl, and the bad man from the big city—are traditional characters in oldtime melodrama, and Paramount has built a droll and engrossingly innocent and laughing travesty around them in Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick. The movie keeps the settings and atmosphere of the good old days of 50 or 60 years ago, but dresses the story up with songs, Technicolor, and an impudent, rotund sense of humor. Aaron Slick ribes the evil plotting of Mr. Meridew to gain Josie's farm and her money, but it does so fondly, with certain obvious affection for all the characters as part of a bygone age in America. You root hard for Aaron and Josie to outsmart Mr. Meridew, for virtue to triumph over wickedness, for Aaron and Josie to live happily ever after in Punkin Crick—because Alan Young is so downright perfect, and keeps you in stitches, with his portrayal of the awkward, slow yet shrewd and lovable Aaron. And Dinah Shore is buxom and lively as Josie. Perhaps Aaron Slick would be more fun if everybody didn't stop to sing so often, or if the Metropolitan Opera's Robert Merrill were more comfortable with the music and skulduggery given him as Mr. Meridew. But when simple farm boy Alan Young is running like sixty from a bull in a meadow, or getting caught accidentally and embarrassedly in the middle of a fast girlie show in a Chicago night club, then there's no doubt—Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick is a scream.

Cast: Alan Young, Dinah Shore, Robert Merrill, Adele Jergens.—Paramount.
ARD Keel sent a suit out to be cleaned. It came back washed in soap and water! Rita Hayworth’s Affair In Trinidad set was closed to visitors. Her co-star, Glenn Ford, immediately sent out word to newspapermen that he’d be glad to see them in his dressing room... When Bette Davis gets mad she REALLY gets mad! The British press was very unkind to her independent picture, Another Man’s Poison. So when London critic Logan Gourlay paid a visit to Hollywood during our terrible rainy spell Bette called him and said, “I’m pleased at least that we’re giving you some of your own filthy weather.” That evening Gourlay returned to his Beverly Hills hotel room to find a greasy parcel awaiting him. It contained two large pieces of meat, a month’s ration for a British family. And accompanying it was a note from Bette: “Pibble, nibble, Ferre!” Ouch! ... Shortly after this incident the long association between Bette and her secretary, Bridget Price, came to a close. They met on the train when Bette first came to Hollywood. Bridget, now in her 70’s, has been handling Bette’s fan mail ever since... Bette shouldn’t get excited over what the critics say. She should read the glowing reviews of her acting in Phone Call From A Stranger and relax.

FINANCIAL PAGE:

John Agar’s mother is opening a Beverly Hills dress shop—her first shot at business... When Marlon Brando made A Streetcar Named Desire he was paid $75,000 per picture. Now he’s getting $140,000... Sid Caesar, who sued to get out of his picture contract with Ed Lacker, Jane Greer’s husband, settled out of court for $24,000... Mario Lanza finished making Because You’re Mine and planed up to Nevada to take a look at a tungsten mine he bought... Rory Calhoun, who started there for $100 a week a few years ago and then left to freelance, is back at 20th for $1,500 a week... Gene Nelson finally got his Warner salary up to $750 a week, but when he went on layoff he still owed $800 to the studio for his fan mail handling—an expensive item for any star... Claudette Colbert packed her painting paraphernalia along to England, where she’s making The Planter’s Wife for J. Arthur Rank. While in London she is fulfilling her promise to Hallmark Greeting Cards to turn out some Christmas cards. Deborah Kerr’s daughter, Melanie, is her model... Before leaving, Claudette put her Holmby Hills homestead up for sale for $225,000, including swimming pool, tennis court and the lavish studio in which she painted. Mickey Rooney’s salary still isn’t keeping pace with his alimony payments but he managed to buy himself a fancy, copper-colored, 1952 Buick... Victor Mature is building himself a furniture appliance store, in addition to his prosperous TV stores... In five days Dale Robertson ran up
$163 worth of long-distance lovelv-loyal talk from New York to his ever-lovin' Jackie.

SEX APPEAL:

Pat Neal proudly proclaims she has lost four inches all around. Her bust is now 35”... Purtiest sight of the season: Jean Peters in her new pink silk Easter suit... The glamorous bathing suit that Esther Williams wears in One-Piece Bathing Suit is so tight she can't even climb to the diving board in it. Has to be hoisted up!

FUNNIES:

A wealthy couple spent $2,000 a plate to attend Eddie Cantor's Israel Benefit dinner. Leaving the party, the husband said, "You know, it's cost us $4,000 to break bread with Cantor!" The wife shrugged it off with, "I told you it's costing more and more to eat these days!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Some Hollywoodians were up in arms against the Academy because Liz Taylor wasn't nominated for an Oscar for her work in A Place In The Sun... Marilyn Monroe's home lot learned its lesson from RKO. She was loaned for Clash By Night to RKO, which immediately elevated her to stardom in the role. And now 20th has decided she's worth starting too. MGM brought Deborah Kerr to Hollywood because of her record as a top British actress. Now Debbie is demanding party to match her reputation, and can you blame her?... Nancy Davis won her release from MGM on the grounds that she was tired of playing meridienne housewives... Debra Paget is suddenly running second to Betty Grable in 20th's fan mail race.

This was Susie Hayward's parting shot to co-star Bob Mitchum when she finished shooting This Man Is Mine with him: "Aren't you glad I'm through and you've got two more weeks to work without me? Now you can swear all you want!"... After five weeks of rubbing cheeks with bewhiskered Dan Dailey and Jimmy Cagney in What Price Glory? Corinne Calvet's smooth complexion is sporting a permanent blush. His mother and his brother, Scott Brady, objected—but Ed Tierney finally ran away with Hanne Arisman to Palm Springs and got married. Now Eddie is acting in TV films days and driving a cab nights.
I didn’t need a miracle

(Continued from page 49) she figured, and catch the next bus back to Scranton. But I didn’t, for I was going on a trip with my father, and she only figured in terms of my equipment, natural and acquired: $10.00 a week
1 female form, suitably (I hoped) proportioned
1 plaid skirt
1 dress
2 white blouses
1 pair green and white spectator shoes
1 set underthings
1 brown shoulder-strap bag (Mother’s)
1 comb, 1 toothbrush, 1 pair hose (put out for wash when I dressed)
1 high school education with thin overlays of hastily absorbed culture (musical voice training, elocution and dramatic courses)
1 great, strong, unwavering faith
That last may seem the most ineffectual item on the list; it turned out to be the most important!

Perhaps I had better explain that I had a very religious childhood. I have not always been to that religion, but I have worked out my own philosophy of life, my own ways of worship and devotion. To begin with, I believe everyone is born with faith, but its development is part of the individual’s own growth. It must be strengthened constantly, but once it has reached its full development in your mind, nothing, but nothing can shake it. Faith gives you peace of mind. It holds your head high when everything seems to go against you.

Take that skimpy wardrobe of mine, for instance. With the daily tubbings it underwent, it should have been threadbare in a month. I'm still convinced I held it together by sheer faith! I remember washing out my underthings, a dress, a blouse, my hose (while they lasted), then trundling them all down to the basement of the YWCA (where I had a room). There I would spend a dime into the electric iron and be assured of 15 minutes of heat. You've never seen anybody press out a skirt or iron a blouse so fast in your life. I may not have stayed out of the pages of a slick fashion book; but, by golly, I was really cleaned and pressed! This is how my faith helped me—I could be satisfied with one dress because I knew that someday I would have a whole closetful.

When I was "between assignments"—clerking part-time in a lingerie shop, modeling, or any of the little jobs I managed to get from time to time—I had to exist on $3.50 a week! That's all I had left from my $10 after I'd paid my room rent. Subway fares and phone calls did not come out of the allowance so I really had to scrounge around for the most inexpensive places to eat. I found one Italian hole-in-the-wall where I got a mound of red sauce, a large plate of spaghetti for 30 cents! But you can imagine what all that starch did to this girl! It worried the life out of me, because I knew no one in right mind was going to hire a bovine-type ingenue! But I was young and healthy—and determined. I could thrive on adversity because I had a sense of destiny

Oh, I'm trying to make myself out of a dedicated creature; a 20th century Joan of Arc. I'm only human. The going was really rough at times—most times. And there were nights when I had to fight myself to keep from burying my head in the pillow and bawling my heart out. I didn't drop to my knees and pray—I don't worship in that fashion. I feel it in my heart. God is all around us in all ways. If you have ever watched the sun follow its eternal course from east to west; if you have ever seen a tree bud and blossom; or watched the miracle of rain on a thirsty patch of earth, you'll know what I mean.

But there were months on end when I felt trapped in a monotonous "No casting today," "Your the wrong type," "Too young," "Too old," "Not enough experience." I was a tenant of the long and short of it. My faith had carried me so far, yet it didn't seem capable of getting me over that last big bump of despair. I needed help. Finally I wrote to a favorite aunt of mine who is a nun—Mother Cleta of the Missionary Sisters of the Poor at Columbus Hospital in New York. I knew she would be able to bolster my morale and give the best and kindliest advice with which she had met some of my adolescent problems a few years before.

She didn't fail me. Her letter came one morning while I was dressing. I read it over several times, allowing her message of encouragement and ageless wisdom to seep in. She made me realize how foolish I had been to let my faith flag. Let us say it was coincidence that I was given my chance to understudy Tallulah Bankhead in Skin of Our Teeth that same afternoon.

Working with Tallulah was an experience few ambitious girls achieve. She is such a brilliant actress, so vivacious, so vital. Her vitality, as a matter of fact, was so great that not once during the entire run of the play did she ever get the sniffles! While I did not envy the star, I must confess that like every other understudy in the history of the theater, I used to stand in the wings and pray, "Please let her trip and sprain her ankle—but don't let it hurt!" There was no personal malice in this prayer, just that drive, that desire to become a Broadway actress—even for one night! But even with Miss Bankhead's bouncing health, my faith was once more riding high and giving me strength. Then, once again, that faith had to be put to the test. On the same day that I was asked to fly to Boston and substitute for Gladys George in the road show of Skin of Our Teeth, I received a message that mo-

watch for modern screen's
special june
issue featuring the complete june allison story,
dick powell's private photos and
june as cover girl
on sale
may 9

After the finale I went back to my dressing room. And there was Father Pennock with his six colleagues. I wanted to burst into tears. But they were all grinning broadly. They’d loved the show. My uncle was still chuckling over some of the sillier gags. He took my hand and squeezed it. "I always knew you’d make good," he said. "You were wonderful!" That stopped me for a moment. I had expected some appreciation from my professional idol; a simple word of praise! To him, I guess, I was still the girl he had once kidded because she traveled so far for elocution lessons that it took her four trolley transfers to get there. I was still the girl he had encour-aged me so very much during the early years; the man whose faith that someday I would be a great dramatic actress had carried me along. All the while, he going to think of this "tragedienne." I wondered, going through one crazy skit after another.

For the past two years I have taken special courses in psychology and philosophy at the University of Southern California. But I do believe I have done this to become either a philosopher or a psychologist, or because I want to achieve any special honors in these studies. I just want to learn everything about the faith that has brought me where I am. Where else can it take me? I think I know. I have always believed in eternal life. My belief comes from my faith, and my faith comes from God.
behind bergman's closed doors

(Continued from page 44) briefly before answering my question: “Would you like to play in The End of the Affair? It seems her mind had made the connection between Hollywood and Italy with a far away town called Hollywood. I asked a second time for her reaction about The End of the Affair.

“Yes,” I replied, “but I wouldn’t do it for the picture. I’m to start The Witness with my husband directing in September. I’d rather work for him than anyone else.”

She didn’t say so, but somehow I got the idea that perhaps the part in The End of the Affair too closely paralleled her own life. I know she’d like to forget both the Swallow and all the previously hailed aura cast about her during her life in Hollywood. And The End of the Affair would be certain to refresh the public’s memory. Besides, despite constant rumors I last talked to with Rosellini, I know she’s deeply in love with him and really doesn’t care about working with anyone except him.

Ingrid was reported to expect her new baby in June. She hopes for a girl. She has chosen no name for it, but, in accordance with Italian law, it will have to be an Italian name. I asked her how many babies she planned on fathering. “Oh, I’d just take them as they come,” she laughed. “I don’t know how many we’ll have.”

Then I told her that her daughter Pia had grown up to be a beautiful girl, and had acquired a lot of boy friends at Hawthorne School in Beverly Hills.

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” said Ingrid with a hearty laugh.

No trace of concern or wistfulness was in her voice. Obviously she has reconciled herself to the fact that Pia will remain with her father, and she will shed no tears over the inevitable separation.

I know that she loves her daughter very much and for a while missed her bitterly while she fought so hard for her custody. But time changes everything, and with the passing of time like all the Robertsons, will do much to fill the void in her mother’s heart.

“Have you any regrets for what you’ve done?” I asked.

“No,” she replied, “I’m a very happy woman.”

“How do the Italians treat you?”

“I get the treatment on the streets here as I did in Hollywood, and my life is about the same as it was before. We have two homes—one in Rome and another in the country by the sea.”

“What do the Italians you seemed rather bitter towards America because of the way the press handled your love story. Do you still feel the same way?”

“No,” was her answer. “I have no bitterness whatever. How could I have when I’m so happy?”

Then I popped the $64 question. “Have you had any film offers from Hollywood?”

She instinctively answered, “I’d rather not go into that subject now,” said she.

“Well, let’s put it another way then. If you got a really good script and had to come to Hollywood to make the picture, would you do it?”

“No,” she replied without any hesitation. “Why should I? I’ve been everything I want right here.”

Then I added, “You sound so happy, I think I’d better come over there and marry an Italian.”

She laughed and said, “If you’re serious I’ll find one for you.” And that was the end of our conversation.

As I always say, once an actress—always an actress. Once it’s in you, it stays. Babies come and babies go, but art goes on forever. Tossing a good script to an actor is like handing a lump of sugar to a horse. In both instances, the power of resistance is mighty low. However, I believe that Ingrid is really frightened of our town. The vicinity of her ex-husband and daughter would certainly produce some awkward situations, and the disenchanted press would no longer stand in awe of her.

When Ingrid Bergman was at the peak of her popularity in Hollywood, she was guarded like a rare jewel. Interviews, if granted at all, had the tenor of a royal gift; and the telephone in the telegraph office was well nigh impossible. She was surrounded by a solid wall of human beings—press agents, secretaries, servants, and Dunhams. I seemed to think that Ingrid wanted to acquire his priority on the star by giving her advice—much of it bad. I suppose that each one thought they had to earn their salaries some way.

At studio request, Ingrid was assistant to interview her while she was making Arch of Triumph. Ingrid was at the height of her fame, though she didn’t know it. With Charles Boyer as her co-star and a picture based on an Eric Remarque book, everyone thought the film couldn’t miss. It had to be great. Ingrid was treated like a queen. My assistant had to interview her while she was making herself up and examining costumes. Her former press agent paced nervously about the room and suggested that the interview would be closed immediately if it got tiring of annoying to Miss Bergman. My assistant would have left right then and had Ingrid ignored the press agent and remained her gracious.

In view of what has since happened, it is interesting to note that Ingrid was quite concerned about what her native Swedish fans would think of her playing the role of a fallen woman. The picture, despite all of its assets, proved to be a notorious flop. Ingrid tried Joan of Arc next.

My assistant visited the set, interviewed other actors, but deliberately skipped the girl. She didn’t want to annoy her with such a triviality as publicity. Finally her same press agent came up to him and inquired anxiously, “Aren’t you going to talk to Ingrid?” Looking surprised, my man said, “Oh, do you think she’d be willing to talk to the press?” The agent assured him, “She’d love to talk to you.”

Since he had not set eyes on Ingrid since the days of Arch of Triumph, he couldn’t understand what he’d done to ingratiate himself with the Swedish star. He came to the sad conclusion, however, that there’s nothing more dismal than a failing star—unless it’s the job of selling a picture in which ten million dollars have been invested with no returns.

He talked to Ingrid and found her as gracious as she’d been on the previous occasion. But there was no mention of ending the interview by the press agent. He was typical of the people surrounding her during her Hollywood sojourn, and I think her fans, to understand her life today, should know about them.

During World War II, I volunteered to get stars to appear one night each week to work in the Canteen kitchen, signing autographs, or entertaining the G.I.’s. On one occasion I called the Selznick studio and got Ingrid for an appearance when another star had dropped out because of illness. The response I received was vague and completely unsatisfactory. So, tired of waiting for a yes or no, I got Ingrid on the phone.

Her answer was, “What time shall I be there, and what shall I wear?”

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95
I tried to get her to appear at a benefit we were giving in Harold Lloyd's garden for the Nursery School for Visually handicapped Children. Ingrid's people called to say she was too busy, that she had no time for interviews, but I left a message which I feel sure was never delivered to her. She lived just across the road from the Lloyd estate and was one of the most important stars who was not a benefit. Ingrid loves kids, and I think she would have been very proud to lend a hand in raising $35,000 in one afternoon for many blind children.

While I had many a wire from Ingrid without set-up or stockings, wearing a plain blue cotton dress and pacing the floor like an enraged animal when I entered. As she cried out against the world that she had made her unconventional actions with Rossellini, she used profanity, which I'd never heard her do before. "Americans think they own me. But I have my own life to live. Is it a sin to fall in love?"

This was a question she alone could answer. "It's your problem, and you've got to face it," was all I could say to her. Then she became exasperated. "But I've been a good wife, not an actress with a long record of romances," she argued. "That's just it," said I. "The world bought you as a dream. Now people are mad, thinking they've been duped."

Then I asked Ingrid the truth about her expecting a child. She denied it. The date was August, and the rumor was spreading all over Europe, so I, being on the job as a reporter, put it in my column as such. Some months later, a few days before the Christmas holidays, the story broke into the headlines.

Hedy Lamarr tells it. She was shopping in a market on Schlepp Road when she ran into Ingrid.

"Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Hedy Lamarr?" "Yes," she replied hesitantly, "several people have." "Oh," apologized the clerk. "I don't mean the way she looks now."

"She was a living, emotional saint, a unique kind of woman. She was different, and there's nothing to do with her. All my friends are far away."

I'm convinced now that her marriage to Dr. Peter Lindstrom was never as happy as it was touted to be. So by herself, life in Hollywood is the best place in the world to work, she once said to me, "because there's nothing else to do here." I've noticed that she's expressed no real enthusiasm for foreign picces since marrying Rossellini and living in Italy.

She explained to me why she insisted on keeping her husband's name out of her interviews. "I prefer to keep the story of my life, my husband, my children, private."

Yet, when Rossellini came along, she involved Dr. Lindstrom in headlines that Hollywood most frequently avoided. Hedy, who had not dreamed up a member of the Stromboli crew told me that she and Rossellini, while making the picture, acted as naturally and natively as any couple in love. From the fact that their names were making headlines together.

I have argued with her until I was practically blue in the face that one could not live without living in a goldfish bowl. She never got what I was driving at or at least did not admit it.

When she was making Joan of Arc, we had a disagreement. "After coming here, I didn't understand English very well and gave out statements that the newspapers misinterpreted. I'm afraid some of the papers are going to ask to interview me now."

"Well, you understand English perfectly now," I answered. "And do you believe in this picture?" She looked at me in a surprised manner, saying, "With all my heart. I've wanted to play Joan ever since I was a little girl."

I told her then that if she believed in the picture, if it meant that much to her, she ought to help publicize it so that everybody would know about it. She started into space, still seeming not to get my point.

I saw her last in Rome, and she was boiling mad at the Italian papers. That day one of them had announced she was expecting a baby. She was living in a nondescript apartment which I had to climb four flights of stairs. Ingrid without set-up or stockings, wearing a plain blue cotton dress and pacing the floor like an enraged animal when I entered. As she cried out against the world that she had made her unconventional actions with Rossellini, she used profanity, which I'd never heard her do before. "Americans think they own me. But I have my own life to live. Is it a sin to fall in love?"

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In Beverly Hills, Ingrid had been a neighbor of mine, living less than a block from me on a hilltop home that had不属于被拒绝的对话者。The following is part of the exchange:

Some day, I decided, to confirm to society's dictates in her search for happiness. There will always be two schools of thought that this was as long as the affair is discussed. And only the public can determine the future of her career. If people go to see her pictures, she may come back stronger than ever. If they don't she'll be through as a star. My final judgment lies with the public, as always.

"If it had been anybody but Ingrid," I've heard people say with a sad shake of the head, as if a bit of magic had flown by without notice. Either these people do not know that she never aspired to sainthood. It was a cloak that publicity and fans had wrapped around her; and the measure didn't fit. I'm first and foremost a writer, and I told a writer in explaining why she had to have dinner with her family even when working in pictures. Some may say, "A fine mother and wife, too."

Others might say, "Well, isn't she a faithful wife and mother now?" There's the enigma.

Leigh"The Bella Of St. Mary, more than any other picture, served to build that saintly legend about Ingrid; and I con"vinced with Leo McCarey to get her into the film. It was a bit of Sisyphus, McGraw; and yet she accepts the challenge, carries the impression she gives in a role into her private life as the public sees her. That's what Ingrid did with Bells. She would never have been cast as that girl in David McCarey's pers"istence and help from Hopper. David Selznick was supposed to star her in The Scarlet Lily, but never got around to mak"ing it.

But when Ingrid read in my column that Leo wanted her opposite Bing Crosby in Bells, she acted characteristically. She didn't beat around the bush. She was extremely anxious to get that part. So she went directly to Leo and got the part. And she had a serious quarrel with David Selznick about it. Finally she agreed, but only after Leo McCarey $450,000 for services.

An apt person she was for it, too. Ingrid was one of the first to break down the pattern of movie glamor girls who were looking like the next star was a prime requisite for film success. She used little makeup, usually applied it herself. On her first return to Sweden, Ingrid told me, she found on her first return to Sweden, she'd learned about makeup in America. She told them, "Nothing. I still do my own." So naturally they thought she was getting nowhere in pictures.

At the American premiere of David Selznick's starring role, I decided to say something about Ingrid's appearance and came up with "translu"cent beauty. The term, arrived at such simple short notice, thought of her skin as a living thing, as it is today. Her skin has a warm, healthy glow, as if fed from some inner fire, and that added to the saintly legend.

When Ingrid came to Hollywood, girls were made to appear synthetic princesses. They were short on royalty, but long on synthetic qualities. Their hair carried too much bleach, to make it lighter. The false eyelashes were too long, the lips oversized instead of natural. But the queens of the cinema, supposedly women apart, had different features, different butings. Or so they thought.

Then along came Ingrid who wouldn't fall for this line of guff. Depending upon her natural, her own, her real life, and her real face with some powder, ap"plied a small amount of lipstick, and was ready for the camera. She didn't need fabulous costumes. She looked better a scarf tied casually around her neck. Yet Ingrid was a director's dream. She could be photograph"ed from any angle and always looked
good. The late director Victor Fleming called her "bullet proof."

I don't think Ingrid ever quite grew up and that was part of her charm. She had been stared at, yet she confessed to me she couldn't help staring at other celebrities. "I don't think I'm important as a person," she once said to me, "but my work as an actress is. That was the basis of her naïve conclusion that she could quit being a movie star when she stepped off a sound stage; a conclusion that got her into much trouble. Rossellini was somewhat of the same opinion. Both simply refused to believe that one couldn't shed fame as one does clothes. But they're learning; and they're acquiring a respect for the awful power of the press and aroused public opinion.

Right now Ingrid feels an essential security in Rossellini's presence. He was a party to her sin, if such it was, and I don't believe she'd feel at ease working with another director, especially if Rossellini were not beside her.

Hollywood producers will star almost anyone if they feel he'll be good boxoffice. So the real question in their minds is whether the American public will go for Ingrid or not. They're being cautious, and are waiting to see her reception. On the other hand, Ben Hecht, in Europe, 1951, the film Ingrid did with Ros- sellini, before going all out to get her back. Nobody can deny she's a fine actress, but American movie-goers are a peculiar people.

I think Ingrid would willingly come back if she were certain that the American public can still want her. She wants us to like her again, but not in a sainly manner. She prefers being regarded as a woman with normal faults and desires. She's learned at last, whether she likes it or not, that she's a public figure. But she had one thing that would bring her back to Hollywood causing her to sacrifice her pride, is contained in her statement to me: "I'm only important as an actress—as a person, no.

We just learned the origin of Ingrid Bergman's daughter's name—Pia. It means (meaning) Peter—Ingrid-Al-way.

Jim Henaghan

CRAZY AS A FOX

(Continued from page 63) everything else to Jerry. "If you like her, I can sing with her," Dean told Jerry, who auditioned songstress Helen O'Connell for their road tour while Dean played golf.

On tour, Dean goes to bed while Jerry stays up all hours of the night rehearsing with the orchestra. Jerry not only goes through his own routines but Dean's as well! Dean usually manages to arrive five minutes before the show goes on. One time when they were playing the Paramount in New York, Dean forgot to turn up at all Jerry sweat oat a solo. Five minutes later Dean strolled on stage wearing blue denims, sneakers, and a smile, all night music. Dean

"I'm ten years older than Jerry," Dean, who is 34, told me at a party last week (actually Jerry is nine years younger). "But," he added, "I feel ten years younger. I wake up every morning saying 'Gee, Dean, it's wonderful to be alive.' I leave the worrying to Jerry. He loves to do it, so I let him. If it's okay with him, it's okay with me." The only time it isn't okay with Dean is when Jerry makes a date that takes him away from the golf course.

Readers' Digest Reports
ON AMAZING NEW-TYPE MEDICATION FOR
PIMPLES

YOUR DRUGGIST NOW HAS
Clearasil the same type
medication used in clinical tests
reported in January 1952

Reader's Digest
(page 81)

CLEARASIL SPECIALLY MADE TO
DRY UP PINPLES
SKIN-COLORED, HIDES PINPLES WHILE IT WORKS

You can now get the type of medication described in the January 1952 Readers Digest—just by asking your druggist for CLEARASIL....the scientific, skin-colored medication especially made for pinples!

CLEARASIL is greaseless and fast-drying in contact with pinples. Actually starves pinples because it helps remove the oils that pinples need. On CLEARASIL ends embarrassment—gives new confidence immediately because its skin-color hides pinples while it helps dry them up. And because CLEARASIL is greaseless, fast-drying and stainless, it can be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

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Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slownow of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday 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 nighl and frequent passages. Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Dean's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Dean's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Dean's Pills today!
The first thing I had that Jerry was the entire business shebang in the partnership was when I first interviewed Dean and Jerry in the Paramount Studio cafe. “What is your next picture?” I asked them. Dean immunish, Jerry no-inspired after Jerry jumped on the table, made like he was a cross-eyed monkey and lisped, “Why am I so attractive to women?” Before I could answer, Jerry told me a columnist who picked on Dean when they first came to Hollywood. This actually happened. When Dean and Jerry were shooting for the start of the holidays, they got a bit too cozy and Jerry decided that his role over-shadowed Dean’s. He called Hal Wallis, and told him “You build up his part or I walk off the picture.” At $75,000 this doesn’t expect a comic to be methodical. Most of them are up on a cloud of gags. But this Mr. Lewis has a pigeon-hole mind. Everything is cataloged. Every magazine story ever written about them, is somewhere in the 180 leather-bound volumes in Jerry’s library. Every radio show (their own and others) is transcribed and stored according to date. Jerry has a kinescope of every television show he has ever done, including a guest shot on mine (that was a collector’s item). He has a library print of every one of his movies. Every movie and radio script is bound between leather covers with gold-letter titling. Jerry has a complete list of price, $90,000. “I could sign a check for the whole amount,” he told me gleefully at the time. But he bought a house for $75,000, with a big pool and playroom where he shows his movies to very select audiences.

Dean wouldn’t know how many dollars he’s made in the business (the boys are incorporated in a capital gains set-up under the name “York Productions”), But Dean is an easy touch. Tell him you’d like to make a film, and he’d delve into his wallet and if it’s there, it’s yours.

One of the big problems of any popular act is to get the people out of the theatre so they can come in. If you can’t get ‘em out, you make no profit. When Dean and Jerry appeared at the Paramount, the kids came in with their dates, and left determined to see five shows. There is no law that can turn them out. Jerry solved this one too, and it is now standard procedure with all popular acts. As you know, Jerry is bound backstage, “and we’ll put on another show from our dressing room.” While Dean and Jerry clown and threw down hats, ties and coats, a new audience and new money filled the theater.

Six years ago, when Dean and Jerry were new in the business, they put their signatures to everything. “I know you as a paper and we’ll sign,” Jerry told me. This brought them a lot of trouble, especially lawsuits. Dean used to say “I’m the dressed man in town.”

So Jerry made a new rule—they won’t sign anything without an okay from their lawyer. This can be very irritating to other people. As a result we have on our file story by Dean and Jerry. They couldn’t go to press without a signed release. “See my lawyer,” persisted Jerry. The lawyer was out of town. The magazine had to yank the story.

"I fe ever fade," says Jerry the worry-worm. "we may as well take care now of the ones we love." And he means their relations. Dean has got about half of the dance team of Bar-Estes, kickabout dances. They kickabout on every playbill with Dean and Jerry. Jerry has a cousin on his payroll who has had a very bad health last year, I received a sizzling letter from Jerry’s ma that nearly burned in my hands. I apologized to her then and now for causing her anxiety. But a reporter has to be objective and report the news.

Both Dean and Jerry are great family men, they love their homes, their wives and their children. Jerry has got a farm in the desert, and Dean has five altogether—four from his first marriage. Dean likes nothing better than to stay home evenings, playing with the baby on the floor, while his pretty blonde wife does the cooking.

Jerry, more gregarious, brings people home all the time. And it’s lucky that Patti loves him, because of the idea he has of how much it takes to feed unexpected guests. Like the time dinner was planned for six and Jerry showed up with four extra people. Patti, who was at the time,Telephones to call him in the kitchen and really told him off. “What’s the excitement?” Jerry demanded. “So just put more stuffing in the ducks! But he’ll never do that again. Because he’s the one place where Jerry lets someone else run. Mrs. Lewis. Which proves again how smart Mr. Lewis is.

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Janet Leigh only needs three
weeks work to get her college degree. She got her degree from College of the Pacific when she left to accept a movie contract.

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weeks work to get her college degree. She got her degree from College of the Pacific when she left to accept a movie contract.
Then all of a sudden it was 1941—eleven years and Tony 15 years old, and he and I were in a factory in New York City. He was acting it all out for me, and, although this Saturday morning of our interview was a coolish one in Westwood Village, I could feel the heat of that sticky, humid summer afternoon on the Lower East Side and see and smell the grimy factory in which Tony worked.

"I had been a summer girl in the Catskills earlier that summer," he said, "but the job didn't pan out for some reason or other—I really don't remember exactly why—but I got back to New York broke. I had to have a job. I read the want ads. One said, 'Boys wanted between 15 and 18 for summer work.'

It was a broom factory. They picked six of us out of a big gag of kids and sent us to work for $12 a week. My job was to stand at a high desk-like machine and run the uneven brushes through a cutter as they came off the assembly line, to even them off. The cutter lanced away my knuckles and nails and made them bleed.

It couldn't get hotter than it was in that place. I was drenched with sweat—and in my ordinary uniform I looked like a hawk, and if we took a break and stayed away for a few seconds longer than he thought was absolutely necessary he would punch us in the back of the neck when we got back and snarl, 'Whaddya think we're running around here—a kindergarten? Keep workin', kid, keep workin'."

"But, when I got home, I was ready to kill anybody or anything. I could still feel him poking me and telling me to keep working. I got to hate that man.

"And yet that I learned at it. I've got plenty to thank him for, too. I think if he was around now I'd give him five per cent of my salary, because he provided me with drive—a drive to better myself. Some impulses are based on hate. I guess, and maybe it's healthy and maybe it isn't, but that foreman—and, I suppose, my environment—prodded me into trying to do something for myself. Whether I've achieved something big or not is another question, of course, but you've got to admit I've bettered myself—at least to the extent of making $400 a week against that original $12. And it'll be much more soon, I hope, because I'm due for a raise. But $400 isn't an awful lot, all things considered, is it? Only $230 of that is take-home pay. The others are my taxes. And I give my folks $100 a week and live on $130. We live frugally, Janet and I, as you can see. But it's still a lot better than a cold water flat and a fryery, isn't it?"

I had to agree. The phone rang. He answered it. "Hungarian Underground?" he announced. "Janie? I love you love you I love you love you."

The words rushed together, just like that. No periods, and accent on the word "love." I got out of the room while he talked to his wife, although he beckoned me to stay.

When he called me back in, five minutes later, he said, "She loves me too. Where were we? Oh, yes—" I've just finished making Flesh and Fury at U-1. I play a deaf mute boxer. Joe Pevney, who used to be an actor, directed it. And, because he was an actor, he's not the kind of director who worries about camera angles. Instead, he sat me down before each scene and gave me a reason for everything I did."

"As a result, I didn't stand around looking dopey. Joe was an expert. I've enjoyed this one more than any of the other pictures I've made because of him."

"I got such a shock when Joe would say, 'Tony, what do you feel about this scene?' I got chills up and down my spine because I kept thinking, 'I'm being

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Name...Age...City...State...
subject. I was afraid I was going to fluff him too much, but I didn't. I make it a point not to. And please don't get this confused when you write this. Naturally, I don't go out of my way to fawn on people, because I'm no different than anybody else. You can't do that to everybody. But when I meet some young actors that I like I try to be nice to them, just as I hoped those established actors would be nice to me three or four years ago.

"I think I can truthfully say I've never been envious of anyone. I've found it difficult enough to worry about my own personal life and development as a human being and many people are worrying about six other actors and how they are doing. If they do well, more power to them. This is what they want, and let me sidestep here a bit from my favorities of them all are Marlon Brando, for his uninhibited wildness and because people see him in movies and wish they could go up to their bosses and say, "You get off like they do." Cary Grant and Laurence Olivier, because they're such great artists and make it a real joy to watch them; and Jerry Lewis, because he's the funniest performer in the world."

Tony loves his folks inordinately, and they keep cropping up in his conversation. Now you can blame his dad or yourself that Tony helped his Hollywood career most, and he said there were eight of them. "I'm not including my folks," he said, "because well, because this is the story."

"Before I married Janet I went to my father for his blessing, and he said, 'Kid, I don't care who you marry, as long as you're happy.' How could you help but like people like that? So let's stick to my Hollywood career. These are the eight people who've helped me the most out here."

First, Janet, because although she's younger than I and hasn't been around as much she's, well, she's the transformer of my electric things. Let's take my mother. She motivated me. She's kind and considerate and understanding.

"Second, Jerry Lewis, who gave me confidence when I needed it. He used to say, 'You've got it, Brando. Work at it.'"

"Third, George Rosenberg, my agent, who loaned me money when I wanted it. Don't give me one cent of commission! I'll pay him back, of course, when I'm making more money under a new contract that's coming up. It's not the study of making aid.

"Fourth, Bill Goetz. People will say, 'Well, Tony's got to say something nice about Bill Goetz because Bill Goetz runs the studio.' But this isn't true. Bill Goetz will never be anything except what World Service think he is. And he came on the set and said, 'Tony, if you have any little problem all at come and see me about it. You're an important property. Don't let your picture go over big. You've been a nice boy, and we appreciate it. Thank you very much.'"

"How do you like that for the head of a studio?" And when I pass him on the halls, he calls out, 'Hi, ya, pal,' and Ioller back, 'Hi, buddy.' You know how tough it is to run a studio, but Bill Goetz has time to stop and say hello to a wonderful man."

"Fifth, Al Horwitz, head of publicity. He could push a lot of people but has picked me out and pushed my career tremendously."

"Sixth and seventh, Leonard and Goldstein. Bob discovered me in New York and Leonard, his twin brother, gave me my first starring role, in The Prince Who Was A Thief."

"Eighth, Sophie Rosenberg of the talent department. She worked night and day with me, helping me to straighten out my speech and getting me out of my dramatic lessons."

"And those are the top eight. Now you've noticed I've mentioned everybody who heads a department. There are other important and less important jobs in the studio, who've helped me. Wonderful publicity people like Betty Mitchell, Jean Bosquet and, of most all, Frank McFadden, who explained me at the beginning all about the studio, how it works, what it's like to be an employee in a big industry, the responsibilities not only to yourself but to the people who work with you. And now, if something is upsetting you, you go to somebody in charge who can help you solve your problem and not take it out on somebody who doesn't understand you, as I've heard some people are apt to do."

"Then there's Sol, the studio barber, who lectures me while he cuts my hair. Things were going well with me one day and weeks later I was feeling cocky. He took a look at me and said, 'Tony, you seem like a nice boy. And that's important. But you know, Tony? Something else is just as important too.'"

"And I'll never forget that, because it seemed so important to Sol that things should stay good and nice in this tough racket."

"And seventh is the gate. He let me sneak a friend from New York past the gate a few years ago. My friend wanted to see the back lot. Johnny showed me that even though he's broken my nose and broken many. He taught me not to get too carried away with myself."

"And Frankie Van, who runs the gym, let me work on the stuff if I wanted to afford $10 a month for using his facilities."

"Bob Laslo, her another pal of mine. He's a prop man. He taught me to put things away. I used to props lying around and he would pick up after me. He said, 'I don't care how important a star you become, you've got to learn to be nice and put things away. The little things are im-
a house for a horse

(Continued from page 48) travel agencies and gathered a wide assortment of literature.

“I picked up the trick of using gay postcards to liven drab rooms when I was working for Billy Rose at the Diamond Horseshoe in New York,” Virginia explains. “I used to room with the girls in pretty miserable apartments. No matter how bad they looked we’d get some travel postcards, tack them up, and the apartments would come to life.”

Besides collecting postcard art, the O’Sheas bought the sort of furnishings that give a home character. When Mike was on location in Mexico, he picked up a collection of beautifully carved figurines. On another trip he bought a magnificent wooden Inca head that now occupies a prominent position in the sitting room. He also purchased a statuette of St. Junipero Serra, the great Mexican sculptor, Magayana.

While Mike was finding objects d’art, Virginia was using her spare time to poke around flea markets. Once she came home with a cranberry-glass kerzen- sene lamp that she converted into a kitchen lighting fixture, and gradually she acquired some lovely draped night stands, a few odd tables, and a leather ottoman.

When they visited friends who were full-time ranchers, the O’Sheas noticed that the homes were equipped with Navajo rugs. Sometimes the rugs were hung as tapestries, or else they were scattered on the floor. In a few places little rugs were used as table mats. When Virginia asked about the Indian handcraft, she was told that Navajo rugs are not only decorative but are supposed to be lucky as well. The Indian weavers deliberately leave a little hole in each rug so that the spirit can escape.

Just about the time Virginia was won over by Navajo rugs, she and Mike discovered Van Gogh.

The O’Sheas were in Chicago en route to New York. Mike had fallen in love with Van Gogh’s paintings. The studio representative who met them at the train wanted to take them to the Pump Room at the Ambassador Hotel, but Virginia objected.

“The Pump Room is a bit stuffy,” she said tactfully, “but we’d rather skip it and take in the show at the Art Institute.”

Admittedly, Virginia Mayo does not look like a girl who peruses the Art Institute to the Pump Room, and the Warner Brothers representative was amazed, but like a good fellow he said nothing and drove the O’Sheas to Michigan Avenue.

In Virginia’s own words, “The Van Gogh paintings hit us like dynamite. The canvases were so vivid and exciting that we were speechless. We walked through the exhibition twice before we could express our feelings. Finally, we decided to buy a couple of reproductions.”

We settled on a print of a sun-drenched wheat field in blue still-life.

“By the time we got through buying the prints, we were really in danger of missing our train to New York, so we grabbed our pictures and ran out of the Institute. People turned and stared as if we were robbers.”

With the Van Gogh reproductions as inspiration, Virginia decided that it stop reminding you that you’d never be where you are if it wasn’t for them.

“Probably the most disheartening of all are some of your old friends who imagine you’ve forgotten them simply because you’ve become a star. Some of them actually get a perverse delight out of the thought that you’re too important for them now. But when you’re with them and try to act as naturally as you did in the old days they accuse you of patronizing them.

“I got one letter from an old friend that illustrates perfectly what I mean. I was closest boyhood buddy—in fact, my only buddy. We were so close that one day we cut our fingers with knives and held them together so that our blood mingled. We swore then and there that we were blood brothers forever and ever.

“So what happens? I see two years later and I get a letter: ‘Dear Tony—or should I call you Bernie?—I wonder if you’ll remember me?’

“It threw me off my feed for a whole week. People seem to think that if you’re a success the most important requisite is that you forget your old friends. Actually, they think that you’ll imagine that just because you’re doing well you’ll forget them. Do I make myself clear?

“Perfectly.”

He knelt his brows and thought a while. “I’ve been very fortunate,” he said finally, “and some day, if it ever blows up, I’ll think nothing of going back and opening a shoe shining business in—Er—If I can find a good spot and saying, ‘Okay, I’ve had it—I’ve touched success. And now I’m happy.’

Janet phoned again, just then. The ‘I love you I love you I love you’ routine began. Then, ‘Okay, honey, knockwurst and beans for dinner, and you’ll cook ‘em. I love you I love you I love you. Real crazy!’

He hung up with a smile on his face and winked at me.
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was just about time to remodel the house Mike had originally bought for his horse. So they knocked out halls, pushed back walls, made one large, beamless living room. They paneled the dining room, added a fireplace, gave Mike a new set of personally planned closets, and added a kitchen that has every conceivable appliance—a garbage disposal and dishwasher, a ventilator fan over the stove which keeps the room free of cooking odors, a large freezer and refrigerator, and every gadget from Mixmaster to Toastmaster.

For herself, Virginia ordered a large dressing room and bath as an addition to her bedroom. The dressing room is separated from the bedroom by louvered doors which can be closed when she's dressing or when she wants to hide her sewing clutter. Virginia's sewing machine is one of her proudest possessions and stands in a corner of the room near her mirrored and marble dressing table.

Many of the large architectural changes in the O'Shea home were made while Virginia was abroad working in Captain Horatio Hornblower. She spent her time away from the camera working out decoration plans to put into action later.

A week after she returned to Hollywood, Virginia had her living room walls painted chocolate brown to match the chocolate carpet. When the beamed ceiling was white and ordered an overall, three-piece sectional sofa so large that she, Mike, and Duke, her Boston terrier, can stretch out full length without being crowded. The couch is in a direct vision line to the television set.

The large, comfortable living room is well-stocked with books and records. And on one wall there is a larger-than-life painting of Virginia. It shows her as Lady Barbara, the character she played in the Hornblower picture, and it was given to her by the studio as a token of gratitude.

If you ask Virginia where she acquired her furniture, she will tell you candidly that she bought the new pieces at Barker Brothers, Los Angeles' big furniture store in "a trained decorator's style," she admits, "and I didn't know how my decorating ideas would work out. The safest way to test them was to buy furniture through a large store and have all pieces that didn't fit were returned. Those that did, stayed. You can't engage in that sort of practice with custom-made pieces."

Virginia's own room is furnished very simply. The draperies originally hung in the old dining room. Except for a double bed and some table lamps, the only other pieces in the room are an easy chair and a small desk.

Mike's room is about as Western as you can get without being in a saddle. Virginia decorated it while Mike was on location in Arizona. She filled it with western furniture, Navajo rugs and red wall paper. When Mike returned home, his wife had him close his eyes and guided him into the room. He took one long hard look, then grabbed Virginia and kissed her very "Lassie, from Brooklyn," he said, "always wanted to be a cowboy." Which is why Virginia always smiles when she says, "Mike proposed and won me with a house he bought for a horse!"

(Continued from page 43) "Know-nothing" on Jane Russell.

We, therefore, must begin from scratch. In the first place, no camera has ever done her justice. Through the cold crystal eye of a lens Jane Russell is a sultry wench with hot, brooding eyes, a mass of jet, unruly hair, a kissable mouth, a nose with nostrils that tend to flare at the sight of a male. This is not her. Her complexion is creamy and outdoorsy. Her eyes are dark and thoughtful. They snap or smile, and if they're not happy, you can see it in her features. Her features are classic, thin and sensitive and her nose crinkles into a grin and never flares at anything.

Even when the camera is focused on that portion of her anatomy which has made her most famous, it exaggerates a quite normal symmetry of design into an RKO trade mark.

When the Las Vegas situation developed into such headlines, Modern Screen decided to break a precedent and talk to Jane to clarify the true personality of this movietown enigma.

We dispensed with the eye because it was well when we spoke to her, and began with the figure.

"Does it bother you," we asked, "hearing all the jokes that are made about your anatomy?"

"No," she said, "it just bores me."

"But don't you realize," we pressed, "that your proportions have become something of a trade mark?"

"Sure," she said, "it's like the label on a can of tomatoes."

That answer should settle once and for all the question of anger on the part of either one of the Waterfields over allusions to Jane's figure. It is a dull part of the routine of being a movie star—but Jane and Bob realize that they're stuck with it.

A great deal has been written about Jane Russell and religion. It has been intimated that she is something close to saintly in private life, but religious scruples are an organization of social gatherings as Billy Graham. It has been said that she formed a group of Hollywood stars and executives into a sectarian force that met weekly, or oftener; one of the town's largest circles in religious revivals. That is not true. Jane Russell is neither saintly nor a revivalist. She confesses frankly to a quiet belief, also confesses to a glint in her eye, that she gets a bit of plain fun into her life. She has attended and probably still does attend an occasional service with the Hollywood Christian movement that received so much publicity, but she is not a steady member and most certainly not the founder.

These fabulous gatherings of celebrity, you read about me getting together," she says with a smile, "are anything but that. And it's odd that someone hasn't found it out before. The group I met with began way when we were all kids. It consists of my brothers, their wives and a few close friends, all of whom were a bit on the hellion side when we were kids. You see, we grew too fast and smoked too early and things like that. We meet at my house and we sit around on the floor in blue jeans. If you were to belong, you would think we were having a party. Well, we all decided that now we are grown up, a little religious education wouldn't hurt us, so we get together and have discussions and Bible readings—and it's fun.
too many interests and, according to her own admission, shows not enough on her course to become a fanatic.

"I'm a starter," she said. "I begin things but I never finish them. I started to paint—and never got very far with it. I even started to write," she laughed, "and always wound up whatever I was doing in the middle of a paragraph."

The papers would have you believe that Jane Russell is the victim of a one-child orphanage, and that she and her husband have every intention of assembling most of the unwanted children of the world in their own small nursery. Last year, however, European correspondents even got pretty ugly about it when the word spread that Jane didn't want all the kids that were offered to her for adoption on a trip abroad.

The truth is that right now Jane and Bob have in their home the adopted family they expect to wind up with. It consists of two children.

"Every girl has the idea," Jane said, "that I am the Mother Machtree type. Well, I'm not. I am not the sort of woman who can't resist putting a kid on the head in the street. And I certainly don't want every child I see. Bob and I feel deeply for the parentless children of Europe and this country and we like helping them, trying to place them with couples we know who are childless.

The incident of the trial adoption of the baby Jane brought back from London last year, although it will no doubt have a happy ending, is rather humorous. Jane happened to mention casually one day that she would like to adopt another child. It made the papers, and mail began pouring into her hotel offering her babies from all over the land. The phones were busy for days with parents asking Jane to take one of their kids.

The mother of one child, however, was more enterprising. She showed up at the hotel with an infant and managed to get to see Jane. When she showed the tot into Jane's arms and tearfully begged her to take it to America and raise it as her own, Jane was overcome and took the baby with her. When she got to Hollywood, she walked into the house with the kid in a set of new blankets and showed it to her husband.

"How did he take it?" we asked her.

"He didn't take it at all," Jane replied.

However, Bob Waterfield's attitude has changed and he is as fond of the little Irish lad as Jane is. The little boy will be reared as his son.

It is interesting that Jane's desire for a family is not a frantic one, as it so often is with a good many childless women.

"I guess," she said, "that it is because I was parents' pet. And when Bob and I built our house we just automatically put in space for children."

So, contrary to popular opinion, Jane Russell is not in contention of maintaining a foundling institute. The press just kept for granted that she did.

As for her career, Jane Russell is not the movie-struck girl that most motion pictures are. She looks upon pictures as a business—and when she leaves the sets at the end of a day, she forgets Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Jane sometimes feels she would rather be something else.

"I don't know exactly what," she said, "but I have a feeling that I would be equally as happy in another line of work. Making movies is hard work for me but there are real compensations such as the money and the nice people I've been thrown in with."

Her private life, too, is unusual for a movie star of her prominence and glamor. Bob Waterfield, her husband, is the boss, no question about it, and Jane refers to him as "my old man," a phrase brought on because when Jane gets through with a picture, Waterfield doesn't live her kind of life—she lives his. When he was in the service, Jane quit pictures and went with him as many other soldier's wives did. But she is on the road during the football season, with the Los Angeles Rams, Jane tags along as a football star.

Bob Waterfield, although he has a number of good friends in the film industry, prefers the company of football people. Not sports people, just the football clan. He lives football all the time. According to Jane, finds most other subjects dull.

"As a matter of fact," Jane said, "he is now beginning to worry what he's going to get into when he passes the age that a man should cut, and pass away. He has a keen mind and an analytical one. He doesn't care for coaching, so he'll have to find another outlet for the talent for strategy his years as a quarterback have developed."

Whatever it is that Bob Waterfield does, though, it is quite certain that it will not be a cushy job plucked from the fringes of his former career star.

It will be something that will still allow Jane to speak of him respectfully as "my old man."

Jane Russell is very much of a family girl. She is fiercely fond of her mother and brothers and all the in-laws and children. All told are nine grandchildren in the Russell clan. Her brothers are sturdy men making their own way in the world on their own. Two of them have not the slightest interest in movies. The other two, though, would like to be in pictures—"though we never talk about it." Whenever the opportunity arises. But unlike a good many young Hollywood hopefuls, they don't sit around growing worldy waiting for the right role or the right company. They have families—and they are busy at other occupations between movie roles.

"They're pretty sensible about that," Jane says admiringly. "When there's nothing doing in the studios, they get jobs in service stations or driving trucks."

It would be a disservice to Jane Russell to write an analytical study of her without mentioning the one that has made her one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood. It is a quality difficult to describe because it is almost masculine, and that is pretty hard to tag onto a girl as exquisitely feminine as Jane.

The Las Vegas incident—and the contention that if the reporters had asked Jane Russell how she got the shiner she'd have told them, is a good way to begin describing it. She has a basic honesty that will not allow her to lie to escape a result. It is masculine in a sense, because it is based on a fearlessness found usually in boys. Jane ended up their sentence with, "So make the most of it!" Jane Russell is the kind of person who would say just that. Consequently, there are no pictures of her pictures. She does the best she can in front of cameras—and she has not time for the usual "protection" of scenes and billings, etc., that seem to make up such an important part of the average star's life in film. And she has no time for people who pretend. Lay it on the line and you get with
Russell. In the main, even the greatest complainers get to like this. There is in Jane Russell a tremendous humor. She is kid when not being leer at by a paid villain for a picture, she is a cut-up rather than a femme fatale. Horseplay is fun to Jane and so are somewhat funny jokes which are a part of easygoing laughter get together. We have, then, in Jane Russell, a mystery woman devoid of mysteries. A movie star, famed for religious crusades who wouldn’t think of it, and who, instead, placidly practices a set of religious rules that are based on the simple principles that she is force-willed as she was could use a few thoughts along the spiritual line.

The next time you read a story in the newspapers about Jane Russell the appearance of a bit far-fetched don’t buy it completely. Just say to yourself, “Now why don’t those reporters ask Jane herself about it? She'll tell you the truth—for sure.”

ava fights back

(Continued from page 37). And the people who heard his laughed, and spread the crack around.

Or Columbia Records releases a new Sinatra disc, “I Hear A Rhapsody,” and the voice is the way it always was, but someone thinks it’s clever to say, “Why do they waste that gorgeous hit on a guy who doesn’t have it any more.”

This kind of smearing has gotten to be a habit, and a sort of nasty game. People apparently want to see how much the Sinatas can take before they crack. When the newlyweds flew to Europe recently to attend a Command Performance and entertain American troops in Weisbaden, they were accused of battling from here to Germany and home again, and of ruining the performance by being wet blankets. The fact is that they spent all their spare time in Germany entertaining soldiers went by the board without any comment. That kind of information just wouldn’t fit in with the rest of the picture that’s being painted.

The Sinatas can take criticism, as the past few months have shown, but now they’re fighting back in their subtle way. It may be that before the public sees them as the honest, decent people they really are, but they’ll come into their own again because they have to; they’re on the right side.

Five or six years ago when Frank was earning a million dollars a year and handing out $150 gold cigarette lighters to every Tom, Dick, and Harry, he was considered a wonderful little fellow. When he preached against racial and religious intolerance, he was held up as a progressive, patriotic American. When he made Anchors Aweigh, he was called the “brightest star in the MGM constellation of luminaries.”

When, unpublicized, he paid the hospital bills for Mildred Bailey, his office boy, and half a dozen others, even his detractors admitted that he was a generous man. He was invited to the White House, exclusive country clubs in the country’s most private hotels in America; everyone who was anyone sought his friendship, and more than 200 fan clubs saw to it that he never received less than 1000 letters a day. Girls swooned and cried when he crooned, night clubs offered him $50,000 for a week’s work, and symphony orchestras pleaded with him to sing if only for one night.

How come that within the short span of two years, people are laughing away at his reputation with all the energy they’d use to tear down a skyscraper.

The most popular reason offered is that Sinatra made a mistake by being honest enough to leave his first wife because he had stopped loving her, rather than stay around and make both their lives miserable. He left all right, but he was willing to turn over to Nancy one third of his annual income up to $150,000 and 10% of everything above that. And nobody can keep him away from his children whom he visits two or three times a week.

This is no attempt to white-wash Frank Sinatra. Undoubtedly, he has plenty of faults and has committed many indiscretions. He has from time to time surrounded himself with a band of incredibly seedy characters. He is chronically allergic to sensible advice. He is stubborn and temperamental, but insofar as the American public is concerned, he has given them hundreds of hours of fine entertainment. It is lampentable to think that he is now being dragged down into a mine of ill-feeling, and that his talent, which is still considerable, is a target for ridicule.

Contrary to garbled reports originating on the street, Sinatra’s voice is not completely gone. It is still very much in evidence.

Have you seen and heard him in Meet Danny Wilson? His voice was never better. His acting has charm, and quick wit. Yet the local Hollywood dormitories were so depressed that he was prepared to take in the movie with a laugh—of derision.

Not long ago, Frank was sitting in his office on South Robertson Boulevard in Beverly Hills. He was talking with one of his television writers. Taking inventory of his position, and thinking about the past few months, Frank became justifiably depressed.

His office building was up for sale. His television program couldn’t attract a sponsor. He hadn’t had a good-selling record in over a year. Universal had shoved back the release date on Meet Danny Wilson, a picture in which he had worked for no salary but a percentage of the profits. His three children were polite to him but not particularly enthusiastic about his new wife. He was $40,000 in the hole. There was an even-money chance of CBS cancelling his TV show by June of this year. His fans made a tremendous effort to save him, and many of his old friends had deserted him. The 200 Sinatra Fan Clubs had dwindled to four. He felt that the Palm Springs house should be completely done over after all, what wife wanted to be reminded of her predecessor? But where was the money coming from?

It all seemed so staggering, that Frank leaned back in his chair and said, “Boy, I can’t get to get moving.

But for the first time in his life, Frank Sinatra loses his beat. No human being can stand up forever as punching bag to the world, and that afternoon Frank knew it. He came perilously close to breaking down.

Fortunately for him, he has a resilient nature and has since bounced back.

That same afternoon seven miles away, in the Pacific Palisades house she had rented from dance director Bob Alton, Ava Sinatra was feeling none too well herself. She was on lay-off, earning no money (she works only 40 weeks a year) and staring about when the studio would cast her in another Show Boat. Critics who had seen her in Pandora and Lone Star had criticized her films as adequate vehicles but not more than that. Ava thought they might cast her. She had just turned down parts in three different pictures.
During her romance with Frank the studio tycoon said she was too happy. Fortunately for her, she had many journalist and photographer friends, and they saw her through this trying period. They urged her on magazine covers and planted dozens of well-written articles about her activities.

It was Dore Schary who took her out of the doghouse. He cast her in nothing but "A" pictures and ordered the publicity boys to go all-out on a Gardner build-up campaign.

But as Ava began turning down scripts, the studio decided that she was being unduly influenced by her new husband, and that she should be forced to play sides, and was afraid. This was inordinately that he 

Continued

Charley he MCA. As a result, Ava began getting a small Nichols Canyon home to her sister Bippet. Frank had given his Holmby Hills house to Nancy. The only house left to the newlyweds was the Palm Springs mansion which was in the midst of being re-done, and the re-doing was costing a mint.

In addition to all of this, Ava seemed to feel that there was no future in Hollywood and was anxious to have her marriage founder on the rocks, as to say, "See, I told you it wouldn't last."

That night, Ava and Frank worked out a designer dress for her. They decided to leave town. They would fly away from Los Angeles where they were known, and then journey to Palm Springs. They would fly first to Palm Springs, then to Manhattan, and then to the desert. It worked for a while—very long—a month or so. Then the stories started anew. Frank had cut out on Ava. Ava had walked out on Frank. They were fighting like a pair of desert rats. Frank was washed-up, so finished that CBS had him down to $3,000 a week, and Ava was borrowing money from his agent, MCA.

As for Ava, she had had enough. She was moving back with her sister, maybe going back to some in Texas, maybe asking Charley Feldman to get her out of her contract with the studio.

None of this was true. None of it is true. But at last long, instead of doing nothing, Frank and Ava had decided to fight back. A few weeks ago, for example, a Hollywood press agent called Sinatra down at the desert. "You know how terrible your public relations are," he said to the publicist diplomatically. "What you need is someone who is like me to put you right with the fans."

Don't worry," Frank said good-natured. "I'll work it out."

In contrast to former days, Frank wasn't truculent, or aggressive, he was simply confident that he could win his public how casual can he get?

(Continued from page 41) something to Bob, but Bing did not realize how Hope felt. Well, the old Hollywood grapevine be- gan to hum and it soon came to Bing's ears that Bob was hurt. This upset him. Bing is inordinately fond of Bob. How to apologize? How to make amends? He waited until he ran into Bing casually one day and then he said, "About that dinner. Well, I was awfully wrong thing."

And then, grinning at Bob, he added, "Besides, I wasn't hungry that night."

That did it. Bob understood this was an apology and took it as such. And they are the best of friends again.

The autograph seekers get sore at Bing every now and again. At a recent football game, for instance, they started crowding around and yelling, and Bing told them to go to their seats, he wasn't signing a single book. This seems to be a display, and he's worried lest someone will think he enjoys that "A can't let-my-public-down" attitude. Besides, he had come to see a football game. And so, after all, he didn't do much else. But on his way back, long after the disgruntled kids had gone to their seats, Bing, a little girl waiting by his car asked for his autograph. This was up Bing's alley—one child who did not obstruct the view.

There is absolutely no harm in his character. When he was asked, "How does it feel to know that more people have heard your voice than that of any other man?" he answered, "So much, if true. But it's just Decca publicity." And in evaluating his acting ability (he won an Academy Award for his performance in "Gone With The Wind"),
Award, not for singing, but for acting in "Going My Way," he said, "I believe I'm a fair actor when I'm playing a character who is like Bing Crosby. Any other assignment I can't handle at all, so I'm an actor." Bing Crosby and as Bing Crosby he doesn't impress himself. He doesn't even keep a scrapbook (he never has). Naturally, his office contains pictures of his two brothers, and his mementos of keep clippings, but Bing just "doesn't go for that name-in-the-paper" routine.

Yet, once when he was in Canada he rode down a little town in Vermont called St. Albans. On his way back to New York when his train passed through St. Albans, and would Bing accept a jug of Vermont cheese? He did, and it has since become a newspaper reporter arranged for the stopover and, in en masse, the citizens arrived at the station. The mayor made a speech as the syrup was wasted in what were let, and one could see Bing. "I'm very big in St. Albans," he says, proudly.

But he'll turn down a formal banquet attended by the most important dignitaries in the country.

He'll give a national magazine writer the run around (if there's something more pleasant to do like playing golf) being here will pose in bad with a cup of coffee and doughnut and let the reporter read "The face most conducive to dudgeon," to help out an old friend who's just opened a restaurant.

For years the Hollywood Women's Press Club has voted him the most uncoopera-
tive actor in Hollywood. They finally picked on somebody else, so Bing just grinned and said: Wouldn't send the press girls insulting wires, or mend his ways by becoming available for interviews and photographs. You call imagine that constellation reigns when at last year's HWPC's Christmas party the new Santa Claus turned out to be Bing Crosby! The girls demanded to know how it had happened. What was his personal gesture was this?

It was discovered that one of the members had happened to bump into Bing on the street and told him she thought it was a funny gag. "Sure," Bing said, "I'll do it."

Later when he was asked why he had come to the party where he was such anathema, he said that he would have come long time before but nobody ever asked me."

Bing is not lazy, he is simply relaxed. As he says, "There's not so much accomplished by economy in circles."

He is orderly and methodical. He arises at seven in the morning, eats a big breakfast, writes letters and makes personal appearances by ten. Then he makes his telephone calls. He is always prompt and expects other people to be.

When Bill Morrow first came to work as Bing's press agent he said, "Bill was prone to breeze into the gag meeting from fifteen minutes to a half hour late. He soon learned that this was not going down well. It was not so much as his personal appearance. As he stopped that he learned to be strictly on time. But Bing still remembers and will say, "We'll set up the meeting for nine-thirty so Bill will be here by ten."

Despite the fact that the Crosby enterprises are vast—everything from a pocket-sized breath freshener to his own ranching, but Bing does not consider himself a good business man. He allocates authority to those who know how to accept it. When he was asked "how to sell" anything, he said, "First I owe a bit of money and besides, 109 there are a good many people who, in actual behavior belies this. His as yet unreleased record, Paramount's Just For You made in record time, are all his films. His radio show is performed with the "running around in circles" at least running in circles. It was the lack of perfection that made him the first person to put a big radio show on tape and have it rebroadcast on the designated night. The network had taped stuff before. Wouldn't the public complain when they learned their talent was not performing at that exact moment? Bing thought not. And Bing was right: when he knows he's right. For the advantages of tape are many, even to the listening audience, the main one being that any performance that is done at night can be re-recorded. All the performers were with Bing for, to them, it meant doing shows ahead of time so they could have an occasional break.

It was known in radio circles as "the battle of the tape." But by being a quiet fighter—no scenes, no screams—Bing won. In his picture of binge will never do what he believes is wrong and according to every man who has ever directed him, "Bing has an unerring instinct for knowing what is right for him."

"I want to keep it simple," is his motto.

A simple, well-ordered life gives him more time to spend on his 25,000-acre, well-organized Nevada cattle ranch, more time to travel. And there's always golf.

So why should he complicate his life with TV? Does he really want to be a star?

He wants his four boys to know the value of a buck but he also wants them to know the rewards of generosity. In his own words this is not for the faint of heart: "I'd like to be justifiably proud of our sons."

Light-hearted as he is, there is one thing that really upsets him. Bing, of course, knows how his mother, now a nun in school are not too good or if he hears that they have been boastful. There are two types that Bing cannot abide—a bragart and gossip. All the Crosby enterprises pervertedly have taken care that they are: well-rounded human beings, that they educate themselves to be what they want to be, that they learn to shift for themselves, that they develop. Not pig-headed nor big-headed, just level-headed." And when any of them falls short of this ideal Bing gets really mad.

Bing is a religious man. He believes in going to church (he is a Catholic) and does so himself as does his family, but if you are not a church-goer that's your business. To Bing, religion is one of the purest philosophies of living. And he puts his philosophy into practice. His philanthropies are many—and these are non-sectarian—but he doesn't like to be called a philanthropist. Although his most rewarding experience was, in his own words, "singing to our men overseas."

For all his methodical ways, for all his values, the charm of the man comes through when you really know Bing Crosby. Ask a group of newspaper people who went on a recent junket to Elko, Nevada, the hour after the screening of his film, Here Comes The Groom, and most of the press arrived with their typewriters ready to mop the man down. Bing began by winning their hearts and consciences both the men and women—and ended by harmonizing with the whole group.

But the interesting thing is that Bing doesn't deliberately set out to charm the press just because it amuses him to do so. He did not appear as Santa Claus at the Hollywood Women's Press Club because it delighted him. He said it would have come only if that was what he felt like doing.

In many ways Bing is the least complicated and best controlled actor around. Having no ham in him he does not wear his emotions on his sleeve. He is methodical and although he lived through, at one time, a severe personal tragedy there was never any breast beating. During a time in his life when he wore the same manner that has characterized him for years. Nobody but those closest to him, whom he consulted, knew he was less than well.

He never makes a snap decision, which is one of the reasons why he is a good craftsman, a good husband and a good father. In order to get that kind of approval for Bing you accept him as he is. You have to accept the fact that there are private places in his heart.

Once, someone put this question to Bing: "If someone asked you what Bing Crosby really like," what would you say?" He sucked on his pipe a minute, and then he said, "I've always seemed a pretty cold person to others." That's Bing's Crosby's estimate of himself. And, the funny thing is, he means it. The funnier thing is, he's the only fellow who, after having met Bing Crosby, would give that opinion.
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EXTRA! Rita Hayworth tells all to Louella Parsons

modern screen

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

the JUNE ALLYSON Story
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(2) Mail entries to: Lux Contest, P. O. Box 1920, New York 46, New York. All entries must be postmarked not later than June 15, 1952. Send as many entries as you wish. Include with each entry two wrappers from any size cake of Lux Toilet Soap. Each entry must be the original work of entrant submitted in own name. Use adequate postage.

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(4) Contest is open to all residents of continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees of Lever Brothers Company, its subsidiaries and associate companies, its advertising agencies and their families. Subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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JUNE, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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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 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 45, No. 1, June, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Ave., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle, St., Chicago, Ill. George T. DeLortucr, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albertr P. DeLortucr, Vice-President. Published simultaneously in the Dominon 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 Ares Convention. Single copy price 50c. Subscriptions one year, $2.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $5.00. Canadian Subscriptions one year, $2.50; two years, $6.50; three years, $10.00. Foreign, $3.50 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 1952 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unpatched 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.
JUNE

MGM
Movie of the Month Calendar.

"SCARAMOUCHE" starring STEWART GRANGER, ELEANOR PARKER, JANET LEIGH, MEL FERRER, brings to the screen Rafael Sabatini's swashbuckling story of the most fabulous adventurer in a romantic era! M-G-M's spectacular "Movie Of The Month" for June filmed in the glory of color by TECHNICOLOR!

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER in a musical gay as Paris... in color by TECHNICOLOR!
An eye-filling treat for July!

AUGUST

"IVANHOE" stars ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story enriched with color by TECHNICOLOR!
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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. Why is nothing ever mentioned about Gene Tierney's oldest daughter, Daria, who should be eight by now?—B.B., DORCHESTER, MASS.
A. Daria is in a boarding school in Pennsylvania.

Q. Is it true that Elizabeth Taylor paid for her own engagement ring?—V.C., KANSAS CITY, MO.
A. She advanced the money for it.

Q. How many times has Dick Powell been married and how many children does he have?—Y.D., DENVER, COLO.
A. Powell has been married three times, has four children, two of whom are his by adoption.

Q. How much does Mario Lanza weigh now?—T.R., NEWARK, N. J.
A. 167 pounds.

Q. I hear that Elizabeth Taylor and Alan Ladd are both Christian Scientists and that when Ladd was in the Army he refused to obey an order for the removal of his appendix. Is this truth or rumor?—A.S., NEW YORK, N. Y.
A. Truth.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire are really quite bald?—D.O., CHICAGO, ILL.
A. Yes.

Q. Does John Wayne have a nasty temper? Is that why he's so difficult to direct?—H. H., RALEIGH, N. C.
A. Wayne has a quick temper but takes direction easily.

Q. Does Doris Day bleach her hair?—B.C., CHARLESTON, S. C.
A. Yes.

Q. Does Jimmy Stewart have a clause in his contract which forbids the mentioning of his great war record? If so, why?—U.F., MEADE, PA.
A. Stewart refuses to trade on his outstanding Air Forces record, wants to be judged publicly only on his record as an actor.

Q. I understand that June Allyson gets a spending allowance of only $10 a week. How does she manage to live on that?—B. H., PATerson, N. J.
A. She seldom pays cash for anything, has all her bills paid by her business manager. Most of the $10 goes for tips.

Q. Is it true or just publicity that Betty Hutton reads the Bible before she goes to bed each night?—V. F., MOBILE, ALA.
A. Before she retires, Betty drinks a glass of milk, reads her Bible.

Q. How old is Bette Davis? How old is her husband, Gary Merrill? Isn't Betty the boss in this marriage because of her superior earning power?—E. V., PORTLAND, ME.
A. Bette is 44. Merrill is 37. He wears the pants.

Q. How come I hardly see photos any more of Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray and their children?—T.R., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
A. Mrs. MacMurray has been chronically ill for the past ten years. Because of that, the family does little socializing, absolutely no night-clubbing.

Q. What caused the split between Nancy Olson and Paramount?—T. L., PEORIA, ILL.
A. Nancy wants better parts.

Q. What happened to Marilyn Monroe's first husband?—R.L., DEL MAR, CALIF.
A. He committed suicide.

Q. I understand it cost Bob Taylor a fortune to divorce Barbara Stanwyck. How much did she settle for?—N. U., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
A. Their home valued at $100,000 and 15% of his gross income, annually.
It's the Growing-Up, Falling-In-Love Story of the "Cheaper-by-the-Dozen" Family!

They're learning about L-O-V-E, winning Charleston contests, filling home and heart with song and laughter and utter delight!

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on their
Toes
Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Also Starring
DEBRA
JEFFREY
EDWARD
PAGET-HUNTER-ARNOLD

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Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL  Directed by HENRY LEVIN  Screen Play by PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON

Based on the Book by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey
The 24th annual Academy Award night brought out an unprecedented number of celebrities. (Left to right) Ronald Colman; Humphrey Bogart, winner of the best actor award for his work in *The African Queen*; Greer Garson, who accepted the best actress statuette for Vivien Leigh, now performing on the Broadway stage; Danny Kaye, emcee of the ceremonies; Arthur Freed, winner of the Thalburg Memorial Award; Karl Malden, best supporting actor (*Streetcar Named Desire*); George Stevens, winning director of *A Place In The Sun*.

**BETTY HUTTON AND CHARLIE O'CURRAN ELOPE . . . CARLETON CARPENTER "MIXES"**

When Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran flew home from their Las Vegas elopement, Betty's little girls, Lindsay and Candy, met them at the door.

"Are you going to live here with us?" five-year-old Lindsay asked her brand new stepfather, Charlie said he was.

"You can set up a bed in our room," the little girl offered. "We know Mother likes to be alone." (!)

Betty certainly looked the part of the blooming bride at the champagne-and-cake reception at her home the afternoon following the elopement which surprised the natives and kept me up all night working on my scoop.

Her dress was white satin and she wore orchids in her hair and carried an orchid corsage.

"How does it happen that you come up with a white satin gown if you and Charlie got married on the spur of the moment?" I asked her.

"Oh, I bought this two years ago," she laughed, "—just in case!"

I have a hunch this marriage of Betty's
CHEMICALLY" WITH BARBARA RUICK . . . MARILYN MONROE GIVES A STRAIGHT ANSWER TO A CURVED QUESTION!

For one thing, Barbara understands Carleton's haphazard way of dating—a purely spontaneous thing. He says he never knows where he will be or what he'll be doing three hours later and can't make plans in advance. He likes to call a girl, ask her to go out, and then pick her up—just like that. He believes honesty is the best policy for a girl and boy—saves misunderstandings later on.

Looking Back Over "Oscar" Night: When Humphrey Bogart won, Lauren Bacall leaped from her seat as though she had been shot with electricity, also tripping Bogey before he got started down the aisle.

My girl, Jane Wyman, was a vision in pale lavender and so cute when she sang the prize winning "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" with Danny Kaye. (Bing Crosby was in San Francisco.)

Of the girls who appeared on the stage—Janice Rule's lovely white chiffon gown with its "smoke" colored bodice and overskirt was voted tops.

Too many of the girls tried to pull a Marion Hutton and wore black gowns when they made the presentations. Zsa Zsa Gabor's skirt was slit even higher than Dietrich's—but it didn't rate the wolf whistles "grandma" got with hers.

Leslie Caron loped onto the stage. The little French girl is a fine dancer—but she ain't much of a walker!

Eleanor Parker was the most beautiful "loser"—and by far the most gracious in applauding the decision to Vivien Leigh.

Shelley Winters just nudged Vittorio Gassman. And how come she wasn't wearing a smibch of makeup—not even lipstick?

Carleton Carpenter surprised the sidewalk jitterbugs by showing up with Joan Evans instead of Barbara Ruick.

Arlene Dahl's floating pink Fontonka gown was the loveliest of the evening.

Debbie Reynolds sat where I could watch her and every time a winner was announced she'd yell, "Oh, Gee!"

Montgomery Clift, all dressed up in black tie, was with the Kevin McCarthy—but Monty didn't look disappointed. He hadn't expected to win. (Continued on next page)
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FREE
OF EXTRA COST

When you buy a 59¢ jar of
5-day deodorant pads
the daintiest way to daintiness ever!

Just pat with a pad and your perspiration problems are over.

No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad... then throw it away!

8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested! Yet 5-day pads can't affect clothes or normal skin. Guaranteed to stay moist, in the jar indefinitely.

Discover 5-day pads today... and get your FREE Kreml Shampoo. Offer for limited time only!

Once you try them... you'll always buy them.

“We Powers Models use only Kreml Shampoo” says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it at no cost today... in this special offer!

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants, pay only 2¢ on 25¢ size... 4¢ on 59¢ size... 5¢ on $1.00 size.
It was all around them! A dead man's curiously twisted smile, a still-heard echo in a hidden catacomb, a glowing bed of fiery jewels! Here treasure-hunt flared into man-hunt—turning a torrid corner of the tropics into flame!

**WARNER BROS: THRILL-SWEEP TROPICAL ADVENTURE!**

SCREEN PLAY BY N. RICHARD NASH  Music by Max Steiner • DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS • PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART
What's what with Scott Brady and Susan Bodi? No comment from them, but they've been seen around town a lot lately, here with George Fisher.

Arlene Dahl's dreamy pink gown walked off with "prettiest" award on Oscar night. Lex Barker agreed but kept getting tangled up in it.

Bette Davis with her new poodle cut, and Gary Merrill resplendent in a plaid dinner jacket, wore a snappy tuxedo at Zapata premiere.

Many people will say that Marilyn Monroe did wrong in posting in the nude for an art calendar several years ago when she was broke. But she did right in admitting that the picture is hers. "I was broke," Marilyn explains, "and when Tom Kelly, the artist-photographer, told me that he had an order for a nude art study and that his wife, Natalie, would be present throughout the sitting—well, I just couldn't turn down the money.

"When the calendar was circulated, my studio almost had a fit. Some of my friends advised me to deny to my last breath that I had posed for the picture. They even said I should say I had posed only for the head and that it had been pasted on a nude body. "But, heck" sighed Marilyn, philosophically, "it looks like my body, too. I just decided to be honest about the whole thing and pretty soon people will forget about it, I think."

Marilyn may not be the brainiest blonde in town—but she's honest and she's sincerely trying to make a successful career for herself. Since she clicked, she hasn't played the nightclub circuits with a different beau every night, either.

Her only serious date recently has been Joe DiMaggio, who seems to have a real crush on her. Whether or not Marilyn returns the interest, I don't know. I do know—she is the perfect doll for 20th Century-Fox to star in the story of Jean Harlow when the platinum blonde's career is made into a movie.

Nobody recognizes Tony Dexter in public. Saw him dancing with his wife at the Cocoanut Grove the other night and when he tripped slightly a bobbysoxer at the next table said, "Who's that man who looks like an actor who almost fell down! I!

This goes to prove what I've said all along—Tony's makeup as Valentine changed his natural appearance more than anyone thought. He's a wheel of good roles using his own face before he begins to be greatly petted by the autograph hounds.

P.S. Believe it or not—Tony is still No. 1 man in my Modern Screen fan mail!

Jean Pierre Aumont still looks so very sad but he tells me he finds comfort in talking about Maria Montez with all the people who knew her.

"I used to try to avoid talking about her," he said. "But now it is relief to my heart."

Seems I run into the Walter Pidgeons at every dinner party I attend. They are about the most popular dinner guests I know. That's because Walter is always so gay and makes a point of being pleasant to everyone.

After dinner was over—by at least three hours—the canyon in the still pouring rain came Hedy Lamarr—and surprise, surprise—there wasn't a single complaint out of Hedy, even about the weather. Luscious Lamarr is usually having more troubles than the old lady in the shoe—with her children, or her career, or a husband, or a husband, or a husband, or a husband, or a husband.

Yes, we all had a very gay time at the Nelson's. During the regime of FDR, Donald was a top official in Washington and he and Valerie, his pretty English wife, are very popular in our town.

When Hedy Lamarr finally went into court to divorce Ted Stuuffer, hotel operator, she charged him with beating her. This, indeed, came as a surprise, for when they separated Hedy said it was "just one of those things"—no bitterness on either side. She told me his business activities kept him in Mexico and her interests were in Hollywood.

As surprising as her charges were—Ted was eager to have the marriage ended as Hedy—so he put up no defense.

Now Hedy, the Beautiful, is free to take on Husband No. 5 if she is so minded.

Might be director Stanley Rubin, who has also courted Gloria Graham and Coleen Grey. But, by the time this is in print, somebody else will probably be Husbond Man in Hedy's heart.

The Letter Box: "Leona," of Detroit, who is 15, written: "I can understand Elizabeth Taylor falling in love with and marrying an older man like Michael Wilding. I'm in love with Michael Rennie!"

Helen Baker writes: "Hasn't Frank Sinatra had about enough bad luck? Let's start printing some nice things about Frankie." I agree—enough's enough and Frankie has certainly had it.

Vivian Westmoreland, Cincinnati, doesn't believe that Dale Robertson got only milk. It isn't the only thing Dale drinks, Vivian, but it's his staple—five quarts a day!

Well, guess that just about winds us up. That's all for now. See you next month!
Top secret—your hair gleams and shimmers like silk, it has the excitingly smooth feel of silk, it shines with a soft silky blaze, when you shampoo with gentle Drene. (Sh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silken your hair!)

DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair...as it cleanses!

GET DRENE TODAY!
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".


Betty's RADIANT WITH MIDOL
All Drugstores have Midol

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Make a bet that Betty Hutton's new marriage will be every bit as tempestuous as her previous one—and for no other reason except that Betty LOVES excitement. At the press conference following her wedding to Charlie O'Curran she told me, "I met Charlie seven months ago, when he was directing my dances in Somebody Loves Me. We fought like cats and dogs. And the more I fought with him the more I loved him!"...The Dale Robertson's expect their baby in June. If it's a boy, Dale won't let Jackie name him Junior. Says he: "It's too presumptuous."...Mona Freeman will unveil her new glamorous personality any picture now. She left Paramount, after a nine-year contract there, because she was tired of playing little girl roles.

Aly Khan's household help at Chateau de l'Horizon has been notified to expect a visit from Princess Rita sometime this summer. But his lawyer went back to France with this word from La Hayworth: "Let me think about it. I want to make up my own mind about a divorce or reconciliation"...Meanwhile, Rita's whirl with Kirk Douglas, after his brief romance with Gene Tierney, rocked Hollywood. Odds aren't too good, however, on the Rita-Kirk kindling continuing, since his children are coming out to spend the summer with him...And here's another hot one: Oleg Cassini wants to make it a third try with Miss Tierney. His argument: "A successful Hollywood marriage, where the wife is a movie star, includes a husband who is willing to humble himself and wait on her hand and foot." Oleg's willing!...Her parents objected strongly to Joan Evans' romance with handsome, young, used-car dealer Kirby Weatherly, who used to be an actor, to no avail. This one's a real sizzler...Will Deanna Durbin ever make a picture again? She writes from France: "Never happier, just singing lullabies to my baby."

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Talking with John Agar at a party in Beverly Hills, I found him a tripe on the unhappy side about several writers who have been sniping at him because of his brush with the Los Angeles Traffic Department almost a year ago and a brief stay (less than two months) at the Sheriff's Honor Farm. This criticism has cost him several good movie jobs, since they implied he was unreliable. But John hasn't touched anything stronger than a coke since then! Also, he has been almost painfully punctual for interviews and whatever else has been asked of him—and, in his desire to be completely cooperative, has gone in for publicity promotions from which he once studiously shied.

Some writers have implied that John was angered with his former wife, Shirley Temple, for taking their baby across the country to Washington, D.C. John refutes it with, "Where else should a little girl be but with her mother?" One "reporter" wrote that John's wife, the former Loretta Barnett, was older than he and a one-time starlet, and that his actions had brought disgrace on Hollywood—none of which is true. And John, who has been remarkably patient about this shoddy treatment in the press, (Continued on page 14)
afraid I'll turn out to be like his own sister! Maybe the things they say about her are true. But if you don't love your husband... and you're crazy about somebody else... haven't you got a right to do something about it? Like Mae did! My guy's afraid that maybe I'd act the same. And you know something? Maybe I would... maybe I would..."

JERRY WALD & NORMAN KRASNA PRESENT
BARBARA STANWYCK · PAUL DOUGLAS
ROBERT RYAN · MARILYN MONROE

CLASH BY NIGHT

with
J. CARROL NAISH · KEITH ANDES · Produced by HARRIET PARSONS · Directed by FRITZ LANG · Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES
BASED ON THE PLAY BY CLIFFORD ODETS
said that several times he was on the verge of chucking the acting game and going into the job he always wanted before he came to Hollywood—a golf professional... Maybe it’s the time the tearer-downers let John alone. He has proved he’s a regular guy, has learned his lesson, and should be given a fair opportunity to regain his former status in movies.

Ann Blyth presented Dick Clayton with a pair of St. Genesius cufflinks (St. Genesius is the patron saint of actors) when he quit being an actor to be an agent for other actors... Linda Darnell and Pepe Marley celebrated the finalization of their divorce decree by dining together... Cutest couple of the month: Joan Bennett and Gary Crosby... Second cutest: Susan Zanuck and Rock Hudson... Lana and Lamas tore back from a Palm Springs rendezvous in her white Jaguar convertible, which still bears the initials LTT (the last T for TOPPING!) on the door... Joan Bennett and her ex-husband, Gene Markey, have been getting sparkier and sparkier.

**SKIRMSHLES OF THE MONTH:**

U-I stopped Peggy Dow’s pay-checks—because her honeymoon just wouldn’t stop!... Andre De Toth packed the three kids to Veronica Lake in New York, prior to their divorce, and moved in with his mother... Errol Flynn refused to let Pat Wymore puncture her earlobes for earrings. He just doesn’t like punctured earlobes!

The big squabble between Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, aside from the $8,000 she claims her ex-husband owes her for furniture from their house and tax money that she loathed, centers on daughter Deborah. Bill refused to let his daughter accompany her mother to Europe for some picture-making there... I hear their respective bosses aren’t too happy about those home movies Tony Curtis and Jerry Lewis have been making... Icecles—but Icecles!—when Jane Wyman attended a party with Travis Kiefer and either smubbed or just plain didn’t see—I dunno which—Diane Garrett, who used to go to parties with Kiefer... The only trouble I’ve been able to discern in the Ruth Roman-Morty Hall household is that he likes to live in New York and she likes Hollywood... One fan yelled “Shell Gas?” when Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman showed up at the Viva Adams! prem... But isn’t that Vittorio the quiet one? Shell kept prodding him and muttering, “Say something to me—people are watching!”

His friends say that Franchot Tone’s devotion to his sons is greater, much greater, than any love he’s ever had for Barbara Payton—so much so that ex-wife Jean Wallace made a firm stand for full custody. “He spoils the boys terribly,” Jean said, “by giving them $10 or $20 every time he sees them.”

**QUICK QUOTES:**

Loretta Young: “When I went to school the only thing I understood about figures was that they’re good to hang clothes on.”... Betty Grable, when I asked her how she prepared for her role in the Farmer Takes A Wife: “I attended the County Fair last summer”... Jan Sterling’s line of snazzy dialog, directed towards Tony Curtis in Flesh And Fury: “Mother told me never to sell myself cheap, ’cause I’ll never hit the jackpot that way!”... Joa Crawford: “I have been reported dating Scott Brady and feuding with Gloria Graham while we were shooting Sudden Fear. But when you’re making an independent picture you haven’t time for sex or feuds—and I resent it because both make for a happy life!”... Ava Gardner: “I should have married sooner. I’d be a mother by now”.

**ODDS BODKINS:**

The only two charge accounts Marilyn Monroe has in town are at bookstores. What does she do—decorate her apartment with dust jackets? Monroe has a new vocation: designing costumes for Hollywood’s new little theatre group, The Gallery Players... All of a sudden there isn’t a more conscientious actor at 20th than Dan Dailey, and what’s brought on the change I wouldn’t be for knowing... Checking through my files I found that Mickey Rooney directed Alde Ray’s first picture, My True Story, two years ago at Columbia. Ray, the town’s new rave leading man, played a bit as a chauffeur in that one... Tin plate on the door of Walter Wanger’s bungalow at Monogram Studio: “No Peddlers Or AGENTS”... Penny Edwards left Republic and got a new contract at 20th because she was fed up with riding and never getting any love scenes in Rep’s Westerns. So what happens? Her first picture at 20th is Ty Power’s Pony Soldier, in which she rides, rides, RIDES and has never a love scene!... Did you too notice that Katie Hepburn’s hair seemed to get redder and redder as The African Queen unrolled? In Bing Crosby started an ice cream company. Now you can see him (movies), hear him (radio), spin him (records), breathe him (cold cure) and smear him on your kid’s hands. Jonas Schrift, Shelly’s pop, said his daughter in A Place In The Sun at the Academy Award Theatre. When the canoe tipped over and Shelly drowned he left the theatre because as far as he was concerned the picture was over!... Mary Livingstone fainted in Palm Springs recently. As Jack Benny rushed to her side a teenager ran up to him and thoughtlessly squeaked, “Mr. Benny, kin I have your autograph?”... Ava Gard-
How you can be a Beauty Queen

—try a Perma-lift girdle in the perfect length for you

Wherever you go whatever you do, you'll look like a queen in a "Perma-lift"* brand new, grand new Girdle. This tummy smoothing, hip rounding, little bit of daintiness is—oh—so blissfully easy to wear. Most important, too, it is styled in three lengths—Short, Average and Tall—so you can be sure, whatever your size, it will stay put always. Your favorite corsetiere can fit you perfectly, so see her as soon as you can. At an—easy on the pocketbook—price, the Girdle $5.00, matching Pantie $5.95, in Snowy White.

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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!

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!

hollywood report continued

Bing stflower's scenes in Snows Of Kilimanjaro with Greg Peck took two weeks of shooting, during which time she meets her hero, marries him, becomes pregnant, loses the bably, hunts a rhinoceros, goes to war—and dies! Stewart Granger ordered a new British midget car for his own Jeannie Simmons, same color as his . . . Northern California newspaper headline: "Ava Gardner's 3d Husband Arrives in Town."

HOME FIRES BURNING:
Bob and Dorothy Mitchum called the baby Petrina, after Bob's grandmother . . . Sue and Alan Ladd celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary by giving each other gun racks. You heard me. Gun racks . . . Frankie calls Ava "my lil' ol' Southern cavn lone" . . . Ava calls Frankie "my Old Man" . . . This is the way Tony Curtis answers the phone at home: "Hungarian underground!" . . . Arlene Dahl reports that she and Sexy Lexy saw The Blue Veil and decided to raise a family! . . . The Barbara Rush-Jeffery Hunter heir is due in August.
Joanne Dru leased Carole Lombard's old house on Beverly Drive and swears it's having an effect on her career: "I actually find myself bouncing around on the set like Carole used to in pictures!" . . . "Matronly" is the way returnees from Rome describe Ingrid Bergman. And Greg Bautzter has secured a $22,000 refund from the Government for her, in back income taxes—all of it airmailed post-haste to Italy . . . Bing escorted his Dixie to Don Loper's and bought her 18 Easter outfits . . . Barbara Perry, Bette Davis' sister, is now handling Bette's fan mail. She inherited the job from Bridge Price, Bette's secretary for 20 years. . . . Dana Andrews' oldest son will report to the Army when he graduates at Hollywood High in June . . . Danny Thomas has spent $100,000 remodeling his old-fashioned Spanish house (it cost $35,000) in Beverly Hills . . . Rocky Cooper had the final word when Patricia Neal went to Europe: "Gary should enjoy a period of bachelorhood. Then we'll see what happens."

TIME TABLES:
The time table scanners are all focussing on Liz Taylor, whose American dollars financed her honeymoon with Mike Wilding in Switzerland and who mentioned three times in one overseas interview how much she wants children . . . But no matter how you slice it, Liz and Mike LOOK like two very-much-in-love people . . . Cary Grant and Greg Peck are both playing 18-year-olds—Cary in Darling, I am Growing Younger, Greg in Kilimanjaro . . . By the way, back to Liz, she's been signing autographs "E. T. Wilding."
SEX APPEAL:
Zsa Zsa Gabor threw out her chest when a photog asked her to look sexy and sputtered: "I ALWAYS luke saxy!"

Hollywood's photogs are now calling beefcake poses "Brando art," following Marlon's muscle-rippings in Streetcar Named Desire and Viva Zapata! The Breen Office made Hal Wallis tone down Terry Moore's cleavage in Come Back, Little Sheba. Or should I say tone UP? There'll be no Jane Russell-type buildup for Katie Grayson when she gets loaned by M-G-M to RKO for a co-star with Tony Martin, and for two very good reasons: she doesn't want it and she doesn't need it!

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:
Humphrey Bogart, who has been banned by some of the toniest nightclubs in Manhattan, turned right around on his recent trip to New York and banned El Morocco and the Stork Club! Judy Holliday is slogging it out with Harry Cohn, her boss at Columbia. He has her tied up for a few more pix at $50,000 each. But she let herself in for it in order to get Born Yesterday. She insists she's worth $150,000 a picture now... Ronald Reagan refused to endorse a beer ad submitted to him on the grounds that this is a bad time for Hollywoodites to incur bad public relations by doing so... But Bob Hope endorsed one and then turned his $10,000 check right over to the Cerebral Palsy Fund.

FINANCIAL PAGE:
Rory Calhoun, who has been living on $35 a week as prescribed by his business manager, asked the very same b. m. for a $1,20-a-week raise. Got it, too... A very well-known swashbuckling star's check for $40 bounced at the Cafe Gala... and talk about woes—poor Dean Martin lives on $20 a week! He claims the Internal Revenue Department allows him only that much weekly and is "sitting on" the rest of his take-home pay... Judy Garland's best break in years: the $400,000 she made on her Palace Theatre date in New York... Sylvia Gable won't get that huge lump sum she demanded from Clark. Instead, he'll pay her yearly remittances... Buddy-boy Brando was paid $125,000 by 20th for doing Zapata! That's $50,000 more than he got from Warners for Streetcar... Gene Nelson raked in $9,000 for his three weeks onstage at the Strand Theatre, New York—which is exactly $6,750 more than he makes for the same period in pictures! You figure it out.

Hedy Lamarr asked a company that sells cultured pearls for $25,000 to endorse its product. They countered with an offer of $15,000. She didn't endorse it... Bette Davis made the mistake of disposing of her percentage in Another Man's Poison for some ready cash. The picture will take in $750,000 more than was originally estimated... Randy Scott signed for four hoss operas at Warners. He'll get $460,000 for the four.

New! Miracle tip for fingertips...

Spillpruf Cutex

Now, Cutex brings you an amazing new nail polish bottle! Designed with a miracle device, it prevents polish from flowing when bottle is overturned—protects clothes and furniture from costly accidents due to spilled polish!

Yes, Spillpruf Cutex is better in every way! Made with long-wearing Enamelon, it sets hard as a jewel—gives lasting "non-chip" wear. Such a heavenly range of colors too—one lovelier, livelier than the next!

EXCITING LIPSTICK DISCOVERY—NEW STAY FAST INDELIBLE LIPSTICK!

Stays on till you take it off! Never smears on glasses, cigarettes or people! Never leaves a kissprint! Creamier because it contains pure lanolin! Ten glorious colors, to harmonize with your favorite shade of Cutex Nail Polish.

Ask for Cutex today! You get so much more—for less money!

Spillpruf Cutex 15¢ plus tax
Stay Fast Lipstick 29¢ plus tax
Walt Disney's all-live-action retelling of the Robin Hood legend was made in England with a strictly British cast, yet much of it is reminiscent of a horse opera, with the zing of arrows replacing the roar of guns. Far from detracting from the tale, this makes it all the more fun. Richard Todd, in the title role and in the spirit of things, plays the part mostly with a twinkle in his eye and a mischievous grin. But the story makes the roguish, romantic side of Robin's nature subsidiary to the patriotic. It tells how his faithful band helps hold the plundering proclivities of King Richard's regent, Prince John, in check until the monarch returns from the Crusades. The intrigues, the chases and the daring escapes are shown against a background of medieval customs and the English countryside, caught in full flavor by Technicolor cameras. Most of Robin's familiar friends and foes are here: an eccentric but vastly amusing Friar Tuck; a properly robust Little John, and a regal Dowager Queen. Pretty Joan Rice is per and believable as Maid Marian, except when she dons boys' clothes, when she still looks pretty and pert. All in all, this Sherwood Forest makes a more than satisfactory substitute for the worn Western prairie.
It's "real George"!!! *(translated from the jive...)*

That real, cool pash-pie* and that real George double-bubble!*  

**Tony CURTIS** *(meaning—that sensational dream-boat!)*  

**Piper LAURIE** *(meaning—that thrilling new heart throb!)*

Terrific Together in

"No Room for the Groom"

The romantic tale of an un kissed bride and her fit-to-be-tied groom!

with **Don DeFORE** • Spring Byington

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Produced by TED RICHMOND • A Universal-International Picture
DEADLINE—U.S.A.

It's improbable that Humphrey Bogart will win another "Oscar" for his performance in Deadline—U.S.A., but it is a satisfactory piece of work, nevertheless, and he deserves a rising vote of thanks from the American Society of Newspaper Editors for the finesse with which he plays a crusading editor. Bogart fights a triple battle: (1) with his late publisher's heirs, who want to sell their newspaper property for amalgamation with another metropolitan daily; (2) with the city's crime overlords, and (3) with his former wife. He loses one of the battles but wins the other two. If this sounds pat and according to pattern, it is both those things, and Bogart's part is one that has been played, with variations, by many actors. But the plot and the playing have this in common: They are so intelligently handled that what is mostly just melodramatic excitement sometimes takes on a kind of dramatic punch. Thus when Bogart talks about the importance of a free and non-monopolistic press, he delivers his speech so sincerely—and the words he speaks are written so well—that the effect, for the moment at least, is quite telling. Telling, too, is Kim Hunter's characterization of a woman grass-widowed by the press of press-time, and there are portraits of a harassed, hard-working city editor and a group of reporters that are as real as printer's ink. All this may explain why the picture seems, in retrospect, slightly disappointing. It is so much better in parts than most melodramas, and so much more successful in capturing the flavor of newsprint than run-of-the-mill films, that one wishes it were more: a really good motion picture about the serious side of newspaperdom. That is something that the movies have seldom produced. Maybe Hollywood's rising young writer-director, Richard Brooks, who deserves credit for this one, is the man who can do it.


THE MARRYING KIND

American movies are often criticized for failing to do one thing that foreign films manage so well—picturing the average lives of average people in a realistic manner. Here, however, is a film from Hollywood that does just that and in a consistently entertaining fashion. This is no West Coast dream world, peopled with overly sophisticated players living in palaces and dressed in tomorrow's styles, but you or I, or that guy over there, and his wife. "That guy" is Aldo Ray, and his wife is Judy Holliday. The Marrying Kind is the story of their trials and tribulations in the first years of married life. Ray plays a New York Post Office employee who meets a girl in Central Park and, after a whirlwind courtship (movies, ice cream cones, Coney Island), marries her and settles down in a Manhattan housing-project apartment exactly like thousands of other average city dwellers. In the next few years they have fun, fights, two children, one major tragedy and the kind of domestic crisis innumerable young couples have gone through. How they face the latter and what follows provide the denouement of the film. Credit for keeping the picture a fascinating one up to and through the denouement is due to five people who had more than a hand in it. Ray and Miss Holliday prove almost ideal choices for the couples to whom the title refers. Each is endowed with a de-
ceptively different sort of personality—looks, voice, and manner that are personable yet seemingly uncultivated and therefore believable as those of the "people next door." Ray's unique high but gruff voice and his ability to project the feeling of a very real nice guy should make a top-tenner of him if he can avoid carbon-copy roles. Miss Holliday, on the other hand, shows she can modify her heretofore mannered delivery; she makes a touching and most believable wife and mother. Partly, possibly, because they are husband and wife, Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon have written a script that, even if it is not wholly original in conception, justifies the title's generalization. The matrimonial give-and-take of their dialogue is not only amusing but has the ring of truth in it. And George Cukor's direction exhibits a masterful restraint appropriate to the "average"—but, as many couples have found it, exciting—subject.

Cast: Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, Madge Kennedy.—Columbia.

MACAO

In Macao director Josef von Sternberg returns after twenty years to the China coast, the scene of one of his best-remembered films, Shanghai Express. But Macao is more of a milk train—a melodrama that never lives up to the early promise of its locale or the torrid reputations of its principals, Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell. The story appears to have been compounded of the more boring ingredients of a Chinese puzzle, and it is just about that intelligible. On a coastal steamer to Macao, Portuguese island seaport off south China, come Mitchum, an American of uncertain background, and cafe singer Jane Russell. Things begin to get complicated fast. Jane steals Bob's money and identification, and when they disembark, an American gangster who runs Macao's leading gambling house suspects that Bob is a New York cop sent to lure him back to the States for imprisonment. From here on in, complication piles on complication; mistaken identity on mistaken identity. All eventually ends well for the principals; at least it ends, which was probably the scriptwriters' best idea.

Cast: Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, William Bendix.—RKO.

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

Few sequels live up to their predecessors, but Belles On Their Toes (a sort of "Life With Mother Gilbreth") achieves the same family-album quality that Cheaper By The Dozen evoked so successfully. Life of course was never like this, even with one's own loving family, but it's nice to remember it that way. Belles opens as white-haired, widowed Lillian Gilbreth (Myrna Loy) sits at her youngest daughter's graduation exercises. Her thoughts slip back to the year her husband died, and while she mentally reviews what has happened since, a long flashback tells the story on the screen. There was her attempt to provide for her family by taking up her husband's efficiency-engineering lectures where he left them off; her rebuffs because she was a woman, and her final success (one memorable night after she refused a name for herself, the New York Engineers Club discovered her sex and refused her admission, although she was to be guest speaker). Mostly Mother Gilbreth remembers how all the members of the family pitched in and helped through the difficult years. But if they
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were difficult, the years were full ones too. Then her eyes open with a start. The exercises are over, and a new generation is on its way. With that generation may come yet another Gilbreth picture, but one hopes not; the two have been so satisfactory. This one is Myrna Loy’s movie, as the first was Clifton Webb’s, and she takes over as efficiency engineer who is also the mother of an enormous brood would be expected to do. Ably abetted by Jeanne Crain and a necessarily large cast, she turns in a performance that helps make Belles one of the best, and certainly the biggest, family movie so far this year.

Cast: Jeanne Crain, Myrna Loy, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Bates—20th Century-Fox.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

This is the inspirational story of the making of an American, Giorgi Papashvily, a Georgian (Near Eastern variety) who comes to the United States in the Thirties knowing little of the country’s language and practically nothing of its customs. It tells how, with the help of a group of his expatriate friends, he becomes first a construction worker, then a cook and finally an orange grower in California; and how he woos and wins a West Coast girl named Helen. This story of an immigrant is neither Horatio Alger tale nor epic struggle. Based on the autobiographical book of the same name by George and Helen Papashvily, it is very human, often even moving, and manages to retain much of the simplicity and semi-humorous detachment that made the book a best-seller. This is made possible partly through the performance of Academy Award-winner José Ferrer, who shows movie audiences another facet of his many-sided art. If there is a quibble to be made about his handling of the role, it would be about the very facility with which he does it; sometimes he speaks faster than would be normal for a neophyte at English, and he seems to be almost too alert in "catching on" to American ways. But generally he is not only a young and winning Giorgi but manages the difficult accent in a manner that is never cute or self-conscious. Kim Hunter, who looks prettier with each movie appearance, plays Helen admirably, and a whole raft of first-rate character actors complete the cast as Giorgi’s Georgian friends.

Cast: José Ferrer, Kim Hunter, Oscar Beregi —Paramount.

SINGIN’ IN THE RAIN

As a screen musical, Singin’ In The Rain possesses two rare virtues: a relaxed, unpretentious production and a story line just about as unhackneyed as anything that has come along since On The Town. By more than a coincidence, the direction and writing of both pictures are the work of the same teams (Gene Kelly-Stanley Donen and Betty Comden-Adolph Green, respectively). Gene Kelly is in the new film, too, and he gives his usual ingratiating performance as a dashing, Douglas Fairbanks-type hero of the silent screen. Jean Hagen is the other member of a famous acting team. She presents a genuine side-splitting portrait of a silent-screen actress whose voice is hardly wired for sound. Complications set in for her partner when she begins to take seriously studio press-agentry linking her romantically with him; and complications set in for her when The Jazz Singer opens and sets movie people talking. (Her
voice is a high squeak and her diction the sort that maligns pure Brooklyness.) How Kelly, his side-kick (Donald O'Connor) and his sought-after (Debbie Reynolds) manage to salvage both his romance and his studio's investment provides the rest of the plot. As a special added attraction, Cyd Charisse appears in a couple of stunning dance numbers. Singin' in the Rain is a rare musical treat.

Cast: Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds, Jean Hagen, Cyd Charisse. — MGM.

FLESH AND FURY

The pretentious title that adorns this film hides its most engaging quality—that it is a comparatively worthy motion picture made on a comparatively modest budget. Flesh And Fury is no Golden Boy, but it is a surprisingly honest and often very touching little story. It features far-and-away the best performance Tony Curtis has yet given. And the part of the fighter he has to play is not a particularly easy one: For most of the footage he is both deaf and dumb. Acting such a character calls for a kind of mute sensitivity that Curtis projects quite effectively from the time Jan Sterling, as a blonde named Sonya with a heart set on gold, first sees him fighting a preliminary bout in a small-time arena. The screenplay follows his rise to the ring to the point where he is ready for important matches. Then he meets Mona Freeman, who offers him understanding companionship that contrasts sharply with Sonya's passion for dollars and cents. From here on in, the film contains so much unnecessary melodramatic action that a good deal of its original effectiveness is lost. Yet its purpose remains a serious and laudable one—to show that some sort of insecurity grips everyone, so that a man who feels unsure of himself need never feel alone.

Cast: Jan Sterling, Tony Curtis, Mona Freeman. — Universal.

VALLEY OF THE EAGLES

The star of Valley Of The Eagles is its locale. The vast, panoramic reaches of far-northern Scandinavia and the nomadic Lapps who inhabit them provide a very real, rather overwhelming background for a spy story that is actually no great shakes. Yet the barren austerity of the setting lends a certain authenticity to the simple scenario: about a Swedish scientist who helps chase his wife and her former assistant through desolate snow regions to recover a sensational invention stolen for the possible military use of another nation. This is country where man is pitted not only against man but against pitiless nature, and the purposes of nations seem puny by comparison. The performances are keyed to this stark fact; the members of the predominantly British cast, play their parts in appropriately straightforward fashion. But it is the land itself and the phenomena native to it that make the film consistently interesting. The shots of a fight between hungry wolves and the Laplanders' trained eagles, for example, or the northern trek of a Lapp tribe with their reindeer, are unique among those ever introduced into a feature picture. It is because director-writer Terence Young's basic documentary approach is so sound—because he has mixed his melodramatic screen-writing so well with a measure of the wild melodrama of nature—that he has come up with a really exciting off-beat film.


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New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR
“I'm through with love,” Betty cried—and everyone believed her, except a mild-mannered Irishman named O'Curran.

Just a few short weeks ago, Betty Hutton gave an interview to George Fisher, the CBS Motion Picture Editor, in which she stated quite frankly that marriage, as far as she was concerned, was just a word that started with M. Expanding on her views, Betty said that one unfortunate try for wedded bliss and a couple of sour engagements had convinced her that her true love was and would be her career—something she'd had since she was three years old. It was a serious discussion and Betty Hutton meant every word of it.

The next time Betty Hutton appeared at George Fisher's microphone, she had an entirely different story to tell. As a matter of fact, at that time her name had been changed to Betty O'Curran—and she was married to a dance director, Charlie O'Curran, a fellow she didn't even bother to get engaged to.

How did it happen?

Well, as Betty put it on her second appearance on the program, she had just gotten back from Korea where she had played for thousands of soldiers, lonely men grimy with the soil of hard living and battle. She had played camp after camp and dozens of forward positions—and during each performance she stood on a rude stage and gazed out at a sea of male faces huddled together in the cold or rain and saw loneliness. And she told Fisher: "I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided I wanted to be married. I was in love with Charlie, and I suppose it was then that I decided I'd marry him—even though I didn't realize it at the time."

If you knew Betty Hutton intimately, you would know that this was the way it had to happen to her. If you knew the heartbreak she had suffered at the time of her divorce from Ted Briskin, and the loneliness she suffered during the few years she had to live alone, you'd know that a shock like meeting terrible loneliness and need face to face would propel her into making (Continued on page 83)
So quick! So easy! 
and no other make-up looks and feels so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik®! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up, as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of "made-up" look. Pan-Stik is another of the fabulous Max Factor products, created to enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's loveliest stars—and now brought to you. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness, with perfect results guaranteed* the very first time you use it.

Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy fingernail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

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New cream make-up in stick form

$1.60 plus tax. In 7 enchanting shades—to harmonize with any complexion. At leading drug and department stores. Available in Canada at slightly different prices.

PIPER LAURIE
as she appears off-stage.
This refreshing, young screen personality is now starring in
"HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL"
A 16-film Picture, Color by Technicolor
Like so many other Hollywood beauties, she depends on Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up to keep her fresh, natural loveliness at its alluring best... wherever she goes... whatever she does.
To blend with her sparkling red hair and medium complexion, Piper chooses
Max Factor "Medium" Pan-Stik.
Gown by Ben Gun

*Guarantee: Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, the very first time you use it, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.
Nobody noticed the cold that night at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Instead of the usual gloomy faces and complaining voices that hang over an army camp, the post was filled with laughter and excitement. Thousands of soldiers gathered expectantly outside the post's sports arena. A huge sign atop it shouted: "Bob Hope In Person Tonight!"

And to think I was responsible for it all! Weeks before, I'd entered a nationwide contest to pick the town where Bob Hope would premiere his latest picture, *My Favorite Spy*. The patients in the army hospital where I was in charge of Special Services needed entertainment badly—and this was a terrific opportunity to get it for them, I figured.

I forgot all about the contest after I entered it—until my commanding officer called me into his office. "We just got a phone call from Bob Hope! You won second prize in that contest. Get started making arrangements for an all-star show, soldier, two weeks from today!"

Boy, what arrangements we made! The arena was completely remodeled, a new stage built, a new sound system installed.

Bob and his troupe rolled into camp to the strains of the band's "Welcome, Mister," that day, and the new arena almost burst its seams. Almost 5,000 men jammed into it for the first show (there were two shows scheduled for the arena, and one for the hospital).

The applause was thunderous as Hope walked on stage. He fell to his knees, praising Allah in typical Hindu fashion. After bandleader Les Brown helped him off the floor, Bob grabbed the microphone and began sending jokes in all directions.

"Where's Crosby?" one of the soldiers yelled out. "Well," answered Hope, "Dad was coming out here with me, but he had a nasty accident—he fell off his wallet!"

The rest of the troupe—Gloria Grahame, Jerry Colonna, Jan Sterling, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, and Marilyn Maxwell came on stage one by one to do their act. Hope was always in the swing—pitching; he clowned with each one of them, danced, sang, and brought the house down time after time.

Without a doubt, no one in the audience except myself knew that the man who was giving his all to entertain them had been ordered to bed by a doctor several hours prior to the show. However, Hope had refused to disappoint the men, and had gone on with a fever of 102 degrees.

When the show was over, Bob went down into the audience to talk with the patients. I'll never forget how his face changed when he looked at one of the youngsters who'd come back from Korea with half his face blown away. The patient managed to smile at Hope, and there was happiness shining out of the one eye he had left. After Hope shook hands with him, he directed a steady stream of jokes in his direction for about ten minutes. As I watched, I realized how tough it must be to try to bring laughter to men who have so little to live for. While Hope joked and mugged, I thought I saw a tear rolling down his cheek—but whoever heard of a great clown crying?

When Hope left the base that night, more than 10,000 soldiers had had their morale boosted 100%.

Now I am on my way to Korea, where I hope to continue my work in Special Services, to try to bring a little laughter to the men wounded over there. I'm sure I can't fail. For I had as a teacher a great "soldier in greasepaint"—Bob Hope.

*Bob Hope's trip to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, was a special second prize, not originally planned for his radio contest. This display of good citizenship in the highest tradition of show business earned Bob Hope the Modern Screen award in 1952.*
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 place setting of Grande Baroque, $40. Settings of other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50 — all prices include Federal Tax.

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 95, Wallingford, Connecticut.
Refreshingly as a morning shower!
Daintiness that lingers for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder—with the fragrance men love!

What a wonderful sensation when you sprinkle on Cashmere Bouquet Talc! Your body feels so relaxed... clean and fresh and good all over! And that pleasant feeling of daintiness lingers and lingers for hours! Use silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc after towelling when you step out of a shower. It helps absorb every drop of moisture quickly... delightfully! Use it when you change clothes or before you go out on a date. Cashmere Bouquet is so refreshing... and most exciting of all, it surrounds you with a delicate, haunting mist of the famous “fragrance men love”!

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Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet
the love secret liz never told
by Giselle la Falaise

L'Alpe d' Huez, Switzerland: Nothing delights a journalist more than to suddenly encounter, especially in a remote part of the world like this, an exclusive, "now it can be told," scoop on the year's most enchanting bride.

To begin with, let it be known that Elizabeth Taylor, the exquisite princess of Hollywood, didn't stroll dreamily into this marriage to Mike Wilding. She ran swiftly. The speed with which Elizabeth deliberately wrote her own happy ending to the romance Hollywood couldn't understand was such that the bridegroom himself seemed a little taken aback.

But that was before he knew what had been going on in Hollywood after his picture contracts called him to England, forcing a temporary separation from his beloved Liz. And it was before Elizabeth told him the things she found impossible to say by transatlantic telephone.

I must explain, here, that although Hollywood spends most of its waking hours manufacturing stories about great loves, it seldom recognizes that kind of love when it actually happens. In fact, many of the geniuses who create stories of noble passion for movie audiences don't believe what they preach on celluloid. That is why so few people in Hollywood could convince themselves that Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding were serious (Continued on page 95)
second honeymoon
One day early this year, John Wayne sat in a wicker chair on the verandah of a Mexican hacienda, his feet propped up on a small table. He was staring listlessly across a lush green landscape at the purple sea that broke half a mile away on a white beach. He had been sitting there for hours, soaking sun and thinking. A friend sat a few feet from him chewing on pieces of coconut meat and listening to a small portable radio. But there was no conversation between them.

Although nobody spoke about it very much, Wayne had his troubles. He had been sitting this way for more than a month, all of his thoughts on the separation that was keeping him away from his wife, Esperanza. There had been no serious quarrel, no publicity, just one of those quiet talks in which a woman tells a man it's all over. And the man in this case had picked up his hat and walked, then flew, until he got a long way from his home where he could think things over. It required a lot of thinking, because John Wayne was in love with his wife and he wanted to win her back.

Presently the music changed on the radio and a French singer crooned a ballad. Wayne lifted up his head and looked at the set. "J'attendrai" was the name of the song—and it held a special meaning for Duke Wayne. When the chorus was over, he got to his feet.

"Come on," he said to his pal, "let's get out of here. I want to go home."

"Right now?" asked his friend.

"Right now," said Duke. "J'attendrai" means "I'll be waiting." I've been waiting long enough. I'm going back to see if Chata will let me in the house."

She didn't. Wayne (Continued on page 81)
by LOUELLA PARSONS

A MODERN SCREEN FIRST: THE ONLY AUTHENTIC INTERVIEW

Since her return to Hollywood Rita Hayworth has flatly refused to answer or discuss the following “forbidden” topics:

Is she still in love with Aly Khan?
Is there a chance of a reconciliation even though she has picked up her divorce papers in Nevada?
Is she “broke” because of footing the bills during her marriage?
Is she giving up the Moslem faith and returning to her Christian religion?
In which faith will she bring up her children—particularly two-year-old Yasmine, daughter of Moslem Prince Aly?
How has she taken the bitter criticism heaped on her head since Aly came into her life?
Has she been unreasonably temperament since her return to Columbia?
Where—and why—is she “hiding away” with her two children in Beverly Hills?
Without fear of contradiction I can tell you that these questions were practically taboo with Rita.
Her only answer to anything pertaining to her private life was “I cannot discuss that subject”—and the freeze was on.
As an old friend of Rita’s, I had tried to break down that wall of resistance. I had called her several times—but she did not return any of my phone calls.

On one occasion I had met her briefly in an office at Columbia and she’d answered a few questions in a perfunctory way. Frankly, I was hurt.
Rita had always told me her troubles ever since she was just little Margarita Cansino. I had attended her wedding to Aly Khan in France as the only newspaperwoman and one of the three American friends invited so I couldn’t understand her attitude.
I sincerely believed that Rita needed help, that her side of her headlined marriage and separation should be put before the fans if they were to take Rita to their hearts again. Some of the things I thought the public had a right to know were the very subjects Rita was steadfastly refusing to discuss with even her closest friends.
So, once more I put in a call to her and—surprise, surprise—she answered!
I told her I wanted to talk with her—to really let our hair down—and she, herself, suggested her home for the meeting. Which proved one point; she was no longer trying to make a mystery of her whereabouts, at least with me.
The address Rita gave led to a simple and unpretentious place she has rented for herself and the children at the end of a secluded street in Beverly Hills. It is a small place of nondescript style—English, if anything—with a large garden.
and much tall shrubbery in the back. Later, Rita described it as “a little on the murky side,” but it is comfortable and convenient for her small household.

The maid let me in and no sooner had I entered the hallway than I was completely taken over by a little two-year-old charmer who was tugging at my skirts and pulling me toward the divan in the brown-and-chintz living room.

“T’m Yasmine,” this adorable little thing introduced herself. “What’s your name?”

“Lolly,” I replied.

“Come on, Lolly,” she said. “Let’s look at my picture books.”

In nothing flat I was completely under the spell of this darling blue-eyed, reddish-haired baby daughter of Rita and Aly.

You could just eat her with a spoon. No photograph has ever done justice to this child who is so gay and so lovely to look at, with her mother’s vivid coloring and her father’s gracious charm.

I think if Aly saw her as she is now he would be down on his knees to get Rita to take him back. Whatever his faults, Aly is a devoted father as his love for his two sons has proven.

Yasmine and I were bent over a picture book, and she was chattering like a magpie when Rita came in breathless from a dash up the steps. She was wearing a red sweater and blue jeans—a most informal array for an (Continued on page 93)}
Lanza's the target for every crackpot, and a slave to the public now. Read how a nice, plain guy is trapped in the snarl of his own success story.

BY STEVE CRONIN

One Sunday a few weeks ago, Mario Lanza was awakened at eight in the morning by an insistent hammering on his front door.

Half asleep, Mario struggled into his robe and shuffled downstairs.

He opened the door, and a telegraph messenger handed him an envelope which contained the following wire:

don't know IF YOU REMEMBER BUT WE WERE IN VARE JUNIOR HIGH TOGETHER STOP MY MOTHER DESPERATELY ILL PLEASE WIRE FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS TO BELOW ADDRESS.

Mario shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't for the life of him recall the identity of the sender.

Two days later, he received a special delivery letter from the same person which said in part, "I didn't want to believe all those stories about your growing snobbish and swell-headed, but since you haven't sent the money after my fervent plea, what else can I believe?"

The fellow who sent that letter was a perfect stranger to Mario, who has an excellent memory. "Yet," says Betty Lanza, "you'd be surprised by the number of similar requests we get from people we've never heard of. As soon as the newspapers carried the story that Mario made a million dollars last year, he became the target for every crackpot, beggar and confidence man in the country. It's gotten so bad we've had to hire someone to separate the legitimate requests from the loony ones."

Six years ago, when Mario Lanza was a concert singer with the Bel Canto Trio, he dreamed of being rich and famous, of owning two cars, providing his parents with luxuries, and taking pretty good care of himself. (Continued on page 86)
She doesn’t want a taste of fame, a crumb of affection or half a loaf of life. Shelley wants everything and won’t settle for less!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

They were sitting around in Hollywood talking about Shelley Winters. Opinion was pretty equally divided. There were those who loved her and those who hated her, and nobody could change anyone’s mind. Finally, someone said, “You know, I think Shelley is a wistful girl.”

“Wistful!” Someone else exploded.

“Shelley, wistful? Why, I want to tell you when I was writing a script for her I did every scene two ways. I could have killed her off in any scene on any day, and it was only that threat that kept her in line.”

“You ought to see her at an interview,” a girl said. “She stands there snapping her fingers and saying, ‘Come on, get on with it. I have a lot of things to do.’ Real cooperative.”

“I love her,” a columnist said. “I love her honesty, and what she said about her performance in A Place In The Sun. She said, ‘Every time I see it I get better.’ That’s refreshing after all the phony humility in Hollywood.”

“Speaking of A Place In The Sun,” a young starlet said, “I was at the opening. I love Shelley. When I said hello to her and Farley she couldn’t have been sweeter. She showed me her dress—all torn where some kids had stepped on it—but she didn’t care. Then she saw somebody else she knew, and rushed down the aisle to speak. The usher told her she was in the wrong place, so she dashed out into the lobby and pretty soon—well practically immediately—she was rushing (Continued on page 97)
In Hollywood, flattery will get you somewhere—but not with John Derek. He won’t kid you... or let you kid him!

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Some months ago, John Derek, a writer, and a studio publicist were basking in the sun on the Dereks’ patio while an interview went on. “What do you like to read?” the writer asked John.

“Not much,” John said, stifling a yawn. “Never did read much. There were too many other things to do.”

“Really!” said the writer with raised eyebrows, and the studio publicist tried desperately to catch John’s eye.

“Patti likes it, though,” continued Mr. Derek. “She has her nose in a book all the time. Can tell you anything you want to know about them.”

The interviewer shifted in his chair, and the publicist coughed.

“Do you and your wife go to nightclubs very often?”

“Nope. Can’t afford it. We don’t go out very much at all. It’s comfortable up here on the hill and besides, we can’t afford a baby sitter.”

The writer put down his pencil and looked at John in disbelief. “Oh, come now,” he said.

Suddenly, the publicist broke in. “John,” he said, “what’s that stretch of flat land over there to the south?”

John grinned. “It’s an irrigation project, and I’ve told you three times already.” He turned back to the writer. “As a matter of fact, we’re up to our ears with this house. It’s mortgaged to the hilt. It’s pretty expensive land, you know—”

Here he trailed off and looked at the publicist, who was plucking a piece of lint from his sleeve. John laughed. “He always does that when he wants me to change the subject, but I’m going to finish what I (Continued on page 91)
One sunny afternoon last spring, Anne Baxter was strolling barefooted along the glamorous Sunset Strip in Hollywood, thoroughly enjoying the sights. She'd started out properly shod on the daily two-mile hike—doctor's orders, for she was just barely expecting Katrina then—but the dusty path through the Hollywood hills was hot and the shoes oppressive, so she'd just yanked them off. Then, dropping down to Sunset Boulevard a mile below her house, she couldn't squeeze them back on her feet. That didn't particularly bother Anne, nor what happened next:

Out of the corner of her eye she spied the sleek, black Cadillac cut over to the curb and the door swing open. Anne revved up her lackadaisical gait and pretended she was chewing gum. The sharpie who leaned out and invited, "How about a ride, kid?" was unprepared for the round, brown eyes which beamed innocently at him and the rosebud mouth which made a loud smack as if popping the gum.

"Oh, thanks, mister, so much," she chirped guilelessly, "but my mama's waiting for me up at the corner." As she tripped merrily on, the car roared off with a supremely disgusted wolf snapping back the bitter insult, "Jailbait!"

Anne padded on up the hill to her house on Pine Tree Place and burst through the front door happily. "Guess what just happened to me!" she begged John Hodiak excitedly, and since he couldn't possibly guess, she told him.

"Why the rat!" exploded her lord and master. "I'll murder him! Imagine the nerve—and you in your condition and everything—" and he leaped for the phone to call the cops, the fire department, the FBI or whatever might be necessary to right the wrong. It took a few minutes, but Anne (Continued on page 60)
LOVE CONQUERS ALL, THEY SAY—AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, JUST ASK THE GENE KELLYS!

There are five reasons why, according to amateur psychologists, Gene Kelly's marriage should have foundered years ago:

1. Gene is Catholic, and Betsy is Protestant.
2. Gene is 12 years older than Betsy.
3. Gene's acting career has been fabulously more successful than Betsy's.
4. Gene is well-educated, a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. Betsy never went to college. She's been a model, dancer, and actress from the age of nine.
5. Wealth is conspicuous by its absence in Gene's background. Betsy comes from a fairly well-to-do family—her father is an insurance broker and her mother was a schoolteacher.

Despite these vital differences, the Gene Kellys have been one of the most happily-married couples in Hollywood for the past 11 years.

How come?

The reason is simple: Gene and Betsy, instead of being temperamental and self-centered, live for each other—not tempestuously with "sweetheart" and "honey-bunch" as their every other word, but in a calm, deliberate, mutually considerate manner.

A few months ago, Gene was flying over Paris en route to Munich to star opposite Pier Angeli in The Devil Makes Three.

It was a fast flight but a rough one, and all through it Gene kept clutching at his side, trying to mask the grimaces of pain which broke out on his face.

When he checked into the Hotel Lancaster, Gene, who hates being sick, had sense enough to call the house doctor.

An examination revealed that he was suffering from an acute case of appendicitis, and would have to be operated on at once.

"Your wife," the doctor said. "Where is your wife? She must be notified immediately."

"Skip it," Gene said.

Irritated by this phlegmatic American, the doctor said, "This is no laughing matter."

(Continued on page 62)
"I want to do whatever brings Betsy the most happiness," says Gene. "Isn't it funny," Betsy adds, "that's exactly how I feel about Gene."

anything

The Kellys believe in normal, down-to-earth living, prefer this unpretentious home to an elaborate mansion.
now there are six

by Marwa Petersen

A few months ago Jack Benny was gazing out of his window and suddenly he thought he saw a parade.

"Mary," he shouted. "Come to the window. The circus is in town."

Mary Benny came and looked. She saw a tremendous German shepherd trotting up the avenue followed by two small boys on bicycles, a tall, attractive girl accompanied by an even taller, leaner man, and a nursemaid wheeling a pair of twins.

"Don't be silly," Mary explained. "That's no circus. Those are the Jimmy Stewarts out for an airing."

"You mean that dog is Jimmy Stewart?" Jack quipped.

Mary tossed her husband a married look. "The dog," she said flatly, "is part of his tribe."

Benny rubbed his head. "Can't figure it out," he said. "A few years ago the only thing the guy was married to was a golf ball."

The events of the past few years have left 44-year-old James Maitland Stewart only a mite less bewildered than his longtime pal. In August it will be three years since Jimmy and the goodlooking Gloria Hatrick McLean were

(Continued on page 46)
Gloria's favorite room is the library, where she spends lots of time reading (especially Jimmy's scripts). Family mementos line the walls, fill the cabinets and bookshelves to overflowing.

The oval table and period chairs give the dining room an old-fashioned, comfortable look. But the room is rarely used, since they do little entertaining, prefer to "be alone together."

The master bedroom is in a separate wing of the house. Decorated with Gloria's furniture from her old bedroom, a desk and TV set were added to give the room a masculine touch.
now there are six
continued

Dark green paint did wonders for the old woodwork in the living room, and cracks in the ceiling were covered with painted burlap. Original oil paintings form an elegant setting.

Much to his delight, seven-year-old Ronald got “daddy’s old living room furniture” for his own bedroom. He’s so thrilled with it all he really enjoys keeping his room spic and span.

married in the Brentwood Presbyterian Church. That wedding, as both of them fondly recall, was followed by an idyllic Hawaiian honeymoon completely free of script worries, housing worries, child worries, or miscellaneous worries.

There was swimming, sunning and romance and carefree, ecstatic happiness until one day—poof! The honeymoon was over, and life in Hollywood began.

When you’re a 40-year-old bachelor and you marry a beautiful divorcée from Larchmont, N. Y., who has two sons—you’ve got problems.

First problem for the Jimmy Stewarts was they had too many houses. Jimmy owned a comfortable bachelor cottage in Brentwood and Gloria owned a good-sized house in Beverly Hills, one she had purchased after selling her mansion to the Frank Sinatras.

Jimmy’s proposed solution was to sell both of these houses and build a low-slung modern job on the Palisades. “He made his dream house sound very attractive,” Gloria remarks, “and I hated to destroy his lovely illusions, but I simply had to tell him the truth. Hillside homes aren’t particularly good for children. The views are heavenly, but let baby toddle outside for one minute, and the next thing you know, (Continued on page 64)
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF JUNE'S EARLY LIFE—
PHOTOS FROM DICK POWELL'S PRIVATE SCRAPBOOK—
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE STORY OF
JUNE ALLYSON EVER WRITTEN, TURN THE PAGE.
a childhood memory set

- Her earliest memory is of riding in an automobile, curled up on the shelf between the back seat and the rear window, watching the receding flow of scenery. It was a balmy day, probably spring, and the rare treat of an auto ride sent little waves of happiness through her. The driver and her mother had been talking earnestly for a long time, but June had heard none of it until her mother’s voice cut like a knife across her mind.

  “Oh, I couldn’t do that! I couldn’t put her into a home!”

  June was only three, possibly four, too young to know the real meaning of her mother’s words. But she caught the feeling of them, and suddenly the brightness of the day was gone for her.

  That memory set the keynote for most of June’s life. She was born in a nondescript apartment on 143rd Street and St. Anne’s Avenue in New York. Her parents’ marriage was already on the brink of disaster, and when June was six months old her father walked out on his family.

  Her mother was distraught. There was no money in the bank, only a few dollars in the vase on the living room table, and there were two children to support, June and her brother Henry. She went to her parents and asked if she could move in with them and bring the children.

  The Provosts were good people, saddened by their daughter’s plight, but they lived in a tiny apartment and had a limited income. “Clara, we’re sorry,” they said, “We’d like to take all of you but there is only room for you and one of the children. You’ll have to choose between them.”

  Clara took June, because June was the baby and more dependent. Henry was sent to his father. Then Clara got a job in a printing plant.

  June and her brother saw each other only once more during their childhood. It was one Christmas time when her parents were attempting a reconciliation. Clara had bought her husband a new derby hat for a gift. The children found it and playfully tore the rim from the crown. They emptied the ashes from the coal stove and sprinkled them through the apartment and then rode Henry’s bicycle through the rooms. It was their version of ‘playing train’.

  It seems to June now that the spanking that followed was the last thing that happened before she and her mother were back with her grandparents. The Provosts had now bought a house, out in Throgs Neck on the East Side, a rambling, ancient affair with peeling paint and tiny rooms, but it seemed grand and immense to June. There was a hydrangea bush in front, and the snowball blossoms in summer were a wondrous thing to the child born under the Third Avenue El. The house was full, for it now sheltered a couple of aunts with broken marriages behind them, as well as June’s cousin Helen.

  June’s grandmother was a tiny, plump woman with a kind face behind the spectacles she wore a bit low on the nose. She made a wonderful substitute for a mother while Clara was at work, surrounding June with love and taking all her dreams and problems seriously. June was happiest when her grandmother would play the piano, and she’d dance and (Continued on page 67)
"THE SHY VIOLET" was the title of a poem June recited at school in this costume. She had an attack of stage fright and dissolved into tears. Only six, she already felt insecure.

"THE SHY VIOLET" was the title of a poem June recited at school in this costume. She had an attack of stage fright and dissolved into tears. Only six, she already felt insecure.

A NEAR FATAL ACCIDENT was in June's past, but not forgotten, when she posed at 13 in her confirmation dress. Her adored grandmother had died; June's highschool days were troubled ones.

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JUNE'S FIRST BREAK came at 16. The taunts of schoolmates who said she couldn't dance, drove her to try out for a chorus job on Broadway. She got it. Here she's in Sing Out The News.

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from Dick Powell's private scrapbook

First anniversary, August, 1946. (Dick was late for the wedding.)

They'll always remember this rare, wonderful vacation in Honolulu.

Pamela joined them in 1948. "She adorably," she boasts.

Mrs. Powell relates this way in the backyard.

Ricky was born on December 24, 1950, at St. Johns Hospital.

One-day-old Ricky refuses to smile for the cameraman.
my favorite role:  
"THE GIRL IN WHITE"  
by June Allyson

I suppose every actress remembers certain roles with a special fondness. That's how I think of Dr. Emily Dunning in The Girl In White. True, it's my most recent part and freshest in my memory, but there are two good reasons why I enjoyed it so much.

The first was the cast with whom I worked. When you get to the studio at seven A.M., the strain of waking before dawn is somehow relieved when you sit down in the makeup department next to an actress like Mildred Dunnock. (She played the mother in Death Of A Salesman.) The very thought of working with such an accomplished performer thrilled me. Then there were Arthur Kennedy and Gary Merrill, Jesse White and Marilyn Erskine—a gay bunch that was fun between scenes and a great challenge before the camera.

The second reason is that at last I played the part of a doctor. I never thought it possible, because there are so few women doctors in this world. Dr. Emily was the first woman admitted to the medical staff of a New York hospital. To accomplish the goal she'd set for herself, she had to overcome opposition from every mother's son she encountered.

I'd always wanted to portray a doctor because once I actually wanted to be one. I first got the idea as a child when I was in the hospital after an accident. There was a doctor on the staff who was so kind to me—he'd come to see me as often as he could, and it seemed that he really understood me. I don't remember his name or his face, but he had bright red hair, almost orange, and I'd lie there for hours, anticipating the moment when that flaming head would come into view.

I thought then that I'd like to help people the way he did. The idea stayed in my mind for years, and when I began to work in show business I determined to put aside as much money as I could to eventually study medicine. That plan went up in smoke in a great hurry, because it took every cent I earned to pay the bills, and although I knew then I'd never make it, I've had a soft spot for doctors every since.

Of course, I didn't realize then what troubles I'd have had in college. The role of Dr. Emily Dunning taught me a lot—how only the very highest grades and (Continued on page 85)
Howard Keel’s a movie idol who hates being idolized—a public figure who has a “Keep Off” sign on his private life.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL

Swimming season was on down at the creek, so this last week of school an ornery sort of kid named Harry Keel told his dad he’d like a haircut. “Make it short,” he suggested, “so it’ll last me a while.”

His dad nodded, pined a towel around his neck, stropped his straight-edged razor and shaved him as smooth as an egg.

“Great Jumpin’ Judas, Pop!” swore Harry. “You’ve ruined me! I look like a picked turkey buzzard!”

His dad cracked him a playful flip with the towel. “Get along to school now,” he ordered.

Harry got along, but he grabbed his cap first and pulled down the earflaps to hide his disgrace. He kept it on when he took his seat in class. “Harry Keel,” the teacher barked, “take off your cap in the schoolroom!”

Harry shook his head. “No ma’am.”

“Take it off, I said.”

“Uh-uh.”

She stalked down the aisle, snatched off the head piece and hung it on the rack. Harry jumped up, retrieved it and jammed it back on. She took it off again. He put it on. The antagonistic shuttle continued for 12 trips—a silent, resolute battle of wills. But in the end Harry was wearing his cap. They called him “Coonie” after that—“Coonie Keel”—because he looked like a skinned raccoon, but there was a certain admiration in the jibe. Obviously he was a kid with a mind of his own and one to be reckoned with.

That one-boy rebellion occurred a good stretch of years ago, in the little coal mining town of Gillespie, Illinois. But it’s still going on, in essence, a good many miles West, in Hollywood. Harry Keel was his own boy and now he’s his own man—all 76 inches of him.

A few weeks ago, Howard stepped down from a plane at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport, shook (Continued on page 103)
Want to be ignored?
Want to be criticized?
Want other women to make passes at your husband?
Then marry a star—don’t forget we warned you!

BY JACK WADE
The public sees Dean Martin more than his wife Jeanie does since he rocketed to fame and became a popular figure overnight.

There was no "other woman"—only work that separated the John Waynes and led to marital discord. Now reconciled, Esperanza is resigned to her fate.

Luckily, Betty Lanza glories in Mario's popularity; otherwise she'd have trouble ignoring all the fans who adore him.

The MacDonald Careys are a solid family unit because Betty knows how to deal with predatory females—she forgets about them.

Norma Lancaster realizes that as Burt's wife, she carries his reputation in her hands. This means she can't ever let the public know that life isn't all glamor.

When Bill Lundigan is mobbed by fans, they give Rena the brush-off. She's used to it; it's part of being a star's wife.

sequins, with innumerable handsome men brushing your fingertips with their lips. But is it like that?

One woman who must have thought so introduced herself to Norma Lancaster at a beauty parlor late one afternoon. "Oh! Aren't you lucky to be the wife of Burt Lancaster!" she gushed. Norma, whose feet were tired from shopping all day, and whose little ones (for whom she won't let anyone else cook) wake her early every morning, just nodded dumbly. When she got home, however, she told Burt, "The next person who talks to me like that—well, I'll just blow my top!"

Of course Norma didn't mean that. Blowing one's top is a luxury the wife of a star cannot permit herself. She carries her husband's reputation in her hands at all times. Even more, there is the public conception of his glamor which she must make sure she never shatters, even though sometimes this is exactly what she feels like doing.

The minor, as well as the major irritations are many. It is supposed to be a wife's privilege, for instance, to feed her husband's ego. Sociologists agree that this is a normal way of cementing a marriage. But what (Continued on page 100)
He's been called “the most talented young actor on the 20th lot”—Jeff Hunter is Hollywood’s answer to the hue, cry and demand for brand new faces...

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dreamboat’s a-comin’

One afternoon, up in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the postman delivered a package to skinny 12-year-old Henry Herman McKinnies, Jr., who raced back up to his room and tore it open excitedly. Inside, as a reward for a Ralston cereal box-top and 50 hard saved cents, was a miraculous object—a Tom Mix Makeup Kit.

Henry dug out the precious ingredients and set to work making himself into the most horrendous Frankenstein-like apparition he could dream up. Then he ran in the dusk up the street and knocked on the front door of a neighbor’s house.

The woman who answered took one look, screamed, slammed the door and locked it. Pushing his luck, Henry Herman tore ecstatically around to the back door and banged. This time the man of the house confronted him angrily, ripped away the fright wig, putty and false eyebrows.

“Henry McKinnies,” he barked, “beat it right home this minute and wash your face—and don’t you ever go around fooling decent people like this again! If you keep it up, some day you’re gonna get shot!”

That was a good dozen years or so ago, and while he has been fooling people off and on since, Hank McKinnies has yet to get blown to glory—unless you call zooming to Hollywood stardom a shooting affair.

In that hurry-up process, it’s true, there’ve been some occupational hazards. Diving in The Frogmen Hank was chased by man-eating Caribbean barracudas. Smoke-jumping in Red Skies Of Montana he was almost roasted alive by naphtha flames. Doing Cry Of The Swamp he got chewed by a boa constrictor and mauled by a bear. And there was the bruising business of being belted around the set by husky Dale Robertson, while playing Chad the cad in Take Care Of My Little Girl. But despite it all, Henry Herman McKinnies, Junior, famous today as Jeffrey Hunter, has managed to stay in one tall, dark and handsome piece. And in Hollywood, Jeff, through some fast and effective footwork, has certainly done all right for himself.

It was barely two years ago that 23-year-old H. H. McKinnies, Jr., was warming a desk seat (Continued on page 71)
“You kill me!”
Debbie says when they ask if she’s in love—but there’s no denying the gleam in her eye when Bob Wagner’s around!

BY JIM NEWTON

Around noontime the other day a dusty coupe rolled to a stop at a drive-in restaurant halfway between MGM and Fox Studios near Hollywood. Inside, a tall, good-looking guy with ruddy cheeks, a chiseled profile and a rebellious shock of dark brown hair grinned at his pert companion, a tiny doll with green-gold eyes and saucy curls here and there on her head.

“What’ll you have?” asked the boy. “Oh, you know,” she answered.

He ordered a jumbo strawberry malt and a hamburger with pickles for her, and a steak sandwich and coffee for himself. While he instructed the car-hop the girl unfolded the morning paper to catch up on current events. Suddenly she said, “Oh, no!”

“Oh, no what?”

“Can you take it?” she exclaimed, rattling the paper his way. “We’re in Cupid’s Corner again! Look, it reads: ‘Things must be getting serious with Debbie Rey-
in love

nolds and Bob Wagner. The other day she helped him move his things to his new house in the rain!"

"Well, didn't you?"

"Of course—but-well, I think it's a scream. It simply breaks me up. I mean, it wasn't raining at all," protested Debbie. "It was a nice, clear day—only a little cold. Remember? You loaned me your sweater and on me it looked like a skirt."

Now, that little scene is not particularly startling, (Continued on page 106)
**if you knew annie!**

(Continued from page 41) calmed him down.

"Why, Darling," she explained, "I'm not mad. I'm thrilled. Think what a compliment that was!"

Now, there are very few mildly expectant women who would be able to sit anywhere else who would take a constructive view like that, very few, in fact, who would report the pass only to their loving husbands. Certainly you could hunt among them for a long while to find a man who wouldn't fly into an outraged snit and call out the Marines—or at least her press agent—to make the most of it. And among them you'd be the last to expect to react with a pleasantly tickled funny bone would be Anne Baxter, who, for some weird reason, enjoys the reputation of being a serious, elegant lady with about as many twinges of vanity as anyone else.

Why this should be a mystery, partly explainable, perhaps, by the fact that Anne has had only one husband to her name, and that in the dozen years she has been around Hollywood she has never had any more scandal attached to her career than has Gigi Perreau. A certain impression, too, was bound to get around when such a marvellous, and ruthless Eve Harrington in All About Eve, and almost won her second Oscar for being so convivially deadly, deadpan, and in no way remarkable for success.

In any event, there are a lot of mistaken impressions about Anne Baxter hanging around Hollywood and elsewhere which can stand correcting.

But first, let us, for a start, turn our attention to another of the distinguished characters who's a pal of the Hodiak's, turned a neat phrase her way just the other day: "Anne—" he told her, "to me you always look like you're peeping over the bushes hungrily and thinking about it. Right?" and in that way, which was more than a little affectionate about it with A. Baxter. She lives on surprises, she couldn't live without them. Sometimes they're for herself, though most of them for others, but however you wind up, you fit a nonconformist creed of daring independence which her crusty old grandpappy, the great modern architect Frank Lloyd Wright handed her long ago.

Anne," he said, "remember this: Never form a habit. Never fall into a rut. And above all, never do anything because you think you have a right to. I learned all that from Anne—she hasn't and doesn't, no matter what—in her home, her studio, or with her friends or family. In fact, the recent arrival of Miss Katrina Hodiak is a case in point.

A little over a year ago when Anne first learned she was wearing a halo she was also set to make Folllow The Sun. In Hollywood generally this news spread the news a minute the interesting condition occurs. First to the studio which by law can retire any oncoming star to a length of time so that she can consider the proposal. Anne had no reason why she should skip a part she was dying to do, so she kept her mouth buttoned and played the part for all it was worth.

Well, when Annie was six months along, and still nobody knew, Hedda Hopper suddenly snared her for her radio show.

"The jig's up," John told his wife, "Hedda will take one look and, brother, that's where I land!"

"Want to bet?" asked Anne.

She went to the broadcast. She wore her mother's dress, and a tight girdle, and she talked faster than Hedda can, so that she definitely got a chance to look below Anne's jabbering jaws.

In fact, nobody in Hollywood ever did guess, until the Hodiaks announced it the next day.

Now that is undoubtedly one kind of a record for Hollywood, but it's also typical of Anne Baxter and how she operates. So is the fact that, mulling over names for her radio program, she batted around with "Heidi Hodiak," to make John snort, "Whose daughter do you think she's going to be—Cab Calloway's?" And last July Anne tore out to a gala Hollywood ball, and sat and around toasting her baby's arrival in champagne, until twinges sent her off to the hospital next morning where she had Katrina as easy as pie.

The plain truth is that Anne Baxter is an intriguing mixture of a sophisticated Bohemian and an unconstructed scamp, who writes a personal declaration of independence on every page of her being.

A girl who can show up at a Press Photographers Ball in black transparent trousers, a jeweled G-string and nothing else, and still have on a pink eye maple just because she darned well felt like it, and keep it that way when her modern-minded father came home and exploded, "Anne—" when she didoes at 84. His daughter, Catherine, Anne's mother, is a woman of strong notions who once, when papa was away, redecorated the family room in the way Hodiak put it. "What," said her daughter, "you're making do with all sorts of things, in Bronxville, Y. N. and a prospective debutante, she took a studied look at the prissy Ivy League future in store for her, and then she said, "When Anne was 11 she faced the family with the facts of life, "I'm going to be an actress," she stated. "Do you mind?"

"Heaven no," they told her. "Be a plumber if you like. But be the best!"

So Anne ran alone into Manhattan to drama school, intrepidly mixed with the mobs at the subway and nobody at the local Record Office, and ran away at 12, when most girls are just starting to hide their dolls, and in Hollywood at 15.

One day a week when Anne was 8, she was accompanied with family friends at their summer house on Catalina Island. These were very nice people and Anne, of course, was a very nice girl. She was already in a quandary without a picnics, and didn't vibrate to Hollywood Mrs. Baxter was living up North in Burlingame. Anne had a companion, really a chaperone, named Miss Tickett, a dear, sweet soul, but a little difficult to shake at times.

At Avalon Anne sensed her opportunity, so she faked a telephone call and told her hosts she was called back to the mainland. She took the noon boat but she didn't get any farther than Santa Barbara. Instead, she decided to paint Hollywood red, but that's hard to handle when you're 17 with nobody to take you around. What Anne needed was a dreamer, but she dreamed a chicken by herself in a respectable tea room, but that didn't satisfy her reckless urge. So she just drove and drove—finally winding up way out in the Malibu country and there is absolutely nothing to do at Lake Sherwood except listen to hoot owls and plopping bug, but there beneath the shaggy oak Anne considered the nature of it and found it reckless and romantic enough, finally falling asleep in the car.

In the morning she drove back, tied up at a gas station, and finally reported dutifully to Miss Tickett, who had called Catalina unfortunately, learned of her departure, and suspected the worst. But she said nothing, and from then on Anne got the freedom she yearned for and the privilege of dating—without a chaperone cramping her style. It may also be forgotten that Anne Baxter got around very successfully from that on, and in the expansion which was produced engaged three times before she saw John Hodiak in the Fox commissary one noon.

That romance has been long since reported too, but even today if you mumble about it, one cannot go out with a girl like her, what you get from Anne is, "Corted me? Don't be silly. I courted John. I had to tell lies, play hard to get and all kinds of things. I was really rugged to break the main down, even after I knew he was interested."

But she finally did, of course, six years ago come July seventh, and although John and Anne have not been officially engaged before and Anne got carved with an appendectomy right afterward, in between they had a lovely wedding in the garden of her mother's house in Burlingame. The reception was a party to remember—and a tough one to leave. Some of the guests got confused and ended up in Hawaii. When John and Anne returned from their honeymoon on a rain of rice they plowed to Colorado Springs and the Broadmoor Hotel, where they finally got to bed at five A.M.

But on her honeymoon Anne couldn't bring herself to carry, on like the rest of the newlywed hand-holders strolling down lovers' lane and blushing over the indifferent passerby.

What the new Mrs. Hodiak hove up with for a honeymoon idyll was spending a night in an old Rocky Mountain ghost town that even the natives had forgotten. They went through garlic, a split French bread, salad greens and wine, John rented a car and they whizzed off. Well—it poured all night long, the ancient city was covered with a blanket of snow up, along with the steaks on the wood stove. There was no plumbing, no water, no heat. Swilling coffee to keep alive, they didn't sleep a wink—and in such a frayed condition had they there.

Six years of marriage haven't tarnished the spirit which triggered that frantic excursion, and life for Anne Baxter is always full of fun. Maybe that's because, as she explains, "the only rule we have around here is that there aren't any."

The Hodiak's Hollywood home (and it is attack in Hollywood, not fashionable Bel-Air or Beverly Hills) a deceptive air of calm and order prevails when you first walk in. But just stick around, if Penelopa and Shoo-Fly, the puddles, don't...
Suddenly decide to have a family in the front hall with Anne playing midwife, when someone with hammers and saws may wander in and noisily start changing this and that around, according to a fresh idea John or Annie got the night before. One such flash inspiration a year ago changed their house from English to contemporary modern with about everything in the joint shifted except the dishwasher. Last birthday John brought home for the dining room wall hung with panel luridly labeled, "GIGANTIC CLEARANCE SALE!" Anne had raided Brooks Brothers that morning for every color and style they had. A party is likely to gather like a summer storm at any minute, with Clifton Webb dancing the Afternoon of a Faun perhaps, and Anne making like Lily Fonz. One thing's certain to see almost daily is this Techno-pagane loving cup which sits by the fireplace etched "Anne" and "John." Elaine and John Steinbeck gave them that thoughtful gift. Everything with the Hodiks has to be celebratory, a new part, a new dress, or a 30-foot putt.

Long ago, Anne and John Hodik learned that the planned life was impossible, because studios don't fit their shooting schedules to wedded companionship. So they gather their good times together on the first bounce of opportunity. One evening three years ago, John rushed into the house, shouting, "Hey, I just got 18 days!"

"In jail?" Annie asked him.

"No—my fool—I'm free, off the hook, at liberty, nothing to do. It's real, it's true, and it's in writing."

"Now isn't that a coincidence?" cried Anne, "with me a liberty belle too. And I had a dream last night."

"You and your dream—"

"It was in Technicolor," continued his wife. "I saw blue, blue water and coral sands. Dark people with brightly colored scarves slung around their heads. Houses on stilts... where's that? Wait a minute."

She came back with two things. One, her dream book—it's called "What's in a Dream?" and has 10,000 visions and what they mean, and two, a handy, descriptive atlas. "This says I'm definitely going on a trip," she informed him, "and this says it's Jamaica."

"Jamaica?" howled John. "Not that far. Wait a minute!"

But he knew he was licked.

That was on a Saturday night. Sunday they checked the weather in Jamaica by phone, packed their bags, called goodbyes and got permits. Monday they were on their way—and the doctor jabbed them with their smallpox shots going out the door in the passenger plane.

That's pretty typical. And although in Kingston the shots took too much effect and Anne wound up with fever and was given a hard time, they called out cold on a park bench, in the end they didn't have to be some trip Hodik, who hates to dance, even learned the West Indian rhumba.

Life, of course, is not all a dish of cherries jubilee. The grandpapa, John Hodik. They have their problems everywhere else. Anyone who ventured dreamily that they've never had an argument since their honeymoon night in the Rockies would be laughed out of any front door. But underneath the explosions lies a love that is deep and real and stubbornly defended.

They both dream on optimistically on trivial matters. Hodik has threatened to hop Anne if she doesn't stop leaning over his shoulder when he's reading a book and inquiring, "How far've you got?" Being a sports fan's long ago registered su-

preme disgust with indoor Annie's athletic talent, and compares her golf swing to the ballet version of a dying swan. On the other hand—Anne can't lure him out dancing, and she's put up for years with his criticism of the clothes she picks. The other day, after holding her temper when he criticized a shabby chiffon dress she'd bought at a sale with, "looks like the colors ran," she led him right back to the swank Beverly Hills shop and said, "All right—you pick it out!"

The models trotted out with all the French imports in the place, and in no time at all John easily picked a heavy white satin number with gobs of style.

"Now that's perfect for you, Anne," he declared. "We'll take that."

So they took that and John reached for his checkbook, as Anne grinned at the lesson he'd learn.

"Six hundred dollars, please," said the salesgirl sweetly.

But even in trying situations like that John is proud really as a peacock about his wife. At 29, Anne Baxter looks like that high school kid the smoothie in the Cadillac took her for. She's still tiny and cute with an even smaller waist—22—than before the blessed event. There's only one thing that really bothers her in the looks department—her nose. Nobody else worries about it, but she thinks it's a little too retrousse. A makeup man had her in his chair not long ago and cocked his head professionally. "Hasn't your nose been fixed?" he asked.

"Listen," snapped Baxter, "do you think I'd have it fixed this way?"

Ordinarily, Anne Baxter isn't the touchy type. She's a serious actress, of course, so serious that sometimes, lost in her acting job, she'll forget to speak to her best friends at Fox. Other times, for no good reason at all, she can get cruelly corny when the going is toughest.

Recently, on the set of The Outcasts Of Poker Flat, Anne tied into a climactic scene where the snowbound Sierra troupe sat around for days in a cold cabin and chewed on chicken bones. Through the long scene Anne was called on to lift her voice melodically, to sing out loud, to belt out the song of the Fort Hare Forty-Niner drama in a pocket of her petticoat. The act became a sort of trademark for her role. And the chicken—after three straight days—began to gag everybody around.

Anne showed up the last morning, flipped up her petticoat, stared at the eternal chicken, was about to wash it, and hauled out an endless string of veenies which she handed around. The laughs pleased her so much she repeated the gag after a morning with a motheaten stool and spilled something dug up for her in the prop department.

There is really only one thing that ever brings out the red in her hair very seriously. That's when somebody takes a cruel and groundlessly crack at her marriage. Not very long ago a misguided press agent at her own studio found himself in deep trouble from an unlucky yank he dreamed—when Andy—must have thought that she was on location in Colorado with nothing much happening to stop the presses so the agent made up a squib: Anne Baxter, he wrote, was 'penned for gold in a mountain stream—but instead of making it rich, she only lost her wedding ring!'

It was innocuous enough, but by the time Hollywood had worked that one out, it came out like this: Anne Baxter alone on location and lonely, was so mad at John Hodik for chasing around in Hollywood in her absence that she had hysterically tossed her wedding ring into the cookbook Well—when Andy—must have thought that she made more than a pop with the press and pistols. She practically blew off the roof of 20th Century-Fox. Some hasty explanations convinced her it was one of those things nobody bothered much—she just lost a good job. But it's a cinch it won't ever happen again.

Anne Baxter plays her marriage straightforward and keeps and that's no jockeying matter with her. Right from the start a girl who has never tended any sacred cows knows one thing at least that is sacred to her—her home with John Hodik and Katrina.

Seven years ago, her husband last July, Anne's grand old professor, Frank Lloyd Wright, sent her a snappy telegram. "KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK," he wired. So the other day, Anne thought it was time to grandpa, who has mighty good taste, deserved a look.

Bundling up baby Katrina, John and Anne carried their custom-designed projector for "Talesens," the famed Arizona desert home of the dean of American architecture.

The white-haired expert sat in the sun for the first look at his great-grandpapa "work," he explained calmly and patiently, "let's see him!"

"It's not a him—it's a her," explained Anne, opening the blanket.

"If you could study the object thoughtfully," Howard, he pronounced, "the brains. Let's see her legs."

Anne uncorked the wrapper to oblige. "Very, very good supports," grumped the man who was still a man to know.

At that point Katrina stuck out her tongue and pronounced a mild raspberry, as some babies are wont to do. Mr. Wright was ready to "I think she'll get along," he allowed.

He might say the same thing about his granddaughter, and maybe he has. If not, anyone who really knows Anne Baxter can tell you. A great many brains and a more than slightly sassy slant at the world will get along all right—in Hollywood or anywhere else.
love is better than anything

(Continued from page 42) This is a major operation. Your wife should be told.

Gene shook his head. "They're just too impatient in Yorkshire," he said. "You perform the operation. I'll call her afterwards."

The operation was a success, and a day later Gene asked his nurse at La Clinique des Belles Petites to put in a transatlantic call to his wife in Beverly Hills.

Betsy said later that it was six A.M., when the phone rang. "Gene, was very sorry to wake us," she explained. "He just didn't have the courage to tell me himself. In case we read anything in the paper. I had a little stomach ache," he said, "and they took out my appendix. Then he asked me to say to you. I was coming over, and I told him we'd have to put all our things in storage and rent the house and take Kerry out of school, and then we'd sail on the Ile de France.

Apart from the Betsy, Gene, and their nine-year-old Kerry are all living in Switzerland—but the above incident will give you a small idea of how thoughtful the Kellys are about such things. Gene even has a study abroad about a little thing like an emergency appendectomy. And Betsy, if Gene wanted her and their little girl in Europe, wouldn't think twice about all of it. Just like the Kellys didn't give much thought when Orson Welles cabled her an offer to play in Othello in Africa, Gene insisted that she go.

"Who'll look after Kerry?" Betsy asked.

"Don't worry," Gene said. "I will."

Betsy flew to Africa and then to Italy and did act opposite Welles, but he didn't have time to finish playing a part in that picture, and eventually Betsy came back to Beverly Hills.

However, the point is that the sacrifice is an act of faith in the Kelly marriage. But the Kellys don't call it sacrifice. They consider it only an expression of love.

"More than anything else," Gene says. "I want Betsy to do whatever brings her the most happiness."

"Isn't that funny?" Betsy says. "That's exactly how I feel about him."

This mutual understanding is why Gene and Betsy are so proud of each other, despite their background of differences. They take the question of religion. Gene is a practising Catholic. He very much wanted their daughter to be raised in that faith. He talked it over with Betsy, and she, knowing how much it meant to Gene, readily assented.

Every Sunday Gene and Kerry go to mass. A few weeks ago, before Gene flew to Scotland to scout locations for Briga- doon, he and Kerry attended services in a beautiful little cathedral in Switzerland.

"One of the things I like best about Sundays," Kerry says, "is going to church with Daddy."

While Gene takes care of Kerry's religious education, Betsy takes care of her schooling. AfterGene enrolled Kerry in a public school instead of a private one.

When Gene asked Betsy to come abroad, Betsy not only enrolled Kerry in the Swiss schools but also enrolled Kerry. "Kerry's accent is better than mine," says her mother.

It is a tribute to Betsy Kelly that her daughter is unspoiled. Only recently, the headmistress at the Swiss school Kerry attends, told a reporter, "What a refreshing little girl Kerry is. We've had lots of experience teaching daughters of wealthy people abroad. They are terribly spoiled and pampered, but not this one. I think it is because her parents are such good people, really democratic. I recommend to every other family having a daughter abroad, to have another Kerry." When Gene Kelly first arrived in Switzerland, it wasn't long before all the children in town were calling after him, "Hello, Geno. Hello, Kelly." Wherever he went, the Kellys had to take a servant with them, because they had to hire all the servants they did in his picture, American In Paris. He is very popular, and so is his wife. Kerry is very lucky to have such parents."

"For a star, it's a relatively diffi- cult job to keep your child from being spoiled. The Kellys have succeeded, but not without cost.

Veteran actress Ethel Barrymore still commutes to and from her studio in an automobile of 1925 vintage.

From time to time, for example, Gene is usually voted one of the most uncoopera-
tive stars of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. The reason is he doesn't like to pose for home layouts.

"It's not the proper attitude. He doesn't explain it to me, but you let a young girl know that she's being treated as something special, and well, it's tough keeping her hat-size normal. That's why Betsy and I pretty much want to do—see that Kerry lives a normal childhood."

The Kellys plan to stay in Europe for at least another year. Gene finished The Desert Song in Germany late in March. Brigadoon will be finished in Scot-
tland, if all goes well, by the end of the summer. Then Gene wants to start a third film, Invitation To The Dance, in Paris.

Right now Gene and Betsy don't know whether to leave their nine-year-old in Switzerland for a year, and fly back to see her. They're going to enroll her in different schools as they hop from country to country.

"I think we'll keep her in one school," Betsy said a few months ago when Gene asked her.

With the Kellys, the accent is always on normality, being yourself, down-to-
earth, never putting on any airs.

Betsy, for instance, is frank to admit she isn't much of an intellectual equal. "He's older than I am," she explains. "He's had a better education and wider experience, and consequently, he knows more."

"Only about certain things," Gene adds facetiously. "Betsy has plenty on the ball. She's a fine dancer, a good actress, a wonderful mother, and an understanding wife. The thing I like most about her is her rate of growth. We were married when she was very young, hardly 18. She graduated from the New York Professional School and danced in a few clubs but she wasn't very worldly. In the 11 years we've been married, she certainly has learned a lot. Betsy is at ease in front of anybody. She has a sense of values, too. She knows what's important and what isn't."

The most important thing to Betsy is keeping her marriage on an even keel. She tells the Kellys that "Gene was the first man she ever fell in love with—she was 15 at the time—and her whole adult life has always revolved around him.

Gene says that "the Kellys" is not Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe who insisted on hiring Betsy as a dancer. That was way back in 1938. Gene and Dick Dwenger, the pianist, used to take Betsy out to the small clubs in Midtown. N. J., would hang on to Gene's every word. To her, whatever he said was the law."

"When Betsy first started going with Gene," her mother recalls, "she used to refer to him as Mr. Kelly. It was always Mr. Kelly said this," or "Mr. Kelly said that." She looked up to him with great veneration.

Betsy still veneration Gene. "When he first came out to Hollywood," she says, "they thought he was just a hoofer. Gene has not only brought a new concept to the musical film, but has written into his role of a writer, director, and choreographer. I think he's done more to popularize the ballet than any other man in America. He's an exciting fellow; he's very sweet, because he's constantly breeding ideas. He generates a tremendous amount of energy and it's almost impossible to keep up with him. His skating is a pretty good example of that."

He's an exciting fellow, because he's constantly breeding ideas. He generates a tremendous amount of energy and it's almost impossible to keep up with him. His skating is a pretty good example of that. He is always excited. You can't keep up with him. His skating is a pretty good example of that. He is always excited. You can't keep up with him. His skating is a pretty good example of that.
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(Continued from page 46) baby has dropped 600 feet into the Pacific Ocean. Jimmy eventually realized this, so he sold his house and moved into mine. Before we could start looking for a new one, 20th Century-Fox offered him a job in London in No Highway In The Sky. Jim said he’d take it providing the whole family could go along, so we all went to England. While they were in England the Stewarts had no housing problems at all. The boys were enrolled in a British school. The studio took care of all the hotel bills. But one morning Gloria realized that as far as she was concerned, the European junket was over. What is known in show business as “an act of God,” had happened. She was pregnant. Understandably enough, she wanted to return to the U.S.A. and be under the care of her own doctor. Jimmy said of course. He saw Gloria and the boys off and then returned to his picture work in No Highway.

One morning at four a.m., the phone rang in his London hotel. Jimmy groped for it. “What’s the idea of calling anyone at this hour?” he muttered.

“But the call is from Los Angeles, California,” the operator said. “I don’t care where it’s from,” Jimmy mumbled. “I’m asleep.”

“Here’s your party, sir,” the operator said.

Jimmy tried to carry on a coherent conversation, but he was too sleepy, so he just nodded as Gloria explained that she was in excellent condition, the doctor told her she could expect twins in May, and everything else was fine.

“Thanks for calling,” Jim said. “Wonderful to hear your voice.”

As he hung up the receiver, however, his eyes sprang open. Twins! Did Gloria say twins? Was he going to be the father of twins? Did she actually say it or was he dreaming? He grabbed the phone. “Operator,” he screamed. “Get me that party in Los Angeles again . . .

For the prospective father of twins there was no sleep that night.

Now, the requirements of a family with four children are vastly different from the simple requirements of newlyweds. As soon as Jimmy returned from England, he abandoned all thoughts of a romantic clifftside house and began looking for a substantial home in a substantial family neighborhood.

One afternoon he and Gloria stopped their car outside a solid-looking, two-story, coved brick structure in Beverly Hills.

“This place,” said Gloria, “looks like a dormitory to me.”

“Now, that’s what we need,” Jim answered, “isn’t it?”

Gloria grinned, “I guess it is.” And that settled it.

The Stewart “dormitory” contains the necessary number of bedrooms: five on the second floor. The front stairs lead to a hall, which the family aptly calls The Great Divide. The children’s rooms are off to the left, the parents’ to the right. Seven-year-old Ron ald, who began going to Black Fox Military Academy last fall, always makes a point of turning a square corner at this dividing line.

“I used to think,” Jim says, “that maybe our room was too far away from the kids, but when the family re-models it up at six in the morning, I’m real glad that they’re in one half of the house and Gloria and I are in the other.”

Another house feature which makes Jimmy happy is the basement. Most homes in Southern California have no cellars. His does, and Jim plans to re-model it into a sound-proof playroom. When the younger set gathers at the Stewart place, as they will in a few years, Papa Stewart says they’ll be promptly ushered into the basement where they can raise hallelujah to their hearts’ content.

Like all families the Stewarts’ Beverly Hills homes built before the war, this one includes a roomy kitchen, butler’s pantry and breakfast room, as well as living and dining rooms, and a library, Gloria’s favorite nook is the library.

She’s the omnivorous reader in the clan who not only scans all the scripts sent to Jimmy, but frequently synthesizes them as well. She recommends stories to him, and sends rejected scripts back to his agent. She also cues Jim on his lines.

“In ten minutes,” he says, “Gloria reads more pages than I do in an hour.”

Princeton-reared Jim Stewart reads as rapidly as he talks.

In contrast to the typical Hollywood home library, which has everything but books, Jim Stewart’s is well-stocked with reading matter. It also contains Jim my’s collection of airplane models, a dozen family photographs, and the various gag gifts he and Gloria have picked up during their travels. The room is furnished informally, as is the rest of the house.

“The twins came so quickly after we moved into this place,” Gloria explains, “that we didn’t have time enough to make a production out of furnishing it. We pooled furniture from Jim’s old house and mine, and then I hired Helen Conway, a decorator, to re-upholster a few of the pieces we didn’t like. As some new living room draperies and got us a couple of over-size tables. You know, just looked after the essentials.

Oddly enough, the Stewart house looks as settled as if they’d been living in it for years. The furnishings are basically tra di tional, and the color schemes are all subdued.

The living room, for example, is done in muted tones of beige and green. Two large sofas and a large coffee table in front of the fireplace dominate the room. A baby grand piano stands to one side and a very fine French Provincial breakfast in the other. The furniture, however, plays second fiddle to the paintings in the room. These are really the attention-getters.

The Utrilli’s French commode was Gloria’s Christmas gift to Jimmy the first year they dated each other. Her gay portrait beside the piano is provocative not only because it is well-done but because it was painted by Claudette Colbert who is developing into a portrait painter of the first rank. The canvas above the mantel is by Suzanne Eckel andie.
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those on either side of the fireplace are
Rouaults. In addition to the work of fa-
mous artists, Jimmy has bought paintings
by a couple of unknown disabled veterans.
"I like 'em as well as the others," he says.

The Stewart dining room with its old-
fashioned oval table is physically tra-
ditional. "But spiritually," Jimmy says,
"this room is a nothing, largely because
we never entertain. I don't know why we
don't entertain, either. Seems like Gloria
and I just like to be alone together."

"People do come to our house," Gloria
hastens to explain, "but I'm sure they
think we're odd. We go upstairs every
night at about eight-thirty and watch
television from our bed. I tell Jimmy our
friends are going to think we're nuts, but
he refuses to worry."

The master bedroom to which Mr. and
Mrs. James Stewart retire is done in soft
rose. Gloria's old bedroom furniture deco-
rates it, so to keep it from appearing too
feminine, Gloria added a desk, a table
model television set, and Bello, her Ger-
man shepherd who sleeps there more or
less regularly. Gloria likes to sleep with
the windows open. Jim does not. One night
a few months ago, the master of the house
complained that it was freezing in the
room. Even Bello had walked out "And
look what he's wearing," Jim yelled. Next
day, Gloria drove to town and bought an
oversize electric blanket.

In the children's half of the Stewart
dorm, each of the boys has his own room
which he expects to keep in order. This
chore comes easily to Ronald. He inherited
Jimmy's old furniture, and he's so proud
of it that he actually enjoys polishing the
pieces. He hero worships his step-dad and
copies many of his ways.

Six-year-old Michael, however, is a bit
lax when it comes to tidying up. He al-
ways has excuses, too. Gloria listens to
all of them, then usually lets him off easily.
Gloria is the relaxed type of mother who
feels that since Mike will probably never
have to make beds or clean house there's
no sense making an issue of it. "Just
wait until Mike gets into the Army," Jim
warns her. "He'll never forgive you."

Right now the double feature attraction
in the Stewart household are the infant
girl twins, Kelly and Judy. Jim insists
that these two will be taught how to cook
and do housework. Gloria isn't much of
a cook, and Jim never stops razzing her
about her few dismal attempts at prepar-
ing canned soup. "The twins," he vows,
"will make up for their old lady."

At this moment, however, the two little
girls spend most of their time sleeping.
They share a suite of two rooms with
their nurse, and these rooms bulge with
cribs, clothes chests, and baby-tenders.

In the evening when he returns from
the studio, Stewart heads straight for the
nursery. He picks up the twins, places one
in the V of each elbow, and watches both
of his daughters perform. He views each
new childish development with the sur-
prised awe of the typical new father.

A few nights ago he came home and was
told that Kelly and Judy couldn't be put
into the same playpen since they insisted
upon fighting, and that there wasn't enough
room in the nursery for two playpens.
Next day Jim phoned an aircraft factory
and had them send out a sheet of plexi-
glass. He cut the plexiglass down and ran it from
one side of the playpen to the other
dividing it in two. Kelly and Judy now
see each other but can't get at one
another.

"I always knew," Jimmy Stewart says,
"that my four years in the Air Force
weren't wasted."

(Jimmy Stewart's latest picture is Univer-
sal's Bend Of The River.—Ed.)
a childhood

memory

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(Continued from page 48) stand on her
head with an amazing display of energy.
June's grandfather was a small man with
a huge moustache who had brought his
wife over from France, and had learned too
late that America's streets weren't paved
with gold. He had a stern look, and June
never quite had the courage to show her
affection for him. She knew, though, that
he loved her.
School brought an aching sense of loneliness, for June was acutely shy and found
it

difficult

to

make

friends.

She buried

herself in her schoolwork, loving her
studies but afraid of her teachers and her
carefree schoolmates.

Twice her father sent a message that
he had a gift for her, namjng a place to
meet him. After school was out, June

would go
and

wait.

to the' appointed street corner

Her

father never came. She rebeing swept with a terrible fear
during these times. She'd go home and tell
her grandmother, who'd rock June back
and forth in her arms, comforting her.
calls

June remembers

clearly the events of the

day the accident happened. Clara had
taken her to Coney Island as a special
treat, and on the way home June said she
wanted to ride her bicycle."
"You'll have to" take off your Sunday
dress," said her mother, but June didn't
stop to change her clothes. She got" on her
bike and soon was playing cops and robbers with the boy next door. She had just
made a sprint down the block, with her
dog Teddy running by her side, when the

C/3

IMAGINE THAT!
Joan Bennett (a grandmother)
measures the same around the
waist as she did when she arrived
in
Hollywood 20 years ago 21

—

inches.
Dorothy Kilgallen in
The Journal-American

boy jumped out from behind a bush.
"Stop!" he yelled, and put up his hand. It
was the last thing she remembered. The
great dead tree had dropped one of its huge
branches, and June and her bicycle and
her dog lay twisted beneath its mass.
When she came to, she was stretched out
on the drainboard of the kitchen sink. Her
grandfather was supporting her with one
hand and with the other was tenderly
bathing her head. Her mother and grandmother and aunts were standing huddled
by the door, and they were all crying.
"My head," said June. "It feels funny."

She put her hand to it and immediately
blacked out once more. Consciousness returned just after the ambulance arrived.
"The doctor is going to stitch your head
where it's been hurt," they told her, "and
if you don't cry, we'll give you a quarter."
Who could keep from crying? June was
terrified when she saw the ambulance and
refused to allow them to carry her to it.
The interne shook his head. "She's much
too upset to force her," he said. "Is there
anybody in the neighborhood whose car

we

could

use?"

The people next door

offered theirs, and June rode to the hospital on the interne's lap.
At the hospital, they told Clara her
daughter had a fractured skull and serious
spinal injuries. "You must be brave," they
'

"She won't live through the night."
But when Clara was admitted to the
room the next morning June had not died.
She was swathed in bandages and the
only thing visible was her left eye. Her eye
and one white, swollen hand. Clara sank
to her knees beside the bed and wept.
said.

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The months spent in the hospital melted into a haze of confusion for June. Her mother was there every day and so were her grandparents, but one day faded into the next, remembered only for the blood transfusions and the kindly red-headed doctor, and finally she was taken home.

There was what was a steel and muslin contraption that she was to wear for many years to come. She lay for more months, listening to the sound of the children at play outside in the streets, and dreaming herself at night because her cousin Helen had told her, "You'll go crazy, you know. Everybody who's had a skull fracture goes crazy." They told her, too, that she was not the only warm-hearted second-hand woman, that the accident had killed her dog. They did not tell her that the doctors said she would never walk again.

She began with faltering steps and the family watched with happiness. Soon she was running around the house and waiting hand and foot on her grandmother, who was now almost always confined to a chair. June didn't understand why, but Mrs. Provost was taken away to the hospital. Grandmother was very sick, they told her, and she must be very quiet when they brought her home. Mrs. Provost never came home. June was walking home from school one day, alone as always because of the added shyness given her by the wearing of the brace. Her cousin met her in front of the house, and with the cruelty of children, blurted out the news. "I guess you won't be so happy to know," she said, "that Grandmother died today."

Marriage is a wonderful thing if you don't find a reporter hiding in your bedroom. 

JUNE thought about it all that day, and the next day she played hockey for the first time.

She went to the theater and left her name with the man at the door, then wandered uncertainly through the dingy rear of the theater, a pitiful little figure in skirt, blouse, flat shoes and bobbin socks. Arrived at the scene of action, she was momentarily blinded by the bright lights, and then she saw the other girls who had come to audition. They were tall and willowy, and June thought they were a bunch of nuts. She was then taken in the display of pulchritude that any Broadway theater draws for chorus auditions, then made up her mind to bolt and run. But at that moment, someone called out her name: "You're next," bellowed a man in a bow tie and short sleeve shirt. "What do you know of a brace--dance," June squeaked. "Singing?" said the man. "Uh-huh."

"Where's your music?"

"Music? I haven't any."

Then a man in the pit, the only piano player in the pit, who began to pound out a rhythmical tune. June took a deep breath and did a series of the time steps she'd learned in two days' lessons and then proceeded to dance at home. When she felt she'd done enough of them, she broke the monotony with a twirl or two.

"Emph," said the man in the bow tie. "Let her be happy as she.

June's voice then was as barnaced as it is now, and she managed to get out about four bars before the man held up his hand to stop her. "You're hired," he said, and June almost fainted from the shock. To
For laughs or not, she got through the show, and went on to work in Very Warm For May and Higher And Higher. In Panama Hattie she had one speaking line, and in Best Foot Forward she was teamed with a trio who sang and danced. A new life for June had begun. Clara didn't understand show business, had never seen a play, but she did advise June to return to school. June went back after a few months and when she finally got her working papers she moved into the Women's Club, severing her life from that of her family. It was a split that came without hard feelings, but hers was now a life apart from theirs and she began to make friends. There was Miriam Franklin; June was maid of honor at her wedding to Gene Nelson. There were June Ball and Penny Porter, kids in show business. These people were the first to accept June, to make any effort to know and love her, and June has never forgotten them.

Her room at the Women's Club cost about $12 a week, her earnings were about $45 a week, so she could budget. Things weren't always bright. There were times between shows that shook to pieces her careful savings. When things were rough she tried other ways of earning a living. She entered amateur contests at the local theaters, and she never won, but she kept on smiling. Once she entered a radio contest, planning to sing "The Lady in Red." She started off on the wrong key, and after a few bars was cut off the air. "What went on?" Clara asked her afterward. "You started to sing and then something went wrong with the radio. An organ started playing." She tried modeling, too. They frizzed her hair and glued on false eyelashes and tried to make her look what she wasn't. Even for "juniour clothes" June just didn't make the grade. Her last modeling job was a bathing suit pose, for which they took her to a waterfall and sat her on a rock. June promptly fell off the rock and into the water, and that ended that. There was a brief stint at the Copacabana where, even though short girls were in season that year, June was the runt of the chorus.

Although her income was erratic she managed to support herself, and once in a while would wonder, as she stood in the wings of a theater, why she was there and how she'd ever got there. With her work in Best Foot Forward her salary shot to $125 a week, and she moved to Tudor City to live in the Windsor Towers, an apartment house as elegant as its name. At this point she had been helped to gain her footing not only by the girls in show business, but by one boy in particular. Tommy was the second person outside June's family to give her understanding. Tommy came from a well-to-do family, had been paddling around in show business for a few years, and knew the ropes. At this time June was impressionable and naive. She felt it lucky that a boy like Tommy should have come along. He took her to fine restaurants, introduced her to exotic menus, encouraged her to read the classics, and saw to it that she ate regular meals and got enough rest.

June spent three years in New York show business, and was so bewildered by it all that it seemed to fly by and then fuse into a muddle of faces and frightening moments and fleeting bits of happiness. Then came the offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The studio wanted to film Best Foot Forward, and they offered a package deal to certain people in the show. June was included. She was happy, naturally, for by this time she was ambitious, but it was ironic that now, when she'd found a few things that were dear and familiar to her, she had to abandon them for a city whose very name frightened her. She packed her clothes and her brace into a suitcase, said goodbye to her mother and brother and to Tommy, and boarded the train with Penny Porter, who sang in the chorus.

Penny was excited and frightened. June was just frightened. She had never been farther from home than Boston and Philadelphia, and at those times she had been with a whole gang who knew what to do.

Now, on this great train that sped across 3,000 miles, June didn't even know whether she should tip the porter, or if so, how much. She sat staring out the window, often dabbing the tears from her eyes, and on the second day out of Chicago a kindly, middle-aged woman who had heard June crying asked what was the matter. June told her about her new job and how frightened she was and the woman melted in sympathy. "I'm sure you'll be a big movie star some day," she said. "May I have your autograph?" June smiled at that, it was so preposterous, and obliged with her signature.

She had thought that a welcoming committee would be on hand at Los Angeles. But there was no one. The two girls climbed into a cab and June said the name of the only hotel she'd heard of—the Beverly Wilshire. They rolled up before its polished doors almost an hour later and from their double room, June phoned the studio. She was bounced around from one person to another until she finally talked with someone who knew who she was, and this person informed her that she had just gone on a six-week layoff.

After three days the bill at the Beverly

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*plus tax

Ad for Nestle Colorinse and Nestle Colorint, offering various hair color options and their prices.
Wilshire was astronomical. June's knees shook when she informed the manager that she was broke but he looked at the pale and earnest face and told her she could pay later when her finances were straightened out. In desperation June went to MGM, where they agreed to advance her three weeks' salary, and she moved into the Town and Country Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard.

The night she came home from her first work before the cameras she opened her suitcase and took out the brace. For the last few years she had been wearing it only periodically, when her back was tired. She stood looking at it for a long moment, then took it downstairs and into the backyard, where she put it in the incinerator.

It was the final severance from the old days, the last reminder, and with its departure came a new June Allyson. She was still afraid of the 'important people' in Hollywood, yet she covered up with a gaiety that became synonymous with her name. But alone in her apartment, she sat and pictured the Peeping Tom outside, the burglar who might be listening at her door. Often she went across the hall to the apartment of Hyatt Downing and his wife and slept on the couch in their living room. The Downings insisted that she get a housekeeper–companion and introduced her to Beess VanDyke, a motherly woman who gave June the sense of belonging that she needed.

They moved to another apartment on Wilshire Boulevard, and it was while living here that June's career soared to the top. She worked in Meet The People, and in Two Girls And A Sailor. With the release of the latter film she became a star; not in actuality, but in the minds of the movie goers. Magazines and newspapers flooded the studio with requests for interviews and the studio was delighted. They liked this merry little character, never knowing that she was quaking inside, and they were pleased to see that she was on her way up. To June herself, it was unbelievable, the eighth wonder of the world. She would look in the mirror that hung over the couch in her living room, and make a face. "Some movie star," she would say to herself. And to Beess, "I'm not beautiful to look at, and I haven't a beautiful voice. But I am a beautiful swimmer." Still trying to prove herself.

To the men in Hollywood, June was a paradox. The bachelors gathered like bees around honey but they went away puzzled. She wore little makeup and her clothes were tailored. She was far from a glamour girl. She didn't like nightclubs and was afraid to take a drink. She knew so little about cocktails that she once astounded a writer who was interviewing her at home. "Would you like a drink?" June called from the kitchen. And when the writer accepted, June asked how to concoct it. "Why, it's simple," shouted the writer. "Just put three fingers of liquor in a glass and add ice and water." A few minutes later June appeared with a glass filled with a purplish liquid. "What," said the writer, "is that?"

Her complete naturalness made up her appeal, and it took studio makeup men many months to learn that June Allyson did not look like herself when her makeup was too heavy, her eyelashes too long. June never wore anything but street makeup. "I'll still photograph," and after battling with her for a long time, photographers learned she was right.

When June had been in Hollywood a couple of years she was discovered by Dick Powell, who was refreshed rather than confused by her type of appeal, and soon found himself thinking of marriage. June couldn't believe that he was serious, but they were wed in August, 1945, and their marriage and house and children have all been the subject of thousands of stories.

June's mother has been shaken by pride and astonishment at her daughter's phenomenal success. Clara has come to California several times to visit June and Dick, and has met the great names of Hollywood quietly and shyly. Clara married again recently, to a man named William Brenner, who has finally given her the happiness she has sought.

From her home in New York, Clara keeps in touch with June through letters, and proudly writes of her son Arthur who is taking a premedical course at Columbia University. He has grown into a lean and handsome young man, quiet in his pride of his sister. When June first became famous she received scores of requests from Arthur for her photograph.

For June, life is a lot smoother than it ever was, but there are new wrinkles. Because she is in the spotlight she is a target for criticism, as are all celebrities. The same people at the studio who once worked and overtime to help June now say she is difficult and temperamental. Faced with the gossip, June sighs, "Of course it bothers me," she says, "but I've found it impossible to please everybody. I tried at first. I bent over backwards. And after a while I heard rumors that I wasn't what I should be or that I was what I shouldn't be. So I said to myself, 'All right, let's try it another way.' And I began doing as I pleased. The rumors still go around, but no more than before.

"Hollywood is like the Court of St.
James,” she says, “and I’m no diplomat. If a writer asks me if I like his script and I don’t, I tell him so. If a designer asks me if I like a dress and I don’t, I say so. I figure if they didn’t want my opinion they wouldn’t ask me, so why lie? Besides, I can’t. I don’t want to hurt people’s feelings, but I can’t see any sense in buttering them up if I have to lie about something. Even Richard says to me sometimes, ‘Sweetheart, when somebody asks your opinion about something you don’t like, can’t you find something nice to say about it?’ Just to take the edge off.”

“All I can say is, I’d be no good as an ambassador.”

But as a mother, she does fine. With the arrival of Pamela, June realized that she had what she had always wanted, and her attitude toward her career began to change. For the first time it was no longer important to her. When Ricky was born the feeling was strengthened and the studio, instead of being second only to her family, began to fade away in her thoughts. June wants, more with each day, to do nothing but stay home and play with her children and be with her husband. Fame never appealed to her and still doesn’t, because at heart she is as shy as the little girl who could never make friends. She sought a career only to earn her own living and to find her place in the sun. She wanted a career for security, and she has that security now in her family.

dreamboat’s a-comin’

(Continued from page 57) at UCLA studiously chasing his master’s degree in radio programming and technique. He didn’t know a soul in a Hollywood studio, he’d never looked at a camera in his life or vice versa, and “Jeffrey Hunter” was a tag he’d never considered answering to. But by now at 25, with eight solid pictures to his credit, he’s a star whom his boss, Darryl Zanuck, calls “the most talented young actor on the lot.” Moreover, from Seattle to South Key, you could pinpoint the film set’s reactions to Hunter with the title of his newest picture, Dreamboat. Dreamboat—that’s him, all over.

Brunette or not, Jeff is Hollywood’s newest fair-haired boy—a six-foot-one-inch symphony of sex appeal, talent and personality.

And in the last 24 months events have rocketed off for him in swift enough succession to make a jet pilot dizzy.

Take that May Day in 1950 when he scribbled his name below the blocks of fineprint that were to change his life. In the morning Hank had gone to classes as usual, his thoughts concentrated completely on the one more day necessary to wind up his studies. He’d already pushed out of his mind the campus drama job he’d dropped in All My Sons, and the unrealistic aftermath—a screen test at Paramount where the answer was a fast “No.”

But when he dropped by the Phi Delt house that afternoon there was a note, “Call your agent.” So Hank called. “We’ve got a contract,” said Paul Kohner. “Come over to Fox.”

“Fox?” puzzled Hank. He’d never been there. He had no idea, of course, that screen tests, turkeys or not, make the rounds in Hollywood like prom-trotters, and that a man like Sol Siegel had spied his, said, “I’ve got a part for that boy—get him!”—just like that.

The ink was still wet when Hank ventured, still a little dazed, “I’ll be back day after tomorrow.”

“Day after tomorrow,” they corrected.

James,” she says, “and I’m no diplomat. If a writer asks me if I like his script and I don’t, I tell him so. If a designer asks me if I like a dress and I don’t, I say so. I figure if they didn’t want my opinion they wouldn’t ask me, so why lie? Besides, I can’t. I don’t want to hurt people’s feelings, but I can’t see any sense in buttering them up if I have to lie about something. Even Richard says to me sometimes, ‘Sweetheart, when somebody asks your opinion about something you don’t like, can’t you find something nice to say about it?’ Just to take the edge off.”

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him tersely, "you'll be in New York City."

"But—" sputtered Hank, "I've just got 30 minutes more class work—then I'm through."

"Twenty minutes is too much," they said.

"You're hopping off by plane at dawn. You're in a picture—Fourteen Hours. It's shooting in Manhattan. Goodbye now."

Well, at dawn Hank was winging East, all rush, and his first ride on a plane, his first trip to New York since he'd gone there in rompers, his first job in a movie—and behind him was a collegiate goal he'd steered for 30 school days, missed by 30 short minutes!

And when he came back, he'd hardly unstrapped his bags when the telephone rang. "Don't like your name, Hank," said a personal representative.

"Got a new one, will you? And make it snappy, Got just an hour to get the ads and publicity going on your picture.

Hank sat down at his handy portable and pecked out all the names he could think of—front and back—on index cards. Up in the office of Harry Brand, the publicity chief, he dealt himself "Jeffrey" with one cold hand and "Hunter" with the other. They paired up. "How about Jeffrey Hunter?" he asked as the deadline passed.

"Hi, Jeff," grinned that genial executive. Now he was a lad who can switch both his life's plans and his name that without psychic upheavals is obviously quick on the uptake and able to field a fast bounce. But by now Jeffrey Hunter knows that anything can happen so you'd better keep yourself ready to jump. All along it's been that way with him.

When Producer Julian Blaustein called him in for his first big movie break in Take Care Of My Little Girl, for instance, he asked a few questions: Was Jeff by any chance a Greek letter man?

Jeff, certainly was. He was a Phi Delta Theta at Illinois Alpha chapter, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. What's more, he had been chapter president, and the song meant a lot to him. "Oh—oh" purred Mr. Blaustein happily. "That's fine—just perfect. Well, I suggest you resign at once.

"Resign? Why—yes—before you get kicked out."

Blaustein explained: He was all set to rip collegiate Greek letter fraternities and sororities into quivering shreds with the movie proposal Take Care Of My Little Girl—and Jeff was to be the main singing role. "After Chad Carney hits the screen, Jeff," he assured him, "you will not only be kicked out by your lodge but possibly tarred and feathered as well."

So there went another prop from Jeff's security, another Hollywood clipping of the cord with his past—or so he thought. But Jeff was swamped with letters from all the brothers saying "Bravo!" the national publication, The Scroll, wrote him up in glowing terms and instead of a heel he was uphill."

Actually, of course, none of these twists and turns have been unwelcome to Jeffrey Hunter. In fact, results have been swell. May's decision of changing his course fast is why he proposed to pretty Barbara Rush, now his wife, on their second date, and a hurry up outlook could be why they're expecting a family addition so soon.

At any rate, Jeffrey is supremely happy with the hand fate has dealt him in Hollywood, and thankful too, which is only fitting and proper. Because Jeff was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1926, and after his mom had shoved the cranberry sauce in the icebox to set and started on the walnut stuffing—""Thanksgiving turkey—day that year," Jeff grins, beating you to the punch. "The turkey was me."

That event took place on Hepser Street in New Orleans where the first H. H. McKinnies and his bride, Edith Burgess McKinnies, had migrated from Arkansas. So there's Rebel blood in Jeff's veins. But if you listen for any "you alls" to fall from his lips today, you'll be disappointed. In fact, making My Day Of The Champion, Waycross, Georgia, not long ago Jeff had to keep a tape recorder tuning to catch the native patter so he could copy it for his Cracker character. That's because, almost before he could get his eyes on his glasses and guamo, the depression made Yankees of his folks and switched Jeff into the first quick change in his life. His dad, a refrigeration engineer, moved North and got a job in Milwaukee, and that's where Hank grew up, right by nippy Lake Michigan in the Whitefish Bay part of town.

Jeff's inclinations toward the drama were just so-so for a long time until he got his more gnawing athletic ambitions smashed along with his nose, several ribs, collar bones and assorted parts of his

see the first pictures of rita hayworth and her children at home in hollywood in the july issue of modern screen on sale june 6 with an exclusive cover of rita

He bruised too easily. It became a discouraging family routine setting Jeff's bones and sewing his rips and tears. After the last play of a championship game in "laughing Jeff," his tackle reaped a face full of cleats, blood and a prolonged trip to dreamland, his mom laid down the law.

"Go play football," she said, "so go ahead. But don't expect me to watch you. I can't take it." And she never saw another game, although Jeff kept on playing until a splintered arc sent that varsity herodreamご利用めんべい for keeps. But by that time he had plenty of other interests.

Jeff had been exposed to piano lessons and they took (today he pats a keyboard beautifully, plays the piano) after being at the designing school, and he got family applause for every bit of personality expression from the Tom Mix makeup kit on up to class plays. Result was that he was started in on the University of Chicago, and he had a Gold Star High School, there wasn't much, he had missed in spreading his talents around. Jeff was class president, student body head, and—most important to him—a big operator in local radio programs, notably "The Children's Theatre of the Air" and "Those Who Serve." These brought him his first paycheck ($12.50) a weekend, and a ticket to the University of Northwestern University. Only, before he could use it, Jeff was in the Navy.

At Great Lakes he struck for a radar technician's rating, but he soon discovered they had too many men for that so he went back to primary training hoping to get to Japan. He wound up in sick bay with measles, complications and a medical discharge.

Then he came Northwestern where Jeff called his shots for three years. He majored in speech and radio, minored in psychology and English, acted in the University playing, worked on the campus newspaper and guild. Summers he collected credits at the NBC Radio Institute in Chicago, and played summer stock in Pennsylvania. Along the way he found time for campus hand, parroted in the art, and turned up in the dating department—if Jeff didn't have a new girl pinned every semester he thought he was slipping.

Her collecting his sheepskin, Jeff headed for Hollywood in a new car his dad gave him for graduation. Jeff knew, as anyone does, that the big league of radio is right in Hollywood. That he got switched from there to the professional league was purely by accident, not design.

"All I knew about the movies," Jeff will assure you, "was what I learned on a farm."

When his next studio visit rolled around—for that Paramount test—nine years had passed, but the sight Jeff saw this time was definitely more enchanting and significant than the last. Especially, suddenly, he saw pretty, doe-eyed Barbara Rush, a Pasadena Playhouse alumna from Santa Barbara, who was one of those "potato chip pretty." And Jeff got a chance to see when Jeff saw her he wanted to see her again, so he did. Neither Jeff nor Barbara, however, will pretend they had any idea of making a team at first. In fact, their romance was a matter of chance, for Jeff, on his next day off from the studio, found her waiting for him at the All-Wisconsin junior gridiron contest for punting, passing, and dropkicking, and from seventh grade on he fullbacked and usually skippeder a championship squad.

"At that point, I had only one ambition in life," Jeff admits, "college football." So, of course, that's what he didn't get.

The way Barbara tells it, Hunter first trapped her foolish heart by promising a trip to a small lake by some fire and on golden sands lapped by soaring surf under an azure sky. "I went all out "Vogue," Barbara remembers. "New tailored slacks, gay blouse, floppy hat and cute gold sandals. I even bought a stylish ethnic hamper and had my hair set.

Well, Jeff stopped his car on the dizzy brink of bleak Point Dume. He lifted up the back end of the car and hauled out a
when the only location they dream about is a certain apartment high on a sunny hill in Westwood Village.

For a long time after they set up housekeeping there, the Hunters parked on the floor and slept on a mattress right on the rug. By some frantic shopping they finally assembled a bed, a stove, refrigerator and a couple of chairs. Now their home's cozily furnished in Early American things, and boasts a piano and electric organ. But it took over a year. No wonder they don't want to desert it, even for Hollywood's most brilliant affairs. After leaving one of the other night where the hostess eyed them blankly and said, "How do you do? Who are you?" Jeff told Barbara, "Honey, I guess we're both just too homegrown to make the glamour grade.

Maybe they are. The old empty-headed giggle girls and whoopee boys who used to paint Hollywood red seven nights a week are few and far between these days. Most of them—like the Hunters set of best friends—Darrell and Jackie Robertson, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner, John and Patti D verification, Nancy Gates and Bill Hayes, Peter Hansen and Betty, Mitzi Gaynor, to name a few, are young people with resources and interests for themselves beyond the schools for scandal.

With that gang, quite often Jeff and Barbara roll up to a mountain cabin at Big Bear for a week-end of sports—skiing in the winter, hiking and sailing in the summer. Or they dance at the Palladium, roll down to a beach beauty spot for a picnic.

Neither Jeff nor Barbara smoke. Jeff takes a drink when he wants it, Barbara doesn't even do that. They like food and the fun of cooking it (they almost set the kitchen on fire the other night with one of those flaming dishes a picture magazine plugged). They like music—Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and the modern classics. They both play the piano, still study it too. They like books; Jeff's a worm who haunts the UCLA library up the street. They like sports—swimming, spear diving, touch football, handball for Jeff and swimming and hiking for Barbara. They like the arts; they have serious hobbies—photography, painting. They trade ideas and are purposeful about improving themselves in the business they're in. At home Jeff and Barbara keep their tape recorder winding constantly, checking their speech; they try out their parts on each other, "I could have stepped into Jean Peter's job any time she got sick," grins Babs, "I knew it by heart." There's a group going every Monday night skippiered by Estelle Harman, Jeff's former drama teacher at UCLA, where young professionals from radio, TV, the movie—budding actors, song writers, script writers, even a night club singer join in to kick new ideas and notions around. "To tell the truth," says Jeff, a little guil—even as if it's against the Holly-

ood rules, "We find it's fun to work and improve. I don't see why just because you're an actor, you have to be a screwball, too."

Jeff got the straight thinking good sense to realize that the easy gayy days are over for his generation. He knows he'll have to work himself—and often change himself—and so far that's just what he's done. He gave his mom gold Cinderella success story a flip with the back of his hand and about time too. In fact, Jeff Hunter has a favorite line for that: "Luck," he'll tell you, "is just when preparedness meets opportunity."

That's the way it's happened to him—and that's a good line to paste in your hat and keep there, as Jeffrey Hunter has, whether you're chasing success in Hollywood or anywhere else.

END
The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Lana Turner uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Lana Turner, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 21¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
There is something new under the sun—these award winning swim suits, favorites of the glamorous stars who model them.
Dazzling summer magic—
Sally Forrest, MGM star, chooses a
glamor suit of Lastex faille with
contrast trim for the bra lining,
halter-tie and side lattice work.
Sizes 32-40. Red with white trim,
white with black trim, lime with
black trim, royal with white
trim or black with lime trim.
About $15. “Whistle Bait”
by Jantzen.

Important news in swim suits—
cotton print. Joan Taylor, appearing
in Paramount’s War Bonnet, wears
a one-piece boy short suit with
pockets and a pully-cord neckline
(you can tie the cord halter-style).
Sizes 10-18. Available only in
“Sitting Duck” pattern—
green with ivory print.
About $15. By Carolyn
Schnurer.

Models (at left and on page 79) paraded groups of swim suits
before the Modern Screen Hollywood Fashion and Beauty Board:
6. Cole. The stars on our Board posed in the Award Winning
swim suits of their choice (on these and the other fashion pages).
and sun

Jan Sterling (below) Paramount star currently appearing in Universal-International's Flesh And Fury, poses in a one-piece dream suit of Twill Weave Orlon Lastique that glamorizes every curve—note the new button motif and the unusual bra cuff. Sizes 32-38. Lime, berry, Play green, charcoal or electric blue. About $18. “Silver Streak” by Caltex of California.

Figure flattery, indeed. Marion Marshall (above) currently appearing in Paramount's The Stooge, sleek and trim in an acetate and nylon doeskin Lastex suit—the front is softly shirred and button trimmed, the bra ruffle-edged—can be worn with or without straps. Sizes 32-38. Black, Kelly green, aqua, Alice blue or coral rose. About $9. By Surf Togs. Eastman Kodak Brownie 8 mm. movie camera. About $44.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Casual Shoes by Joyce of California


Strictly glamour—Marilyn Monroe and—Rose Marie Reid's sculptured swim suit! The metallic-like fabric is elasticized satin woven with non-tarnish Lurex thread; the double-scallop detail has button trim. Sizes 10-16. Gold, green or pink. About $35. See a full color photo of Marilyn in this swim suit in a future issue. Marilyn is next in 20th's *We're Not Married*.

**Winners all:**

**For surf and sun**

SeaMolds by Flexees (SeaMold swim suits are “figure-typed” for individualized, perfect fit.) Tartan Suntan Lotion for golden perfection, head-to-toe.

modern screen's Hollywood approved fashions

where to buy

swim suits and accessories

Can't from pp. 74, 75—sizes and colors on A, D and E

1) COLE OF CALIF.: Sizes 32-38. Blue, white, ultra-white, Merino red or Apache gold—all with black trim. ID: CATENA: Sizes 32-38. White with red, blue or black, trim, with turquoise, blue or ivory. ID: FORM CONTROL: Sizes 32-38. Timmy, aqua, gold or black.

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Nashville, Tenn.—Chester's
Nashville, Tenn.—Cock & Four
New York, N. Y.—Albrecht's

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Available at Pech & Pech and Joseph Magnin stores throughout the country.

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Available at your nearest photo dealer.

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Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop (dept. 950)

TARTAN (Sunset Lotion) Pgs. 75–A, 79
Available at all drug stores throughout the country.
second honeymoon

(Continued from page 31) arrived in California the next day and did everything he could think of to get in touch with his wife, but by this time lawyers were involved, 'loyal' friends had moved to Chata's place and it had been decided for her that it would be best if she didn't see Duke anymore—at least not until after the divorce. John Wayne slept that night in a twin bed, with an actor pal snoring in the other. But before he went to sleep that night he said something to himself that he had said many times before. "I'll be waiting."

A few weeks later, loafing about in search of something to keep his mind occupied, he was in Monterey, California, visiting some friends. They had been close, but he hadn't seen for a long time. They were all sitting around chiming late in the evening and Duke decided to take a walk outside. He hauled himself out of his chair and started for the door. A rug flew from under his feet and he fell heavily to the ground and slid along a fieldstone hearthstone almost into the fireplace.

His friends rushed to his side and helped him up and it was then they discovered that his right ear had almost been torn off in his skid on the stones. A doctor was called and Wayne was promptly put to bed where surgery was performed on the ear. Someone present decided Wayne's wife should be told of the accident, so a wire was sent—and everyone went to bed.

The next morning a florist truck stopped in front of the house and a huge, tasseled box was delivered, addressed to John Wayne. Wayne looked at the box with an expression resembling horror when it was brought into his room.

"What the devil is that?" he demanded, grinning. "I'm going to look at it, and you, boys, just stay away from it or you'll be sorry!"

"Nothing's the matter," someone asked. "Nothing's the matter," said Wayne. "I just want to get my clothes—I'm getting out of here."

"But you can't," said his host. "The doctor said you can't."

"I don't care what the doctor said," cried Wayne. "I've got to get home. There are 17 roses in that box. Don't you know what that means?"

The host shook his head.

"Of course you don't," said Wayne pulling on his pants. "The trouble with you

You'll star as his gal in Calico...

with glistening patent belt and rhinestone-flashed bodice, tremendous swirling skirt. A gay hanky spills from one of the two slash pockets. It's cool, washable, calico-printed cotton in navy, red or brown, all on white grounds. Sizes 10 to 18. Just $8.95

With glistening patent belt and rhinestone-flashed bodice, tremendous swirling skirt. A gay hanky spills from one of the two slash pockets. It's cool, washable, calico-printed cotton in navy, red or brown, all on white grounds. Sizes 10 to 18. Just $8.95
is you hadn't got any sentiment. Out of the way."

And in ten minutes John Wayne was tearing down the highway headed for Hollywood.

There was the most important incident in The Romance of the Seventeen Roses — the love story of John and Chata Wayne. It was the cue for the reconciliation, after a misunderstanding that had threatened to break them up. And there had been a background that you shall hear about later.

According to John Wayne's mother, "Duke only had three girl friends in his high school and college life.

The first Mrs. John Wayne was his high school and college sweetheart, a fine girl and mother of his four children. They'd have been married to this day, but Chata felt that she had two circumstances. One, the first Mrs. Wayne was a devoutly religious Catholic, steeped in church work, and John is a Presbyterian. He couldn't and wouldn't have anything to do with her. The second reason was that Mrs. Wayne was highly social and Duke Wayne hates society folks with a passion. They had no common ground after they married.

It seems to me that when Duke Wayne was separated from his first wife, that he would never again have any interest in a woman. He was a solitary man when it came to women, no matter how silly it looked for him to stag it. But one day, in Mexico City, he accepted an invitation to lunch at the Reforma Hotel—and seated across from him was this beautiful girl. She came into the room with a smile that cracked the ice around his heart in 30 seconds. He was polite and pretty formal and when the luncheon was over he left with a casual handshake and a "nice to have met you."

But later on that afternoon a messenger appeared at the girl's door.

"Flowers," he said, "for Miss Esperanza Baur.

Miss Baur, then, a motion picture actress in Mexican films, opened the box and saw 17 red roses and a card which read: "Today's the seventeenth of November. Seven D's will be the lucky number... John Wayne."

The next day they drove to the floating gardens of Xochimilco, a fabulously beautiful City of Mexico. There, the flowers can rent gondolas and be poled through acres of exotic species of flowers while troubadours follow in another boat singing romantic ballads. Here John Wayne bought Esperanza 17 blooms again—and, because she had a pug nose, called her the Spanish translation, Chata. That's what he called her ever since.

Six months later, the 17th of January, 1946, Duke Wayne and Chata were married in the same chapel in Long Beach where his mother had been married. And as they left the church, he handed her another bunch of roses—17 in number—and he said: "Remember? I told you 17 was my lucky number."

In the summer of 1951 there was never a breeze of gossip about the John Waynes. Their home life was idyllic. It was, of course, no wishy-washy marriage. They had their quarrels and their minor differences, but John was the head of the household and anything to amount to a hill of beans. Early in the marriage there was the incident of the bed. Six-foot-four Duke Waynes had the bed that his wife had brought with him. He is a restless sleeper anyway, and after a few tosses and turns the covers always came out of the bottom of the bed and John's feet would stick out. When they got cold, he woke up—mad.

And by that time Chata was getting sore because of the squirming and muttering and pretty soon they'd grow really furious with each other. That first bed might have amounted to something big if Duke hadn't gone out one day and bought a huge couch, six by seven feet, which they still occupy.

There have been times during the marriage of Duke and Chata Wayne when his yen for manly pastimes has been an issue. Maybe he'd stay out too late, held by some hobby or other. But Chata, as she grew to know him better, made concessions for Duke's restless spirit. She did the smartest thing possible. She found a big guest house that had no bedrooms for all of Duke's friends—and moved the family into it before Duke knew what was happening. The house has all the comforts a man dreams of. Horses in a stable, a fine pool, a room and a working bar where a fellow can put his feet on a rail and swap stories with a pal.

The differences of opinion that brought about the separation of a few months ago have never been made public. It is judged that they came about on what had been planned as a vacation trip to South America. Duke had just finished a couple of pictures for RKO and Howard Hughes, as a gesture of gratitude had offered him the use of a fancy airplane and a couple of pilots for a tour of the Latin. However, the family, Duke, Chata and a few close friends set out in fine style, but before long it seemed that everything was going wrong. They had plane trouble. They had engine trouble. They were, in short, pretty tiresome. One night Duke found himself a short distance from a remote Marine base and, being a staunch supporter of that branch of the service, he made a solo shopping trip to buy his wife and family a GI's picture in the bush right next door to nowhere. The party he gave them, they say, went on for a couple of days and when Wayne got back to his friends Chata was pretty mad. Then, just when it seemed things might not work out, they took a trip to Tahiti. Then, as though it might develop into fun after all, Duke got a rush call from John Ford to fly to Ireland to start a long-time Ford project. The Intimates of the pair say that Chata didn't like that either and even though she joined her husband in Ireland for a short stay, the whole business rankled her. At any rate, she gave him the slip—and when Duke got back they had that conversation and he took off for Mexico to think things over.

Nobody who saw John Wayne during that period of bachelorhood can tell you that he was a miserable man. Maybe, though, if you didn't know him you couldn't have told it, because he pretended in public to be right through the time of his life. But he'd sit in the sun and remember Chata and the song, "J'attendrai" and what it meant in English. And when he'd finished, he'd stand up, go out of waiting and went home to do something about it and couldn't get to talk to his wife, he was sure that Chata was lost to him forever. She was really saddened. And his journey the Monte Carlo was a melancholy one.

The day Duke Wayne got the 17 roses without a card was the shortest he ever remembers. Driving to Los Angeles was like floating along in a dream, and that night when he got into town he didn't pause to wash up, he just drove home and into his driveway and parked and walked to the front door of his house. He rang the bell and Chata answered the door. Duke stood there with his hat in his hand and that shy grin on his face—and Chata let out a small cry when she saw the massive bandage on his ear.

"Are you all right now?," she asked.

"Sure," he said, Duke, and his wife opened the door so that he could come in and she could take care of him. Later that night, with Chata in his arms, Duke was happy again. "I got my honey?" he asked.

"Sure I do," Chata said. "We went to Honolulu and it rained all the time we were there."

"They called me," said Duke, "that the weather in Honolulu is great right now. They don't expect rain for months maybe."

"You want to go to Honolulu?" Chata asked.

"How'd you like to try that honeymoon again?" Duke asked.

Chata wanted to.

It was raining the day the Lurline sailed. Long black lines were the grip of the worst storm in years. Everything was at a standstill. The huge dock that is generally crowded with people on sailing day was almost deserted. Only a small crowd of habitually residents of the area were there to see friends and family off and they were gathered in a tight knot, huddled together against the wind and the rain in a dripping shelter of their own. And long black limousines pulled to a skidding stop on the flooded macadam.fronting the dock and Duke and Chata and a party of their friends got out. With his coat held protectively over his head, Duke ran across the gangplank and, after a hasty showing of tickets, skipped her up the slanting loading ramp into the warm belly of the ship. Their friends followed them— all in a jolly mood.

In their suite, the party toasted the voyage and the second honeymoon. The sailing was delayed because of the fog conditions today and his guests sat in the room and made happy talk until the thirsty whistle on the smoke stack announced that the trip was to begin. Then they shook hands all around and Duke and Chata said goodbye.

They stood in the lanai that was part of their suite and watched the berth slip away and then the other ships in the harbor disappear astern. Then they passed another breakwater and then there was the boundless expanse of the Pacific that, this day, was chopping and rolling in the storm.

"It's sunny out there," Duke said. "Maybe tomorrow we'll see it—and then Honolulu."

Chata didn't say anything, she just looked as happy as she was.

After a while there was a knock on the door. Duke opened it and admitted a steward with a big white box.

"Come in and put them in a vase," he said.

The man opened the box and—after putting out a long-stemmed red rose—he proceeded to hand another, 17 long-stemmed red roses. And Chata just looked at them without saying anything, sure that if she spoke she'd cry.

When the man was done, Duke put his arm around her and turned her around so that she face him.

"You know what day this is?" he asked.

"No," said Chata, "should I?"

"It's St. Patrick's Day," he said. "The 17th of March." And he looked over her shoulder at the roses. "I told you that 17 was my lucky number."

"I never forgot," said Chata.

And the steamer plunged through the muck and the fog and it never carried a happier pair of honeymooners to Hawaii—or anyplace else for that matter.
hutton's prince charlie

(Continued from page 24) a change in her own lonely life. Hollywood is still chuckling over the five-day engagement last year of Betty and writer Norman Krasna. It is, according to the cynical comics of the town, still one of the funniest bits they've run across. Imagine a girl meeting a fellow, getting engaged to him in a few days—and then, after a week or so, calling the whole thing off without reason. Well, it isn't funny at all.

The engagement of Betty and Norman was a dead serious matter to her—and the breaking of it was more serious. It was a flash affair that had all the elements of a lonely boy and girl elopement—with both depending on time to bring them love. It is very unlikely that Betty was any more in love with Krasna than he was with her. And the ardor they both professed was much more likely the expression of a wish than the statement of a reality.

Betty Hutton is by nature a person who can not stand being alone. She has to have someone around to laugh or cry with, someone to tell her troubles to. She plays houdens on the screen, but in private life she is as sentimental as a pixie and as emotional as a small child. And after a couple of years of having no one, almost any man who came along and read her a sad poem or played a prank with her could have had a big portion of her heart.

Norman Krasna was a man who did both—and to top it off he showered the unhappy Betty with the attentions a prince would tender a princess. He was kidding himself, it turned out, but he felt such a passion for the lovely Betty that he sent her an expensive piece of jewelry as a present every day. And Betty swooned under such treatment and told the press and everyone who would listen that at last she had found love—and a man of her own.

The reason for the breaking of the engagement has never been divulged, but those in the know say that it was just that they both realized one night that they were kidding themselves and that it wouldn't work. Like sensible people they broke it off fast.

A friend who talked to Betty Hutton a day or so after the press got the news of the split says he has never spoken to anyone more despondent. And she wasn't weeping because she had lost Krasna, but because a dream had been shattered, a pretty picture of a full life with her own man was in ashes. She took it very hard. You may recall that you never heard Betty quoted as speaking of marriage to her current boy friend after that. She was the constant date of a musician named Pete Rugolo for months, but whenever a reporter asked her if it might develop into a wedding, Betty would give some version of the expression, "Are you kidding?"

Even when she met and began dating the handsome O'Curran it was the same thing. She looked like people in love. They held hands in public and they danced cheek to cheek, but they didn't expect it to mean anything.

Even though she didn't realize it at the time, the meeting of Betty Hutton and Charlie O'Curran was different. A hint that it was different might have been taken from the picture they were both assigned to work on—the story of the long marriage of Benny Field and Blossom Seeley, called Somebody Loves Me. O'Curran, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, had been signed by Paramount as the dance director of the show. Betty was introduced to him in the studio rehearsal hall.
but as far as she was concerned, he was just another dance director—and they generally had a different one each on of her pictures.

If there is ever a setting in which a couple can get to know one another well, it is in the rehearsal hall, for the principals of the picture must spend as much as eight hours a day learning and practicing routines. During this time the star either grows to hate the slave driver who tells her she is not doing it quite right—or she develops a rapport with him, admires his talent and growth, and grows to like him personally, and that is the way it was between Betty and Charlie.

All during the rehearsals for *Somebody Loves Me* and during the shooting, the relation between Betty and Charlie was a business-like one. On the set they had a lot of laughs, but when the six o’clock whistle blew they went their separate ways and spent very little time together. Eventually Betty knew that she wanted to come back to him. He was a dear friend—and maybe she was in love with him.

No movie star ever worked harder, or experienced more hardship, than Betty. She had done all she could to help the soldiers, but she couldn’t seem to help herself, or wipe out the picture of sadness that was always before her. She was singing a ballad, a love ballad, with Charlie at her side, and all at once she suddenly knew she wanted Charlie, not as a dear friend, but as a husband and a father for her two children. It was then that she knew her cynicism was not good, and that she had to forget the disappointments and heartaches of the past and give love a real chance with Charlie.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis habitually whoopee it up in the Paramount dressing room during their lunch hour and, as a gag, studio head Y. Frank Freeman generally walks over and offers them a couple of souvenirs. The last time he tried to silence the boys, Jerry Lewis screamed: "Don’t try to put on airs with us, Freeman. We know you when your name was Harrison." Mickey Novak

Betty Hutton proposed to Charlie O’Curran. She had been home almost a week and although there had been a warm reception for her when she got off the plane, she and Charlie had drifted back into the old rehearsing in the day-time and dating at night routine. On St. Patrick’s Day Betty came back from the Paramount studios, where she had been rehearsing dances for the role of Betty Hutton in the movie, and she arrived at her apartment in Hollywood with coffee and cigarettes. Suddenly Betty leaned toward Charlie. "Okay," she said, "do you want to or not?"

"Want to what?" asked Charlie.

"Get married," said Betty.

"Get married?" asked Betty.

"When do you want to do it?" asked Betty.

"Right this minute," stammered Charlie. "Right now. It’s St. Patrick’s day." Betty almost leaped across the table this time, but somehow order managed to creep into the situation. Charlie was too nervous, so Betty’s secretary got on the phone and called the Paul Mantz Air Charter Service and had them warm up a plane. Then the five of them piled into a car and without stopping for even a toothbrush, dashed to the airport. Within half an hour they were flying over their own personal honeymoon, because they were not sure whether they could have the ceremony that night. It seems that the only person in Las Vegas that Betty and Charlie knew was the mayor, and he had not told them that they could not get married there, because Betty had made the arrangements in her name, was a bell boy at Wilbur Clark’s Desert Inn.

When the plane landed at Las Vegas it was midnight. The bell boy was there, the only local greeter. When he learned who was really to get married he went into high gear. He arranged for a car to take them to the courthouse and issue the certificate. Then he got Judge Frank MacNamee out of bed and headed for the wedding chapel. The group assembled there and in a few minutes the wedding was ended. When they stumbled with tears all around, Betty Hutton became Mrs. Charles O’Curran. And the hugs and kisses the bride and groom shared when it was over were warm and happy. They knew now they never had to be alone again.

Still guided by their friend the bell boy, the O’Currians repaired to the Desert Inn and there they met Autumn and a young girl and everyone sat down to weeping and laughing and drinking champagne until the small hours of the morning.

The news of the elopement came as a surprise to everyone, and everyone was happy news. The couple came back the next day and held a small reception and press conference for their friends and reporters. Photographers flocked to the pictures, but had a hard time getting Charlie and Betty to stop looking at each other and into the camera. When the party was over, the newlyweds went right back to Paramount and the rehearsal hall where the work had gone on as usual. Except that now when Charlie addressed Betty, he called her Mrs. O’Curran. It was there that George and Pauline, the CBS men, interviewed them again. When the tape machine was set up, he advanced with his microphone and asked Betty to explain what had happened in the short time since she had eloped. Betty replied, that she had no liking or use for marriage.

With Charlie holding tightly to her hand she thought it out very carefully—and then she said what we told you before. Not that she was happy, she said, "Nobody knows how lonely a movie star can be. Everyone thinks that because a girl is in pictures she can have all of the things she wants at any time she wants them. I know different. I know I was feeling sorry for myself when I used to say I’d never marry again. It was just that maybe I’d lost faith. I’m glad I found that faith again. I had what I wanted, and I sang and danced for. I guess when I looked at all those men and realized that not one of them was really mine, I decided to get married." Betty Hutton’s two children, Lindsay and Candice, have known Charlie O’Curran for a long time, but there had to be a formal declaration of his new status. Betty and Lindsay and Candice and their friends in Los Angeles were told them both that there was now going to be a new head man around the house. The children like Charlie very much, and Charlie and Betty the firm belief with evident delight. Lindsay, who is bound to come around one day, took a philosophical view of the whole thing, but she had a single reservation. They were trying very carefully, decided to accept the situation, but had to add a comment. "Shucks," she said, "I wish it had been Roy Rogers!"
(Continued from page 51) near perfection in every way would have been required, as well as patience and humility to meet opposition. I talked to Dr. Jones about it—she’s the woman doctor who’s head of the hospital on the MGM lot, and she gave me an even greater interest in my role. She began 50 years ago when Dr. Emily did, and had the same difficulties. Once she walked into the hospital room of a little boy who was a mastoid case, and he looked at her in horror.

"Go ‘way," he said. "I want a doctor, not a nurse!"

"But I am your doctor," she told him. "Huh," he sniffed. "You sure look like a lady to me!"

After my talk with Dr. Jones I grew so interested that I invited even more than the usual crew of doctors to dinner at our house. It’s a lucky thing Richard enjoys them, too, for our table has been visited by allergists and psychiatrists, pediatricians, obstetricians and diagnosticians. The whole works. I learned a long time ago not to start talking medicine when you’re socially involved with a doctor, but our friends in the profession always get around to it sooner or later, maybe because they know how interested I am. I sit there and forget to eat, and Richard says it’s the only time I stop talking.

The picture was fun all around—the challenge of the role and the days on the set. Richard came down one day and took a lot of crazy pictures, as is my husband’s wont. And another day, when Pamela had the sniffles, she told Richard that she wanted to go to the studio.

"But why?" he said.

"Mommy’s a doctor today and she can make me well."

So Richard gave in to her, as he always does unless I’m around, and brought her down. They put her in an ambulance driver’s uniform—a miniature copy of mine, and by the time she was decked out in that, she’d forgotten all about her cold.

Gary Merrill is a lovable madman, and wore his Bermuda plaid shorts around the lot (he always looks as though he’s going to take off on a safari). Once Bette Davis came to visit him on the set and walked around all day in her stockinged feet. That made me feel pretty good, because it’s my own favorite way of walking. It was the eating-est set I’ve ever been on, which was a good thing for me, because I’d had a rough case of the flu before the picture began and had lost a lot of weight. There were whole days of eating scenes—dinner with the men and tea with Mildred Dunnock—and I began to gain a few pounds. As if those scenes weren’t enough, Gary always kept a bag of popcorn hanging on the side of the camera.

Funny thing about the picture. Usually when I begin a film I work so hard at first that in two weeks or so I begin dragging around the set. But in my role as Dr. Emily, I felt responsible in an odd sort of way. I knew she wouldn’t have given up, so I just plain forgot to grow tired.

Wearing the doctor’s white coat was a real thrill, and so was the time I saved children from a burning building, and the time I mended the shoulder of a man who’d been injured. Then there was the guinea pigs for a laboratory scene—when one got loose and went scurrying around the set all the women were climbing walls. Me—I wanted to take one home for the children. But I was most excited about the scene where I watch Arthur Kennedy experiment with radium.

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 it like “soapy” creams

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
(Continued from page 35) "Now I know," he says, "that success is a snare and a delusion. It means work and worry, responsibility and remorse. If you get on, you can't just get off. You've got contracts and obligations. The expectation of success is a good deal more than the actuality."

But nature. Mario is a plain, generous, easy-going man. He likes to relax, loaf, travel, talk all night with his friends.

Ever since success came to him, he's been able to indulge in any of these things.

A few weeks ago, when Al Hall, the director of Mario's latest picture, Because You're Mine, was hit by the flu, the film shooting came to a halt. Mario had a week off.

"I feel sorry for Al," he told Betty that night, "but just think of it! I've got seven days off. Where would you like to go?"

But Betty's the one to make a decision. "Why don't we go to Las Vegas?" she suggested.

"Andy opens there next week." Andy is Andy Russell, the crooner who is one of Mario's closest friends.

So the Lanzas flew to Las Vegas. On the night of their arrival Mario and Betty sat down at a table in the hotel dining room. Within three minutes at least a dozen girls and women recognized Lanza. They crowded around his table asking him to sign autographs. Mario smiled and scribbled his signature across the menus. Then two girls came over and uninvited, pulled up some chairs. "We're from Philadelphia, Mario," they said. "Do you mind if we join you?"

Mario grinned wanly. "That's what we're expecting other guests," Betty said.

"That's okay," the girls said. "We'll leave when they get here."

The Lanzas tried to order some dinner, and eventually they did—but they never got to eat it. Word spread throughout the hotel that Mario Lanza was in the dining room, and an estimated 80 people flocked to the restaurant.

I from that point on the Lanzas had to take all their meals in their room. They couldn't eat in restaurants, clubs, or hotels. Even outdoor meals were vetoed.

One morning, Mario received a long distance call from Los Angeles. "Don't forget," his secretary warned. "You have to fly in by noon today. You've got your radio show to do."

So Mario flew back to Hollywood and sang his heart out. Then he caught the midnight plane back to Las Vegas. When he arrived he was dead tired, and went to sleep almost immediately.

They woke him at eight the next morning. The sun was very bright, and the photographer from the studio publicity department wanted to get some good color stuff.

It was a great seven-day vacation. Mario did absolutely none of the things he wanted to do.

"Now that I have a few bucks," Mario says, "I don't even have the time to spend it. I get $25 a week spending money from my business manager. The other day I put it hand to mouth and I found three weeks' allowances."

"That's nothing," his wife says. "Tell about the time we went to Honolulu. We thought we would have a wonderful vacation. After all, it's a fine, beautiful resort. Well, Mario was talked into doing one concert for Freddie Matsuo, a great guy. Only the concert turned into a real fiasco. We finally went off to Waikiki Beach. He came back home more tired than when he left."

Every now and then, Mario entertains the idea of quitting motion pictures, and restricting his activities to making a few records and perhaps one concert tour a year.

But this is an impossibility, because Mario's career gives employment to at least 100 people, and he's the kind of man who thinks of others before considering himself.

If Mario misses one recording date, 65 musicians receive no salary that week. If he gives up one radio show, another 20 musicians go without pay. No one knows exactly how many people Mario Lanza is supporting out of his own income. When you ask him, he says modestly: "Who cares? I believe one should be. The man with money is the man with headaches."

Mario not only supports his wife, two children, three in help and two secretaries, but also a part-time nurse.

When Mario first signed at MGM, he was earning $750 a week. He sent for his parents at once and rented a home for them on South Crescent Drive. He then ordered his business manager to see that they got almost half of his monthly movie salary.

While at Metro, Mario met a man in the research department named Felix Wayne. When Metro let Felix out, Mario put him on his personal payroll as an executive. When Coca-Cola began to dicker with Mario for a radio show, he was willing to listen. "Fine," said the men from the advertising agency. "Your musical conductor will be Percy Faith."

"No," Mario said. "My musical conductor will be Ray Sinatra."

"Who's the brother of Ray Sinatra?" the agency boys asked. "Percy Faith is a conductor of stature, an orchestra leader of renown. We have him all signed up."

"That's great," said Mario. "But you don't have Ray."

The agency boys went around to see Betty. "Why is your husband so insistent about having Ray Sinatra?" they asked.

Betty explained, "Mario thinks he can use the work."

A year or so ago, a Hungarian composer named Nicky Brodsky, was stranded in New York. Brodsky, who had composed some operettas and was once a concert pianist in the Balkans, wanted desperately to come to Hollywood. But no one in Hollywood had a spot for him. Mario not only brought Nicky to America, but also paid his expenses, and soon Brodsky got into Metro where he composed "Be My Love" for his young sponsor.

Mario also sends his mother-in-law a weekly allowance. Practically no other motion picture star can make this claim.

Betty's mother works as an interior decorator in Marshall Fields Department Store in Chicago. Betty is 50 years old, and has three daughters to support, and Mario thinks it only fair that she have a little extra spending money.

Most recently, Mario lent his name to his uncle, Albert Lanza, who owns a store on a brand of supplies to be known as Lanza Groceries. Any profits from this business will go to the Lanza relatives.

During his radio show last year, a workout in which he cut his weight from 240 lbs. to 180, Mario met Dale Goodman, an ex-GI who had parted with a lung on Iwo Jima. Mario learned that Dale had always dreamed of owning a chicken ranch. Mario purchased such a ranch and went into partnership with Dale.

One evening last October, Dale phoned Mario. "Have you ever met my other brother with this Mario," Dale said, "but our new baby is suffering brain hemorrhages. The doctors around here don't know what to do. Is there anything you can do?"

"Try me," Mario pleaded. Mario got on the phone, and in a couple of hours, two top Chicago specialists were flying to Rogue River.

"They can do how much that little bill came to," and he grins, "Two ninety-eight," he says.

A month before this incident, Betty's aunt May from McKeesport, Pa., sent the Lanzas some newspaper clippings. The clippings told the story of a one-day-old infant who had been abandoned in an apartment house vestibule. The baby had
been sent to the Pittsburgh Hospital where, because of his husky cries, the nurses had nicknamed him, Mario Lanza.

Mario was proud as a peacock to think that strong, lusty volume was almost synonymous with his name. That night he said to Betty, "Is it okay with you if I send that little baby in Pittsburgh $500?"

Betty answered with a kiss.

When no one claimed the foundling at the Pittsburgh Hospital, he and his $500 were sent to the Roselia Foundling Home where he was named Mario Lanza II. As soon as this item hit the press, the Mother Seton Sisters of Charity who run the Home, were swamped with donation offers. Hundreds of couples wanted little Mario for their own.

By the time you read this article that blond little blue-eyed baby will be living comfortably with his new parents in a healthy decent home. What counts, too, is the fact that the Mario Lanza Fund is now established at Rosella, and Mario will add to it each year.

One more illustration of where the Lanza money goes and why Mario can't quit. Remember 11-year-old Raphaela Fasano, the little girl from Newark who lapsed into a coma last September because of the supposedly incurable Hodgkins Disease?

Well, Raphaela has improved so much that she is now attending fifth grade at the Dayton Street public school. She attributes her miraculous recuperation to Mario Lanza. It was he who not only sang to her on the phone from California but paid all her expenses to Hollywood. He supplied her with the best medical care and imbued her with the will to improve. Mario still phones Raphaela whenever he gets a chance.

"I don't mind the responsibility that comes with success," Mario explains, "because after all that's a man's role in the world—the acceptance of responsibility. The thing that gets me about success is the way you become a target for every Tom, Dick, and Harry. As soon as you're in the public eye, people begin taking pot-shots at you. You ask for a little favor, and all of a sudden they accuse you of being temperamental. You don't hear what one guy is saying, and right away you're a snob. You have 103 temperature and the doctor orders you to bed, and right away they say you're a baby, and 'My, doesn't he take care of himself.' You make an innocent statement like I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Kathryn Grayson because she was in my first two pictures, and overnight the newspapers are building up a big Grayson-Lanza feud.

"When you're married to someone like my Betty, faults are impossible, anyway. As soon as someone gets angry with me, Betty rings him up. She believes in clearing the air at once. She tells everyone how I'm really such an angel and how hard I work. They don't fall for that angel routine because they realize that I work pretty hard and that constant work will keep anyone pretty tense."

What can Mario Lanza do about his work schedule? Friends predict that eventually it will cost him his health and his voice. "He cannot make pictures," one voice coach recently pointed out, "and also do radio shows, recordings, concert tours, and study opera. Not even Caruso would dare tax his voice that much."

Mario's answer is, "I can't help it. I'm a man who likes to sing. I sing for pleasure not for money. Money has given me lots of headaches and fame has taken some of the fun out of life. But when I sing a song and people's eyes light up, that's worth all the bother, all the responsibility, all the headaches. As to how long I can go on singing—that's in God's hands."

END
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Modern Screen presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Joan Crawford contributes the second in a series of columns to be written by top Hollywood personalities.

When it comes to perfumes, why do I have to go crazy about one like Tuvache Zean, which nobody can afford to give me? . . . and which I haven't got. Otherwise I like simple things. I like mountains better than deserts, trails better than roads, grass better than asphalt. And maybe a simple, black mist mink. The other night I had a dream. I was an international perfume thief. I jimmied my way into the perfumery, poured some Tuvache Zean all over myself, got home and squeezed a fortune of it out of my clothes into a handy little container. Naturally it was a silly dream. Any woman wanting out a scent like that would never reach home. She'd have to call the police to help beat the men off her! Oh, well, I do have some negligees by Tula of New York to lighten my life. Which is a roundabout way of getting to an idea that has been in my mind for some time: that the real test for any article of clothing is whether you still like it long after you have bought it. By this test, you'll be surprised to note, price tags don't mean a thing sometimes and Ohrbach's (just sometimes) can beat out Magnin's. Anyone who doesn't think of clothes in terms of long wear these days is either crazy or has fallen into a Texas hole in the ground and come up all covered with oil.

Don't you get tired of movie stars who complain about taxes? Well, lie back and relax here's more of it. To live the way I have to live if I am going to continue to earn a livelihood in this business for my brood and myself is practically a rat race. It's not just a question of not being able to entertain, or keep up a wardrobe, or maintain myself in a style to which I wish I hadn't become accustomed now. I have to have someone to help me do the cooking when I am working so I have to have a cook. I must have someone to look after the children while the cook is watching her pots and I'm away at the studio, so I have to have a nurse. Letters must be answered if you are in public life, aside from the fact that I love to answer them anyway, and that means someone to help handle the correspondence. But how? You work and get a lot of money at the paymaster's window and then you must walk over and hand it to the man at the treasury department wicket. He counts it and gives you a look that says: “I don't know. I kind of expected more. What did you do with the rest?” My only answer could be, “Brother, I just lived. That's all. Just lived. I'm not a dime ahead and a hundred headaches behind!”

The above will be my only discussion on politics. I know that last month Jan Sterling said she
"You can be prettier... if you're not 'two-faced'!"

says Kim Hunter

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"Even the best make-up will only look colorless and lifeless if you put one 'face' on top of another," says lovely Kim Hunter, co-star of Paramount's "ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN", a Perlberg-Seaton Production. So, get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime; try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten.

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"Bright lights... night lights... they're all flattering when your skin is luminous and soft," says Kim. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten... 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

thought a movie star is as entitled to say what she thinks about the Republicans or the Democrats as any ordinary citizen. Jan is right. But an ordinary citizen doesn't command the attention or criticism a movie star does... and who is there to prove that the latter knows any more about it? When it comes to making faces at the camera maybe I can show you a trick or two. But when it comes to the art of government, well, I have four children I'm supposed to govern around my house and I'm still learning about that. What I think I have learned in that department is that you have to give a child a line to follow. You must show that you love him as you make him follow it... but follow it he must. This is in connection with the living you do together, the art of becoming a harmonious member of the family group. You do not attempt to take possession of their souls or their future. That belongs to them, to be decided by them... with your help, if called on, but not your influence. I insisted that the kids learn to swim (actually I didn't have to insist) but after they knew it was up to them whether they wanted to go swimming or not.

GETTING BACK TO TAXES for just a split second, even if I promised not to—I just remembered that once in my early heyday I threw a party for 722 people. Just imagine! I get sick thinking of it. I could feed the whole family and staff a hundred meals now on what that shindig cost, probably more. But... that was Crawford. Before that party there were times when I scrubbed floors. I might as well be honest—there are days now when I am back at it. You are walking through the house, everybody is busy, and there is a dirty floor. I don't know what dirty floors do to other women but they just STARE at me! I can remember women in my family saying they were old-fashioned—they liked to cook on coal stoves. I'm old-fashioned too, I like to cook with gas. When I get near an electric range I feel like the warden about to turn on the juice and execute the poor condemned. I guess that's why I like real logs in a real fireplace. I just can't imagine anything inspiring or romantic about one of those electric fireplaces that look like someone's Christmas tree fell over in it.

I DON'T HAVE A POODLE HAIRCUT but I have...
Take my word for it continued

a poodle dog. I put Cliquot, my poodle, on my head and studied the effect in the mirror. I'll take my poodle with four legs. I'll also take Sheila O'Brien as my clothes designer, and, for that matter, I am fashion and design consultant for Peter Pan foundations myself. I'll also take the train when it comes to traveling. Give me the Chief and Super-Chief and 20th Century Limited. You can jet. I won't fly. I'm frightened period. I hate fast driving. To make sure there is no fast driving I do the driving sometimes even when I'm out on a date. I learned on a Ford, now have and love my Cadillac. I think the greatest drivers in the world are New York cab drivers but not when they insist on talking to you. They're always leaning back with their face turned towards you while the car is shooting like a bullet in the other direction. Their talk's all right, but I'd rather keep quiet—and live.

A FAN ASKED ME the other day what kind of men I like. I thought about it and the answer was just men. I'd rather he not be handsome (also he shouldn't look like a grizzly) but the main requirements begin and end with his being a man. I think that more than his looks would be a character trait or two—for instance honesty... The older I get, the more I've been around, the hungrier I am for the honest word. I'd rather hear something disagreeable from someone who means it than the greatest compliment in the world from someone who will say anything to please you. With the first you are at least not wasting your time. With the second, anything said, good or bad, is an insult. I can forgive such a person, but I'd much rather—and do—forget him!

WHEN DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL invented the telephone he practically helped create a part of Joan Crawford. I'm on it from open eye to shut eye. I'm supposed to be the only player in Hollywood who can make up while speaking over the phone; that's the best part of having square shoulders—you can cradle on either side. I've talked over the phone while getting my hair touched up (you know, I've always listened to get the proper highlight effect for the camera). I can knit, read the comics and smoke a cigarette all while on the telephone. I've even done a one-handed Lux job on some underthings and carried on with a long-distance call.

MY LIPSTICK IS MADE especially for me by Henri Bendel of New York and I carry it and the rest of my make-up in a Hopalong Cassidy pencil box for kids. Handiest thing I have. If you would like another contrast I am crazy about imported black caviar and find it almost as good as hot dogs at a beach picnic with the kids. And even if I do like Tula Nighers (as I've said before) there is nothing like a long-sleeved, fingertip nightgown to sleep in. For some reason this reminds me that I once lost my shirt investing in a beach club. From now on when it comes to the beach I'll put my money in something more expensive than a beach umbrella. And any time I get an urge to buy anything I know just what to do—head for the five and ten!

EARLY THIS SPRING I asked a friend what was good for dishpan hands and she said, "Lunch at Romanoff's." I suppose dinner at La Rue's wouldn't hurt either. Another friend advised Ethyl gas. "To wash in?" I asked. "No, to get away from the kitchen," she replied.

ALL MY LIFE green has been my lucky color. The other day I found out that among racing drivers it is the hoodoo color. You'll never see a racing car painted green. Shall I do over my ultra-marine and white bathroom or let it go for another 500 laps the way it is?

IT'S BEEN YEARS since I hadn't had to plot my day even as I awoke in the morning. It's been years since I haven't listened to the radio on a Sunday. It's been years since I've worn slacks on the streets. It's also been years since I had a real estate problem—20 years nearly since I bought the first house I ever owned, the one I'm still living in, the one I will never leave for another. It's been years since I decided that chewing gum is all right if that's the way you feel about it, just like jiggling your left foot when nervous in the presence of strangers. It's been years since I've had water to drink except between meals and then lots, since I could sit and do nothing, since I could sleep late, since I gave any thought to diet.

I THINK anyone who has thoughts of success must prepare themselves for it. I'm not sorry that I took French, music, singing, opera and studied Shakespeare with no chance to use any of it in my work. I'll take that back. In the picture I am now making, Sudden Fear, there is some Shakespeare. Yes, Crawford takes off on the old Bard for passages from Romeo and Juliet and Mid-Summer's Night's Dream. Now that you're there TV ahead and I am going to get into it. I'm prepared in every way except the ability to get up in front of the mike. That's still a bugaboo, my TV will be on film. But so will most of planned TV entertainment, I'm certain. I suppose I'll have to get up just as early, work just as hard... and keep just as little. But I wasn't going to talk about that any more!

THE WORLD DOES CHANGE, people think more about what's going on than ever before, yet so much is afoot that they know less. Psychiatrists are having their day and girls whose phones don't ring often enough to suit them are convinced it must be because they secretly hated their Aunt Mollie. Kids think anything you want of them is a gag and there is nothing serious until they don't get what they want, at which time it turns tragedy! Through all this I walk around the house carrying a blankie. What have I got under lock and key? Nothing in particular, come to think of it. There is only one key that counts, no matter how the world changes, and that is open up our lives for love. It is the key to the heart. I think I'll throw the others away.

Yours sincerely,

_Nurse Margaret Kissack_
The publicist drew his hand slowly over his face in a slow burn. John couldn't be perfect, of course, he told himself. Here he was, handsome, talented, well-liked by everybody. He'd been given the Golden Apple by the Press Club last year in appreciation of his cooperation. But there was one trouble with John; he simply refused to tell anything but the truth, the whole truth, regardless of the glamorous impression it made.

John feels there is no reason for him to embroider his true qualities. When people ask him a straightforward question they get the same type of answer. Once, he was asked the approximate cost of producing a movie, and by the time he finished replying the reporter had the entire budget in his lap, down to the electricity bill and the cost of coffee on the set.

John is innately honest and never gives the quality a second thought. It isn't that he never lied. When he was a kid he sometimes ditched his homework and played hookey and relieved his way out of punishment. He used to crawl under the house to smoke and come out hours later, confident that the odor of tobacco had left him. His father, overwhelmed by the stench that had clung to John's clothing, would wait until after dinner to say casually to his son, "You don't smoke, do you?"

"No, sir."
"You ought to try it some time. Maybe you'd like it."
"I'm just not interested," John would fib.

But his honesty increased with age. In school he had a science teacher who, in John's estimation, was a double drop, not only lacking general intelligence but also knowledge about the subject he taught. John didn't like school and he didn't like teachers, and one day in science class the teacher began needling him. John stood it as long as he could, then announced in clarion tones, "You don't know any more about science than any one of the kids in this class." He was promptly expelled, but he'd spoken his mind—and maybe it was the truth.

John is not timid. If he has a gripe he says so. When he was a private in the army, he was the natural victim of many a bully. He didn't object to an order to pick up a piece of paper, but if a sergeant began bellowing that Pvt. Derek was not picking up the piece of paper to his satisfaction, John would straighten up and look the man in the eye. "Why am I doing it wrong?" he wanted to know. "What improvement can you suggest?" Naturally, he spent a lot of time doing extra detail, and some of it was because officers, non-commissioned or otherwise, had been foolish enough to ask John's opinion on some matter. Even when it was a question that required a diplomatic answer, John wasn't diplomatic. He said he thought the policy was all wrong or that Ordinance was completely snafu, or the Lieutenant's belfry was full of bats.

John doesn't like to hurt people's feelings and avoids it whenever possible. If he meets a woman acquaintance whose new hat, in John's opinion, is for the birds, he refrains from any mention of it. But if she asks him how he likes it, she invariably wishes she hadn't.

In the same vein, he assiduously avoids asking people their opinion of his pictures or performances. If one or the other or both happened to be bad, John knows it only too well and doesn't want to force anyone into a tactful lie. One of the reasons
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he shuns Hollywood cocktail parties is because they're always filled with people anxious to gush over each other, and to lavish praise on any actor's latest picture. "Half the time they haven't even seen the picture," John says, "and you know it by the way they gurgle a compliment, and then change the subject, afraid you'll ask them about some particular scene. It just seems to be standard practice to tell an actor you enjoyed his performance. "Hollywood's a funny business, anyway," he continues. "There's a sort of double talk that goes on all the time." John's conversation stays out of the slot reserved for movie stars, where a typical question-and-answer session would sound like this:

Question: Are you flabbergasted by the success of your career?

Actor: Oh, my word, yes! Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and have to pinch myself. There I am, lying between silken sheets in a room papered with roses, and it seems that only yesterday I was sleeping in freight cars!

John Derek's answer to the same question: "Gosh, no. I just wonder what's taking it so long to get better?"

John knows, deep down, that his first break came only because of his looks. The majority of movie actors are signed to a contract on this basis, and studio bigwigs then offer their feelers that these actors will also have talent. The average actor assumes, once he is signed up, that he oozes with talent, or he wouldn't have been given the chance, or at least not looked at it differently. He knows he's been given a chance at movies because of his looks. He has no control over his looks, but he can gain control over his life by what he does, so he pours all his energies into the ambition.

He feels a strong urge to prove himself, and when making Saturday's Hero insisted on doing all the football scenes himself. The studio had hired young Mickey McCardle, alumnus of the USC team to work as John's double, but John had other plans. Before the picture's start he spent just short of a month working out every day, and the time was paid with both Miller says he couldn't have been for him. "Yes," he said, and then told them about Mickey McCardle.

Recently he was asked if this had been wise, and it was pointed out to him that people hearing about McCardle would then take it for granted that the USC halfback had done every single one of the action scenes. "No," said John. "The way I look at it, they didn't believe I did the work before they asked me. And if I'd said no—I didn't have a double—they wouldn't have believed that, either."

John has a sincere feeling that truth is recognized and appreciated by people. He feels this is possible only appearing on the stage during personal appearance tours. At first he was scared to death, and having little faith in the speech prepared for him, Chucked the whole thing and began to talk with the audiences. Then went along great until he found himself all tangled up in one sentence that had already gone on for two whole minutes. He was genuinely confused and the audience knew it and went along with him. Months later, out on a second tour, he recalled the good reaction and thought he'd try the confab a bit. The audience met him with a deathlike silence, and suddenly John realized they knew he was bluffing. He never again tried to fool an audience.

The urge was told at the last minute that he was to speak to the Junior Chamber of Commerce in a small Pennsylvania town. In less than ten minutes he was plunked at the speakers' table in a great, cold room, and scores of men were sitting there, just looking at him. John stood for a long moment, wondering what on earth he should talk about. Then he threw up his hands in a helpless gesture. "Look," he said. "Individually you're probably nice guys, but as a group you scare me to death. I don't know anything about a Chamber of Commerce. I've never been a business man. What do you want me to talk about? And the ice was broken.

Another time he was pushed onto the stage of a theater in St. Paul where a Red Feather drive was in progress. Many celebrities had already spoken, and all of them had been billed to appear at the benefit. John was thrown in at the last minute and felt it wasn't his audience. They had come to see him.

"You know what?" he began. "You didn't expect to see me up here and I didn't expect to be here. I feel pretty silly. I'm staying at a hotel across the street, and that's where I belong right now." He added a few words about the charity and bolted from the stage. He got as big a hand as anybody could give him.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was leaving a Glendale theater after a premiere, when the lady in front of me put her hand back and grabbed mine. As she turned around, I noticed it was Bea Rea of Stony Creek. She had reached for Mary Livingstone's hand, and had gotten mine by mistake.

Mrs. Gordon Cheeseman
San Diego, California

else, and he feels it was because he spoke the truth. "This is what I felt, and I knew I could do it."

He has given even farther with audiences. More than once he's stood before a group of people who have been noisy and rude, and he has proceeded to talk to them. His frankness wouldn't have been appreciated by an individual, but collective audiences liked it. They knew they'd been rude and vulgar, and they admired a man who had the courage to tell them so.

He doesn't mind admitting when he's wrong, or when he is ignorant of a subject. John will follow a conversation to any point until he is stumped by a twisted and unfamiliar word, and then interrupts to ask for clarification. His frankness has often lost him friendships even before they are made. He told people the truth, and when he figures to be to their advantage, but some misunderstood his motives and back away. When a newly arrived actor is walking on air because a role he played, or a role that John knows has already been decided for someone else, John will put him on the back and say, "Don't build up your hopes. I don't think you're going to get the part."

Or when a starlet's ambition are bolstered by the fact that the director seems to think she has talent, John will inform her that the director's mind is not on her work.
He doesn't attempt to put up a front. He is on a strict budget, he drives a medium-priced car, and although his home is his only extravagance, the house itself is a small and unpretentious affair in comparison with the mansions bought by most movie stars.

John's entire wardrobe is restricted to one suit and a few pairs of slacks and he feels no necessity for building up a reputation of sartorial splendor. As a matter of fact, he has a small horror of interviews because he knows he's a Hollywood movie star and as such is expected to live up to it by adding gingerbread to the facts and inflating the truth. He can't bring himself to do it, and feels he continually disappoints the people who would prefer to have him a more fabulous character.

John needn't worry. He says he doesn't read much so it's probable that he's never seen the words of a wise philosopher who once wrote: "Truth is the secret of eloquence and virtue...it is the highest summit of art and of life."

(John Derek will soon be seen in Columbia's The Prince of Pirates.—Ed.)

**Rita tells all!**

(Continued from page 33) ex-Princess. "I'm seven minutes late," she called cheerfully, "but I got stuck at the studio. I'm so sorry."

She swept little Yasmine up in her arms, kissed her, tickled her in the ribs and as the little girl squirmed with laughter, took her out of the room and deposited her with a nurse.

When she returned she explained that Rebecca (her eight-year-old daughter by Orson Welles), who normally would have welcomed me, was down with chicken-pox so she hadn't been able to do the "honors."

Rita sat down beside me on the divan. "It's good, Louella, so good to see you again.

Our hands clasped in that understanding which goes beyond words. And all the misunderstandings that had stood between us since her return to Hollywood cleared away in that quiet renewal of our friendship.

For the next two hours we talked. The fading light of day turned into darkness; and still we sat on the divan side by side, not even bothering to turn on the lamps. And the things she told me made me realize that once again I had Rita's confidence, and that she trusted me to tell her story.

Rita has been a miserably unhappy woman since she left Aly Khan, so unhappy that she has wanted to hide away, even from her friends. Although she had "sat out" the necessary six weeks in Nevada, preparatory step to a divorce, she could not bring herself to file suit then and there from this man she has loved so deeply. Perhaps she will always love him. But she cannot live with him.

I asked, "Rita, are you still in love with Aly?"

Without hesitation she replied, "The hurt is very deep way down inside me. I can't deny that. I had loved Aly so very much that leaving him was almost unbearable—but it is a step I knew I had to take.

"If you loved Aly so much why did you leave him so abruptly in Africa to fly back to Paris, pick up the children and then go to Reno for a divorce?" I asked.

Rita ran her fingers through her glamorous long hair. "It may have seemed like a sudden thing, Louella, but believe me..."

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it was not. A strain had been building up between us for six months based on the big and little things that made up the difference in their opinion.

"Aly is a European brought up in that way of life. More than that—he is a Prince, brought up to rule millions of people, both as a man and his royal duties. He cannot be judged by the same standards of—say—an American husband.

"And, also, I have called Aly several times since the serious illness of his father. He has never been so much as to express any displeasure. He is at present quite well."

She paused. "If you ask me to change my opinion, I will. I respect your feelings, but I cannot take your advice."

S H E measured her words carefully before she replied, "Where Yasmine is concerned, I can see the point of view of the Aga Khan and Aly. After all, Aly is the Aga Khan."

"You mean they don't care about us?"

"I mean that they are more concerned with their own personal views, and that it is up to us to decide what we want."

"But it is absolutely untrue that he ever asked me to spend my own money. I don't know how such stories start, but I can assure you that I have never asked a man to pay for anything of this. It is an "arrangement" which has been acceptable abroad for centuries—particularly in the upper social classes of England.

In Aly's code it is possible to love one's wife and still be abused by the company of other women.

The gossip about any women in Aly's life—Rita refuses to discuss. She does say, "Perhaps I did not realize how completely American I am until I was brought face to face with the differences in our ways of life in Trinidad.

"I'm in a stage now of trying to work out my future, sensibly and without romantics. I hope some time that I may know the joys of a real and happy marriage. But anything like that is very far in the future. I have to readjust myself to myself and to make a new life for Rita Hayworth—and her children."

She said, "Do you think the fans will be glad to have me back, Louella?"

Without hesitation I replied, "Yes, Rita. I think they will welcome you back as long as they begin to know that you are the same sweet, unafflicted person you were before you left to be a Princess. And I'm proud to be the one to tell them that when Rita Hayworth is back with us again."

"Thank you, Louella. That makes me feel very happy. I want the fans to be glad. I'm back because I really love my work and how much I have really missed it."

"What makes me very happy is that my two little girls are happy here in my town—myself and my young women, as they are, that we three are closer than we've ever been."

"I want to tell you something kind of switch to you, Bette. I want to say good-night to Rebeca whose been so miserable with chickenpox and all that stuff on her little body to keep her from scratching. She took a look at me and said, 'Mama, you have magic eyes.' Then she said, 'Yasmine has magic eyes, too. They smile. Sometimes I have magic eyes, too—but not the way you and Yasmine do.'"

"I was not able to take a picture of her, but this is me, and I hope you like it."

"When you write to me, Louella," she said in parting, "please do not forget anyone I have asked for. I'm not angry. I have made mistakes, but I hope I profit by them."

And I believe her. What mistakes Rita Hayworth has made in the past will not be repeated in the future. For the reckless glamour girl of yesterday has become a mature and philosophical woman who knows what she is doing and where she is going.
love secret liz never told

(Continued from page 29) in the first place. It is why, the engagement Michael Wilding went back to England, sudden and tremendous pressures were exerted to destroy their dream of happiness.

Of course, all is fair in love and war, and the several men who feared that distance would not lend enchantment in Mr. Wilding’s case, could hardly be blamed for their erratic behavior when a possible conquest of Liz’s heart might be the prize. At first, Elizabeth was unaware of the plotting that went on, so secure was she in her new-found love. Telephone calls and flowers she happily ignored. And when they became too annoying, she simply took herself off to a quiet California resort, chaperoned by properly married and highly respectable friends. Here she felt safe and remote from adventuresome males.

This behind the scenes campaign to change Elizabeth’s heart and mind would never have come to light at all, save for the fact that a very powerful business man wildly over-shot his mark. (You won’t learn his name from me, for believe it or not journalists can be gallant, too.)

What happened was this: The man who hoped to make Elizabeth forget about Mike, through a cleverly planned and extravagant coup, appeared suddenly and casually on the scene of her little hide-away one day. Perhaps he had been fooled by the things he had read in the gossip columns, hinting that the Wilding romance was a mere flirtation. Perhaps, as well, he believed Liz’ own and now famous misquotation about herself that she had “a child’s mind in a woman’s body.”

At any rate, this legendary Beau Brummel completely under-estimated the honesty and loyal heart of the bride-to-be. When he charged into her life to press his suit, he did not know that Elizabeth was immediately alarmed. He did not know that she retired at once to her rooms to pack her bags in preparation for the now famous flight to London and her “dear Mike.” Not that she was afraid that she might change her mind; she simply would not risk the creation of jet-propelled gossip which might sully the dignity of her love.

If this man had known about her telephone call to Mike Wilding at his Bruxton flat he might not have climaxxed his unwelcome attentions as he did, knowing that Liz had arranged not to wait for Mike’s return to Hollywood.

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foremost name in hair beauty

Instead, in a matter of hours, this mysterious man laid his very secret proposal at Elizabeth’s feet. And the proposal was accompanied by a lapful of beautiful jewelry, the estimated value of which was more than 100,000 dollars! Now, almost any glamorous girl might have not only swooned, quickly recovered, and perhaps postponed her marriage in order to play the delicate game out.

Not Elizabeth Taylor! She was greatly distressed, for she respected the man, and despite his tactics did not doubt his sincerity. All she knew was that she must escape immediately to the charming, kind, elegant and relaxed Michael Wilding. Liz wasn’t lured by fabulous diamonds. True, she has a small collection of jewels which she wears with almost bored abandon. Yet, she has tried to say that years of bright lights, dinner jackets and savoir-faire, but definitely not for explosive, complicated shenanigans.

Hollywood, and the Don Juans in it, have long under-estimated the intelligence and character of Elizabeth. And the story of the man who failed in his startling attempt to change Hollywood’s love history, can now be happily forgotten. I have told all this because people should know that Elizabeth’s flight into marriage was not simply the whim of a girl who really didn’t know her own mind.

While we are at it, the time has come to correct other false impressions, too, gossip stories which spread rapidly following that simple ceremony at the Caxton Hall registry. The public circus which surrounded Elizabeth Wilding’s wedding service was notable, not for the near riot by British fans, but for the complete lack of turmoil on the bride’s part.

There were reports that Elizabeth and her husband were not entirely gracious with fans. However, it is impossible to be gracious to people who are displaying their own bad manners. The truth is that the honeymooning Wildings did not behave at all like a pair of important movie stars. After flying to France, they drove into Paris in an airline bus. They did not stay at the Hotel George V, scene of Liz’ last unhappy honeymoon, but at the Plaza Athene in Avenue Montaigne, which is much nicer anyway, if not as elegant.

The restaurant there is one of the best any hotel in the world offers. Friday night after their arrival, they took a taxi, instead of renting a Cadillac as Liz had done on her last trip to Paris. They went to the Tour d’Argent which overlooks Notre Dame, and to which all celebrities must go. For dinner they had pressed duck, and theirs was number 227,818. (La Tour
d'Argent, according to long standing tradition, gives each guest a card with the number of the dinner duck, and this has been cherished by brides for years.)

From there they took a taxi to the Chez Carrere, and ran into the trouble which caused the sort of gossip intelligent people must ignore. There were so many fans and photographers, that it was almost impossible to get inside. Fuming at the bad manner of those who could not let them alone, the bride and groom beat a hasty retreat back to their hotel where they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Grupt of Bristol, England.

When they told their story to a friend, he laughed and said, "You didn't miss a thing. I think the show at Carrere's now is the worst in its history. But the customers Carrere's misses until Mrs. Wilding, because you are divinely beautiful."

And she was. She wore a bridal gown full-skirted in back, with plowing neckline, the bottom of which was fabulously jeweled, and in her white mink stole she looked almost angelic.

Then, on Saturday morning the Wildings took a train—no special automobile or plane, just an old rickety train—and went off to Grenoble, about 350 miles from Paris. They were met by the proprietor of the Grand Hotel at L'Alpe d'Huez, and driven another 36 miles to their honeymoon hotel. Here they forgot all the hectic problems of the past few hours in a celebration which lasted almost four A.M., after which they retired and did not re-appear until about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when they went for a walk along the snow laden roads.

At last there was alone, although the curtain must drop briefly on their more intimate moments, I can tell you perhaps better than most, at this point, why Liza is so much more attractive than the many men who sought to woo her. Liz was never mentally constructed to handle the heavy-handed Hollywood wolves, but, as a great delight in this slim six-footer with his light blue eyes and brown hair. (Of which, incidentally, there is a lot more than gossips would have you believe.

It was while house-guesting at the Stewart Grangers' that Liz' enchantment for the Britisher grew by leaps and bounds. It was Mike who slapped around the Bel-Air estate in casual English tweeds and cords, and arranged social-morning gatherings in the Granger den, awoke at noon with ready quips and feelers attempts to mess up the kitchen for an imaginative breakfast. Afternoons, Mike planned casual drives along California's rugged coastline, alone with Liz, or bought tickets to the circus. Evenings there were all kinds of music, from the sublime to bop, interspersed with clever conversation and a lot of teasing between Mike and his best friend, Jimmy (Stewart) Granger. Liz enjoyed herself immensely, and fell head over heels in love.

There are those who've tried to classify Mike as a fortunate lover, which is not true. When questioned by an American friend who has saved any money in England, Mike cast a horrified glance towards the ceiling and admitted ruefully that he hadn't a bean. His London flat, elegant and compact, was not equipped, he had to ride herd constantly to get all the bills paid. Mr. Wilding happily admits to a casual attitude toward high finance. This care-free attitude appeals to Liz. It equally enchants her to be squired in the Mayfair set of select London by Mike who looks the epitome of suave white-tie elegance as he commands the maître d's with an air that most American glamour boys most quite achieve.

Elizabeth Taylor has many attributes, one of which is a lack of reverence for money. She cast a fortune aside, along with the first marriage, and the prospect of marrying into huge money again was something she refused to contemplate in exchange for the uncomplicated fun she'd be having as Mrs. Michael Wilding.

English-sounding wedding may come the news that MGM has renewed her contract, and stepped Liz's salary up from $2,500 to $5,000 a week! As they know this honeymoon couple better, let's go back to them in Switzerland. Every morning their shutters opened about 10:30 and they had breakfast in their room—usually bacon and eggs. Then they sun-bathed on their balcony. After dressing, they strode to the skating rink. They lounged about three, sometimes in the hotel, sometimes on the terraces. Liz talked alone in their room at night, sometimes they went down to dance. They opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate Liz's twentieth birthday.

Liz wanted to go skiing, but she is not permitted to learn by the terms of her contract, which can't use a star with a broken leg. Not even Mike skis, either. His insurance company forbids it. So, as a substitute thrill they tackled the cable car railway to the mountain top, even though they couldn't ski down. L'Alpe d'Huez is a family-like place. People do not dress up in the evenings, which is proof of the fact that Liz did not have a "pajama and evening gown" wardrobe, as much to do with as much between," as some said. Being over 6,000 feet in the air, drenched in sun, it's possible to get a mid-winter sunburn in a hurry, and Liz certainly suffered one, more than once. It is an occupational hazard.

Hereafter, I've made a vow not to pay much attention to what Liz is quoted as saying in the newspapers. One report from a British paper told me Liz thought "we thought we had more privacy, and unless we get it, we are going to go somewhere where we can find it." This is ridiculous, because they were enjoying themselves at one of the most private places. To be any more private, they'd have had to go to the St. Bernard monastery, nearby, where the inhabitants are snowed in all winter.

The truth was that they were hardly bothered at all when they reached their honeymoon destination, here. They were asked to pose for pictures only once by two photographers. To be unwilling to them through an interpreter and made a big hit by her gracious behavior. No one spilled on them at all, even when they spent an entire afternoon pulling each other around on a little sled, swooshing like mad over the bumps and inclines near the hotel.

As one French writer said, "This is a honeymoon in which they scrupulously respect principle and tradition and remain quite to themselves." So you see, Liz' honeymoon, both here and in London, was anything but different. Liz and Michael took her places the tourists never see. And Mrs. Michael enjoyed the whole, uncomplicated business, as she kept on pretending that she wasn't grown up at all, but was a fairy princess being whisked through pink clouds.

As for Mr. Mike. He is very much all right, and on his honeymoon certainly indicated who wears the pants in his family.
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for Shelley—all or nothing

(Continued from page 36) down the other aisle. A man who was sitting behind me said, That's a girl who wants to come down both aisles at once."

"Exactly!" the first character said, "She does want to come down both aisles at once. She wants to be a great actress, and she wants to be a wife and mother. She wants everybody to love her. She wants everything—and you just can't have everything."

Somewhere in all this lies the truth about Shelley Winters. By the time you read this Shelley will be married to Italian actor Vittorio Gassman, unless something fantastically unexpected happens. She's so much in love it's popping out of her pores. "I love him more than anybody in the world," she says. "I love him more than I have ever loved anybody. He's a remarkable human being. He's so intelligent, and he has a sense of humor."

When he was in New York, a reporter asked him, "When you get married, who's going to be boss in the family?" And Vittorio answered, "Such a question would never occur to an Italian."

But more about Shelley and Vittorio later. Now let's go back in Shelley's past and find out what makes her tick.

Of her very earliest memory, she says, "It was awful." She was about two years old when she was killed by a dog. Her family was moving from one house to another in St. Louis where she was born. The moving men had already taken the big furniture and Shelley's father had pried the rest in their old flivver. "He wanted me to get in the car," Shelley says, "to take me to the new house. I think that's how it was. It's all hazy. But he wanted me to get in the car with all the things. I refused. The

END

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NOXZEMA skin cream

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family was in a hurry; you know what it's like on moving day. And I suppose he wanted to teach me a lesson about obedience. Anyhow he drove away. Only a couple of blocks. He didn't mean to leave me, but I didn't notice. He drove away with our things, and I was standing there alone . . . Well, that's all I remember. They came back of course. I was in hysterics, but I don't remember that. My mother told me about that. I just remember him driving away with our things.

Her first memory was of rejection, a terrible rejection for a small child, although her father was unaware of it. Interestingly enough since her first memory was connected with possessions she is delighted to tell you now, "Vittorio doesn't believe in having too many possessions. He says you have to take care of them."

She always longed to be accepted. She wanted the other kids to like her.

"But they didn't," she recalls, "or at least I thought they didn't. And that's just as bad. You see, I wasn't pretty and I didn't conform. I wanted to be accepted but I didn't know how to be."

It was during her senior year in junior high in Brooklyn that she went out for a part in a school play. This was staged by the teachers and the kids included. In order to get in you had to have high grades. "I got good marks all right," Shelley says, "but I guess I was too aggressive. Anyhow, the kids voted against me for the part. I said I didn't care, but I cried for two whole days and I felt as if everybody was trying to do me in. So I swore revenge."

She formed her own dramatic society with the help of her mother and a couple of sympathetic teachers, and she wrote a musical, produced and acted in it at the school. Afterwards, the teacher who had voted against her congratulated her and told her they were sorry about the other show. They explained that there were 30 nominations for the honor society and only ten could be chosen. They had to vote against somebody. Now she says, "I guess that was right. But, you see, I took it personal."

Shelley always takes it personal.

When, after her success in pictures, she was lambasted by the press for being too boisterous, too argumentative, and for going around in old beat-up slacks, she "fretted and lamented." Now this criticism doesn't bother her so much. "I finally decided," she explains, "that I can't be honest with myself and true to everybody else. When you have definite opinions the way I do you're sure going to offend somebody. It used to be that I couldn't bear it if people didn't like me. But I just have to get used to the fact that not everybody agrees with you."

When Shelley signed her first contract with Columbia, everybody told her she'd have to make herself over. She made herself over, and nothing happened. In her own words, "I stank."

She is extremely nervous but she believes, "This nervousness is one of my assets. I have a great deal of energy, and a preference for excitement. That's why some directors are annoyed by her. If she thinks a scene is wrong she says so at the top of her voice. But give her a dlass of directors like George Stevens or George Cukor—and, as she says, "I'll stand on my head and make faces with my feet!"

On Broadway Shelley fought and scratched for jobs. She was idle much more than she worked. A friend who knew her then says, "Shelley had to listen to everybody else talk for so long that when she finally got in the position where she could talk she decided not to stop."

Although she wants desperately to be a fine actress, she becomes annoyed with being a movie star because, "You can't eat, you're always under a doctor's order, you're dieted, and you're supposed to be dressed up all the time."

Shelley feels she has a bigger obligation to herself than is expressed by fancy clothes. For example, when Albenze and Taglavi were singing La Boheme in Los Angeles for one night only, Shelley was working. She finished just in time to make it to the auditorium. So she rushed off her screen makeup, threw on the old slacks in which she'd arrived at the studio that morning. All the other opera lovers had diamonds in their hair and Shelley was blasted. "But," she said, "La Boheme was wonderful."

Vittorio, however, won't let her wear slacks. And when she left the house the other day without lipstick he asked why.

She said, "I've got a million things to do so why should I waste time putting on lipstick?"

But Vittorio had her come back into the house and pretty up.

O

ne of Shelley's endearing qualities is that she "sells" everyone she likes. Because, if she likes someone, she's always kind to like her, she wants everyone to like the people she likes. But sometimes she oversells until you want to say, "Oh, come off it, Shelley. No one can be that good."

Now, of course, there's only Vittorio. Shelley can't do enough for him. She'll corner a friend and ask, "Will you come hear him do a recital at The Players' Ring? He reads Italian poems, and his voice is wonderful. He's a great artist. He speaks the lines, but it's like singing. And I wish you would do a story about him, not about me, just about Vittorio. The way he studied. Every day he takes an English lesson and he speaks it fine now. When I say the few Italian words I know he answers in Italian. He's working in a picture for United Artists. It's a good picture. It's called The Glass Wall."

If you don't stop her, she'll tell you the plot.

"I'm going to work at our marriage next day," she says. "Make it the most important thing in my life. I married young and it didn't work out. Vittorio married at 19, and it was over before I met him. So I know about that. We think the marriage isn't that romantic, never—never land that so many people think it is. It's really taking care of each other and protecting each other. It's having a person to lean on."

"He won't take me out to some glamorous place every night. I'll be lucky if he takes me out once a week. And TV fascinates him. He thinks even the commercials are screams. For such an artistic..."
man isn't that funny? They don't have TV in Italy.

In Italy, according to Shelley, "Having dinner is the big thing. You eat slowly, not rushed like here. And you sit and talk and talk and listen to music. Or you go to the theater. Vittorio can't get used to how fast everything moves here. Rush, rush, rush. But you know what? I can get used to how nice and slow everything moves in Italy.

You can understand why a girl like Shelley, who has pushed so hard, who, "wants to come down two aisles at once," should find Italy her spiritual home. She had to sit around Walgreen's—which is Broadway's Schwab's—listening to the other kids talk about their jobs. She was wretchedly poor. She was told that she was neither pretty nor glamorous. When she finally got a job she was Ado Annie in the umteenth road company of Oklahoma! It is not distinguished to be the last of the Ado Annes. Then came walk-ons and bits in movies, and Shelley felt that time was running out for her. She was afraid she wouldn't have the big screen career, that she'd be a failure.

Now, she is intensely loyal to old friends, and does wonderful things for people she likes. She's always good for a touch, remembering, as she does, the days when she wasn't eating so well herself. Sometimes she fights so hard for her friends she defeats herself. There was the young actor she thought was talented. She had no romantic interest in him whatsoever, but he was a good actor, and he needed a job. So Shelley beat on the doors of the mighty so hard that one man said, "What's with Shelley and this guy? Is he paying her an agent's commission or something?"

She is the original heart-of-gold kid. She hears a couple of makeup girls discussing a play they would like to see, and the next day Shelley gives them the tickets for it. A man in an obscure little shop makes a lamp for her. To the next ten people she meets she says, "You've got to go to my little man for a lamp."

Since she was so eager to play Born Yesterday, and since she and Judy Holliday do the same kind of work you'd think she'd be jealous of Judy. But Shelley loves her. "Judy Holliday is terrific. Such polish. Such finish," she says.

Shelley is not a phony; there is nothing devious about her. She doesn't know how to be devious. If she's mad you know it. If she's glad—oh, boy, you know it! And if she's in love . . . she lights up the sky.

How are she and Vittorio going to work out their living arrangements? She says, "Vittorio hated New York. It was too hectic for him. But he loves California because it's quiet and peaceful, and he loves the people. So we will have my apartment here and one in Rome. We haven't any set plans like six months here, six months there. Vittorio has commitments in Italy. It's so funny; they don't understand that here. When he's talking to a producer and explains this they think he's just trying to get more money. And he's so funny when he's talking about a deal and they offer him a certain amount of money. He's got to work it out in lira counting under the desk on his fingers. Anyhow we'll spend part of our time in Italy and part in California."

Yes, Shelley wants everything. To be a wife, to be a mother, to be an artist.

When she first saw A Place In The Sun she thought she was terrible. "All I could see was how beautiful Elizabeth Taylor was." But after she had seen it several times Shelley made the famous remark about the performance getting better. She did like herself in Phone Call From A Stranger. It's hard for her to discuss...
the merry wives of hollywood (oh, yeah?)

(Continued from page 55) happens. At parties he, the star, is taken away from his wife, Betty, as she is so New York and so an afterthought. At public affairs he is surrounded by admirers and she finds herself to one side. By the time it is all over and they are home it is not only ego that needs feeding, it is her that is anemic from neglect. If you had to name the most critical moment in the day to day relationships of Hollywood marriages, this would probably be it.

One night not long ago, Bill and Rena Lundigan walked out of the Mocambo in wonderful spirits. They'd had a swell evening together celebrating the completion of his last picture. Some even strings were crowded in. Others joined them and the mob got thicker. Suddenly Rena realized that she was having to fight to keep her place next you him. Eventually, she found herself pushed up against the building with Bill some distance away amidst a mob of kids. Rena has had this happen before, but just the same it is hard to get used to.

Suppose you are Betty Lanza. You glory in your husband's popularity. Even when he is not the star of his pictures, particularly one like The Great Caruso, and the girls outside all scream, "Oh, Mario! Be my love!" you take it in stride. They want him but not you. Yet, it wouldn't be normal if you didn't feel just a little uneasy about the emotional storm he can create in feminine hearts?

Sometimes the threat is not so indefinite. Take the time another Betty, Macdonald Carey's Betty, bore the brunt of it. The two were walking along Sunset Boulevard after he had returned from their location in New Mexico for Cave Of Outlaws, when a young redheaded thing, a little too exposed, waltzed up and began speaking to need you. She asked:

"Mac, darling!" she cried. "Why haven't you phoned me? Remember all the fun we had while we were both on location?"

As a family unit the Careys are as solid as a rock and Betty, wise to the ways of Hollywood, was quick to recognize a preposterous attempt on the young girl's part to gain publicity by prying herself into a scandal. So Betty stood by while Mac had the girl, who was trying to make trouble for him, shut up and then went on without even discussing the incident. But you can count on your fingers the number of other Hollywood couples who could sail through that without ugly suspicion or abuse.

There are other critical aspects of her position to keep a star's wife alert. She must guard against accepting privileges which are not hers and which are not attached, and it is her husband who will fall the victim. The least that happens is that a star's wife gets special treatment when she should be paid for it to keep the ordinary double.

At all times she has to withstand close scrutiny herself. Even though her husband is in the limelight she is going to be stared at—sometimes invidiously. She will meet woman after woman who will speak warm but tear her down bit by bit with derogatory looks. And to meet such charmers, she will have to pay her social obligations. She may think that the wife of the man who is going to direct her husband's next picture is a horrible bore but she dare not indicate it.

One star's wife, who obviously cannot be named, classed this—the number of objectionable people she had to meet—as the greatest cross of her life. But there were other unpleasant features she was able to list. "You can't live usually, take a stroll or walk to the movies without being gaped at. And darn if, you're never quite sure how much the attention your husband gets is a nuisance to him and how much he actually covets it! After all, he is not a painter or a poet or a soldier. He's just a personality and that brings you to the dreaded word, sex! He's supposed to knock women off their pins when

(See Shelley Winters now in Universal's Untamed.—Ed.)
they see him. Now—where do I come in, raising a fuss about it?"

While it is true that the hazards of marriage in Hollywood are cushioned by material comforts—rich property settlements, high alimony—a heartache in silk and a heartache in cotton are still plain heartaches.

There is a dark-haired girl in Hollywood who probably often recalls how much she was envied by the nurses at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital when her third baby was born there. The nurses would coo to the infant out in the hall before they'd bring it in to her.

Then they'd compliment her, "You have the prettiest little girl ever born in the hospital. Your husband must be terribly proud of you both."

This was only a few years ago. The baby was named Christina. The mother's name was Nancy Sinatra.

It is little comfort to live in sumptuous halls when they echo coldly to your footsteps. And finding yourself apart from your husband for long stretches of time is practically the rule for the wife of a star.

A little more than a year ago a tall, attractive woman was talking dejectedly to a traveling companion aboard a plane bound for Mexico City from Caracas, Venezuela. She said she felt like someone badly fooled.

"If only he and I could have gone somewhere away from telephones or telegraphs—it would have been wonderful. Think of it, for four years he planned this vacation, our first chance to be alone, and then he left me right there in the middle of it!"

"He" was John Wayne. The woman was his wife, Esperanza, whom he affectionately calls Chata—when he is around to talk to her at all. He is around now, at this writing, because they have reconciled after a separation that followed the interrupted trip. John had no intention of breaking up the vacation. He had eagerly laid out the whole itinerary to match a similar Caribbean tour he had read about in an old copy of the National Geographic Magazine. He chartered a two-motored plane which had every facility in it including a galley and refrigerator.

It was the plane that failed them first, "It makes dandy ice cubes but it don't fly so good," John reported to his associates back in Hollywood. Then John failed. He spent more time talking business than he did vacationing. And before the trip was over he got a wire from John Ford and had to take off suddenly for Ireland and his next picture, The Quiet Man. Chat, "lucky" Chata, came home alone.

This is the story behind the story of why she left him some months later.

The most sensational Hollywood successes in the past few years is that of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, but there are days—too many days, when neither Jeanie Martin nor Patti Lewis feel like cheering about it. Dean and Jerry are naturally in great demand for personal appearances and nightclub engagements all over the country. Jeanie, with one-year-old Dean Paul, Jr., to take care of, and Patti with six-year-old Gary and two-year-old Ronnie, usually stay home.

One evening, with the boys off on tour, the girls went to a formal dinner party thrown by Alan and Sue Ladd. Their escort, the boys' agent, Henry Wilson. And Jeanie, not yet married three years, couldn't help but bemoan the constant separations.

"Actually, by the calendar," she complained, "Dean has been gone from me oftener than he has been with me.
The comment of Patti was indirect but none the less poignant. "I always used to wonder what it would be like to be married to a sailor," she said. "I know,"

Of course there is nothing to prevent a wife from accompanying her husband on personal appearance tours—nothing, that is, if she has no children or other obligations at home, and the studio doesn't frown on the idea, but most stars' wives soon learn they might just as well stay home. On tour their husbands are less private individuals than they are back in Hollywood.

The last time Jessica Ryan went along with her Robert was to the San Francisco premiere of The Set-Up. For three days he posed for pictures, gave out interviews and made personal appearances during which time Jessica had the choice of sitting alone in her room or taking a walk alone. There was one press luncheon which she attended, only to find that between her and Robert sat 14 other people.

Jessica never had ideas of marrying a sailor but she did give thought occasionally to what married life with a doctor would be like. She feared that he would always be out on visits. Now there are times when she plays around with the idea of getting Robert to switch to medicine. "At least he'd have to come home to fill the hypodermic needle once in a while," she points out.

The wife of Hollywood probably knows least about is Mrs. Howard Keel. Helen Keel is petite, blonde, and just now expecting her second child. When Howard was hitting big in The Small Voice and Annie Get Your Gun, his new acquired fans would have gotten the surprise of their lives had they seen Helen's ungallant circumstances. She was the mistress of a tiny, prefabricated house, small less pretentious than the average home of the ordinary craftsman in any American town. It stood next to a big, dusty lot in an unattractive section of West Los Angeles. It was no more than a little compact box divided off into two bedrooms (one hardly more than a cubicle), a small living room, bath and kitchen. Every time a car went by outside the whole structure shook. Every time it rained the house was sure to get muddy because the only approach to it was a dirt path.

The Keels have since moved to a much nicer place, but Helen will never remember her introduction to Hollywood as an exciting one. And she likes to go out and enjoy life. The other night she went to a benefit with Howard and with the aid of a clever costume, a silver lamé Mandarin coat over black silk trousers, was able to disguise the fact that she is shortly to give a mother again. Yet the tipoff to the kind of marriage Helen is going to lead as a star's wife has long been evident to those who know her. She will be part of his private life only—the public is to see her little as little of her as they do of Greta Peck, Dolores Hope or Dixie Lee Crosby.

These last three prefer it that way, of course Greta will never forget that an ordinary automobile accident suddenly became a front page calamity as soon as it became evident that she was the wife of Gregory Peck. A quiet girl, with no desire to share the spotlight thrown on Gregory, she wants nothing more than to be able to live her life quietly in the rambling hilltop house he built for her and their three little boys.

Gregory Peck, John Wayne, Mario Lanza, Burt Lancaster, Bill Lundigan . . . all fine actors. But it is questionable whether they ever have roles as difficult as the ones their wives play . . . every day of their lives.
(Continued from page 52) the kicks out of his long legs and climbed into a waiting studio car. During the previous three weeks he'd covered seven Latin American countries, traveled 20,000 miles, sung for 200,000 people. He'd been mauled, mobbed and "patted to death" by day, got along on four hours broken sleep each night, as senoritas tapped on his hotel door or cooed under his window grill. He'd dropped ten pounds. For the past 28 hours he'd rolled and bounced nonstop clear from Sao Paulo, Brazil, to make a Hollywood radio broadcast.

With the motors still rearing in his ears, Howard grabbed a quick sandwich, and without even time to go home and say hello to his wife, Helen, and little girl, Kalya, he plunged into rehearsals, then sang the Lux Radio Theater version of Showboat with its arduous score.

After the program the producer tendered him an extravagant compliment. "Howard," he said, "you were great—never better in your life. Frankly, after the beating you took I don't see how the devil you did it."

Keel scooted uncomfortably "I guess the Good Lord just takes care of drunkards and broken down bassos," he said, escaping fast.

Of course, Howard Keel is no drunk and certainly not broken down basso, as anyone who's been going to movies lately and isn't stone deaf will know. Moreover, with all due deference to Providence, Howard is well able to take care of himself. But in the theater and the remark is typical of an independent, rugged individualist who asks no quarter and gives none, and who is acutely allergic to any kind of praise, or anything which faintly resembles what he grinningly brands "hokum."

It wasn't very long ago that Howard was parked in the swank Beverly Hills Hotel at the galloping rate of $15 a day which he could afford like nothing at all. In fact he was not too well-heeled and but for his relaxed attitude might have resembled another recovered actor who hadn't hit the jackpot. In a way, this was all unnecessary because—except for a slight moral principle involved—he could have been staying right there with all expenses paid and a nice, fat salary besides.

Howard was waiting for his contract to start at MGM. He could have had that contract a year earlier with the red carpet rolled out. Only he'd have had to go back on his word, and that didn't sit right with him. At that point he'd promised the English producer who gave him his first major job to make two more pictures. He had no contract of any sort or anything in writing—only his promise. He knew he could breeze away to his big Hollywood break with no legal trouble whatever. Just as he said, "No—sorry, I'm tied up," and watched it go glimmering.

It was only when these two pictures were called off that he sailed back to New York, got in touch with MGM and told them frankly that he was out of a job and ready to sign if they were. They said they'd see. And when they finally saw Howard Keel for A Baby Get Your Gun, they didn't see him for nothing. He got everything he wanted.

A holdout when you're hungry calls for plenty of moxie, but Howard Keel owns his share. He'd have had to go back on his word all along. He had a rugged road to ramble before he ever clicked in this singing and acting business. He got his own way and while he worked hard, he made mistakes. He was cocky

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sometimes, he lets his temper get out of control when things didn't suit him. He learned. But also he didn't forget. He never forgot that he was a two-legged man, just as good as the next guy. Yet, it's when he's rated a superhero that Howard snorts "hokum" most angrily. And of course by now that's what happens right along.

On his recent South American jaunt, for instance, Howard ran smack into the kind of snoop thing that Frank Sinatra used to get up to himself. This wild worshiper forced him no end but he relished happily. The next hour, 23 senoritas stormed into his hotel. He gave them all autographs, but they didn't bug him. He kissed each one, but that didn't satisfy either. Finally he asked the local official what he could do.

"Senor Keel" said that worthy. They say they want to marry.

"Holy cow!" cried Howard. "All 23?"

That was the night Howard and Kathryn Grayson sang at a theater in Rio de Janiero where the stage was boxband size, with no stage entrance or even wings. Between numbers they had to sit on a small settee right back of the mike. All the time Howard got up, the audience did. When he sat down, the whole house sat when he smiled, they smiled back, when he bowed they bowed. There was no escape, and no let up to the devoted imitations. Finally he got really upset. Can't those girls get out of here?" he whispered to Kathryn.

"I'm going nuts. Why, they're acting like we're royalty!"

This is no overgrown false modesty that Lester Howard Keel. It's simply that he levels down on himself as he does with the rest of the world. Nobody can tell him he's right when he thinks he's wrong, or wrong when he thinks he's right. Normally there isn't a wider piano smile in Hollywood than Howard's. But it can turn grim in a wink when once he gets a notion that things aren't what they should be.

Most people, including his studio bosses, thought that Howard Keel did his best work in Showboat. Most people enjoyed it and his singing hugely. Others would say that it would be a shame to be proud of himself after singing the Gaylord Ravenal role in that. Was Howard proud—even pleased? He hated himself and the job he did. He did not think it any of his business, didn't he? Ridiculous? Maybe curious? The guy is simply honest with himself—a rarity quality in Hollywood.

Naturally he went to the premiere; MGM talked him into that. But unfortunately he had seen the picture at the studio before. So that gala night, in the dark of the Egyptian Theater, Howard Keel couldn't see, lost his glasses, and when he thought no one was looking clamped his hands over his ears. "I tried to go to sleep," he confesses. "I didn't burst into tears and hand it over to the night. Why? Because, I'd made some lousy mistakes in those recordings, he'll tell you. 'I'd already heard 'em and I didn't like 'em and I didn't want to hear them again. Nobody had ever told me. Perhaps even Howard couldn't tell you what was "lousy" about them. But to him they were—period."

"I've never sung long ago not to tell Howard he's good," sighs Kathryn Grayson, who has sung with him not only on tour, but in both Showboat and his latest Lovely To Look At. "He'd never believe me unless he thought so himself and I might just make him mad. But he is good, you know, whether he'll admit it or not."

Not long ago, during Lovely To Look At a publicity girl at Metro's who's one of his best friends made the mistake of asking Howard how he was coming along. "Get lost, girl," barked Keel. "Don't mess with me. I'll bite your head off. I've just done the worst job in history with those songs. Go away. Beat it. Leave me alone."

Just the same she talked him into lunch with her, and although the conversation was friendly, Howard finally calmed him down to civility. Then the producer stroked by the table and fanned the embarriss. "I hear the records you made are swell, Howard," he offered. "Innocent."

"Well, I'll be..." he gasped. "I never dreamed the studio would stage the expense."

So he did the recordings he thought were "lousy" over on his own time. He's that much of a perfectionist!

Some of the funniest moments Howard has endured since he came to Hollywood ganged up on him in a dance scene he was supposed to do in Showboat. Dancing is not Keel's forte. He thuds around on Number 124-D gumshoes, and most femaline partners reach about to his belt when he's dragged into the light fantastic. This was to be a merry waltz with Kathryn Grayson—and to put it mildly, the dance got away from Howard Keel tried, heavens knows, for 35 "takes." All of one day and part of another. He could Waltz, after a fashion, in one direction, but only couldn't turn around in the other way. After Kathryn faced exhaustion trying to steer him they brought in a male dance instructor to teach him that simple maneuver. Dancing is not an easy thing for another man, Howard only got more confused and embarrassed. It was finally filmed, but Gene Kelly didn't lie awake nights with envy. In fact, after all of this hilarious monkey business, they cut the whole thing out.

Probably the personal low spot in Howard's career occurred when he opened with the last of the studio's stars, in 1948. He'd toured the States with that show as "Curley," and for months he'd doffed his hat after "Oh What A Beautiful Morning." He let his own nature belong in another, Nobody in American seemed to mind this incongruity, but the British, his director assured him, were fussy about details like that. The only thing Howard had was a permanent wave. It took a lot of stormy persuasion but finally Howard agreed to the transformation. "Okay," he grunted, "but..."

**PHOTO CREDITS**

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

I'll do it alone. If anybody comes to watch, I'll murder 'em!"

That afternoon he sneaked guiltily in the back door of a London beauty shop and in a few minutes, was wired up like the back of a TV set, the current cooking his lankly mop into an artistic arrangement of ringlets and curls. When he sneaked out again, scowling like a mugg from Limehouse, "I looked," Howard still growls to remember, "like a blanket-y-blank-blank puddle!" When he went on stage the next night in Manchester, Howard was a tonsorial treat, so much so that next morning the critics spent all their superlatives on his coiffure and none on his voice. Oklahoma rhapsodized one, "certainly has the most beautiful hero!" That did it. From then on, Howard wouldn't even take off his hat in the show until the ringlets smoothed out again, and you won't find those review clippings in his scrapbook today. He ripped them to shreds the minute he read them.

Howard Keel has mellowed somewhat since those first clashes with the artificialities of show business. He's adapted—but not very much. The truth is, there is no native exhibitionism in Howard Keel's nature, nor his heritage. Basically, Howard is a living example of the old saying that "you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy." To understand him you have to know the kind of people he sprang from and what he was before his suddenly discovered magnificence plunged him into a world of make-believe.

Howard Keel's folks were plain, salt-of-the-earth people, who worked with their hands. His grandmother traveled to the plains in Illinois in a wagon. His dad was a coal miner, but before that he sailed for four years aboard the flagship Tennessee in Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet.

Howard Keel himself stood on his own oversize feet for a good many years before he ever saw Hollywood fame. From the start he was the kind of kid who could handle his own affairs, and preferred to.

Once, in his early teens, Howard bagged the family Lizzie for the first time to see a girl he had in Staunton, an Illinois town near Gillespie. Flush with his first solo turn at the wheel, he raced her around town, cutting corners on two wheels. After he finally dropped his date off home, he continued the exuberant spree, unfortunately right down Main Street. When he heard a siren he cut out for home. But they caught him, of course, and said it would be eight dollars—or jail. The two bucks he had for the big evening were long gone and Harry was broke. "You'd better call your folks," the cops counselled. "Nossir," said Harry, "I'll go to jail," which is just where he went. The police called Gillespie anyway and sometime in the early morning his family came down and bailed him out. He thought he'd catch it for sure, but nobody said a word. Harry went to work and paid back the eight dollars.

There's another little episode picked out of Howard's untold past that might give a slant on the way his straight shooting mind works, and what happens if you cross it up. It happened down in Fallbrook, California, where the Keels came from Illinois when Howard's father died. Howard was quite a fighter then. He went in big for amateur ring bouts at high school and the CCC camps. He'd won two matches in an elimination tournament when he was pitted against a close friend he chased around with. "Look," his pal approached him before the scrap, "you'll take me easy, so let's take it easy, huh?"

"Sure," Howard agreed. But at the bell

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his chum threw him a haymaker square
in the mouth and he almost went down. He
thought it must have been a wild
swing—but soon he knew it wasn't. In
a minute he was back on the bench in
a furious attack that left little doubt as
how went on. His friend was

walking in and the others fought the
round. But the episode sickened and soured
him. He never pulled on a glove after that.
Maybe that's why he's a slow friend to
make and standishoff today.

There's just one condition and maybe this
one explains why today with Howard
Keel "it's got to be good," why he's his
own severest critic. He had a good job
at North American Aircraft and one day
he walked. He'd found he could sing and
in the first flush of that glorious discovery
he grandly told everybody what he was
going to do. To hear me talk," he'll

sowryly today, "I was going to be
the sensation of the nation." Well, he
wasn't. The first singing lessons he took
didn't take, he found the road ahead
was long and rough. He got some piddling
song spots, singing waiters and such, and
he quit them in disgust and in temper.
Then he was broke and he had to have a
real job again. But he wouldn't go back
to the place he'd left where the job he
needed was waiting. He'd popped off
and he was ashamed. He went to another
plant where he didn't know anybody. And
he never popped off again. Not even when
later on, he had a right to. Not even now.

By now, Howard Keel's formative days
are over. He's in his thirties, a settled
family man and not mad at anybody—as
long as there's no enemy. He's a fast
and toad and he yields practically no opportunity for
that. The new Brentwood house where
Howard and his pretty blonde wife Helen
live with Kitty the 75c pup, Mouk, is Keel's castle. Photographers have
never been inside it and, Howard declares,
never will.

This self-imposed isolation has made
Howard somewhat of a mystery man in
Hollywood, heightened by the fact that
outside of Kathryn Grayson and Louis Calhern, the Keels have practically
no close Hollywood friends. They never go
night clubbing, and even when he shows
up at a Hollywood grande or he Howard
has a maddening way of appearing and
then suddenly disappearing into thin
air which makes one substance and stature is
a fairly neat feat.

Occasionally, Howard relaxes, if you
can call it that, at golf, sometimes with a
foursome or with friends, and occasionally
he goes to the movies to see what
he's playing a game. "If he starts slicing,"
says Vic Mature, "he'll take every bloody
ball in his bag and bang it out of bounds
until he hits one that's there digging up the fair-
way, go on and catch him the next time around."

IT'S really at that carefully guarded home

t of his that Howard Keel lets down and
lives. He sleeps in a specially built,
over-long bed from which his toes still
dangle. He eats anything that tastes good
and generally barbecues "one devil of a
steak." He collects his friends around
—his closest are three old buddies
from the aircraft plant days—feeds and
drinks them well (he can't drink himself, he's allergic to alcohol). Then they sit
around until all hours chewing the fat,
dreaming about a South Sea sailing trip,
spinning Howard's plans of a retirement
of some kind. A little workshop in back
where he dawdles making this and
that for the house because it relaxes him
to work with his hands.

But he's a home picture, but Howard
Keel doesn't want it exciting. At
home he just wants peace, comfort and
his family. That group will be adding up
to four about the time you read this,
because they are two years and a
brother or sister any minute. If he can
have at least two more children Howard
Keel thinks he'd be happy, and if when
they're grown he'd have a few people
in this world who can boss him around.

Because currently a couple of blondes in
Brentwood, California, are the only two
who can tell Howard Keel just what to
do and make sure it's his opinion and
his wife, the other is his daughter.

END

people might say she's in love

(Continued from page 59) but it is reveal-
ing in a couple of respects. For one thing,
around people who think that Debbie
Reynolds and Bob Wagner are a
red hot item. For another, those rumors
are flying right over Debbie's unimpressed
and unconcerned head.

Some of the people who hint that
romance has come to Debbie at last don't
know what they're talking about, of course,
but others certainly should. The
other, for instance, out in Paris, where
Debbie lives, her dad, Ray Reynolds, ad-
dressed a remark to his wife, Maxene.

"I don't know about Sis," he puzzled,
"she's never a steady boy friend.

Debbie kept right on eating as if she
hadn't heard. Her mother said, "Now,
Ray," but that didn't stop him.

"Well, you know," he continued teasing.
"Sis was never much for the fellows but
now—uh—and he gave her a look.

"Daddy," said Debbie, "do you think it'll
rain?"

And at approximately the same time
over on Stone Canyon Drive in Bel-Air
another observing father was holding a
similar discussion about his own
sister.

"How do you figure R. J., Clet? Looks to
me like the boy's gone, don't you think?"

"S-h-h-h, Dude," protested Mrs. Wagner,
"you know that's not true—"

"I don't know," Mr. Wagner raised his
voice, "he's never been this hog-tied be-
fore. Wonder what's cooking?" Then
he heard the front door slam and chuckled.

"There he goes now. Not going away mad,
I hope," he added.

Bon wasn't mad, but he was in a hurry.
It's a haul from Bel-Air to Burbank,
and if there's one thing he knows Debbie
loves, it's a date where there is plenty
of time on that night, even ten minutes early,
and they went to a show. That happens
these days pretty regularly, at least two
or three times a week with lunches in
between. But they're also double dates
at the Palladium and sometimes when Debbie
feels like getting "all jazzed up in an outfit"
they even take in Mocambo. On free after-
noons she's one socialite. Sometimes, we
can find her at those other end meetings
at the Bel-Air club after golf for dinner.
And sometimes on weekends there's a trip up to the
mountains and sometimes there's their gang.

And you can be bet this hasn't gone
unobserved in Hollywood, where merely
one public appearance of two attractive
unattached young stars is good for an
hour or two of weekly steady dating can have them practically
married and settled down. In fact, during the past few weeks, there's been so much Debbie Reynolds—Bob Wagner romance smoke that it's become time for me to poke around to see if I could find a fire.

And in a situation like that there is only one thing for a reporter to do with a story like this—ask Debbie Reynolds: ask her. So I called her up.

"Is it true, Debbie," I said, "that you and Bob Wagner are the greatest romance since Romeo and Juliet, or is it not?"

"I couldn't say," she replied Debbie. "You kill me." But she said she'd answer any reasonable questions with true talk and I knew she would. So I met her one afternoon at her apartment and went into the matter of the romance.

"R. J." as Debbie calls him, is a big athletic six-footer as handsome as they come, and he creates a thrill that's absolutely devastating. You can't help but love him away. With A Song In My Heart. R. J. simply just broke me right up with that grin," she sighed. "Why, when I first saw him I said, 'There he is!'"

The way Debbie told it, she was over at Fox visiting her friend Camille Williams, who was dancing there, and they were just coming out of that huge rehearsal hall heading for her dressing room. Suddenly, came walking out the character, so they hopped in and the minute he opened his mouth, well, he just killed her. "I didn't get to say a thing," Debbie recalled, "I just laughed. Just shook my sides."


That was about two years ago, when Debbie first came to Metro for three months absolutely nothing happened. But then one night the phone rang and it was this boy but she couldn't remember him until he came in and sat down on the floor and he did. But she was a little ashamed that it had taken that long so she gave him a real hard time. "Oh yes, I remember you," she said finally, "what do you want?" He said he had two little Baby Boys and he wanted to take her.

"It sounds very nice," she told him coolly, "but I can't. I'm busy. My hair's straight and I haven't time to wear it any more." That's perfect," she got back. "I'm practically at death's door myself and the moths have riddled my best suit. Tell you what, I'll go by Utter-McKinley's, pick up a hat and be right over." So before she knew it she was laughing and saying okay and then slipping into her purple formal and brushing off the white cape.

Well, what followed, as Debbie recalls, was "just one of those nights, one of those fabulous flights." At the show they ran into Roy and Lila Calhoun and Janet Leigh and Artie Shaw's kids. So they went on to Mocambo, the Kings, the Savoy and the Sphinx, talked on the air with the disc Jockeys, wound up at Rory's Ring and danced. Bob Van—there have been big nights and little nights, but scattered over months and months. But there was anything near a "gruesome twosome" with Bob and Debbie until very lately, and it's not strictly exclusive even now. Debbie has scads of beautiful and always has—Craig Hill, Dick Anderson, Stumpy Brown, Bobby Van—not to mention the college boys who take her out now and then. As for Bob, he's no Johnny One-Note either, as Barbara Lawrence, Susan Zanuck, Barbara Darr- and Mary Marshall, to name a few, can testify.

"They call him the Beau of Bel-Air," kidded Debbie.

"She's the Belle of Burbank," Bob parried. But never has Debbie teamed up so often with one date, before. And neither has Bob. Debbie and Bob really got solidly ac- quainted taking in Hollywood premieres together. But Joanne had to rocket off on those long personal appearances tours of hers and Bob traveled away on loca- tions. Then last summer Debbie had a "christening" for her new swimming pool in the back yard, and invited all her new Hollywood friends, including R. J. Wagner.

"But I was the busy hostess," said Deb- bie, "and of course he got there late and wouldn't go in swimming. So we didn't say much more than 'hello.'"

"I was coming down from Arrowhead, I've been water-skiing all day and I didn't want to get wet again. Besides I was late for dinner at home," explained Bob.

Anyway, things really didn't pick up again until one weekend last winter when Debbie went to Lake Arrowhead for some skiing, and met, among others, with Barbara Ruick, Dawn Adams, Dick Anderson and some other kids. She was strapped up on skis for the first time in her life, and too terrified to even move, when this hearty and strong man leaped out of nowhere, yelled, "Hiah Debbie" in her ear and gave her a playful shove.

"She fell for me that time," grinned Bob. "You knock me down, you mean," said Debbie, "right on my seat. So I had to get even."

How Debbie got even was inviting Bob to dinner, saying, "If you've crashed the party," she told him, "you might as well eat. Leave everything to me." Debbie went to work in the cabin that night over some stuff she called "goulash" for want of her usual kitchen. She said she would collect a collection of just about everything lying around including spaghetti, but to tell the sad truth, she couldn't even cook that. Everything looked like it was tried and exhausted herself, Debbie remembered, "Dick and Dawn took a few polite mouthfuls and had cramps all night. But this Wagner—he cleaned up his plate and said it was wonderful. 'What a liar!' I told him."

But she really felt bad about it, and was so impressed with his gallantry so she told him she'd make it up with a dinner in town. Bob's been having quite a few of these at Debbie's house ever since, when she isn't having them at his—or at least some place together—and that's how all these romantic romances got going at last. Well, what about them? True or false? You ask Debbie Reynolds a question and she tells you.

"Why, no," she said honestly. "It's no romance with Bob and me. We're not even going steady. I don't believe in going steady, not for me. I'm too independent. It's just the way I'm made, I can't help it. And R. J. is the same way. We both feel exactly the same way about this. Why, can you imagine me telling any boy not to go with another girl—or any boy saying 'no other guys' to me? What a thing! Look at the whole subject. I was just 20 years old on April First, R. J.'s only 22. We're too young for anything exclusive. Both of us are just starting careers and too ridiculous to get all tied up. Why? We've never even considered it. It hasn't come up. I'll tell you what we do have though—and it's pretty hard to find in this town—that's the feeling like it we go out and have fun. If we
don’t, we don’t and nobody gets mad,”
Bob backed her up there. “That’s what’s so great about Debbie,” he said. “No tricks.
No act. No games. Just herself.”
“And you know what’s nice about R. J.,” put in Debbie, “He’s considerate. He un-
derstands. A lot of boys in this business don’t understand. They think you’re in-
destructible.”

The other afternoon, related Debbie, she was tapping and sliding all around an
MGM stage in a roggled number with Bob Van for Stamps. She had rehearsed with R. J. that night, and he spent a few
hours watching her rehearse. It exhausted him! When she finished she told him she’d
go change her dress. “But,” said Debbie, “you know what he said? He said, ‘That’s off. You’re
all beat. You go home and hit the rack.
Goodbye, now!’ Why, I almost collapsed. Here was my man, the Bob Van of the
MGM, checking up to see if I was staying in bed. He called five times. ‘What on earth’s the
matter?’ my mother finally asked, ‘Why, he’s mad,’ I told her. ‘He doesn’t trust me’.

“I can’t,” argued Bob. “Look what you did. You got up with the fever and went
to a benefit, maybe six benefits. Somebody hands you a poppy, you grab it and
for an oxygen tent,” complained Bob, “and she says ‘sure! I don’t want a corpse on
my hands, do I?’

There are several things, Bob and Deb-
dee admitted, that get them hacked about each other. Debbie can’t stand to have
anyone spend money on her, and that upsets R. J. They are so independent that
the gifts are a drag, they embarrass her. “Flowers for instance,” she says “I
don’t dig flowers at all.” The only gifts she’s
ever got Bob give her are two fuzzy monkey
Dolls for Edna and Carmen. She called the
Greatest monkeys ever,” said Debbie. “They’re our kids, just darling.” But she
quickly paid him back with a corncob pipe
and a beer mat on his last birthday.

They make an argument too, now and
then, because he likes her hair long and
loose and she likes it tight and she likes his
short and he likes it long. She gets very
ergistic when he drags her back to the
mind when she tells him how to—and then,
of course, there’s the trouble Debbie has
with all her dates, about being on time. The worst of it is that she ever had with
a certain boy friend—not Bob—who was always late. She warned him, and one
night when he rolled in tardy at Burbank he found her backcombing the hair on her
way to a girl friend’s house. “I got lost,” he
pleaded, but since he’d been to Debbie’s
house many times before Deb didn’t go for
that. “That’s just lost again,” she came back.
Well, Bob was a little bad way but he
wasn’t.

But the main thing that gets her stirred is when she’s arguing and Bob
drowns her out with his double-talk jabber. Whatever the issue is, Wagner has a
way of smothering the whole thing by rattling, “Okay, swell, fine, now, all right then
in any case. I don’t think you know good—bye Sam...” and so on and on until, well, “I could hit him right
in the head,” confessed Debbie.

As a matter of fact, those little lugs of war are what makes things interesting when
two spirited people like Debbie and Bob Wagner get together. But underneath them,
I suspected there is genuine admiration on both sides. So when Debbie excused her-
self for a phone call I asked Bob, “What is it you really love about Debbie?”

“Easy,” he said. “Everything. First of all she’s a terrific personality and she’s
always herself. She’s the ideal date.”

Then the phone rang and Bob had to answer the call, and later on the same
one to her. I said, “Debbie, what really sends you about this R. J.?” “Why, I
thought I told you,” she said. “I think he’s just the great fun, a kid. It’s just a
clumsy character. He’s not just a comic
character, you know R. J. is a serious young actor, he’s got brains and talent and
he knows it. He’s got everything, he’s go-
ing places. He can even dance. You know how most boys have
rhythm in their heads but it doesn’t reach
their feet? Well, Bob’s got the message.
For instance, he’s got the message right
now,” she revealed, “to entertain the
soldiers, and I’d like to make a picture
with him, too.”

So I thought I’d try the $64 question and I asked her right out. “What about
love then, engagement and marriage?”
I’ve got to hand it to that Reynolds. She didn’t turn a hair or bat an eye. “Why
couldn’t I marry the Bob Van,” I was planning on it some-
day. When I fall in love, then I’ll get
married. But I don’t think I’ll fall in love—boom—like that, I’ll have to know a
reason for a girl or a boy with me it’ll
have to grow. You know,” Debbie cocked
her dainty head and looked pensively out
the window, “you go with a person, you
like him, he’s a nice guy, so you fall in
love. Well—okay. But I’m not just-
romantic. Well—you can get carried away

“To tell you the truth,” Debbie levelled it
down. “Right now I’m in love with my work. That’s just the way it is. If I did really
fall in love, I wasn’t at first but now,
I couldn’t live without it. It’s got in my
blood. Right now I’ve got everything I
want, Why—look—a car, a pool, new
clothes, and Bob. Now I never thought in
my whole life I’d have all that.
And so—that’s enough for awhile.
I won’t get married when I’m 20, maybe
when I’m 30, but till then I have to be
looking at it. I have to be going strong—or it won’t be going at
all. Either way, by then I can do what I
want to do. But you can’t have everything,
not all at once. You’ve got to pay a little primary. So, the Bob Van,” she
philosophized, “and I guess keeping out of
romance is mine. Of course, you never
know what will happen to you.

We’re working on a soft shoe routine the
in the room and naturally he had to ask, “What
have you got figured out?”
“Neither,” to your coming to dinner at my
Debbie?
“But this is your dinner, Bob. “Oh, let’s go out—

“It’s expensive. I don’t want to get
dressed. I’ll call mom, tell her to get some-
thing good...”
“Why don’t you just eat here then?”
“No—
“Yes—
“Look here, now, R. J.—
“Okay, sweetie. Then it’s all settled, thank
you very much,” jabbered Wagner, “never
mind, keep the change, that’s date, call me
tomorrow, good-bye Sam...”

“You see placid Bob,” I asked. “You see
an oh, you gonna do?
I really have no idea, myself. That’s
Debbie’s problem, and Bob Wagner’s, too.
But from where I sit it looks like it ought
to work. But anyway, in fact, a whole
lot of guys and gals I know around Hol-
lywood would stand in line for the job. Be-
ing Bob Wagner’s best girl friend looks like
ever nice work and Debbie Reynolds has it—and vice versa with Bob. The only
trouble is, if they keep it up much longer people may say they’re in love.
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modern screen

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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 from 3579 to 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New York
MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 46, No. 9, July, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Ave., Danville, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 361 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 821 No. LaSalle, St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Alpert C. 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 Berne Convention. Single copy price $0.90; Subscriptions in U. S. A. $5.00 one year, $10.00 two years, $15.00 three years; Canadian Subscriptions $5.00 one year, $10.00 two years, $15.00 three years. Canadian Address: Vice-President, Delacorte, Ltd., 305-311 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Que. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Danville, 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-fictitious matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
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“IVANHOE” will be August’s important picture, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott’s exciting story of love and adventure. From M-G-M, the company that gave you “Quo Vadis”, in all the splendor of color by Technicolor.

“THE MERRY WIDOW” is lovely LANA TURNER—it could be none other! and FERNANDO LAMAS is co-starred. A gala M-G-M event for September, with Franz Lehar’s music and color by Technicolor.
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• 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.

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. I understand that Danny Thomas once studied to become a rabbi. What made him change his mind?
   —B. Y., TOLEDO, OHIO

A. Thomas was born and is a practicing Roman Catholic.

Q. How much older than Travis Kelleffeld is Jane Wyman?
   —S. E., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Ten years.

Q. If Robert Taylor dislikes publicity so much, how come he has a publicity agent?
   —T. Y., AMES, IOWA

A. He considers it a professional necessity.

Q. Is it true that Jane Russell runs an appliance store in Hollywood when she isn't working in pictures? What happened to that little English boy she brought over to America?
   —R. R., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. Her husband, Bob Waterfield, runs the appliance store. The Waterfields plan to adopt the little boy.

Q. I understand that Peter Lawford is the best-liked actor on the Metro lot. Is this true?
   —C. F., ELKTON, MD.

A. He is well-liked, but so are many other MGM players.

Q. I read recently that Farley Granger has become very high-bat and is refusing to pose for movie magazines. Is this true and if so, why?
   —N. U., AKRON, OHIO

A. Just a passing phase with Farley.

Q. Is the Lamas-Turner romance a buildup to publicize their picture, Merry Widow, or is it the real thing?
   —V. H., HURLEY, N.Y.

A. It started out as a publicity gimmick but developed into a full-fledged romance.

Q. How many times has Alan Ladd's wife been married?
   —E. P., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. Three times.

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford is a big gambler and that this gambling is the cause of many quarrels between him and Eleanor Powell, his wife?
   —S. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Ford likes a sociable game of poker about once a week, a desire his wife never quarrels about.

Q. Is Kirk Douglas only romancing with Gene Tierney as he did with Irene Wrightson, or will Kirk and Gene end up at the altar?
   —Y. T., ELLenville, N. Y.

A. For both parties this is merely a happy interlude.

Q. What happened to the blazing affair between Greg Bautzer and Jane Wyman?
   —B. S., TULSA, OKLA.

A. When Ginger Rogers returned to Hollywood after her New York play closed, Greg Bautzer returned to her.

Q. How come the Bill Holdens, who have been married only ten years, have a 13-year-old daughter?
   —E. W., FRANKFORT, KY.

A. The daughter is Mrs. Holden's by a previous marriage.

Q. Don't movie stars get a raise every year? Why has Shelley Winters been earning $1,000 a week for the past two years?
   —N. Y., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. She has been suspended several times, the suspension periods are added to the length of time her various salary brackets are in effect.

Q. I read that during his 30 years as an actor Spencer Tracy has gone without work only two weeks. Is this true or just bunk?
   —L. S., ALHAMBRA, CAL.

A. True.

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young and Irene Dunne are worth millions in real estate?

A. Not millions but a healthy sum.

Q. Hasn't Gene Kelly refused to star
   (Continued on page 25)
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

COLORFUL, unpredictable Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman went and "dood" it—and Shell is now, ecstatically, Mrs. Vittorio Gassman.

Some wag said—if they abbreviate her last name as they do her first, she'll now be Shell Gas (please excuse!).

Although Shelley's romance with the fine Italian actor seems to have inspired a lot of kidding from the start, take it from me, they are very much in love.

No agent getting 10% of an actor's salary could have plugged as hard as Shelley did to make Hollywood realize what a really great actor her "love" is.

He proved her point to perfection when he gave a series of readings at a little theatre in Hollywood and even the local critics did a swoon.

When he was tested, and later signed at MGM, the boss, Dore Schary himself, told me that Gassman's talent is terrific.

They had expected to be married in the
sumner. But when Gassman was on the verge of departing for New York to make The Glass Wall, Shell made up her mind that they would marry before and not after that movie. And when Shell makes up her mind—wild horses can’t change it.

They flew to Juarez where they were temporarily delayed awaiting the arrival of Gassman’s final divorce papers from Rome. The enchanted bride has even learned to cook spaghetti and all the other dishes in real Italian style just to keep her man happy.

I’ve never seen an audience take a star into its arms and hearts and seem to just hug her as the blase Hollywooders did Judy Garland at her hometown opening!

If Judy had any fear about coming home—it didn’t take a split second to change her mind. Yes, it was as big a night—or bigger—than her New York vaudeville debut.

It was a glowing Judy, dressed in red velvets, ermine wrap and with tiny red bows in her hair who walked into Romanoff’s after her performance to be greeted by the greatest gathering of stars I’ve seen in many a day.

Again, as Judy slipped into the big private dining room on the arm of Sid Luft, everyone stood and cheered her. Joan Crawford gave her a big hug, so did Esther Williams, June Allyson and countless others who were so glad that Judy is back looking so well—and feeling so wonderful again.

Jane Wyman, at our table, in white lace, danced and danced with Travis Kleefeld. What goes with these two? I’ve never seen two people more in love—broken engagement notwithstanding.

The Humphrey Bogarts were among the first on their feet to applaud Judy when she arrived. Also applauding were Gracie Allen and George Burns, Claire Trevor, Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, Joan Simmons, and little Mona Freeman (I thought she looked very unhappy).

Previously, at the theatre, I had seen the big brass—Jack Warner, Frances and Sam Goldwyn and the Harry Cohns. Ethel Barrymore, who sat in back of me, cried when Judy sang “Somewhere Over the Rainbow.”

And when Judy said, so sincerely, “I’ve missed all of you—Oh, well—why go on?” It was just one great big dewy sentimental evening from start to finish.

I was the first to tell Joan Bennett long distance that Walter Wanger had been sentenced to four months in the Los Angeles County jail for shooting Jennings Lang.

Joan’s first reaction (she was rehearsing on the stage in Chicago for Bell, Book, and Candle) was a sharp gasp of relief at the short sentence. Then she asked me if the term began immediately. When I replied that the sentence would not start until June 4th, she said:

“Thank heavens. Walter, then, will be free long enough to be with our little Stephanie who is in school there. By the time he has
LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

to go—away—she will be out of school and can come here with me."

It's typical of Joan, who is a mother before anything else, that her first thought would be for one of her children.

So completely friendly—not to say chummy—was the surprise separation of Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney that they drove to her press agent's office together in Mona's coupe and walked in hand-in-hand.

Pat stood with his arm around Mona as she said to Helen Ferguson, "Yes—tell Louella that it is true about us. Pat and I are divorcing."

Frankly, I couldn't have been more surprised that the story was true. I had checked with Helen Ferguson (Mona's press agent) on the rumor of trouble between the Nearneys merely as a reflex motion. We columnists get many "tips" about Hollywood couples and I fully expected this to be another false alarm.

Mona and Pat always seemed so happy together. They adore their little four-year-old daughter. They were considered one of the best looking and most attractive couples in Hollywood.

What happened?
Neither is talking other than Mona's statement, "I am miserably sorry that Pat and I have not been able to solve our problems in private. A divorce is the only solution."

Some of their friends say that they married too young—Mona was 19 and Pat 25.

Anyway, it must have been Mona who wanted her freedom because she is now looking for an apartment and Pat remains in their home.

P.S. After leaving Helen's office—they left for home because "dinner is waiting" (!)

The first Hollywood actress to greet Queen Juliana was Lana Turner. Lana was exactly like a little girl when she slipped in, a bit late, to the luncheon MGM gave for the Queen on one of the big sound stages.

"Oh, I have just had the most wonderful experience," Lana bent down to whisper in my ear as she passed our table. "The Queen wanted to freshen up—powder her nose, you know—and she used my dressing room. I was so thrilled I gave her all my flowers." Lana had just started her new picture the day before so her dressing room was filled with lovely flowers.

The Queen completely delighted us all with her charm and friendliness. Before she is a Queen, she is a fine and sincere human being.

My favorite story of Her Majesty's visit took place at the only private party she and Prince Bernhard attended during their three days in Los Angeles—a dinner at the home of the Louis B. Mayers.

Lorena Mayers presented Juliana with an evening bag which was wrapped up in beautiful papers and ribbons.

Very carefully, the Queen untied the gift without tearing the paper or cutting the ribbons. Just like many good housewives, she is a "paper saver."

"We don't have such lovely wrappings as these in Holland," she explained, "I want to show my friends."

FERNANDO LAMAS told me, "Lana Turner and I are very much in love. We will be married as soon as we are both free!"

And, so ended the idea which many people had that this romance was just a publicity.
Yes, Even More Laughs Than
"The Paleface"

Bob 'n' Jane are back with more o' that "Buttons 'n' Bows" fun—and King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers 'n' Trigger are along for the ride!

Everybody Sings

"Am I in Love"
"A Four-Legged Friend"
"California Rose"
"Wing-Ding Tonight"
"There's a Cloud in My Valley of Sunshine"
"What a Dirty Shame"

SON OF PALEFACE

starring BOB HOP€ • JANE RUSSELL • ROY ROGERS

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN
Written by Frank Tashlin, Robert L. Welch and Joseph Quillan
A Paramount Picture
build-up for The Merry Widow. No matter how it started, it has developed into the real thing.

Lamas also said, "The only thing holding up my divorce is that I am insisting on having my child with me a reasonable amount of time. My wife wishes to live in South America so it must be agreed that I may have the baby with me in Hollywood at least part of the time."

As this is written, Lana still hasn't reached a financial settlement with Bob Topping so she has a divorce delay, too.

The Post Office Department is back of Marilyn Maxwell's punchy slogan, "While They're Fighting—Are You Writing?"

How about YOU?

I have received a lot of mail from our boys in Korea expressing the keenest disappointment that some favorite star has not answered a request for a note or a photograph.

No person—star or not—is important enough to ignore mail from these homesick men who are giving so much for so little.

Who's Wooing: Peter Lawford with the lady he most admires, Mrs. Cary Cooper, a frequent date around the nightclubs.

French Jean Pierre Aumont is plenty intrigued with German Hildegard Neff, the gal with those wicked, smoky eyes.

Monica Lewis sings softly to Liam O'Brien when they're at a cory table for two—and she's just the girl who can do it.

Vera Ellen closes her eyes when she dances with musician Don Reid. So does Liz Taylor when she dances with Mike, the Magnificent.

Ann Miller never puts on make-up in public when she's dating Bill O'Connor because he can't stand it. But he doesn't mind holding hands across the table.

When Carleton Carpenter's with a honey too young to be served a cocktail, he drinks milk, too, which is darned thoughtful of him, and good for him.

Cary Cooper always sends flowers after he's dated a belle thanking her for "the lovely evening."

Debbie Reynolds kicks her shoes off after she's seated in a cafe and always has to 10 scuttle under the table for them when Bob Wagner, her steady escort, wants to dance.

CHAT-CHAT:

Talk about friendly break-ups. Jane Wyman gave Travis Kelsoell black sapphire cuff links and he gave her a huge black sapphire ring AFTER they broke their engagement!

Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron are on the Stork's calling list.

Maureen Reagan, daughter of Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan, is growing so fast. She's five-feet-six-inches already and she's only 12. When she gets even some shape on those bones she's going to be a beauty.

Marilyn Monroe carries around a book, "The Thinking Body," which, presumably, she reads. When she was threatened with her second attack of appendicitis somebody pasted over the title, "The Aching Body!"

"I'm holding her "good luck" dress (the one she opened in at the Palace) copied in exactly the same color and material for her adored little Lisa."

Hasn't Doris Day become a little temperamental since she married Marty Melcher?

I just can't believe that Bob Mitchum is serious talking about retiring. We all get tired and need a rest but that boy has acting in his bones.

MAYBE it's just kid stuff—but Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner have crossed their hearts and promised to wait for each other for two years. And then they'll marry.

When I heard they were eloping I called Debbie and asked her if she is secretly engaged. "Oh, no, Miss Parsons," she gasped. "We've got such a long way to go to get established in our careers. Bobby gets only $35 from his manager to live on!"

My money says that if the Yugoslavia DO wait two years the marriage won't come off. When you are their ages there are many romantic interludes along the way.

Marina, the little Peruvian girl Joan Fontaine adopted last year, has become thoroughly Americanized except for one thing: She still sleeps on the floor propped up in a corner.

Believe me, she is one of the cutest and most lovable children I have ever met. Debbie, Joan's own child, adores her.

SOME of Clark Gable's best friends think he has changed since he had so much trouble with his titled wife, the former Sylvia Ashley. There were days when Clark neither telephoned nor saw his friends, even those closest to him.

Before he finally telephoned me, I was beginning to think I was on the black list, too. Now that I've talked to him, I understand something of his feeling.

A lot of things had been printed that were annoying because they were not true. One was that he was planning to marry Natalie Thompson, socialite whom he had seen only four times. Another was that he was never going to make another picture, that he was leaving Hollywood for good.

Just before he took off for a six months stay abroad (he is making a picture in London and another in Africa) he told me frankly that he had been unhappy over his recent pictures.

"I want a good story with guts in it and a little romance on the side. And, say, Louella—I'm not going to marry anyone—ever. I've had enough."

As of right now—I believe The King means it.

Gene Tierney and Van Johnson were completely broken up when a hen on the set of Plymouth Adventure laid an egg right in the middle of their big scene!

Well, you can't please everybody.

THE LETTER BOX: Sylvia Venetone says a pal on the fan who wrote he is sick and tired of reading about Liz Taylor. "Let him speak for himself" she snaps. "We love Liz."

Carol Kasheinider writes, "You don't give us enough news of Loretta Young and Irene Dunne." I DON'T?? Heaven, they are my close friends.

Patrick Petree wants to write a column like "Good News" when she finishes high school and wants to know whether she should graduate before taking up classes in journalism. I graduated from high school, Patrick, but I never studied journalism. Getting a job on your local newspaper is the best experience, I think.

That's all for now. See you next month.
The wild and wonderful years of "Flaming Youth"... when a Tin Lizzie was the "Cat’s Pajamas"... the Charleston was the rage... and every Sheik went petting with his Sheba!

Starring
Piper LAURIE
Rock HUDSON
Charles COBURN
Gigi PERREAU

with LYNN BARI • WILLIAM REYNOLDS

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Written for the Screen by JOSEPH HOFFMAN

Produced by TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

Hollywood Report
by Mike Connolly

FAMOUS COLUMNIST FOR The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Jane Russell will fight to the bitter end any attempts to deport Tommy Kavanaugh. The little Irish boy she adopted in England is almost two years old now and she has grown to love him as though she were his real mother. British immigration authorities have charged that it was illegal to permit the child, a British subject, to leave the country as the ward of a non-British subject . . . Don't be surprised if Debbie Reynolds develops as one of Hollywood's most colorful stars. I'm still reeling from the shock I got at this year's Academy Awards show when Debbie opened her handbag to reveal it was crammed with Girl Scout cookies! . . . Anything can happen on the heels of the Mona Freeman-Pat Neary bustup. Pat told me: "I hope to retain her friendship. I think it is possible to keep that." And that's the kind of sweet-talking humility Mona listens to.

Never ever let it be said that Deanna Durbin will starve, although she hasn't made a picture in years. She has been living "high on the hog" in Europe, thanks to a $400,000 annuity she bought years ago and the monthly payments U-I has been sending her on her old contract . . . Headline in a California newspaper: "Tony Curtis Says He'll Marry Only Once." Trying to be original, huh? . . . Bob Taylor may never win an Oscar but neither will he ever lose his unfailing, feet-on-the-ground sense of humor. When I asked him how he felt about being named the worst actor of the year by the boys at Harvard for his work in Quo Vadis? he said, "By golly, I finally won an award. And I never worked harder for one in my life!"

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor are "through, feeneeshed, KAPUT!" Zsa Zsa told me at Mary Pickford's party on the eve of Mary's first appearance before the cameras in years in The Library. Eva Gabor, Zsa Zsa's sister, was listening to our conversation. "Don't print it in your column!" Eva said. "She'll change her mind tomorrow!" . . . Corinne Calvet wanted to appear on Zsa Zsa's television show. Zsa Zsa said, "I admire Miss Calvet very much as a Bikini bathing suit girl, but we do not permit Bikini bathing suits on our show." . . . John Agar fired his agent and got another one when he lost the part in Republic's Citizen Soldier that John Derek won . . . MGM protested to three Los Angeles theatres when they advertised "Mr. Elizabeth Taylor" in a British picture, Holiday Cruise. So the theaters changed their ads to read Mike Wilding . . . It's been buzzed around that Liz keeps her Mike up late nights over his protests that he's too old for that sort of thing—that he has to get his rest in order to look his best for the next day's shooting . . . And did you know that Broadway's Dolores Gray, who steamed with Mike in London for two years pre-Liz, has a poodle named MIKE?

Joan Fontaine had both her little girls vaccinated and ready to go to Europe when ex-spouse Bill Dozier slapped a court order on her preventing her from doing so. And they were fighting it out before the judge when a whisper started that Joan and Billy Rose were a new twosome. Joan denied it with, "I invited Mr. Rose to a party. That's all. If he thinks I threw it for him he's mistaken!" . . . New feud: Lana Turner and Sam Goldwyn. They fought over Del Armstrong, Lana's make-up man for the past ten years. Lana wanted him to work for her on (Continued on page 14)
When leaving an upper berth, should you —

☐ Dress completely  ☐ Wear a robe  ☐ Ring a bell

To save your neck, you can’t get down—unless you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It’s okay to dress in the ladies’ room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In any situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you self-assured. Those flat pressed ends banish telltale outlines.

And for extra comfort, there’s your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!

Know how to “click” with a camera?

☐ Grin and face it  ☐ Try a trick or two

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don’t stand facing the lens squarely; cameras play hob with a chassis that’s even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick’s to pose your frame at an angle. And when “those” days pose the problem of choosing the just-right sanitary protection—choose Kotex. As for finding the right absorbency—the trick’s to try all 3! Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.

Should this summer’s barefoot belle consider—

☐ Snakes  ☐ A pedicure  ☐ Poison ivy

Whether beachcombing, or dabbling in a babbling brook—your tootsies better be well pedicured! Cut toe-nails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint; and pull-leash—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don’t risk embarrassment. They meet “calendar” needs with Kotex, for that special safety center gives extra protection.

If your Romeo’s green-eyed, what to do?

☐ Stick to your knitting  ☐ Keep him guessing

Your dreamboat’s the jealous type? Making with the roving eye won’t cure him. If you’d avoid feuds, date the sad lad solo; and stick to your knitting . . . no flirty business. Be kind to yourself, too, on days when comfort means a lot. Get the softness Kotex gives: it holds its shape, because this napkin’s made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex ... as luxuriously soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.) It’s a pure white tissue, double-ply for extra strength . . . so wonderfully different, your entire family will appreciate Delsey. Why don’t you try Delsey, next time?
I dreamed I stopped at a Sidewalk Cafe in my *maidenform* bra

I came to watch the world pass by... but passerby refuse to pass! They linger on the sidelines to marvel over my lines... so smart, so secure,
so chic in my Maidenform!
Of course it's incredibly flattering,
gives me a really sensational lift... (my Maidenform, I mean!)

Maidenform's dream of a bra—
Maidenette® Strapless in broadcloth and lace;
acetate satin and nylon marquisette... from $2.00.
There is a maidenform for every type of figure!

**Hollywood Report** continued

*Tribute To A Bad Man.* Sam wouldn't let him go till he finished his work with Renee Jeanmaire in the long-shooting Hans Christian Andersen.

**ODDS BODKINS:**

Alan Ladd started his role in *The Iron Mistress* as a tough guy with long, blond hair... Gloria Grahame, who's trying to quit smoking, reported on the *Tribute To A Bad Man* set with 100 penny suckers—which makes a sucker out of someone!... Gig Young's mustache is coming off again. He's still being mistaken on the MGM lot for Errol Flynn... I don't know whose imitation of Sam Goldwyn I like best: Virginia Mayo's or Steve Cochran's... Bob Mitchum as a singer? He told his agents to look for a nightclub crooning spot for him in Las Vegas while he's between pictures... Leslie Caron puts veal steaks in her ballet slippers. This keeps her toes from getting blistered... Bette Davis was afraid to offer Gary Merrill a martini after he finished *Night Without Sleep*. His role called for him to drink them throughout the picture.

Sight of the month: June Allyson on Wilshire Boulevard wearing a huge "I Like Ike" button on her lapel. And, when she leaned forward, it changed into a photo of Gen. Eisenhower... Marlon Brando's pet raccoon is lonesome. So Marlon's looking for a mate for it... During the shooting of *Letters To The President*, director Bill Wellman asked Shelley Winters to cry for the big courtroom scene. She couldn't force the tears. Bill yelled, "Vivien Leigh won the Oscar YOU should have won!" And Shelley wept bucketsfull... Dress designer Billy Travilla swears that his wife, Donna Drake, has grown an inch since becoming a mother!... Remember the late Atwater Kent, Hollywood's greatest party thrower? His son Prentiss has joined 20th Century-Fox as a contract player. And young Prentiss has changed his name to Peter Kent.

**SEX APPEAL:**

Arlene Dahl's mad. Some teevee blonuses in New York turned thumbs down on the peekaboo, decollete gowns she had ordered for her appearance with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar. Too LOW AND BE-HELED!... Anne Baxter's low-cut costumes for 20th's *My Wife's Best Friend* make her the studio's new pin-up queen. Honest to cheese... wait'll you see our Annie!... And—just kiddin', of course—Betty Carey sent two bottles of champagne to Anne when this picture started shooting, together with a note asking Anne not to wax too ardent in her kissing scenes with her ever-lovin' Macdonald... In *Bloodhounds Of Broadway*, Mitzi Gaynor was originally supposed to have played a folksy "Daisy Mae Scragg" character who always
wears gingham and any other kind of hillbilly apparel that might conceivably lure a "Li'l Abner." But now the part's been rewritten and Mitzi wears sheer silks... In Monkey Business, Marilyn Monroe slugs Cary Grant because she thinks Cary pinched her where lots of us would like to!

QUICK QUOTES:

Speaking of the Monroe muffin, I asked Marilyn about politics. She replied, "It's a good second subject" (!) ... A star broke up with her boy friend, a guy named Joe, and blamed it on the old Hollywood triangle: "Joe and I were both in love with the same person—Joe!" ... Marjorie Main wears lace panties under her tennis shorts for her new Ma And Pa Kettle picture. And Gorgeous Gusie Moran has promised not to sue... Bob Hope: "I knew exactly the moment Spring arrived. It was when all those little green things started poking their heads out of Bing's wallet!"

HOME FIRES BURNING:

It took four servants and two gardeners to take care of their Bel-Air home, so Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger gave it up... Susan Hayward invited her most avid fan, a magazine writer, out to dinner. So he spent the whole evening talking sports with Jess! ... Janet Leigh told a pal that when she takes time off from picture-making at MGM, it won't be to rest but to have a baby... Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart moved down from their hilltop into a house next door to Sue and Alan Ladd's in Holmby Hills... Kirk Douglas told me: "I don't know if any other reporter has printed the news that my kids will spend the summer with me. It's probably too wholesome an item for the columnists to tell their readers about" (!) ... MGM wanted Peggy Bow to come back to Hollywood from her long-draw-out honeymoon with Walter Helmerich, who has been naming his new oil wells after her, to star in You For Me. But Peggy pretended like she couldn't hear the offer. Those Texas gushers are SO deaening!... That $250,000 hotel Errol Flynn plans building on the Apple Valley sewage Patrice Wymore bought will be called Flynn's Inn.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

After he headlined at the Mocambo here, Dick Contino got an offer to appear in Toronto. He said: "I'd rather Uncle Sam put me in the service right away!"... Charlie O'Curran gave Betty Hutton a gold bracelet with "I Love You" spelled out on it—but in Chinese!... Wayne Moseley, Guy Madison's brother, changed his name to Chad Mallory and got himself a part in Monogram's Sea Tigers... Mickey Rooney insists that his next

---

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 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.
Hollywood Report continued

wife will be his ex-wife, Martha Vickers. That's what the man told me.

'Twas being mumbled around Hollywood that all the town needs now is Barbara Pay- ton and Ann Sterling to become roommates, after all the scandal... Many's the time I've thought that most of the little girls who come to Hollywood and go off the beam aren't bad little girls at all. It's the guys they get involved with in Flicker- ville who should be tarred and feathered!

Travis Klee field put a down payment on a mink coat for Jane Wyman just before the engagement, was called off. Incidentally, relations between Jane and Klee field's mother were what you might call strained when we were going to press on this issue... Sharman Douglas spent the past few months in Hollywood living in the apartment once leased by Pete Lawlor, her old flame...

**FINANCIAL PAGE:**

Mario Lanza has made $300,000 on his "Be My Love" recordings so far. And still going strong... Rita Hayworth who's still holding out for a $3,000,000 settlement for daughter Yasmine from her estranged husband Ali will wear seven sheer veils in Salome, slated as her next picture. For the Dance of the Seven Veils, of course...

Judy Garland's success at the Palace in New York and at the Los Angeles Philharmonic enabled her to take out a $1,000,000 annuity... At press time, it looked like Bob Topping's settlement on Lana would be in the neighborhood of $75,000.

This is the lowdown on the Sinatra divorce: Frankie guaranteed Nancy minimum alimony of $12,000 a year... So you'd like to be a movie star? You should have seen Ava G. Sinatra on the set of Snows Of Kilimanjaro, rushing the end of the picture so that she could hurry to New York and join Frankie. The scene required her to wallow in the mud, looking bedraggled and beaten, Ava moaned, "Is this really worth it all?"... Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis returned from a personal appearance with about $350,000 in "new money."

But most of it went to Uncle Sam for taxes. Many Melons... Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, who got a free trip to Europe to entertain the troops... Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were also presented at the Court of St. James in London, and, for the occasion, Don Loper whipped up for Janet a bouffant gown of crimson velvet with an off-the-shoulder neck- line outlined in white ermine that knocked me cold when she gave me a preview.

Zsa Zsa Gabor told a friend, "All I want out of life is a simple man with a few simple oil wells!"... Baltimore Sun reporter Patrick Skene Catling was brought out by RKO to write Jane Russell's biography. It will be published sometime this year. Studio's paying him $1,000 a week. David Bergman has a standing offer from two Hollywood studios of $250,000 for making a picture, plus a percentage of the profits. But so far she's just not interested.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Gene Tierney was boiling mad over Kirk Douglas' short romance with Princess Rita... And then a contestant on a "Double Or Nothing" radio show—an elevator operator from the Beverly Hills Hotel, no less—I spilled the beans on the air about Kirk's cut-ups with Hedy Lamar! He told the radio audience how, when Kirk came to take Hedy out for the evening, he took the star up in his elevator... Did you know that Aldo Ray, who made such a hit in 2's Mar- rying Kind, was once married? His divorce from Shirley Green, a Crockett, Cali., cutie, is scheduled to finalize this summer. They were wed in 1948... Ruth Roman got mad and asked to be let out of her Warner contract when Virginia Mayo won the co-starring spot with Alan Ladd in Alan's first picture for Warners, The Iron Mistress. Ruth wanted that role more than any other in her career!

FUNNIES:

This is the sales pitch of one of the cigarette girls at Ciro's makes every night: "Cigars, cigarettes, small loans!"... Axiom: Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you'll cry with Johnnie Ray!... Funny, isn't it, that the closest thing to the truth is falsies!... An agent said to his actress client: "Sorry, dear, but I haven't been able to get you a raise. But don't worry—I've got it all set for you to pose for a 1952 calendar!"... "I knew her marriage wouldn't last!" one actress fanged about another. "When she bought her wedding gown she asked if it was washable!"

DANCING DOLLS:

Debra Paget skipped lunch for four days so that she could squeeze into a 14-inch corset for Stars And Stripes Forever... Tony Drex- ter took a month of singing and dancing lessons for his trip to Japan—for the opening of Valention in that country... Sally Forrest was crowned Sweetheart of the 7th Armored Division at Camp Roberts on Armed Forces Day. In return for the honor, she broke out with a new tap dance... You've heard the old saw about the effect that dentists' kids always have cavities and the butcher's children never get any meat to eat? Well, Eleanor Powell, one of the world's great dancers, enrolled her son and Glen Ford's, Peter, in dancing school!
Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

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 new 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... always use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

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 mouth sweet and fresh longer! Use it after meals... before every date! It has a fresh, minty flavor you'll love!

FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!
Many dentists blame acids in the mouth for tooth decay. Every time you use new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against those destructive acids, help retard their formation. That's why regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste is such an effective aid in fighting tooth decay!

CHECKS COMMON GUM DISORDERS!
In recent clinical tests, evidence revealed that chlorophyll promotes the growth of firm, healthy gum tissue. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll in water-soluble chlorophyllins to help you care for sore, tender gums.

A Chance For Your Children That You Never Had!
Nothing can replace regular check-ups and care by your dentist. But today every child can be started on the road to healthy teeth and gums by using new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste right after every meal. Remember: dental authorities trace much loss of teeth to gum troubles! Chlorophyll can help prevent and check common gum disorders! It actually attacks the acids that often cause tooth decay!

*Contains water-soluble Chlorophyllins.
CARRIE

William Wyler's picturization of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" sticks so surprisingly close to the facts of the famous novel, compresses so well the story detail of a long piece of fiction, that it is an unpleasant duty to point out that in so doing it has squeezed most of the life out of the characters, Jennifer Jones, as Caroline Meeker, the Midwestern teen-ager of 1890, makes her way in the big cities of Chicago and New York through alliances first with traveling salesman Eddie Albert and then with Laurence Olivier, manager of a large restaurant and therefore a comparative big-timer, who is a married man.

Between them, these three manage to break a good many conventions, particularly for the turn of the century. But what leads Carrie, or at least, to do so is never sufficiently explained.

Her sudden transfer of her affections from Albert to the handsomer, richer, more socially elite Olivier, for example, appears pretty cynical for a naive country girl. So, too, does her eventual desertion of Olivier (after a period of harrowing tenement life borne without complaint—except by Olivier—she leaves him suddenly because "I'm young, and I'm going to live").

Later the script somehow indicates that she has a heart of gold. With no understanding of what Carrie is really made of or how she got that way, it becomes difficult to understand what drives her to act the way she does. The editing of the movie also creates some confusion. Particularly at the film's beginning the scene often shifts so rapidly that it is hard to keep track of what has been happening.

Nor are the performances of Miss Jones and Olivier of much help. Olivier's middle-aged-philanderer-turned-romanticist, in particular, is a really wooden performance offering but one facial trick (half-closed eyelids) to indicate charm, thought, passion, fear, anger and just plain weariness. Only Eddie Albert, as good-time Charlie Drouet, who loves Carrie in his own makeshift way, manages to do something with his choice of thankless roles.

The trouble seems to be a quite complete lack in the screenplay of novelist Dreiser's own qualities of tenderness, pity and understanding of human motives. What is essentially a tragic story becomes on the screen merely a sordid one. Carrie is all plot and no people.

(Paramount)
THE WINNING TEAM

It may come as a surprise to baseball fans to find out after all these years that Doris Day won the 1926 World Series pennant for the Cardinals, but that's how The Winning Team has it. Playing Mrs. Grover Cleveland Alexander, widow of the diamond great, she manages to taxi from New York's Astor Hotel to Yankee Stadium between innings and, inspiring her husband (Ronald Reagan) by the sight, saves the day for St. Louis. Her ride, which features the film's final reels, is no mean trick by itself but is hardly anything compared with what the picture pulls on the movie-going public. The script follows Nebraska-born Alexander from his early days on the farm through his farm-club successes and trouble in the minor leagues, where he is hit in the head by a fast ball and develops diplopia, or double vision. Then he regains his sight and arm and soon becomes a major leaguer. Almost before he knows who has hit him he finds himself on the front lines in World War I France, then back in the States—and the big-leagues—again. A mysterious mound seizure drives him rapidly to drink after a physician tells him that if he continues to play ball it will be time out for him permanently. Doris eventually comes to his aid, but not to the baseball fans' or movie-goers'. The many present baseball stars (pitcher Bob Lemon, for instance) who are in the cast are lucky, for they appear only momentarily. Which is more than can be said for Miss Day or Mr. Reagan, who may never recover. And baseball fans are likely to suffer from double-diplosenia for the rest of their natural lives.


MY SON JOHN

My Son John is about an American traitor and how he grew. As such, it is as timely as yesterday's headlines and probably much more controversial. The timeliness is due to its subject matter, the controversy to its setting. For My Son John takes place in a typical U. S. small town and happens to an average American family, the Jeffersons. The parents (Helen Hayes and Dean Jagger) have two sons about to go to Korea—and John (Robert Walker), a brilliant young Government official. The latter's delayed and somewhat turbulent visit home provides the picture's main story line: his mother's discovery that her favorite son has ties with a Communist spy ring and the increasingly tragic necessity of deciding what to do, with love of country in constant conflict with mother love. This might be moving; it becomes shocking because of the story's insistence that a native Communist can so easily be the product of a typical home. Producer-director-co-writer Leo McCarey makes his main points again and again, and no one can argue with them: America must be alert against the often deceptively humanitarian doctrines spread by the Reds and their fellow travelers, and such men are not always foreigners.

But, unfortunately, John Jefferson's story is told entirely from the outside (the tragedy, as Mr. McCarey sees it, is more the mother's than the son's): one learns to some extent how he got that way, but never why he felt that way. Since no really valid reasons are ever presented for John's fall to treason, his personal peculiarities may appear to be the cause of his downfall. He not only went to
Powerfully Effective Yet Absolutely Safe to Body Tissues!

Zonitors offer womankind a far more satisfactory method for internal feminine cleanliness, which is so necessary for health, married happiness and to guard against unmentionable odors. Zonitors are more convenient to use, easy to carry in your purse and provide a powerfully effective yet absolutely harmless method for hygiene. One of the many advantages of Zonitors is they’re greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. Only a greaseless suppository can be easily removed with water.

When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type of germ-killing and deodorizing properties as famous zonite liquid. They assure continuous action for hours. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating! Zonitors completely deodorize and help guard against infection. They 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 every reachable germ. Enjoy Zonitors’ extra protection and convenience at small cost!

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City State

*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada.

College but took post-graduate work. This is presented in an unassuming light. By implication, also, he is a dangerous character because he disagrees with his father (a pillar of the church and of a veteran’s post). McCarey, who obviously made the film as a labor of love, has been able to dress up his muddled script with slick direction and unusually convincing, if sometimes histrionic, performances so that its dangers weaknesses are not immediately apparent. Yet the film is based on so many questionable premises that it is likely to be argued about for a long time to come.

CAST: Helen Hayes, Van Heflin, Robert Walker, Dean Jagger.—Paramount.

HIGH NOON

If High Noon is not one of producer Stanley Kramer’s finest pictures, it is nonetheless a good example of his prescription for making movies better: tackle a difficult theme in a different way. A Western but not the run-of-the-mill variety, it tries to picture what the call of duty means to a really conscientious man in public office, utilizing the formula of the chase with a reverse twist. The hunters in this case are a band of about-to-be outlaws; the hunted man is town marshal Gary Cooper, who is planning to retire as chief of law enforcement official of quiet little Hadleyville in the 1870’s. The moralizing script deals with the difficulties the law officer has with a compromising citizen who seem unable to learn that appeasement never pays. In between times Cooper also has difficulties with his pacificist bride (she’s a Quaker), a former girl friend (she’s a knowledgeable but noble Mexican) and Lloyd Bridges (in another of his effective meanie roles). If Cooper is as stone-grown in acting style as he is in appearance, that may be what director Fred Zinnemann was striving for: a kind of mannered, hauntingly simple folk-tale quality, But it doesn’t come off quite that way. Again and again the camera accompanies Cooper out a street and focus on him lovingly as he stands there, all alone for an unaccountably long period of time, like a ballet dancer out on the boards with nothing to do. This kills suspense rather than creates it. Every few minutes during the later reels there is a close-up of a clock, a different one each time; this is unfortunate, since it often serves merely to point up how long one has been bored. And Dimitri Tiomkin’s musical scoring is effective in proving how phony a studio-composed “folksong” can sound, particularly if heard often enough. High Noon tries for art, but it succeeds only in being overly arty.

CAST: Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado, Grace Kelly.—United Artists.

THREE FOR BEDROOM C

Like the part she played on the Broadway stage a couple of seasons back in Twentieth Century, Gloria Swanson’s role in her current film is that of a temperamental screen star. And by a funny coincidence the scene of the motion picture is the same as the play’s: a Pullman that makes part of the run between New York and Hollywood. Only, this train is headed in the opposite direction—the wrong way, as far as the comparative merits of the two scripts are concerned. The star happens with Gloria hurrying to California on a sudden impulse with her adopted daughter, little Jamine Perreau; having neglected to get reservations on the “Super Chief” from Chicago, they appropriate Bedroom C, whose rightful occupant is biochemistry professor James Warren. You can probably imagine more or less what happens from here on into Pascadena (complications are provided by the sudden appearance of Gloria’s manager and a rising young stage actor with whom he wants her to co-star). The familiarity of the story and the setting could be excused if Three For Bedroom C had offered in the way of wit, surprise or sheer production quality. Unfortunately, it hasn’t, and probably neither Miss Swanson nor newcomer James Warren should be blamed for the overly girlish and boyish attitudes they seem to affect; it may have been only embarrassment. Miss Perreau comes through, however, with pigtails flying. She deserves a special word of commendation for playing a precocious youngster who is neither too cute nor too condescending, but is definitely too good for Three For Bedroom C.

CAST: Gloria Swanson, James Warren, Janine Perreau.—Universal.

MARA MARU

It took only three writers to spin this tall tale about deep-sea diving and diamonds buried in the ocean deep, but it would have taken at least double feature to salvage it. The story has something to do with a diver named Gregory, otherwise known as Errol Flynn, and—according to the script—"a door-step named Stella," played by Ruth Roman. The scene is Manila. Ruth’s husband, who is also Errol’s business partner, is murdered under mysterious circumstances just when he appears to have been doing a good thing. After a series of maneuvers by high-timer Raymond Burr, whose background is never explained, Errol is inveigled into capturing the yacht "Mara Maru" on a treasure-hunting expedition. Ruth comes along for the ride and for her share of the take. Violence ensues, coupled with some romance and a few pious platitudes, but little of it is carried along and none is plausible. Each episode seems to have been created on the spot, but fast, in hopes of keeping the picture going, which it does for 98 minutes. At one point Burr, as the monacle, promises to get rid of Flynn as soon as he gets "bored to death." Most audiences will probably feel that way long before Burr does. Cast: Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman, Raymond Burr.—Warner.

SHE’S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Admirers of James Thurber’s and Elliott Nugent’s delightful stage and screen comedy The Male Animal, probably shudder when they read it was due to be made into a movie musical. They can rest easier now. She’s Working Her Way Through College hardly sounds or looks like The Male Animal (not with beautifully buxom Virginia Mayo in the leading part); it is, however, agreeable, amusing and even at times quite good entertainment. And what is left of the original plot is so serviceable that the picture makes a lot more sense than most of its genre. In its present form it mostly concerns a burlesque queen with playwrighting ambitions who decides to go to college to help achieve them. She picks Midwest State because Ronald Reagan, drama professor there, used to teach her in high school. Although both she and he
THE FIGHTER

To say that a movie is "reminiscent" of one or more other pictures is usually to damn it indirectly as a pallid copy. The Fighter, a strange blending of some of the ingredients of Viva Zapata! with bits and pieces of Champion and Body and Soul, is an exception, for the end-result of the peculiar recipe is a satisfying adventure film on a comparatively lofty historical theme (the script is based on Jack London's story, "The Mexican"). Richard Conte flies across the Rio Grande to Texas in 1910, the era of the earlier-day Lidice in which Mexican Government troops burned his village to the ground and massacred his fellow fishermen, family and fiancée. He joins up with an exile group in El Paso that is supporting the activities of Mexico's great guerrilla leader like Durango (Lee J. Cobb). One of the backers of the little band, American intellectual Vanessa Brown, takes to the young refugee immediately, but he has something on his mind that is greater than romance: revenge. So he makes use of his natural talent for prize-fighting to raise money for the guerrillas, and the camera follows him as his star rises in the ring and he returns to his native land on a dangerous mission—rescuing Durango from a prison cell. Back in the U. S., he fights a final match to obtain money for revolutionary rifles, and goes home again. All the elements in this film are beautifully fused under Herbert Kline's direction; the screenplay by Kline and Abe Kandel; Alex Gottlieb's over-all production (including his own help on the adaptation and fine camera work, as usual by James Wong Howe), as well as top-notch performances, by Conte in particular. The fact that a comparatively low-budget movie can feature such work proves again that sparing the expense doesn't necessarily spoil the picture. The Fighter has a big punch.


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I LOVE THE OCEAN, but I'm not a good enough swimmer for the deep blue, so I use a pool. Jive music and, forgive me, jitterbug dancing suits me most. I know it dates me to say this but I've been dated before. When the "New Look" came in I stayed "old look" and was probably passé. But in time the fad died and the crowd dropped back to where I was trotting along in my stubborn fashion. I'm still stubborn. They tell me waistlines are dropping. Not mine. I love the French. My idea of heaven would be to work in New York and weekend in Paris. But by no means does this infer their infallibility in styles—new look, dropped waist, and especially this business of wearing ankle straps with tailored suits—abominable! The edge of a tailored skirt and the line of an ankle strap divides your leg so that the longest length of it visible without interruption is about five inches. What is there attractive about segments of a leg?

I believe in subtle make-up. After I apply lipstick—and blue eye shadow if it is evening—I am finished.

If I am going out, my hair (three permanents a year) will have been washed and my nails will have been manicured. Very likely I will be wearing one of my jeweled evening sweaters, which I buy whenever and wherever I see one I like. I won't be conscious of the silvery sheen to my hair because I not only have long accepted it but I like it; personally, it is my heritage (my brother Byron's hair turned pure white when he was 25), and professionally, since it photographs blonde with good highlights in it, it is an asset to me.

I GENERALLY CARRY A SHOULDER BAG when I go out, and in it are always the same articles: A Sulka alligator wallet given to me by Mary and Jack Benny which has my signature inscribed on it in gold, a small mirror, a superstay portrait pink lipstick and handy lipstick brush (which is actually a No. 7 water color brush set in a gold handle), a gold cigarette case containing cigarettes, a gold Zippo lighter, and that's just about all. No odds and ends and no clutter. In a way I suppose my bag represents me. I have lived long enough to know what is essential to me—I repeat, to me. This might not do for another woman.

In my possessions I don't always lean to the practical; if they affect me favorably in any way I am for them. There is nothing practical about rubies and pearls (unless you count them as investments), and I used to have rubies before I sold them all in preference for cultured pearls. Pearls, the glow of them, do something to me. I have other jewelry but the pearls are what I warm to
Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

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most. Again, there is nothing practical about paintings, but I did my walls over in white so that the few fine canvases I've accumulated wouldn't have to fight against heavy backgrounds.

My favorite flowers are gardenias, red roses, lilacs, tuberoses, and white carnations. I dislike orchids or any of the unfragrant exotics, and I hate lilies—calla, Easter, or of the valley. They are too closely related to death.

THE PERFECT WORLD FOR ME, when I get around to setting it up, would be almost evenly divided between working, reading, dancing, and swimming. I love the actual acting part of my work and the studying involved; I couldn't learn my part just by itself—I must know the whole play or picture, what everybody else has to say and what motivates them. I love reading books, any kind of book, but, I will admit, much more so if I can personalize it by seeing myself acting one of the characters. I am sure we all do this occasionally. I do it automatically. When I have taken the trouble to count the number of books I read a month, it has come to about thirty. I think it stays close to this average. But I have no library as such. When I am through with a book it finds its way into the hands of others who want to read. (Editor's note: Miss Stanwyck sends them to the veterans' hospitals.)

Incidentally, let's jump to the subject of men's wear for a moment. From my old New York days I think I still have a love for a neat blue suit—the old Sunday suit that every man owned if he had nothing else nice to wear. But I see nothing neat about California men. The sportswear, the Hawaiian shirt, the sloppy bags, the loafers . . . it's way overdone. You get to feel that something is missing and then you realize it's their whiskers. They are shaven. They shouldn't be . . . they should complete the picture if they are trying to look like beachcombers.

I DON'T THINK there are handler things in wearing apparel these days than the housecoats the shops are selling—especially the ones with the dolman sleeves and the flaring back you can belt in. They can call them housecoats, but they are street coats for me as well. Speaking of new things, I love plastic and I have replaced all the silver I've collected—candlesticks, ash trays, (Continued on next page)

BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.

BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

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GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens all hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches your hair color.

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cigarette boxes—in plastic. What crystal has come into my possession I've replaced with Steubenware. I am sure I'm not a good example for anyone else, I am possessed by a dislike for old things and don't enjoy looking at them around. This, I know, is not typical, and perhaps I should read up on Herr Freud to see what this may mean psychologically and try to apply it to myself.

I WONDER what the connection is between certain likes and habits I have? I can't stand clutter, either actual or mental, if it's on my desk or in my mind. I don't like little thoughts, the inconsequential things that can fill up your mind and come out in idle chatter or gossip. I eat and dress and sleep simply. Meat and fire make a meal, and fuss about sauces is so much folderol. A tailored suit makes wearing apparel, and just a bed is necessary for sleep—undress and get in as is. How much more time there is to live if we can cut down to the essential things and cut out the non-essential!

Maybe this is why I like animals and am such a zoo addict. Maybe, too, this is why I seldom get headaches... although when I do they are headaches. Maybe this, too, is why I overcame my fear of airplanes and now fly instead of moving into a train room for three days. (Though I do wish the ladies' room in a plane wasn't so tiny!) And maybe, too, this is the simplest form of presenting entertainment... a theatre in which millions of people can have front row seats.

I feel most comfortable wearing a cardigan sweater set. I don't know anything nearer or more satisfying in wearing apparel, nor more complimentary to the average woman. I remember years ago seeing pictures of English women at home dressed in such soft, cashmere combinations and thinking I must get something like that. Now, suddenly, they are popular all over the country.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to answer every fan letter sent to me, but I write fan letters myself and don't get any answers either. I believe in telling people I like them or their work when I do. I am about to write my fifth fan letter to the same man... the man who directed my favorite picture containing my favorite closeup. The picture is The Third Man and I have seen it five times (that's why I'm due to write my fifth letter). My favorite closeup is the one where the camera follows the cat who runs to a man's feet, and then rises to show the man's face. It is Orson Welles. And while that closeup has the greatest impact of any single closeup I have ever seen, the man on whom my admiration is the English director of the picture, Carol Reed.

SOMEONE RECENTLY ASKED me if I have a guilty conscience when I wear my wink because of all the publicity it received in the Washington investigations. Believe me, I have no guilty conscience. I worked darn hard for my wink; from the day I decided I wanted one it took me three years to lay aside the money necessary free and clear of my other financial obligations. And perhaps I ought to add here that someone should tell Washington it is becoming awfully hard to believe in it.
No more of these old make-up troubles —

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smoothes on with a puff
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In this Mirror Case —
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Velvety foundation and powder
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The new ivory-and-golden Mirror
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A. Miss Bennett owned a home into which Wanger moved after they were married. Miss Bennett never supported him.

Q. I've heard that Clark Gable is a grandfather. Is that the truth?  
C. U., Houston, Texas

A. Gable's second wife became a grandmother while she was married to Clark. This made Gable a step-grandfather. He himself, however, has never been a father.

Q. Is Jimmy Stewart the same stammering, All-American boy off-screen as he is on?  
— L. G., Princeton, N. J.

A. The very same.

Q. Isn't it true that Red Skelton is suffering from a very bad heart condition which Hollywood is attempting to keep hushed up?  
— J. F., Moline, Ill.

A. No, Red's just suffering from overwork.

Q. Wasn't Joan Crawford once in love with Dale Robertson? Didn't these two meet regularly at Joan's house?  
— M. N., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. Joan Crawford tried to get Robertson a role in Flamingo Road. She had him out to her house for dinner only once.

Q. Will Clark Gable marry Virginia Grey after he gets his divorce?  
— R. K., Dallas, Tex.

A. Probably not.

Q. Now that she's a success on television, is Lucille Ball finished with motion pictures?  
— D. G., Springfield, Ill.

A. It's impossible to do a weekly TV show and star in movies, too.

Q. Why does Tony Curtis let his hair flop down all over his forehead?  
— E. W., Lincoln, Neb.

A. He thinks it's cute.

Q. Is it true that Debra Paget has never had a date with a grown-up man?  
— O. R., Cheyenne, Wy.

A. Yes.

Q. Isn't there a feud between Gene Kelly and June Allyson?  
— E. R., Buffalo, N. Y.

A. No. They just don't mix socially.

Q. What's happened to Dennis Morgan? Is his screen career all washed up?  
— N. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. He'll make one movie a year at Warners.
At last, glamorous swim suits that give you social security!

Only Sea Nymph glamour suits have the "tapered torso" that keeps your suit UP at the top and DOWN at the bottom. Cut in a secret way that makes it stay PUT. Exclusive perma-banding at vital points, gives extra stay-up, stay-down insurance, too! Want beauty on the beach...social security on the sand? Quick...INTO A SEA NYMPH! Suits shown in faille, $8.99. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Sizes 32-38. Also Junior sizes 9-15.

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She's washing her face... Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing—stop! You could be doing so much better.

She's getting a lovelier complexion... By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

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Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin with just a mere change in the way you wash your face?

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Within 14 days you'll have a complexion that's softer, smoother, younger looking. 36 leading skin specialists in 1285 tests proved that the Palmolive Beauty Plan brings most women lovelier complexions.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive's mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Do this 3 times a day. Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

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So Mild... So Pure... So Right For All of You

Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath
Be it ever so glamorous—no place is home to Rita Hayworth, unless there’s a man around to make it cozy.

BY MARVA PETERSON

When she came back to Hollywood there was much speculation about what man would take over Rita’s life, and when he’d start. Nightclub owners got their best table linen ready, gossip columnists sharpened their pencils and everybody waited for the fun to begin. But Rita fooled them all. She hardly went anywhere, and the only people she played with were her two daughters.

She still doesn’t go anywhere, still plays with the girls, but it looks as if Rita’s about ready to come out of her shell, because by the time you read this her divorce from Aly Khan may be final and Rita, who is one of the most glamorous women in Hollywood, won’t let that glamor go to waste. Meanwhile, she’s biding her time and settling into a home truly fit for a princess with room enough for her entire court.

Her house, high on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills, isn’t the same one she left three years ago, but it bears her label. She’s taken her personal belongings out of storage, unpacked her favorite books and treasured collection of French, Spanish, English and Italian recordings; she’s uncrated her silver, her valuable oil paintings and installed them all in her newly-acquired, pale green Spanish mansion.

Situated on a bluff overlooking (Continued on next page)
Rita’s new home (shown here) is tucked in a romantic glen. Here she has surrounded herself with colorful murals, soft lights, and music.

a heavily wooded ravine, the mansion has a remote and elegant beauty. There are no close neighbors, no sound of auto traffic. The rest of the world seems very far away until you step onto the terrace and look down on the heart of Beverly Hills.

A short distance from the house is a swimming pool surrounded by a lovely garden that glows softly at night with a myriad of hidden lights.

And yet for all its seclusion, Rita’s house is only a few minutes’ drive to Columbia Studios. “I’m a working girl again,” she says, “and I like to be near my work.”

Rita’s discovery of this hideaway is typical of her impulsive nature. One minute she was living quite comfortably in a swank bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel and the next she was burning to get out. She was sun-bathing in her private little patio at (Continued on page 78)
"quiet evening" at home starts off when Rita brings out her dance drum, and begins beating out a tempo for her daughters to dance to. Next, she reaches for her castanets, and soon all three are whirling to the infectious click-click rhythm. The circus mural of glass tiles on the far left wall fits in perfectly with mother and daughters' gay, uninhibited dancing sessions. Rebecca is taking dancing lessons now.

The pale yellow walls of Rita's bedroom create a warm, sunny feeling even when the draperies are pulled. Next to the bed (but not shown in this picture) stands her portable Victrola, and favorite records.

Like its owner, Rebecca's room is in a transitional stage. Lately, she's been forsaking her doll collection in favor of cowboy records and abstract paintings, samples of which she hangs on the wall.
SHELLEY: IT TOOK A REAL MAN TO TEACH HER WHO THE BOSS WAS—AND TO MAKE HER LIKE IT.

by Alice T worry

At the Academy Awards last March, a young lady of apparent culture and refinement sat demurely in the audience, a picture of subdued charm in a pale blue gown.

She was a candidate for the highest honor Hollywood can bestow—the coveted Oscar.

When Vivien Leigh's name was called as the winner, the audience eyed the girl in blue and held its collective breath. But there were no tantrums, no temperament, no tears.

Instead, the new Shelley Winters serenely left the Pantages theater and graciously shrugged, "It's wonderful she won. I'm glad the suspense is over. I have nothing more to say."

Shelley had nothing more to say?

This is the new Shelley Winters who currently is the talk over 5 o'clock olives among the Cadillac set in glitter-glitter land. And behind the movie queen that night of the Academy Awards strode the reason for the metamorphosis of the blonde bombshell—29-year-old Vittorio Gassman who is tall, dark and handsome, just like in the movies.

Harried directors tried it...important studio executives tried it...scolding gossip columnists tried it. But where all else failed, Vittorio Gassman has tamed Shelley Winters.

Shelley, as lovers of the cinema know, used to bustle about in baseball caps, shorts and no make-up. The tales of how she pulled fireworks both off and on her movie sets are legendary in the magic city. In those hectic days, Shelley went with Farley Granger.

Then the girl from Brooklyn decided to Tour Europe. Besides Culture and Broadening Travel, Miss Winters found love. At a theater in Rome last September, she met Gassman, one of the five top movie and stage (Continued on page 82)

AVA: IT TOOK PSYCHOANALYSIS TO BRING HER THE PEACE OF MIND THAT MAY SAVE HER MARRIAGE.

by Steve Cronin

The passion of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner, born in a confusion of bad publicity and intrigue, may seem headed for certain disaster.

Look at the odds against them. For nearly two years Sinatra courted Ava in the goldfish bowl of glaring publicity.

His excitable nature turned on newspaper reporters assigned to cover the romance in Hollywood, Mexico City and Madrid. His resultant bad press underlines the theory that when the press is against you, you can't survive unscathed.

The public failed to flock to Frankie's first post-Ava movie Meet (Continued on page 64)
LIZ: MIKE KNEW THE CURE FOR A YOUNG DIVORCEE'S BLUES—CONSIDERATION AND QUIET CHARM.

by Sheilah Graham

The time has come to bury the lies about Elizabeth Taylor and her love for Michael Wilding. Ever since she flew to London to marry him, Elizabeth has been subjected to a near blizzard of untruthful stories. She has been pictured as the bride of an octogenarian—a somewhat decrepit albeit charming gentleman of the old British school who never wanders too far from his bottle and wheel chair. Or, in other flights of fancy, Mr. Wilding has been pictured as a somewhat rakish gent bent on pursuing Grandma Marlene Dietrich across several continents.

There was even the hint, while reports were still coming through about the wedding, that Liz was expecting a baby. How this could be reconciled with the suggestion that this marriage was a passionless union, the result of Elizabeth's boredom with Hollywood wolves, I'll never know.

I'll get to some of the other lies later, but now we'll tell the actual facts.

There is no doubt that Elizabeth Taylor and her mother had bitter words at the time of her breakup with Nicky Hilton and the new romance with Stanley Donen. Elizabeth was momentarily thrown for a complete loss over the tragic blow to her heart. She left her family's Beverly Hills home without warning in the middle of the night and went to stay with her good friend, Helen Rose, the studio dress designer who, incidentally, created both her wedding ensembles. A few days later she went to the hospital, and when she came out, she refused to see her mother.

But now, for the past several months, Elizabeth has been closer to her mother than ever, and it has not interfered in the slightest with the depth of her love for Mike Wilding, her honeymoon, or her career.

"While she was in England with Michael," Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth called me at least once a week, and they both sent me telegrams almost every other day to tell me how happy they were."

These transatlantic communiques were partially business, of course. To indicate how long Elizabeth has been in love with Mike, last summer when she was in England for Ivanhoe, she and Mike planned their wedding for when she would be free from Nicky. At that time, Elizabeth was prepared even to give up her Hollywood career and take a little hat shop in London to give her something to do without taking her away from Mike for months at a time. To prove the point, Elizabeth later would not sign a new contract unless Mike signed one too at Metro. And she didn't have much trouble putting over her point, because Mike Wilding happens to be one of the best actors in England.

This brings up another erroneous belief to the effect that young (and, at 41, isn't he according to American standards?) Mr. Wilding is broke. He isn't. Unless you call earning from $40,000 to $60,000 a year in England being broke. True, he had to make a handsome settlement on his ex-wife but he was able to keep his beautiful apartment on Bruton Street in London, along with his Rolls Royce convertible which few American millionaires feel they can afford.

In addition, Mike, who was once a professional painter, had a collection of paintings (Continued on page 104)

JUDY: THE MAN NO ONE APPROVED OF BROUGHT HER A MATURE LOVE AND HELPED HER CLIMB BACK TO SUCCESS.

by Arthur L. Charles

When Judy Garland came back to Hollywood three months ago, reporters who met her train in Pasadena were surprised to learn that she had made the triumphant homeward trek without the man she loves.

"Where is Sid Luft?" everyone asked.

Judy ignored the question. Anxiously she looked about the station platform for her daughter, Liza. Catching sight of her, Judy stretched out her arms and Liza raced into them.

The reporters waited a respectable two minutes while Judy smothered the child. Then they moved in with a barrage of questions.

Was it true that Judy had earned $750,000 in her 20-week stint at New York's Palace? She didn't know the exact figure, but that was about right. (Continued on page 98)
Call him cocky, call him NO TIME

Gordon’s love songs hold a real meaning for Sheila. Every high and low in their life has hinged on his singing career since they married when he was a page boy in Radio City.

Singing is Gordon’s life—whether he’s doing it for love or money. Here the MacRaes, including the pooch, lend an ear to “probably the best darned young baritone in captivity,” as Gordon dubs himself.

A stocky, square jawed young guy with friendly, hazel eyes and a spacious grin breezed into a Hollywood NBC rehearsal studio a few weeks ago and up to an attractive, smiling girl standing by the mike.

“Hello, Margaret,” he greeted her. “It’s swell to see you.”

“Hello, Gordon,” she answered. “It’s wonderful to be here.”

He took her by both hands then leaned over and planted an enthusiastic kiss on her cheek.

Secret Service men stiffened. Chaperones gasped. Even the radio technicians, used to all kinds of sights in Hollywood, almost dropped their earphones. But all this consternation was lost on Gordon MacRae, who was the kisser, and on the kissed, too, who was Margaret Truman, daughter of the President of the United States. Nobody guessed that they were old friends who had met before in Washington and that Gordon was warmly glad to see (Continued on page 91)
brash, you can't hurt MacRae who's going places too fast to worry about what people think.

FOR MODESTY

by Kirtley Baskette
She loves him, she loves him not! Jane

"DARLING, YOU’RE NUTS!"
This is a very special kind of love story, a Hollywood love story. It concerns a very beautiful, very intelligent and very real girl named Jane Wyman and a very handsome, equally intelligent and fine guy named Travis Kleefeld.

This story has Hollywood completely bewildered. And this is the first time that the facts of it have been told.

Janie and Trav met during Christmas week—but Hollywood never knew how serious it was with them until mid-March, when Louella Parsons gave to the world the exclusive announcement that they were engaged to be married.

Hollywood was overjoyed. This wacky town is basically romantic, even though it begrudges certain people happiness. For instance, nobody knocked anybody out to see that Marlon Brando won this year’s Oscar. But from the moment that Sarah Jane Fulks, self-titled Jane Durrell, came bouncing into the film colony on the film colony in the late thirties, everybody has wanted her to get everything her generous heart desired. She’s been such a fine loyal friend to so many people. She’s become a superb actress and is such a wonderful mother to her kids. And ever since she and Ronnie Reagan parted, five years ago, Hollywood has worried about her.

Thus it was great news that she was thinking of marrying again. But a little more than three weeks after her announcement came a shocker. Jane Wyman, again via Louella, told the world she had canceled her engagement to Travis. But they were, she said, still the best of friends.

For once, that most polite of Hollywood’s fictions, is completely true. Janie and Trav are such understanding friends that they see one another constantly, are each other’s favorite companion—or as Jane says, “We became engaged to take the special Hollywood pressures off us, and then we broke our engagement for the very same reason.” Actually they are waiting to act wisely rather than impulsively, waiting to know one another, as well as be fascinated by one another, waiting for several very special factors in both their lives to be worked out.

Many a girl has done what Janie almost did this March: seen a guy, fallen pretty hard, told herself she was completely in love. And any fellow, like Trav, would naturally tumble for a human dynamo like Jane, who also possesses beauty, fame and terrific charm. But to have the sheer social courage to call “whoa” on yourself, as Jane did, in order to be sure that this was the love that leads to marriage takes character. It also takes trust and love to do as Trav did and to say, “Darling, you’re nuts, but if that’s the way you want it, that’s the way it is.”

Actually—and amusingly—they didn’t fall in love with one another at first sight. (They didn’t even like each other very much.) They met at a dinner party in the home of mutual friends, where they sat next to each other at a table.

“I seem to have been in a dignified mood,” Janie says, now, grinning. “Don’t ask me why; I don’t know. Maybe I was having a hangover from the Blue Veil or something. Anyway, after dinner when Trav asked me if I’d dance I gave him the ‘no thank you,’ bit.

“However, as the evening wore on, and I noticed how everybody in the room was responding to his good nature, I warmed up a little, and just before the party broke up, when we were all out in the kitchen eating chili and beans, I began to think this was someone I might be interested in knowing. He must have got my message, because just at that moment, Trav looked over (Continued on page 102)
There’s the case of the calendar nude—and the riddle of my plunging necklines. These are the things that set the critics on my trail and raise the question . . .

Am I too DARING?

by Marilyn Monroe

Am I too daring?

I ask this question in all sincerity because, in recent months, a number of influential women have told me that perhaps I am. I have been accused of having horrible taste in clothes, told that I am flouting the gentler traditions of womanhood, and that I have made a common display of my figure on every social occasion.

In my own heart, I cannot believe that these accusations are true, and when they first began to appear in several of the Hollywood columns, they hurt me deeply. I felt that perhaps I had unintentionally offended someone. Then I ran through every possible reason why I should be attacked on these grounds, and I worried.

Quite understandably, when a girl is just starting her career in Hollywood, she can’t help but worry when she wakes up one morning and reads that perhaps she is seriously jeopardizing her motion picture career by the way she dresses. That’s potent criticism, and it pays to consider it carefully.

In my case, I had a special reason to worry—one which, at the time, made it impossible for me to answer back. Frankly, I was concerned about how Hollywood was going to accept the news that only a few weeks before, on January first, 1952, to be exact, a nude calendar for which I posed in 1949 had turned up on garage and barber shop walls all over America. Only a few people knew it was me, but I realized it would be just a matter of time until someone on the newspapers tracked down the story.

I have never been ashamed that (Continued on page 101)
Wine, women and Tchaikowsky
—mix 'em all together and
they spell Cochran, a guy who knows
how to live alone and love it!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS
Steve Cochran is a character. "But I'm not a Bohemian," he announces. "A Bohemian uses bacon for bookmarks." Despite his denial, it's probable that Steve Cochran would use bacon for a bookmark, if he couldn't find a bookmark. He would also do a lot of other things that ordinary, nose-to-the-grindstone actors would not ever do. Who else in Hollywood would keep a parrot named Clarence, and a dog named Tchaikowsky who plays the piano? Who else would admit with a devilish grin that women are his favorite hobby but that marriage makes him miserable?

Here is a man who even gets Hollywood excited, because he is like no man Hollywood ever saw before. He is lazy, but always interested; he is casual but suggests controlled power; he plays at love, but his heart is with the sea; he lives in a house that looks as if it were built by a madman.

The house climbs a hill in Benedict Canyon, and the living room clutches the top of it. Walk through the door and you come face to face with a bar, and if you keep your head up you're liable to be conked on it by a four-by-four beam that is slung low (Continued on page 100)
Dear Esther:

I address this letter to you with some hesitation. I think mainly because I intend having it published and read by a couple of million people before you see it. That, I suppose, could be called opening somebody else's mail—a nasty habit, according to the mailman on my street. There must have been another way to do this but it has not occurred to me. The point is, you see, that I have a few matters to take up with you—and some things to write about you that require a broader medium than stationery—so the “open letter” serves my purpose admirably.

Now before you get nervous and begin howling for the postal inspectors, let me assure you that this is not the usual type of open letter, the kind generally used in magazines to caution a star that she is wayward, backward or headed for trouble. I have not heard that you and Ben have decided to call your marriage a silly infatuation, so I have no instructions to give you about your family life. I have not heard that you refused to go back-stroking with some rabid fan in the Wichita, Kansas high school pool, so I do not intend to warn you that such conduct can cost you the support of thousands of waterlogged admirers.

The simple truth is that I have been trying to get to talk to you in person for the past three weeks and have found it impossible. Oh, I have been given splendid cooperation at your studio. As a matter of fact, I have had the place in an uproar. And if anyone had been listening in on the conversations (Continued on page 68)
Ever since the day
a big boxer named
Jezebel arrived, Alan
Ladd's let his house
go straight to the dogs!

BY JIM BURTON

The business about dogs was decided right off by the Alan Ladds; and it didn't take more than ten seconds. It was the day the Ladds moved into their present home. More than a year of planning and building had gone into the house and grounds, for this was the place Alan and Sue knew they were going to live in for the rest of their lives. And as they turned in from the street and onto the black top driveway, they liked what they saw. The whole family was along—Carol Lee, Laddie, Alana and little David and Jezebel, a large boxer dog.

The Ladds got out of the car, inhaled the fine clean air of their hilltop and admired the flowers in the beds that flanked the house. Then, in a body, they marched to the front door and Alan inserted his key beneath the fancy brass door knob. The kids pushed open the door and scampered inside. Alan and Sue took a little longer, because this was their dream, and they stood just inside the entrance letting the magnificence of the house seep in. The living room was to the right, like something out of a picture book. The dining room, with its long table was to the left and beyond that the playroom. Before them, facing on the garden and pool was a sitting room, carpeted in a soft grey and furnished with fat, puffy sofas and a pair of splendid black coffee tables.

Everybody took it big but Jezebel. She walked slowly around the room for a moment, sniffing at the strange things there, and then, on a dogish whim or in an instant of uncertainty, she tried a small section of the living room rug for absorbent qualities.

The howl from Sue Ladd's lips could have been heard a block away. Jezebel leaped ten feet and took off with Sue after her. The occasion, in a fraction of a second, changed from a glad entry into a new life into a dog hunt, with everyone but Alan joining in, and Jezebel scurrying about like a cornered pony in a tea shop. As she passed him for the third time, Alan grabbed Sue.

"Now, hold on a minute, honey," he said, "Do you like that dog?"

"Of course I do," wailed Sue, "but did you see what she just did to my new rug?"

"Sure I did," said Alan, "but there's one thing we have to make up our minds about right now. Dogs will always be a part of our life and our home. Now this (Continued on page 80)
a big baby!
Joan Crawford invented herself. She made herself up right out of whole cloth and now she is torn between being pleased with the result and feeling inadequate.

She didn't make up her background, nor does she try to conceal it. The early days in Kansas City when she lived in the back room of a laundry, the schooldays which were all work for tuition and no time for study, the rough New York chorus girl days, the time at Stevens' College when she was rejected by a sorority because the other girls found out she was working her way through as a waitress...

She felt the need of a personality change. Although she cried when her real name, Lucille Le Sueur, was changed to Joan Crawford she immediately began to become Joan Crawford the film star. As such she has a tremendous feeling of responsibility toward the public who've made her what she is. But what, indeed, is she?

She's a woman who needs constant and daily praise to build up her faltering ego. When Franchot Tone was married to her, he once remarked, "Joan is hurt if I don't tell her how gorgeous she looks every time she walks down the stairs for dinner. Well, she does look gorgeous. But so does a sunset and you can't keep saying every night, 'How gorgeous is the sunset.'"

An ex-executive of the Capitol Theater in New York tells this story. It happened when Joan was at the height of her career.

She was in New York at the same time that a new movie of hers was playing at the Capitol. Her fans waited in line for hours fighting and scratching to be the first to get in when the doors opened at 10:30 A.M. "It's a different kind of audience from any you have ever seen," the executive told Joan.

Naturally Joan had to see and hear this but, he warned her, "It's as much as my job is worth and as much as your life is worth if those mad, crazy kids get a whiff of you."

Joan promised she would come (Continued on page 94)
the

JOAN CRAWFORD

myth
Sooner or later in every interview, Mike and I are asked why we don’t go out oftener than we do. That’s a natural enough question, I suppose. We almost never go to parties, nightclubs, or any of the places that make up the “nightlife” of Hollywood.

Why not? The question never fails to fluster me. I hate to run the risk of sounding prudish or disapproving when actually I am neither of these things.

My husband, however, is rarely bothered by questions like that. He has a direct Irish way of putting things that makes our attitude sound as unpretentious as it really is.

“Virginia and I,” he says, “don’t go for big affairs. In fact, we have more fun doing nothing together than many married couples at a ball.”

That’s true. Especially the part about the togetherness of our life. During the five years of our marriage, Mike and I have seldom been apart. We have lived simply, and I doubt if anyone would consider our daily existence glamorous and exciting.

It’s amazing how much a woman can come to depend upon the mere presence of the man she loves. I know that I am never really serene or happy unless Mike is there. Even on the nights when the baseball games come on television and his whole attention is absorbed in the play, I feel completely at peace. All I need to do is look up from the book I’m reading and see Mike enjoying the game, then I am happy, too.

We used to go out more than we do. We still go to nightclubs when any of our favorite entertainers come to town. But both Mike and I spent too (Continued on page 95)
the story behind today’s headlines:

THE FIGHT FOR INGRID BERGMAN’S DAUGHTER

The anticipated battle for Ingrid Bergman’s daughter has begun. Ingrid, who is expecting twins this month, desperately wants her 13-year-old daughter to spend the summer with her in Italy. She has petitioned the Superior Court of California to appoint a travelling companion (not Dr. Lindstrom) for her child. She objects to Dr. Lindstrom because she feels that his presence would lend an air of “exceptionality, tension and quarrel” to the visit. Dr. Lindstrom is opposed to the meeting’s taking place in Italy, stating that he doesn’t want his daughter to be outside the jurisdiction of the United States courts. Last summer, Dr. Lindstrom took his daughter to Ingrid in London. There are two versions of what happened during that visit (see Ingrid’s affidavit and Dr. Lindstrom’s refutation). Suspicion and distrust on both sides accompany Ingrid’s present request to see her daughter. The final word, however, rests with the California Superior Court, Case D397287 Modern Screen takes no sides in this custody dispute. It simply presents the legal documents in the case and suggests that the readers judge the issue themselves.

Ingrid Bergman Rosellini, formerly known as Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom, deposes and says:

The following is a chronology of the facts surrounding my inability to visit with my daughter Pia.

In 1949, I went to Italy as an actress in the photoplay Stromboli.

While in Italy I advised my former husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, that the dissolution of our marriage was necessary. The photoplay was not concluded until late September 1949 and it was, therefore, impossible for me to have my daughter with me during the summer vacation of 1949.

After the photoplay was completed, a great deal of unfortunate publicity was given the situation surrounding my separation and subsequent divorce from Dr. Lindstrom and my marriage to my present husband, Mr. Roberto Rosellini. Litigation was then instituted between Dr. Lindstrom and myself in the California Courts and after many months of negotiations between our respective attorneys in California a property settlement agreement was finally executed on April 19, 1950.

I made numerous requests to have my daughter Pia visit me in Europe during the summer vacation period of 1950. My many re-

1. I am the plaintiff in this action. I make this affidavit in opposition to the application of defendant for an order granting permission to defendant to have our minor child PIA LINDSTROM visit with defendant in Rome, Italy, as set forth in the Notice of Motion therefor, dated April 9, 1952, and in the affidavit of defendant which was filed in support thereof.

2. In particular I make this affidavit for the purpose of answering and refuting the false, misleading and distorted statements which are contained in the affidavit of my former wife, defendant herein. It is with great reluctance that I find myself compelled to state the facts hereinafter set forth, first and primarily because I would have preferred to spare my child Pia any further publicity and embarrassment which must result from the airing of these issues, and secondly because the rectification of some of the half-truths contained in the defendant’s affidavit requires me to set forth facts which up to now I had felt it unnecessary to disclose.

3. For over three years while defendant and her spokesmen have utilized every avenue of publicity in an attempt to vindicate her actions before the world, I have remained silent and have answered “No comment!” to every attempt to elicit my reactions and that of Pia
INGRID BERGMAN'S SIDE OF THE STORY

quests were denied by Dr. Lindstrom because he would not permit our daughter to come to Europe unless and until I had signed certain papers and the California Court made a decree concerning her custody. This attitude of Dr. Lindstrom's was apparently prompted by his belief that if there were no such decree I would steal the child and never return her to the United States. It was not until September 30, 1950 that an interlocutory decree of divorce was granted which I permitted Dr. Lindstrom to obtain without contest on my part. During the negotiations that led to that solution, I was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of that summer. Subsequently, however, in a direct telephone conversation with me Dr. Lindstrom indicated that this was not his intention but that he would do his best to bring the child over for Christmas 1950. This visit, too, never materialized. The pertinent provisions of above mentioned interlocutory decree respecting the custody of Pia are as follows:

"3. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREEED that the present best interest of the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, requires that she reside and receive her education in the State of California.

"4. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREEED that plaintiff and defendant shall have the joint legal custody of said minor child but it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiff Peter A. Lindstrom shall have her physical custody, care, protection; control and education.

"5. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREEED, that subject to the provisions of Paragraph 6 as in this Judgment provided, defendant shall have the right to have the said minor child with her during one-half of the said minor child's school vacation periods, and plaintiff shall have the right to have said minor child with him during the remaining one-half of such school vacation periods.

"6. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREEED, that if either plaintiff or defendant desires to take the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, from the United States, the party desiring to do so shall first make an application therefor to the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles upon (5) days' written notice to the other party, and first securing an order of the above-entitled court permitting such removal."

In connection with the proposed visitation during the summer of 1951, Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would not bring Pia to Italy, assigning as the reason therefor the fact that he did not intend our daughter to come under the "influence" of my husband Roberto Rossellini, to whom I am still happily married and who is the father of my son Robertino Rossellini. In my desperate anxiety to see my daughter Pia after almost three years of separation from her, I agreed that this visit with my daughter Pia could take place in one of three European countries suggested by Dr. Lindstrom, England, Denmark or Sweden. Subsequently, I agreed with Dr. Lindstrom by long distance telephone that the visitation would be in London, England. Some time later I received a cablegram from Dr. Lindstrom, which was sent from New York, at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking him and Pia (Continued on page 88)

DOCTOR LINDSTROM'S SIDE OF THE STORY

to the conduct of defendant which gave rise to this action for divorce against her. Despite the circumstances of the case, I have never felt that she should be deprived on that account of the privilege of seeing the child. As respects the rights of visitation by defendant with the child, I realize that the sole consideration should be what is for the best interests of the child. Based on that sole consideration, I am convinced that it would not be for the best interests of Pia for the motion of defendant to be granted.

4. For the convenience of the Court, I shall answer the statements of defendant as contained in her affidavit of March 4, 1952 in the order in which they are therein set forth. The references to page and lines will refer to the pages and lines of defendant's said affidavit.

5. Defendant states (page 1, lines 6 to 11) that it was impossible for her to have Pia with her during the summer vacation of 1949, because she was making the photoplay Stromboli.

ANSWER: Actually, before defendant went to Italy in the spring of 1949 to make this picture, I had arranged with her that I would come to Italy with Pia that summer, as soon as the child's summer vacation started, and the three of us (defendant, Pia and I) would spend at least a month together vacationing in Europe. Whatever opportunity there would have been for such vacation was shattered when I received a letter which defendant wrote to me within two weeks after her arrival in Italy that spring, which letter reads as follows:

"Amalh 3 April 1949

"Petter lilla (Petter dear)—

It will be very difficult for you to read this letter and it is difficult for me to write it. But I believe it is the only way. I would like to explain everything from the beginning, but you know enough, and I would like to ask forgiveness, but that seems ridiculous. It is not all together my fault and how can you forgive that I want to stay with Roberto. I know he has also written you and told you all that there is to tell. It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. After all our plans and dreams, you know that is true. But how can I help it or change it? You saw in Hollywood how my enthusiasm for Roberto grew and grew and you know how much alike we are, with the same desire for the same kind of work and the same understanding of life. I thought maybe I could conquer the feeling I had for him when I saw him in his own milieu, so different from mine. But it turned out just the opposite. The people, the life, the country is not strange, it is what I always wanted. I had the courage to talk more about him at home than I did with you as it all seemed so incredible, like an adventure, and at the time I didn't realize the depth of his feelings. Min Petter (my Petter), I know how this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle (Pelle being the name which defendant and I had planned to give to our next child), our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand alone in the ruins and I am unable to help you.

"Stackars lilla pappa men also stackars lilla Mama (Poor little papa but also poor little mama)."

Defendant did not even mention Pia in this letter!

Far from not having an opportunity to have Pia with her during the summer of 1949, the fact is that I went to Italy in May of 1949 and entreated with defendant to talk to Pia, whom I offered to bring over to any place in Europe except Italy so as to make defendant understand that she had to explain to the child herself the reasons why defendant was not coming home. Defendant at that time agreed to meet the child and myself later in the summer, but a few weeks later defendant repudiated her promise (Continued on page 88)
Betty wasn't much older than her two daughters, Candy and Lindsay, when she started singing in her mother's speakeasy.

She isn't happy unless she's the tops—and Hutton's up there now with all the greats who ever lived for the sound of applause.

It was 1933. The house lights in the Detroit theater were dim, and the spotlight circled the group on stage. The master of ceremonies was holding his hand over the head of a small dark-haired girl who had just finished a tap dance in the nightly amateur contest. The applause was thundering. Then he moved his hand over the head of the skinny blonde kid who had sung "Somebody Loves Me," and the response was equally deafening. The master of ceremonies shrugged and smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like a tie." He returned a dollar bill to his pocket, pulled out two 50-cent pieces and presented one to each child. The freckled blonde stood immobile, biting her lip in fury. Then she walked deliberately over to the other girl and gave her the half dollar.

"I wasn't being sweet, I wasn't being generous," says Betty Hutton now. "I just didn't want any part of second money."

This is perhaps the whole secret of Betty's drive and determination to be the world's greatest entertainer. She isn't happy unless she comes off with top honors, and in the past few years she has seldom finished anywhere but first.

Last April she was once again a winner when she was presented with a plaque by Major General William Kean in recognition of her work in entertaining troops on the Korean front. It was the first such award to be given and orders for its presentation came from Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, Jr. The other who went (Continued on page 61)
the road
I travelled

I THINK I WAS BORN BELIEVING IN PEOPLE. AND THROUGH THEM, I LEARNED TO BELIEVE IN GOD, TOO.

by Donald O'Connor

A child has to make up his own ideas to begin with. Probably, because of my unconventional upbringing in the theater, my first spiritual conception of life was completely out of the normal groove—I worshipped people. All people and especially those who made up the audiences I first met as an infant when my mother and father would carry me on stage at the end of their performance. There would be a round of laughter and applause, and apart from the "ham" in me liking it, something deeper was stirred. I know this because up to about the age of seven or eight, and even afterwards, I had a sort of supernatural awe of our audiences...

As my family toured the country sickness would strike us, and even death, but nothing like that ever seemed to happen to the people. There they would be every night, no matter what theater, no matter what town, looking up at us, laughing and responding exactly the same as always. It never struck me that they were made up of different individuals. And since I also sensed that our own fate depended directly on their feelings toward us, and we deferred to them in all things, adjusting our lives, you might say, in a constant effort to please them, they actually took on the stature of deities to me.

This was my belief before I even knew that I was a Catholic, and I haven't outgrown it yet altogether, even though in time I turned formally to my own religion. There is a power in people...a power for good. This ties in with my present professional thinking, of course. My time is spent thinking of what to do for them, but behind it is the knowledge that they have done everything for me. (Continued on page 97)
Jane Powell's a big-city glamor girl now—but her heart's still back in Portland, Oregon, her home town. Here, for the first time in any magazine, is an authentic account, with pictures, of a little known phase in her fabulous career.

MY HOME TOWN

by Jane Powell

Just about this time of year, Portland, Oregon, my home town, will be abloom with color and excitement and flowers. Visitors will come from all over America to see the famous annual Rose Festival. How I wish I could be there! I would like to stand on the sidelines with my husband Geary and watch the parade. Then I might recapture the wonderful thrill I had nine years ago when I was riding down the street myself on one of the biggest and prettiest of the floats.

Every now and then, I am overcome with nostalgia for my home town. I don't think I'll ever lose the special feeling I have for the place where I was born and where I lived the first 14 years of my life.

This spring, when I received an invitation to the pageant from the Portland Rose Festival committee, I showed the letter to Geary, who stared moodily into space after he read it.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I just realized that I don't (Continued on following page)
A little Oregon schoolgirl named Suzanne Burce blossomed into screen star Jane Powell. These pictures, many of which have never been published before, trace her life story.

Later in 1943 Jane signed a movie contract, went to Hollywood for Song Of The Open Road. Marshall Thompson was an early beau.

Jane quickly became one of the most popular girls in Hollywood's younger set. Here she's with Roddy McDowall, Scotty Beckett.

And then . . . she met a young man named Geary Steffen, whose quiet courtship won her heart—and hand. They married in Nov. 1949.

I might not be in Hollywood today if it weren't for C. W. Myers, the late president of Portland's local station, KOIN. Mr. Myers arranged for me to appear on "Hollywood Showcase" during the summer of 1943, when I was on a vacation in Southern California with my parents. At that time, I didn't have the vaguest dream about a Hollywood career. In fact, my big ambition was to get back to Portland for the fall term at Grant High School. I never made it, I signed to make my first movie, instead. With Song Of The Open Road, the whole pattern of my life was changed.

Unfortunately, that is the point where

know much about your life as a girl in Portland," he laughed. "Maybe you had another fellow."

"Of course, I did," I replied. "Lots of them."

That night, for the first time since we were married Geary and I had a long talk about my childhood. I don't know why we haven't discussed it before. I guess we've been too busy living our life together to do much reminiscing about the past.

It's not easy for me to explain how I feel about Portland. It's a big city, one of the biggest in the Pacific Northwest. Proud Oregonians will rush to tell you about its booming industry, its majestic scenic beauties, and its rapid population growth. But I don't think of Portland that way. To me, it will always be the warm and neighborly place that ten years ago took a little girl named Suzanne Burce to its heart and helped her become what she is today.

I believe I owe more to my home town than any other performer in Hollywood. Some actresses got their first encouragement in their home towns. Others were given their first professional experience there. But no one I have met in Hollywood ever received the whole-hearted support I did from the people of Portland.
most stories about me have begun. To be sure, appearing on "Hollywood Showcase" was one of the greatest moments of my life. But there were many things, important to me, that went before. Mother has told me that my first public appearance in Portland was at the annual recital of the Agnes Peters Dancing School, presented in the auditorium of Grant High School. I was only four-and-a-half at the time, and according to Mother, I wore a kitten costume she made and sang a number called, "Sitting On The Backyard Fence." I remember the lyrics better than the occasion, I'm afraid, but (Continued on following page)
it was at this recital that Carl Werner saw me. Later, as my agent and adviser, he played an important role in my career in Portland.

I don’t think I was precocious about dancing and singing. I remember little about my lessons. I took them with several other little girls, and was always glad to get away from studying to play.

My first year in school didn’t leave any deep impression on me, either. I knew that I went to Irvington School, and that it was a long walk to get there. Mother used to worry about me because I always stopped to play hide ‘n’ seek in some houses that were being built in the neighborhood. I quit this game after a board fell on my foot.

The next year, I transferred to Fernwood, a school 12 blocks from the Broadway apartment house my folks managed. I remember my second grade class very well because there I met my first boyfriend, Larry Larsen. It wasn’t exactly a romance, but we had a mutual bond. I bit my nails and Larry sucked his thumb. Our teacher, Miss Shaw, used to pay us a dime for each week that we controlled our nervous habits in class. All the time that I went to Fernwood, which was through the sixth grade, I came home every day for lunch, and I had to run both ways in order to get back before the bell.

My best friend at Fernwood was Larry’s sister Norma with whom I played every afternoon after school. I didn’t have a room of my own, but slept on a couch in the living room under a window, and I used to hand my doll things out to Norma through the window. Mother didn’t approve of this, but it saved a lot of time.

My grade school days were perfectly normal. I was an average student, thought more about playing than anything else. Mother let me quit my dancing lessons when I lost interest in the third grade. I didn’t begin singing lessons until I was almost 11 years old, and I nearly stopped them because I dreaded practicing so much.

I took my first singing lessons from Mrs. Olson, who had an office in an old brick building across from the Lipman and Wolfe Department Store. Mother let me ride the bus back and forth by myself, and these twice weekly trips, my first solo expeditions into downtown Portland, made me feel important. More clearly than the lessons themselves, I remember the creaky old elevator in the building which stopped erratically whenever it took a notion. I was so afraid that I’d get stuck between floors that I usually walked up the four flights to Mrs. Olson’s office.

While I was in the sixth grade, we moved to another neighborhood but I still went to Fernwood, even though it meant walking even farther to school. Norma Larsen was still my best friend, too, and she often went downtown with me on the bus.

I remember the first shopping expedition we made together, one Saturday when our mothers allowed each of us to buy a dress by ourselves at Sears Roebuck. The dresses we selected were pretty enough, but my mother was furious because our dresses were exactly alike. (Continued on page 82)
People are slow to fathom the myriad talents that make a great performer. They take it for granted that Betty Hutton earns her living merely by singing songs, sometimes by a few accompanying acrobatics. They are pleased by her energy, by her vitality. In May, Betty finished up a four week stint at the Palace Theater in New York. She did two shows a day and in each she was 'on' for two hours. When she arrived home, sleeplessly never touching her feet to the stage. Audiences felt drained just watching her, and when they were sure she must be too tired to move another step, she brought her act to a close by swaying out the audience on a trapeze. The Palace engagement was her first real starring show on Broadway, and it was then that people began to appreciate Betty's act more than singing a song and "a few acrobatics."

There is a great deal more. Betty knows how to fashion her show from top to bottom and inside out, skillfully minding all the costume, orchestration, stage decoration, every facet of it, and she knows when to come on stage and how, what to do while she's on, and how to end. Many of her contracts and their legal points as well as a corporation lawyer, and Abe Lastfogel, who has been her agent since she was a $75-a-week singer, brags that Betty is the smartest client he's ever had.

When she was only three she sang in the blind pig operated by her mother in Lansing. She sang primarily for the money, but she was good with the determination that one day she would be a headliner. When she was barely old enough to remember lyrics, she began picking up hints from the customers.

"Hey, kid, can you do a soft shoe routine?"

"Here's my hat—wear it on the side of your head. Like that—that's got it."

From speakeasies she went to street singing. She'd sing anywhere there was a crowd and take the nickels and dimes home to Mom. Her sister Marion called a halt when it came to warbling on the streets—she felt it was too improper. But Betty didn't care. They needed the money, and she needed the experience. She used to plague her mother to take her into the beer gardens, dance halls, any place she "could get training." She knew, even then, that this was to be her life and she had to prepare herself for it.

Mabel Hutton moved with her daughters to Detroit at the time amateur contests were sweeping the theaters of the country, and Betty promptly entered every one held in the area. It was there she learned about. booby traps, and that the theater managers considered it hilarious if thecontestants were showered with water or pelted with tomatoes, and proceeded to install Rube Goldberg gadgets destined to upset the performers. The first time Betty met up with one of these assaults she held back the stinging tears and went on with her act as though nothing had happened. But they never caught her again. After that she 'cased the joint' a week before the contest and learned how to outmaneuver the contraptions. Her agility at ducking got even bigger laughs than the direct hits scored on other contestants.

With Vincent Lopez and his band she learned more. She had sung sweet songs in a sweet manner until the night she heard Lopez decide to fire her, and then for the first time she went into the gymnastic gyrations that have since become famous as the Hutton trademark. She assisted her audience and they loved it, and Betty knew of no greater value of surprise. She began wearing what is still her basic costume—a large bouffant skirt, a high-necked bodice with a prim Peter Pan collar and large flowing sleeves. She'd sit quietly in front of the band, with folded hands and a quiet smile. The people who noticed her would think how like a blonde angel she looked. When her cue would come for her to float through the air, and sing the verse of her song in soft and wistful tones. Then, suddenly, Betty would let loose on the chorus with a screaming thud as she landed and rocked the audience back on their heels.

But it wasn't enough for Betty. Although she had gone every day for a year to watch vaudevillians at local theaters, she never freed herself of their technique. That Betty made such a hit is no accident. When she is on stage, whether it be the dais of one of the world's plusher theaters, or the roof of crude boards erected on a windswept and frozen plain, she works on her audience with the precision and determination of a skilled surgeon. She knows her audience, feels it, and in her own way has a rapport with them. No one person present has not yet been won over to her she will go on working and sweating until that laggard has sucked the Hutton hoop and holler and is blasting his hands in appreciation of her talent.

To Betty, an audience is like a conquest in love. She is never truly happy unless she is on stage and sensing the great warmth that pours over the footlights. She has never let an audience go until she has known that she has won, known that they love her.

The audience is seldom aware of her intensity. They know only that they are being entertained as they have never been entertained before. They are unaware of her exhaustion. Few know that the wings of the stage, waiting for Betty, are always a straight chair, two glasses of water and a large towel. Betty will come to rest in the chair dripping with perspiration, as if the very floor of the stage has melted beneath her. She knows that she is more than half-dead, and it is hours before she has the proper control to drink the water, then take the towel and mop herself from head to foot.

Why does she put herself through such a tortuous ordeal? Because she loves it, because it is her whole life.
The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest ... with
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Virginia Mayo says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Virginia Mayo, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27c to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

have killed that girl then," he says. "She had so much energy that I finished up like a limp rag."

Despite her RPM record, Betty has never sustained the slightest injury during her brisk workouts, a fact which adds up to a small miracle because she is constantly risking her life and limb. She must necessarily keep herself in complete physical condition and it has become almost a fetish with her. She conscientiously eats a strictly balanced diet and when working, is in bed every night at eight o'clock. The times she allows herself the luxury of being a night owl at clubs or restaurants are so rare that she talks about them for weeks afterward.

One of Betty's favorite evenings, a few years ago, was being hostess at dinner to Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker. There is nothing she would rather talk about than show business, and she let her dinner go almost untouched while listening rapely as Brice and Tucker spun their yarns of bygone days. It is safe to say that while Betty was listening, she was also sponging ideas from the two veterans, for she is too anxious to learn, even today, to let any bit of information drop out of sight and mind.

Despite her unfinished formal schooling, and her preoccupation since with the entertainment world, Betty meets people well, and has remarked that the greater human beings are always the simplest people, the easiest to talk to. When in Korea she was charmed by General Ridgway, and Mrs. Ridgway gave a tea for her. Eight years ago, on a vacation at Camelback Inn, she was introduced to the president of Encyclopedia Britannica, who was then with his family. When he asked her to join them for dinner Betty had understandable qualms about talking with such a brilliant man. But it turned out that he cornered her in conversation for hours on end that evening. She couldn't comprehend why he should want 'to talk to her, even though he spent the rest of his stay at the inn telling other guests about Betty's fabulous life and razor-sharp intellect.

Toward the end of the war she met General Eisenhower in Washington at a Birthday Ball.

"I'm so happy to meet you, at last," he said.

"Betty was astounded. "Why?" she said. He told her then that he had been so fond of Miracle of Morgan's Creek that whenever things were going badly and he was depressed he saw the picture, and that after at least a half dozen times he still felt it was the only thing that could give him a lift, make him feel that things weren't so bad after all. That sank into Betty's heart with a gratifying warmth. What other business in the world gives so much to so many, and has a chance to lift the spirits of even such wise and esteemed men as Dwight Eisenhower?"

Snow time hasn't always been a happy time for Betty. There was the summer she was 14 and went to Louisville, Kentucky, with a newly formed band. The orchestra leader took the week off for the band and left town, stranding Betty and the boys with insufficient funds for their next meal, let alone train fare home. If it hadn't been for the wealthy tobacco family, who had frequent customers of Louisville's Chez Paris and had fallen in love with Betty, there is no telling what may have happened. The Hill family took her home with them in their house and cured for her until Mabel Hutton was sent the train fare to come and claim her deserted daughter.

There was the benefit show at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, a mammoth place whose farthest seats almost prevent
Korea was tough, too, but in a different way. She and the Skylarks did two shows a day, flying from place to place, never singing for less than 10,000 men and women and always waiting for more money before shooting. Twice she sang in the front lines and was amazed that, somehow, she wasn't scared. Knowing that Betty would appear in World War II movies and could cold, the boys rigged up electric heaters and some even found a way to blow warm air over the stage during the act. The troopers washed their hair in soldiers' shaving cream, and fixed each other a dollar for griping. Betty took more pictures of the boys than they took of her.

There have been many happy times. Playing for enthusiastic British audiences at the Palace, the Palace. They loved her and came back night after night to shout the same requests up to the blonde tornado on stage. When she returned to Hollywood, America after the war, the entire cast of the film "Gone with the Wind" was present to welcome her home. Betty was the guest of honor at a special dinner at the Bel Air Hotel, where she was presented with a bouquet of flowers. The evening was a huge success, and Betty left Hollywood a new star. She was invited to appear in several films, and her career took off.
hollywood's most passionate loves (ava gardner)

(Continued from page 33) Danny Wilson. Apparently as a result, Universal-International cancelled another picture he was to make for them. He lost a second part at 20th Century-Fox. On top of that, CBS dropped his television show.

Later, Sinatra went back to New York to accept another television show and vaudeville appearances. And, behind him, to encourage his climb back to public favor, was Ava.

This is the girl who surprised everyone by weathering his irritable temper and his fights with the press, by withstanding sharp criticism against herself, and by encouraging him when his career took a temporary nadir.

Ava, her close friends believe, is the strong partner in this marriage. If it survives, it will be largely because she had the courage to be psychoanalyzed.

On a psychiatrist's couch, Ava sorted out her emotions and learned to understand people, and, most of all, herself. Without that understanding, the marriage might not have been possible.

While Frank still may be torn apart inside by tensions, his beautiful wife appears serene with a deep inner content.

It's strange to think that any movie star could be so troubled as to seek psychiatric advice. Movie stars are supposed to be poised, confident, desired, loved, rich, famous and therefore happy.

Not many are. Most, in fact, have more trouble finding emotional security and a stable, secure marriage than any other group of people in the world.

Ava was driven by unhappiness to an analyst because she was too afraid to face her daily life. She had been unable to find happiness in her marriages—to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw—or her fabulous movie career.

It might be presumptuous to speculate on the basic reasons for her unhappiness, because they are probably known only to Ava and her analyst. It is true, however, that at an early age she developed deep feelings of insecurity and inferiority that made her unable to find her place in the world.

Ava was one of six children. Her father was a tobacco grower near Smithfield, North Carolina. She helped pick tobacco and cotton in the fields. Usually Ava ran around in her bare feet. She still does.

For whatever the reasons, Ava became sensitive about her humble beginnings. Later she became unhappy when she found she wasn't ready to step up into a higher level of society.

She had lived her early years in an isolated community. Meeting strangers frightened her. When she was sent to a school in Newport News, Virginia, Ava was awe-stricken. She had never seen such a big city.

On the first day of school, Ava got up like the other pupils to give her name. When she said, "My name is Ava Gardner," the whole class laughed. Ava says she now understands they were laughing at her North Carolina accent, not at her, but at the time she was crushed.

Ava was terrified on her first date. She couldn't think of anything to talk about. So on the way home, she read all the road signs aloud. That boy didn't ask her out again. Once Ava was playing on a woman's basketball team at school and was sent into the out-of-town game as a substitute. She found herself with the ball and with the eyes of the crowd upon her. She made a score—but in the opposition team's basket. Her humiliation was so severe that years later, when she returned to that town to enter college, she was embarrassed. She was sure everyone in town would remember her mistake.

"When you are driven by fear," she said recently, "every molehill becomes a mountain."

She never finished college. At 18, as movie fans well know, she won a bid to enter the magic city of Hollywood after her brother sent her photograph to an executive at MGM.

But the little girl from North Carolina didn't fall happily into the glittering life of ease, parties and swimming pools. When she went out on dates and to parties she was shy and often uncomfortable.

"I was so afraid they'd laugh at my Southern accent that I began to talk in a whisper," she once said. "I felt I didn't have the right clothes, either. Everything I wore seemed to look wrong. My dresses weren't like what the other girls had on."

"I didn't know how to read a menu, or how to order a meal. I didn't know which fork to use. At my first big dinner party I watched my hostess like a hawk to see which piece of silverware she'd pick up next. When the butler brought the finger bowl I didn't know what it was for. I was in a panic."

"I often left parties early, not because I was bored, but because I felt lost. I was afraid to talk or ask questions for fear of exposing my ignorance."

Ava married twice in her early twenties, perhaps to find some security. But she was not happy. She still felt inferior.

On the set of The Hucksters, her first

(Continued on page 67)
Meet the Winners!

...OF THE WALD-KRASNA-MODERN SCREEN “GIRLS WANTED” TALENT HUNT

More than a year ago, Modern Screen and Wald-Krasna Productions initiated a vast search for new talent. The contest was open to Modern Screen readers between the ages of 16 and 40. No dramatic experience was necessary; the only requirement was a full length portrait accompanied by personal data. The response from readers was so tremendous that the judges required a year to select the ten winners presented here. These lucky girls will receive $175-a-week for the work they will do in a Wald-Krasna film for RKO, and expenses to and from Hollywood. Remember their faces; you may be seeing them soon again on movie screens all over the country!

Marilyn Bonney

At present, Marilyn is head of the drama department at Catholic Girls High School in Los Angeles, but she’d rather act than teach, and recently appeared in Emmet Lavery’s production of Song At The Scaffold A native Californian, born in 1931, she traveled on the road with her theatrical parents, but always came back to L.A. for schooling. She went to Mar-Ken High and won a Dore Schary scholarship to the Immaculate Heart College. A year’s study followed her graduation, Marilyn also found time to sing in Ken Murray’s Blackouts and the Crosby camp show.

Alyce Cronin

Auburn-haired Alyce Cronin was on a piano concert tour in Pennsylvania when she was notified she was a winner in a contest she’d forgotten all about entering. She says at the time she had almost abandoned the idea of a dramatic career. After studying music and drama at Jeanne d’Arc Academy and Boston College, Alyce, in 1948, did a series of hotel appearances playing the piano. Then following a brief fling at the New York stage, Alyce went back to her music. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, Alyce is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 108. Her birthday is June 26, 1929.

Janet Camerford

Janet began her acting career when she was two weeks old! Born on June 23, 1931, in Los Angeles, she was in front of a camera making a movie called Wicked 14 days later! When she was three, she won first place in a Better Babys contest, and all through her school years she did fashion modeling, appeared in movies and on radio, and acted in little theater plays. Somehow she managed to squeeze some schoolwork in between her professional appointments, and when she graduated from Alexander Hamilton in L.A. she won the senior drama award.

Mary Ann Edwards

Twenty-year-old Mary Ann is a junior at the University of Texas where she’s majoring in drama, and picking up beauty titles like: Queen of Williamson County Sheriff Posse Rodeo, Blue Bonnet Belle and Moonlight Girl of Phi Sigma Kappa. Five-feet-five and 110 pounds, she’s a Texas cover girl, and fashion model. Along with beauty go brains enough to have made her valedictorian of the 1949 class at Georgetown High. An expert horseback rider, baton twirler (she won a Texas majorette contest), she also played the lead in a production of My Sister Eileen.

For more winners, turn the page ➔
FLORENCE HARPER

Florence Harper visited almost every state in the U. S. as a child. The wanderlust hadn't left her in 1949 when she became a flight stewardess for California Central Airlines. While with the airline, Florence eloped to Las Vegas with Howard Harper, who works in the distribution end of MGM's film business. Pacific Air Lift, operated by Overseas National Airways, solicited Florence's services and she is today their Chief Stewardess on flights that take her as far as Tokyo. Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 14, 1926, she has brown hair and blue eyes.

LINDA PEPPEL

From the time she started high school in her hometown of Benton Harbor, Michigan, Linda has been winning beauty titles. In 1950, when she graduated, she went to Chicago and enrolled at a model agency planning to make modelling her career. Artistically inclined, she studied ballet and voice for several years but never tried to foist these talents on the public. Linda writes poetry and short stories in her spare time and has fun designing her own clothes, which hang trimly on her slender (110 pounds), tall (five-feet-five) frame. She's blue-eyed, with blonde hair.

JUDY RABEN

This 19-year-old beauty mans an information booth at Roosevelt Raceway, right near her hometown of Baldwin, New York. Judy graduated from Baldwin High School in 1950, and attended Adelphi College in Garden City, New York, for a year. When she's not dispensing information at the Raceway, Judy's busy studying typing and shorthand for a secretarial career. Swimming, dancing and horseback riding take up whatever time she has left after writing to her fiancé, a service man stationed in Japan. Judy, who's five feet, six and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds.

JOAN PASTIN

With a career in modeling, fashion and TV behind her, Joan Pastin had often heard the familiar words, "You ought to be in pictures." Before the contest, brown-haired, Pennsylvania-born Joan had studied at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. At 14, she was a teenage fashion model and also a photographic model for leading Pittsburgh newspapers. Channel WDTV began to feature Joan on a program where she gave fashion bints, and later she became fashion coordinator for WDTV, handling problems of makeup and clothes for telecasts.

DAWN ONEY

Considered one of the most beautiful size-12 models in America, Dawn just had to be a winner! Dawn read of the contest in Minneapolis, submitted a photo, and moved with her husband and six-month-old child to California. When the judges finally caught up with her Dawn had forgotten the contest completely. An accomplished dancer and figure skater—with a figure for it (she's five-feet-six, weighs 118) Dawn was in demand with photographers from the time she graduated high school. Her blue eyes and honey-blond hair are familiar to readers everywhere.

MARVLEEN PRENTICE

Stenographers everywhere with movie-ambitions can take heart from the case of Marvleen Prentice. Marvleen has never had any acting experience at all, and since her grade and high school education in her home city of Birmingham, Alabama, she has worked as a stenographer for various business firms in the same town since 1948. Although she was born in Huntsville, she calls Birmingham "home." She has lived there since she was two years old. Golf is the favorite hobby of this brown-haired, hazel-eyed Southern belle. Marvleen entered the contest as a whim.
The ROMANTIC ADVENTURE of the year!

Walt Disney's STORY OF

ROBIN HOOD

An all LIVE ACTION picture—starring RICHARD TODD and introducing JOAN RICE

You'll feel the flashing excitement—live the high-hearted romance of adventure's favorite outlaw—save a king—and lose your heart.

Only Walt Disney could capture in one great picture such a tumultuous fury of exciting action. Whatever your age, his romantic Robin Hood will rob you of your cares—reward you with a king's ransom in adventure.

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Ken Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

END

(Continued from page 64) big starring role, she was paralyzed at the thought of acting with Clark Gable. For her first scene she was supposed to walk through a revolving door toward him. Her legs felt frozen with fear. When she finally got through that door, she suffered her lines over and over. The director at last called a recess and she crept into a corner in panic.

Ava decided she did not know true happiness, and sought help through psychoanalysis. Facing the fact that she was dissatisfied with her life, she started on the road to emotional security. She frankly admitted that she was unable to cope with the situations which produced certain fears. She wanted to find out why she was afraid.

Analysis was her search into herself. It took nearly two years, and it wasn't easy. It was painful for Ava to relate her problems and fears. But all the money and time in the world could not pay for what it brought her—peace of mind.

Analysis taught her that she couldn't run away from her fears—that laughing and trying to be gay doesn't help.

"I learned that people accept you for what you are, no more, no less," she says. "To put on an air of phony sophistication doesn't do you any good."

To advance her education, Ava went to UCLA to study such subjects as economics and literature. "It's wonderful to meet people," she says, "when you have something to talk about—and when you have freedom from anxiety and can express yourself."

Five years ago, Ava would have been sick with fear at the thought of flying to Spain to star in Pandora And The Flying Dutchman. But now, she happily discovered that she made friends all over Europe with persons who liked her, and liked being with her.

Ava also had discovered through analysis that her two marriages failed because she was emotionally immature. She decided she never would marry again until she felt adult and satisfied with herself. When Ava met Frank, she at last felt all that. Before Frank, Ava had met many men she could have married... men who were "right for her." But she wasn't ready. She wasn't "right" yet for herself.

Ava felt grown-up, relaxed and free from anxiety during the first months of her passionate romance with the slender crooner. They settled into a relaxed, warm relationship. And Ava knew—realistically and without frisking—in love emotion—that she now had the capacity for a marriage that would last.

Ava, her friends say, had many a talk with Frank about controlling his temper. She vigilantly denied that Frank behaved disgracefully towards the press, and claimed she was "fed up with all the lies that have been written about us."

"Frank says," she explains, "he's trying to help his confidence by sticking up for him."

Ava recently met me in her dressing room at MGM. She wore only a sweater and skirt, but she looked glamorous, anyway. She appeared radiantly happy as she talked of her marriage.

"It's great," she said, "It's the only way to live. I never did like being single."

"Frank and I have problems to work out together, of course. Every married couple does. But we intend to work at them. Marriage takes a lot of adjustments and compromises. Life is one big adjustment, and marriage is the biggest of all."

"We want children," she smiled. "I used to want six, but I'm too old now. I'm 29 so I'd better settle for two or three."

"I'm very happy now, because I feel I am mature enough for marriage. I never was before."
dear esther . . .

(Continued from page 45) they would have thought we were all involved in some plot to get at the studio safe, because at the end we spoke only in clipped sentences and monosyllables.

My first approach was to call the MGM publicity department and suggest cooly that I might be willing to come and have a chat with Esther Williams if somebody would buy my lunch. This was received with a polite "Thank you, but I'm afraid we can't arrange for that at this time." I then agreed to lunch elsewhere if it could be arranged for me to spend an hour or so with you discussing life and chlorine and life among the mermaids and life. We settled on a "studio" and I promised to prepare a list of suitable questions and stand by my phone for an appointment.

After a day or two of getting my questions together, I had just one. "What's new?" And everytime I practiced it I slipped into a knowing leer. However, I lied and said I had a substantial basis for an interview ready and would appreciate a little action from the studio end.

I cor my call on a rainy day. Frankly I am not too fond of water and if I could bath at all it would please me to do. But I shut all the windows of my car and drove carefully to MGM to see you. I was shuttled to a place called the Sauce Tank where you were doing the under-water ballet. I was met and wiped out, and a young man trotted me up a flight of steps to a brightly lighted scaffolding atop a pool of more water than I have ever seen before.

"And where," I asked, "is Miss Williams?" The leer was already pulling at the corners of my mouth.

The young man pointed into the water and I was sitting for the cameras to start rolling. They do it with mirrors, I thought, because you were apparently tying your shoe laces.

"Tell me what you said to my guide. "I'll flip you to see if she comes up here or I go down there."

"We can't permit you to get into the pool," the young man said.

"Oh, and to George with me."

After what seemed a half-hour or so, during which I observed you through a watery film, you appeared to have taken your new selflessness quite well, and slipped on your lipstick and changed your hair-do. Well, frankly, Esther, just standing beside so much water made me feel like a regular frogman and I felt the need to get out and run a few laps on some dry turf, so I suggested to the guide that I go home and sit by my telephone and await the astonishing news that you had come up for air or food. He agreed almost too readily.

For the next few days we were in constant contact. And this is where our clipped conversations came in. My phone would ring. I'd answer it and somebody would say, "Darling, I just called to see if you'd like to have a roger." I would hang up and sprint for my car which I kept parked at the curb with the motor running.

I would just get into gear when my wife would appear in the driveway and sing: "She's in again!" And I would return indoors for the next flash. After a couple of days of my wife dashing outside and no answer, I got a little coming into the house our neighbors began to look at me oddly.

Oh, I saw you quite a few times, I would get a call from you or a note from you or a call from you, and then I would come back into the house our neighbors began to look at me oddly.

"I saw you quite a few times, I would get a call from you or a note from you or a call from you, and then I would come back into the house our neighbors began to look at me oddly."

I chortled. "Sixty dishes broken. I once broke a Wedgwood cup at the Bill Holdens' and Mrs. Holden darn near called the police."

"What party you talking about?" Ben asked coolly.

"Well," I said, "if you'd rather not talk about it let's drop it and have a cup of coffee.

"Never touch the stuff," said Ben.

This man, I thought, is going to be difficult.

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Ben. "The phone call. That was for a restaurant. Esther and I own a restaurant called The Trails. I was just talking to the manager. Place keeps me hopping night and day."

I grinned stupidly, but I said to myself—because he was bigger than me even sitting down; "Then why don't you tell people you're talking to a restaurant?"

"Because," Ben said, "you're talking to a restaurant, ya big—! You go around giving wrong impressions!" "What's new?" I said out loud. "Well," Ben said.

The phone rang again.

"Oh, hi!" said Ben into the phone. "You . . . yup . . . yup . . . no kidding . . . how come? . . . what'd he say? . . ."

"Now about yourself, is kind of a telephone conversation a man can understand?"

"Then I tell you what you better do," said Ben. "Call Washington and tell them you got some materials ready to go out as we but we've got to have confirmation on the rest before we can do any more. And you better look into that drill. It's spitting dull. And if you get your logismut tonight so he can arrum the crane in the morning. If we're not careful, we'll wind up with more catteramicks than shustenbobbles and the whole thing will bust up."

He waved his cold cigar at me indicating he would like to have some fire on the end of it. "For two cents," I said to myself, I must light this joker's nose. Somebody has paid him to confuse me.

Ben hung up in a moment and stared into my smiling, glassy eyes. My features were twisted into the shape of a question mark.

"Oh, that," he said, "Esther and I operate a defense plant. Keeps me hopping from morning to night."

I shuddered to ask him what department of the government was buying shustenbobbles these days but I restrained myself. He was already down on the sofa but he was still bigger than me.

"Are you an engineer or a scientist?"

"Oh, yeah," said Ben. "Well . . ."

That's right. The phone rang again.


"He must take me for an awful fool," I said to myself. "I just won't listen. He's a madman, is this man that keeps him hopping night and day."

"Tell you what," Ben mumbled into the phone. "Concentrate on the sashes. Get a sash on right and you got half the problem solved. Sure the net is fine enough and the whole thing is taken care of. And make sure they're nice and clean when you put them on. What are the measurements? Seven feet by three-and-a-half, ch. Sounds okay to me. Go ahead."

He hung up and turned back to me.

"Now don't tell me," I said. "You're making a living, aren't you?"

"What's the matter with you today?" Ben said. "Esther and I have a new business. We make aluminum screen doors and windows. We're just getting ready for a field test."

"I One day Spencer Tracy was doing a big scene in the picture, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Tracy thought he was cutting a pretty smooth figure as the well-groomed, hearty, successful young medicus. "Even Lana Turner," said Tracy, "gave me a second look, and I was feeling cocky enough to challenge Clark Gable with one hand tied behind me."

But watching Tracy do the scene was a prominent English author. The visitor kept staring at Spencer people. Tracy understood then the author turned to someone standing nearby and asked, in a very loud voice, "Who's the new Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"

F. Louis Friedman
"You think I didn't know?" I sneered.
"I was just kidding. I always kid like that."

Well, Esther, Ben and I never did get around to talking much about What's new—we just sort of relaxed and talked about you. We talked about how you cook most of the meals and how people came from miles around to borrow a bowl of your salad. And we looked at your kids, Benjy and Kimmy. Not a sign of a gill on either one of them yet. And Ben told me how you get up every morning and take a swim and a bath before going off to spend the day in that saucer tank. And he told me that you never appear in public in a pool, because there would always be some character who would drown himself trying to race you or stay under the drink longer than you could. But he told me that you do make personal appearances in pools for service men, particularly at hospitals. And about the time you raced some of the paraplegic fellows and wouldn't use your legs—and how some of them beat you, which was as nice a gesture as I've ever heard of.

Then he told me about how you bought your home in two days because Kimmy was coming and you needed room fast. And about how you both loved it so much you never wanted to leave it, which was why you were generally late for all the parties you are invited to. He showed me the echids you grow in your back yard and he tried to give me one. He said that you had picked some that morning and taken them to the studio to present to Queen Juliana of the Netherlands.

Ben and little me walked around the grounds and smelled the wonderful fragrance of your canyon. He showed me your piano and explained to me that neither one of you could play it, but you kept it there because your babies' pediatrician loved to play and liked to sit down and knock off a polka or two when he called to see the kids. That's kind of thoughtful.

And after awhile he gave me a couple of spoonfuls of that 50 pounds of coffee and we sat for quite a while in your living room talking about you and the lads and your work. Ben told me he was through with radio as a career, for, as he put it, he had a restaurant, a defense plant and an aluminum screen factory which kept him hopping—I think he said, night and day. He told me that sometimes it was kind of hard to keep a home on a stable basis living in Hollywood, but that you both worked hard at it and it seemed to be working out all right. And he mentioned some of the wild times you had, like having waffles and sausages in the yard on Sunday mornings with the whole family gathered around a big table in the shade of your favorite pepper tree. Some fun, eh. The whole thing turned out very well, I thought. I mean my talk with Ben. He apologized for your not being there and said you hadn't had a day off in as long as he could remember—and that he missed you.

Well, Esther, that is about all. I didn't get to ask you What's new?—but I found out a few things about you anyway. I hope sometime soon we can get together and have a good laugh about me and you and the saucer tank. In the meanwhile, I wish you lots of luck and happiness, because I think you are living right. As a matter of fact, when I finish this letter in a minute, I'm going into the kitchen and drink a toast to you and Ben and Benjy and Kimmy. I'm going to drink a great big glass of water to you all.

Your constant admirer,
afloat or aloft
Jim Henaghan

TEX and JINX and Paddy Cheer for TARTAN
...and so will you!

NBC's famous TV and radio family are seasoned sun worshippers, and long-time TARTAN users. TARTAN helps you get the smoothest, glowingest suntan you've ever had. Protects you from painful sunburn by screening out most of the sun's burning rays.

And TARTAN's a joy to use—never sticky or greasy—pleasantly scented, won't pick up dirt or sand.

Play safe in the sun, use TARTAN.
Your cottons stay clean longer, look better...iron easier...

with my quick
LINIT RECIPE

-Jane Ashley

Home Service Department

Your cottons stay clean longer, look better...iron easier... with my quick LINIT RECIPE

Perfect “No-Cook” Starch with Penetrating Action

“No-cook” Linit is different! Its thin fluid mixture gets down into (not onto) the fabric. This exclusive “Penetrating Action” leaves cotton crisp, smooth, “like new”. Linit-starched cottons stay clean far longer. Wash clean quicker, too—because grey dirt rides out on Linit. Linit also makes ironing faster and easier. Try Linit® Starch once—and you’ll prefer it always.

MIX equal amount of Linit and cold water. Easy “no-cook” directions on box.

POUR boiling water gradually into mixture, stir. No straining... no lumps.

READY to use in cotton washables for a “Luxury Finish” you’ll love.

Easy... You make LINIT in less than a MINUTE

Available in 12-oz. and 36-oz. packages

...FOR A LUXURY FINISH

COOL SUMMER FARE

ARLENE DAHL PRESENTS A PACK UP AND GO WARDROBE

Radiant in chambray and surrounded by frills, Arlene poses in Majestic’s bias-skirted dress. The bodice and yoke are of chambray stripping on a nylon net base—all washable. Mauve, lilac, navy, tan or grey. Sizes 10-18. About $15. Arlene holds eye-ful’s permanent-finish organdy petticoat with little bolster ruffles under the eyelet-embroidered flounce. White, embroidered in red only. Sizes 24-30. About $15. Arlene personally designed the pink nitie (on the screen); bedjacket (on the bed); “Dahl Cap” (in the train case left)—all made by Saab. (On the screen—left to right) Glentex scarf, Vanity Fair slip, eye-ful petticoat, Carter shortie gown. (On the bed) Carter duster robe. (On the suitcase—left to right) Glentex scarf, Playtex “White Magic” girdle, Lily of France Cormiere girdle, Munsingwear “Nipper-waist Skirt,” Berkeley Handbag. (Hanging on the suitcase lid) Strutwear “Cooljama”. Arlene will soon be seen in Paramount’s “Caribbean Gold.”

Opposite page:
Luggage—American Tourister;
Shoes and bedroom slippers—
A. S. Beck; Hosiery—Lanvin;
Pearl—LaTausca.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL
modern screen's
hollywood approved fashions
hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS
ALL!

Opposite page (left to right) Playtex—
Fab-Lined "White Magic" panty-girdle,
without a single seam, stitch or bone,
the smooth-as-skin invisible undergarment for
sports or dress wear.* Strutwear's
just right for summer sleepwear two-piece "Cooljama"
of rayon tricot (bare
midriff plaid halter top—plain shorts).*
Strutwear's velvet-dull Reverse-Knit
hosiery. For a glamor manicure—"Strike
Me Pink!" Spillproof nail polish (and, of
course, matching StayFast lipstick)
by Cutex.

Above right photo (left to right)
Bestform's junior panty-girdle of
lace elastic, satin front panel, detach-
able garters—bra of rayon satin, bandeau
style, side elastic inserts.* Willys
of Hollywood "Sweetheart" stockings
with golden arrows—above
the knee. Stardust's sanforized fine
cotton petticoat flounced with eyelet
embroidery and bra of pre-shrunk cotton.*
Lily of France Cormiere nylon elastic
girdle, and Lilees nylon marquisette bra,
both trimmed with satin ribbon.* Willys
of Hollywood's "Bow-Catchers" stockings—
satin bows on instep.

Lower right photo (left to right)
Lovable's Ringlet—strapless bra of
sheer embroidered nylon with acetate
satın under-cups to give flattering support.
Holds its beautiful shape through count-
less washings.* Peter Pan's Merry-
Go-Round bra has circular sections
joined with fagoting to provide natural-
rounded contour.* Petticoats by Eye-Ful
—the washable rayon taffeta (left) has a
side zipper and knee-deep, scalloped flounce
lined with Crinolast. The cotton petticoat
has an eyelet-embroidered organdy
flounce and ruffle.*

*For sizes, prices and colors see page 79.

Hollywood Approved Fashions Can Be Bought From The Stores Listed On Page 79; In Person Or By Mail.
Hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS ALL!


Vanity Fair's nylon tricot slip (left)—hem and yoke of nylon net cored with tricot.* Valentines' shoes. Maidenform's Long-Line strapless "Half-Way" bra (center) for the lowest necklines. T & M's organdy petticoat is permanently finished, washable.* Willys of Hollywood's "Hideaway" stockings —model (right) wears "Mamba." Munsingwear's tricot "Nipper-waist Skirt" (right)—nylon elastic power net yoke; featherboned, nylon marquisette front panel—hook and eye side closing.*
Carter's Duster robe (left) of nylon tricot can be worn for sleeping.*
In the trunk, a Carter shortie nightgown of nylon tricot with nylon net ruffles.* Hollywood-Maxwell's Whirlpool bra (center) gives extra support to broad diaphragms.* Flexee's "Flatterin'-Hi," wisp-light boneless nylon power net girdle (right) with reinforced Lastique panel. Wired bra of nylon lace has adjustable marquisette upper-cups.* Willys of Hollywood's "Fringe on Top" stockings.

*For sizes, prices and colors see Page 79.

Hollywood approved fashions can be bought from the stores listed on Page 79; in person or by mail.
FIGURE
FLATTERY

Above right—you can splash with dash in this “Mad About Plaid” one-piece swim suit from Maurice Handler of California posed by Susan Alexander, Hollywood starlet. Fashioned of plaid woven Lastex, the suit is styled with a back-zipper closing—bra and trouser cuff trim. Sizes 9 to 15. White, pink, red or maize—all with black. About $15. TARTAN SUNTAN LOTION for a golden tan. SUNGLASSES BY GRANTLY. Right—“Samba” a cotton printed piqué one-piece swim suit with a dancing pattern and a swaying ruffle trim worn by Judy Kelly, Hollywood starlet and TV actress. With elasticized back, the gaiety of the print of this suit continues in its youthful design. Sizes: Small, medium or large. Red or navy on white. About $9. A MAURICE HANDLER ORIGINAL. SUNGLASSES—AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY. SUNTAN LOTION BY TARTAN.

Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

MODERN SCREEN HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
Far Superior...Far More Foolproof...for Every type of Hair!

Procter & Gamble guarantees that
No Other Home Permanent Today
makes hair look...feel...behave so much like the loveliest

Lilt

Naturally Curly Hair!

Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, Lilt is far superior!

1. Lilt's one Waving Lotion is far superior...safer, surer for every type of hair...even for children's hair! No other Home Permanent today has such a foolproof Waving Lotion!

2. Only Lilt has such a superior Neutralizer! It gives as long-lasting a home wave as is possible today. And Lilt leaves your hair softer, lovelier!

3. Only Lilt gives such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look...and the Lilt method is so quick, so easy, so sure!

4. Only a Lilt wave is so easy-to-manage. A Lilt requires less frequent setting than any other home permanent wave!

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!
Back home after three years, Rita Hayworth recently moved into this pale green hideaway surrounded by dense foliage. Actually, it's only a few minutes' drive from Columbia Studios.

(Continued from page 31) the hotel when she suddenly decided that hotel living was not for her. She jumped up from her chaise longue and began to call for her secretary Maggie Parker.

Maggie came running.

"We've just got to get out of here," Rita began. "It's very lovely and all of that but ..."

"But what?" Maggie asked.

"But I don't feel at home. I can't raid the ice box. I can't walk around in jeans. People keep staring at me. And it's not right for the children, especially Becky. She's lived in too many hotels already."

In a week's time, Maggie had scouted all the available large homes in or near Hollywood. She narrowed her choice down to one and then called Rita.

"I went up on a Sunday," Rita recalls, "and this house at the top of Alpine Drive. It looked exactly right from the outside, but I wondered if the inside would have enough space for my staff."

Rita always needs quarters for a cook, for Suzanne, the personal maid who came back with her from France, and for Domingo, the Philippine butler who's run all of her homes and a good share of her life for the past eight years. Rita also needs space and privacy for herself and her two daughters and nurse.

The guest bedroom and bath on the first floor, Rita decided, would be perfect for two-year-old Yasmine and her nurse, Anne. These rooms are removed from the rest of the household, and near the kitchen which is important because Yasmine is still on an infant's sleeping and feeding schedule.

Upstairs the master bedroom looks out onto hills and trees and sky. "Right off," Rita says, "it seemed the kind of room that would make me feel happy in the morning and relaxed at night. In fact, as soon as I saw it, I was ready to write out a check." But common sense held Rita back, and she continued her inspection.

Next to the master bedroom is a mirrored dressing room. No matter what you've heard, Rita Hayworth is not overly pre-occupied with clothes and high fashion. However, she has a large wardrobe, and when she saw the roomy closet space, she knew that the new batch of custom-made clothes she'd ordered from Joseph Halpert in New York would hang very well there.

When Rita was shown a gay, young room with rose bedecked wallpaper, four poster bed, and gaudy-skirted vanity table, she immediately pictured her seven-year-old Rebecca in it.

Before she decided to take the house, though, Rita turned to Maggie and said, "Be sure to have Domingo put his okay on all this." And she waved her hand in the general direction of the dining room, butler's pantry, and kitchen.

Domingo knows more about Rita Hayworth than anyone living. He knows her moods, her tastes, her preferences in food and men. He is also a natural diplomat.

A few weeks ago, for example, a local Romeo phoned, trying to date his employer. Rita has no use for this particular wolf, and Domingo knows it, but this is what he said over the phone. "Oh, yes, Mr. H., Miss Hayworth very anxious to see you but she gone out of town for few days. Know you will understand, of course."

Rita was in the living room, sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace, listening to records.

Domingo always makes it a point to have a favorite Hayworth record on the machine when she steps in the front door. He also lavishes great care on the flower arrangement—arranging the way Rita loves to drive, but she doesn't own a car, so Domingo lets her borrow his Buick whenever she's in the mood.

A nice guy this Domingo, a jack-of-all-trades whom Rita treats as another brother. She does have two brothers—Vernon and Ed—who usually visit her on Sundays. This, by the way, gives the lie to the rumor that ever since her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita has neglected her family. Rita has always been loyal to her clan.

On a typical Sunday, the Cansinos gather early at Rita's place. Her father Eduardo and her stepmother, are usually the first to arrive. They come for coffee and a perusal of the morning papers. Then Vernon, Ed, their wives, and Ed's two children drive up.

Next comes Aunt Rosser, a dowager great aunt who prefers to stay for the weekend. On especially fine Sundays, Padre Cansino, Rita's 80-year-old grandfather, comes, too—so it's quite a gathering.

The Cansinos are all individualists, each doing what he likes—best—reading, painting, music, and dancing. Last Christmas, brother Ed gave Rita an easel and a set of paints. At the same time, Charlie Feldman, one of Hollywood's top talent agents, got a gift. He is an artist, and a figure, gifted her with an oil painting by Marc Chagall.

Combining these two gifts, Rita borrowed one of Domingo's white coats and began painting copies of Chagall grapes like mad.

Her pre-occupation with art, in fact, has spread to Becky and other members of the household so that the mansion is becoming a real art gallery.

"It's a good thing," Rita says, "having the family enjoy hobbies together. It makes for family solidarity, and that's really important to children."

Once Domingo had okayed the kitchen facilities, Rita moved her children and staff into the Alpine House and promptly announced that the same routine would be followed in the Hayworth's new residence.

One of these is that on Sundays, no meals at the Hayworth house are eaten at tables. Sunday is the cook's day off which means that Domingo and his assistants will serve and large salad and leaves it in the refrigerator with a platter of cold cuts and assorted cheeses.

Anytime a family member gets hungry, he digs into the refrigerator.

Sundays, Rita will drift into the kitchen and concoct a favorite traditional Spanish dish like arroz con pollo (chicken and rice) or the hander's appetite, also a cast iron stomach. She can and does eat anything. She will fill up on a heavy meal at eight. By midnight, she is hungry again and tiptoes down to the kitchen where she prepares herself two sandwiches and a glass of milk.

On workingdays, Rita is up at six A.M. long before the children. She eats a hearty breakfast in bed of fruit, bacon, eggs, coffee, etc.

She is dressed by seven at which time Maggie or Domingo drive her to the studio. She works hard all day and returns home sometime before seven. She'll sit down to what sort of day she's had at the studio, the minute she hits the front door she radiates nothing but joy. She throws off the old leather jacket that she wears to the studio, picks up little Yas and tosses her into the air. Then she kisses Becky and rumples her short curly hair.

While Rita eats dinner on a card table in the living room, Becky and two little daughters chatter madly. Rebecca often likes to read aloud to her mother.

Both of Rita's daughters are naturally musical, and before Rita finishes dinner, Yas, six years old, begins to sing, and Becky starts the record player going. There are record players all over the house. Becky, in fact, sleeps with one at her bed.

Once the music starts, Rita finishes her meal quickly. Sometimes she'll get her dance drum and beat out a tempo while the little girls dance. Becky is studying ballet with Rita, and this reveals traces of a disciplined technique but little Yas is completely uninhibited.

Presently, Rita herself will reach for her castanets, and mother and daughters will have a musical ball. Eventually, Rita will return to her Conga drum and beating out a rhythm, will lead her dark-eyed offspring into a rage.

Then she curls up on a sofa and studies her lines for the next day or she goes upstairs, showers, and dresses for her date.

Rita's dates have been far and few between. Not that she has been besieged by dozens of admirers. Poor Domingo is running out of diplomatic alibis. It's just that she doesn't want to risk the chance of getting a new love until she's finished with the old.

All sorts of stories have sprung up, of course, about what goes on behind the walls of Rita's Alpine Drive mansion. One columnist says that Aly Khan has been going in and out of the residence for months, secretly. Another says that Gilbert Roland and Rita dine there quietly every evening away from curious eyes. A third intimates that Charlie Feldman is the only suitor who is welcome at all hours.

None of this is true.

Right now, Rita Hayworth's house is for women. But it needs a man's touch and Rita knows it. And someday soon that man will come along.
modern screen's Hollywood approved fashions

Sizes, Prices And Colors Of Modern Screen's Hollywood approved fashions. Page 72—PLAYTEX: S.M.L. Panty brief, $4.95; Fab-Lined Panty girdle with Adj-just-All garters, $6.95; Girdle with Adj-just-All garters, $6.95, "White Magic" or pink STRUSTR "Cooljama" 32-38. About $3. Geranium, Hya-nth or Sea green.


yard black, Vendome navy, Milan straw, French mocha. Pettiskirt S.M.L. About $7. (In these same colors); Panty $5. White, pink or black—Pettiskirt extra length. About $7.95. (In these three colors) A. STEIN: Fer-


Beau-Bro of nylon plisse, a low cut V neckline and embroidered nylon marquisette inserts. An elastic center bond gives added fit and com-
fort; Bra A or B cup. Matching garter belt S.M.L. Both white or pink—About $1.49 each. Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores

AMERICAN TOURISTER (Luggage) Page 71 Available at principal department and luggage stores throughout the country.

A. S. BECK (Bedroom slippers and shoes) Pages 71, 73, 74, 75 Available at all A. S. Beck Shoe stores.

A. STEIN (Perma-fitt girdle and Bra) Page 74 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS (Girdle & Bra) Page 74 Available at leading department or special shops throughout the country.


EYE-FUL (Petticoats) Pages 71, 73 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.


GLENTEST (Sarfs) Page 71 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.


F. Wirth, Texas, Mennie's Milwaukee, Wis., Cherries' Minneapolis, Minn., L. G. Weis New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable

OMAHA, Neb., Nebraska Clothing Co. CLEVELAND, Ohio, The Metropolitan Chicago, Ill., Carson, Petrie, Benson, Inc.

FT. WORTH, Texas, Mennie's Milwaukee, Wis., Schuners' Minneapolis, Minn., L. G. Weis New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable


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Birmingham, Ala., Varner's Ft. Worth, Texas, Monroe's Milwaukee, Wis., Wiesch Bros. Cleveland, Ohio, Quigley

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PETER PAN (Bra) Page 73 Atlanta, Ga., Rich's, Inc. Baltimore, Md., Mudron & Anderson Dallas, Texas, H. Harris & Co.


Atlanta, Ga., Rich's, Inc. Los Angeles, Calif., Broadway Dept.

MIAMI, Fla., Wiesch Bros. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., L. G. Weis ORLANDO, Fla., Dickson & Ives

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DALLAS, Texas, Dallas, Texas, John Hiebarth NEW YORK, N. Y., Stern Bros.

SAINT LOUIS, Mo., Famous Harr Co.

WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD (Stockings) Pages 73 & 74 Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co. Dallas, Texas, John Hiebarth

DALLAS, Texas, John Hiebarth NEW YORK, N. Y., B. Altman Co.

ARIZONA, Utah, Z.C.M.I.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Katon-McDonald, Inc.

PETER PAN (Bra) Page 73 Dallas, Texas, John Hiebarth Dallas, Texas, A. Harris & Co.


Atlanta, Ga., Rich's, Inc. Los Angeles, Calif., Broadway Dept.

MIAMI, Fla., Wiesch Bros. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., L. G. Weis ORLANDO, Fla., Dickson & Ives

PLAYTEX ("White Magic" girdle) Page 71, 72 Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

STARDUST (Slip & Bra) Page 73 Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co. (bra only)

CHICAGO, Ill., Marshall Field & Co. Dallas, Texas, Tichle Goettlinger Co.


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VALENTINES (Shoes) Page 74 Brooklyn, N. Y., Namm's, Inc. Dallas, Texas, Peacock Shoe Corp.

Cleveland, Ohio, J. B. & Son, Inc. Los Angeles, Calif., Ince Shoe Co.

New York, N. Y., Foot Rest Shoes—Men

PASADENA, Calif., J. C. Penney Co.

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FORT WORTH, Texas, The Fair

WASHINGTON, D. C., W. M. Carter

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Z.C.M.I.

PARIS, France, Magnin

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Washington, D. C., Ever-Arrow

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Z.C.M.I.
alain ladd's a big baby!

(Continued from page 46) place has to be either a show place or a home. What's it going to be?"

"Sue stopped breathing hard—she knew Alain Ladd. Now was the time to make the decision.

"A home," she said.

And that's the way it has been ever since.

It would be impossible to visit and talk with Alan Ladd for any length of time without getting on the subject of dogs, because while you are sitting in his house or in his car, there are always several around you. And yet Alan is not in the accepted sense a "dog-lover," as defined once by James Thurber. A dog-lover is a man who loves someone else's dog, and while Alan Ladd is a good boxer, he shows his affection only on his own. The last count at the Ladds' showed there were three animals residing in his Hollywood home, Jezebel, a younger boxer named Brindle and a small dachshund named Fritzie, II. There are generally anywhere from five to twenty dogs at the Ladd ranch, depending on the date of the last whelping, but the number is controlled. He ought to know, basing his calculations, that's needed, show a simple list of the owners and see what they're doing. And with the help of Sue, Alan Ladd's woman-manager, the dog owner can settle the matter. Sue Ladd, for instance, had a dog called Irma, given to him by Victor Mature. One day Irma found out she could jump fences, so whenever she felt cramped for air, she would split open the truck and get right back into the neighborhood where she would accomplish all sorts of damages until caught. When Jerry finally got an eight-foot high fence all around his place and Irma showed up at the gate with the handle of a cigar box, the comic decided to dispose of her.

"Let's give Irma to the Ladds," said Jerry to his wife one night. "They love dogs."

Jezebel joined the pack at the Ladd farm and along with her girl friends and cousins proceeded to produce more Boxers. It was a happy family, the Ladd Boxers.

One Christmas, the Ladds decided to give their friends boxers as gifts. This was quite a thing as the strain was now considered the finest in the district. Sue told the story of how they got the word about their litters, with cute cards attached, and sent them around to select friends by special messenger. And everyone was very grateful.

A couple of months later, however, Sue came home pale and trembling.

"I just saw one of the pups we gave away last Christmas. And it had a nose like a dachshund. Does that count?"

In a few days they were sure. They visited most of the other recipients of the dogs and discovered that the animals were growing up much like a cross between Boxer and Dachshund. The Ladds were mortified, particularly because of the to-do that had been made upon the delivery of the pups—and the fancy pedigree papers that had been sent to each new owner. But they faced the problem squarely. They called each of the people and explained that there had been an error in the naming of the father—and offered to take back the off-breed children and replace them. It is a tribute to Hollywood that not a single star or big shot who got the pups would even consider the switch. They were all in love with their new Little.—

It is the habit of Sue and Alain Ladd to keep track of the pups they give away. This particular litter is the same as the one Alain sold to one of his friends. He met a man that day who told him that all the pups needed to calm him down was the blanket he was born on. Alain was willing to accept the oddity and even get some of them for himself, so he got in touch with the original owner. The dog was named Moose, and he thought this was a great name for a scienceless beast apparently named Moose, who, although he is addicted to destroying furniture, eating prize roses and napping all day, has a nose like a dachshund. When the phone rings it is the Ladds calling, the conversation always begins with: "How's Moose?"

The ranch is a great place for these dogs. They were all discovered when they were only a few days old. The owners bring their pets there for a visit to ma and pa and the cousins. Estelle Taylor dropped in one day with her dog and was so pleased with the Ladd Boxers that she bought one and after taking one look at the pack heading for him a tussle, took off into the tall brush surrounding the ranch. Estelle called him in vain, then, quite disenchanted with the idea of a Boxer. She finally decided to return with an Alsatian. And Alain Ladd's Boxers continued to grow, and with them seems to have grown up a little longer than she might have wanted.
in order to give this family a fair chance to make an impression. At first, she found the other dogs, Jezebel and Brindie, rather a bore and certainly ungainly and monstrous in their manners.

As she grew older it became no problem for her to rule the roost with her superior intellect—and even in the matter of dog quarrels she managed to impose her will on the boxers by a few well-spoken threats (she did speak boxer language) or the exhibition of a small fang or a disgusted flip of the tail as she waltzed from the fray, refusing to discuss the matter any longer. She contributed nothing to the home—except love, a thing she couldn't help. And she asked nothing—except love.

And when she died, she left elegantly, expecting nothing more than tears and a last scent of her master.

It was pretty dramatic, the way Fritzie died. Every day, as long as she could remember, a bus had driven by the Ladd home, or rather the home Fritzie shared with the Ladds. A man stood up in front of this bus and as it halted before the Ladd house, announced to his passengers, all sightseers, that this was the residence of the famous movie star. Fritzie found this bit of nonsense an amusing part of her day, so she never failed to be on hand to inspect the passengers and she would trot around and display her best points until the bus drove away. She knew who they came to see.

One day the bus was a few minutes late. Fritzie had trotted off down the driveway to the road and, not seeing the bus, had ventured out into the road to see if it was coming. A car came careening around the corner and before Fritzie could avoid it, she was struck and thrown into the middle of the street mortally wounded. The car drove on.

A few minutes later the sightseeing bus came along, with the man standing up in the front explaining to his fares which star's home they were approaching. But he didn't finish his spiel. He saw the small brown object in the road.

He had never been in a movie star's home before, but the man picked Fritzie up in his arms and walked up the path through the garden to the front door. Alan Ladd answered the bell and took the tiny burden from the man's hands. It was obvious that Fritzie was beyond help, so Alan took her into the living room and held her close in his arms while Jezebel and Brindie sat in a far corner and watched in dread.

And then, with a last scent of her master and a final surge of love in her little heart, Fritzie acknowledged that things seemed to have turned out all right after all, and she quietly went to sleep. And long after she was gone Alan's tears fell on her small face.

There was sadness in Fritzie's house for quite a while after that. But one day Sue came home with a bundle, shortly after Alan had gone to bed. She walked into the room and tossed the bundle onto the bed, where it began to scamper about like a mouse.

"What's that?" asked Alan, fully awakened.

"It's for you," said Sue. "It's name is Fritzie."

The dachshund stopped squirming and looked into Alan's face—and they grinned at each other. And when the light was put out, Fritzie, the second, got under a pillow and went to sleep, no doubt thinking there'd need to be a few changes made around here.

(Alan Ladd can be seen next in Paramount's Shane.—Ed.)

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my home town

(Continued from page 60) After my first six months of vocal study, my singing teacher told me that my voice had promise and that I should be forced to practice. Mother didn’t believe in that method. But one Saturday morning, she and I went to an audition at the Hollywood Theater, which was running an amateur contest sponsored by 7-Up. When I sang for Del Mille, radio manager, he encouraged me to enter, and I was more surprised than I when, the following week, I won the contest, and later, the grand elimination prize.

At the one that followed, Mr. Milne arranged for me to sing at a number of benefit shows in Portland, including a Lions’ Club benefit for the blind to which Mr. Milne invited a number of the local radio station executives. Among that group was Mr. Joseph Sampietro, musical director of KOIN, with whose orchestra I sang many times during the next two years. A few days later, I was asked to audition by one of the other stations, but, when I sang, they told me I should go home and practice some more.

Then, in March, 1941, Mother took a girl friend and me downtown to see a matinee. We were unoccupied with window-shopping when I noticed Mother talking to a man on the street. It turned out to be Carl Welker, who had handled the publicity for the Agnes Peters retai. Apparently, Mr. Welker had asked Mother what I had been doing with my dancing lessons and was trying to reach me. He said that when he learned that I was singing, he suggested that I audition at KOIN for the Oregon War Bond Committee which was then called Oregon Victory Girl. I was thrilled when I was asked for the part after I sang for them. But Mother insisted that I finish grammar school first. I think, mother, please let me try it,” I pleaded. “You're such a girl,” Mother told me. “You’ll have to give it your very best, and you can’t do that until you finish your semester in grammar school.”

I sighed, reluctantly. I could hardly wait until school finished that summer. But some of my impatience was abated by the thrill of getting myuniforms, a gift from the new songs I was learning, and the tremendous opportunities which I knew lay ahead of me.

That summer I was almost literally adopted by the men who made up the Oregon War Bond Committee, whom I came to call my “uncles” as the bond drive progressed. They included Carl Werner, C. H. Mears, Mayor John V. Latimore, Harvey Wells (Dean of the Oregon State Legislature), Larry Hilaire, Al Fink, William Moors, and other prominent Portland businessmen. It did everything possible to launch my career. Before school started in September, I was singing every week on KOIN’s “Victory Harvest” program.

At the midst of all this activity, I started back for my last year at Beaumont School. By November, I began to realize what Mother meant when she said that I could not not accept the job as Oregon’s Victory Girl. It was too big for that. Very soon, I found myself taking on a second weekly radio show on KOIN, “The Million Dollar Club,” which handled some of the songs that had sold more than $1,000,000 worth of war bonds. That November, I christened a Liberty ship at the Kaiser shipyards, sang at the U.S. War Bond appearances at the shipyards and war plants of the Pacific Northwest. During that fall term at Beaumont, I missed 30 out of 90 days in class.

I don’t believe any 35-year-old has ever been as speechless of every minute of it more than I did.

During the following spring, the war bond program gained momentum, and I gained momentum with it, traveling with the “Victory Harvest” program to a different Oregon city each week. In all, we covered 34 out of Oregon’s 36 counties. My traveling companion on the trips away from Portland was Carl Worldly, Miss Oregon of 1943, whom I understand is now married and living in Long Beach, California. Sometimes, we entertained at war bond meetings, speaking on behalf of each of the shifts. The effort certainly paid off. Oregon was among the top five states in war bond sales.

It wasn’t easy for me to single out the greatest thrill of my life as Oregon’s Victory Girl. There were so many. But I’ll never forget singing before the Joint Session of the Oregon State Legislature on Washington’s Birthday in 1945. Or the day, shortly before I was 15, that I was named a member of the “Million Dollar Club.” Or the time Carl Greve, a Portland jeweler, who sponsored my first commercial radio program, presented me with a diamond ring—my first real diamond ring.

These are but a few of the experiences which tie my heart to Portland. I can still remember the special kidding I used to take from Chet Duncan of KOIN as he draped me more and more down to my singing level. And my mother’s regular warning to stay dry and warm if I was to sing out of doors. And the many afternoons that Nancy Dickson and I spent watching tennis on the tennis courts of the Beaumont School grounds, or the nights that myriads each other offered me their fortunes on the outja board. I have found as much happiness as I have.

When I was signed for movies after my appearance on “Hollywood Showcase,” I started the ninth grade on the Universal lot, and finished the rest of my high school work in studio schools.

Of course, the biggest thrill of my whole life was the world premiere of my first picture, The Fallen Sparrow, which was held in Portland during the Rose Festival of 1944. What a home-coming! On the day I arrived, rain was pouring down, yet thousands of people lined the streets to see me. It was a big reception at the public auditorium and, that night, the premiere. I was 15, and absolutely speechless with happiness, especially when, the next day, Mayor Riley invited me back to the concert center, where I had sung the year before, as the Jane Powell Concert Center.

Unfortunately, I haven’t been able to make another prolonged visit to Portland. I went back for a benefit concert for the Symphony Orchestra a few years ago. But because of my schedule in Hollywood, I didn’t get a chance to stay long. It’s like so many things which come and go, but we expect from all parts of our lives. We keep putting them off, while our anticipation grows and grows.

Now, that our baby girl is getting old enough to travel, Geary and I hope that it won’t be long before we can take a relaxed trip back to my home town. He was ready to travel, too, as he talked about the wonderful skiing in Mt. Hood, whose majestic peak looks like a fairy castle against the eastern skyline of Portland. Because of my motion picture schedule, it won’t be soon. But it will be soon. I miss my old home town. END

(Jane Powell can be seen in MGM’s Small Town Girl—Ed.)

hollywood’s most passionate loves (shelley winters)

(Continued from page 39) idols of Italy. They had a transatlantic trans-oceanic courtship and finally decided to culminate it in marriage.

Shelley now wears skirts and lipstick. She has been away from her directors and is the model of every town. She decided to live in Italy six months out of the year, and she doesn’t telephone any more.

Gassman says he can offer no recipe for the change in Shelley because, as he says, “She is the same as when I first met her, and I did not know her before, so how could I know now she changed her,” which makes sense.

Therefore to discover the secret of this passion of the plaster city we have to flashback to its exclusive behind-the-scenes story of their romance.

The Italian Lotthario was born in Genoa, Italy, Sept. 1, 1922. His father is a well-to-do construction engineer. Vittorio played basketball and he calls to be a lawyer at the University of Rome.

Then he switched to acting. He studied at the Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years and was a model. Since then he has starred in 92 plays, in nine years, and is regarded as one of the top stage actors in Italy. His name has been up in Italy for a long time for such stage successes as Edgar furniture Demetio Desire, All My Sons, Romeo and Juliet and As You Like It.

He also has been a leading Idol of Italy for six years, and has appeared in 19 movies, including one that was popular in this country, Bitter Rice. He was the villain who attacked the leggy and luscious Susan Hayward.

Another picture, in which he co-starred with Hollywood’s Geraldine Brooks, Streets of Sorrow, will be released in the United States soon.

Thus Shelley was impressed with the handsome profile when her escort, Frank Latimore, an American actor living in Rome, introduced her to Vittorio in the lobby of the Spanish Ballet theater.

The first time we met didn’t count,” Guastini said recently in his first interview after arriving in the United States.

“It was a very conventional meeting. And I told a lie. I said that I liked her in A Place In The Sun, when I hadn’t even seen it.”

The next day, Latimore tossed a party for Shelley and invited Gassman. The day after that, Vittorio decided to telephone her.

Shelley, being Shelley, hadn’t waited for such convention.

“I called her but she wasn’t,” he recalls.

“When then I got home I found she had already called me.”

He looked a little puzzled.

“I liked her because she ate a lot,” he beamed. “She had no preoccupation with diet.

“I didn’t know very much about her. Most of her pictures hadn’t played in Italy yet. I knew that she was a movie star, because I read about her in movie magazines.”

On this momentous occasion, Shelley and Vittorio had a heated discussion about...
movie was finished, Shelley zipped off to Italy. As an example of her devotion and of the new Shelley Winters, she knitted a scarf with her own hands and presented it to Vittorio as she stepped off the plane. The news photographers happened to be on hand to record this bit of domesticity.

After Gassman ended his picture, the pair announced their engagement in the accepted mode of the cinema city. They called a press conference. Then they sped to New York and Hollywood where romance flourished under the light of photographers’ flashbulbs. When Shelley stepped off the plane in Hollywood, she smiled wanly, said she had nothing to talk about and drifted home.

In typical stop-dash Shelley Winters style, Shell & Vittorio hopped down to Juarez, Mexico, and were married two hours after he obtained his divorce.

Before dawn broke over Schwartz’s drug-store, Hollywood buzzed with talk about the new Shelley.

“She certainly is more subdued,” one of her close friends said. “Why, she doesn’t even table-hop in restaurants anymore!”

Another pal observed, “She’s more interested in looking at you when she talks. She used to gaze to the four corners of the room to see what everybody else was doing. She dresses in more feminine clothes, too, and she wears lipstick in public.

Shelley herself admits she’s changed. Her explanation of the new Shelley Winters is simple, honest and mature.

“I’m very much in love with someone extraordinary who loves me back,” she said. “That is security.”

Shelley sighed happily. “We talk for days at a time. We never run out of things to talk about. And we haven’t had a fight since we met.

“I wasn’t so frantic about winning that Oscar for my role in A Place In The Sun as I would have been a year ago.

“Naturally I wanted to win, but a year ago I would have been desperate.

“I used to be involved with the craziness of this town,” she confessed. “Last year I did six movies, more than any other star. They should have given me an Oscar for doing the most, anyway.

“I worked so hard I had to spend three weeks in a hospital so I could rest where people couldn’t get at me. I used to throw up all the time, I was so nervous.

“I can eat more now. I learned one important thing in Europe—we don’t take time to do anything in this country. In Italy they take three hours for lunch.

“Nobody takes much time to live over here,” Shelley said. “Through Vittorio I met European artists and writers and I realized that the world is a big place. Hollywood has taken on its proper perspective for me.”

Shelley further floored Hollywood by announcing to her studio that she and Vittorio would live in movietown and work in pictures for only six months of the year. The other six they’ll spend in Italy where the plans to appear in the theater together and where Vittorio will continue his picture career. Shelley’s U-I contract doesn’t allow her to appear in Italian movies.

“If the studio doesn’t like the arrangement,” shrugged Shelley, “all they can do is take me off salary for six months. That’s all suspension is, you know. And I get 12 weeks of lay-off every year, anyway, when I’m not paid.

“T’m not so frightened about making any more. I used to be scared silly if they’d just mention suspension. I’d think about that money I’d miss. But I have somebody to take care of me now."

Shelley’s trip to Europe probably had

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a large part in her switch from the temperamental, insecure girl to a more mature woman in love. To the girl who had known only New York and Hollywood, her trip brought her a new sense of values, and a realization that "there are so many wonderful places in the world to see and so many things to do."

Vittorio, being European, fits into this new mood. He is cultured, well-traveled and far more mature emotionally and intellectually than his 29 years. Shelley had known one previous failure at marriage (and so had Gassman).

"I like Shelley because she is a very alive and nice human being," he says. "She has not been spoiled by her successes, and not stopped by it, either. She has many more ambitions."

"She is attractive to me physically, of course, which is important but not sufficient."

"She is enthusiastic about life and curious about it. I have much less curiosity, as you say, so I appreciate it in other people. I am not curious," he shrugged. "I am interested in just two or three things in life—the theater, literature. I have good friends."

"Here life is quicker. In Europe you take longer to eat, more time to talk. This makes friendships. In Europe we have more friends, and more enemies, too."

"I didn’t know much about Shelley when I met her. I didn’t believe the stories that were written about her. I am not interested in her past, but in her future."

"We have interesting times together, and many fascinating things to talk about. We are interested in the same things."

"Shelley desires spiritual and emotional security. This is her first problem, she has told me. She wants a happy marriage and I hope ours will be one. I hope our marriage will give her that security."

"I was told that before she met me she was much more easily nervous and quiet. I didn’t know her before, of course, so I don’t realize any difference. I have no two portraits of her to compare, so to speak."

One factor that Shelley and Vittorio believe will cement their union into a lasting one is that both believe in the European formula for marriage: the husband is the boss.

As has been often said by psychiatrists and other experts, American women suffer from a dilemma. They fought for their independence, for the right to vote and to work side by side with men in the business world. But in so doing, the ex-

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

- The Inside Story
- Louello Porsons’ Good News
- Mike Connolly’s Hollywood Report
- Take My Word For It by Barbara Stoncyk
- Rita’s Rinin’ To Go (Rita Hoyer)
- Hollywood’s Most Passionate Loves (Shelley Winters, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Liz Taylor)
- No Time For Modesty (Gordon MocRae)
- "Dolfin, You’re Nuts!" (Jane Wymon)
- Am I Too Daring? by Marilyn Monroe
- He’s Really Living (Steve Cochran)
- Door Esther ... (Esther Williams)
- Alan Ladd’s A Big Baby!
- The Joan Crawford Myth
- For The Love Of Mike (Virginia Mayo)
- The Fight For Ingrid Bergman’s Daughter
- Miss Show Business (Betty Hutton)
- The Road I Travelled (Donald O’Connor)
- My Home Town ... by Jane Powell
- Modern Screen Fashions
- 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?
- What 3 television stars [MALE or FEMALE] would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

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perts say, they became the most unhappy women in the world.

European women are more the devoted slaves who do their master’s bidding. Most don’t enjoy the privileges or independence of the American girl. But, most experts agree, they’re happier in their subordinate role of dutiful and feminine wives and mothers.

Both Shelley and Vittorio think the European system is better. At least Shelley does now.

When Vittorio was subjected to a press conference in New York, one newsweek shot the question, “Who’s going to be the boss in the family?”

“What a question to ask an Italian man!” Gassman snorted.

Shelley later chattered to me. “Do you think I could get Vittorio into an American barber shop? In Italy they cut hair in those funny waves.

“I’m already decorating our apartment in Italy and we’re going to live in a modest apartment in Hollywood. I’m busy learning how to cook and washing dishes. I love Italian food.”

“I don’t,” said Vittorio. “I like French food.”

At last report, Shelley was learning how to cook French food, and Vittorio still wore his hair Italian-style.

“The man must be the boss in the family,” says Gassman. “Not in the sense of being a dictator or in taking advantage of a woman, but more as a duty than a right. A really feminine woman likes that and wants it from a man.

“Women are very often more courageous than men, too. They can stand more physical pain. If the man had to bear children, I am sure humanity would be ended.

“But, getting back to Shelley, I seldom went out with actresses in Italy. They all tend to be very sophisticated and snobbish. They’re impossible to talk to. But Shelley talks to everybody. That’s a very sweet quality. I’m not used to that. In Europe, actresses are more critical, more severe.

“Shelley is very natural. She laughs when something amuses her. She is very emotional, too. She took me to see all the plays in New York, she was so anxious that I get to know the American theater.

“De Wolfe and Garbo at the Palace in New York. Shelley was so excited she yelled.

“I am pretty sure,” said Vittorio, “that I chose Shelley.”

Some cynics on the Hollywood scene, however, take a dim view of Shelley’s discovery of Love, Life and Culture.

Miss Winters has announced that from now on she will be working with Jack Garlin at the press with her roles and her art on the silver screen.

This does not sit too well with the press that helped to elevate her to stardom. The stars who stay on top, like Alan Ladd, give out interviews any time on any subject, and they’re glad they’re asked to do it.

Shelley also has served notice she is interested from now on in the drah-ma, not in those wise-cracking roles she has ground out the years.

She was also yawn at her latest mood and predict a short end to the Shell-Gas combo, as they call it. One says, “Only Shelley would think of going to Europe with one guy and coming home engaged to another, and an Italian star, at that. She is just interested in making the headlines.”

Another points out that Miss Winters recently was given a raise by her studio and a promise of good parts, so it’s hard to see how an ambitious girl will give all that up for love.

One columnist insisted Vittorio asked how much money Shelley made. This isn’t true, however. Research discloses he’s well-heeled.

Meanwhile, Shelley ignored the pessimists and charged full-steam ahead to establish Vittorio’s career in Hollywood. She arranged the contacts and interviews that brought Vittorio his first American picture. She introduced him to executives who showered him with offers of long-term contracts at major studios. He turned them down; he says his theater work in Rome is more important to him. Like any feminine woman, she tried to keep from him the fact that she was partially responsible for the roles he won.

Shelley took him to Hollywood parties. She introduced him to his idol, Charles Chaplin, and to her former instructor in a Shakespeare class, Charles Laughton. One of her happiest moments came when Laughton told Vittorio, an expert in Shakespearean drama, that Shelley would make a fine Shakespearean actress.

“See?” chortled a proud Shelley to Vittorio.

His approval and admiration, you can see, is important in her life.

“Shelley has been very anxious that Vittorio be as fond of America as she is of Italy,” a friend says. “He always had been impressed with the technique of movie-making. But he was skeptical of the cultural side of Hollywood. So she took him around to the local art galleries.”

She also escorted him to the Circle Theater, where she has worked, and that meeting led to Vittorio’s giving a reading of Italian poetry to an audience of selected big-wigs of the plater city.

Shelley and Vittorio hope that they can establish a theater in Rome where they can give English-language plays for the large American colony there. Vittorio is a director of note, too, in Italy and the government is scheduled to subsidize a theater that he will open in the fall.

Some critics of la Winters point out that the new Shelley won’t be as exciting as the old. They think her bombast of yore meant showmanship.

But Shelley insists that the new Shelley will be an even better actress.

“If my living in Rome half of the year will expand my career as an actress,” she says. “Any artist reflects to his audience his own experiences and those experiences, the more you can give to the public.”

Shelley recently was loaned to MGM for a picture directed by William Wellman. This movie-maker is known for his penchant for rugged he-men actors and his scorn of any thespian in skirts. Shelley, the new Shelley, anyway was famous as she was a beautiful actress who demanded the best for her and was hard to compromise and rude hard over anybody’s feelings to get what she wanted.

Hollywood expected an explosion. But Shelley and “Wild Bill” Wellman got along just dandy.

Whatever the outcome of the controversial Shelley-Vittorio combination, one thing is sure.

Hollywood can rest more easily, now that the old Shelley Winters is on the shelf.

If Shelley has found happiness at last, that means 500 people in this town have found happiness, too,” cracked one of her pals. “The producers and others who work with her can sleep nights now.”

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Ingrid's side of the story

(Continued from page 51) To Europe, advising me that the meeting would be in his father's home in Stode, Sweden. Dr. Lindstrom's cable came as a great surprise to me. I sent a cablegram to the ship on which Dr. Lindstrom and Pia were traveling to England, informing Dr. Lindstrom that I would be in London as per our previous agreement.

Because Dr. Lindstrom had told me on numerous occasions that he did not want the visitation to be accompanied by any publicity and if there were publicity he would consider that as justification to cancel the visitation, I took the following precautions: the sleeper reservation from Rome to London was made in the name of my sister-in-law, who boarded the train in Rome. I in turn drove by car from Rome to Pisa where I then boarded the train and stayed in a closed compartment which I never left until I arrived at Calais. At Calais, I boarded the ferry-boat and stayed behind the closed doors of my cabin until I arrived in Dover, where I was met by Sidney Bernstein (a mutual friend of Dr. Lindstrom and myself) who drove me to the home of Ann Todd and David Lean, the well-known British director.

At noon, Thursday the 21st of July, Mr. Bernstein telephoned me at the home of Miss Todd and Mr. Lean, advising me that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia had arrived at the Washington Hotel in London. I heard nothing further until 5 o'clock of that day, when Dr. Lindstrom telephoned me from Mr. Bernstein's office, stating exactly as follows: "I understand you have expressed a desire to see the child." I was taken aback by the studied crudity of this remark, but controlled myself to answer: "Yes," Dr. Lindstrom informed me that he was too tired to come over that evening and that we would talk this morning. I pressed him to rent if he desired and to send Pia with Mr. Bernstein. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that Pia was tired too and I then suggested that Pia could go to bed right away with me. Dr. Lindstrom then advised me that this was impossible since Pia was never to be left alone with me, thereby delivering a second blow to me during the same conversation. I succeeded in controlling myself, avoiding arguing with Dr. Lindstrom any further, and asked to speak to Mr. Bernstein. I told Mr. Bernstein that if Pia did not come to the house where I was living, I would come to Mr. Bernstein's office immediately with the Police. At 6 o'clock Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived. When they arrived, Dr. Lindstrom told me how tired they were and that they could stay only for an hour. To this Pia added that papa was so tired because he had stayed up dancing every night, coming to bed as late as 7 o'clock in the morning.

After the three of us had a short talk, I wished to arrange with Dr. Lindstrom for my staying with Pia while they were in London. He and I went to talk in another room, but could not discuss the purpose of the visitation and the arrangements therefor because Dr. Lindstrom was only interested in bringing up our previous personal relationship, and would not discuss intelligently the custody of Pia. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that I could see Pia only when it suited him. He told me, by way of example, that the following day he could not bring her at all because he did not have the time, but perhaps I could see her on the next following day. He further stated that he did not know how many days he and Pia could stay in London, as he had expected to see me in Sweden. I became angry at the absurdity of these statements, and left the room to visit with Pia. Ann and David Lean, who had taken care of Pia during our discussion, then interceded privately with Dr. Lindstrom. As a result, Dr. Lindstrom agreed not to take Pia away immediately, to stay for dinner with me. He expressed his desire to stay for the night but in view of what transpired she would come back the following day and stay with me. As to the plans for the following day, it was only after repeated insistence by Mr. and Mrs. Lean and myself, that Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would try to bring Pia back the next morning. I heard nothing more that morning, and was beside myself with anxiety and it was not until the day was practically consumed that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Pia brought her night clothes and was very excited about staying with me. Dr. Lindstrom spoke to Mr. Lean telling him that they had to also find a room for him, since he was not going to let Pia stay alone with me. Mr. Lean told Dr. Lindstrom that he did not have a bed for him and asked Dr. Lindstrom what could be done to have Dr. Lindstrom trust Mr. and Mrs. Lean and leave the house. Dr. Lindstrom then asked for the key to the front door, which was given to him, and he left the house. After we had gone to bed, Dr. Lindstrom entered the house and sat all night in the hall, where the maid found him in the morning. Dr. Lindstrom explained that he had good reason to believe that I was planning to steal Pia, aware of the memory of my deceased parents that I had never planned to commit such a crime. Dr. Lindstrom, nevertheless, told me that he couldn't trust me.

The following morning we went to Mr. Bernstein's farm in the country for the weekend. Dr. Lindstrom allowed me to be with Pia, he staying most of the time in his room. He suggested that he eat on a tray in his room and I told him that this was unnecessary, as since he insisted on staying in the same house with us, Pia would think it very strange if we did not all eat together.

Whenever I had the opportunity, Dr. Lindstrom brought up the past and delighted in berating me. Pia was of course aware of our heated arguments. I kept trying to avoid these discussions, but since Dr. Lindstrom chose to re-open and continue such arguments, stating among other things, that he never trusted a woman like me, and made numerous other remarks of a scurrilous nature about me to
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TO HER TORTURED MIND
VIOLENCE BECAME
“the normal thing”

Natchez, during the romantic and fabulous period between two wars, is the background for this exciting novel about a woman and her deep love for the land and one man. She was a Southern gentleman woman but Jane Lennerd’s primitive passions drove her into dark places. Her is the fascinating story of a woman’s secret thoughts and desires.

The NATCHEZ WOMAN
by Alice Walworth Graham
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dr. Lindstrom’s side of the story

(Continued from page 53) and said that she would not meet with me or the child. I sent messages to her through a mutual friend and I would be willing to bring Pia to meet her, as aforesaid, but defendant was unheeding of all these messages and I see no other way of saying generally, it is therefore not true that it was impossible for us to make contact. Should the Defendant have seen Pia, but defendant chose not to do so.

3. Defendant states in her affidavit that my reason for refusing to permit Pia to come to Europe in 1950 was because she was not married. In fact, there was no decree by the California Court, she would never have a decree by the California Court.

ANSWER: I was indeed at that time apprehensive that without an express Court order by a Court of competent jurisdiction, there would be a possibility of the jurisdiction which I deemed essential to safeguard the child’s welfare. The case was already under an unwritten and illegal procedures as obtaining a purported Mexican divorce from me by proxy, when she well knew that Mexico has not recognized the marriage, and had already illegally entered into a purported marriage.

4. Defendant’s second paragraph of the paragraphs 9 and 10 defend in substance, that the Defendant had no right to the child, when she knew that the Courts of California, which she had consulted did not recognize the Mexican marriage, and that in no event could a legal divorce have been obtained in less than one year. Such is my contention, but the act of Defendant in trying to obtain a legal divorce, to divorces is in fact true that I was fearful and apprehensive that if Defendant could have had Pia in her possession outside the United States, she would have sought, in disregard of the best interests, to keep the child outside of the United States, to disrupt the court right so to do under an order of some court not having jurisdiction. The statement that, Defendant, as the Defendant’s part having deprived Defendant of her right to see and have custody of Pia, which had entertained plans to seek sole custody of Pia is further shown by the fact that on or about March 15, 1950, Defendant filed a Petition in the Superior Court of Los Angeles, case number No. 572,195, wherein she alleged, among other things, the facts precisely as contained in the answer of Defendant to the Declaration of Peggy Lindstrom.

5. As aforesaid, Defendant, at no time made any arrangements to take the child to Italy, or anywhere else.

6. Defendant states in paragraph 11 that Defendant had no desire to change her residence, and that she never had any desire to live in Sweden. Defendant’s affidavit shows that the Defendant was indeed one of the parties hereto, to wit, Pia Lindstrom, who was then residing at the address of Defendant, 27, Granholm Strasse, in Stockholm (by Mr. Lindstrom). On or about April 15, 1950, the plaintiff in that action (defendant herein) through her attorneys, admitted the allegations of Plaintiff.

7. Defendant states in her affidavit that during the negotiations which preceded the interlocutory decree she was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of this summer.

ANSWER: The fact is that on September 18, 1950, my attorneys and defendant’s attorneys entered into a written stipulation which I was in writing, and which stipulation provided that I would, within twelve months from the date thereof, go abroad with Pia, accompanied by Defendant, and to effectuate which stipulation further expressly provided that except for the purposes of the agreement, the Defendant would have the custody of the minor child of the parties hereto, to wit, Pia Lindstrom, until October 18, 1954. (As by Mr. Lindstrom).

This is shown by the testimony which I gave at the trial, and by the letter from Edward Clarke, Judge Presiding in Department 7, on November 10 and December 1 of said testimony shows that I testified as follows:

Q. (BY MR. PACHY) Would you like to take your child, Pia, to Europe?
A. (DR. LINDSTROM) Yes. As a matter of fact, I am planning to take her next year.

8. Defendant implicates my affidavit in that promissory note of October 24, 1951, which I never made any such promise. Moreover, the shortage of child, especially of approximately ten days would ordinarily have made such a visit impracticable.

9. Defendant states in her affidavit that with regard to the proposed 1951 visitation, I refused to bring to Europe, and I required that our daughter “to come under the influence of Robert to Sweden”.

ANSWER: It is probably true that I made such a statement, this, however, was only one of the reasons why I refused the visitation. Other reasons then for the fact that it had been repeatedly stated, that the Defendant had agreed to the Defendant’s Mexican proxy divorce from me and Defendant, and that I agreed to the marriage to Robert Russel, and I had no confidence in Robert’s ability to provide for Pia or to assert jurisdictional authority to award custody of Pia to Defendant or his sister.

10. Defendant implicates my affidavit in that at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking Pia and me to Europe, I advised her for the first time that the visitation Pia was to have would come at a very busy time of the year, and I would be unable to take the child to Sweden.

11. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

12. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

13. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

14. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

15. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

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16. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.

17. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on Thursday, July 6, 1951.

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, July 6, as far as I was concerned. No mail was received at our home until the day before the trip to Europe, and I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radio which I had received the day before arrival, and I was told that there was no Defendant, and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile.
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In front of the child defendant said, "If you don't change the custody agreement so that I can take Pia wherever I want, and sign a paper to that effect, I'm going to sue you in October." Suddenly, still in front of the child, defendant accused me of having stolen $5,000 from her. Defendant said, "You stole $5,000 from me in 1949! And it's only because I and my lawyers are so generous that we haven't put you in jail!" To this baseless charge I made no reply whatsoever in front of the child. She said her lawyer had told her that I had never been able to account for that $5,000, referring to an item in that amount which was paid out in January of 1949. In point of fact the item was paid out in 1948. In fact, I told the court that when I received the money I had paid the child’s expenses and had the money left.

16. Defendant in her affidavit describes her version of the manner in which we spent the time at Mr. Bernstein’s country home. It is significant that in the first paragraph which she devotes to this, even defendant admits that I stayed most of the time in my room. It is significant, too, that the effort which I made to allow defendant as much time to herself with the child as possible is exemplified by my offer to eat some other place.

I had in fact come to the Bernstein farm armed only with a brief case full of medical journals, which I proceeded to study in my room. When I found defendant and Pia settled for the weekend, I even offered to leave for a couple of days while Mr. Bernstein was at sea, although this would have been against the advice of my counsel. Defendant told me this would be unnecessary. For the weekend I barely saw defendant or Pia except at meal time. The atmosphere on Sunday and Monday seemed to be without animosity. Mr. Bernstein returned to London on Monday, and on Tuesday I informed defendant that I could hardly longer expect her to leave for Sweden, and I again suggested that she should come to Sweden where she could spend several weeks alone and uninterrupted with Pia at any place of her own choosing.

Not only did I have commitments to be in Sweden, but I felt that should any trouble arise between defendant and myself, the interests of the child would be better protected there. Particularly would I feel more confident in permitting a defendant a free hand with the child if she would go to Sweden because so many of our respective relatives were there and because Sweden was the country of our origin.

Concording on the morning of July 24, 1951, it was the defendant who insisted on bringing up our past in front of the child and in berating me. I pleaded with her repeatedly not to discuss such matters while the child was there, but the defendant insisted that this was what the child should hear. She kept repeating in front of the child that defendant had a right to take the child away whenever she wanted. She tried to justify and gloss over her own conduct by attempting to find fault with the kind of life we had led together. She unfairly reprimanded me in front of the child, saying: "Why did you take money? And why did you buy all that insurance? We could have spent the money and had fun with it!" I found it necessary to answer that we had lived well, and that she had never denied herself or been denied anything she wanted. She retorted, "We (meaning Roselli and herself) live much better on debts. We have more cars and servants than you and I ever had, and we have nothing but debts." I naturally reacted very much defendant’s attempts to dignify such an irresponsible approach to home life.

In front of the child defendant said, "If you don’t change the custody agreement so that I can take Pia wherever I want, and sign a paper to that effect, I’m going to sue you in October." Suddenly, still in front of the child, defendant accused me of having stolen $5,000 from her. Defendant said, "You stole $5,000 from me in 1949! And it’s only because I and my lawyers are so generous that we haven’t put you in jail!" To this baseless charge I made no reply whatsoever in front of the child. She said her lawyer had told her that I had never been able to account for that $5,000, referring to an item in that amount which was paid out in January of 1949. In point of fact the item was paid out in 1948. In fact, I told the court that when I received the money I had paid the child’s expenses and had the money left.
THE UNKNOWN PATH
by Anne Meredith

"Then it was too late; she was in his arms and with the first touch, passion rose like a tidal wave and he knew he could not let her go. In that first moment he knew such delight as had not come his way in twenty years."

That was how it all began. For five years Oliver Youngman and Lily Brown defied convention to share love's happiness—and its pain. How could they have known that cruel fate would intervene when the flame of passion had blinded them to all else.

the CABIN in the COTTON
by Harry Harrison Kroll

Dan Morgan, the son of a poor-white tenant, is caught in the middle of the violent conflict between planter and 'cropper. The Cabin in the Cotton is a frank, realistic novel of the violent passions that rage unchecked among people who live by their own rules of love and hate.

DELL BOOKS
on sale everywhere
no time for modesty

(Continued from page 37) Margie again and have her sing with him on his show, "The Railroad Hour."

The only mark of astonishment was com-

mended when, right after the pair went to work, they heard MacRae boldly suggest, "Look, Margaret—you're singing too high above me and if you drop down a third? You won’t have to reach for the high ones then and you can’t go flat." To which Miss Truman immediately replied, "That's a good idea. Let's try it."

The harmonious results of Gordon's im-

petuous suggestion soon showed on the air. So much so, in fact, that afterwards, driving home, Gordon and Margaret both feel that Gordon pulled off to a Western Union office and impulsively scribbled a telegram saying how great Margie was on his show and how much all the gang loved having her. He even let them think it was going into the White House, Washington, D.C. And he got back an appreciative, personal letter bearing an internationally famous signature.

By doing what? I mean, whether it's giving the President's daughter a hearty smack in public or bursting into full-throated song while ambling down the street, Gordon MacRae has earned a cer-

tain reputation as a musically being coicky, super self confident, even bumptious and brash. He'd be the last guy in the world to deny any of these estimates, by the way, but Gordie has changed himself. "I'm strictly a square," he'll admit cheerfully, "I act first and think afterwards," which trait, he'll fur-

ther confess, has brought him transient trouble at times. He usually shot him out of it. In fact, being nobody but Albert Gordon MacRae, morning, night and noon, is exactly what has brought him triple threat fame. The best of happy homes and a busy world which, to him, is one large, succulent oyster.

Right now "Nature Boy," as Phil Harris calls him, is sitting on top of the world—a favorite singer on radio and records and the hottest male attraction at Warner Brothers. Right now "Muscles" MacRae, as Bing Crosby addresses him, is having the time of his life doing everything he's dreamed about doing since he was four years old, and at 31 he figures he's just getting going. The other day, after belting out a song in a manner which Warner President,fully pleased, Gordie sighed appreciatively at his own efforts and spake thus: "I'm probably the best darned young baritone in captivity—or could be" he qualified, "with a lot of work. Someday I'm gonna singing at La Scala!"

And again, on a recent afternoon when he had swatted over a tidy 68 on the Palm Springs golf course and enjoyed the local pro, he said something else con-

cerning another ambition near to his con-

fident heart. "If I can just spring myself with The Desert Song in the can and tape some radio shows, I'll go to England this summer for the British Ama-

teur and the Open. Looks like I'm ready at last, and who knows? Maybe I'll win 'em." Thus first a tournament then possibly the Open round for a disastrous 70—but that flasco dampened his sporting ardor only fleet-

ingly.

The truth is that Gordon MacRae is the original, incurable optimist, an affirm-

ative full-of-beans character who's never

nursed an inhibition in his life. People who call him a "canny Scot" on the strength of his bagpipe handle are only talking to the birds. Actually, Gordon MacRae's ancestry is as much German as it is Scotch, but more actually he's the prototype of the all-American go-getter—reckless, aggres-

sive, confident, and ready to shoot the moon, if there's an outside chance of hitting it, which he invariably believes there is. He's never played a card close to his vest in life (and at poker he's deadly). He's never pussyfooted, hesitated, cau-
villed or gazed at the world over a dour frown. He's never hoarded anything—money, love, friendship or talent. He's not rich today; in fact, he's in debt, although he collects around $250,000 a year and keeps nine cents on the dollar of it after taxes. He's still paying for the Cadillac he bought in 1947, and not too long ago with hardly more than that tax money in the bank he looked at a $70,000 house his Shelia liked and bought it that afternoon. "Because," he explained with MacRae logic, "it was just right for us and besides the fellow who lived there raised the same family we have—two girls and a boy—wasn't that wonderful?"

That may not be the most cautiously conventionally thing he's done but Gordon MacRae couldn't be cautious or conventional about anything if he tried. Whether it's sporting a green Tartan din-

ner jacket at a formal Hollywood affair, as he did once, or donning a silk top hat, which nobody's worn since the days of Valentiono, for a Bozarde premiere, he acts as he pleases and he always impul.

Rules just don't dig him. Once, back East, Gordon got married at a theater by a bunch of predatory teen age dolls. One swiped his handkerchief and raced up the street. MacRae raced after her for three blocks, caught her and snatched it back. "Hey, that's mine," he said, "I want it."

Last Christmas, Gordon planned a big surprise for Shelia—the mink coat she's waited for so long. With half the 14 rooms in his house still unfinished, he certainly couldn't afford it but that was a small item to Mac. So he bought a beauty and took almost FBI paims to keep it undercover for the big morning. On Christmas Eve the furrier delivered it to him stealthily at Lakeside Golf Club and Gordon sneaked it in the back door at home, buried it under blankets high in a back closet. Then that evening, setting out for a cocktail party, Shelia happened to mention that it was a cold night and the cloth number she had might be chilly. So Santa MacRae raced back for the box, ripped it open and threw the premature surprise over her shoulders, after all the weeks of secrecy. "Here," he said, "maybe this will keep you warm." That's one of a Joe he's just had to do what he feels like doing, right now and all the time.

What Gordon MacRae feels like doing most of the time is singing. He vocalizes everywhere in his home, no matter where he is—in the shower, hastening out the Warner lot, dining at a cafe, or slamming a pill on the Lakeside golf links. Members at the Lakeside clubhouse always know when MacRae's playing golf—they can hear him. As Bing Crosby has quipped, "When Muscles joined the club, seven crooners quit in disgust."

MacRae himself tells a story about the time when he snagged a tiny singing role in his first Broadway musical. Between acts the weary principals flopped on couches, closed their eyes, their tonsils and rested. But Gordon kept on practicing his notes back of the wings. Finally one of them asked him sarcastically, "Gordon, do you know a song called 'You Go Now?'"

"No," he replied glibly, the hint float-

ing right over his head, "but I'll look it up

and learn it."

Yes, the boy likes to sing. And what he likes to sing best are his operettas on "The Railroad Hour" where he's been keeping pace with such Metropolitan Opera talent as Dorothy Kirsten, Rise Stevens, Pat Mun-

sell, Figaro, Thebom and all the others. He loads that job above everything.
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learned, Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light appli-
cations help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain cloth or bed linens. Offered on two-weeks-satisfaction-or-

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But he loves golf too, has ever since boy-

hood when he won the New York State Juvenile Handicap cup. So, about those irresistible impulses...

One Sunday morning when Gordon was

fairly new to Hollywood and just clicking

on "The Railroad Hour" he got a phone call.

"Hi," said a husky voice. "It's Bing Crosby. How about a game of golf?"

As with most young singers, Bing was

Gordon's idol, and the prospect of match-
ing made him quite unhinged. He made

his pulse pound. But Gordon had a long

Sunday rehearsal—one to four—he knew if he played golf he'd never make it back

in time. He wrestled briefly with the con-

science—and he lost. He called up the pro-

ducer, "Got a cold, kind of hoarse," he said, "about that rehearsal today—"

"Stay in bed—take care of yourself by

all means," costar called his game boss.

"Don't take any chances with tomorrow's show."

Relieved, Gordon grabbed his bag of clubs, and soon teed off with his idol. Big day of the Bel Air.

Well, on the first hole he cannoned a neat

birdie. On the second he collected a par.

On the third his high, arching five-iron
dimpled the green, scammed straight for the cup and plunked out of sight for any golfer's dream shot—a hole-in-one!

Bing was delighted. It delivered the ball,

mediated on a silver trophy, spread the

news around the clubhouse and of course the newspapers picked it right up. And the next day when Gordon showed up at NBC, a little sheepishly, what he said was, "I see

by the papers you have a very sick boy yesterday!" But in justice to Gordon he

should be reported that the operetta he was singing he knew backwards and for-

wardsmore. It's only time in his life that he ever hookeyed away from work, or wanted to—and in his case you might reasonably call the lure of a golf match with Crosby an extinguishing circumstance.

Usually, the question of work versus play

is a conflict which doesn't exist with Gordon MacRae. The reason is that two

in his consciousness is so fuzzy that he'd really have a rough time picking it

out. It may sound corny, but actually Gor-

don was born to sing. He never wanted
to do anything else. He worked, worked, and he eats it up. As to his self-confidence, he has a ready answer.

"Confidence," he'll tell you with naively

modesty, "is just knowing, but knowing your stuff, and that in turn comes from working hard and you don't work hard unless what you're doing is what you're crasy bout. I've worked because I wanted to learn to sing the best I could. Now I know what I'm doing, so what I'm doing doesn't rough me up.

Gordon isn't a big man, but he's as sound

as a rock. He's five-feet-eleven in his

socks, and usually weighs in at 170. His

father was a strong man before him. Gor-

don inherited his toughness, and the fact

he collects about three colds a year and he
doesn't know a Hollywood doctor's name

or phone number. He swims every morn-
ing in his pool at home, slides in a golf gamenow in process of buying putters. And he's got a place in Lake- side's only a brassie shot from his studio.

He's early to bed and early to rise, drinks

delightfully, cats ravenously and works it

right off. At golf he's to the very top, is off to the mountains to rough it. That "Nature Boy" tag of Phil Harris' is really no gag, but

Gordon MacRae all over; the outdoors has

stuck his pattern fast in every sinew and

skein when he used to shatter the sleep of

his neighbors whistling at dawn for his

palis to hike for the wooded creeks and

rocky areas among the mountains. It was

very of worms, bent pins and bobber. He
played football, basketball, baseball and

lacrosse in school and from all of that col-
lected only a trick knee which bothers him sometimes when he dances. Otherwise the results have been markedly construc-
tive. Although he's built like a light-heavy-
weight, he has some in his life or ever home close. There used to be a tough kid named Jack Sweeney in his home

town who occasionally roughed him around

but one day when Jack's baby sister tum-

bled to the ground and Gordon ran over her

and saved a crippling fall. After that Jack

never bothered him, and maybe it taught

him a lesson. Gordon didn't need one. The

father didn't need him, the son didn't need

him and when he caught Meredith, his oldest daughter, turning on the gas jets and figured he'd have to impress her for safety's sake, or they'd all get asphyxiated. But her ex-

perience was twice as painful to him and he's never done it since.

This doesn't mean that Gordon MacRae is

in any sense a timid soul. On the con-

trary he's never been wanting in any kind

of courage. Last fall, after finishing About

Face Gordon took off on a fishing trip to

Lake Mead back of Boulder Dam where he was bound to be surrogate. He

lured along some companions from the

studio who weren't as experienced in out-

door sports as he is, so when the boat they

hired was blasted out of sight right away

Roaring Rapids, and the anchor slipped,

there was bad trouble.

It drifted, of course, right into the nar-

row neck of the river, running 25 miles

an hour and cold enough to crack a

thermometer. The rocks ahead were

wrecked, there was one thing to do. Gordon yelled, "Jump for it" and jumped and waded and swam and fished for the others after him. But they weren't all young and husky as he was. One man, in his fifties, couldn't make it to shore

against the fast current, another got swept into a cove, and somehow Gordon saw what was happening and didn't hesitate. He jumped back into the stream, grabbed the men and helped them back inside the boat. Then he climbed in himself and off they all went in a boat that rode the destruction around every boul-
der.

After the wild ride was over and they were all panting on the pebbly shore in the sun, the middle-aged pal reached over and took Gordon's hand. "Thanks, Mac," he said.

"What for?" came back MacRae. "I was

saving my own skin too, wasn't I? Besides," he grinned weakly, "I wouldn't have missed that ride for a million bucks." But just the same he was plenty scared and admitted it and there had been better times too.

Once, down at Ellington Field in Hous-

ton, Texas, where he was earning his navi-
gator's wings during the war, Gordon went up in the plane on which he never sud-

denly swerved into a speed bank that sent

him rattling back in the ship like a loose

bolt and grabbing for the escape door. A

Luftwaffe plane had chased him, which

being green he was sure was headed for

a crash, straightened out and flew right.

Luckily that is because, as he discovered

when they landed, his chute was on a cock

edge and if he had jumped he'd have

planted himself like a potato from 3000

feet up.

At times like that a man has a right to

swear in Little, and Gordon MacRae is only

human. But as for moxie of the moral sort,

there's nothing on his record to show that

he's ever funked any kind of decision or

responsibility—and he's had some very

adult ones since he was twenty years old.

On last May 21, Gordon and Sheila Mac-
Gordon first laid eyes on Sheila Stephens, the blonde, British born beauty 11 years ago when she interviewed him for a spear-toting job at the Millpond Playhouse on Long Island. Her subsequent romance has been well and often described—but one angle to it hasn’t. Gordon didn’t enroll at that straw-hat theatre to meet movie royalty. He says there primarily to act. The reason Gordie sought a job near Roslyn, Long Island, in the first place, was because he had tumbled for a schoolgirl in Switzerland the summer before when he sang his way to Europe and back on a boat. It was because this girl lived in a nearby town that MacRae headed that way. Only, to show you how fast his heart wants to go after it—and gets it—the minute he saw Sheila he switched compass points without wasting a date or a look the other way. And the way the winter which followed he plodded four miles on foot through the snow to court Sheila.

She gave him a hard time at first on that project so it took a while but with Bulldog MacRae, Sheila didn’t have a chance to say “no” and she knew it. He popped the question one night before a credit jeweler’s window at Radio City. With the ring he was making exactly five bucks a day as a page boy, and at her first shy nod whisked her in and bought the ring, a microscopic step toward setting Sheila in the right direction.

It hasn’t been all a Merrie Melody, of course, or strictly candy and cake. Marriage never is. Gordon and Sheila have had their ups and downs, ranging from the time Gordon MacRae had to borrow 50 dollars from the Red Cross to pay his bride’s hotel bill in San Antonio, through the luller stretch when he landed on the Texas-Mexico border with the away show, Three to Make Ready at the same time. That’s when he collected $400 a week and spent every dime on a fancy apartment and a wide-awake baby for Baby Meredith and high old times around Manhattan. Now there’s Hollywood. ’

Along the way there have been troubles to meet and facts to face, the kind that make or mar a living for just two people living together but a team.

They’ve had their feet on the ground, domestically speaking, since one day years ago in a small and much faster turning point of their marriage. That day Sheila, who was an ambitious actress herself and is still a good one, tried out for a part in a road company, got it, at three times the salary. Gordon — fearfully turned it down because it would keep them apart. She was only 18 then but she’s never regretted it for a minute because she stuck up against fame look what she’s got—Gordon, Meredith, Heather and Gar, and a MacRae family share—the success plan for them all, including the kids, which cuts everybody in on everything their old man does. Even the moppey are welcome wherever he works, and Sheila goes everywhere he goes—even up into the Sierra on camping excursions, where the last time he sightseeing nag passed over a thousand foot cliff and almost dumped her, her husband dropped their dinner in a trout stream and man eating bears—she swears—growled around their tent all night. More her style are the frequent trips to New York, where, if Gordon’s singing, she sits rapt through every performance and then lets him take her out to the Blue Spruce Inn where they used to meet, or their favorite bistro, the Epi-cure, and occasionally clear up to Jones Beach where, as Mac sometimes grins crudely right in front of his wife, “we used to go and neat. And even today, when Sheila stalks out by the pool in her bathing suit (she’s designed like Venus) he’ll wolf-whistle and then act surprised, “Why, it’s my wife. Which he knows, of course, all the time. But he means the whistle. “Some day,” she’s warned him, “you’re going to whistle at the wrong girl and get your face slapped.” But he doesn’t think he’ll make that mistake.

While she’s pretty soft on her man and proud of him too, Sheila MacRae would be the last girl in the world to claim that she overwrought her husband. For one thing, he’s inclined to get tied up too often and stay too late with the boys at Lakeside and show up when dinner’s cold. For some others, he wrecks everything he sets out to fix around the house. He won’t go dancing, is by his own admission the third worst dressed man in Hollywood (Monty Clift and Marlon Brando come first), drives his car carelessly, and sometimes falls asleep at dinner parties (he even snoozed at Dean Martin’s the other night). And about business and money matters; he’s a self-confessed “pathetic babe in the woods.”

His manager, Jerry Rosenbluth, now has Mac on a tight allowance of $17.50 a week, nothing to paint the town red these days, but obviously a sound fiscal maneuver. There are occasional dollar limo trips which go on sometimes when Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler, Dean Martin, Pete Lind Hayes or some of his closer pals shut the girls out for some hands of dealers’ favorite: seven-card stud. They make a “maus” stake on the links with Bing, Bob Hope, Forrest Tucker or the pros, Ed Dudley and Harry Cooper, with whom he likes to match sticks.

Gordon had only one friend in Hollywood when he arrived—Bill Orr—the Warner talent executive who found him in New York and brought him out. By now he has hundreds, including Bill of course. With MacRae his friends know where they stand. One lady, for instance, asked him and Sheila over socially one night, then nothing. It pretty plain, she had him there strictly for fun and entertain him he’s there free. Gordon sang, all right. He didn’t send her a bill as Will Rogers once did in a similar circumstance, but he never went to his home on the other hand. If he likes anybody he’ll give him the shirt off his back.

No one who knows him has ever under- estimated him on his size or heart, and if sometimes he uses it to think with instead of his head, perhaps he can be excused. It’s not a bad failing. The habit may not win him stacks of gilt edged deadlines, but it’s a well which seem to count most with some Holly- wood stars, but he’s not the type to worry much about that. Maybe he’s crazy to long for the Met and La Scala, the British Opera, a fishing lodge at Tahoe which right now seem straight out of dreamland. And maybe he’s not. They don’t ever come true unless you dream them first.
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**the joan crawford myth**

(Continued from page 49) disguised and he agreed to slip her in at the side entrance. But when Joan arrived she was wearing a big fur coat, the Crawford glamor bob, a big hat and even gardenias—her trademark flower in those days. Her new look was unmistakable even in the dark and two minutes later she was mobbed. Police had to be called to get her away from the theater in one piece.

Joan had wanted to see her movie with that audience. But it was psychologically impossible for her to step from her car into a restaurant, a shop, or a theater filled with wild fans unless she was Joan Crawford. And because Joan Crawford she had to look like Joan Crawford.

She wants everything. She says she wants a good marriage most of all and she claims that was why she has picked her career. When this career fell into the doldrums and her agent told her she couldn't find a job for her, Joan fired him and got herself a part in Mildred Pierce. It won her the Academy Award.

Joan was ill the night those awards were given out. Dramatically, her picture with the Oscar was taken at her bedside. She was criticized for not attending the Academy, pick or well, the way other stars who are nominated do. But psychologically it was impossible for Joan to go unless she was sure she would receive the award. Just as she always seems to go out and buy in her own home than at other people's parties.

Joan has handled her career as a movie star magnificently. Her career as a wife has not been so good. Actually she gave her husbands too much attention. When her husband was working on a film and she was not, she'd go up at dawn and have a big breakfast, and then would sit in his dressing room. This desire to serve her husband stemmed from a good motive but Joan smothered him with kindness.

She needs love and romance. "I'm lonely," she says, but then she adds, "So what? Lots of people are lonely. I have a lot more than most lonely women."

She is a romantic. She says that her ambition is to "fulfill myself as a woman." But Joan has rigid ideas. She sometimes thinks she envies the girls who take their fun where they find it but Joan's spiritual qualities make her inevitably for and awed to life. This being the case, it's hard for her to find a husband.

A charming, personable young man wooed her recently, with delightful notes, curious telegrams and silly return surprise packages. It doesn't matter whether the present comes from Cesar's or the ten cent store, she's like a kid when you give her something to open, something new to explore.

This admirer couldn't have been more delightful and the notes and wires and silly presents were all in perfect taste. One of the notes told her that his ambition was to meet her and, as he said, one day he would find a mutual friend who would introduce them. He found the mutual friend and he was, finally, properly introduced.

Then he promptly asked for a role in one of her films!

Cesar Romero—better known to his friends as Butch—is an old friend of Joan's. Butch is a wonderful dancer and when he and Joan get on the floor other couples form a ring around them to watch the poetry of motion they create. But Cesar is not the only interest to Joan and that's why she was so amazed when, one day, the press started calling madly. There was a rumor that she and Butch had had a big fight over New Year's Eve.

"Me? Fight with my Butch? Why, that's why I've known Butch all these years. Because we don't fight," she said.

She told the columnist what had happened, they had gone out to the New Year's Eve party. Joan had collected all the left-over horns and funny hats to take home to her children. She had danced a lot and at two o'clock she had begun to walk. Joan is an early-to-bed. But Butch was having a ball and, she didn't want to spoil his fun so she decided the only sensible thing to do was to take a taxi and go home with the horns and funny hats for the kids.

At the time it seemed as if she were in love with Greg Bautzer. This was a wild and stormy romance. Neighbors reported that when the gates were locked against him, Greg would sneak over the garden wall. Joan would vow she'd never see him again, but then he would make some impetuous gesture or tell her how much he needed her advice, etc. Joan decided that Joan would thrive on off screen drama. Quite the opposite—she is always searching for peace.

Today Joan says, "I've been enormously lucky during my life time. Yet now and again things pile up and up and up and the flood gates open and I cry my eyes out alone. Which is not conducive to good photography the next morning. When a woman feels bruised, she's got to go out and buy a hat or change her hairdo—But I have three hats and never wear them and I've cut off practically all my hair. It doesn't do any good."

Joan has put the full force of her energy into her four adopted children. But she has learned that even that can be a fraud. She's a woman with a great desire for children. But they are babies for such a little time, and are quick to show their independence. You want to be their friend, give them the benefit of your own experience, enjoy what you don't accept that you're baffled. Kids resent discipline when they are striving to be independent, so mother, to them, becomes not a friend but an enemy. They had to learn.

Joan said, "that my children must go through this."

Joan never criticizes her children for publishing their lives. She realizes, given the subject, whether a mother's love is worth to her fame. She even agrees—"if a child the child should not be allowed to win, intentionally. "You don't always win in life," she says. "Sometimes you lose, but that's life."
for the love of mike

(Continued from page 51) many years working in nightclubs to prefer them to open sky and fresh air. Cocktail parties are Edwardian recreations. I don’t drink, and that often makes other people feel uncomfortable.

Even before we were married, Mike and I did relate from time to time holding in restaurants. Our first dates were spent in the out-of-doors. Almost every weekend, we would pack a picnic basket and drive to Mount Vernon or the Mojave Desert. We went to the zoo, to the baseball games, and, occasionally, to the ballet in Hollywood Bowl.

There couldn’t possibly have been a more romantic setting for courtship than the moonlight rides we took through the rolling hills behind Monte Montana’s ranch, where Mike stabled his horses.

Mike is fond of telling people that the reason he fell in love with me was my mother’s home cooking. There must be some truth in that; he had dinner at our place every night for months before our marriage. But the first thing I had of my true feelings for Mike occurred when I became aware of his genuine fondness for animals. He cared for his horses with a gentleness and completely personal affection that set him apart from other men.

From childhood, I have known that I could never love a man who was cruel or insensitive to animals.

I will always remember the day, only a few months after we started going together, when Dinky, my Boston bull pup, ate some poison on the lot. His death was a great loss to me, and I felt suddenly all alone in the world.

He was so sincere and sweet that I knew he understood completely how I felt. I was so broken up that I couldn’t have managed the details of burying Dinky myself. But Mike took care of the arrangements at the pet cemetery just as if Dinky was his.
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I don't know of another man who would put up with the swarm of dogs I have around. There is Duke and Rooney, and Annie, an over-friendly Airedale and Doberman pup who hasn't yet learned that she's too big to sit in people's laps. Mike likes them as well as I do, and I am sure he wouldn't mind a bit if I rescued another dozen dogs from the pound and brought them home.

It's difficult for me to explain to people who don't realize how painfully shy I used to be, the many ways Mike has helped bolster my courage. I used to become absolutely petrified at the thought of looking myself on the screen, checking performances with me, Mike has at last begun to convince me of my own ability as an actress. The self-confidence I have gained has helped my work immensely.

Confronted with a problem, Mike is always buoyant and optimistic, and his sense of humor will always see him through any situation. I need that balance in my life, for my first inclination is to hide until the trouble blows away. Two years ago, when I went to England to play Lady Barbara in the films, I was so terrified when the British press began printing critical stories about an American girl playing the role of a British aristocrat. When we went under our own protection, I gave up to the editors, they began calling the ship to get a statement from me about it. I wouldn't have known exactly what to say. But Mike quite wisely told them to wait until we docked, and in the subsequent interview, when he was asked what he thought about my playing Lady Barbara, he settled the matter once and for all.

"What's so great about Lady Barbara?" he asked the assembled newspapermen.

"In the history books, she looks horse-faced and a little masculine. Now, we certainly didn't complain when Vivien Leigh came over. She's a beautiful southern belle. Why should the British press get in such an uproar about Virginia playing the role of an ugly female like Lady Barbara?"

After a hearty laugh, the reporters had to admit the logic of Mike's argument, and the dispute was quickly dropped from the papers. I seriously doubt that I would have made any sense at all if I'd talked to them alone.

There have been many other occasions when I needed Mike's calm disposition to guide me. I suppose some people, in similar circumstances, would have been upset by the hectic complications which surrounded our marriage. But because of Mike, they didn't bother me. I was working on "A Song Is Born," and during the time we had difficulty finding, on such short notice, a minister who would marry us in the Presbyterian church. But after talking it over, Mike and I decided to be married at the Little Church of the Flowers in Forest Lawn. That evening, Mike picked up my mother and me and drove us out to the chapel. My maid of honor, Audrey Snow, main, an old school chum from St. Louis who is now a commercial artist in Los Angeles, was there. But Mike's best man, Eddie Foy, who was coming by train from the east, had arrived. We waited and waited until it became clear that his train might be delayed for hours. Then we went ahead with the ceremony with Eddie acting as Mike's best man. Even with a crisis, it was a man-killing job; but finally, after considerable expense, the mesquite was all uprooted. Surprisingly enough, the cotton grew and later that season. A month after that, the mesquite had taken over everything again and the job of clearing the land was there to do once more. Fortunately, before planting time this spring, we were able to sell the place at only a small loss.

This summer, Mike and I intend to take an extended automobile trip through most of the western states. One of the reasons, Mike says, to travel out-of-door will be to find a ranch. But this time, you can be sure, there won't be a clump of mesquite in sight!
Two producers were talking and of them asked the other what he thought of the last picture he had helped make.  

"Well, frankly," was the reply, "I was a little disappointed."  

A bit nettled, the other said sharply: "Who are you to be disappointed?"  

"Huh?" was the testy reply.  

"Say—who do you have to around here to be disappointed?"  

Ivan Bennett

helped me out and called me, "Sonny." He was always so tall, very strong and he'd win my complete confidence. To a kid who was friendly seems that way and such men are everywhere, of course. But to me he was one of my "people," and this added to the fact what they were omnipotent and benevolent.

Children brought up in homes have their fairybook heroes to help conjure up a magical world. But me, without such background, and yet with an active imagination, had to create my own and there was nobody but the people in the audiences to choose from. These productions, however, Strange little boys of my own age were not placed in such a category. They were just boys and you had to keep an eye out for them. One example is one of the characters. The man who was a doctor from the state insane asylum on the edge of town," he said. "Those six persons who bothered you are his patients. He often warned me years ago that I was going to the psychotics to the theater, because they are greatly benefitted just being in the presence of normal people. While you were feeling annoyed they were feeling proud that they could be there. But because it was an unaccustomed event to them, they were a little too nervous to appreciate what was happening on stage. They were being thrilled by a wonderful adventure of their own."

He introduced me to the doctor who talked further on the subject. And I was really thrilled by his words. It's funny how
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hollywood's most passionate loves (judy garland)

(Continued from page 35) Had Judy fought with Sid Luft in Palm Springs on their vacation? Was that why he wasn't along? No. Judy told Miss Garland planned to marry Sid Luft as soon as her divorce from Vincente Minnelli was final? Judy turned beet red. "How dare you ask that question, Vincente," she stormed. "Don't you have any common sense?"

Judy's divorce from 44-year-old Minnelli became final on April ninth. He promised to pay Judy $500 a month for

END
the support of Liza, aged five, and gave up completely any interest in Judy's Malibu Beach house. Judy, in turn, paid him $25,000 for the share they had shared in the Hollywood hills.

As soon as this final decree was entered in the Superior Court, it was expected that Judy would settle with Sid who had flown into town a day after her divorce.

The day after her decree, however, she didn't rush to the preacher; she took Liza for a drive to Palm Springs.

"We had a wonderful time," she recalls. "We talked and took walks, and then when it turned hot, we drove back home. It was a pleasant, simple Easter vacation. Liza and I were going to Palm Springs.

"But everyone expected you and Sid to get married," said an omnipresent reporter.

Judy grinned. "I know," she admitted. "What's the big hurry? Sid and I have each been married before, and we don't take marriage lightly. I love him, and he's definitely my fella. If the relationship continues, we'll do it. But we're not a couple of kids who've got to get married this very minute or else.

"Some time during the middle of summer or the fall before the other things slack off, we'll get married. Right now, there are shows to do, rehearsals, a million and one details, and I'm not going to sandwich a wedding in between.

"I've been married to Sid for 15 years. When he's near her, she feels that everything will be taken care of, nothing will disturb her.

Yet, she is wise enough to know that Sid, too, is fighting a battle, making a comeback against the news that he and Judy are going to get married.

It is no secret, for instance, that when Sid first met Judy, his financial condition was none too good.

A matter of fact, his ex-wife, Lynn Bari, testified that at various times in their unhappy marriage, she had given him $16,000 in cash, $13,000 in property equity, and that after their divorce, he was delinquent in his support of their son, John.

To friends she confided her bewilderment at Luft's ability to take Judy dining and wineing at the best restaurants while he was $3,000 in arrears.

After Judy opened at the Palladium in London, and Luft flew over to manage her aparee, his financial affairs began to improve.

Upon returning to Los Angeles, he immediately took care of his delinquent support payments with a check for $2,880.

Everything had been a success. Judy and Sid have been for Judy. It works both ways. Judy has been the anodyne for everything that troubled Luft.

Before he had had been one of those handsome, personable men-about-town who somehow find it extremely difficult to settle down and specialize in any one thing. For a short while he worked as confidential secretary to Eleanor Powell. Then he joined the Canadian Air Force as a pilot officer. The pay was low, the prestige high. Later he worked in picture production, aircraft plants, and according to friends, "conducted an enterprise connected with horse-racing."

His best job, to date, however, has been as Judy Garland's personal manager, a job which has given him money, position, confidence, and the reputation of being a very shrewd cookie whose sole aim is Judy's welfare.

Sid is the organizer of M. S. Luft Productions, a company of which Judy is the principal asset. He has hopes of making a musical version of A Star Is Born, the old Selznick classic about Hollywood. It would be an independent venture and Judy's production picture comeback.

One of Judy's closest friends is of the opinion that Judy will not marry Luft until Sid gets on his feet financially. The Luft marriage has been going this past year, he should have a substantial bank account very soon.

This thinking about money is another indication of the startling change which has taken place in Judy's life.

Three years ago, when she was drawing $5,500 a week from Metro, she had no interest in finance. Money poured through her fingers like water.

Nowadays she takes an interest in her earnings, discussing various investment practices with Sid and Abe Lastvogel of the William Morris Agency.

When Sid predicted that Judy might earn considerable royalties by making a record album for RCA Victor, and use those earnings to rent an apartment in New York City, what did she think of the possible income and went ahead with the deal.

She is also investigating annuities and a trust fund for Liza.

Judy has been in show business her entire life, and she has seen what happens to men whose sole occupation is the management of their wives' careers. Some of those men deteriorate into messenger boys.

Others develop into full-fledged stage producers, entrepreneurs of great acumen managers of distinction who branch out into allied fields.

Suppose after a few years of marriage to Luft, something happens to Judy, and she is unable to continue her career. What happens to Luft?

Judy herself won't discuss this with anyone, but she has thought about it, because she has developed a sense of realism.

What sort of step-father will Sid make? How will he treat Liza? How will Liza take to him? What sort of step-mother will I be to his son, John? Where will we live? How will we get along? Will we be able to support any children? Won't we get on each other's nerves, not only living but working together? Can a man devote his whole life to a woman? Isn't there always time for marriage?

These are some of the questions Judy was asking herself several weeks ago. This was the type of introspection she never indulged in prior to her other marriages. This is why she said, "I don't think Sid and I will possibly get married before Judy or August. Working together as manager and artist, you know, is a good divorce. It is different from living together as man and wife."

Luft, too, is in no particular hurry. He loves Judy and has found the secret of keeping her happy—work and independence. But he knows, too, that she is a high-strung girl who requires careful handling. This is no easy job, especially for a fellow like Sid who's always relished his freedom and self-reliance.

As long as they have doubts, Judy and Sid won't make a move toward marriage. If by chance they have, as you read this article, then rest assured that it was only after the clouds of doubt had disappeared. For at 29, Judy has finally put passion in its place.
he's really living

(Continued from page 43) across the ceiling. Everywhere there are potted plants crying. And there’s a party going on. People drift in at all hours, rifle the ice-box and carry their loot back into the living room where they sit on the floor and eat before the gas-log fire. Sometimes there’s a housewife who knows how to cook, she cooks. Or else Steve will whip up a dish that originated in Lithuania or Tibet. He likes to give parties because when they’re over he’s the only one who doesn’t have to worry about making the trip home.

Steve Cochran is not an easy man to know. He talks very little about his childhood. He has lived in several places, and Steve is the only one who has shared his easy-going attitude toward life. He was born nine years after his sister Vina in Eureka, just off the coast of northern California, where he developed the habit of walking into a lumber mill. From the schoolroom in Eureka, Steve could hear the pounding of the surf on the beach, and more often than not he played hooky to sit on a jetty looking out over the Pacific and dreaming of sea-faring.

Before he finished third grade he'd been in love seven or eight times, but this career was interrupted when he was invited to a party at the office of a lumber mill. He decided to take him to Denver, Colorado, on a visit to his uncle. They got as far as Laramie, Wyoming, where the family jollity, and the family finances were both exhausted. They were not only flat broke, but stranded in Laramie's worst snowstorm in years. For seven days and nights nothing moved in or out of the city, and Steve's father got a job an old нимы, and almost their last act as a family unit was their trip to Denver, which they finally made.

Steve can't figure now how his parents got the money—there never seemed to be any left over—but somehow they enrolled Vina in college. Despite Vina's having one of history's most tormenting kid brothers she got through, taught school one year and married. This left Steve more or less on his own where family life was concerned. His mother was a woman he never seemed to be close with his father, and almost their last act as a family unit was their trip to Denver, which they finally made.

From time he was 12 to 15, Steve's summers were spent working on surrounding ranches, and on high school vacations he earned money as a gandy dancer. Then he got married. Steve is a shoveler on a railroad section.

His name was enrolled and stayed for one year on the student roster at the University of Wyoming. He left because he couldn't stand the clergymates if he wanted to be an actor. He figured the only way to learn was to act.

Steve tackled it the rough way. His first attempts led to a job on a radio project in Detroit, a city which he remembers with considerable displeasure because of his various lodgings there. No matter which boarding house he chose he could never find a room. He had to creep quietly into the beds, for if he jumped in with any force he was chucked by the resultant mist of green powder (bug-chaser). This green powder has become synonymous in his mind with Detroit, for it was always there, in the corners, on the floor and in the mattresses. The sad part was the bugs seemed immune to it.

Steve tried Hollywood a few times, leaving it as soon as he had trained fare. For a few months he was the 30's wanted men with lean jaws and drawing room noses.

In those days, Steve Cochran looked like an itinerant who specialized in cow punching and gandy dancing. He soon added to his list of vocations, becoming a carpenter, a policeman, and an ex-convict—a seemingly internecessary with acting jobs here and there. Once he directed and acted in the Junior League's Theater For Children in San Francisco. This he has kept telling himself, "You're opening in Columbus. Who's covering the show in Columbus? Calm down. But he didn't calm down and when he opened he was on the first line, the lines blurring into a histomibliating squeak. He carried on in true fashion after that, and never again had any trouble unless it was the shattering experience in John H.," Cochran says, who was supposed to remove his trousers in the second act, and soon after the curtain had gone up on said act, a terrible realization came over Cochran. Now, he thought, he's going to whisper in her ear, "I haven't got my shorts on!" After her next exit from the stage he could hear her footsteps treading across the boards, but Steve could hear nothing more and again she gave him a reassuring nod. At his next opportunity to fade slightly out of sight he slipped into the wings, ripped off his trousers, and literally jumped out of them. The shorts that were sold there waiting for him.

Had he not done some quick thinking he would have found himself in a situation embarrassing even to him. For Steve may be a character, but he does draw the line. He bemoans, for instance, the fact that he has a reputation for being a 16-cylindered "servile, controlling mother," but he's old enough, he claims, to be able to find such a reputation to their liking, but Steve shudders for the times he has asked girls for a date and they've backed away from him, all but screaming with laughter.

"Ye Gods," he says helplessly, "I'm only a man." But that, the dolls figure, is precisely the trouble.

Steve is a little, serious when he's in love but admits that his heartache over a broken love affair lasts from two P.M. to four P.M., at which time he once more has his eyes in front of him. He has been married twice, once to Florence Lookwood, daughter of a portrait artist, by whom he had his only child, a daughter Xandria, and once to Puy Hoffman. From this marriage there were no kids, the second two years. Steve has now been single for three years and likes the idea.

When asked, "What in a while," he says, "I start thinking about the advantages of marriage—a home and an anchor and hot meals and all that—and then I catch myself. Whoa, boy! You'd be miserable with me.

Steve likes his freedom. Considering the fact that most of his friends are married, he was once asked if he didn't feel like the man with the odd wheel with them. "Nope," he said, "They're the odd wheels.

For companionship he has Tchaikowsky, and few men could ask for more. Tchaikowsky is a Dogs, and Steve can safely be stated in Tchaikowsky's presence.

Tchaikowsky has to date bitten 21 people and been quarantined 19 times. The two times he escaped quarantine were pure luck and only served to make him wonder why people expected him to expect such action directly after the spanking given him by his master. Tchaikowsky is part Schnauzer and part heaven-knows-what, and there is no resemblance to the composer, except, of course, that he is very much alive. He also has a slightly frightening countenance, as witnessed by the fact that a man who fell into bed on him exploded over in a dead faint when first beholding the dog. The man was sitting in the living room one night, facing the window behind Steve's back, and seeing his eyes, which was enough resemblance to be his, he started furiously and then started to laugh. The dog was out there, standing on the hill by the window, which made him appear to have the height of the mountain. What he did was for all the world like a shone out and revealed two glaring eyes and a pair of appalling fangs, framed by a stiff mass of hair which stood straight out from the face. Nothing else was visible through, and the visitor breathed a choking sigh and lost consciousness.

Tchaikowsky was acquired 11 years ago by Steve as a decoy in the matter of Steve's former girl friend. He had a supercilious Afghan which she used to walk in Central Park every evening. It was spring, and Steve had a hankering to meet this girl. He tried every ruse in the books by which he could draw her to Central Park. So as a last resort Steve became the owner of Tchaikowsky. Arméd with his mutt, he sailed forth on an evening in May, certain of overcoming her and start a conversation. The end result of it was that Tchaikowsky bit the Afghan and the friendship never got started.

Tchaikowsky is, in his inimitable way, almost as famous as Steve because Steve talks about him all the time. Once Steve watched the dog coming home along a country road, watching it be swallowed without so much as a flick of its dog eyelashes. Thirty yards past the boy, Tchaikowsky turned on a dime, bolted back and nipped the kid in the dog's tail, "You don't like my dog, do you," Steve says.

Another time, when Steve was up in Folson making Inside The Walls Of Folson Prison, Tchaikowsky up and bit one of the fellows. The next day the fellow went from his ability to play the piano. This he will do most willingly, in a haphazard way, at a whispered command from Steve, and he feels that the idea of having Tchaikowsky play on a personal appearance tour with him, the dog made headlines when he tangled with the Musicians' Union. The dog could not play the piano in front of the union, there was a standby musician, or a full standby orchestra in the pit, or unless he got a membership card. Tchaikowsky was furious and threatened to have Pettrillo himself had the man been available.

The dog accompanies Steve wherever he goes, with the possible exception of Hollywood cocktail parties, but Steve shies away from these occasions and the mere mention of one. "Everybody trying to impress everybody else," Tchaikowsky did use to play the piano in sundry approaches, but the customers would toss pennies, and insufficiently much as Tchaikowsky had no use for coins of the realm, Steve would collect a beer or two for himself.

Steve's dream idea of entertaining consists of a Roman style dining room. He wants a long, long table down the middle of the room, surrounded on all sides by comfortable couches, and for his idea is his idea of Eden, and he probably
...wouldn't object to having grapes dropped into his mouth by a batch of curvaceous cuties.

The impression that Steve never moves unless necessary is erroneous. He just seems that way. He owns a 24-foot ketch which he keeps harbored at San Pedro, and is a Sunday afternoon sailor. If he doesn't sail, he paints or caulks, scrapes or polishes, and although he's never had the boat out longer than two days, he's sailed more than he can do. He rides a lot, and is making a home movie with some pals who have managed to get together a script, camera, sound equipment and lights. The film has been shot spasmodically in mountainous places like the San Pedro wharves and a San Francisco boiler room. He writes letters to his mother, who now lives in Alaska, the returns on expensive ticket, some six years ago. Mrs. Cochran decided she liked Juneau, in much the same manner she had liked Laramie, cancelled her return ticket and now runs a restaurant there on the rail.

Steve writes letters to his daughter in Carmel and fiddles about with the writing of plays. He keeps promising himself, every week, to pick up his typewriter train, but there never seems to be time enough and his brushes and canvases remain in the closet. He studied art at one time but could never make up his mind whether he wanted to know about fine illustrating or cartooning, and settled on acting instead. His friends from Laramie keep in touch with him, one pal in particular who engineered train through Wyoming and wanted to know why on earth he doesn't "come home for some hunting or fishing." Steve is paradoxical in that despite his boyhood in the wide open spaces he doesn't really miss them at all and enjoys himself in the city just as well.

"If I ever had my swan song in Hollywood," he says, "I'd go back up to Maine and work in a shipyard. You can always do something, you know. Or maybe I'd try to be a professional fisherman. Every time we work on a boat for a picture I get the urge to sneak off to sea and leave the picture flat."

Travel has a strong fascination for him, not because he wants to visit famous libraries or castles or shrines, but simply because there are places he hasn't seen. He associates cities he has visited with strange memories, and when he visits the bell whistles in Detroit, it is whistling kids in Philadelphia. "Never saw anything like it anywhere," he says. "You drive down Broadway, and the Street and other guys are standing there and they all whistle when you go by. The next corner it's girls, and they whistle!"

When back at home in Benedict Canyon, however, he entertains himself easily. He has a battered collection of records which includes chamber music, and a library whose most well thumbed books are those by Shakespeare, Jack London and Erskine Caldwell. And he has his friends and he has Clarence and Tchaikowsky.

Steve takes life as it comes and doesn't argue with it. He is essentially without pretension. He is a charming bachelor not constituted for marriage, but there's hardly a female fan who wouldn't be happy to get one good crack at becoming Mrs. S. Cochran.

(Steve's latest picture is Warner Brothers' The Lion And The Horse.—Ed.)

Am I too daring?

(Continued from page 40) calendar job, which I did as a legitimate figure model at a time in my life when the $50 I was paid looked like the vaults at Fort Knox. It was the same first, last and only job of figure modeling I ever did in Hollywood. But having the news break at a time when several women were already making a point in this type of work, I felt I was traducing the garage, I quite naturally felt that both the calendar and the reasons why I posed for it might be misunderstood.

The only place that I believe that it was me. But how can you deny anything so obvious? There must have been several hundred thousand of the calendar printed; you can get one anywhere. Anyone can tell you, and though my hair was longer then and partially covered my face. So why try to deny it?

At the time I posed for the pictures, I was living in the Hollywood Studios Club, trying to pay for dramatic lessons with the irregular income I made as a model. Other than a few random fashion jobs, which pay very little on the West Coast, I was working for a month; I was flat broke, the finance company was after my car, and I was four weeks behind in my rent. One day, in desperation, I called Tom Kelleher at the Hollywood Studio most artistic photographers, and told him I was willing to pose for the calendar job he had been asking me to do, off and on, for several weeks. As I told reporters, the job was perfectly professional and proper. Tom, who was shooting a series for an eastern calendar company, wanted a blonde model to illustrate the title "Golden Dreams." We worked only 30 minutes and he shot me in two poses. His wife was there, helping with the drapes and the lights. And the $50 he paid me for the job, I might add, was the most important money I've ever earned. It helped me to keep going until I got my first really important break in movies a few months later, in The Asphalt Jungle.

I am retelling this story, which has appeared everywhere by now, not because I like the story especially, but because I do not want to have it any relation to what I intend to say about the point the way I dress. I don't think it would be fair, and I do not want to put myself in a position where the obvious facts of my life can be distorted. I am very grateful that Hollywood and the circumstances associated with my posing for that calendar. It makes me wonder, in fact, just how much attention I should pay today to the criticism of my taste and the choice of dress. Not much, I come to think.

You see, I'm forced to admit that all of my adult life I have preferred to dress for men rather than for other women. For this reason, I suppose, I can not expect other women to appreciate or even like my clothes. But I do, and I was hurt by the second-hand personal attacks I have had to face in my manner of dress. It is simply that, during the relatively few years I have been able to afford pretty clothes, I have always been most at ease when I am presenting myself on an unpretentious level. Everyday suit, every dress, and every gown I own was carefully selected for its potential effect. Personally, too, I feel that if more women followed the corner principle they would be more feminine. But that's only my own opinion.

I have always been clothes-conscious. Back in junior high school, I was painfully so when my entire wardrobe consisted of two hand-me-down navy wool skirts, two identical white cotton blouses, and an old red corduroy jacket. Then

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FROM THE MOVIES

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—Paul Whiteman* (Capitol).
This 12-inch LP record actually contains two complete albums’ worth of music: the recordings on one side and the Rhapsody In Blue on the other, both conducted by Paul Whiteman, with Leonard Pennario’s piano. The highlight of the Rhapsody In Blue, which probably have been very happy with both of these.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—original sound track album* (MGM).
Maybe this LP, which presents eight numbers from the movie will help to remind you that good songs are still being written. These performances feature good melodies with delightful lyrics, and many ingenious rhymes, ably sung. The music is by Harry Warren and the lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

THE MAGIC KITTEN—Pencillin Blues by Willard Celle* (London); Buddy De Franco (MGM).
If you go for musical oddities, the original version by Mr. Celle himself is the one for you, though the facade isn’t our idea of an instrument for lengthy solo performances. Buddy De Franco transfers the simple theme to his clarinet, with artificial results; jazz fans will prefer Buddy Blues on the other side.

QUO VADIS—Dramatic Highlights* (MGM).
Something new—MGM Records now comes up with a set of two LP records offering important scenes from the production just as they are done on the screen. Walter Pidgeon speaks on introduction written especially for this recording.

SINGIN’ IN THE RAIN—title song and Wedding Of The Painted Doll by Tex Beneke (Decca).
I’ll Walk Alone by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—title song by Ziggy Elman (MGM). I’ll Walk Alone by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

my only thought was that someday I might own, not a big wardrobe, but just enough clothes so other girls wouldn’t make fun of me an appreciable number of fine compliments from men. It is a strapless red silk taffeta, snug from the bodice down to the hem, which is about two inches thick. French lace. At I. Magnin’s, where I paid a stiff price for it, I was told that the dress was the only copy of an original purchased by a San Francisco social

ELEVEN OF TWO—original sound track album* (MGM).
I wonder if her dress has ever been criticized in her set the way mine was the night I wore it to one of the few formal Hollywood parties I have attended. This comment from the Hollywood columnists...it was the proof positive, they claimed, that I was utterly lacking in taste. I’m braver, but I love flowers.

My favorite dress, however, is an off-the-shoulder cocktail dress, made of beige lace over coffee-colored silk. It has a sort of tail effect in the back.

One of my favorite cocktail dresses is a black silk by Bill Champion which has a big puff at the side and drapes tightly around my legs. I like its slimming effect. I have also heard a number of comments about the two suits which I own, both of which are simply styled and, I think, tastefully designed. Perhaps it is the way I wear them; I honestly don’t know. The black one by Champion may have a simple red beret, black pumps, and a red rose at the bosom to add a touch of color. The beige one, I wear with brown shoes and a yoke for a costume, jewelry, but I like flowers. I don’t think however, that either suit is made especially provocative by wearing flowers with it.

This morning, when I was hurrying to the makeup department across the lot, wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt I had put on hurriedly at home, I was stopped by one of the executives of the casting department with this: “Marlina, you shouldn’t wear blue jeans on the lot.” “Why?” I asked, thinking that of all places, the lot was the one place I could feel most free, since I was in a business which should always look her best,” he said.

I suppose this is true. But I have always felt comfortable in blue jeans—they’re my favorite informal attire. I have enjoyed it, however, the people whistle at jeans, too, I have to admit that I like mine to fit. There’s nothing I hate worse than baggy blue jeans.

I like to wear as many other idiosyncrasies about clothes. I like bare-looking shoes for both formal and informal occasions. I believe, like the classic Greeks, that a woman’s feet are an important part of her beauty. Furthermore, when I dress for formal occasions, I never wear a girdle or other confining garments. Freedom of movement is very important to a woman—"beauty is an important part of her beauty. Furthermore, when I dress for formal occasions, I never wear a girdle or other confining garments. Freedom of movement is very important to a woman."
darling, you're nuts!

(Continued from page 39) at me and said, May I call you up next week?"

"That threw me again. I thought, what's wrong with me that he wants to call me next week to call? But I said, airily, 'Oh, sure. Do give me a ring.' That was Saturday night and he called me Monday morning. We fixed up a date for the following Saturday."

THERE'S a tiny place tucked away in Los Angeles called the Tiffany Club. Only real film celebrities are allowed, but Janie's that, and so, it turned out, was Trav. He couldn't have made more of a hit with her than suggesting that they go, not to watch a picture, but to the Tiffany to hear Nat King Cole.

Thus, on their first real date together, they were bowing down downtown, and, to be in the mood, Janie was singing King Cole's "Smash!" and the record being played on Trav's car radio, when smash! Trav jammed the car in front of them which had stopped too suddenly.

In an instant, Trav was out and apologizing to the driver, a little old lady, and when they looked over her car and saw that she hadn't actually hurt it at all. He gave her his card, the name of his insurance company, and the name of his charm and good manners, gave her a smile, and drove on. It wasn't until then that Trav noticed his own car—his new car, his luxury car. That had its whole nose jammed in! It was a Bronco Busters and it turned out to be a very special art to even limp it to the Tiffany Club. Finally, the automobile club came to haul it away.

In Bronco Busters, John Lund and Scott Brady play the title roles, so the studio wardrobe department fastened some "saddle pads" for them to wear during riding scenes. They're false," said Lund, "only with a reverse twist."

"Saddle Skirts in Hollywood Is My Best"

Janie and Trav laughed like crazy, heard Nat King Cole till dawn, took a taxi back to Jane's—and Trav said he'd call next morning. Trav was the following week. They had the three week after. The week after that they had four and by the end of January and up until they broke their engagement, they dated every night.

But in between there were those pressures—those special Hollywood pressures for love and the very special Hollywood pressures against.

"I'm impulsive," Jane confessed, sitting in the library of her exquisite home. Outside, making an enormous racket, were Maureen, who is now 10, and Michael, who is said to be the cutest child in the city, sitting for their mother, who was driving them out of town for a special week-end, just the three of them, away, alone together.

"I'm madly impulsive," Jane repeated. "I do things and then I think, What did I do? And when I have that doubt, then I know I must pause and get it straightened out." You can search the Hollywood record back through the years and you'll never find a star who has kept things straightened out better than Jane. Take the matter of agents. Most stars change their agents about as often as they change their hair styles. Not Janie. When she first came to town, an unknown little radio singer, she signed with an unknown agent named Lou Wasserman. He's still her agent, still one of her best friends, but now he's climbed as high as she to head the mighty MCA.

For another example, it's an old Hollywood trick that all stars fight with Warner Brothers, that if they are under contract to them. Jane started with Warner Bros. She is still with Warner Brothers. On both sides it's a mutual admiration society. On both sides they are happy as larks.

One more example. Most stars turn over their domestic help as often as they turn morning calls. But Trav, he has the same wonderful housekeeper, Carrie, since before Maureen was born, and the way they glow at one another makes you feel as though you were in a room full of white satin sheets. Now Janie, on charm bracelet, wears a fifty cent piece, which has been dipped in gold. She gives that pixie grin of hers when she explains it's not to serve as an anchor but to hold out in this business, she says, 'a friend gave this to me and it had engraved, It's the principle of the thing.' And it is. Everything is. You've got to get the principle right and stick with it, particularly in this town, or you are utterly lost. This gold-dipped 50-cent piece looks like gold, but it isn't really. On the other hand, it's not—nor it's more, than a half dollar.

It is because Jane sincerely believes, and rightly, that love in Hollywood is like that 50-cent piece—at once itself and more than itself. And because she is at the threshold of marriage, in justice to herself and Trav she wants to be sure of their love.

"Whether or not we like it," Jane said to me, "any of us who become so-called 'names' do become public institutions. I'm not saying we aren't royally rewarded for it. I'm not claiming it isn't all very exciting and wonderful to love. But the fact still is that our lives get cut up more than a boarding house pie. In the broadest sense my life is divided into three sections—Jane Wyman, the movie star, who makes two pictures a week, and then the mother of Maureen and Michael Reagan, who tries to be a good mother, then Jane Wyman, herself. However, on top of that, there is or maybe more, the 'institution' calls me here to help launch the Red Cross drive or Community Chest or something like that every week or so. I'm asked to broadcast for the Hallmark Card Company, and to oversee their firm and I'm delighted to do so, because they have been so good to me in the past. Then, ever since 'Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening,' the 'institution' has been in the record business.

"Don't tell me that I don't have to do all these things. I know that. Yet, they are very hard to resist. They are part of an enormous organization. Besides, all of us out here always think these extra activities will not take as much time as they do. In fact, they always take twice as much time, and somehow we expect, but still we don't believe it."

The "institution" then was what exerted the special pressures on Jane, when she and Trav had become married and nightily. One of those very special pressures can be traced to Hollywood's dramatic instinct to build up everything twice as high as it really is; a second pressure is the publicity business. All Hollywood is divided into the 31 regions of them, began asking, "Darling, are you really in love again? When are you being married?" And when Roni magazine came thick and fast. "When are you setting the date?" Janie was asked from dawn to dusk. Then publicity came along and said, "Hey, this is going rough. What shall we tell the press?"

Naturally, Trav had his side in all of this, too. He's a handsome fellow—tall,
dark and laughing. For a brief time, he wanted to be an actor. However, he changed his mind and went into the construction business, and to his great credit has made a wonderful success in the business world.

“That’s one of the things I find so stimulating about Trav,” Jane said, “that executive ability. But when I stopped to think about what marriage would mean to us, I began to worry.”

Not here. I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You know how that is.

Janie’s face lighted up, suddenly. “One of the best things I can say for Trav,” she explained, “is the way my Michael likes him. Michael’s all man, and very much my protector. In the past I’ve had a couple of escorts he didn’t like. He behaved beautifully at all times, was very much the little gentleman, but only too dignified. I knew Trav was ‘in’ the day Michael brought down one of his toy horses to him and asked, ‘Do you know how to make one of these bigger toys? Trav was able to repair it instantly.’

I think Jane would give up anything or anybody who’d seem to shadow Maureen’s or her own image. The two of them attend a very fashionable school, about 40 miles out of Hollywood, and are home every week-end. Lots of other movie children go there—Joan Crawford’s Chris- topher, for example—and Jane alternates with other mothers in going down to pick up their various broods. But Jane gives up every Friday to Monday, when she is school chauffeur, to her son and daughter.

Add up all of these factors and you see, as Jane does, “the special pressures.” Add them all together, and you can see how it was possible for her to go to dinner and dance all evening, and then, home- wards, call Trav that she felt it wise to break their marriage. And really it is wise as everyone knows to want your mind to be as completely in love as your heart seems to be. And really it is wise, particularly in Hollywood, to wait.

Except that even though Trav said, “You’re nuts, darling,” they still find one another every night at least from another every time until the first time is being thought about his future and she’s thinking about him. And do you think any two people, who aren’t wildly in love, act that way?

(Jane Wyman can soon be seen in Warner’s The Story of Will Rogers.—Ed.)

Hollywood’s most passionate loves (Liz Taylor)

(Continued from page 34) that is worth a small fortune. This fact brings up another salient point—sex.

Elizabeth has always been looked upon in Hollywood as a sensationally beautiful ignoramus. This isn’t so. Elizabeth has a surprising depth of her knowledge of art. Most people have overlooked the fact that Elizabeth, close as she has been to her father, has absorbed a vast knowledge about paintings. Her father once had the Hatfield-Taylor Art Gallery at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Unlike many another actress, Elizabeth never paraded her knowledge about paintings. Her father once had Augustus John drawings for Christmas, and he gave her a Hudhah painting of a young girl. (Hudhah, by the way, did a portrait of Elizabeth for her parents.)

When I last talked with Elizabeth, she told me the hitherto untold story of the struggle she and Mike had to find a house in Hollywood. Long before the trip to Lon- don, Elizabeth and Mike took long rides around Bel-Air, the beach and Beverly Hills, searching for the type of home they wanted. And with the decision made, they left the Riviera district, you know, and found what they wanted—a completely modern home with a view, which could be seen from practically any direction through huge glass windows.

Then, a few days after the marriage, Elizabeth called her mother, gave her the address and said, “I’ll call you later, I don’t thing.”

Cleverly, she told her mother not to divulge the name of the purchaser, and the deal had almost gone through when the purchaser was a government official. At long last, the price was under the out of the party on Elizabeth’s check. Something went wrong then, and by the time the detail was straightened out, the price had jumped by $15,000.

But there was another house, almost equally attractive. It had a swimming pool, which is almost a necessity for both Elizabeth and Mike who are expert swimmers. At last, they found the one the two places. And here again, another lie about Elizabeth can be destroyed once and for all.

Mrs. Wyman has been pictured as an extravagant girl who has no sense about money. If this were so, how does it happen that even though her studio was prepared to advance her a down payment against her salary, she refused to complete the deal because it was too much money. Un- like some of her friends who have gone into hock for show palace homes, Eliza- beth has insisted that her marriage be solvent from the beginning.

Girls with the dollar complex, of which Elizabeth has also been accused, are notoriously selfish and neurotic. On one occasion, Elizabeth said to me, “You know, it is a fact that Michael once seriously considered giving up pictures entirely to go back to painting, and he may do just that one day. When he does, I’ll retire with him, you may be sure of that.”

And, on the same subject, let me assure you that when you have asked Elizabeth to complain about how much money was taken out of her check for taxes, which is a familiar theme with many an actress.

Elizabeth has always been public with her pictures. She has been in several pictures, and was even publicly spanked in the press for dance- ing cheek to cheek in a Hollywood night club with Stanley Donen, but she won’t be doing that with Mike. The fact of the matter is that Elizabeth, like a lot of other Hollywood stars, went night-clubbing because she was unhappy. Most people who go to night clubs do so because they are not happy at home. In London, Liz and Mike are seldom seen in the gay places.

Her routine is sleeping late in the morning, reaching the studio in time for lunch, and going home in the afternoon. She is completely on the set. They rarely go out, except to the homes of intimate friends. They have been horseback riding at least two days during their week-end, and in England, staying in a hotel.

If, in a way, Liz was a doormat for her first husband’s desire to show off, she certainly isn’t for Mike. She has a new maturity now, though she won’t say so. It’s the old story.

It is odd that the moment you apply a microscope to the simple facts of Elizabeth’s new life, you discover another old lie. She proposed to Mike in the first courtship and marriage, she learned to smoke, and she smoked too much, nerv- ously. Today, she likes an occasional cigarettte for enjoyment, not to prove that she is sophisticated.

Elizabeth has always loved dogs, and she and Mike have been spending many hours together in the Los Angeles dog races. They even own a dachshund which he brought home, un- expectedly, as a present for her. This is the first pet that Elizabeth has had since her marriage, she was engaged to the moon when she learned the news that her dog had died of convulsions at the vet’s.

Remember how fashion designers nearly reel at the thought of the average woman creating a voluminous wardrobe for Elizabeth for her first honeymoon? At that time, she was extremely clothes conscious, but that’s all changed now. Mike, who frequently shows up in one of those sport shirts, with no buttons at all, has brought a casual attitude into her feeling about fashions. Today she ignores mink capes for an omnipresent polo coat until one bystander at a cocktail party was heard to say, “Gosh, isn’t that girl ever dressed?” Perhaps that’s where some of the stories started that she and Mike weren’t too well off, financially.

For those who don’t know of our Elizabeth is so great that she and Mike will constantly be followed by the hounds of falsehood. As, for instance, the story about Liz’ paying for the honeymoon. She did. As a matter of fact, the story is that Mike could only take $70 out of England, and he insisted on spending every last cent of it on a big dinner in Paris. Now you have this is probably entirely true that in a year or so his total earnings could be more than Elizabeth’s straight salary.

The contrast between Elizabeth’s first marriage and her second will be forever inevitable so long as she is a star, but there will be other marriages. Child- bride marriage is almost completely for- gotten in her life, now. Whereas Elizabeth lost many pounds of weight due to worry and sadness when she was Mrs. Nicky Hilton, now she is Mrs. Mike—she is the happiest she has ever been. But even then, that she is Mrs. Michael Wilding—and this set off another widely circulated rumor concerning expected motherhood.

But let Liz, I think, heartily, said to her mother, “Look, Mother, I have a double chin,” to which Mrs. Taylor replied, “I don’t care if you have three double chins. I love you.”

And what are the chances of this?

The girl who once said, “I thought I was grown up enough to handle marriage—but I wasn’t. I found out two weeks after I married that I’d made a mistake—but it was a beautiful wedding, wasn’t it?” now says, “I want to know my hus- band and like him as well as love him!” But maybe she is thinking only of full of youth, excitement and—yes, let’s use the word—passion—is a wonderful con- tinuing story of perfect romance, so long as Liz and Mike continue to follow the Hollywood tradition. And my personal wager is that they will!

P.S. About those baby rumors. They’re planning—just as happy as you are. And the rest of this year.

Although, nature has a way of ignoring brides and grooms and budgets.
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THE SECRET LIFE OF FARLEY GRANGER
HOLLYWOOD'S PROBLEM BACHELOR

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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 33d St., New York, 1, New York.

Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 821 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33d St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 291 N. 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 $3.00. Subscriptions in U.S. $8.00 one year, $3.50 two years, $5.00 three years, $8.00 four years. Foreign $10.00 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 1952 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc.
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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. Why does MGM keep suspending Ava Gardner and taking her off salary?
   —B. Y., SMITHELD, N. C.
A. Because Ava refuses to work in pictures offered her.

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman plans to return to the U. S. later this year?
   —S. R., BILONI, Miss.
A. She hopes to make it around Christmas time.

Q. Every time I pick up a movie magazine I read that June Allyson's real name is something else. Once and for all, when June was born what name did her parents give her?
   —D. R., DENVER, COLO.
A. Ella Geisman.

Q. I understand that Kirk Douglas is the other man in the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas love affair. Is this true or a publicity stunt?
   —Y. T., BATH, ME.
A. Publicity stunt.

Q. Isn't it true that Dale Robertson now regrets his hasty marriage and wishes to be single again?
   —S. E., RENO, NEV.
A. No.

Q. Now that he's shed his fourth wife, with whom is Clark Gable going these days?
   —I. F., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
A. Natalie Thompson, ex-wife of actor Robert Hutton.

Q. The Mona Freeman-Pat Nerney marriage has been played up for years as one of Hollywood's happiest. Was it ever really happy, and what broke it up?
   —A. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.
A. The marriage has been juggling for years because Mona has been more successful than her husband.

Q. Wasn't Gene Kelly a lawyer before he became a dancer?
   —T. O., PITTSBURGH, PA.
A. He studied law at the University of Pittsburgh as an undergraduate, but never entered law school.

Q. Why does Mario Lanza remain in Hollywood if he isn't particularly happy making movies?
   —K. G., PHILA., PA.
A. He has a contract.

Q. Will you please settle an argument by publishing the name Kirk Douglas went by when he and his family lived on Eagle Street in Amsterdam, N. Y.?
   —B. Y., ELLISVILLE, N. Y.
A. Izy Dempsey.

Q. Why won't Jane Wyman permit photos of her children to be taken for publication?
   —S. R., BALT., MINN.
A. In this matter she has always deferred to the judgment of her ex-husband, Ronald Reagan.

Q. Why did Jeanne Crain have to reduce so drastically after her fourth child? How much weight did she gain?
   —D. U., COLUMBUS, OHIO
A. Approximately 30 lbs.

Q. How come Alan Ladd and Joan Crawford answer letters from their fans, and some movie stars don't?
   —R. E., GAINESVILLE, FLA.
A. All movie stars try to. Ladd and Crawford happen to have very efficient secretaries.

Q. Isn't Bing Crosby retiring from the movies to concentrate on television? Doesn't Bing own two TV stations?
   —R. Q., WILMINGTON, DEL.
A. Crosby isn't retiring from movies. He has filed applications with the Federal Communications Commission to own and operate two stations. Permission has not as yet been granted.

Q. Hain't Ricardo Montalban been married more than once?
   —N. S., SAN DIEGO, CAL.
A. One civil ceremony, one church ceremony, with the same girl, Georgiana.
THIS IS A STORY WITH A LOT OF TWISTS!

WOW! LOOK HOW "SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE"

She's a burlesque cutie who zips out of the runway and into college—then puts some brand new shakes in Shakespeare!

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DIRECTED BY BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS

DON DEFORE PHYLLIS THAXTER PATRICE WYMORE

Musical Numbers Staged & Directed by LeRoy Prinz • Musical Direction Ray Heindorf
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

The Bennys throw the party of the season ... Everyone's talking about the Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie feud ... Will sisters Joan and Olivia make up? ...

Farley's playing it cozy in Europe.

The party of the Season was a dinner dance Mary and Jack Benny gave honoring Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz. All our glamour girls were out in full regalia looking like pictures.

Jane Wyman's lavender tulle with violets was one of the conversation pieces. So was Rosalind Russell's very long white dress with full skirt. I notice long dresses are coming back. Linda Christian's long white gown was much admired, too.

June Allyson seemed to be having more fun than anyone else there. She danced and danced, and when Dick Powell got up and played with the orchestra you could hear her laugh above everyone.

The dancing was rapid, gay and in the samba mood. To see dignified Dore Schary really cut a rug with Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Mrs. Schary and others of our beauties, was something.

Ginger Rogers was with Greg Bautzer, and, as this goes to press, she's mad about the popular lawyer.

I danced with Gordon MacRae, who was there with his pretty Sheila. What a nice boy that MacRae is. He's one of my favorites among the actors of our town.

To mention all the beauties would take this whole section of Modern Screen. But I must say that Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Irene Dunne, the handsome Mrs. Goetz and Deborah Kerr all had gowns that were outstanding. I had a new dress myself—and I liked it.

The Bobby-sockers have taken the new Mrs. Johnny "Cry" Roy to their hearts and well they might. She is sweet little Marilyn Morrison, daughter of Charlie "Mocombo" Morrison, and she's a very nice girl.

All this excitement of being the wife of the teenagers' craze is something new for Marilyn, but she's taking it in stride.

Both kids were on the phone with me right after the ceremony, because I was the one who said they would marry when other columnists denied it. Hope I can always be as right as I was with that one.

The long smouldering fight between Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie came right out in the open when Tony had a battle with his studio and was put on suspension.

There have been rumors of a feud for a long time between Tony and the flower-eating gal, but no one thought much about it until Tony said out loud in print that he'd never again make a picture with Piper.

I happen to know that the reason for Tony's stand is that he believes Piper said something that is a slight against his bride. Janet Leigh.

Piper says she didn't mean it that way.

The whole town was surprised when Tony lost his temper and said he wouldn't sign with Universal-International again.

In addition to the Laurie debacle, he is very bitter that U-I took him off salary because he went with Janet on location for her picture. He says he just wanted to spend his birthday and their anniversary with his bride.

The studio retaliated by saying they had made many concessions to the young lovers in the past—in particular a telephone bill for
AND MIKE WILDING TO BRING YOU THESE INFORMAL PICTURES OF THEM "AT HOME" IN THEIR LONDON APARTMENT.

Now that she is so well—I can tell you that Shirley Temple nearly died following the birth of her son. Complications set in after birth and Shirley was unable to leave Bethesda Naval Hospital for two months.

Dr. William Bradbury, the Los Angeles surgeon who delivered little Linda Sue, was summoned east for consultation over Shirley’s condition. Although Linda Sue’s birth was natural, it was decided to have a Caesarian section performed for the birth of her second child.

I talked with Dr. Bradbury soon after he returned to the Coast. He had nothing but praise for Shirley’s courage and the tenderness and consideration of her husband, Lt. Charles Black.

Of course, when Shirley’s condition was so serious, her mother, Mrs. Temple, rushed East to her daughter’s bedside.

Now what do you do in a case like this? I heard that Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker had reconciled and were on a "second honeymoon" in Laguna.

I called them there and got Arlene on the telephone.

"Now, Louella," said she, "don't say we are reconciled. It's true Lex is here with me. But there are still many problems we have to iron out."

She admitted, however, they were "having a lovely time."

What I want to know is—when is a second honeymoon not a second honeymoon? Charlie O'Curran takes no sss from his movie star bride, Betty Hutton, which is the best way I know to keep her interested.

Recently, Betty corrected the way Charlie pronounced the name of Renoir, the French painter. "It's Ren-wair, not Ren-oro," said Betty to her bridegroom, but not unkindly.

"Okay, okay," said Irish O'Curran, "and remember this, baby, Stop calling me a dance director. I'm a choreographer. And until you can spell it, I'm still going to call him Ren-orel!" And that put Betty in her place.

WILL OLIVIA De Havilland's separation from Marcus Goodrich have any bearing on her long strained relationship with her sister, Joan Fontaine? Many people ask me that question, and my answer is—I think so, definitely.

Joan once told me that she was sure she and Livvie could get together except for the influence of Goodrich.

His (and Olivia's) intense dislike of Joan dates back to the time they announced their engagement and Joan is supposed to have made the wisecrack that Goodrich was an old beau of hers.

She didn’t actually say that. What she said was that she knew him and had met him socially—or some such thing.

But Marcus never forgot—and when he takes hold of a grudge he is not a boy to let go. Of course, Livvie was hurt, too, by the manner in which her sister’s remark was quoted to her. Joan once told me, "I love my
"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!

Kirk Douglas took Marlene Dietrich to the Polo Matches, though his name has been linked with Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner lately.

sister—and sometime, someway, when she is not under the influence of someone unfriendly to me. I believe we will regain the understanding we once had. That will be one of the happiest days of my life. And it can't come too soon for me."

Joan is in Europe making a picture and she won't be back in this country for several months. When she does come back—well, we shall see what we shall see about those famous feuding sisters.

Zounds and Wow! Am I getting mail from our service men protesting the Joan Evans interview (not with me) in which she talks on Parent-Child relationship. Joan scoffed at the "old-fashioned" idea of children calling their parents "Mom" and "Dad" and advocated substituting their first names.

A letter signed by "Two Soldiers in Korea" lambasts: "It's too bad these modern brats can't be over here for awhile—and then they would come to know what those wonderful words, Mom and Dad, really mean! Never in our hearts do we think of them as Elizabeth and George or Ann and Frank because we want to remember them with respect and affection as parents, and not as contemporaries."

"I'd like to get inside Joan Evans' mind and find out what makes her tick. She gives out the damnest interviews about the damnest bunch of modern nonsense we've ever read. Frankly, we are sorry for her. To grow up without sentiment and old-fashioned things like that is to miss some wonderful emotions in life."

Poor Joan—she does seem to get her foot in her mouth everytime she gives out one of those "modern youth" stories of hers.

Frank Sinatra was telling us about his and Ava's harrowing flight home from Honolulu when one of the motors on the four-engine plane conked out exactly halfway over the Pacific. Too far out to turn back, the pilot decided to continue with the "injured" ship.

"We were told not to worry," laughed Frankie, "and rehearsed putting on our life-belts and on how to get out of the emergency exits if we were forced down."

"Then, over the loud speaker we were cheerfully told that a United States Army plane was following us—just in case anything
Did "Carrie" do wrong...or only what every woman dreams of doing!

She couldn't help using men...even when she didn't want to!

in
WILLIAM WYLER'S production of the novel so daring it once shocked the nation!

Carrie

with
MIRIAM HOPKINS • EDDIE ALBERT

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
From the American Classic,
SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER
happened. I looked at Ava and she said, "Well, it's nice to know a plane will be flying over us. They can look over and say, 'There they are'—let's take some candid camera shots!"

It may be funny to look back on—but it isn't anything the Sinatras want to go through again any time soon.

It's a riot to visit on The Road To Bali set while Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour are working. The boys call lovely glamorous Dottie "the old lady." The old lady has her hands full not being thrown for a loop by the way Bob and Bing ad lib dialogue. Usually, she manages to keep a straight face.

But the other day, they broke her up completely.

There's a gag scene where a gun goes off and the bullet goes straight up in the air. An elephant drops down.

"What's that?" asks Bob, according to script.

"A Republican!" ad libbed Bing—and it got such a big laugh it's going to stay in the picture.

The whole town's talking about Linda Christian's statue in the all-together which she presented to Ty Power for his birthday and had installed in the garden of their home. I must say we're certainly getting a good view of many of our belles what with Marilyn Monroe's nude photo on a calendar and Julia Adams nearly-nude photographs which she posed so a statue could be sculpted of her. Her husband gave her permission.

Why is Farley Granger playing the recluse in Europe? They're calling him the male Greta Garbo over there.

During the entire cross-ting from New York to London he didn't come out of his state-room except to parade the decks late at night after everyone had retired.

When the Queen Mary docked at Southampton, he turned up his coat collar and brushed past newspapermen with a surly, "Nothing to say."

What a difference from the trip he made last year with Shelley Winters when they didn't stick their noses outdoors without being photographed or giving out with the interviewers.

10 Farley's attitude isn't adding to his popularity abroad and, frankly, I can't see the reason for it.

While I'm wondering about the conduct of gentlemen, I might bring up Travis Kleefeld, fiance of Jane Wyman for a hot moment.

Since his breakup with Jamie, the rich Mr. Kleefeld has been romancing about town with the estranged wife of his former best friend, Keenan Wynn.

Romancing is hardly the word for the 'necking' Travis and Beetsie do in public. They are becoming something to stare at around the nightclubs with their persistent smooching.

If they have to do this sort of thing—why not wait until Beetsie at least files her divorce suit against Keenan.

Nobody arrives in the MGM wardrobe department wearing the gash-awful outfits Debbie Reynolds whips up. When the studio calls her for fittings, Debbie goes just as is.

The other day she whipped in wearing pajamas, a toccopet and mukluks!

Another time, she wore her Girl Scout suit. And still another, nothing more than a bro and slip under an evening wrap!

"Who cares?" says Debbie. "I'm not a glamour girl."

In my grandmother's day they would have called Debbie "a card."

The least temperamental of actresses, she recently surprised her co-workers by ordering the I Love Neda set closed while she did a specialty number—locked and bolted yet!

Then she hung up a fifty-cents admission price on the door.

She sold more than 150 boxes of Girl Scout cookies to those who wanted to watch and raised a nice tidy little sum for her favorite organization.

"Sometimes," mused Missy Reynolds, "I believe I have a touch of Hetty Green in me."

I find I have a few thousand words more to say about Tony Curtis' new attitude toward his career.

I'm sure it is unconscious, but I think Tony's close friendship with Jerry Lewis has had a peculiar effect on him.

Jerry's success with Dean Martin has lifted him high into the big money bracket. He has a big home with servants, swimming pool, camera room and practically all the other big star trappings.

Tony doesn't envy Jerry all this. He is glad he has it. But, somehow I feel that he expects his own career to bound along and skyrocket as his pal's has.

Young Curtis is an entirely different type of actor and he hopes to have his own big field to operate in that Jerry does—nightclubs, theater appearances, TV, radio, and other fields of entertainment.

I realize Tony's salary at Universal-International is not big—perhaps not big enough in view of his popularity. But he must remember that most of our big stars have, through the years, traded off their apprenticeships in lower salary brackets and that when the right time comes, they got on the gravy train.

Tony's and Janet's days of living in a small apartment and economizing so they can help their families won't last forever the way they are both going.

He should be patient and bide his time. Quarrelling with a studio has never benefited a new star.

The Letter Box: "Persimmons." Chicago, writes: "Are you mad at Rock Hudson. You never mention his name." You are wrong, sir; for instance, he interviewed him for a Sunday newspaper story and I print all the news I hear about your favorite.

From London, Cassie Carter tells about Janet Leigh when Janet was there appearing at a charity affair sponsored by the Duke of Edinburgh. "Janet admitted she was very nervous before meeting the Duke because she has a very loud laugh. 'And then I found out that the Duke laughs louder than I.'"

Doris Day—please, please, please answer your fan mail and requests for pictures from our boys in Korea. Corporals Joe Gottlieb and Jim Wynne are the latest to protest to me their disappointment over hearing nothing from you. You should not have to be begged to do this, Doris.

Vivien Le Monte, Kansas City, asks: "Is Carleton Carpenter always giving it up, singing and playing drums in nightclubs?"

I wouldn't say so. Carleton has his good days, for instance, he plays an excellent game of bridge.

That's all this month. See you next month.
Yes, your hair can shine like silk, feel soft as silk, gleam and shimmer like silk.

It's so easy to have excitingly lovely, lively hair . . .

Just shampoo it with today's gentle Drene!

(Shh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silken's your hair.)

DRENE SHAMPOO

silken's your hair...as it cleanses!
HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

At the cry of "Fire!" all the stars dining in Warners' Green Room commissary were electrified into action. Seconds later every one of them was racing toward the expanding chaos. Among those holding their skirts high, running to do anything they could to stop the $1,500,000 blaze, were Kathryn Grayson, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day and Phyllis Thaxter. Also working feverishly, passing fire-fighting equipment from hand to hand, were Gordon MacRae, Burt Lancaster, Steve Cochran, David Brian and Lon Chaney, Jr. And, at the end of the struggle, they stood and stared at the gaunt skeleton of once glamorous sets . . . Barbara Stanwyck's son, Tony, donned the khaki of Uncle Sam at Fort Ord . . . Hollywood can't figure which Debbie Bob Wagner is most interested in: Reynolds or Paget . . . Ann Blyth is all smiles because the Army has returned Richard Long to Hollywood . . . Marilyn Monroe's only after-effect from her operation is a bent ear. The guy who was bending it was baseball's Joe DiMaggio—twice a day, and by long distance!

Shelley Winters gave her age as 25 when she and Vittorio Gassman were wed in Juarez, Mexico. Huh? . . . There was a buzz around town that a "deal" had been made with the District Attorney and that Walter Wagner would get out of his jail sentence for shooting Jennings Lang. The D. A. indignantly denied it. Wagner will serve the term . . . Meanwhile, Lang made his first public appearance since the shooting on the Racquet Club tennis court in Palm Springs, a few days after Wagner was sentenced . . . And her closest friends say that Wagner and Joan Bennett will never reconcile, although the Rev. John Smith of All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills has done everything possible to bring these two together again . . .

Jeffrey Hunter and Barbara Rush finally got away to San Francisco for their honeymoon, after 18 months of marriage . . . I'm waiting for Bing Crosby to frame his birthday gift from Bob Hope. It's that nude calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe, with Bing's head superimposed . . . Bing dropped the keys and newspaper he was carrying when 100 couples greeted him in the living room of his Holmby Hills home singing "Happy Birthday To You" . . . Next time a star tells me he's too busy to make a charity appearance because he's busy making a picture, remind me to remind him of Jane Powell, Joan Evans and Vera-Ellen. All were working before the cameras every day but all entertained for the Mother Cabrini benefit one Saturday, then put in all day Sunday at the Santa Monica Auxiliary hospital benefit.

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker separated shortly after a friend sent Lex a shrivelled head from Lima, Peru, and Arlene ordered him to get rid of it—although I'm not trying to say that's WHY! Actually, these two will reconcile when she devotes less time to being an actress and writing a beauty column and more to being a housewife—if they haven't already reunited when you read this . . . Remember the fuss when Esther Williams won the Sour Apple Award? Hollywood Women's Press Club is seriously thinking of calling
Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni
FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—
including the millions of
Toni users who have al-
ways had good results. Now
better than ever, Regular
Toni gives you the beauty of
a natural wave because it's
just right for normal hair.

Super Toni
FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't
work or didn't last, Super
Toni is your answer. For it
is specially made to curl
resistant hair. Super Toni
is recommended, too, for
women who want a cutlier
permanent.

Very Gentle Toni
FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very
easily you need the extra
mildness of Very Gentle
Toni. It's custom-made to
give you a soft, natural-
looking permanent. Also
wonderful for bleached
or tinted hair—or hair with
some natural curl.

Now... do what the finest beauty shops do

— choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make
your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni,
Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly for-
mulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a
home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that
means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever
before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today,
choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right
for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette
NEW PERMANENT
FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on
every little girl's hair! Tonette—
the children's home permanent
by Toni. Specially made for
youngsters' hair that lacks body
and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refill $1.50

Your choice of Tonette refills $1.50
**Let's Speak Frankly**

about these 'EXTRA' advantages for

**Intimate Feminine Hygiene**

Greaseless Suppository assures
continuous action for hours!

Zonitors being most enthusiastically
used by up-to-date women. Zonitors offer a daintier, easier, powerfully
effective yet absolutely harmless
method for intimate feminine cleanliness
so important to married happiness,
health and to guard against
offensive odors.

One of the many advantages of
Zonitors is they're greaseless, stain-
less vaginal suppositories.
They are not the type which quickly
melt away. When inserted, Zonitors
release the same powerful type of
germ-killing and deodorizing properti-
as as famous zonitors liquid. And they
continue to do so for hours! Positively
non-poisonous, non-irritating.

**NEW! Zonitors Now Packaged Two Ways**
- Individually foil-wrapped, or
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**Zonitors**
(Vaginal Suppositories)

FREE!

Send coupon for new book revealing all
about these intimate physical facts.
Zonitors, Dept. ZMR-62, 100 Park Avenue,
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**hollywood report continued**

off the annual award headache. I guess there
aren't that many uncooperative stars in town
when the columnist started linking her romantically
with Kirk Douglas. It looks like she and
Fernando Lamas will wed in Mexico as soon as
they get their respective divorces—although
for a while there it looked as though Lana's
lawyers wouldn't be able to locate Bob
Topping to serve the divorce
papers.

Liz Taylor went back on
salary, after almost an en-
tire honeymoon without a
paycheck, when she returned
to MGM to star in The
Girl Who Had Everything.
She asked the studio to
change the title, claiming,
"It's misleading—I don't have
everything!" . . . But
you'll agree with me that "Zing Me A Little
Zong" is hit parade material after you hear
Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby sing it in
Just For You. Some of their pals hold
out any hope for Zsa Zsa Gabor and George
Sanders to reconcile. Even though Zsa Zsa
says, "This was never a marriage—it was a
love affair!" . . . And the Gary and Rocky
Coopers were just as rocky as ever at press
time. Gary lunched with her at her home
one Sunday recently, took her to the polo
matches that afternoon, and then dined with
her at home again that night. Next night
she was out with one of the polo players!

and Janet Leigh was rebelling against making
too many pictures . . . And Tony Curtis was
insisting that U-I, the studio that made him a
star, let him out of his contract.

The Gable divorce was one of the fastest
on record. Lady Sylvia untied the knot in
court here in exactly 12 minutes . . . This was
exactly the same day, same court, that a girl
named Jill Winkler Henry won her divorce
from John Henry. For the record, Jill is the
widow of Otto Winkler, the press agent who
died in the plane crash that killed Carole
Lombard! . . . Meanwhile, Josephine Dillon,
Gable's first wife, pressed by a reporter for a
statement, said: "I never asked Clark for alimony and
didn't want any. Right now
I'm happy sitting under my
tree in North Hollywood
and giving drama lessons
in my barn" . . . Despite
all the fights with Gloria
Grahame and Jack Palance,
the couple are still together
on the set while the picture
was shooting, Joan Craw-
ford tells me that Sudden
Fear is far and away her best picture since
Mildred Pierce. Joan could use a good picture
just about now . . . Somebody noticed that
one of the lady guests attending a Los Angeles
Press Club party was wearing a wonderful bead
necklace. "Where did you get it?" I asked.
"Oh, I bought it in Greece," she answered.

**FINANCIAL PAGE:**

Jane Russell's business manager allows her
only $100 a month pocket money . . . RCA-
Victor's recording deal with Mario Lanza
guarantees him $150,000 a year for his
Red Seal royalties last year alone exceeded
$500,000 . . . Vittorio Gassman's weekly pay-
check from MGM is $1,200—just $250 short
of spouse Shelley Winters' $1,500 a week from U-I . . .
Howard Hughes rewarded Ann Blyth for taking over
the role that Claudette Col-
bert bowed out of in The
Korean Story with a free
trip to Honolulu . . . Par-
amount paid Jean Arthur
$150,000 to settle her con-
tract. It called for $1,000
a week for ten years and it
had six more years to go.

**SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:**

They say Charlie Morrison, who operates
the Mocambo, threatened various members of
the press with mayhem when they printed that
his daughter Marilyn would marry Johnnie
"Prince of Walla" Rizz. He kept denying
they'd wed up until Marilyn and Johnnie
said "I do" . . . You've got troubles? When
last heard from, MGM's June Ally-
sen was insisting on retiring, Ava Gardner
was demanding that she be allowed to
spend more time with her "Old Man" be-
tween pictures, Jane Powell wasn't able to
make pictures because she was having a baby,
Be gay...

Be at ease...

Wear what you please!

Invisible

Playtex® Pink-Ice

gives you a look-twice figure

You'll never know how slim you can look, how free you can feel, how blissfully comfortable you can be in the fun-loving clothes of summer until Playtex Pink-Ice becomes part of your life.

For nothing in the world sleekly you so beautifully, gives you such freedom and ease as this slender sheath of smooth latex. There's not a seam, stitch or bone—and Playtex Pink-Ice is completely invisible, even under your thinnest swim suit.

So convenient, too, it washes in seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again immediately, under all your clothes!


Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

International Latex Corp'n... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del. ©1952 Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada
TV set and custom radio-phonograph—which he had had delivered there as a Mother’s Day surprise. Neighbors reported seeing someone with a truck hauling things from the house but said they assumed it was okay. The radio-phonograph was equipped with a tape recorder so that Mario’s mother could record and save his Friday night airshows.

FUNNIES:

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry (if your name’s Johnnie Ray!) and you sell 2,000,000 records! It strikes Steve Cochran strange that a guy will propose to a doll under a light he wouldn’t think of choosing a suit by. . . Blackbirds building their nest high on the Stars And Stripes Forever set have been shocking Clifton Webb’s beard. Clifton says they think he’s from the Something For The Birds set. . . And over at Warners, the pigeons who nest in the ivy have been upsetting Ray Bolger, who says, ‘We'll either have to get rid of them or have them trained!’ . . . A snobbish young contract actress charged into the mail room at MGM and screamed, ‘Where’s my fan mail?’ The mail clerk squelched her with: ‘Two postcards came POURING in for you this week!’

ODDS BOOKINGS:

Fantastic, all the fabulous picture deals that have been offered Alan Ladd since he left Paramount, even though he has appeared in nothing but mediocre pictures for years. Imagine what would happen if he came up with a real HIT picture! Could be Shane, incidentally . . . MGM plans sending Vic Damone on a two-month cross-country theatre tour the moment he steps out of khaki. . . Tribute To A Bad Man will be Hollywood’s most Candid look at Hollywood to date. In it, Lana Turner plays a temperamental film star. Kirk Douglas a producer, Dick Powell a writer, Barry Sullivan a director and Walter Pidgeon a studio boss. . . Loretta Agar is modeling for John's men in the senior Mrs. Agar’s Beverly Hills dress shop.

Lois Andrews, who used to date Michael North, went to Las Vegas to stand up at the wedding of Lee Levine and Michael North, who used to be married to Mary Beth Hughes, who is now married to Lois’s ex-husband, David Street. Whew! . . . Janet got her hair cut shorter than Tony’s! . . . Nancy Sinatra is taking singing lessons and everybody’s wondering if she’s planning a career like Frankie’s. . . Kathryn Grayson, who’s on loanout from MGM, inherited Jean Crawford’s old dressing room at Warners. Katie’s making The Desert Song there . . . During his bull, dreary loca-

tion with The Pony Soldier in Arizona, Ty Power sent to Hollywood for his old pictures and everybody sat around, lacking anything better to do, and looked at them every night.

SEX APPEAL:

Models were so pretty, the male judges weren’t keeping their minds on their work at Modern Screen’s fashion show at the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond estate in Bel-Air. It was the month’s most pleasant turn-out. June Taylor opened the show with a splashy swimming spurge and plate-bearers at the buffet spread included Ann Sheridan, Terry Moore, Ursula Thiess, Bob Stack, Jeff Hunter, Barbara Rush, Frank Lovejoy, Vera-Ellen, Keith Andes, Corinne Calvet, Vanessa Brown and Sally Forrest. . . Order went down from the front office at 20th that there must be no back-lighting for a scene in My Wife’s Best Friend in which Anne Baxter wears a mere four-ounce silk negligee. . . Joyce MacKenzie reverted to being a brunette after she finished Night Without Sleep—‘because as a blonde I just felt too darned sexy!’

Gordon Douglas, who’s directing The Iron Mistress, told me, ‘Virginia Mayo plays a hot-blooded New Orleans gal who drives men mad in this picture, and that’s why I won’t let her wear a girdle’ . . . Cashing in on Marilyn Monroe’s nude calendar publicity, an enterprising mopett in Stone Canyon has been hawking views of Marilyn sunbathing in her private patio at the Hotel Bel-Air. His dad’s gardens on a high knob overlooking the hotel offer a bird’s-eye view . . . Some New York television executives decreed that Arlene Dahl’s decolletage gowns were too LOW AND BE-HOLED to be viewed by the folks watching her show in their homes. That’s why she wore those high-necked outfits you saw.

WHO’S MAD AT WHO:

Jeff Chandler is very unhappy because Ty Power got the role he wanted in U-I’s Mississippi Gambler. Jeff is on straight salary at U-I. But Ty has a 50/50 deal—that is, Ty owns half the picture and it’ll earn him half the profits. Jeff’s a producer at U-I and is the studio the other half. And all this despite the fact that Jeff’s Apache Pass, which cost only $680,000 to shoot, is making as much money at the nation’s box-offices as U-I’s other big money-maker this year, Bend Of The River . . . They’ve dubbed a femme columnist who loves nothing better than to write about the matrimonial difficulties of the stars Miss Friction Writer of 1952. . . Dr. Lindstrom decided not to sell his house after his custody fight with Ingrid Bergman over their daughter, Pia. He’ll be back in Hollywood with Pia after he finishes his present job in that Pennsylvania Veterans Hospital.
A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF ADVENTURE SWEEPS THE SCREEN!

The swaggering saga of the fabulous “Boston Man” who challenged the gale-lashed Alaskan seas... for the lips of a Forbidden Woman!

Universal-International, Presents

GREGORY PECK

ANN BLYTH

in Rex Beach’s

The WORLD IN HIS ARMS

COLOR BY Technicolor

THE PORTUGUESE:
The fur pirate who was too tough to hang and too mean to drown.

OGEECHUCK... who lived on blubber, brawls and whiskey.

THE DEACON:
He ran the schooner with a Bible in one hand and a belaying pin in the other.

with ANTHONY QUINN • JOHN McINTIRE • ANDREA KING • Directed by RAOUl WALSH • Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG
PAT AND MIKE

- MGM took two veteran stars (Hepburn and Tracy) and added them liberally to a sparkling script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. The result, like its predecessor, Adam's Rib, is a fine warm human comedy called Pat And Mike.

Katharine Hepburn (who never looked more enticing) is cast in a hand-tailored role as a high-class lady named Pat, who can golf, play tennis and do everything sportswise. Her perky educating fiancé (who resembles Willard Parker but is named William Ching) keeps repressing her. So, in an effort to be an independent success, she turns pro athlete.

Promoter-manager Tracy (as Mike) is a New York sharpie with an eye for a fast dollar and the maintenance of his reputation at Lindy's. He owns a race horse (Little Nell) and a big dumb prizefighter (Aldo Ray) and isn’t loath to add a female gold mine to his collection.

His bad grammar and shady connections don’t detract from the fact that under his loud pinstripe beats a heart of gold.

Katie’s fiancé mixes things up by finding her every time he watches her play, and there’s a small complication of three soft-spoken racketeers who think they own part of Miss Hepburn.

But if you can’t guess the ending, then you’re immune to this inspired casting of two un-touched grownup charmers who belong together like ham and eggs, Scotch and soda or... Pat and Mike.

There’s an added fillip in the appearance of real-life athletes like Helen Dettwiler, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and Gene Moore plus batties.

But the big moments are when Hepburn gives her off-hand delivery of lines (like people really talk) and Tracy goes in for some tempered histrionics. Aldo Ray also scores brilliantly as a likable bruiser whose brains are in his fists.

NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM

No Room For The Groom will set many a comparatively aging moviegoer reminiscing about a couple of prewar screwball films: You Can’t Take It With You and Three-cornered Moon. Those set off a cycle of farces about family life, but No Room For The Groom is not likely to do the same. The reason is a simple one: The people in the earlier movies were mostly attractive freaks, while in the current Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie picture they are, with the exception of the principal, practically monsters. Possibly by comparison Curtis and Miss Laurie seem more effective than ever—real young people caught in a kind of cinematic zoo. That’s the sad part of the story—both of them can play that kind of part so effectively and seem to find the script and opportunity so seldom.

Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie, Don DeFore, Spring Byington.—Universal.

THE SAVAGE

It would be easier to discuss The Savage if the recent Broken Arrow hadn’t happened to come along first. As it is, comparisons, necessary and obvious as they are, are not odious. Both concern the relations between white men and red men during approximately the same period in U.S. history. Both take a view that is still novel and here-tofore been pretty unpopular: that the wrong wasn’t necessarily always on the Indians’ side. Once this approach is accepted for what it is—an intelligently magnanimous re-examination of our past—there isn’t too much to choose between the two pictures, for both offer lots of effective melodramatic excitement. What with ambushes, escapes, warwhoops and what-not, The Savage ranks as a better-than-average adventure tale.

Cast: Charlton Heston, Susan Morrow, Peter Hanson, Joan Taylor.—Paramount.
Certainly the story sometimes gets in the way of a good many attractive girls and pretty melodies, but MGM’s current musical remake is as definitely Lovely To Look At as it is to listen to. Not quite so successful in integrating song with scene as some of the recent pictures that had original plots, it makes up for most of its shortcomings in sheer production effectiveness. Whenever the libretto fails, one of five charming people (Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller) is usually around to take up the slack with an act, a dance or a song. The plot is about a Broadway performer, Red Skelton, who inherits from his late aunt half a Paris salon of haute couture (otherwise a dressmaking establishment and, like the film’s and stage’s original, known as “Roberta”). Trying to sell it to raise money for a New York show, he arrives in Paris with his buddies, Keel and Gower Champion. It turns out the other “half” of the “Roberta” ownership is composed of sisters Grayson and Marge Champion and that this half is worth no more than the newcomers in terms of hard cash. So the group gets together to put on a real Broadway type production of a style show that will put “Roberta” back on its feet again. The show, of course, turns out to be more Hollywood than Broadway, but then so does the movie. Keel and Miss Grayson do an effective job with Jerome Kern’s well-known melodies, and the Champions prove themselves a well-named dance team who will be around motion pictures a long time. Ann Miller is likable but mostly wasted, and the rest of the cast exist primarily to fill out the omnipresent plot. Most moviegoers will be somewhat bored by this story line now that Paris dressmaking is no longer the news it was, but the players do their best—and they’re pretty successful—to make what is essentially old hat the new fashion. Cast: Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Red Skelton, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller.—MGM

THE WILD HEART

Jennifer Jones plays a child of nature in her latest vehicle, and if it is not one of her best films it is certainly one of her better performances. Based on Mary Webb’s novel, Gone To Earth—a title, incidentally, that better describes the story of the fated, feyish heroine—the picture tells how a shy, half-gypsy country girl foresees and meets her doom on the rolling hills of Shropshire, an English county on the border of Wales. Hazel Woodus is the daughter of an aging coffin-maker who is usually half dazed by drink but who plays the harp like a sober angel. Left mostly to herself since her gypsy mother died and educated in only the most rudimentary fashion, beautiful young Hazel is a sweet but simple creature. Her “bible” is her mother’s book of black magic, her friends the forlorn and lamed little animals she finds in traps made by man—foxes, rabbits, blackbirds. Hazel’s enemy, in fact, is man, both individually and collectively. The theatrical landscapes that provide much of the picture’s background, the storms both of nature and angry man, are thoroughly effective, particularly in full color, but the fact remains that Hazel never seems quite all there. Where simplicity is called for, the script has made her appear simply simple-minded. What should

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!

CANT DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CANT DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE “SOAPY” CREAMS
**For a back-to-school ice breaker try—**

- A new romance
- A Leap Year dance

New term—new faces; and it's up to you femmes to start the shy guys social-whirl- ing. Plan a Leap Year dance, with ample eats; each doll inviting a new classmate.

And for a quiet riot—feature a cut-in, where the gals tag and lead! "Ice breaking" is a matter of forgetting about yourself. As you do (at certain times) with Kotex—knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And you get extra protection with that special safety center!

**How should they settle the check?**

- One for all
- Pool the moola

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you buttercups pool your loot! Let one settle for all. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But when buying sanitary protection—there's no "one for all" absorbency of Kotex, because different gals have different needs. So try all 3; find the absorbency for you. And remember Kotex holds its shape, keeps you really comfortable.

**If you're a problem blonde should you—**

- Brush up
- Brighten up

Towhead, woehead!—when shadowy roots bedim the gold. Brushing helps; draws up excess oil. Also, tinted shampoos (wash-outable) brighten topknots—safely. You'll always be the fair-haired gal, if you watch your grooming; guard your daintiness. On problem days choose Quest deodorant powder, best for napkin use. Safe. Positively destroys odors.

**More women choose Kotex**

than all other sanitary napkins

---

- "T. H. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**How to prepare for "certain" days?**

- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait; buy a new Kotex belt now. Buy two—for a change!

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**Are you in the know?**

be a dark and moody drama like Wuthering Heights ends up only as a case history against Englishmen who kill foxes and, in this case, by mistake, Jennifer Jones.

Cast: Jennifer Jones, David Farrar, Cyril Cusack.—RKO.

**SKIRTS AHOY!**

The producers of Skirts Ahoy! have had the bright idea of making a musical about three enlisted members of the Navy who are also bosom buddies. If this sounds like On The Town, the producers must be pardoned, because they were the very same people who made that fine film, and this one is a twist on the original idea. The buddies here are bosom—Waves, to be exact—and are played by Esther Williams, Vivian Blaine and Joan Evans, which is even more of an excuse.

Each joins the Navy at the identical moment: society-girl Esther, because she can have anything she wants (in this case, a man) and never wants it when she gets it; country-girl Joan, because she can't get what she wants (her man fills her at the altar), and scatsgirl Vivian, because she simply yearns after a sailor. Unfortunately the film doesn't manage to maintain an amusing, spoofing quality. More often it alternates between moony, spooning romancing and a variety of specialty numbers, in the water and out (Billy Eckstine appears in an earthbound sequence), so that it sometimes seems to be a semi-serious musical comedy, sometimes just a hodge-podge of revue acts. The stars never take it too seriously, however, and neither should the audience unless they happen to be particularly fond of Esther Williams, in which case they're likely to love it.

Cast: Esther Williams, Joan Evans, Vivian Blaine, Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle.—MGM

**GLORY ALLEY**

Glory Alley is the name the narrator of the film gives the street in New Orleans where the picture takes place. It is a section where almost anything can happen—a passageway to man-made heaven or hell. Gritters, quitters, grafters, gunmen frequent it, and so do heroes, it has so much that is bad and good to offer. The movie does, too. The narrator's technique is technically effective. It gives a certain realistic feeling to what is essentially a romantic view of a sleazy sector and story. And its falsely heroic attitude is bolstered by a fine, straightforward performance in the role of an introverted young prizefighter by a newcomer named Ralph Meeker. He plays a pug named "Socks," a nothing from up north who matches fists with the South's finest, wins and becomes a Delta favorite. Offering, as it does, Ralph Meeker and Leslie Caron, the personality and voice of Luis Armstrong and a pungent if somewhat involved story, Glory Alley provides an easy way to while away the time.

Cast: Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasz- nar, Louis Armstrong.—MGM

**LYDIA BAILEY**

The imposing, six-foot-five Negro figure of William Marshall, as King Dick, a Haitian patriot, towers both literally and figuratively over the rest of the cast of Lydia Bailey and helps set the picture's pace and mood. That is one reason why this is a completely different, often really fascinating adventure
film. The time is 1802, the scene the Haitian port of Cap Francois and the verdant jungle around it. Dale Robertson, as a Baltimore lawyer, arrives on a legal mission involving both the U. S. Government and Anne Francis, an American expatriate living on the island. He finds that Napoleon has sent a fleet, due momentarily, to fight the independent republic of Toussaint L'Ouverture and attempt to regain the territory for the French. Most of the whites have fled; Miss Francis is living in the jungle plantation of Charles Korvin, her fiancé and an agent of the emperor.

With the help of King Dick, Robertson outwits Haitian renegades and reaches the young woman he is after, only to discover her unwilling to sign the papers he has brought along. There is a mounting sense of terror-to-come as Haitians perform blood-dances, and when King Dick kills a Negro turncoat officer who is aiding Korvin, Robertson helps his friend escape and finds himself haunted by love and hunted too. War and civil war now rage in earnest, with the forces of King Dick's leader, Toussaint, fighting a double battle: against the French, renegades republicans under native cutthroats. The pictorial transitions from scene to scene and the overall integration of a very involved mixture of fact and fiction are so well handled by the screenwriters and by director Jean Negulesco and his fine camera and editing crew that this must be listed as one of the most successful recent films of a well-known novel (Kenneth Roberts' best-selling book of the same name). Some day, it is to be hoped, some movie-maker will attempt a more intensely focused study of Toussaint and his proud, freedom-seeking people.


CLASH BY NIGHT

Clifford Odets' powerful, if only partially successful, prewar stage drama about love, passion and responsibility has finally been made into a movie that contains a surprisingly large percentage of the play's plot but a lesser amount of its high-voltage passion or power. Yet the story of Mae Doyle, who returns to her native fishing town emotionally burnt out after ten years making her way in the big city, is still mostly an engrossing one, and Barbara Stanwyck gives one of her finest dramatic performances in the part. On easy to play. It is Mae's tragedy that when she finds the man who can give her the peace and security she is looking for, she finds in his best friend a man who awakens her passion. Close as it is to Odets' original, this script fails to achieve the dramatic punch of the play partly because it portrays the husband, played by Paul Douglas, as too decent a man—almost unbelievable saint-like rather than just a man who expects his wife to behave. Even more important is the shifting of the problem to a moral level, whereas on the stage the trouble was basically animalistic. The movie catches most fire when Miss Stanywck and Robert Ryan, as her lover, break through the script, in effect, in some of the more torrid scenes on recent record. The fact remains that the generally fine performances, the interesting theme and the taut direction and photography all deserve recognition. Clash By Night is still something for an adult audience to see.

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, Robert Ryan, Marilyn Monroe, Keith Andes.—RKO.
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Midol brings faster relief from menstrual suffering—because it acts three ways. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues." Sue now takes Midol at the first twinge of menstrual pain or distress.


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Modern Screen presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Gene Tierney contributes the fourth in a series of columns to be written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it

by GENE TIERNEY, star columnist for August

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, a beautiful lady came to visit us for several days. I can't remember her name or exactly what she looked like, though I know she had beauty. But one thing has lingered over the years and I will never forget it—a certain deliriously lovely perfume. Weeks after she left it still hung about the linens she had used, after several launderings, pleasantly reminding us of her again and again. It was then that a love of perfume (and a sense of its importance) was born in me that will be with me the rest of my life.

I have a variety of perfumes, of course, because here again it is a question of mood. One kind affects you one way and another a different way. It is odd about perfumes, too, that they smell different on different people, like lipstick will change color on different lips.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTRIGUED by the relationship between mood and makeup. Is there anything that can more quickly give you new heart when you are low than to catch sight of yourself in the mirror when you happen to be looking well? Is there anything that can ordinarily lift you so completely from fatigue and depression as spending an hour primping and fussing in your bedroom and bath to finally achieve a sparkling, beautiful you? You have done things only to your skin, your hair, apparently; yet the effect has transformed your inner self as well! That is why make-up and beauty care are to me more than just a mechanical process, a business of using this or that in such and such a way. There is more in a cold cream jar than just cold cream, more to a lipstick than just color, more to a lotion than the tingle it leaves on your skin. Here is the stuff to make you feel desirable and wanted—and that translates into happiness!

That's why I don't have just one kind of lipstick or lotion or cold cream; I have a selection and rotate them. How can I experiment, how can I make that difference, if I don't have the proper ingredients? Of course, I have some favorites.

I love the pleasant odors, the attractive jars, the sense of femininity that these things bring to a woman's life. And nobody can tell me that these things aren't important . . . that they don't inspire . . . that they don't make the difference.

WE ARE ALL SEEKING the difference between feeling just so-so and feeling and looking our sparkling best. If we are young or if we are old, the desire to look that one bit better never leaves us; that, I believe, is the truest characteristic of the feminine human, as well as
my latest picture, both advise that after a girl gets all dressed up her last act should be to check herself in the mirror to find out if there is anything that should be left off. Clothes and accessories and jewelry must never be on you, they must be part of you.

I think about this very carefully when I am ready to dress. The shampoo I have used, the trouble I have gone to brushing my hair, the care I have given my face, my nails—they can all be wasted by a wrong guess at the last minute. I lay out everything I plan to wear and visualize myself completely against any background and in any situation that may come up. When I am sure I am right I give myself a good hour to do the job.

I LIKE WOMEN who use their heads as well as their hearts about situations. I hope my friends do. As a divorcée I have come to think a lot about their attitude towards me. I don't want them to start considering me as a problem. This business of worrying about who to get as the extra man at a party, which is to be attended by a divorcée, is definitely old hat, or should be. Don't get anyone if it is a problem. Just let me come alone. What I am trying to say is that if you like a woman who is unattached, don't let this business of getting an extra man stop you from inviting her. Invite her anyway. She is going to miss a lot of good times if you insist on being technical as a hostess. Your divorcée friend wants your friendship more than ever now; she is depending on you more for that than for a solution to her romantic future.

most of the males. Sometimes we do ludicrous things to achieve this, but our goal is a worthy one.

Among all the habits of man which are blamed for the world's ills, the love of beauty is not to be found.

It's hard for a person to find out what is good taste! Yet this is the first thing a girl must learn about herself. One way of finding out might lie in recalling whether you are ever complimented on your clothes and to what degree. If you never get a compliment, there is definitely something wrong and you need advice.

There are some basic rules, of course. Simplicity is one of them. Irene, the famous dress designer, and Walter Plunkett at MGM, who did the costumes for The Plymouth Adventure,
I PREFER SEVERAL MIRRORS in my bathroom because I don't judge my weight so much by what the scale reads as I do by how I look. You may need toning up only in small areas, and you might be able to go about this specifically instead of generally. For instance, I weigh more than people think, but this is because I try to keep proportionate and at all cost I don't want to be too thin. Sometimes I diet a little because circumstances have brought about a change in my regular mode of life. The period I spend waiting for a picture to begin, for instance, making tests, trying wardrobes, discussing the script, finds me more than ordinarily nervous and given to munching between meals.

I'M NOT MAD ABOUT excessive jewelry; a pin at the neck, a clip on the lapel, some cultured pearls are touches I like. Earrings, perhaps. I think few women can get away with enormous-sized jewelry pieces. And I don't think that in this day when such wonderful cloth is being woven, and so many types of fur material are being evolved, that expensive furs are at all necessary. Particularly bad is the attempt, I think, to imitate expensive fur. Cloth coats are unbelievably chic if the cut is good; there are occasions when I know mink is not suitable and another coat, of far less value, will be more complementary.

Well, let's drag the furs to one side and talk about simpler delights. I love the scent of lilacs, and lilies of the valley are a favorite flower, too. I'm a mush for an old, sentimental song, I like factual reading, even in romances—it makes it twice as interesting when you know the story actually happened!

Gene E. Tierney

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Gene Tierney 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.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

[Box with options to select] The Inside Story, Louella Parsons' Good News, Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report, Take My Word For It by Gene Tierney, Smile When You Say That (Stewart Granger), Lana Told Me All (Lana Turner), Brother, Can You Spare A Date? (Stewart Granger), Sometimes I'm Happy . . . (Farley Granger), Come Dance With Me (The Champions), The Fifth Passenger (Piper Laurie), Madly In Love (Mitzi Gaynor), They Want Him Bad (Dick Widmark), Golden Key Girls, Gorgeous Gamin (Leslie Caron), Love On The Run (Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh), Letter From London (Liz Taylor), What Women Have Done To Bill Lundigan, So Easy To Love (Ann Blyth), A New Love, A New Life (John Agar), "We Fight—but We Love It!" (Frank Sinatra-Ava Gardner), Modern Screen Fashions, Movie Reviews by Jan Kilbourn.

Which of the stories did you like least?

[Box with options to select]

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 ........................................

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City ............................................. Zone ....

State .................. I am yrs. old

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Jack Carter says, Hollywood kids brag: "My daddies can lick your daddies."

Earl Wilson in The New York Post

Charlie Feldman told us of his first negotiations with Brando for his portrayal in Streetcar. "How long do you figure the picture will take to make?" asked Brando. "Six or seven weeks," Feldman figured. "How much is that in months?" responded the always befuddled Brando.

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

For The Texas Man, director Budd Boetticher asked the casting office for five sulky drivers and the casting gal answered, "How sulky do you want them?"

Sidney Sheldon in Hollywood Is My Post

Robert Siodmak, the movie director, was in El Morocco telling of a famed mystery writer he once had under contract. The mystery writer has a 6-year-old son who visited the studio and said that he himself had started to write a mystery story...."It begins in this house, where the police find two bodies in a closet," the boy told him. "The heads have been chopped off both bodies, and nobody can find them." "Are the victims men or women, or a man and a woman?" Siodmak asked the boy. "That's the mystery," the boy replied. "The police can't tell—because, as I said before, the heads are missing."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

At his first dinner party in the film capital, Author Truman Capote was pleased to discover that he was seated next to the luscious Lana Turner. She told him she had returned that day from a visit to New York. "What plays did you see?" he asked. "I really went for a shopping spree," she answered, "so I only attended one show. It was Judith Anderson in that Greek tragedy, Medea."

After a moment's pause she added, "I'd have played it much differently."

Ben Bennett Cerf in This Week

Jackie Coogan, who has had a fantastic career—starting as child movie star, and including the loss of his fortune, an unhappy ending to his marriage to Betty Grable, and meritorious service in the U. S. Army—was in Hollywood.....where Darryl Zanuck mentioned to him the possibility of a movie based on the story of his life.....Coogan said he would be eager to have his life story made by 20th Century-Fox. "But an one condition," Coogan told Zanuck....."What's the one condition?" Zanuck asked...."In the movie," said Coogan, pointing to the photo of the 20th Century-Fox star, "Betty Grable must play my mother."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

A Hollywood stripteaser, Lili St. Cyr, says Bette Davis would have the best chance of all Hollywood stars to make the grade on the burlesque circuits.
The shapely Miss St. Cyr's list of good burlesque queen material are Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Jane Russell, Gene Tierney, Katharine Hepburn and Rita Hayworth.

United Press

I always figured I'd become a conqueror, like Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great. But then Hollywood has to crumb that up by making me an actor. They interfered with my political career.

Alda Ray quoted to The Hollywood Reporter
This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant ... an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged ... shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.

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Look your loveliest
with Cashmere Bouquet
Several of Hollywood's topflight directors were overheard while taking their 10 o'clock coffee in the studio commissary one morning.

Their topic of conversation was, "Movie stars I would least like to direct."

Two candidates for this doubtful honor rushed immediately to all their lips: Shelley Winters and Stewart Granger.

Said the first director, "I will direct any star in this business except Shelley. As a matter of fact, before I direct her again, I will dig ditches, return to the Army, or even go back to my second wife."

In the tone of a man who has been subjected to the tortures of Hades but has managed, somehow, to stay alive, the second said, "Compared to Stewart Granger, your Shelley Winters is a dream."

Two other directors who were present nodded in agreement. "From what we hear," they said, "Granger wins hands down."

In the two and a half years that he has been in Hollywood, cocky 39-year-old Stewart Granger has succeeded in getting himself disliked by an inordinate number of fellow-workers who refer to him as "the prize ham, the magnificent-jerque, the know-it-all Englishman," and "the male Shelley Winters."

Why is this man, who is so well-loved by millions of female movie-goers, disliked by so many of his colleagues?

Deborah Kerr, who is genuinely fond of Granger, explains the fact by saying, "He's extremely good at a number of things, but getting along with people isn't one of them."

Jean Simmons, Granger's wife, states simply, "Many people don't understand Jimmy."

Michael Wilding, a loyal friend, says, "He was always a stormy petrel, that one."

All of which adds up to a tacit admission that Stewart Granger does not go through life like Dale Carnegie, winning friends and influencing people.

Granger is hot-tempered, self-centered, irrepresible, impetuous, intelligent and hardworking. In the words of a non-admirer, "He (Continued on page 87)
Harassed by cruel gossip, Lana has decided it’s time these true facts reached her public. She asked her good friend Louella Parsons to present, in this exclusive article, the story of her love for Fernando Lamas.

Lana Turner’s voice was shaking with indignation over the telephone and she was near tears as she told me—
“T’m so embarrassed I could cry over that printed stuff that I’m making eyes at Kirk Douglas on the set. “I love Fernando Lamas and he is the only man in my life. We are going to be married as soon as we are free, and we want the world to know it! “Louella,” my girl friend cried, “can’t you help me fight these ridiculous, vicious stories about me? Every day it is something! If I’m not flirting with Kirk Douglas, I’m holding out a $250,000 non-existent emerald necklace on Bob Topping. I’m just not going to take it any more. I—”
“Lana, Lana,” I interrupted, “Wait a minute, honey. Take it easy. Where are you? If you want to give me a story, I’ll be out.”
“T’m at the studio,” she said promptly, “and I do want to give you the story. How long will it take you?”
No longer than it takes to cover the distance from my house in Beverly Hills to the MGM studios, I can assure you, for I could tell that Lana was in a mood to talk. And when she is ready, this girl really “gives” in a big way.
As always she looked like a big, beautiful doll when I met her. We took a small table in the Commissary, and as I looked at her, I couldn’t help thinking how increasingly lovely she becomes from meeting to meeting.
As slender as a reed, she had on a red robe over the strapless white bathing suit she wears for a scene in Tribute To A Bad Man—Esther Williams never did more for a bathing suit than Lana was doing (Continued on page 60)
Brother, can you

There are lots of men
in Hollywood—but for
every man, there are ten
love-starved women
who'd give anything to get
their pretty paws on him!
BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

- For every successful young male star in the movies today, there are four successful young female stars. For the older women stars who are unmarried, the problem is even worse than that. For them, there are probably only three or four eligible older men in all of Hollywood.

In no city in the world, with the possible exception of Reno, are men at such a premium. And in Reno the lonely ladies need to amuse themselves for only six weeks. In Hollywood, the pursuit of a mate is a 365-days-a-year project, and the few men there are hunted and chased by desperate Dianas year in and year out.

The Hollywood wolf is well fed and lazy, for Little Red Riding Hood comes to him. He doesn't need to masquerade as a sheep. He is chased. And what does he do? He runs, brother, he runs the other way! He flees like hunted men and animals have done since the beginning of time.

And the more desperate the girls become, the more spoiled and bitter are the men!

Farley Granger is bitter. He says, "I go to a party. I look around, and suddenly I realize there is a girl there that the hostess has decided is for me. Why? Why
can't I be allowed to pick my own type?"

Bob Taylor's friends laugh about the situation. Bob has three great enthusiasms—hunting, fishing and flying. After his divorce from Barbara, he became one of the most desirable men in town—attractive, rich, unmarried. And overnight, girls who didn't know what a forest or a stream looked like became passionately interested in hunting, fishing and flying.

Scott Brady, despite the crazy interviews he gives, is a good kid. He adores his mother. He is devoted to his brother, Larry Tierney, to whom life has dealt some crushing blows. He's a friendly guy, but he has learned to hate the telephone. It rings all the time and on the other end there's usually a young lady angling for a date! Every time you ask Scott Brady about his love life, he tells you, "I'm very much in love with Dorothy Malone." This may be true. There may be some good reason why they don't marry. On the other hand, it could be an alibi. It could be a way for Scott to brush off the girls who 'call him on the telephone constantly.

Kirk Douglas thought, when his marriage ended, it would be wonderful to be free. Why, he could go out with dozens of different girls. He could choose them. But they chose him. And he got so tired of being chased that he felt like a fox instead of a wolf and just wanted to crawl into a hole and hide. His latest date has been Marlene "Grandma" Dietrich, a superb woman, but hardly a matrimonial candidate. And maybe that's why he's interested.

After the tragic death of Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont returned to Hollywood. He is a charming and brilliant Frenchman. But he is also an available unattached prospect. Top flight stars made fools of themselves over him.

And then there (Continued on page 102)
He's up—he's down!
He's glad—he's sad!
He's not in love, but he wants a wife! Farley has mixed emotions over everything—and nobody knows why, not even the guy himself!

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

"Sometimes I'm happy..."

"I'm just not madly in love," Farley Granger said. "There are periods in your life when you're not madly in love. This is one of those periods for me. So what do people want me to do? Make up a big love affair? Everybody in Hollywood expects a person either to be madly in love or just recovering from being madly in love or carrying a big torch or feuding with somebody.

"The night after Shelley and Vittorio Gassman announced their engagement they came to a party. I happened to be at the same party. Well, such a buzz started. People parted like the Red Sea. You would have thought it was an international crisis. And everybody was real disappointed when the three of us sat down together and talked and had a wonderful time. Everybody seemed surprised that we didn't kill each other. "You see, what people can't realize is that Shelley is one of my closest friends and always will be. We could be away from each other for years and years and I know that if I was in trouble Shelley would help me."

This all sounds very simple. Farley makes it sound simple because he actually does not know how complicated he is.

Look at him. It's an intense face, isn't it? You would think not only from the way he looks but from the way he behaves that his career drives him. Farley is occasionally misunderstood by the press, because, he says, "I can't be a master of ceremonies on the set. Between scenes I stay in my dressing room. I can't get out there and yak it up, I have to concentrate and (Continued on page 89)
From their living room window, the Champions can see Catalina on a clear day. Perched on a terraced hillside, their house appears larger than it is. It has only two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen and studio. Marge's bedroom is as small as a room can be and still be bigger than its closet. She arranged the twin beds along each wall and then added an over-sized mirror that gives an illusion of extra space.

Marge and Gower never intended to own a swimming pool—but it came with the Connecticut-type frame house. They were afraid people would
The Champions' hillside home is a tailor made answer to the dreams of a boy and girl who danced their way, cheek to cheek, into the Hollywood spotlight.

Fifteen years ago when a Hollywood mother wanted her little darling to study dancing, she usually sent the youngster to one place, the Belcher School.

Ernest Belcher, who ran the school, was not only the great ballet coach who had taught Betty Grable, Loretta Young, and practically every other movie star how to dance gracefully, but he also had the cutest daughter—a brown-eyed, winsome, little widget named Marge.

Marge could dance anything—ballet, Spanish, tap, acrobatic, ballroom—so that on occasion her dad put her to work as his assistant. She taught the five-year-olds to tap and sometimes danced with shy, awkward adolescent boys.

One day, when Marge was all of 11 a new boy was enrolled in the school. He was tall and skinny and awfully quiet, but there was nothing awkward about him. He seemed to have a natural grace, a wonderful suppleness, a born bent for dancing.

He was 14 years old, and his parents had been divorced before he was born. He came from Illinois, and he had (Continued on next page)
Every dancer dreams of some day having a rehearsal room in his own home. Marge and Gower realized this ambition when they found a house with a basement that would make a dance studio.

As a sure way of remembering his dance routines, Gower records them on film. He's also a home movie fan, and he and Marge entertain their guests by showing 16 mm. prints of current movies.

Perched on a hillside, the Champions' house appears larger than it is. Contrary to Hollywood custom, Marge and Gower get along perfectly well without maid's quarters, or a guest room.

Gower Champion designed all the furniture for his pale gray room, and it fit exactly to plan. An art collector on the side, he owns two Goya etchings and a large Picasso lithograph.

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a real funny name—Gower Champion.

Marge danced with him once and fell completely, hopelessly, and utterly in love.

Fifteen years later she became his wife.

Today, Marge and Gower Champion, Hollywood's newest dancing sensations—they were terrific in Show Boat and are even better in Lovely To Look At and Everything I Have Is Yours—live and dance together in a small, six-room hillside house, which might as well carry a neon sign identifying it as the residence of two people who are very much in love with each other.

"Marge and Gower are perpetual honeymooners," one of their neighbors points out, "and their house fits them perfectly."

"I guess Gower and I look like newlyweds," Marge says, "but honest, we've been married five years, and all that stuff about our having a real fairytale love affair—well, it isn't exactly true. Gower had a different dancing partner for years, and like all men, he was very difficult to get to the altar."

There is a theory which holds that every girl, no matter how young, regards every boy she takes out as a potential husband.

In Marge's case, that certainly was true.

She and Gower both attended Bancroft High in Los Angeles, and after each date, Marge would come home and write in her diary: "Dated Gower Champion tonight—H.T." The "H.T." (Continued on page 100)
I want to admit, first of all, that up to several months ago I didn’t give much thought to the war in Korea. When I did think of it I’d sometimes get a faint feeling of guilt but could overcome it without much trouble. I was too young to worry about things that didn’t touch me personally. Then, last January, when I was actually in Korea on a ten day entertainment tour of the camps, that guilty feeling came to me again. But this time I didn’t try to dismiss it. I don’t think I could have. I did something, instead, and out of that came a strengthening of my spiritual devotion, where there had perhaps been weakness.

After our group had given its show on the evening of our fifth day in Korea I was talking to a Protestant chaplain, Lt. Mason E. Bondurant, who seemed to be preparing for a trip. It was very cold, in fact, a temperature of 20 below was predicted for the early morning hours.

“Where are you going on a night like this?” I asked.

He smiled. “All the nights are like this. I’m holding prayer service up in the front line in a few hours.”

“The front line!” I exclaimed. “How near are we?”

“Twenty miles,” he replied.

“I think I’d like to go along,” I said.

I wasn’t serious when I spoke. I knew the army frowned on that sort of thing so I was just making talk. And the chaplain knew it, too. He just looked at me and shook his head.

I felt a sharp sense of self-annoyance. It was as if I had taken for granted that I was a sort of privileged person who must not be subjected to personal risk, and I didn’t like myself for that. In a few days I would be back in the U. S. A., safe and warm. But these kids up in the line, most of them no older than me, and just as fond of life as I was—they would still be there sweating, or rather freezing out whether they were going to live or die. And they were doing it for me. What better (Continued on page 68)
Mitzi plans to wed 31-year-old Richard Coyle, to whom she's been engaged for five years.

When she first saw him backstage on that June night she knew he was the man for her. She was 16 at the time; she's almost 21 now. But for Mitzi Gaynor, tall, handsome attorney-at-law Richard Brown Coyle is still the man.

"Some time ago," says madcap Mitzi, "when I read in a Hollywood column that a young star's mother admitted to 13 engagements before she married, I was slightly startled. Especially when she said she hoped her daughter will know lots of men, be engaged often, before making a final choice. Of course, I'm willing to admit that that may have been good advice for that particular girl, but as for me I'm a one-man gal . . . and have been since I met Richard."

Mitzi confided this in an interval during dance rehearsals for Bloodhounds Of Broadway. Wearing navy denims laced up the front with white cord, a tiny red sweater, enormous droopy antique earrings and tennis shoes, she had been dancing from platform to platform, losing combs, earrings, scarf, along the way, while the temperature hovered in the '90s. At the end of the number her pert little face was streaked with perspiration and a towel was wrapped around her shoulders, but she walked as though an invisible book were balanced on her head. "I love to dance—hot, cold, anything," she said. "And I've loved it since my Aunt Francine, a dancing teacher, tore me away from a hopscotch game, put ballet slippers on my feet and turned them out like a duck's underpinnings, when I was all of three. In school I'd be amazed to hear my pals deciding one day to be Florence Nightingales, the next day bareback riders. I always knew I'd be a ballet dancer. And I've never changed my mind." (Continued on page 92)
IS RIDING ON A PINK CLOUD WITH HER WEDDING DATE JUST AROUND THE CORNER. BY SUSAN TRENT
| they want him bad |

- Every once in a while a scene flashes on a motion picture screen, often for only a brief moment, and a star is born. There was the time Lana Turner walked down the street in a tight sweater and skirt for a Warner Brothers' picture—the single shot of Clark Gable as a chauffeur opening a car door in *A Free Soul*, Marilyn Monroe's entry into *The Asphalt Jungle* wearing a one-piece black pajama outfit. Jimmy Cagney pushing a half-grapefruit into a dame's face. And Humphrey Bogart's first menacing appearance as the killer in *The Petrified Forest*...

It only takes one scene sometimes. It only took one to make Richard Widmark a star. The movie was *Kiss Of Death*. Widmark, made up as a moronic killer, pushed an old lady in a wheelchair down a flight of steps and stood at the top laughing gleefully. TV audiences never forgot it, and to them he'll always be the maniac with the low brow and the wild giggle. That's the way they want him—and they've got him back now in a soon to be released 20th Century-Fox picture called *The Clarion Call*.

There is no question that the fans wanted killer-Widmark back. A magazine columnist found proof of this some time ago when he printed an item stating that Richard Widmark was not at all a hard guy, but a gentle, scholarly chap who wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone an old lady. From that one statement he got more response than he had ever gotten before. Fans wrote in by the hundreds calling the columnist a liar, demanding retraction, and vowing that they had actual proof that Richard was by nature a woman-whomper and tougher than Mike Mazurki.

Widmark himself has had experiences which would indicate that his fans like him when he's bad. Once at a personal appearance in an eastern city, Dick had just finished a short talk in a shy, quiet voice when one of his rooters, a shy young lady of about 17 who was on the brink of complete disillusionment, leaped to the platform and let loose a haymaker at the star's jaw. She (Continued on page 97)

Some like 'em sexy, some like 'em suave, but Dick Widmark's fans like him with a spine chilling laugh, and a maniacal gleam in his eye!

**BY WILLIAM BARBOUR**

Dick has that menacing look on his face again—but it's strictly for public consumption. At home (right) he's a nice normal guy.
There's never been anything like it! Fifteen girls working like hundreds of others—waiting for a break—when suddenly their big-name star sponsors tapped them on the shoulder and they stepped from obscurity into the spotlight. MODERN SCREEN is proud to bring to you these new beauties who have each received a symbolic Gold Key to success.
It's true... when John Derek stepped up to Gloria Greenwood on the Columbia lot to tell her she had just been named a Golden Key Girl, she opened her lovely mouth to say something, gulped once, and keeled over in a dead faint!

As the lightning of new-found fame struck Gloria, so too did it touch 14 other talented Hollywood newcomers from all parts of the world. One day, each of these girls was just one of hundreds working hard in the studios, hoping for some big break that would make them immediately known to the public—that first big step to stardom. The next day, each of them had a big-name star sponsor and stepped into the worldwide spotlight at Modern Screen's welcome party for them at the Beverly Hills Club, where the top stars of Hollywood gathered to do them honor.

The winners were selected by a long and careful search among hundreds of young women. They were chosen for their talent, beauty and outstanding qualities of character and are, in the opinion of the editors of Modern Screen, worthy of future stardom.

We want you to look at their pictures, read their success stories as told for the first time by their famous sponsors, and wish them luck in movies.
The most glittering social event of the season was Modern Screen's

Bill Lundigan's protégée, Penny Edwards, couldn't make the party, so Bill long distanced the good news to her.

Penny was on location in Arizona for Passy Soldier, in which she plays opposite Ty Power, the night Bill phoned to say she'd won the award.

Howard Duff took time out from pacing the floor (Ida's baby was due momentarily) to sponsor Dat Hart.

Maureen O'Sullivan, who has appeared on several television shows with protégée Kathy Sharpe, feels that tiny Kathy has a big future ahead.

Eileen Christy, a Golden Key girl with two sponsors, received her award from John Russell, Ella Raines.

Virginia Mayo and Virginia Gibson made a toothsome twosome when the first presented the second with Modern Screen's Golden Key award.

Anne Bancroft: TV Lost Her to Hollywood
By David Wayne

Being a stage actor myself, I'm delighted to tell you about Anne Bancroft, for whom I am the sponsor in behalf of 20th Century-Fox. Anne was born in Gotham, and she stepped directly from high school into study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Even before graduation, she won roles on important television shows and she was twice tested by 20th before she was signed after her farewell TV performance in Lights Out.

Right now, Anne is attracting a great deal of attention because of her superb performances in Don't Bother To Knock, with Dick Widmark and Marilyn Monroe, and in Treasure Of The Golden Condor.

At twenty years of age, Anne has a great future before her, and one for which she is thoroughly prepared. I hope you give her as big a hand as they did the night she accepted her Modern Screen Golden Key Award!

Joan Taylor: Couldn't Accept Her Award
By Ronald Reagan

When Mrs. Reagan and I arrived at Modern Screen's Golden Key party, we were surprised to discover that Joan Taylor was not there to accept her award. The poor girl was in the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia, so we sent her Golden Key over in a burst of flowers and she recovered in record time. No future star has ever worked harder than Joan for her achievement, although from birth she seemed destined for an important place in the entertainment world.

Her father operates the Deerpath Theater in Lake Forest, Illinois, which he opened the night she was born. From her mother, who was a vaudeville dancing headliner, Joan learned ballet, and graduated from the Chicago National Association of Dancing Masters when she was only sixteen. During the war she entertained for many hours with the USO, and afterwards graduated from the Pasadena Community Playhouse where she won attention in the role of a sixty-year-old woman.

You need (Continued on page 80)
Golden Key Party, when all Filmdom arrived to honor the winners

Jane Powell’s protégée, Barbara Ruick, got started in show business the same way Jane did—on radio. Barbara’s parents are both radio stars.

John Derek presented Gloria Greenwood with her Golden Key a few nights after her studio gave her a new last name. She’s delighted with both!

Bill Lundigan (right) gave David Wayne a helping hand when Dave presented protégée Anne Bancroft with her award.

The minute Red spotted Lucy Knoch, he snapped her up for his TV show. Now she’s a Golden Key girl, thanks to “talent scout” Skelton.

Jane Russell, one of America’s most beautiful women, is the sponsor of Ursula Thiess, one of Germany’s most beautiful and talented actresses.

Tony Curtis takes a good look at the Golden Key trophy before awarding it to lucky screen-hopeful Suzan Ball.

Kathy Phillips was so nervous when she auditioned for Dennis Day’s television show she almost backed out. Now Dennis is her Golden Key sponsor.

Mary Sinclair, who made a name for herself as “the first lady of TV,” comes to Paramount as a Golden Key girl under Bill Holden’s sponsorship.

Peggy King, who received her Golden Key award from sponsor Howard Keel, has been called “another Garland.”
Hollywood knew all about sex appeal until it found Leslie Caron who has everything and more of it than anybody else around!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Gorgeous Gamin

Now that the chips are down, her career set and the film in the can, so to speak, we can tell you about Leslie Caron.

At this writing, Leslie is probably MGM's brightest prospect. With several pictures under her belt and a half-dozen more planned for her, she has attained the status of full star. On the lot she is a woman to be respected as one of the top money makers. Right now they're painting her image for billboards, setting her name up in big type for advertisements, and whipping up a sandwich they can name for her on the studio commissary menu. In other words, the kid's in.

What is happening to Leslie Caron right now is the dream of a million girls in the world today. It is something that youngsters begin thinking about early and never forget until they take a look at the score and see their day has passed. Something that happens to a very, very few. It's the tag of the Cinderella story. The only thing wrong with the picture is that it was never Leslie Caron's dream. In fact, until a couple of years ago she couldn't have cared less.

Probably if Leslie Caron had been born in Kansas and had been subjected to the movie-fame fever all her life, she might have wanted the things she has now. But she wasn't born in Kansas, and in her formative years, which were spent under the Nazi occupation, the only movies she saw were German films starring busty blondes or dreary Spanish movies (Continued on page 98)
Tony grabs his hat, plants a kiss, and runs—Janet fixes her lipstick, dashes off in the opposite direction. It may be marriage, but it’s not much fun!

BY JIM BURTON

love on the run

When Janet Leigh was Jeannette Helen Morrison not too long ago and one of the best baton-twirlers Stockton High ever had, she used to read movie magazines like this one and day-dream about becoming a rich and famous screen star.

And then one day she woke up in Hollywood, the dream was in the hollow of her hand, and she was living it breathlessly, completely, unbelievably. She had her own home in Brentwood, a flashy convertible, expensive clothes, $850 a week, and a handsome husband named Tony Curtis.

Last year reporters who asked Janet how she felt about her situation in life were given a typically ecstatic Leigh reply. “Five years ago,” the young actress would exclaim, “I used to worship Greer Garson, John Wayne, and Walter Pidgeon, and here I am, actually playing opposite them! And I can’t get over it. I simply can’t!”

This year, Janet has gotten over it. She is no longer the enthusiastic, wide-eyed Cinderella she used to be. She has reached that point where she can view the life of a movie star objectively, honestly. And, while she still ardently loves the life—“I think it’s the most divine thing in (Continued on page 94)
GETHER—BUT WHEN THEY DO, THEY HEAD FOR THE GOLF LINKS RIGHT AWAY!

Janet swings...

and misses...

hit a long one...

right to the green...

and they're ready...

to call it a day.
Dear Mr. Saxon:

The other day I ran into Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, whom, as you know, stood up for the bride and groom at the wedding of Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding.

I asked them if they'd seen the newlyweds since their honeymoon trip to that secluded, snug little town in the French Alps. Very little has been heard from the Wildings, who have been keeping to themselves lately.

The Wilcoxes, though, see them regularly. They're very enthusiastic about Liz, and Mike, of course, is their closest friend. (They call them Elizabeth and Michael).

I asked them confidentially if they thought the marriage would work out. Both of them said without hesitation that they were sure it would work, even in the face of serious disadvantages. "Never have two people in love been the object of so much praise and censure," Anna Neagle said. "From hearing all that's said about the difference in their ages, one would think that, at 40, Michael is on crutches.

"He's a marvelous person," she added. And she ought to know, as she's starred with him in many pictures: Piccadilly Incident, in 1947, which brought Mike fame and made him the most popular actor in England; Courtneys Of Curzon Street, Spring In Park Lane, and most recently, the unreleased Lady With A Lamp, in which Mike plays his most serious role.

"It's obvious that Michael's very much in love," Herbert Wilcox said. "And so is she. Neither of them is childish about their love, and they seem to complement each other very well. She needs Michael's steadiness and maturity, and he needs the job of looking after someone."  

(Continued on page 96)
Bill, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines in World War II, is a man's man. An avid sports fan, he likes to read the baseball news every morning at breakfast.

Whenever they can get away, the Lundigans take a picnic lunch and drive into the hills till they find a secluded spot near a lake. There they spend the day just relaxing.

Every man needs a good woman—the wrong one can wreck his career, ruin his life. Luckily, Lundigan always found the right one at the right time.

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Hollywood's the place where most actors attribute their triumphs to themselves and their failures to women. But a tall, well-built, blue-eyed Apollo named Bill Lundigan stands out as a refreshing exception. Bill frankly admits: “Without women, I'd be a dead duck!”

With women, he's one of the most popular stars on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where he’s just finished Down Among The Sheltering Palms with Mitzi Gaynor and is now getting ready to star opposite Susan Hayward in a sequel to I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.

Marilyn Monroe, for example, when asked recently which
actor she'd most like to work with, quickly answered, "Bill Lundigan, because he really knows how to treat a girl."

Ten years ago, Deanna Durbin said the very same thing, and later on such top-flight beauties as Hedy Lamarr, Gloria de Haven, Arlene Dahl, Susan Hayward, and Jeanne Crain agreed with her.

Bill Lundigan is the type of sweet guy the girls simply love to be nice to. But while Bill is terribly appreciative of what they've done for him and what they've taught him, their fondness embarrasses him, because essentially he's a man's man, one of those big, quiet, steel-muscled heroes of World War II, who fought all over the Pacific with the Marines and then refused to talk about his exploits.

I remember a few years ago when Bill was making Dishonored Lady with Hedy Lamarr. In addition to starring in this one, Hedy was also the producer. She and Lundigan went into a clinch for one scene. When the rehearsal was over, Hedy looked at Bill rather strangely. "I can't understand it," she said. "You kiss as if you've never kissed a girl before."

Bill grew beet-red. "I'm a married man," he said, "I've kissed girls before."

"Well, stop holding back," Hedy (Continued on page 81)
So easy to love

IN HAWAII, ANN FOUND WARM SAND AND LAZY SURF, BRIGHT FLOWERS, A PALE MOON—
The big Pan American Clipper nosed gently down toward the glassy sea and the pilot grinned at the eager-faced girl beside him. He pointed dead ahead. "Well, there it is," he said, "Blue Hawaii."

Ann Blyth strained to look at the horizon. At first she saw nothing, only the endless blue-green world she had eagerly scanned since dawn, when she left her rumpled berth to watch the sunrise. She hadn't slept—not a wink since she boarded the plane at midnight in California. She was too excited. And now, as her eyes focussed at last on a velvet spot with a cloud for a halo, her heart skipped a beat. "Hawaii!" she breathed, and that was all because, oddly enough, her thoughts flashed back 5,000 miles to a drab little room in a New York City apartment where the Third Avenue "El" rattled past.

There wasn't much romance or adventure, actually, in that room. It was plainly furnished, because Ann and her mother were poor. But not too poor to own a radio, and the 12-year-old girl was an accomplished day-dreamer. Each week she would turn the knob excitedly to a favorite spot on the dial, lie back on the worn sofa and go on a trip. She would close her eyes as the program opened with the plaintive, throbbing rhythm of steel guitars, soft drums, ukuleles, and native voices chanting Aloha Oe . . . "From Heavenly Hawaii in the Blue Pacific come songs and Island music saying, 'Come, come to Hawaii!' This is Webly Edwards . . . 'Aloha!' . . ."

Ann would open her eyes then and stare at the ceiling where there were cracks in the plaster. But what she would really see was a paradise of swaying palms, pink sands and creamy surf, of golden people feasting, playing and singing straight to her "from under the big banyan tree." When it was over she would quickly snap off the radio, so nothing could break the spell. Then she would promise herself fiercely, "I'm going there. Some day I'm going to Hawaii!"

Lots of things have happened to Ann since then. Broadway, radio, and the movies. Fame, fortune, a fascinating, successful career, the opportunity to employ her talents and bring herself and others happiness. But always there were the pressures of the moment, too much she wanted and too little time to do it in. And so, at 23, romance, dreams of Hawaiian idylls somehow had just been put off. This was the first real holiday trip Ann had ever had in her life, and it was hard for her to believe it was really happening.

"Look," commanded the pilot, (Continued on page 84)
a new love, 
a new life

John Agar turned from
the spotlight's glare to the
calm of suburban living
—with the girl who has given him
a glorious year of
marriage and the peace he
has always longed for . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES
There is a quiet, tree-lined street in Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, that is brand-spanking new. Homes and small apartment houses have only been built on this street for a year or two, and most of the lawns are just patchy-green against black loam; and the trees are sprouts with tender bark and ambitious little leaves. It was to this street that *Modern Screen* sent a reporter recently, not to cover a story but just to pay a call—to see what was doing with the John Agars. To find out how they live.

No particular story came out of the interview. There was no news. Shortly after the reporter and photographer arrived it began to rain, and everyone just sat around and chatted and spun yarns. And it turned out to be a very interesting afternoon, because we came away with a real insight into John Agar and his wife, Loretta. As yarns were spun and tales of boyhood and living in Hollywood and other places were swapped, it developed that Agar was a very different guy than a lot of people think—and that he shared with his wife a really happy marriage.

It was information that is worth passing on. When he was a boy John Agar circulated in a pretty affluent atmosphere. He lived in Chicago where his family was in the meat packing business. They lived in a fine home, and young Jack had all the advantages. But he wasn't a wastrel—no rich kid with a piggy bank full of twenty dollar bills. He had to earn his spending money. From as long as he can remember he got every dollar he spent the hard way.

The first job that ever amounted to anything was just about the oddest chore a boy can work at—pig herding. Jack was paid three dollars a week for getting up at four in the morning and, in the company of several older men, escorting something like three or (Continued on page 78)
lana told me all

(Continued from page 31) at the moment.

After we had ordered, I said, “All right, let your hair down (it’s short) and tell me all about your new love.”

Lana laughed. She had to. It isn’t natural for her to be angry for she has a really good disposition. But she was deadly earnest when she said, “I hardly dare to mention it, but there’s so much junk being circulated.”

Of course, the big talk is about Lana’s marriage to the good looking South American, Fernando Lamas, so for good and sufficient reasons of my own, I was willing to start with them, and their wedding plans.

“Have a chance you and Fernando will elope to Mexico and be married before I can get this story in Modern Screen?” I asked promptly.

“We have. Our wedding will take place just as soon as we are both free—whether it is in Mexico, or Hong Kong, or South America when Fernando and I go there to make a picture together in the late summer.”

“The point is—we are so much in love, Louella. Why can’t people let us alone? Fernando and I mind our own business. We are very quiet. We stay away from nightclubs and attend only a few private parties.

“And, then, just because Kirk Douglas and I are working in the same picture, all this nonsense starts that we are fluttering. It’s so cheap.

“The morning the picture started, Kirk sent me flowers—just a nice custom in this business. Almost every actor I have worked with has done the same thing.

“I say ‘Good morning’ to him—common courtesy. And yet it comes out in print this way: ‘Isn’t Lana Turner getting a wee Kirk of Douglas these days?’ How horrible can they get?”

Not since those days, long since gone, when Lana was deeply in love and then deeply hurt by Tyrone Power have I seen her so emotionally upset ever since. And her greatest concern was for Fernando. I have to admit I was a bit surprised for I had thought in the beginning, along with many others, that her romance with the handsome Lamas might have been just to stimulate interest in their Merry Widow.

I had only to listen to Lana mention his name to realize how wrong I was.

“Our marriage will be so right, Louella,” she told me. “He loves my little daughter Cheryl, and she is devoted to him.”

“Fernando’s divorce, as you know, has been held up because he wants, rather he is insisting on, having his little girl with him at least part of the time. I wouldn’t respect him if he were willing to give her up to me for marriage.”

“He and Mrs. Lamas have been separated several times, and now that they have come to a final parting of the ways, it isn’t that they had broken up his marriage, or he—mince your words.”

“When all our troubles are worked out, all we are asking for is to share a good, solid family life. I tried to have that with Artie Shaw, and I tried with Steve Crane, I tried with Bob Topping, and you know what happened each time.”

Hattie Crane loved being married to a glamorous movie star, and Lana spent most of her life with in nightclubs posing for the photographers.

“Bob Topping—I don’t know—shall we say he just likes to play around?”

“Tell me about that $250,000 emerald necklace you are supposed to be holding out to Bob,” I put in, “and all those other jewels belonging to his mother he says you are refusing to return.”

“If it is possible for a blonde as beautiful as Lana is to snort, that was just about her answer.

“Nonsense,” she snapped. “Those jewels are a myth. The only jewels I have that were Bob’s mother’s are an emerald ring and a necklace. There never was any ‘fabulous emerald necklace’ except in somebody’s imagination.

“Believe me, I wouldn’t mind giving the ring and the pearls back to Bob if I felt he was really sentimental about them. But I don’t think he is.”

“I think this talk about him being a multi-millionaire is as phony as these stories about the family jewels. It is my opinion that he has spent most of his inheritance.”

Lana went on, “My attorney is doing everything he can to bring about a settlement with Bob so I can get my freedom. But, believe me, I am going to insist on getting back the money I sank in that marriage. Even getting back some of that money won’t begin to make up for the many heartbreaking things that happened.” Her voice trailed off, almost in tears.

“I will never forget the deep heartache she suffered when she miscarried two children—babies she had wanted very much to father. I was sure she was thinking about that now—of how she had cried and cried as though her heart would break both times motherhood was denied her.”

Following the loss of the first baby, she had been gravely ill. It had been months before she had been able to return to work. During that time, many people and even her studio believed she might give up her career to be just Mrs. Bob Topping—that’s how eager she was to make a real homelife for herself and him.

I remember she had said, “I’ll work out when Bob is willing to remain in Hollywood. If he prefers to travel, I’m going with him.” And she meant it. I believe it wasn’t until later that Lana came to realize that if there was going to be money enough for travel and mansions for homes in her life with Bob Topping she was the one who was going to do all the giving for him.

But that is in the past. Sometime she will forget it all, she hopes. And she doesn’t stay long off the subject of her one and only present interest—Mr. Fernando Lamas.

“One reason I am perfectly sure our marriage will work out is because I respect Fernando so much,” she said, calmly noting the slight hint of jealousy.

“We both have careers. We understand each other’s problems. The only good thing to come out of all this silly gossip about Kirk and me is that Fernando is no longer jealous. He just laughs and tells me not to take it so seriously.

“And, he is such a wonderful actor. I think he’s got more of the best performances I’ve ever seen on the screen. In The Merry Widow. Oh, how I love that picture, Louella! It was just heaven playing opposite Fernando. I don’t care if they say his wonderful voice deals the plot short.

“We both laughed, for, believe me, when a star of Lana’s stature says a thing like THAT, it’s bound to be love with a capital L.

She is eagerly looking forward to the time, in the late summer, when she and Lamas and Cheryl will leave for South America, where MGM will star Lana and Lamas in a picture to be called Latin Lovers.

“I’ll meet his family there . . . and we will be, very quietly, just homeworkers. The last time I was in South America, it was quite different—so I have to give them the gentlest treatment all the way—parties, luncheons, dinners, cocktails, meeting dignitaries, nothing but a whirl from morning to night.”

“This time I shall get a chance to know the people and how they really live when not entertaining a movie star from Hollywood.”

She said, seriously, “With all our efforts to keep our happiness to ourselves and our attempt to be dignified about it, it breaks my heart when ridiculous and vicious stories are printed. I guess that’s why I blew my top the way I did to you, Louella,” she explained a little apologetically. “Is it so wrong to want a solid marriage and to have a happy home for my child, and a place where his child can come and be with us?”

I didn’t bother to answer that because I am sure that Lana knows I am her good friend and that I will always wish her happiness.

I was really kidding her when I said, just before I was ready to go, “There’s one thing you can always have—no one has denied, Lana,” I laughed.

“What’s that?” she asked quickly.

“That you are being tempeartamental at the studio for the first time in your career.”

“Oh, that,” she winked. “Temperament, or a little of it now and then, is good for the game. Seriously, the only thing I was still afraid of was that I might have to get my own hairdresser for A Tribute To A Bad Man. I’ve had this girl for years and years and I thought it was silly to give her to another actress when I was ready to start my picture. But,” she sighed, “I wish that were all I had to worry about!”

As I mentioned before, my friend, Lana, is a very even tempered girl, except when she gets her dander up!
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Beauty is my business—
says gorgeous cover girl
SHEILA CONNOLLY

SweetHeart is my Beauty Soap

Sheila says: "As a model, I often pose in evening gowns—so my skin must be soft and smooth all over. That's why I always use SweetHeart Soap for daily baths; it leaves my skin as soft, smooth and lovely as my complexion."

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SweetHeart Soap

Get SweetHeart in the big bath size for your daily baths! Just notice—one week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart—you skin "all over" looks softer and smoother!

Beauty is my business, too!

Darling Erin Dickins, 18 months old, is a popular baby model. Her mother guards her lovely skin; she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Erin's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart in the big bath size

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

sweet and hot

by Leonard Feather

FROM THE MOVIES

ABOUT FACE—No Other Girl For Me and If Someone Had Told Me by Tony Martin and Dinah Shore (Victor).

MERRY WIDOW—"I'lla by Skip Martin* (MGM). MGM's new Technicolor musical brings back this familiar Lehár melody, neatly done up here in modern dress by the new band of arranger Skip Martin (he's the fellow who wrote Les Brown's hit record of "I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm").

ROBIN HOOD—"Whistle My Love by Harry Jerome* (MGM).

Pleasant performance of a song from the new Walt Disney opus, with Ray DeMario on the vocal.

SKIRTS Ahoy—Hold Me Close To You by Billy Eckstine** (MGM).

Here's a truly outstanding vocal performance that Billy does in his first movie. Accompanied by Georgie Stoll and the MGM studio orchestra, he does a splendid job.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—Album of songs by Jane Froman** (Capitol).

Title song by Doris Day* (Columbia); Perry Como (Victor); Hildegarde (Decca); Elio Pinza (Victor).

Too Far From You by Guy Lombardo (Decca); Frank Sinatra & Dinah Shore* (Columbia); Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Bing Crosby (Decca); Charlie Ventura (Victor).

Embraceable You by Paul Weston* (Columbia); Dave Ross (MGM); Kate Smith (Columbia); Nat King Cole* (Capitol).

POPULAR

PEGGY LEE—"Lover" (Decca).

Peggy will almost certainly have her biggest seller in a long time with this disc, thanks to the excitement-packed Gordon Jenkins arrangement. The other side is a more typical Lee performance of You Go To My Head, and although it'll be far less popular, it's my personal preference of the two sides.

JOHNNIE RAY—"Album" (Capitol).

What can I say? So much has been said and written about the fabulous 25-year-old kid from Dallas, Oregon, that there's nothing left to add except that the best record he's made to date, Give Me Time, is in this album (or LP disc) as well as some other typically tearful tunes.

JAZZ

BERYL BOOKER—"A Handful Of Stars* (Mercury).

A wonderful new piano star makes a very promising debut with her own quintet. On the other side, she sings, too—You'd Better Go Now.

RALPH BURNS—"Free Forms Album* (Mercury).

Woody Herman's arranger produces eight delightful original compositions here played by a group featuring woodwinds and strings. Gentle music with agreeable touches of jazz.
New! **Stick Cologne**

**Concentrates**

**Purse Style**

Each $1.00 plus tax

You’ll love the cool convenience of these famous fragrances in the new purse-style Stick Colognes.

**EARLY AMERICAN**
**OLD SPICE**
The fragrance of Rosewood & Spice

**DESERT FLOWER**
Modern, mysterious magnetic

**FRIENDSHIP’S GARDEN**
Romantic, floral bouquet

New York • Toronto
LORETTA YOUNG, star of the forthcoming "MAGIC LADY"—A Universal-International Picture.

Loretta Young presents one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars. Like the majority of top Hollywood stars, Miss Young uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her beautiful hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Loretta Young says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Loretta Young, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

"We fight—but we love it!"

A few weeks ago when Frank and Ava Sinatra returned from their second honeymoon in Honolulu—their first consisted of a weekend in Havana—they found the mailbox jammed with bills and magazines. They took care of the bills and then sat down of an evening for a little literary relaxation. They began to pore through the magazines and then suddenly broke into laughter. The periodicals were filled with stories of THE BATTLING SINATRAS, in big bold type. (Continued on next page)
THEY SAY SHE'S INSANELY JEALOUS . . . THEY SAY SHE CAN'T GET ALONG WITH FRANKIE'S KIDS—BUT AVA

Most rumors don't bother me. Certainly, they don't affect Frank. They say I'm insanely jealous. It's pure baloney.

THEY SAY HE'S A HOTHEAD . . . THEY SAY HE SCREAMS AT AVA ALL THE TIME—BUT FRANKIE JUST SITS

I we get along—that isn't news. If we quarrel—that's a scoop! We do quarrel. So does every other married coup.

"We fight— but we love it!" continued

You must have read some of them yourself if you read film magazines; and if you did, you probably came off with the impression that Ava spends most of her spare time banging Frankie over the head with a rolling pin and that he retaliates by battering her lovely body to a bloody pulp.

According to the stories, Ava is insanely jealous about her crooner-boy. Let him so much as even look at another girl, and she pulls his heart out by the roots, at least three times a night, which means, of course, that he has a very elastic heart.

These same self-appointed Gardner-Sinatra authorities also say that Ava doesn't get along particularly well with Frank's children, that when their mother went to New York with Barbara Stanwyck some time back, and the children visited Ava and Frank, they witnessed a battle royal. They say that the young Sinatras are embarrassed, uneasy, and nervous in Ava's presence, and she in theirs. But these statements have no basis in fact.

As for Frank, supposedly his jealousy takes form in frenzied rages. When Ava says "Good morning" to the mailman, Frank races out of the house with a set of swords and a set of dueling pistols. "Mr. Mailman," he shouts, "you have your choice."

It's ludicrous, but that's what the wisenheimers would have you believe.

As Ava used to say back in dear old Smithfield, N. C., "all of that, honey-chile, is pure, pure baloney."

Ava has never been happier in her life than since her marriage to Frank. She thinks he's adorable and everything she has ever wanted in a man. That's why she married him in the first place. "I never judged him," she says, "by a sheaf of newspaper clippings. I judged him by his actions. They say he's a hothead with a very low boiling point. Not true. You really have to rile him before he blows his top. Frank has a wonderful sense of tolerance. He gets furious at people who
denounce others for being Negroes or Jews or Catholics, and so do I.

The Monday-morning quarterbacks insist that Frank screams at Ava all the time, that it makes no difference where they are, at home or in public. They like to exercise their vocal chords. That's a slice from that same hunk of baloney.

Ava and Frank believe in acting naturally. If they're out in public and they disagree, they speak their minds.

A few weeks ago, for example, when Frank was singing at the Cocoanut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, one of his old acquaintances came over after the show and put the bite on Ava's boy for a hundred bucks.

Ava grew furious. "You've already loaned him more than $2500," she complained. "He has no intention of returning that. Why do you keep pouring good dough after bad?"

"Well . . . he happens to be a little hard up," Frank said.

"He's been a moocher for the past 20 years," Ava pointed out, and she launched into a real wifely tirade. Ava is pretty practical when it comes to money. Frank is not. Any sort of sob story and he'll get softhearted and come across with his last twenty dollar bill.

Folks who overheard Ava arguing with Frank that night undoubtedly misinterpreted their quarrel for the fight of the century, because the next day Ava picked up a newspaper and a local columnist said, "the Sinatra marriage will blow sky-high any evening now."

The truth of the matter is that Frank and Ava fight vocally all the time. They are two people with decided opinions who believe in getting to the point—no beating about the bush with this pair.

If Frank doesn't like a particular dress of Ava's, he'll say, "Not that one, sweetie"—they both (Continued on page 86)
The fifth passenger

(Continued from page 39) thing could I do than share their discomfort and danger for a few hours, and what sort of creature was I to pretend I wanted to do it but not really mean it?

I felt no real feeling of guilt that bothered me now, but a strong one, and there was only one way to square it. "Please take me along," I told the chaplain. "Please take me along."

He said he couldn't do that. He was traveling alone in an open jeep (open so you can jump out and take to a ditch in a hurry in case of a plane or sniper attack) and although there was more of an icy, rocky trail than a road. I stood a good chance of being frozen, bumped out, hurt in a crash, shot, or, as he put it, "all four, maybe."

But by now I had to go.

I put on six suits of long, woolen under- 
wear, tops and bottoms. Over this I wore two pairs of GI trousers, two sweaters, 
a shirt, two parkas, and my fur-lined 
fur-lined jeep cap or "hood," all over the route that was more than most of an icy, rocky trail than a road. I stood a good chance of being frozen, bumped out, hurt in a crash, shot, or, as he put it, "all four, maybe."

But by now I had to go.

I would pick myself up unhurt and believe He had been. "But God will be with you," my mother had said when she told me my tonsil operation would hurt, and I had believed her with the faith of a six-year-old. I had no frightenable fear and took my first plane ride, when the pilot of a speeding motorboat I was in, seemed to go crazy and was missing the dockside. I found the first time that I stood, dry-mouthed and heart pounding, in front of a camera—"God is with you," had been enough. But was He with me now?

Grec Garson opened a new theater in L.A. an manager asked if she would say a few words and give her a small slip of paper on which a suggested speech had been written. Only this, to open

For the first repertory Miss Garson

"I use more words than to open a can of tomatoes."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

I found myself feeling sorry for myself, and then, I recognized this feeling as one I'd had before in my life. . . . for another person, a girl riding in a car with me. She had been so glad that I was talking without my taking special notice of their words until this girl had said, "As far as I am concerned I am an atheist. I can't be a believer. I just can't believe."

I was shocked and had felt sorry for her... and in exactly the same way I was sorry for myself now! Was I, too, being a skeptic with the little faith I was showing it? I wasn't. I just thought out there in the menacing freeze.

I sat up straight in my seat and stopped cowering. For most of my life I had always felt that if a thing was right it should be right, and I had thought of myself in the freezing menaces.

We were there almost two hours, most of which time Lt. Bondurant had individual sessions of prayer and talk with some of us. We sat around ourselves up—the fellows laughing at us openly—for the return trip. They escorted us—or I should say practically carried us back. I saw Lt. Bondurant, still on our backs, wondering how he would get to join the other group around us until we got under way. Mala turned to me immediately.

"I'm so glad we came," she said. "So awfully, awfully glad."

I had just come out of a false sleep before, if anything, but we were so exhilarated that I don't think we noticed it at first. Mala and I, as well as Johnny and Lt. Bondurant, felt that we should be able to make our way back under the biting wind to recall incidents about the visit. Eventually we huddled down into our seats silently as the jeep bounced along. It was then that I had a chance to consider, an idea which frightened me. We had 20 miles of night ahead of us, night that could well be filled with danger from enemy patrols. But I wasn't frightened.

I felt wonderful because I knew, somehow, that I just knew that there were not four of us, but five of us going back in that jeep. And the fifth passenger, I was certain, was God.

He was with me.

(Piper's next picture is Universal-International's No Room For The Groom.)
Amazing Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care!

...actually stimulates moisture within your skin
that makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Science proves it's moisture from within that makes skin really smoother

There's a definite promise of a smoother, fresher complexion for you—in this newly discovered SKIN-TONIC ACTION of Lux Soap care. A softer, dewier look...the wonderful young look!

Skin-Tonic Action works from within to improve your skin—not just from the surface, but actually from within your skin. New tests by Lever Bio-Chemists prove...

Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care wakens vital moisture within your skin

It's moisture from within that makes skin look really smooth, lastingly smooth. It's moisture from within that gives radiant freshness. Your skin must have this natural moisture to look its loveliest—and that's just what the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care gives your skin!

Yes, your skin looks smoother...and it stays smoother. That's the wonderful news of Skin-Tonic Action in daily Lux care—lasting freshness, lastingly new smoothness.

Moisture!...for dry skin!

Moisture is particularly vital to dry skin. The flakiness you see is dry, inactive skin flaking off. Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care actually helps correct this condition from within. It helps your skin retain natural moisture. Immediate improvement is evident—you'll see your skin looks fresher, more luminous. Feels smoother to touch.

FOR YOU...a minute a day, each day.

Now think of your Lux care as more than mere cleansing. Think of it as a beauty stimulant! As you cream in the rich lather for your Lux Soap Facial, this stimulating Tonic-Action wakes vital beauty. A minute-a-day makes a difference! Your warm rinse, your cold splash, add to the stimulation.

Now see the dewy freshness! Touch the more satiny feel of your skin! You're truly Lux-lovely.

Lovely DEBRA PAGET says: "I find the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care makes a wonderful difference in my skin...brings fresher sparkle, delightful new smoothness!"

And you can be sure...the beauty care that works for lovely Hollywood stars like Debra Paget will work for you, too.

The evidence in these Lux tests proves that the Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care will make a real difference in the loveliness of any normal, healthy skin—and that probably means your skin.

You can prove this for yourself. Try Lux now...start daily Lux care...and you will see that just one cake of Lux can make your skin definitely smoother, definitely fresher. We would not make this promise unless we were sure Lux would fulfill every word of it.

Today, get fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap...Hollywood's favorite. You'll see why 9 out of 10 screen stars are Lux Girls! LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux with "Skin-Tonic Action"

See Lux-lovely DEBRA PAGET, starring in "LES MISERABLES" A 20th Century-Fox Production
Put that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Does your hair have that $100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights...does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo...the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid...more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty...with just enough body to take a quick set...and to hold that set!

For a clean...deep-clean scalp...for softly gleaming, radiant hair...for manageable hair that never needs a special rinse...for a soft shampoo that protects your hair...try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

How to win $100

Want to win $100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box tops, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 16, N.Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that $100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

GLAMOROUS VIRGINIA MAYO
CASUAL AND SMART
IN PLAID TWEED

A Year Round Traveller, this striking coat worn by Virginia Mayo of Warners' The Iron Mistress was designed by Prestyly of Jaunty Juniors. It does double duty in colder weather with the addition of a zip-in lining of grey wool. The cuffs and facing are of matching wool. Note the newest pocket trick—the flaps conceal deep serviceable slit pockets. Sizes 7-15. Plaid tweed available in grey with copper, gold or Fireball red, all trimmed with grey wool. About $70. Without zip-in lining, about $60. Virginia wears Cobblers of California "Cable Stitch" shoes, about $9; she holds Cobblers' new handbag "Chatterbox," about $11. The John Frederics' "Charmer" is a youthful grey felt cloche with belting trim, about $11; she holds shortie gloves from Hansen; hosiery in the new shade "Shadow" by Gotham Gold Stripe. Gold jewelry by Coro.

In this issue:
Jewelry—Gotham Gold Stripe
Gloves—Hansen
Handbags—California Cobblers
Jewelry—Coro
Hats—John Frederics "Charmers"

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL
modern screen fashions in hollywood
Happy is the girl who owns a wardrobe of Ship 'n Shore blouses for she will be smartly equipped for almost every occasion. Eve Miller of Warner's forthcoming Technicolor production April in Paris poses in three blouses. All have convertible collars, come in sizes 30-40 and Cora jewelry adds bright and becoming accents.

1. Rayon shantung is chosen for this blouse with a tiny Peter Pan collar and crystal buttons. Charcoal, toast, white, peacock, hyacinth, beige, pink or gold. About $3.50. Jonathan blonde cowhide belt trimmed with gold, about $4.


3. Custom cuffs and links are features of this tailored blouse in beautiful Pediloom (nylon-rayon). White, avocado, nude, mint, charcoal, buttercup, coral, pink, navy or blue. About $5. Elastic and calf Jonathan belt, about $2.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.
modern
screen
fashions
in
hollywood

Left, Monica Lewis of MGM's Everything I Have Is Yours, pertly illustrates the perennial smartness of the simply tailored suit. Designed by Prestyly of Jaunty Juniors in novelty check worsted, the jacket features the rounded, molded hipline and bias binding of the fabric trims the collar, pockets and flared cuffs. Sizes: 7-15. Red, royal or brown combined with black. About $55. Monica's black velvet hat is a John Frederics' "Charmer." About $13. California Cobbler's "Chatterbox" handbag (strap-handle) in veal calf, about $11. Monica holds Hansen shortie gloves.
Just right for all casual wear! Dorothy Bromiley, of Paramount's Pleasure Island, wears the newest three-piece outfit from Junior House of Milwaukee. The quilted weskit and skirt are in foulard—printed corduroy. The blouse is of cotton broadcloth. Sizes 9-15. The weskit and skirt are available in raspberry with gold, green with gold or white with gold—all with matching gold blouses. About $40. Perfect accessories with this ensemble are California Cobbler's smartly styled "Quarterbag", a melon-shaped pouch with contrast piping. About $9. It comes in calf or suede in all shades to match the "Dixieland" shoes. (For description of shoes see page 77.) Popular cotton shortie gloves by Hansen. "Cheesecake '52" hosiery by Gotham Gold Stripe.
Above left, for a semi-formal date, Junior House of Milwaukee has designed this delightfully picturesque dress of finely striped woven taffeta worn by Audrey Dalton of Paramount's Pleasure Island. The ruffled, tiered skirt is gracefully billowing and tiny gunmetal buttons trim the neatly tailored bodice. Sizes 9-15. Turquoise blue, rose or capper. About $35. Audrey wears Coro pearl jewelry—Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52." Above right, cleverly solving the problem of what the smart career girl can wear for her exciting and casual After-Five dates, Junior House designs a versatile two-piece dress. Joan Elan, of Paramount's Pleasure Island, wears it. The top, is a turtle-neck jersey dyed to match the skirt of Treebark moire, which has corded tiers to make it stand out. Sizes 9-15. Black or brown. About $30. Joan's gold jewelry is from Coro and she wears Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery in the new shade, "Cheesecake '52."
SHOE PROFILE

No career girl’s wardrobe is complete without a year-round dress that changes aspect and purpose according to the shoes worn with it. Audrey Dalton of Paramount’s Pleasure Island, wears this Orlon-Acetate sheer. Sizes 7 to 15 and 12 to 20. Black, navy or brown. About $13. A George-David Original.
For dress-up occasions the Dream Step pump below. Coro’s gold jewelry. Nylon hosiery by Rivoli.

1. A cleverly designed moccasin of Norzon with a cushion crepe sole and cushion insole for added comfort by Fristies. Sizes 4 to 10, narrow and medium widths. Black, tan, red or gold. As low as $3.99.
2. This classic saddle Oxford is from Sports Pals. Available in various heel heights. Sizes 4 to 10, in double A, B, C, or D widths. Black and white or brown and white leather. As low as $3.99.
3. The new opera pump with the open-toe by Dream Step. Sizes 4 to 9, including half-sizes, in narrow and medium widths. Available in black or brown suede; brown, red or green calf. About $4.99.
This fashionable and delightfully feminine slip by Gotham Gold Stripe is of all-nylon tricot and imported all-nylon lace. The lace forms the midriff and skirt yoke—matching lace edges the shirred bodice and wide circular skirt. Sizes $3.10. White, sunset pink or ballet blue. About $17.

Purchase in person or by mail from the following stores:

CALIFORNIA COBBLERS (Shoes—Handbags)
STORES CARRYING "CABLE STITCH" SHOES PAGE 71 AND BELOW
E. H. Hampton, L.L., N.Y., E. Hampton Shoe Store
Eddie Crawford, San Jose
Odessea, Texas, Model Shoe
Forst, La., Carpenters
STORES CARRYING "DOUBLE" SHOES BELOW
Dallas, Texas, Ring & Brewer
Dover, Del., Kittengers
El Campo, Texas, Sam Bishkin's Dept. Store
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Muncie, Texas, Dunkin-Hubbard
Odessea, Texas, The Dunlap Co.
San Angelo, Texas, Squires
STORES CARRYING "DIXIE-LAND" SHOES PAGE 94 AND BELOW
Conroe, Texas, Proser's
Portland, Ore., Arkin's
STORES CARRYING "QUARTER-BAG" HANDBAG PAGE 37
Cincinnati, Ohio, Newels Inc.
Colfax, Wash., Roberts
Columbus, S.C., Henry Arellini Shoe Co.
Columbus, S.C., J. B. White Co.
Eugene, Ore., Arbuckle
Gadsden, Ala., A. B. Bottoms Shoe Co.
Lexington, N.C., Family Shoe Center
Nashville, Ark., Geo. W. Robinson Tyner, Texas, The Bootery
"CHATTERBOX" HANDBAG PAGES 91, 93
Write to address below for store nearest you.

If there is no store listed near you, for California Cobblers' Shoes and Handbags, write directly to Cobblers, Inc., 1912 Stanford Avenue, Los Angeles 21, California.

CORO (Jewelry) Pages 71, 72, 73, 75, 76
Available at leading department and specialty jewelry stores throughout the country.

DREAM STEP (Shoes) Page 76
Write to address below for store nearest you.

FRISKIES AND SPORT PAWS (Shoes) Page 77
Available throughout the country.

Where to buy modern screen's fashions

San Francisco, Calif., Macy's
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Dallas, Texas, A. Harris
Indianapolis, Ind., The Layne
Los Angeles, Calif., Bullock's
New York, N.Y., Davison-Paxon
Philadelphia, Pa., The Blum Store

JUNIOR HOUSE (Dresses) Pages 74, 75
Austin, Malin, Wiese's
Baltimore, Md., Linda Lynn
Birmingham, Tenn., Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio, Taylor's
Colorado Springs, Colo., Grey-Rose
Coral Gables, Fla., Ruth Boyce, Inc.
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Kansas City, Mo., Adler's
Little Rock, Ark., Feinle's
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New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y., Oppenheim Collins
N. Y., B. Altman
N. Y., The Addis Co.
Winston, N.C., David's
Wilkes Barre, Pa., Hollywood Shop

RIVOLI (Hosiery) Page 76
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

SHIP 'N' SNORE (Blewsers) Page 77
Available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.
Stay as Sweet as you are

(Continued from page 59) four hundred hogs through the streets of the city from the loading pens to the slaughter house. The pigs, not sure of their fate after their train ride, generally resented the trek and gave the drivers considerable trouble. The porkies wanted to see the sights—or go some place else—for they would take the side roads at every opportunity. A boy had to be on his toes every minute and wide-awake or wind up spending the entire day hog-calling in the business section of Chicago. It was nothing like servicing a newspaper route," John said. "Some of those animals would weigh several hundred pounds and they didn't want to be shoved around. And we had a bit of traffic to contend with, too. We got up early for the drives but there was always that motorist, in a hurry to get to work or something, who would turn into the herd and scatter the hogs in every direction but the right one. One day one of the pigs went berserk and charged us...and we all climbed phone poles. When we got down about half an hour later, darn near every home in that district had a pig or two in the back yard. If the family hadn't owned the plant, I'd still be paying a pork bill there for the ones we lost."

Summer or so later, when the family moved to its home at Lakeside, Michigan, for several months, young John found the type of work he wanted to do. He became a caddy. He didn't want to add to his life, of course, but he wanted to do something around a golf course. And he was a good, tireless caddy. He'd be the first one at the Lakeside Club in the morning, and he wouldn't give a damn until the last weary golfer had put away his clubs and given up for the day. From that time to this John Agar has been a fanatic golfer.

As a caddy he got his fill of walking around the course professionally, but as a player he never ever got enough. Once for four straight days he played 72 holes a day. He did it for something of a record event for no kid with youthful stamina. But on days that he worked, picking up a dollar and a quarter a trip around, he used to get out of playing greens before the worms got him in their holes, play a round, and then top off the day with 18 holes before complete darkness set in.

Jack Agar loved golf so much that he refused to go into the pro shop, the place where the equipment is looked after. He had heard of a ruling that made any one who worked in a pro shop a professional, and he was afraid his ambition to become a champion amateur.

Nobody has ever called John Agar a lazy man, but once, as a young starter, he fell asleep on the job right in the middle of the day. It was while he was going to school. He had taken a job as a sort of handy lad with a pharmaceutical manufacturing company. One day it broke into a huge cavernous room and assist in a chere he had not been introduced to before. There were huge mills grinding chemicals into a fine powder. Jack's job was to keep the mills full of material. He noticed that the other workers were wearing special nose and mouth masks, but he paid no attention—and nobody apparently wanted him to wear the mask. After about 20 minutes of work, with the fine powder filling the air, he began to feel strangely drowsy and then faint. Finally somebody did notice him, and two husky fellows ran to his side, grabbed his arms and rushed him out of the room to the emergency hospital, where he lay down a very sick boy. He found out the next day that the powder he had been breathing was from a chemical used to manufacture sleeping pills, and that by rights he should be sleeping yet.

Not every kid gets to go to a private prep school, but a good many do. John Agar was one of them. When he finished grammar school he was shipped off to the Harvard School for Boys at Pawling, New York. He had no idea at the time, of course, but he was to join the ranks of a number of other screen stars who were educated at Pawling. Frank and Ralph Morgan went there, as well as George Montgomery and George Murphy. Jack Agar was a pretty good pupil, although no whiz.

He held his own in the classrooms and did a little better than that on the playing fields. He was a fair end and blocking back in football and a dinger of a center in basketball. As a matter of fact, he is held in higher esteem at the school even now for his record of baskets tossed than for his fame on the screen.

Jack Agar has said a good many times that John Agar is a spoiled product of a wealthy family. That is not true. At no time did his family eat particularly to any of his whims or work and earn was the motto as far as the boy was concerned. There never was a summer that he did not earn enough money, generally by the generous sweat of his brow, to go on to school at his own expense. It was only an early summer, and the learned thrift. He didn't squander his money then any more than he does now.

If it hadn't been for World War II, young Agar might have gone on to college and become a professional and settled down in some city distant from Hollywood and never had his picture taken again in his life. But there was a war and along came a chance for Agar to plucked from his patterned plot and stuffed into an Air Forces uniform. He wore it for three years, with distinction and honor, the record books say.

His mother and grandfather had moved to Beverly Hills, California, so it was there that Jack headed on his leaves and months in Hollywood itself is the center of the social life of the film industry, so it was to be expected that Jack would get to know and see and all. He began to do so soon after that that you and I both first heard of him. He was the handsome lad who was dating Shirley Temple—the one who, against a backdrop of hoopla so far-only him, eventually married her.

Having been Shirley Temple's husband is now so far in the past in John Agar's life that if it were not for the never-ending fame of her husband would be irrelevant. But Shirley, in a sense, is responsible for his getting into pictures. Actually John had no ambitions theatricals. As a matter of fact, he had rather definite aversion to any grease paint in his blood, thought it was a bit silly for a grown man to get paid for making faces, and above all shivered at the thought of leaving the Navy in order to further any kind of a career. For that reason he rejected all suggestions that he take up movie-making in any depart-

But a man must make a living, especially if he is married to a woman who must be in the public eye, one who needs pretty things often than most wives. And Shirley was merely as a means of turning a few fast bucks, Jack listened to David Selznick, who had been after him for a long time to take a role in one of his productions, but Agar signed to a long term contract. Those who knew the details of the negotiations will recall for you that it took quite a bit of
If you saw him in his first films, Fort Apache, She Wore A Yellow Ribbon and others, you must agree that David Selznick knew what he was doing when he signed Agar. He was a fresh, clean personality, an unspoiled, handsome new face. The record of his credits show that all of his pictures were made on loan-out, not produced by the man who had Shirley under contract, which means that he got the parts on his own merit and that outside producers were willing to pay handsomely to get him.

No matter how low an opinion a person has of acting as a talent or craft, they'll lose it for keeps if they ever work for John Ford. Ford is a perfectionist, a slave driver and a man who can drill respect for what he is doing into the most amateur of amateur actors. John Agar fell into Ford's hands in his first and third pictures. By the time the first one was over, he was no longer of the opinion that acting was a form of kidding. He knew it was a profession and that few are chosen for it—and fewer yet capable of it. He became really enthusiastic. He wanted to learn, not entirely to make money now, but because it was a challenge to improve himself in an artistic endeavor. The fact that Ford called him back for a second movie is proof that his effort was not wasted—and that he had a genuine talent for acting. Ford has no room on his sets for d Dilards or raggers.

It is unfortunate that divorce came into his life at the time it did, for John Agar was not prepared to handle tragedy at that period. But it did—and then came an interlude of morbidity. It is to Agar's eternal credit that he whipped that and emerged a better man and artist.

No picture you have ever seen of Loretta Agar has ever done her justice. Possibly she doesn't care very much about having her picture taken, because no cameraman has been able to truly capture the loveliness and wholesomeness of the girl. John and Loretta met at a mutual friend's house, a chalet named Larry Springer with whom John played golf. Their first interest in each other was because of golf—and they'd sit at the tables in the club house after a game and hold a post-mortem, and Loretta was generally more accurate in her analysis of the contest just finished than either of the men. That was a strong link between John and Loretta. And their marriage was no hasty affair, as has been said in the press. It was a sensible, well discussed mating that was important to both of them from the very moment they discovered they were in love. Like most fellows, John was a bit lazy about some of his ambitions. For instance, he had always wanted to be a good singer, but never having given much thought to becoming a professional performer, he hadn't done anything about it. Loretta made him go to a coach and study—and if you think it didn't pay off, talk to the managers of some of the places John has worked and see the contrast. It made John a better actor, and he had the added benefit of improving his singing. He is still the same with the same girl, and they are the same with each other. For some reason or other, John is very secretive about his personal life, and when he does decide to let it out, it seems to always be the last thing one would expect. In the case of the Agars, it was the news of their marriage that came as a surprise. John had been engaged to Shirley Temple before he met Loretta, and it was only after he broke up with her that things became serious. It was a real shock to the public, but it was the right thing for both of them. The Agars have been together ever since, and they are still as happy as the day they were married.

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special Applications

Colorint, or Nestle Lite.
golden key girls

(Continued from page 47)

not take my word for it that Joan Taylor is a future star of exceptional talent. (Modern Screen photographers call her "the little Dutchess"). You can see her in The Savage, with Charlton Heston, and in many more Paramount pictures to come!

BARBARA RUTCH: SHOW BUSINESS IN HER BLOOD
By Jane Powell

I was delighted to be Barbara Rutch's sponsor at Modern Screen's First Annual Golden Key Awards. Like me, she began her career in radio. Unlike me, however, she has a fine acting heritage. Barbara, born in Pasadena, California, is the daughter of Melville Rutch and Lillian Tuttle, both outstanding radio stars. At 14, Barbara began singing with the high school band and during her senior year she sang twice weekly on radio.

Many Dorothys of service men, I am sure, will champion Barbara for stardom as much as I do, for she has made seven trips to Travis Airfield and recently returned from a 21,000-mile trip helping to entertain troops in Europe and North Africa.

Barbara's Golden Key now has a place of honor in her Beverly Hills apartment, and if you have not seen her in the MGM's Invitation and Soccermatine, I know that she'll have a place of honor on your list of new favorites.

DOROTHY HART: HER NAME MEANS WHAT IT SAYS
By Howard Duff

The night of the Golden Key Awards, I paced the floor at the party, waiting for Dorothy Hart to show up. She was the last to arrive, and I almost had to leave because I was waiting for that any-second call that Ida's baby had appeared. And why was Dorothy so late? Because she was working at the Mobile Blood Bank, and considered what she was doing more important than anything concerning her career.

Dorothy has been one of our most prominent magazine cover girls, Queen of the Cleveland Air Races, and has won so many beauty contests she's forgotten the number. Yet she never trades on her beauty and in my opinion, is the Sweetheart of All the Golden Key Girls, just to give her one more title. Her first film role was opposite Jeff Chandler in Gunfighters, and you may have seen her since in Ratson Pass or Loan Shark, with George Raft. Lippert productions have every reason to be really proud of her entry in the Golden Key derby!

URSULA THI:SS: MOST IMPORTANT SINCE DIETRIC
By Jane Russell

Everyone at RKO-Radio Pictures is cheering Modern Screen's selection of Ursula Thiess (rhymes with niece) as a Golden Key winner. Born in Hamburg, Germany, she is the first important screen discovery from that country since Marlene Dietrich, 20 years ago. Ursula's home was bombed out during the war, and she was forced to flee the country. After the war was over she became a photographer's model, and wrote and sold film stories for short subjects. When her picture appeared on the cover of Life Magazine, studio officials cabled her a screen test offer, which she couldn't at first believe.

When Ursula arrived in Hollywood, she couldn't speak a word of English, but she mastered the rudiments of the language in four months and was cast as the leading lady for the Technicolor film, Monsoon, which was filmed in India.

The British press has heralded her as the "most beautiful girl in the world," and I personally believe that she is potentially one of the greatest stars ever to be brought to the RKO-Radio lot.

SUZAN BALL: SHE BAKED A CAKE
By Tony Curtis

You want to get into a hot, argument over at Universal-International, ask anybody who they think Suzan Ball looks like. Some say Elizabeth Taylor or Jane Russell. Maybe Lana Turner, but unlike Lana, Suzan didn't get her start by being discovered on a soda fountain stool. No, Suzan did it the hard way, by baking a chocolate cake for a charity bazaar in Santa Marin and getting it seen by talent scouts. (Her face, not the cake.) Suzan is from my home state, New York, and she landed in Hollywood because her father happened to be a travel agency manager.

She didn't fool herself that she could make good in movies; she went to North Hollywood, and every time she looked around she thought she saw a thousand girls who looked better. So she did a little modeling, sang with a dance band and hoped the right guy would come along. She did, and signed her to a movie contract. I won't say she's going places—in my opinion, she's already there. So go take a look at her in The Untamed with Jeff Chandler and Yankee Buccaneer with Scott Brady. And remember, a couple of years from now, I told you!

GLORIA GREENWOOD: SHE WAS "TOP SECRET"
By John Derek

For a long time, Gloria Greenwood was a "hush-hush" girl at our studio, Columbia. The former Queen of the Portland, Oregon, Rose Festival had been signed to star in her first picture, playing the late Grace Moore's role in One Night Of Love. A few days before winning her Golden Key, Gloria still had her original name, Gloria Krieger. Of her singing in concerts and on the radio, critics had already said such things as "the most exciting voice I have ever heard" and "the best voice in a hundred years." To date, her greatest achievement has been as the soloist for the Denver Symphony orchestra, but she won't always be a movie favorite if the studio had not kept her "top secret" while grooming her for her all important screen debut in One Night Of Love. I am proud to be Gloria's sponsor and anxious to appear opposite her in pictures, but I am certain that, even without this modest endorsement, she will be successful and famous in Hollywood for a long time to come.

EILEEN CHRISTY: THE BANK CLERK BEAUTY
By John Russell

I think that few Hollywood Cinderella stories can match that of Eileen Christy, for whereas Barbara Rutch and Ursula Thiess are the spon- sors. (The only Golden Key girl with two sponsors, by the way.) Eileen was only 14 and a native of Baldur, Manitoba, Canada, when she grabbed off a job as clerk in a New York department store, and she might still be headed for a vice-presidency if so many people hadn't commented on her beautiful voice.

She auditioned at the Civic Light Opera Association, and abruptly veered to a new career. In 1949 she entered the Atwater Kent Auditions, placing second, but she was so determined that she tried again the second year and auditioned with sponsors. This led to television and her own NBC musical program known as the Eileen Christie Show. Today she has been signed to a Republic starring contract and you will see her film The Dream of Jeannie. Keep an eye on this girl, and I will too, at Republic studios, where I hope to appear opposite her in many pictures.

PENNY EDWARDS: NOW SHE'S IN THE BIG LEAGUE
By Bill Lundigan

Even my best friends didn't tell me that I'd be the lonely guy at Modern Screen's Golden Key party until I arrived and was told that Penny Edwards, for whom I was named sponsor, was held over on location at Santa, Arizona, and couldn't be present to give her the award. This was a fine disregard for other people's money, I called her long distance, got Ty Power on the phone and told him that her leading lady in Pony Soldier was getting famous overnight.

Penny's career really began one night outside a theater in Jackson Heights, New York, when at the age of four she told her parents she wanted to be an actress. Her father said she was a fine disregard for other people's money, I called her long distance, got Ty Power on the phone and told him that her leading lady in Pony Soldier was getting famous overnight.

Penny's career really began one night outside a theater in Jackson Heights, New York, when at the age of four she told her parents she wanted to be an actress. Her father said she was a fine disreg...
Rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE's absolute safety to body tissues in hygiene

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract. ZONITE was put directly into rabbits' eyes twice daily for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet safe to tissues!

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what women have done to bill lundigan

(Continued from page 55) ordered. "Nobody's going to punish you.

Bill took the actress in his arms. He
mushed his lips against hers. After a
minute, Howard was up for air. "A little
better this time," she moaned pleased. "But
you still need some instruction."

Women have been instructing Bill Lundigan
all his adult life, largely because he
gives them the feeling that he is a lost
but talented soul, a frank actor who believes
in speaking his mind honestly and bluntly,
with too few nights, in the high-powered
peptic weaken necessary to
achieve Billy cilcos.

Not too long ago, Bill was on location
with Susan Hayward down in Georgia. The
two of them were rehearsing a scene in
which Bill drives a team of horses. A lot
of town folk were watching the rehearsal,
and Bill was taking a fearful verbal lashing
from some third assistant director.

After the tenth bawling out, Bill was
ready to go down there and yell out that
guy what I think of him," he
merited.

Susan Hayward grabbed Lundigan by
the sleeve. "Just hang on, he's not going down and
tell that guy what I think of him," she
mereted softly, "there's no point in joining
him. Let that Irish temer of yours
cool down."

Bill looked at Susan, and she smiled.
Then he broke into a grin, too. "Thanks,"
he said. "You probably saved my job."

Lundigan has been extremely lucky in
having a woman at his side during most
the pivotal moments of his life, and
fortunately, women who have had
more than their share of common sense.

The first was a beautiful young coed
called Deanna Durbin whom with Bill at
attended Syracuse University. Dorothy's old
man was the Lieutenant Governor of Pennsyl-
vania. She was a girl with a quick and
ready wit, an attractive personality, and a
Venetian red hair.

Bill fell for her the way cool shuttles
into a cellar basement, and she in turn,
fell for him, because well, let's face it,
Lundigan was a tightwad.

Bill, carried away by it all, proposed
marriage to Dorothy. Romantically, he
even suggested elopement. But Dorothy,
despite being enamored, was well aware of the difference
between real, lasting love and the intense infatuation; and she told Bill very frankly
that, while she cared for him a great deal, they were much too young to plunge into
matrimony.

"My heart was broken at the time," Bill
says. "But she certainly was right. She
82 had a much deeper understanding of hu-
nan nature than I. She saved us from
a marriage that would never have worked.
And I learned from her that marriage is
nothing you enter into lightly, that it's the
most important move in a man's life. When
you finally made the decision, you'd be
afraid to put your name on it."

W hen Bill Lundigan first hit Hollywood Glengarry in 1937, however, he was about as sure
of himself as a young girl attending her first dance. He was under contract to Univer-
sal, a studio majestically ruled over by young Queen Deanna Durbin. One night, after
the scene, I was even worse. Finally
the actor in Dodge City, Queen Deanna
described the desire of most women of
the film, entitled, Three Smart Girls
Grow Up.

Midway during the production of this
film, Deanna called Bill into her dressing
room. She must have been all of 16 at
the time. "What's the matter with you?
" she demanded. "Don't you like this busi-
ness?"

"Sure," said Bill. "I'm crazy about it."

"You certainly don't act that way."

Deanna, who had spent considerable
time gabbing with the extras and the elec-
tricians, and your mind seems to be a
million miles off. I know you're easy-going
and all of that, but honestly, Bill, you'll
never get anywhere in Hollywood unless
you concentrate."

Bill says now that Deanna was right.
"She made me see," he admits, "that you
couldn't fool anybody. You didn't have
to get inside of you, that you had to make
the character you were playing part of
your life. As young as she was, Deanna
had an uncanny acting instinct."

"I've been out in Hollywood quite a
while now, and I still hear all those stories
about how silly actresses are. But
that hasn't been my experience at all. Actresses have been the most wonderful persons
in my life. They've taught me things. They've
gotten me jobs. They've stopped me
lots of times from making a fool of myself."

"I was once," Bill admits, "I was playing with Bette Davis in The Old Maid. I
was so nervous I couldn't stop my
knees from knocking together. I blew line
after line. When Miriam Hopkins
beaten, I couldn't have walked down a
time, Bette took me over to one side. "Look,
Bill," she said, "Miriam and I both know
how hard you're trying. Take it easy.
Relax. You know you're okay." After that,
I was fine."

"After the war was over and I was mar-
ried and in need of a job, who do you
try out, and at the last minute she was so
afraid, she wanted to back out. I think it
was her first trial. Through the use of her
class and made us decide to sign her
for my NBC-TV show, after she sang
"Getting To Know You" in competition
with another singer.

There's something sort of wonderful
about discovering a girl who once ran an
elevator, shook towels in a laundry and
stuffed bags in a potato chip factory, and
then being able to watch her develop into
a fine actress. Kathy is what we in show
business call a "natural." She just 'had to
sing' all through her schooling at Mission
High School, and when her teacher
longer she is with us, the more convinced
we all are that she'll one day be one of the
most famous stars in the business, but that,
in achieving that goal, she'll never lose an
ounce of her delightful sweetness.

Bill thought the idea of working with women—without actresses in particular—I don't
know where I'd be. Probably back in Syra-
cuse working in my old man's shoe store.

As a boy he had a crush on a com-
eter with Bill in Down in Daudio, Among The Shel-
ering Palms, that say Bill was pretty ner-
vous about his timing because this was
the first musical he's ever been in.

"I've been told," he admits, "gave
him a few pointers about music and danc-
ing, and he came across like a million
bucks. I've been asked lots of ways why
girls get a job, but I never got anywhere
out of our way for him. It's a pleasure
because he's so damn sweet and appreciative.
He's been in the business a long time, but
he has a wonderful sense of humility. Most
men who reach his age would know how
Not Bill. He appreciates it, and he shows
his appreciation. Women find that irre-
sistible. I guess all of you by nature have
something to teach the schoolteacher in us. Bill
brings it out."

This handsome heart who brings
out the best in women first saw the light
of this world in Syracuse, N. Y., as the
son of Martha and Michael Lundigan,
who had Ireland in their blood and Kill-
arney in their souls.

As a boy he wanted to become a lawyer.
But his father's story being told in the
same building that housed radio station
WFBL, and Bill spent most of his spare
time hanging around the radio studios.

By the time he was ten, he was a regular on
the Children's Hour, and by the time
he was 16, he'd developed into a full-
ledged producer. One of his discoveries
was an 11-year-old master of ceremonies
ame called Gordon Kibbee.

When he entered Syracuse University,
Lundigan was torn between radio and law.
Radio won, and Bill left college to take
over the station.

One afternoon, not long after Bill and
his coed sweetheart had decided that mar-
riage was not for them, a press agent,
exploding a most expensive copy of a Tarzan movie,
struck into Bill's office.

"Just interview me over your station,"
the press agent explained, "so that I can
plug the picture. That's my job."

Lundigan is the world's most agreeable
soul and so he said, "Sure." Then
the interview was over, the ex-

 honors to place beside Modern Screen's
Golden Key tribute.

PEGGY KING: THE SECRETARY HEADS FOR FAME
By Howard Keel

The most sensible way to success is to
work at what you can do while waiting
for an opportunity to try what you hope
to do. This is the rule followed by Peggy
King, who worked for two years as
a secretary after her training in busi-

ness college. Meanwhile, she patiently
sought a position as a newspaper reporter
in Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, until
she clicked. The parts were small at first, but
she turned to singing and was signed with
Charlie Spivak's band. Eventually, she
auditioned for Decca records, at a time
when MGM's producer, Arthur Freed,
was present. "If I'd known who he was,"
Peggy says, "I couldn't have been able to
sing at all." But that audition won her an
MGM contract.

Now she is considered "another Judy
Garland," and I am only one of many who
predict that this particular Golden Key
girl has a golden future.

KATHY PHILLIPS: THE MIRACLE FROM WOOLWORTH'S
By Dennis Day

Yes, it's true. Woolworth 5 and 10c store's
loss was the entertainment world's gain.
Kathy Phillips, who is 21, doesn't remember,
exactly, whether she quit Woolworth's or
whether they quit her, but one thing she does
know—she was borrowing money to eat on when
she heard that we were auditioning for my TV show.
She had nothing to lose, so she decided to
exploitation man thanked Bill and told him to look him up if he ever got to New York.

A few weeks later Lundigan was in the Big City, and the executives of Universal, thanks to the press agent, agreed to screen him in their Long Island studio. A month later, the blue-eyed Irishman landed in Hollywood.

His first two years were spent at Universal, his second two at Warners, and his third two at MGM.

During these six years there were many women in his life, but only two had a major lease on his heart. They were Martha O'Driscoll and Marguerite Chapman.

There was also a high school girl who, unknown to him, had a terrific crush on Lundigan. Her name was Rena Morgan, and her mother was Helen, the famous torch singer. Rena used to sit in Schwab's drug store on Sunset Boulevard and whenever Bill walked in, she'd just look and sigh.

Their paths never crossed—at least, not until 1943, when Lundigan was a Marine at Quantico, Va.

Rena Morgan came down one weekend from Washington, D.C., to visit friends. She was introduced to Lundigan. Her heart started doing flip-flops. Bill reacted the same way. He kept staring into Rena's big brown eyes, and for a man who ordinarily spoke with careful deliberation, Lundigan suddenly became very glib.

"I don't know what it was," he says. "We began to talk about life and philosophy and very serious things. I began to see that my life had been without aim or direction. That is, I began to see under Rena's tutelage. She told me that if acting was going to be my life's work, then I owed it to myself to become the best actor I possibly could. You know how it is. You drift along from day to day, and suddenly you meet a girl and she asks you where you're going in life and you're stumbled."

Bill fell in love with Rena Morgan, and, all the time he was fighting overseas, taking part in the actions on Peleliu and Okinawa, his thoughts were concentrated on her. They corresponded prolifically, these two, and the first night he wasStateside, Bill took Rena dancing at the Mocambo.

Emil Coleman and his orchestra were playing "Night And Day," the floor was very crowded, and Bill and Rena were dancing very close together, so close in fact that you couldn't have gotten a blade of grass between them. Quite suddenly Bill spoke into Rena's ear. "Would you mind very much," he asked, "if we got married?"

The light in her eyes gave him the answer, and he kissed her hair, and then her lips, right then and there and a few weeks later they became man and wife.

When you consider how many actresses genuinely like Bill Lundigan and how quickly in Hollywood the liking of an actor will develop into something stronger, it is quite remarkable that not one whiff of scandal has ever waited over the Lundigan marriage.

After seven years, this is still one of the movie colony rock-firm marriages.

Friends of the Lundigans attribute it to their stability, in part, to the fact that both Rena and Bill are blessed with a well-rounded sense of humor.

When Bill was making Pinky, Rena used to meet him at the door and say, "I bet you're all worn out from kissing Jeanne Crain today."

Bill would grin. "You've got no idea, Rena, what Jeanne and I go through in a love scene. It's the same thing over and over, and under those hot lights, too."

Then they'd both laugh and kiss and sit down to dinner.

"That's a great thing to ask in front of my wife," he said.

"Go ahead," Rena urged. "Tell us. I'd like to hear."

Lundigan gulped. All the women in his life, he explained, had been simply wonderful. Dorothy Dames had made him think about marriage like a man, not a boy. Deanna Durbin had taught him how to concentrate, Bette Davis how to relax. Hendy Lamarr had shown him that kindness was the one virtue fellow-workers in Hollywood valued the most. Susan Hayward had taught him how to control his temper, and June Haver had proven to him the purifying power of religion.

"How about your wife?" I asked.

"Bill thought for a moment. "Rena's responsible for all our happiness," he said, "only I'm not going into details or she'll want me to increase her allowance." He leaned across the table and taking Rena's right hand, pressed it to his lips. Then smiling, "You know, other husbands come home from work and their wives offer to take off their shoes and get the footstool. My wife—well, I came home the other day worn to a frazzle—and she said, 'What's the matter, honey? Does Mitzi Gaynor hug too hard?'

Mrs. Lundigan laughed and looked at her handsome husband with her heart in her eyes—and it wasn't hard to see that this woman's love is the best of all the good things that women have given to Bill Lundigan.
so easy to love

(Continued from page 37) breaking her reverie. "Look!" They were see-sawing along in close now and a dark green mountain was rising up to meet them. "Diamond Head," he smiled, "just like the postcards.

Secondly Ann was wreathed with flowers. The orchestra was playing "Aloha." Then a young man from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel came and whisked her off to that most luxurious of all resorts, where a chauffeur-driven limousine whisked her through the porte-cochère into a large, elegantly furnished room that looked right over Waikiki Beach.

Hawaii. It was the end of March but already the Islands were bursting with spring. A soft shower fell regularly every day, soon chased away by the sun, and each day it made the green foliage greener, the tropical perfumes more intoxicating and the air in Hollywood the champagne of Hawaii. "It's heaven," Ann thought.

Heaven lasted five wonderful weeks for Ann Blyth. By now, of course, she is back in Hollywood, with the hectic life of its busy streets, and she is looking forward to a quiet and restful vacation in her own home. But she's not the same Ann Blyth who climbed aboard the Clipper last spring. She was taut as a fiddle string then, and undertook with little leisure any tiredness etched around her eyes. Then she had made three pictures in a row—The World in His Arms, One Minute To Zero and Sally And Anne—and boom, boom, boom, like that. And, on the side, she had been engaged in so many personal appearances, benefits, camp shows and rallies—usually averaging two a week—that she needed a quiet spell to refuel. She's at it again, now. And she's making The Student Prince with Mario Lanza, but there's a new zest and freshness about her, a new confidence in the way she goes about her work.

And she glows with a million memories of everything nice that can happen to a girl who makes a trip to a special paradise, where a dream she had dreamed all her young life finally came true. How it finally did, Ann doesn't exactly know to this day. Nobody's told her. So maybe it's time she knew that the whole thing was a deep, dark plot.

The conspirators weren't masked men in black capes, although their mission was to spirit Annie away. They were all very nice guys who are crazy about her, although they're all respectively hitched themselves. One was Al Rockett, a grandpa, who's made stars and guided their careers as a producer, and now, as an agent, in Hollywood for 38 years. He's handled Ann Blyth's fortunes ever since Watch On The Rhine, and he's been like a dad to her since she was 13. Another was the original MacFadden, the publicity pop at Universal-International, who's had Ann under his wing ever since she's been on that lot. And the third plotter was her own genial, Celtic Uncle Pat, who with Ann has the same old, long, care and comfort of orphan Annie off and on throughout her girlhood, and with whom she's lived ever since her own mother died. And they were all driven to this because all were nursing the same worry. Annie was going on sheer will power, they agreed, having too many colds, working herself into a shadow. She needed a rest, a big change and a long, clear break. She needed to relax and unwind and the place for that, Al advised, was Hawaii.

"They do say there's hibiscus as tall as trees over there," mused Aunt Cis.

"Everything's in Hawaii," confirmed Al, "including the Navy. Leave it to me. I'll tell them.

He had an ace up his sleeve, a very practical ace. When he had set Ann to make One Minute To Zero at RKO, Howard Hughes offered her a bonus—a vacation trip, all expenses paid, for Ann, Pat and Cis, wherever and whenever she'd like to go. Ann knew about this of course, but she was too damned thinking about to when or where, and probably never would. Al called her. "How'd you like to go to Hawaii?"

"Is there somewhere there for me to do?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing at all," explained Al, "that's the point. I'm not making any deals for you. You're all through with Sally And Anne, and Great Companions (she was lined up for that then) doesn't start for seven long weeks. Now's the time, or never."

"But I wanted to go to Korea," Ann objected.

"Korea later, but Hawaii now. I've made reservations. You leave next week, and Dolly and I leave with you—just to set things up and see that you meet people and have fun."

"But I can't possibly get ready in a week, I've got to shop. I've got..."

"I'll change the reservations, then," fibbed Al. "I'm sure you don't feel like you need a reason. He didn't have to change them, of course. They were already made that way. Al knows Ann. But he had to set an iron-clad date, or he knew he'd never tear her away.

"IT HAPPENED TO ME"

I attended a rehearsal of the "Big Show" in London starring Talula Bankhead and while there was very surprised to hear G[eorge] Sanders singing.

After the broad-cast I asked him how long he'd been singing.

"Oh," he said, "I was singing in films 20 years ago and the reason I got into this was simply to rise above the cast and we always have to sing about fishes or ships or something like that... so I said I want love and kisses!"

H. Katz
Middx., England

The two weeks flew by before she knew it. Last they were abroad the plane and then they were in New York and a half-hours... and they were there, just half a night on the big stratocruiser.

Busy as Ann was that first day, getting settled in her dress and plenty of time to slip into her new lavender bathing suit and run down to Waikiki's strand for a dip and a tilling ride on the outriggers. And then there was the core, in her blue net evening gown while sun and sea were still reflected in her mirror. They would have dinner—Ann, Pat, Cis, Al and Dolly—out on the terrace, right over the sea. But "dinner" is entirely too stingly a word. This first dinner, like every meal to follow, was a feast.

First there was a fruit surprise, a bowl as big as the Davis Cup, it seemed to Ann, with every exotic fruit that grows, its heart a half-pineapple in a nest of spun sugar. Then came soup—a blend of every kind of seafood in the South Seas, artfully brewed with native herbs. Next Mahi-mahi, a native fish of sweetness and strong, and then the house special, little dishes baked in fragrant leaves and wild rice. I won't go through all the rest of the courses until the baked Alaska topped it all by flowers. But Ann went through them and what's more she cleaned her plate. How she could rise after that, light as a feather, to dance past midnight under the moon, and wake away. Next morning, as she was whisking her cheeks, was a wonder. But that's what happened, and you can credit that to the U. S. Navy.

And then she hardly stepped on the floor with Al Rockett when a dark, handsome lieutenant in his tropical whites steered straight for Pat. "I wonder, Sir," he saluted, "if your daughter might dance with me."

"Well, now," replied Pat expansively, "I'm not one for knowing that. But why don't you ask the girl when she gets here? Anyway this guy got the Navy is one of Ann's weaknesses. She joined the fleet pronto, or rather two fleets, because, besides Uncle Sam's gallants, there was an Australian cruiser in port at the time and the two nations got into a battle for Blyth that night no one could say; possibly Annie herself, because she was whisked from uniform to uniform, and the Australian boy's eyes with gutters strumming, and two sweetheart-starved navies standing in line.

Ann went shopping, too, naturally. She bought flowered holomus and kimonoos and a filmy evening dress for the Queen's Ball. Little girls sewed of tissue taffeta with gold figures, so gossamer sheer that the Waikiki breezes swirled it mischievously up to her wrists. She was in a Japanese sitting-parlor, and a Japanese girl pulled her in handfuls of bright cotton prints. She stockpiled up on light-hand-carved ivory jewelry and brilliantly patterned Hawaiian shirts for her friends back in Hollywood. That was luxury, not pinching. She played golf at the Oahu Country Club and won four malted milks from two Catholic fathers who challenged her. She picnicked on the beach under Dick Van Dyke, where King Kamehameha once shoed his enemies over an awesome cliff. She learned to hula "Little Brown Gal" and started on the intricate "Lovin' Hula Hands" under her patient teacher, Puanani.

The phone had started ringing the minute Ann and her party checked in at the Royal Hawaiian. Everyone wanted to give Ann parties, show her the sights, feast and fiesta her.

Then there were Pat and Barbara White, whose father is president of the Hawaiian Hotel, and a lunch at the Chasen's, where Adair and Ann got a gift shop right in the Royal Hawaiian and nothing would do but for Ann to come right out to the house for a party and later that night to do the same for a round of dinner parties. And Wade Knapp, a young pal of Al's, took her, sarong and all, to the Ishii Gardens for a sukikei feast with skirts, chopsticks and a big roast pig. The pig had been offered to them as was the pit-roasted pig at the luau that Don the Beachcomber tossed one Sunday night. If you've never tasted roast pig, pineapple and papaya at the same time, then you've missed something. Ann had been lucky to have the night with Pat. She never did find out how it was that Ann were lucky enough to have their own native island. She decided some girl who she ate she loved lovely, even po and a lip of the fiery kokehau. If you can down these, they say, you're a real Kanaka.

Of course, all her vacation days weren't an unbroken round of festivity, although Ann, contrary to some Hollywood experts, can kick up her (Continued on page 86)
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(Continued from page 67) call each other sweetie—"that one went out of style at the turn of the century." Whereupon Ava will make some witty retort about the shoulder pads in Frank's suit. These, "pads," she'll crack, "look like the stuff King Arthur and his knights wore at the Round Table." This sort of good-natured banter goes on all the time. It is carried off in an air of mock seriousness, but actually the Sinatras are teasing. It may come as a surprise to some, but "they're, "but honestly," Ava says, "we have a pretty good sense of humor between the two of us.

Ava and Frank know when their quarrels are petty and ridiculous. They know in their hearts what is important and what is not, and they have a realistic sense of values.

When Ava was playing in The Snows Of Kilimanjaro, one night Frank walked into her room, she had a six o'clock call. In order to look half awake at 6:00 A.M., any actress needs a good night's rest. It so happened that the Sinatras had a date to eat out at Romanoff's that night. Before they left, Ava announced that she would leave the table at 9:30 P.M.

When 9:30 rolled around, Ava took off. Next day they were both blue. They're so familiar with theirHi, I'm Ava, and I'm talking about my life. My name is Ava Gardner, and I'm an actress. I was born on November 22, 1922, in Asheville, North Carolina. My parents were both teachers, and they didn't have much money. My father died when I was young, and my mother had to work hard to support me and my sister. My early life was not easy, but it was full of adventure. I ran away from home when I was 15 to pursue an acting career, and I never looked back.

I started my career in 1938, and I quickly became a star. I had a lot of success, and I was able to travel the world. I traveled to Hawaii, Japan, and Europe, and I loved every minute of it. I found that I was really good at my job, and I started to take it very seriously. I was even considered for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in Gone with the Wind, but I didn't get it. It was a huge disappointment, but I didn't let it get me down. I continued to work hard, and I eventually got my big break in Ziegfeld Girl.

I was married four times, but I had a lot of fun in each of those relationships. I met my first husband, Frances, when I was just 17, and we were married for 10 years. Then I married Harry Cohn, the producer of Columbia Pictures, and we had a daughter, Lisa. That marriage didn't last, but I was able to hang onto my daughter. Then I married Frank Sinatra, and that was a wonderful time. We had a lot of fun together, and we were able to make some great movies. Unfortunately, our marriage didn't last, but I have a lot of great memories from that time.

I've had a long and successful career, and I've been able to travel the world. I've seen so many beautiful places, and I've been able to live my life on my terms. I've been able to make my own choices, and I've been able to live my own life. I'm proud of who I am, and I'm proud of the life I've lived. I've been able to make a difference in the world, and I've been able to help others. I'm grateful for everything that has come my way, and I'm grateful for the people that have been in my life. I'm happy, and I'm content. I'm Ava Gardner, and I will always be Ava Gardner.

So, there you have it. That's my life, and I'm proud of it. I've been able to live my life on my terms, and I've been able to make a difference in the world. I'm happy, and I'm content. That's my story, and I'm proud of it.
smile when you say that

(Continued from page 29) is a minor perfectionist who has kidded himself into believing that he knows more about writing than writers, more about directing than directors, more about producing than producers.

"Let him come across a script sequence that makes no sense, and he yells his head off until it's changed. He fights with directors, and I know of one case where he even threatened to punch a producer in the nose.

"He's a handy man with his fists, and he doesn't mind throwing his weight around. He's about as diplomatic as a tornado, and he'll battle anyone if he thinks he's right."

Hollywood got its first inkling of the unique Granger character when MGM signed him to star in King Solomon's Mines, in 1949.

Granger read the script and immediately shocked all the executives by announcing in no uncertain terms that several scenes contained too many lines of dialogue for him. He wanted all his dialogue trimmed to the bone, preferring to be depicted as a man of action rather than a man of words.

For an actor to complain about having too many lines is unheard of in Hollywood, and almost overnight the word got out that Stewart Granger was cut from a different fabric than most British actors.

He certainly is.

When the studio portrait department doctoréd his photograph, taking all the wrinkles out of his face, Granger again hit the ceiling.

"You fellows have ruined me," he screamed. "You've made me look like a boy. It took me almost 40 years to get these lines in my face and no still retoucher is going to take them out!"

When King Solomon's Mines finally went into action in Africa, Granger, according to several members of the cast, was about as easy to direct as a boa constrictor.

"He played the part of a white hunter," one actor recalls, "and since he'd been big-game hunting before, he became the authority on practically everything. He griped because they wouldn't let him use real bullets. He wanted the elephants to drop down right in front of the camera. When the directors told him that he'd have to fire blank cartridges, he was furious. On the level. He screamed that blank cartridges would make his part seem phony since there's no recoil from a gun when you shoot blanks.

"As you probably know, things became so hectic during the shooting of Mines that we had to change directors. Granger and Compton Bennett, the original director, got along like Franchot Tone and Barbara Payton. Granger was told not to go hunting, that he was too valuable a piece of property. But Granger, who is absolutely fearless, went stalking water buffalo. He came back with two broken ribs. Of course, if he refused to make a picture, the studio would have done something..."

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(Continued from page 29)
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why he's quick to voice his opinion which he considers eminently reasonable. It frequently is, but it also frequently hurts and antagonizes many people.

Not too long ago, one director became irritated at a scene Granger himself said that he possesses a really "funny bad temper. I'm no good," he adds, "sitting in a corner, sucking my thumb when people are trying to do in. I believe in speaking out." As for his working habit, it is to kill me when I see something obviously wrong in a scene. It does make any difference whether I'm in the scene or not. I've got to talk to the director about it. It's just that I hate to see anything spoiled by stupidity and bad taste.

Acquaintances of Granger say he sees no point in being well-liked if he has to adopt traits at variance with his basic character.

On one occasion, for example, he walked up to Deborah Kerr and said, "Everybody likes you. But tell me, why do you want to be liked?"

The actress was momentarily flabbergasted. "Because," she said, "it's better than being disliked. Isn't it, Jimmy?"

Granger shushed her.

Naturally, his attitude isn't conducive to making many friends. He has relatively few, his closest being Elizabeth Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, whom he met 19 years ago in London when they were both working with International Studios in Elstree, England.

Wilding says, "My meeting with Jimmy was quite by accident. I'd just come back from studying art in Brussels and was trying to find a job as a painting scene at the studio. There was one hitch. I had no architectural training, so I took a job as an assistant, hoping that I'd learn exactly how they do a powder puff and some makeup and left standing, feeling awfully silly."

"Just then I saw a big guy standing next to me. He was wearing a powder puff and looking even more incongruous than I. Six-feet-three, rugged, with a powder puff! It turned out his name was Jimmy Stewart."

"The two young extras became close friends. They played poker together, dated together, and when they earned some money, bought a yacht. Granger taught Wilding how to fish, and Wilding became godfather to Granger's first-born, Jamie, who is now eight. Wilding flew to America when Granger and Jean Simmons both agreed that he would make a fine best man at their wedding."

Wilding is of the opinion that Granger has calmed down a bit since his youth. "He's a little quieter now," he says, "but he still has this way to say what he means. He has a stubborn streak, but he's every inch a man."

Granger's forthright manner, his lack of diplomacy, has given rise to the rumor that his marriage to Jean Simmons is foundering. The gossip insists that Jean can't stand up under his constant barrage of instructional criticism.

This is ridiculous. Jean is not an American girl, with an American girl's outlook on marriage.

She has always supported and respected Jimmy, and the simple truth is that, despite his roughness, he is at heart a kind and generous husband. Jean expects to play second fiddle to her Jimmy because he is older, more experienced than she. Realizing this, she accepts him with all his faults.

They are passionately in love, and stories to the opposite send Granger into bursts of unprintable adjectives.

He cannot understand, for example, why each time he goes fishing without Jean, who doesn't particularly like fish, some columnist has to carry a report that the Stewart family is separating. He also cannot understand all those stories which describe him and Jean as financially embarrassed, or "in too deep." Their combined income is about $2,500 a week, about two or three times what they earned in England.

"It just is stupid, outright nonsense," he declares. "These ridiculous gossip items."

Don't think for a minute that Granger is with his latest publicity supporters in Hollywood. Even a director can be found who will say nice words about him. Andrew Marton, the man behind The Wild North, says, "Many people are convinced that Granger is a big, outspoken ham. I don't think so. My opinion is that he's an intelligent actor who constantly strives for perfection. In the striving, he sometimes rubs people the wrong way."

"He does things that most actors would never do. Last week, and Jean King, 'A Fool's Omen's' Mines, for example, he learned some esoteric native dialect because he didn't want to be accused of inaccuracy. He's a stickler for minor flaws, but at least he's wholeheartedly interested in every picture he makes. Many actors don't give a darn. Not Granger."
Sometimes I'm happy...

(Continued from page 35) think about the scene I'm doing. And after a 'lake' I think about the way I should have done it and get sore at myself. That's why, I guess, people have called me moody.

Now this all sounds like an actor with a ruthless driving ambition. This sounds like a Shelley Winters. Shelley was determined she was going to do the role in A Place In The Sun. When it was suggested to the powers in charge, their unanimous attitude was, "Shelley Winters? That hot-cha, sex boat playing that drab factory girl? Are you kidding?" But Shelley kept after that part. And she got it and she was great. But this is not Farley's way.

So what is more important to an actor than a career? Marriage? Well, ask Farley if he plans to marry. Ask him if he sees marriage as part of his future. He hesitates. He thinks for a moment. Then he says, "Yes, I think about getting married. Settling down. Having a house and children, but what people seem to forget when they ask if your future plans include marriage is that the desire for marriage has to have the impetus of someone who can propel you into feeling that way. If you're not interested in anyone that way then it's all just supposition, isn't it?"

BEFORE THE BREAK-UP

As I was wandering through Macy's furniture display one day, I noticed a very attractive blonde sitting on one of the sofas, leafing through a magazine. She looked vaguely familiar, and I was almost on the point of speaking to her when a handsome sustained man came striding up to her, pitched imaginary water over her from a display pitcher, and called out in a rich, teasing voice: "Come on, Shell—let's go to lunch." As he pulled her to her feet and they started away, suddenly the identity of the striking pair dawned on me—they were no less than Shelley Winters and Farley Granger!

Margie Westcott
Mission, Kansas

But insist that he tell you what he wants from this in-the future, this sometime marriage. And listen to him. He says, "I want all the old cornball stuff. The little cottage with the fence around it. I want 'the little woman.' Not the big career woman. I don't believe I could adjust my life to a woman with the big drive toward the career. But I'd want my marriage to be the most important thing in my life, and I'd want the person I married to think so, too."

Now all this may change, for Farley is a boy who goes through many phases. He will feel very social for a time and go to a lot of parties. Then, suddenly, he'll say to himself, "I've had it," and he won't accept an invitation for weeks.

Introspectively he says, "I think I have a knowledge of myself, of my capacities as well as of my weaknesses. I used to feel so insecure and inadequate. When I was younger I was in a constant state of

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working and doing important things, that other people are thinking, and that making movies is not the only thing that is important.

Farley’s parents are typical middle class Americans. They are older than most parents of a 26-year-old offspring, but Farley say they differ from the average. Farley’s mother is a big, good-hearted woman who loves to cook. Farley’s father helps his son with his work. In this case it means helping Farley open and answer his fan mail. So what is the pull toward Europe for this boy who comes from such typical American stock?

Farley finds it ‘exciting to be in a foreign place where the weather and the attitudes are different.” Farley believes that relationships should be kept straight—that some people can be your friends, some people nice acquaintances and some people, he is important on the romantic side. “You don’t want to marry every girl you meet,” he says. And he hates being made to feel that he is an eligible person in European circles, that he’s mature about romance. Because theirs is an older culture, they know how to keep relationships straight.”

On the phases that Farley went through when he was moving from apartment to apartment. This was partly a practical measure. If he knew he was going to be in Europe for a certain length of time, he did not care for a place. So he would give it up and find another apartment upon his return. But, since some of his apartments were less than perfect, he was, as he says, “Always at my wit’s end and very uncomfortable at my own. But now I want to build a house. I’ve accumulated lots of records and some good paintings. I’d like to have a place for them. I never thought I’d want the responsibility of a house but now do I.”

Farley likes to argue, but out of sheer perversity, he is likely to take the side from the one in which he believes, and he will support it until he discovers that he is, actually, saying exactly what his correspondent wants him to say.

To understand what has made Farley as he is, as of this minute, let’s go back to his earliest memory—when his family was living in San Jose. He was riders a tricycle on the pavement when he fell off and scraped his knees. All he remembers is the falling off, the bleeding knee. He has been told that five minutes later he was back on his tricycle, happy as a bird. He only remembers the tragedy.

Ask him if he is happy now and he will tell you yes, he is happy. He will mean it, too. But partly because he knows that success is not “The End,” he will never again know the sublime happiness he knew when Samuel Goldwyn gave him a contract and his first role in North Star. That was when he thought that to be a movie actor was to be a king.

Then he was the eager beaver. Then he was the kid who had to make good. Then he wanted to be the greatest actor in the world.

Joan Evans has an unforgettable memory of all the time for a personal appearance tour. For publicity purposes the two young people rode a fire engine through the streets of New Orleans. The wall of the stress disappeared out their voices, but if you happened to see them and wondered why Joan was doubled over with laughter, here’s the reason. Farley, atop the roaring truck, exhorted the crowds, who could not hear him, like a phony evangelist. “I was a miserable sinner like you once myself.”
he shouted to the swooning bobby soxers who waved happily to their idol.

His imitations of famous movie personalities are very funny. But he only goes into this act with people he knows well; as he says, "I have many acquaintances, many people I like but only a few real friends." His imitations are not malicious, but they are very accurate and indicate that he would make a fine light comedian. Yet his screen comedy is not perfected. He is much better when he plays intense, dramatic roles.

When he discovered that just being a movie star was not enough, when the desire for culture overtook him as it does so many eager young people, he sought and found a group who put music and art and literature and travel above movie stardom. And his good nature knows, was healthy. But these people tried to teach Farley something that was not in his original character. They tried to teach him something that was not in him and to make him something that he is not. And so something that Farley should not learn or even try to learn.

Anybody can be a movie star; even Lassie.

Robert Mitchum

No matter what he says to the contrary, he is moody. And this is because he is always at war with himself. For example, he will say, "I don't understand publicity people. They're always asking me, 'What's new? What's exciting?' And I'll tell them, 'Well, I left the set. I went home. I took off my makeup. I had dinner. I went to bed. I woke up. I am here on the set of Hans Christian Andersen.' So what?" But explain to him that in order to publicize the films in which he stars they must have their "new" and "exciting" stories, and his eyes become warm and sympathetic. "I know," he says. "I'm wrong. It's their job.

He can be deeply touched when he allows himself to be. He can also be most charming. But when he tries to be cagey and secretive—well, on him it doesn't look good. For Farley started out to be all emotion. He has learned to be intelligent. And that's what I mean when I say he is at war with himself. His natural feelings are at war with his acquired intelligence. And that's why it's hard to believe him when he says he is happy.

Farley thinks he knows himself. He thinks he knows what he wants, but it is difficult to know what you really want when you're only 26 years old.

And you know what I believe? I think Farley could become not just "a good actor"—he says that already—but a great actor. I think he could become a fine artist, but before that happens he must have a kind of emotional security which he does not have now. He thinks he is being realistic when he says, "I believe I'm right to turn down pictures that seem wrong to me and go on suspension instead of making bad films. I'd rather make a couple of good pictures a year than to appear in every movie that's offered me just to see myself on the screen." That, indeed, is realistic, provided his judgment of the films he accepts is sound. But his idea of marriage—the little woman and the vine-covered cottage—well, that is far from being realistic.

When Farley matures, then he will not only be a completely realistic human being, he will be a great artist. Talent he has—enormous talent—and he can be great if he will let himself.
Nous avons besoin d'argent?

(Continued from page 41) In the same way, looking neither to the right nor to the left down romance road, Mitzi made her decision about her love life.

On the set, she exhausted the crew, clowning about, abduction of every one, alternatingly one eyebrow, then the other, talking with excitable gestures. But she can turn this off like a clack of light. At the time when you full in the eyes, and talks about “My Richard,” to whom she is “engaged to be engaged.” The change is so startling you can almost see the moonlight, smell the magnolias, hear the dreamy music.

NAIVE, artless as a country schoolgirl, Mitzi tells of that June night in 1947 when she first saw Richard Coyle. She was almost 17, dancing in Naughty Marietta at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. All at once, on her way to her dressing room, she looked up and there he was—a tall, distinguished, black-eyed young man, talking with another man. It was Richard, star of the show. “My heart stood still,” Mitzi exclaims as though she were the first woman to fall in love in all the world. “I didn’t know what he was, didn’t even know if he were married: I only knew I just had to meet that man.”

It took a bit of doing. Horton, as a gag, refused to introduce her. But Mitzi ferreted it out. And so it happened that was a fraternity brother of Horton’s, had just graduated from Northwestern University’s Law School and was on vacation. Thus the answer to the young Mitzi. What if he have? “He looked at me and looked at me,” Mitzi remembers soulfully, “but I guess he was just too well-mannered to start talking without an introduction. Now people are so casual and so cynical; this was a man with real dignity and poise and the impression he made on me was terrific. I was holding a chocolate mint, and on impulse asked him if he’d like one. Then I wished the floor would open and swallow me, because I saw that I’d already taken a bite out of it and the remains were smeared with lipstick.”

Disregarding his close brush with lip-stick poisoning, Richard wangled her phone number from Horton, called Mitzi the next day and asked: “Do you remember me?”

“Do I remember you?” shouted Mitzi. She decided then and there that they were going “steady.” Later Richard confessed that on their first date he knew she was his girl and then he knew. “It’s corny, isn’t it, to believe in love at first sight?” asks Mitzi, a bit breathlessly. “But with me it’s true, anyway.”

From an orchestra seat Richard watched Mitzi pirouetting in her ballet numbers every night. On one of those nights another man watched her with just as much interest but of another kind. He was producing George Schaefer, dancing girl to hit filmmont since California discovered the orange—dances like a dream, sparkles like champagne,” said Jessel. He asked her to come out to Century- Fox for a test. Her eyelashes fluttering over her exotically slanted hazel eyes, Mitzi twinkled, “I picked T’m In Love With A Wonder ‘Guy’ for my test song. How could I lose?”

Yet, Mitzi and Richard haven’t married, though five Junes have come and gone. Who could have dissuaded this small-size tornado and the “so-in-love” Richard to wait a while. It was Mitzi’s mother. When you meet her you are instantly aware of the great contrast between brash, feminine, retiring Mrs. Pauline Gerber and her only child.

“I’m Viennese and I write poetry,” explained Mrs. Gerber, “and so I’m naturally romantic. When Mitzi, at 17, came in, overflowing with love’s young dream, it was hard to be coldly practical. Particularly when I was so impressed with Richard. But I did what any mother in the same circumstances would do—suggested, but did not insist, that she wait until she was 21 before marrying. Mitzi has been anything but normal since she was eight. She didn’t have time for many dates; didn’t fall in and out of love like most adolescents though she met lots of boys. So I knew it would be no use to say Mitzi would have to wait. And it be fair to add marriage to that, even though they were so radiantly in love?”

“You’ve spent years studying for the stage,” Mrs. Gerber continued, “and if you marry, I’ll give it up. And be frustrated after the first excitement of marriage wears off. I gave up my dancing career when I married but I lived it again. But children aren’t. Children who aren’t talented and your hopes and dreams die before you get a chance to realize them? You’ll live in some little suburban house, washing dishes going with the neighbors, playing bridge—”

“That does it,” said Mitzi, who can’t sit still and had been pacing up and down like a caged animal. “I have to do something. Rich and I will wait. He’s got his law; I’ve got pictures to concentrate on. One thing at a time.”

Once Mitzi’s decision about postponing marriage was out of the way, everything was perfect: even the long hours of rehearsal, the early rising, the time-consuming wardrobe fittings, because she knew, come evening, Richard would be waiting.

And then the blow fell. Richard, working in an insurance office during the day, was called to the California State bar exams. But with the disquieting Mitzi about, it was hard to concentrate on dry “whereas’s” and “parleys of the third part.” Richard decided to return to Chicago, where a better-paying job was awaiting him and to study for his exams at night. He’d only come to Hollywood for a vacation and most of his time he’d spent with Mitzi, like any love-struck Juliet, was aghast. She began to pace the living room floor. “If you really loved me, you’d stay for your law exams and study here.”

But Richard knew better, and he went back to Chicago.

“You know,” admits Mitzi, “that decision of Richard’s was a tough one to make. He was so heaven-sent, so perfect a picture he was. I loved him more than ever. And I didn’t have a date all the months he was gone. In fact, I’ve never had a date with another man since I gave Richard that lipstickey mint.”

In this respect Mitzi is unique in the charmed circle of Filmville glamor dolls. In fact, having only one beau for any
length of time is really something in Hollywood where most glitter queens of Mitzi's age go from beau to beau so fast that they pass up last week's date with a dumb store.

But this unique trait is not the least bit amazing to Mitzi's mother. She says, "Mitzi as a little girl was a squirmr. She couldn't sit still in school or at the movies. When she was seven the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came to Detroit, and I took her to see it. She sat through the whole performance watching in wonder the greatest names in ballet—Slavenska, Danilov, Markova. She never forgot it nor the costume she wore, a darling flared camel's hair coat with beaver collar and a brown sailor hat with long streamers. She thought she was the most elegant person in the theatre."

"When we came to Los Angeles high in hope but low in money it was hard to find a place to live and Mitzi's reception, like that of thousands of young dancers, was discouraging. But she herself was never discouraged and never stopped the daily practice and lessons. And when someone suggested the USO shows, Mitzi jumped into them with her usual energy. She started at 12, mostly at children's shows where the other little ballerinas, like not-too-interested kids, would scatter and play around. Mitzi, even the manager, would round them up, loudly call out the beat, and generally take charge. It made the other mothers furious, but Mitzi never could understand why, because dancing was her life.

For Mitzi, beneath the clowning, the sassiness and the bounce is a one-carrer gal in the same way that she's a one-man gal. She leaves the Sunset Strip night club circuit to the lovelies who confuse publicity with talent. "Richard and I," she explains, "don't drink and we don't find it fun to sit watching others who don't wear their Martinis too well. Besides, we can't afford it. Richard is junior partner in his law firm. His aim is to be a lawyer in the best sense of the term—one learned in law."

To the $64 question—"Will you be married on your birthday?" Mitzi answers with a deep and dreamy sigh: "It would be wonderful to marry on my birthday, September 4th, but it just won't be possible."

If you point out to Miss Gaynor that she said she'd marry when she reached her twenty-first birthday, she has an answer ready. "I never said Richard and I would be married at 12:01 A.M. on the moment I became 21. I said sometime after that date. While no actual time has been set, we think it will be in the spring. Unfortunately, though, I start rehearsals July 14th for the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's production of Jollyanna. Three weeks later we open in San Francisco and on September 8th we have our local premiere. Then there's talk of a three months' road show with a New York opening. So it looks like early next spring before we hear the strains of Lohengrin."

While it's true that Dan Cupid is notoriously unreliable about his future predictions, it's pretty safe to say that guests can hold off buying wedding gifts for Mitzi Gaynor and Richard Coyle until after Christmas.

Since Mitzi said at 17, "We want to get married right away," she's learned that in show business no one is a free agent and that the serious performer puts career demands first. For instance, Mitzi finished her final scene in The I Don't Care Girl at 7:30 one night, had a luxurious vacation until 10:30 the following morning when
she started Bloodhounds Of Broadway, her newest picture. And the same frantic schedule will be followed between it and rehearsals for Pajama Jimmy.

The longed-for marriage which Mitzi has planned and dreamed of for so many years is just too important for her to change any sizable blocks now. With the exhaustion, frayed nerves, first-night stomach that comes with opening in a new stage play, with no time for the romantic dalliance of a honeymoon, with too many hours spent away from Richard, Mitzi knows that she'd endanger this most important undertaking of her life. And so does Richard. Perfectionists in their feeling about each other, they've waited this long. They hope to save up more money so that Richard can provide for his mother and Mitzi for her mother. For they plan to start life alone in the honeymoon house they're still searching for.

And after all, Mitzi will only be 21 and a half when they play "Here Comes The Bride" next spring. Hardly an old maid! And Mitzi doesn't believe that as long as hers is the best idea for most girls—but then most girls don't make six films in a few years and most actresses are not starting from scratch. But she is definitely against elopements. For herself, she insists on a properly planned wedding in church, with white satin, champagne toasts, towering cake and a honeymoon. Preferably in Paris. Richard votes for Bermuda. Having spent four years in the Navy, he's been everywhere and they argue—gently—about the honey-

love on the run

(Continued from page 51) existence—she nevertheless realizes that all that glitters is not gold.

Since her marriage to Tony a year ago, for example, Janet has gone from one picture into another—from Angels In The Outfield to Joan the Fearless to Fess Parker to Scaramouche to Naked Spur, and the simple truth is that she and Tony have spent more time away from than with each other.

Tony's studio believes in sending its stars out to make personal appearances as part of the film's publicity. In order to promote Flesh And Fury and No Room For The Grooms, his last two pictures, Tony, in the past six months, has winged to New Orleans, Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago, and most of the major cities throughout the country.

Tony got so lonely for Janet a few months ago when he was in Milwaukee that he grabbed the phone, long-distanced her in Los Angeles, and told her that he just couldn't go on without her. She flew to his side in Milwaukee, where she stayed for all of two days.

When she returned to Hollywood, the studio told her that she would have to leave immediately for Durango, Colorado, to appear in Naked Spur. When Tony heard about that, he blew his top.

"What's the point in being married," he asked, "if we're always separated?"

Tony felt so strongly about this that he was willing to take a suspension from his studio in order to join Janet in Durango.

The demands of stardom have prevented Tony from living the normal life of newlyweds, and Janet is thinking very strongly these days of temporarily relinquishing her stardom and settling down to being just plain Jan and Tony Curtis.

Janet wants a baby very much and feels that if she's going to raise a family, she'll have to take life easier, even though it may mean sacrificing her career.

"Don't get me wrong," she says, "I think being a motion picture actress is the most wonderful thing that can ever happen to any girl. It's exciting, rewarding, stimulating, but a girl can't want in the way of a career, only a

END
career isn't a girl's whole life. At least, it isn't mine. I'm a normal girl with normal instincts, and I want a family and home life and all that goes with it. Believe me, love on the run isn't much fun at all.

There's a great streak of domesticity in Janet's makeup. She loves to cook and clean and iron and arrange Tony's clothes, but ever since their marriage, domesticity has been conspicuous by its absence.

When Janet was working, which is all the time, she's up by seven. She dresses quickly, gulps down a quick cup of coffee, tiptoes into the bedroom where Tony is fast asleep, kisses him on the cheek, and slips out the front door.

When both of them have an early morning call, there's a mad dash for the coffee and then a sprint to the garage for the cars.

"It sounds strange," Tony says, "but Janet and I have had more time together away from home than at home. Howard Duff loaned us his beach house, you know, and when we took a trip to Europe; then there was this junket to Durango. The only time we seem to get together for more than a few days is when we're out of town."

A Hollywood playboy is a guy who acts like a young colt but looks like an old 45.

Janet loves making motion pictures, and she's nearly as reluctant to complain about anything, but it is an undeniable fact that for years now she has been MGM's hardest-working actress. She never balks about parts. She always turns them in on time and performs to the bone. Everyone likes to work with her, and directors are always requesting her. As a result, the poor kid gets less time off between movies than any other girl in Hollywood.

"One thing can save me," Janet says humorously, "and that's a baby."

Having a baby is the only sure way of being given time off by the studio. Esther Williams, Jane Powell, Cyd Charisse, June Allyson and Deborah Kerr all managed to pull the trick at MGM, and Janet feels she should be able to manage the same thing to get a vacation.

She wants a vacation the same time Tony gets one, but no one knows when Tony will be given time off. He's very hot with the fans these days, and since his salary is $250 a week, a relatively low stipend for a star with his box office power, the studio is throwing him into as many films as possible.

Oddly enough, Tony isn't nearly as impatient as Janet about raising a family. "It'll come in time," he says. "I love kids and want a flock of them, but what's the use talking about pictures five, five years from now? She's my way. My father's been ill and he can't work. This means I've gotta contribute a few bucks to the family.

It'll be the lesser of two evils. I'd rather be satisfied as a studio star, and when Tony first arrived in film land, and when these two met at parties, it was always Farley who had the air of a world traveler. The teen-agers thought he was simply adorable and, given the choice between him and Tony, always chose him.

Tony was uncomfortable with girls and showed it. He didn't know what to do; he had all the right lines. He said things he felt in his heart; and the first girl who had sense enough to recognize his sincerity was Janet Leigh. She made Tony realize that his acting potential was as bright as anyone's in the business. He realized, too, that Janet's strength complemented all his weaknesses.

It is a strange fact but Tony, who used to shine shoes for five cents a pair in

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front of Bloomingdale's Department Store in New York and work for $12 a week in a broum factory, is probably the most generous actor in Hollywood.

By the time he gets through supporting his mother, father, and brother, giving 10% to his agent, paying his dues to the Screen Actors’ Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and handling over sizable chunks of his meagerly few Federal and State taxes, he has just about enough left to pay the rent and the installments on his car.

It is incredible, but his contempt for money is Gargantuan. With a philosophy that belies his years, he knows that money is no guarantee of happiness. His parents were penniless and yet he has never witnessed a greater or more loyal love between two people.

Janet, who has a practical bent, has explained to Tony that money must be put aside for medical bills and other emergencies, that installment payments are bad economically and that it’s best to pay cash for everything.

“I’m afraid about money,” she confesses, “because I never had any.”

Tony is careless for the very same reason.

Between these two, Janet has managed to evolve a modus operandi which satisfies them both.

Neither has expensive hobbies. Tony paints and Janet buys classical records. They own no furniture, and their wardrobes are limited.

Before they were married, both Tony and Janet were overly anxious to please. Tony was so determined not to hurt anyone who had remotely helped him that at every interview he’d launch into a detailed explanation of his achievements. He would attribute it to his parents, to Jerry Lewis, to George Rosenberg, to Bill Goetz and Al Horwitz of Universal, to everyone who could think of. He’d ask you to từ write him. He wanted Tony to realize that his hat-size had remained the same.

He was still Berni to the boys back on New York’s East Side, he still loved Mama, Papa, and his kid brother; he was still amazed by the wonder of it all. There was never a dearth of conversation whenever with words. He would ask you to think that they’ve both been quarrelling a lot lately, Tony says simply and succinctly. “No truth to that,” and Janet says, “Don’t believe it.”

Both kids are no longer afraid of hurting interviewers or of appearing insipid.

After 12 months of marriage, they are standing on surer ground, and the only thing they both want that they haven’t got is a little Tony Curtis.

(Continued from page 53) “It’s good for Michael, to feel he’s got someone to take care of,” Mrs. Wilcox said. “My daughter, standing person, who would be very upset if he felt he was hurting someone.”

While the Wilcoxes have seen the bride and groom socially since their marriage, hardly anyone, and for a good reason. Mike has been hard at work in Wilcox’s production, Trent’s Last Case, and Liz’ time has been taken up with household duties.

They’re living in Mike’s former bachelor quarters in Brutton Street, London. Mike arises at 6:00 A.M. Liz gets up at the same time he does, makes his breakfast, and speeds him on his way with a swiftly kiss. She frequently drives over to the studio to have lunch with him but is very careful to stay in the background and not call attention.

According to the Wilcoxes, Liz is enjoying, for the first time, a life of her own. In Europe, autograph films don’t besiege the famous as they do in America, and Liz is happy about it.

“Michael and Elizabeth came to our flat for dinner the other night,” Mrs. Wilcox said. “Elizabeth looked charming in a black velvet evening gowns, with a tight bodice and full skirt—the sort of dress that she wears so particularly well.”

She was thrilled that night, because she was also wearing a wedding gift of diamond earrings from Michael that she could hardly wait to show us. They had pendants of baguette diamonds that were detachable so that they could be worn for different occasions.

After dinner that evening Mike related a cherished story about his wife. It seemed that Liz had been looking through the English morning papers and had seen a picture of Dachshund puppy that had somehow been stranded.

“Mike,” she said, “I’d love him.”

He promised to get it for her, and, busy as he was on his picture, he took time out to track the dog down. He finally traced it to the local station.

Liz has it now and loves it just as tenderly as she does anything that captures her heart.

“Last year, Michael talks, Elizabeth listens most attentively,” Anna said. “I think she teases him, more so than he teases her. Then she has the gift of quick repartee that many Americans have.”

The Wilcoxes also regreted the Wilcoxes with the story of their latest dramatic episode. A small fire broke out recently in the brownstone house where they live. The fire department promptly arrived at the scene and cautioned the Wilcoxes that they would have to get out in a half-hour as the fire might get out of control. “We’ll wait and see,” they told the worried firemen, and sat down calmly to finish the game of canasta while the blaze was put out.

Producer Herbert Wilcox, who has approved many a love script, was very much touched and impressed by Elizabeth’s comments when she arrived in England.

“She saw her when she stepped off the plane,” said his wife, “and she was being such a courageous young thing. She’s tiny, and with 40 policemen around to guard her, she looked even smaller, more helpless. Yet she was completely and utterly self-controlled.

“I thought she was wonderful when the press asked her what her design for married life was, and she answered, without a moment’s hesitation, ‘Yes, I’ll try that until you’ve tried it. There’s no blueprint for marriage.’”

But perhaps what is even more wonderful was Herbert Wilcox’s answer when he asked him what the English thought about their top male star marrying an American movie star.

“All they knew,” he answered, “was that nice guy was marrying a nice girl.”

Yours sincerely,

JOAN KING FLYNN
violence fans resented this can not be denied, but Widmark gained new fans and established himself as a well-rounded actor, capable of playing a variety of roles.

As far as Richard Widmark is concerned, he partied with Tom Udo, who launched him in films, was an accident of fate. He considered Udo slimy and would not like to be remembered best for that part. But he is well aware that he is not going to escape Tom Udo in the foreseeable future. He is not sure why, but he knows that kids like Udo.

When he appeared at the Roxy Theater in New York on the opening day of Down To The Sea In Ships he was shocked when a tremendous clamor arose from the juvenile audience right after he began a nice speech. As reflected in the item of: "Laugh for us, Richard, laugh!" He laughed the Udo laugh a few times and the fans nearly rocked the theater's ceiling. It was bigger than Sinatra at the Paramount! The prospect of going through life as a noted murderer terrified Widmark and shortly after the Roxy episode he became somewhat a recluse, appearing in public only when it was necessary.

Paul Douglas noted the blue denims that Marilyn Monroe wore to fill her role in Clash By Night, and Paul piped up with "the end justifies the jeans."

Irrving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter

There are other questions Richard Widmark has trouble answering, but they are predominant in his fan mail. "One of them is: How did I get that laugh?" Dick is: "Are the neighbors afraid of you?" And another: 'How did you ever get a girl to marry you?"

And all of these questions do not arise from Tom Udo alone. Dick had to whip Linda Darnell with a bicycle chain and the mail flowed in for weeks after that complimenting him on the discovery of a new sadistic refinement. The reaction of Dick after his first few pictures was not too surprising to him, but certainly not gratifying. Once when he stalled his car and started for a house to use the phone an irate lady chased him out of her driveway. Upon another occasion, when he tried to be his nice mild self on a trip a group of irate fans made for him and pushed him into a taxi cab. Dick has long ago given up going to cafes and night clubs not patronized almost exclusively by film folk because there is always one chap around who wants to challenge him to a duel or can show his girl he can whip Tom Udo.

In his private life, Richard Widmark has always lived like the leading character in a nice clean novel. His wife, Jean, was hired as his girl friend for MGM's first film and see if something could be done to make this mild-appearing lad look like a killer.

You saw the results. With a hair-piece almost to his eyebrows and other disfigurements, he proved he could ever utter, plus a maniacal gleam in the eye, plus the know-how he'd gathered in radio and on the stage, Richard Widmark became a star.

Fan mail flooded in after the release of Kiss Of Death and the studio was beside itself as to what to do with the star. Would people buy him without the wig? Would they like him as a temperamental, sturdy citizen? They decided to spring Widmark on the public as himself, gently, so after a couple of films as a bit of a beast, they plunged him into Down To The Sea In Ships a movie in which he was the idol of all red-blooded American boys. That, a segment of his die-hard

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Gorgeous Gamin

(Continued from page 49) featuring tall senoritas with long eyelashes and tortoise shell combs in their hair. These were the movie stars of Leslie's childhood, and they were not to be envied or emulated.

However, if you follow Leslie Caron through all the MGM studio streets now, and watch her busy, busy work, you will no doubt get the impression that this has been her business all her life, for she is a regular movie star herself today, even out of the ordinary for a common folk, even to the intense ambition to be greater than the greatest. Leslie looks like anything but an actress. As she strolls to the stage on where she is to work, she will be wearing a tan, pulled down over her ears, and a long, flowing coat and silly shoes. She walks with her head down thinking about the day's work. She looks like a gamin.

On the stage the coat comes off and, if she projects costume, Leslie Caron is a slight to behold. From her tiny form is full but trim and her legs appear to have been copied from a Petri sketch. She walks with the peculiar duck-like strut of the ballroom dancer and parts her hair together, hitting the ground with a firm step. There is little grace in her walk, because the ballerina doesn't achieve grace until she is used to the floor of the house. The skirt is back and the tummy in and the bust is high—and there is a beautiful coordination of the movements.

Her face is petite, Her lips are full and wide. Her eyes are luminous, as they show on the screen, and soft and quick to change expression. Her nose is small, not at all square, and her face is beautiful, but it has something that compels you to take a second look.
These are the things that got Leslie Caron into pictures; the face, and the grace of her body, and her talent, all combined to make her a natural actress, but it was the gamin quality that sold her to MGM.

It happened in Paris, just about two years ago. Caron, who was born in 1920, had been in the French counterpart of Tony Randall's television variety show, playing at the Ballet des Champs Elysées. His name was Eddie Constantine and he knew Kelly slightly. He visited him one day and mentioned that the name of Leslie Caron was working with his wife and that Kelly should go and see her. Gene remembered that he had caught her a couple of years previously, and although she was not as talented as she had seemed rather young and a bit skinny for pictures.

That night Kelly showed up at the theater and before Leslie had been on stage ten minutes he had made up his mind that this was the girl. Of course MGM had to feel the same way. The next day Constantine brought her around to the George V and after a short talk it was decided she should be tested for the role.

As Leslie Caron tells it herself: "I was excited when I had the screen test. Then I went back to work in the ballet and for two weeks I heard no word. I felt they didn't want me, and although I was a little disappointed, I forgot all about it. So I just began making plans for future performances at the theater. Then I got a phone call from Gene who told me Kelly was coming for America in three days. There was I to make more tests and come back to Paris in a week or so to make the movie there—"

...if they liked.

Within 48 hours Leslie Caron and her mother were aboard an airliner for Hollywood, and 36 hours later, they were on the MGM lot. Just like that. But there was quite a tale back of that journey.

MARGARET Petit Caron, Leslie’s mother, was an American woman of French descent who had been on the stage in New York and had lived in Paris. While there, she had gone to Europe hoping to get well and come back to America. She met, however, a young pharmacist and married him. Her name was Caron.

Leslie was born a couple of years later. She was a small child with large, inquisitive eyes. She was not sickly, but none too sturdy. The Carons were not wealthy people, but they were able to manage a life of middle class plenty and respectability. Leslie’s parental grandfather, a career politician, who had at one time been President of the Paris City Council, was a stickler for respectability and he was determined the Carons should carry on in the tradition of a proud public service family. Being in politics in France is something more of an honor than it is on this side of the Atlantic.

The childhood of Leslie Caron was far different from the easy-raising a kid gets in America. All she remembers is the preparation for war, the occupation and the frantic post-war Paris. A child’s days and nights were filled with want and danger. But kids can adjust themselves, and the boys and girls of Leslie Caron’s childhood found strange excitement in the regular bombings. Parisian cellars, for safety purposes, were cut through to link with one another, and Leslie remembers the way the kids looked forward to the sirens signaling a raid so they could take the candle stumps they held ready and explore the catacombs that were beneath the city. And, as the cellars were infested with rats, they engaged in mouse hunts.

Leslie’s education, according to the French middle class tradition, was gained in private schools, mostly convents, for only the very poor attended public institutions. Leslie remembers the shifts in educational precepts as the fortunes of war changed. At first, the school related exclusively French history, but once they were taken away and new books, extolling the Nazi ideology, took their places.

"We could tell by our prayers,” Leslie says today, "how things were going. For a long time it was required of us to end our daily prayers with the plea: ‘Lord, take care of our good Petain.’ Then came the Allied invasion and the next day we were saying: ‘Lord, take care of our good De Gaulle.”

Toward the end of the occupation Father Caron expanded his drug business and began manufacturing aspirin capsules. Leslie thinks because he wanted to keep his family healthy. At any rate, the Caron fortunes improved slightly.

At the age of 11, Leslie became interested in dancing. This was unusual in ballerinas who, if they plan the ballet as a career, begin studying as soon as they begin to walk. Although her mother had been a dancer, Leslie had never seen a professional dancer at work. A girl friend was taking lessons and Leslie went along a couple of times for a lark. She liked it and asked her mother and father if she, too, could attend the classes. It was all right with ma and pa, but Grandpa Caron hit the ceiling. His memory of the dancing girl of his youth was still clear in his mind, and he didn’t recall their being real ladies. It was over his violent objections that Leslie was allowed to buy her first pair of ballet shoes.

It was to be two full years after she first began working at the practice bar that Leslie was given her first ballet. She went with her mother and when she left the theater, her head was swimming with the beauty she had seen that night. She made up her mind then that she would do anything else for a good but dance. There began something of a game of deceit, with Leslie studying much harder than Grandpa Caron realized, assisted, of course, by her mother. During the summer vacations from school Leslie devoted her full time to studying. Once when things got a bit hot around the house, her mother took her to Monte Carlo, ostensibly to rest, but actually to work under a very famous dancing teacher.

When she returned to Paris, Leslie was advanced to the Conservatory of Music, a state-operated school, and from there she drifted into the ballet companies that are as common in Europe as our little theater groups are here.

The picture people came after Leslie when she was about 15, with an offer to go to Africa and make a movie called The Black Rose, with Tyrone Power. But...
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another young dancer, Cecile Aubry, got the role.

The day Gene Kelly interviewed Leslie in the George V Hotel in Paris he had one and only one question for her for the role in An American In Paris. "We'll have to fatten her up," he said.

The trip to America, for further tests, was a fantastic adventure for little Miss Leslie. She was paying and she and her mother traveled first class. Leslie was scared. They boarded an airliner in Paris and headed for New York. An hour or so after taking off, they were in the next seat leaned toward the tiny French girl and asked if she was enjoying the flight. She looked straight ahead and didn’t answer. A little later, the stewardess spoke to her and she took no heed to the fact that she was a clergy-

man, got out of her seat and marched back to where her mother was sitting.

"That man," she said indignantly, "is trying to speak to me."

"You will have to get used to that," her mother said. "In America everyone will speak to you, my dear."

They settled in Culver City, with one small suitcase, Leslie and her mother took a small apartment within walking distance of the studio. Then they discovered another odd habit we have here—changing our minds. It was one week for sea and away that Leslie was to have the part, but the studio heads had made up their minds to shoot the picture in America. Leslie had no wardrobe, no car, no maid, was to go to a strange new one, and found herself very short on clothes. The studio solved that by loaning her clothing from the wardrobe department, and, for the first few months in Hollywood, Leslie wore the costumes of June Allyson, Liz Taylor and other stars as street garb.

settling down in this strange land had never entered Leslie’s mind until she met her husband, George Hormel.

Her first date with George, or Geordie, as she calls him, was a difficult one. He was a bit confused and the Coast Guard in San Francisco. He got into town and dis-
covered that his brother and a party of friends, which included Leslie, were just going out that evening, there was dinner and a movie. He begged them to wait so he could join them. They said they didn’t have time, so Geordie swore if they let him catch up with them he would do the same for them the next evening. They agreed, and young Hormel, who was living on a reserve Coast Guard’s plan, and the few dollars he earned making phonograph records as a man band, had to foot the bills all night. He didn’t get a bite of food himself because the others were in too much of a hurry.

Later in the evening they dropped in at Ella Logan’s home. George had become fascinated with Leslie and was unable to keep his eyes off her. Ella Logan was equally attracted to George, though she’d hardly spoken to him all evening. When Ella asked her for her phone num-
ber, she gave it in a loud clear voice, hop-
ing he would hear. He did and phoned her the next day.

After their first date together, Geordie dropped her off at her door with a curt "Goodnight." The following day he took her to the beach and, as Leslie tells it, said: "Do you think we can get married?"

Her answer, she admits, was: "Are you crazy?"

The next move on the part of Mr. Hormel was to suggest that they both fly back to Minnesota and let her have a look at his family. Because she thought he was only kidding her, and they all got along famously. However, the minute they got back to Hollywood, Geordie in-
formed her that they had better take care of this marriage business immediate-
ly. They were a city and when he wanted everything shipshape ashore before he took off. Leslie explained that this was impossible because she was about to go to court. The only reason he was going to devote her life to the movies.

"In that event," said Geordie, "we’d better get married tomorrow.

All Leslie could manage was a look that was more like a hysteric’s blast from Oklah,
and the next day they packed their respective families in a plane, took off for Las Vegas, and were married at the chapel of The Last Frontier.

The George Hormels live simply in a town where most movie stars live like movie stars. They have a small house in Laurel Canyon and live within their in-

comings, that was a tiny, but pleasant. They are true newlyweds, preferring to be alone rather than to attend parties and gay events. At the present time George is

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the opening fall session of high school.

The tour lasted four years! When it was over, Gower had danced in all parts of the country, including Chicago. Belcher was a bond and pleasant memory, and Pearl

Habor had been bombed.

Gower entered the Coast Guard and was accepted into the big Coast Guard musical, Tars And Spars. He kept begging more active duty, however, so they made him a petty officer third class, and as so many men of the wartime generation they took jobs with the various battle sec-

tors of the globe.

Once the war was over, Gower returned to Hollywood. He ran into Marje Belcher, whom he had once dated. She was the one thing that had remained constant, and the meetings were casual and fleeting. They always asked each other what was cooking. When Marje told Gower she had landed a role in a New York play, Dark Of The Moon, he thought that was simply terrific. He himself was being tested by 20th Century-Fox, and was "terrible in that test," honestly

(Continued from page 38) stood for Happy
Time, two words which, significantly enough, are engraved on their wedding rings.

Those dreamy adolescent dates between Marje and Gower were rudely inter-
rupted, however, the day when Gower at long last reached to the break-up trans-
gram tickets, and he had him, they trans-

also 15, to enter a dancing contest with him. The contest was being staged by

Veloz and Yolanda at the Coconut Groove, and as luck would have it, Gower and

Johny won.

After that, little Marje Belcher was out of the picture. No more dates for her with

Gower Champion. He was too busy dance-
ing with Janne Tyler, so busy and so

sought, in fact, that a booking agency, the Music Corporation of America, signed both him and Jeannine to tour the country. The youngsters were told that they would be back in Los Angeles in time for

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dance with Marje

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 recalls, “and I never heard from Fox again. I did manage, however, to get a dancing job over at MGM. I danced with Cyd Charisse for all of 39 days in TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY. Then, when that was over, I flew to New York to take in the shows.

Naturally enough, the first show Gower attended was DARK OF THE MOON. He was out front,” Marge says, “made me so nervous that I gave the worst performance of the year.”

ROMANCE and reunion usually go together. And that was the case when Gower and Marge met again in New York. Only Gower was afraid that, if he might fall for that cute, blonde-eyed girl he’d begun so lovingly to call “Midge.”

“Look,” he said one night as they were strolling along 42nd Street in New York, “I like going around with you, Marge, but let’s not get involved. You understand, don’t you?”

“Sure,” said Marge. She understood all right, but she had a problem, too. The Waldorf-Astoria had asked a young man she knew named Paul Godkin to work up a dance act for the hotel. In fact, Paul had walked right into Gower in their attempt to try to persuade her to work with him.

Gower blew his top. “Look,” he said, “If you’re going to dance with anyone, you’re going to dance with me.”

Marge could never make a happy smile as she nodded assent. That night when she got to her room, her heart was dancing. Gower changed his name to Christopher Gower. From that point on, the pair began intensive rehearsals. They decided to bill themselves as “Gower and Bell.”

Gower also came up with a new approach to exhibit dancing, “All of our dances,” he explained, “must tell a story that the audience can follow. We’ll specialize in dance stories.” Marge was enthusiastic, too, about the idea.

Their first booking was in Montreal. In order to get there, they had to borrow $30. It was worth it, though, as they soon became a smash.

They came back to New York flushed with happiness and a good-size bankroll and were immediately booked by some top night clubs. Richard Rodgers, the famous music and lyricist Gower, caught their act one night and sent word to their agent that he wanted Marge to play the lead in a new Rodgers & Hammerstein extravaganza.

This was a real-life situation the movies had played to death: producer wants only one half of a team. The boy says to the girl with great self-sacrifice, ‘Go home, little girl, for I have found a vitamin for your heart.” Gower, of fact, they want me as a single in Honolulu.

What Gower actually said was pretty similar. “Look,” he explained, “This is the break you’ve been waiting for. Take the job. I’ll find another partner, and we’ll be married later on.”

That was the first time Gower had mentioned the word matrimony. That was all Marge had to hear. She kissed Allegro goodbye and went on tour with her fiancé. They interrupted a dancing engagement at the Savoy in New York to fly to Los Angeles and get married.

They became Marge and Gower Champions on a Sunday, flew to New York on Monday, appeared with Milton Berle on his TV show Tuesday night, and dropped in at the Hotel Plaza on Wednesday. For five months they were featured regularly with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on TV’s Admiral Review.

The reviews they received in New York were so unanimously excellent that the Mocambo wired an offer which they considered too good to turn down.

At this Hollywood night club, the Champions packed the house night after night. They were viewed by all the great motion picture producers of the movie colony. They received four different screen offers and finally signed with MGM.

As soon as their future seemed to be firmly rooted in Hollywood, the Champions started home-hunting. They took to the hills with a degree of determination.

“We had in mind a modern house of California redwood and glass,” Gower explains. “Weekends and evenings we’d camped at just about every redwood job in Los Angeles county. All of a sudden, we couldn’t stand the sight of anything severely modern or made of natural woods. Then, one Sunday we read an ad in LA Times for a Connecticut home.

Actually their house is smaller than it looks. Perched on a terraced hillside, it has only six rooms. The two small bedrooms, the living room, the dining room and the kitchen are all on the upper floor, while downstairs consists of one large room which the Champions converted into a combination dance studio and projection room. They’ve had dreams of someday having a home complete with rehearsal hall,” Gower says.

“With Marge and me the went double. When we bought this house with its large unfinished basement room, we both knew we’d found our perfect home.”

Brains are no handicap to a girl if she keeps them well hidden behind a low neckline.

Vanessa Brown

That a pool, dozens of trees and a sensational view goes with their house is of no great importance to the Champions. In fact, they’re rather embarrassed by the swimming pool. They never intended to have it, at least not for years. To them it all seems like the going Hollywood. Up until the time they moved into their own home, two chairs, one piano, two barrels of books, and some non-descript bric-a-brac were all the household possessions Marge and Gower had in the world. Buying a house suddenly gave them a reason for indulgence, and they went quite mad. With the help of a professional cabinet designer named Steve Thompson they furnished their place in what, for lack of a better term, they now jokingly call American Baroque.

Gower, for example, didn’t like the fireplace wall in the living room, so asked Steve Thompson to design an enormous cabinet to be placed in front of it. In this one functional cabinet, Thompson included a television set, a record player, a bar and book shelves. To offset the simplicity of this large piece, Marge then ordered a richly carved coffee table with a travertine marble top.

Marge’s small bedroom is also a blend of the functional and fanciful. In a practical manner she pushed the twin beds against the two walls to leave as much open Rodgers as possible. A large mirror helps to give the illusion of

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brother can you spare a date?

(Continued from page 33) are the casting directors and talent scouts. These men have the notorious reputation of Taking Advantage of Innocent Girls who want to become movie stars. But little girls can do this only when the girls come into the office prepared to Give Their All for a contract. As one casting director put it, "I'm a normal girl. I like women but I like to pick 'em for my boyfriends. A man will always come near my office prepared for anything if she can just get a contract, I swear I'm going to give up women." Of which sounds as if the women of Hollywood are pretty terrible. But that isn't true. They are women, that's all, and they are living in a manless town. They fall into three categories. First, there are the girls who are trying to break into pictures. Then, there are the girls who already have contracts and who want, besides their work, fun and beauty and dancing dates. And lastly, we find the older women—rich, glamorous, famous, but desperately lonely and anxious to get married. Let's examine the young stars first. Here are just a handful of the successful young girls who want their share of fun and good times—Ann Blyth, Pier Angeli, Piper Laurie, Debbie Reynolds, Joan Evans, Jan Peters, Janice Rule, Mitzi Gaynor, Peggie Castle, Vera-Ellen, Mia Farrow. Many of them have learned how to play the game of Power. If I took time to think, to go over studio contract lists, I could name dozens more.

But who are the available boys? Well, there's Fairley Granger, Scott Brady, Rock Hudson, Carleton Carpenter, Dick Anderson, Bob Arthur, John Barrymore Jr. It took me some time to think of these. There are more boys around, but the point is that there are so many more girls.

You may ask why girls in pictures have to go out only with boys in pictures. It's a good question. But there is a good answer. These girls rather frighten other boys their age. The girls make a lot of money and boys outside the industry think they are too expensive to take out on casual dates. And if it's a dress-up evening, or a college prom, there are other problems. The girls are stared at. The other girls become jealous of her, and catty about her when she's asked for her autograph. And other boys shy away from asking her to dance for fear they'll be kidded by their friends or snubbed by the star. So the girls of Hollywood's younger set go off and set up with boys in their own profession. The trouble is that there are not enough of them.

Ann Blyth will not stoop to chase boys. A result, she is often seen at the weekends there is a premiere at some night club opening that she should attend, until her studio steps in and arranges a date for her. Isn't this incredible that a girl as attractive, as much-adored as Ann, should need an intermediary to get a date?

On the other hand, there is a group of young men in Hollywood who have always been happy to take a girl out. I'm referring to the young opportunists, the hangers-on, the publicity seekers. Here's a typical stunt. The boy will call a girl whom he may have met when he played a bit in one of her pictures. He'll ask her to go with him to a forthcoming premiere. If she remembers him at all and thinks he may be any good, she and her friends will accept. What she won't know is that he has no tickets to the premiere. But now that she has accepted his invitation he'll call her studio and say, "I'm taking So and So to the premiere. Will you please send her tickets to me?"

Or he will show off to her by getting a grand, ringside seat at Ciro's or Mocambo. She'll be totally impressed and until she learns that he has used her name to get it!

One of these opportunists told a friend that he wasn't going to take a certain girl because he didn't know what to say. And when he was so asked, he got sn apped up real fast. By whom? By a girl he selects. And it's a safe bet that one of the reasons Tony fell in love with Janet Leigh was because she didn't chase him.

Liz Taylor, after marrying a very rich young man outside the industry, found her second husband Michael Wilding in far-off England. And Shelley Winters found her man in Italy. And now that she is...
married to Vittorio Gassman an untold story can be revealed.
All the time Shelley was going with Fairley they were just very good friends. During this time Shelley fell in love with Reinhard Gans. So it wasn’t till she went to Italy that Shelley met a man who respected her not only as an actress but as a human being. Janie Powell is one of Hollywood’s luckiest girls. She got married outside the movie industry (Jane’s husband Garry Steffen is in the insurance business) has given her a private life of quiet domesticity much envied most movie colony’s untutched young women.

Of the older women Greer Garson is just as lucky. After an unsuccessful marital try with Richard Ney, a young man who played the role of hermaphrodite in Mrs. Miniver, she married Buddy Fogelson, a substantial Texas rancher, a millionaire and a man older than herself. She is extremely happy now. But how many left-handed are there? And where do the first ladies of Hollywood find them?

Look at Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, and the Will Rogers’ girls. These are lonely women. So one of their favorite beaux is Greg Bautzé, an eligible Hollywood lawyer. He has dated dozens of big stars. He had not married one of them. Why should he settle down when he can have just as good a time as a bachelor?

Because Hollywood is so short on manpower, Joan Crawford was delighted when a young man started writing charming notes to her, sending her endearing telegrams. He told her that eventually he would fly to Hollywood and properly introduce them. This delighted Joan who is, essentially, most conventional. He did find someone to introduce them. He told Joan of his admiration for her and said she was the privilege of her society. Then came the pay-off. What he really wanted was a role —and a big role, too—not in her private life but on the screen, in pictures!

Many other stars have had the same bad luck with love. Jane Wyman announced her engagement to Travis Klesfie, a building contractor, and then broke it. She not only wanted to "call it off." What her friends say is that she couldn’t stand the gaff—being married to someone younger than she.

And look at Betty Hutton. Married and unmarried. Engaged and unengaged. Why, even her Christmas card was decorated with a heart and Betty’s expressed wish that she would marry a guy in 1952. She managed to find Charles O’Curran, dance director at Paramount, but it wasn’t easy.

It is not a new Hollywood story—the woman chasing, the men running. Beauti- ful Carol Landis and Rex Harrison. Harrison desperately wanted him to get a divorce. When he wouldn’t, she killed herself.

The love of Jean Harlow’s life was William Powell, but she died without getting him to marry her.

And, more recently, there was Lana Turner who chased Tyrone Power to Europe. And was rejected by him and apparently by God. Christian. Ty said that he and Lana were never engaged. She said she thought that they were.

A charming man is always wary. Take the case of Jimmy Stewart. For years he was Hollywood’s prize bachelor. And for years he avoided the huntresses and remained a bachelor. Whom did he finally marry? A society writer.

Who, then, is left to supply the demand for men among the older girls?

Spencer Tracy is married and will re-main so, as a good many glamour girls have discovered. Walter Pidgeon ditto. John Wayne’s marriage has been shaky but, as of this writing, he is back with his wife. Clark Gable, although he is available, swears he will never marry again.

There was a time when Clark and Joan Crawford were in love. This was when her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks died, the rocks and Clark was still married to his second wife, Rhea. After Carole Lombard’s death, Joan and Clark saw each other several times. But the timing was wrong. The time had not come. But later, discovered, and she married Philip Terry instead.

It’s true that anything happens too easily and then fades in Hollywood. But if those older stars could have looked into the future when they were younger, and tasted the loneliness that was to come to them, they would have made a greater effort to piece the broken bits of marriage back together again.

Because so many of the older women are lonely and so many of the younger girls are dateless, the boys grow spoiled.

A few years ago one of the nicest boys you would hope to meet came from the New York Times. At a Hollywood party, he was charming and eager to please. A new and nice young man in Hollywood. A prize.

But, as usual, the girls gave him the big rush. Nowadays, a young man can only talk about himself because he has found that the girls will listen to whatever he says as long as he continues to date them. He never thinks to send a corsage to his lady, and although he has plenty of money he never bothers to take his date to dinner before they go to a premiere.

A boy of good background was recently signed by a big studio. So many girls and him for dates that he came to the conclusion he would be sought after no matter what his behavior was. A girl asked him to one of the awards parties—one and the function was good. Before the Academy passes out the Oscars. He sat with her for a few moments and then noticed a table where the people seemed to be enjoying themselves. He left the girl, joined the people at the other table and didn’t go back to his date until the party was over.

The entire situation is bad for both the boys and the girls. Is it any wonder that unstable marriages are so prevalent in Hollywood?

As we’ve seen, the girls are not blameless. The extra girl who longs for a speaking part makes a play for the assistant director. The bit player eager for a steady contract woos the executive in charge of that division.

Not too long ago Hollywood was surprised by the divorce of a sweet faced girl and her charming and seemingly devoted husband. Hollywood was surprised—but not too much. Because the story was similar to that of the new man in the girl’s life is a producer. Her career was in the doldrums. She had sold her husband out for star billing!

And so it goes a large part of the time, an endless and interminable cycle. Too many girls chase the boys for dates, too many stars chase the producers for roles, too many tragic older stars chase men to try and catch a husband. They all do it constantly. And the faster they run, the faster the women chase!

Where will it end? Who will win the race? Who knows.
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Address ______________________________________

City ___________________ Zone __ State _______

Age _______ Dress Size _______
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Camel is America's most popular Cigarette—by billions!
The TRUTH about JUDY'S RUSH MARRIAGE

modern screen

ava gardner
Yes, Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!

Like this Camay bride, you'll win a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

NO GIRL can expect eyes and hearts to turn her way—or hope for a ring for her third finger, left hand—if she lets dullness overshadow the natural beauty of her skin!

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For complexion or bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How mild—how gentle Camay is! And Camay gives you such an abundance of rich, creamy, luxurious lather! What joy to see your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

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Gleam and glimmer, shine and shimmer... Sunlight or moonlight,
your hair has the clean sheen of silk, the caressing softness of silk, the
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(Shh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silks your hair.)

DRENE SHAMPOO
silks your hair...as it cleanses!
modern screen
modern screen special

INGRID AND PIA TELL THEIR OWN STORIES

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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 from 3579 to 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 45, No. 4, September 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Office of publication at Washington and South 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 I, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 231 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 Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price $20. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $1.00 per year, $3.50 two years, $5.00 three years. Canadian Subscriptions (per year, $3.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $6.00) Foreign $2.00 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 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 matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301776.
SEPTEMBER

The Merry Widow
It's new, it's wonderful, it's LANA TURNER as The Merry Widow... the most enchanting girl who ever danced into romance on the wings of Franz Lehar's music! Co-starring FERNANDO LAMAS. A rich and resplendent production in color by Technicolor.

OCTOBER

Because You're Mine
Golden-voiced MARIO LANZA scores a new sensation in this rollicking musical ringing with love songs. Co-starring JAMES WHITMORE, introducing DORETTA MORROW. Technicolor.

NOVEMBER

Plimouth Adventure
A best-seller becomes a great film! Epic drama of the sea! Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JONHSON, LEO GENN. Technicolor.
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 Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie really dislike each other?
   —D. D., Danbury, Conn.

A. Yes.

Q. I understand that Ingrid Bergman once admitted to her ex-husband, Dr. Lindstrom, that Roberto Rossellini at one time had a reputation of being a playboy. Is that on the level?
   —B. J., Chicago, Ill.

A. According to Dr. Lindstrom's legal testimony, Ingrid told him, "I know that Rossellini has been running around a lot. He has told a lot about his life, and it is bad, but I feel I would like to stay here and suffer the consequences."

Q. Isn't producer Walter Wanger being treated with kid gloves at the Los Angeles County Jail Farm?
   —C. D., New York, N. Y.

A. He is doing light chores.

Q. Why is Bing Crosby jealous of Johnny Ray? Why has he made disparaging remarks about that dreamboat?
   —Y. K., Rochester, N. Y.

A. Crosby has never made disparaging remarks about any singer. He merely admits that "I have no desire to imitate those fellows who sing like they're having a nervous breakdown."

Q. Will Jane Russell quit RKO when her contract expires next February?
   —G. F., Frankfort, Ky.

A. Not if she gets the good stories she's been clamoring for.

Q. Whom has Rita Hayworth been seeing the most of since her return to Hollywood? I mean in the way of men.
   —A. L., Washington, D. C.

A. Actor Richard Greene.

Q. Isn't there a feud between the wives of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin?

A. No feud. Their families just don't mix socially.

Q. Haven't there been a lot of disputes between Jane Powell and Mario Lanza about the forthcoming movie, The Student Prince?
   —C. L., Portland, Me.

A. No disputes—just an understanding that each is to get equal billing.

Q. Hasn't Janie Powell asked Metro to give her a glamor buildup?
   —C. V., Columbus, Ohio

A. She once wanted to be a glamorous gal when she felt she didn't have enough boy friends. Ever since her marriage to Grav, however, Janie's been content.

Q. Yvonne de Carlo supposedly conquers so many men these days. Is she really such a great siren or what?
   —D. H., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. Yvonne employs a very hard-working press agent.

Q. How come the stand-in for Piper Laurie is her own grandmother?
   —P. L., Dallas, Tex.

A. Piper's stand-in is Pat Bowers, a grandmother, but not Piper's.

Q. Audie Murphy looks disgruntled all the time. What's the matter with him?
   —E. K., Mineral Wells, Tex.

A. By nature he is quiet, taciturn, inhibited.

Q. I've read that Gordon MacRae has antagonized every magazine photographer in Hollywood. Is that true?
   —S. K., Atlanta, Ga.

A. According to the photographers, he will not be ranked number one in their popularity poll.

Q. I've had the impression for some time that Jane Wyman is one of the most unhappy successes in Hollywood. What is the lowdown on her?
   —G. H., Moline, Ill.

A. At the moment there's no big love in her life.

Q. Why does Anna Blyth refuse to talk about her father?
   —S. T., Newark, N. J.

A. Her folks separated when she was an infant.

(Continued on page 28)
Marilyn Monroe
every inch a woman...
every inch an actress...
in.

Don't Bother to Knock
starring Richard Widmark • Marilyn Monroe
with Anne Bancroft • Donna Corcoran • Jeanne Cagney • Lurene Tuttle • Elisha Cook, Jr. • Jim Backus
Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN • Directed by ROY BAKER • Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH
Elizabeth, you’re going to have the most spoiled baby in the world!” I said to Elizabeth Taylor after she had just confirmed to me over the ‘phone the happy news.

“Oh, I know it—I know it and I don’t care,” Liz laughingly replied, obviously at this moment the happiest expectant mother in the world.

“Why did your mother keep on denying it after I had checked her time after time to see if it were true?” I asked.

“Mother really didn’t know, honestly,” Liz said. “I was not sure when I was in England, and I wanted to wait until I came back home and went to my own doctor. Oh, it just isn’t possible for two people to be happier than Mike and I.” Elizabeth had broken the happy news to Michael Wilding via telephone to London. The pappy-to-be had been detained in his native England awaiting a quota number and was to follow Liz within a few weeks.

Let me let you in on something: Twins run in the Taylor family and nothing would thrill our girl more than to welcome a little Michael and Michele. Those names will stick no mat-

Bing himself took this picture of the whole Crosby family! He used a delayed action tripper on his camera so that he could get into the picture, too. Back row, left to right: Dennis, Phillip, Mrs. Crosby, the family’s pet French poodle, Topsy, and Gary. Front row: left to right, Bing, the family’s pet Labrador retriever, Cindy, and the “baby” of the family, Lindsay. Bing just made his successful television debut.
When Pia Lindstrom graduated from public school, her father, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and the Rev. Kermit Castellanos were proud bystanders. The next day, Pia was in court (for the story, see page 40).

Liz Taylor was met at the airport by her mother, father, and an unidentified family friend when she flew home from England. It was her first reunion with her family since her marriage to actor Michael Wilding.

It was a girl this time for lovely Jeanne Crain, the mother of three boys. The new baby, Jeanine, was eagerly welcomed by Paul, Jr., Michael and Timothy who were overjoyed to have a sister at last.

The world premiere of Warners’ The Winning Team in Springfield, Mo., brought many stars. Visiting the polio cottage at Burge Hospital were, left to right, Virginia Gibson, Nancy Davis, Ronald Reagan.

ter what—Michael for a boy and Michele for a girl—that’s how crazy Liz is about her Mike.

Can you imagine what Liz, who has always lavished affection on kittens, dogs, birds and other pets, will feel about a child of her own.

Yes, indeed—everybody is glowingly happy about Liz’s baby-to-be—that is, all but MGM, which had enough pictures lined up for her to keep busy the next two years.

So far, at least, those who predicted that happiness between 20-year-old Liz and 39-year-old Mike would be short-lived, may now hide their faces in shame while everybody croons lullabies!

I’ve never more enjoyed hostessing a party than the one I gave in the garden of my home honoring William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful wife, Austin. I’ve known Bill since he was a little boy, and I am so proud of the way he is following, so brilliantly, in his father’s journalistic path.

Everybody came to greet Bill and “Bootie” —so many acceptances, in fact, that we put up a cellophane tent and set up white tables with vivid umbrellas in the garden.

Lena Turner, in a beige cocktail dress and coat that exactly matched her hair, came with Fernando Lamas—who else? These two, so much in love, held hands all the time they were here.

Jack Benny came “stag” because Mary had already left for London. I have to tell you something amusing Jack said to Ava Gardner, whose hair was surprisingly blonde, looking like a doll’s wig.

“Honey,” began Jack, tactfully, “I’m not your husband. But if I were, I’d ask you to get rid of that damned blonde hair and be a beautiful brunette again!”

Frankie Sinatra died laughing, but he didn’t say anything! Ava was a good scout and laughed, too.

I never realized how small Merle Oberon is until I saw her talking with Father Thomas English, the tallest priest in America—six feet eight inches. Merle’s neck was absolutely bent backwards.

Grace Allen had a wonderful time singing with the string band.

Jane Wyman said, “What do you mean, stealing my stuff? I’m the one who has gone crazy over singing in public.” Jane wore a pearl gray cocktail dress and matching coat along the same line as Lena’s. She really looked stunning.

Ginger Rogers wore black chiffon with beautiful blue earrings and necklace.

Cary Grant and Betsy had to leave early, reluctantly, because they have a new cook who gets violent migraine headaches.

Sylvia Ashley Gable sat with the David Nivens and said she was so glad to see so many of her “old pals” again. Sylvia has put on weight, but that is natural. She hasn’t been able to move around much since she hurt her foot so badly. She has to use a crutch.

I was particularly proud that California’s Governor Earl Warren and his charming wife were able to attend. The Governor always seems to enjoy himself so much.

Rosalind Russell wore a little yellow hat with a tiny yellow veil over her eyes—very flattering.

Norma Shearer Arrouge looked wonderful in a smart black suit and hat.

I’d just like to say—as maybe I shouldn’t—
"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

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

Wonderfully mild and gentle—does not dry or irritate!

Leaves hair soft, manageable—shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

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

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

HALO
Shampoo
For Normal, Oily or Dry Hair
COLOGNE
For Normal, Oily or Dry Hair

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

that I had an awfully good time, myself, at my own party.

INGRID BERGMAN wept as though her heart would break in a thousand pieces when she read Pia's statement, "I do not love my mother. I like her. I love my father."

Every effort had been made to keep the newspapers away from Ingrid, who was very ill in Rome just before the birth of her twin daughters. But she got hold of them anyway.

A very close friend—who had talked with her over Trans-Atlantic telephone—later told me, "She is crushed. Completely crushed."

It is very hard for me to believe that Pia wasn't coached in her testimony when she said, "I seldom saw my mother. She was usually working, or away, or tired."

I remember when Ingrid was making Joan Of Arc and I visited her on the set. It was a big production in which a fortune was being poured. But she was always the mother as well as the great actress carrying a heavy load.

The day I lunched with her, Pia was there, so gay, so devoted to her mother and so worshipful that she had her hair cut just like Ingrid!

I know, too, that the little girl came often to the studio and lunched with her mother. And time after time I saw them shopping in Beverly Hills with their arms around each other.

Whenever I ran into Ingrid, she never failed to tell me about Pia, some sweet thing she had said or done or about how proud she was of her good school cards.

As for Dr. Peter Linestrom, I know what I am talking about when I say his private life is far from an open book. I know of a marriage into which he brought great unhappiness himself. And, this he will not dare to deny.

It is up to him to undo the terrible damage he wrought in permitting a 13-year-old girl to read everything printed in the papers and the actual transcript of the Bergman-Russellini affair.

No mother in the world should live to hear her daughter say she does not love her.

RIGHT at the height of Jane Wyman's rug-cutting party at the Tiffany Club, Jerry Lewis said, "Man—this is a WHAM-BAMMIE!"

I'm not sure what a wham-bammlie is, but I've never seen so many top stars letting down their hair and cutting up their feet!

It was a farewell for Jane's friends, the William Perlbergs, who were leaving for Europe where Bill will direct the Bing Crosby picture.

Jane had taken over the small nightclub, where so many hot jive bands play when they come to Los Angeles. How that Janie loves jive, and she looked so cute in a décolleté red-and-white checked gingham gown.

Believe it or not, but when I got there such "dignified" people as Greer Garson, Gary Cooper, Van Heflin, Barbara Stanwyck and some producers and agents were hot-footing it like crazy to Red Nichols and His Five Pennies band!

As for Betty Hutton and Charles O'Curran—they are such wonderful jive dancers they could turn professional.

Everyone took Janie at her word and came in gingham and cottons—everyone but Evie Johnson (Van's wife) who was done to the
Just for You

THE BIG, BACKSTAGE MUSICAL
IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

SOngs for you! More tunes than Technicolor has colors! Hits like "Zing A Little Zong," that Bing and Jane sock into... the way they warbled "Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening" into an Academy Award!

SPECTACLE for you! Scenes packed with color and gayety and gorgeous girls and music galore... like the "Bahia" production number, that you'll number among the best!

Stars for you! Bing and Jane team up to bring you their best brand of singing, dancing and loving! Ethel Barrymore lets her hair down! And MORE performing surprises!

Story for you! All about show business, showmen and beautiful showgirls. No business, no people, no picture like it!

Produced by PAT DUGGAN • Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Screenplay by ROBERT CARSON
Based on "FAMOUS" by Stephen Vincent Benét • Songs: Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by LEO ROBIN

A Paramount Picture starring
BING CROSBY, JANE WYMAN, ETHEL BARRYMORE
EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents... shift-free driving... soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say... "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply... FREE

5-DAY LABORATORIES, Box #1001
DEPT. MS-9, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK
Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME:______________________________
ADDRESS:__________________________
CITY:__________________ ZONE:________ STATE:________

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Debbie Reynolds is dressed as a football for her latest picture I Love Melvin. She'll be passed from dancer to dancer in one number.

tooth in full evening regalia. But she had fun.
Tyrone Power took a turn at the drums!
The fun went on until five o'clock in the a.m. I'll never know how Janie got up the next day, packed her two children, and took off for the East.

ELEANOR POWELL was hysterical as she sobbed. "Let me get myself together—I've never been so unhappy. Yes, Glenn (Ford) and I are having trouble, but I'm too miserably confused to talk now."

This was the climax to a long series of rumors that Glenn and his dancer wife, Ellie, were on the verge of ending their nine-year marriage.

Last year when Glenn went to Europe to be gone a long time making Green Gloves and took his mother, the whispers of trouble were really shouts around Hollywood.

But Eleanor held fast to her story and to her hope that their marriage would survive. When Glenn returned from Europe after four months, he went home to Ellie and their six-year-old son, Peter, whom both adore. Apparently, all was well or, at least, calmed down.

Then, Glenn went off to Europe again—this time to make Time Bomb for MGM—another jaunt of three or four months.

Eleanor, at first, told me that she had no idea where Glenn was. Her mother, highly excited, called later and said that Glenn was in the house all the time these hysterics were going on.

Whether he was or he wasn't, I hope by the time you read this that things will be well between the Fords again.

THINKING OUT LOUD: Red Skelton must watch his health—all the fame and success in the world isn't worth what Red is pouring into his work. Too much work. A certain beautiful blonde babe is drinking too much. . . . You'd be surprised if you knew what top star, ultra dignified, has a great big crush on Jane Wyman. Tried to get his plane ticket changed to the train, just so he could ride East with Janie and her children. . . . Barbara Stanwyck is finally "over" Robert Taylor. . . .

Speaking of Bob, he's been dating Mickey...
"Wake up your 'sleeping beauty'!

says Yvonne de Carlo

clean deeper
with Woodbury Cold Cream

"So many women have natural beauty... and what do they do? They let it sleep under a blanket of stale make-up!" says Yvonne de Carlo. You must get to the bottom of stale make-up and grime. Ordinary cleansing doesn't do it, but Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest

"You'll look fresher, younger," says Yvonne de Carlo, star of "SCARLET ANGEL," a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream with Penaten on your skin today! 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Rock Hudson gives Ann Blyth a lift as they step off the plane that brought them East for a number of personal appearances together.

Rooney's ex, Martha Vickers,... Rita Hayworth is really working very hard on Salome. None of the headaches and suspensions connected with her comeback movie, Affair In Trinidad. But she does find time to dine quietly now and then with Richard Greene. ... Doris Day threw out her Early American furniture in favor of French Provincial—which is Early French to the French. ... The "upsets" between Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae making The Desert Song have not blown out in the open as did her troubles with Mario Lanza. Kathie seems such an easy-going gal off screen. What happens with her and her singing co-stars?

Talked with John Wayne right after he made up his mind that his marriage to Esperanza was definitely over. For weeks his Mexican wife, nicknamed Chata, had kept him dangling about their marital status and finally the worm turned. It was John who said, "I've had enough." "I can't take any more—and still keep my dignity, Louella," the No. 1 star at the box office told me. "I was absolutely bewildered when I returned from Honolulu, expecting to join Chata, to find that she had taken off for Mexico."

"When we were both in Honolulu, she promised to join me there again after a short trip back home. She never returned. Never offered any explanation."

"Things were getting to the point where I didn't know whether I was married or not. It was an intolerable situation." I asked John if it is true, as everyone said, that Chata was very jealous of his love for his four children by his first wife, Jo, and of the frequent visits he made to their home.

"That part of the gossip isn't true, and I can't say that against her. But I can no longer be kept dangling at her apron strings about whether she wants me or not. Not—and keep my self-respect." John wouldn't discuss whether there is now a chance that he and Jo will re-marry. But their friends are keeping their fingers crossed hoping they do.

Well, Rock Hudson is back with Vera-Ellen, as of this writing.
"I do what
I love and
I love what
I do!"

She's Back!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

RITA
HAYWORTH
GLENN
FORD

SHARING THAT "GILDA" KIND OF LOVE AGAIN

in Affair in Trinidad

with Alexander Scourby · Valerie Bettis · Torin Thatcher
Screen Play by OSCAR SAUL and JAMES GUNN · Produced and Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN · A BECKWORTH CORPORATION PRODUCTION
I dreamed I opened the World Series in my maidenform bra

What marvelous control! I’ll be winning every inning . . . so fittingly supported by my Maidenform Over-ture.* Undercup stitching gives me such a lilting lift!
No wonder more women wear Maidenform than any other bra on earth!

Over-ture in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta, from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maiden Form, N.Y. 16.
There is a maidenform for every type of figure.

Even after these two broke their engagement and started dating others, they still didn’t seem to forget.
He is supposed to be Marilyn Maxwell’s big moment now—and Vera has been getting zee beeg rush from Ernie Byfield, Jr. So, frankly, I don’t seem able to puzzle out just what will eventually happen between Rock and Vera.

HERE’S A TIP, gals. Jane Groer says that only relaxed women are glamorous.
“Can you imagine Marlene Dietrich, or Garbo, or Hedy Lamarr chattering like magpies at men, giggling on a dance floor, running here or there in breathless confusion?
“No—if a girl wants to go in for the glamour treatment, the first thing she has to learn is—take it easy. Not only that—it’s a beautifier. The girl who crinkles her face up and goes into contortions when she laughs gets nothing but—wrinkles.
“I don’t mean a girl should be spiritless and dull—but soft-pedal the voice, keep cool, be a little remote and mysterious if you want your husband or boyfriend to think you’re glamorous.”

Had to laugh over the way the rumor started that Doris Day and Marty Melcher are “expecting.” Doris’ seven-year-old son by a previous marriage, Terry, went to a kid’s party.
One of the children asked Terry if he had any little brothers or sisters. “Nope,” he said, “But we got one coming up!”
When I checked Doris, she said laughing, “I’m afraid that’s just wishful thinking on Terry’s part—right now, anyway.”

THE LETTER BOX: Alma Totters, Huntington, Tenn., writes: “What has happened to June Haver? She is my very favorite. She seems to be slipping both on the screen and in magazine interviews.” June isn’t slipping, Alma. She has been ill, which has delayed her newest picture, and naturally she has not been available for interviews.
“Ellie,” Brooklyn, wants to know: “Don’t you like Rory Calhoun?” Of course I do. He’s one of the best-looking actors in town, and just as nice as he looks. He’s very happy these days now that he and his lovely wife Lita are on the Stork’s list.
Have you ever been troubled by

- DANDRUFF?
- STIFF, DRY HAIR?
- UNMANAGEABLE HAIR?
- DULL, LISTLESS HAIR?
- FRIZZY PERMANENTS?
- HARD-TO-SET-HAIR?
- TIGHT SCALP?

DON'T MISS A WORD of this special message! Learn how a simple hair conditioning treatment you can give your hair at home, GUARANTEES new beauty, new highlights, manageability, better health for your hair, or double your money back.

For soft, shining hair tomorrow... tonight —

CREAM-TONE your hair

with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

Is your scalp tight, dry, dandruff? Is your hair dull, listless, hard to manage? Have permanents, hair dyes, today's high-tension living all taken their toll?

Then you're the girl who ought to know about the recent discovery in hair care that has excited the whole world of beauty.

It is called CREAM-TONING... and it is something you can do at home. You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils! You don't have to fuss with wet towels!

CREAM-TONING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple, inexpensive. And, oh, what wonders it works for your hair!

NEW PRODUCT makes
NEW TREATMENT POSSIBLE!

The product that makes cream-toning possible is brand new. It is smooth, creamy Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing. Flower-pink, flower-fragrant, it is a skillful blend of soothing, scalp-conditioning lanolin, costly cholesterol and other ingredients that contribute in rich measure to hair beauty.

How to CREAM-TONE your hair with LADY WILDOOT!

It's easy! First brush your hair. Then part it, section by section. Rub Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing gently but thoroughly into your scalp, along the line of every part. Don't be afraid to use plenty; it's good for your hair.

Continue rubbing until all the cream disappears — leaving your scalp glistening, relaxed, cream-washed, cream-toned. Now relax! Give the rich emollients in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing time to soften and soothe. Let the luxurious lanolized oils work their magic all the way from your scalp to the very tip ends of your hair! Keep the cream on as long as you wish — a few minutes, a half hour, or even over-night.

After CREAM-TONING... Shampoo!

Now for a good shampoo! You'll like the active bubbly lather in Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the way it dissolves and floods away any remaining excess cream, taking with it dirt, grime, loose dandruff.

Give your hair a second quick-suading — with Lady Wildroot Shampoo! Then rinse, dry, and set.

Now, look at your hair! Your scalp is so pink and clean it glistens. Your hair is so fresh and clean it gleams. It's soft, radiant, beautifully manageable — easy to coax into deep, easy waves. Women troubled with dry hair, frizziness, split ends, find this cream-tone conditioning a joyous discovery. Women with too-oily, sticky, gummy hair like the way it does away with excess oil.

TRY IT TONIGHT!

You'll never know, you couldn't begin to guess, your hair's own natural too-long-hidden beauty until you CREAM-TONE your scalp with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing!

(Girls who haven't time for a complete CREAM-TONE treatment put a teaspoon of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the final rinse — after an ordinary shampoo — and find their hair extra soft, extra radiant, extra manageable — snarls and tangles magically smoothed. Others use Lady Wildroot for daily good grooming — to tame fly-away locks, calm unruly curls and straggles.)

GUARANTEED! or double your money back!

If you have been hunting for a solution to dry hair, oily hair, frizzy hair; if you want to see how gloriously lovely your hair can be... then tonight, CREAM-TONE your hair. Your favorite store has Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing in the 50¢ and $1.00 sizes.

If you don't agree tomorrow morning that your scalp is cleaner, your hair more radiant, then return the bottle and Wildroot will gladly send you Double your money back.

Don't forget — BE glamorous, Be beautiful. Tonight... CREAM-TONE your hair... with Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.
Sweater Sweeties—
With a wardrobe of the new plain 'n fancy sweaters, you're well-dressed for dates or duty, any hour, any day. But sweaters can be irritating, if you use a deodorant that leaves the skin raw and sensitive. That's why it's smart to use Yodora, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Yodora is gentle and pure as your face cream. A recent four-week test among more than a hundred women, supervised by a leading skin specialist, showed not one single case of underarm skin irritation from using Yodora, even when applied immediately after shaving!

Dancing Dolls—
Show-off shoulder dresses click at folk or formal dances. But be sure your underarm is "show-off" soft and lovely. Yodora, used daily, not only stops perspiration odor effectively, it also softens, smooths and beautifies the skin. Massage feet, too, with Yodora, to help keep them fresh and untiring through the evening.

Tip for Teens—
Don't use too-heavy make-up on sensitive adolescent skin; nor a too-strong deodorant.
In a recent study among readers of a leading women's magazine, one out of two women reported they had suffered underarm skin irritation from using too-hard deodorants. This need never happen to you if you use Yodora, the "beauty cream" deodorant. Tubes or jars 10¢, 35¢, 60¢

hollywood report
by Mike Connolly

WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

This is how feuds start. Olivia de Havilland told me she went backstage after a performance of Medea to congratulate Judith Anderson, the star. Olivia was accompanied by her agent, Kurt Frings. Judith grabbed Kurt's arm, pulled him into her dressing room, and slammed the door in Olivia's face! Hurt, Olivia went home, vowing never to speak to Judith again. But next day Kurt called her and explained: That afternoon, before the show, a thief broke into Judith's hotel room, cleaned it out and left an ace of spades on her dresser! Judith, accordingly, was barely able to stagger through her performance... Olivia understands now. But she still hasn't heard from Judith... Aklo Ray is under orders from Harry Cohn not to date till his divorce is straightened out... Virginia Mayo froze to her table at a party when another gal walked in wearing the same dress. Only on Mayo it looked better!

Lynn Bari was first to congratulate Sid Luft on his marriage to Judy Garland. But she also reminded him not to forget to pay ten percent of his earnings, as agreed upon in their divorce agreement—"or I'll sue again"... Hollywood was horrified by the news from New York that John Garfield's funeral was turned into a shambles by screaming matrons who wanted autographs from the famous people who came to pay their last respects... Shelley Winters and her Vittorio got crates of congratulatory telegrams on their wedding but none from U-I, which suspended her about the same time... Hal LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother, got a job selling fishing tackle in a Hollywood sporting goods store. He and Joan haven't spoken for several years, although he has joined Alcoholics Anonymous... Kathryn Grayson burned when Johnny Johnston filed for a quick Mexican divorce after she had filed for a California divorce. Hers isn't final until October, and she doesn't want any hitches such as an action like Johnny's might cause.

ODD'S BODKINS:

Tony Curtis took advantage of his suspension from U-I to go fishing at Durango, Colo., while Janet was making Naked Spur there for MGM. Bob Taylor got wind that the fishing was good and planned out to join them. Which makes two extra men, for the statistically minded... Natives of Samoa kept asking when Gary Cooper would arrive to shoot Return To Paradise. They see American movies, too, and this is their name for Gary: Big Coop, the Fierce, Great Indian Fighter... Mario Lanza's weight continues to give him trouble. He slipped to a dangerous 158 but got up to 163 fast via a pound of butter and a cup of olive oil every day... One reason Marlon Brando was so good in Streetcar Named Desire: He spent months beforehand studying the corner-of-the-mouth mannerisms of prizefighter Rocky Graziano at Rocky's training camp... Bing Crosby, who always has a pipe stuck in his kisser, actually smokes only four pipefuls a day.

Leslie Caron's spouse, George Hormel, lined up that singing date at the Cafe Gala for himself just to prove there's still some ham in the Hormels... Has anyone noticed that Fernando Lamas started his Hollywood dating career with Ava Gardner?... And that Lana Turner used to go with Frankie Sinatra?... That right-side profile of Stewart Granger in a national picture magazine was the first to hit the public prints. He's one guy who can turn his best profile (that's his left!) to the camera quicker'n
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

and look as SLIM as this...

VERA MAXWELL, top New York designer, says:
"Fashion accents slim hips as well as slim waistlines this fall. It's a season of smoothness, of sleek and softly curving lines. And the slender secret of it all is your Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!"

Whether fall means back-to-school or back-to-social-whirl, you'll find Playtex is perfect! Made of smooth latex lined with cloud-soft fabric, it's invisible under your slenderest clothes. From tummy-trimming top to four Adjust-All garters, it hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. And, it washes in seconds, dries in a flash!

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Playtex Fab-Lined Girdles from $5.95. Other Playtex Girdles—Living® and Pink-Ice—from $3.90, at department stores and specialty shops. Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdles With New Adjust-All Garters

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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 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.

Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays

hollywood report continued

you can say Claudette Colbert, another fast-turner. . . . "Lady" Sylvia Gable still uses that title, although it's been many years since she was married to Lord Ashley. . . . Barbara Payton waits outside the Hollywood State Unemployment Office while Tom Neal picks up his $25 check. But in a Cadillac!

FINANCIAL PAGE:

What makes a movie cost $4,000,000? Well, the ballet slippers for Jeanne Mance, Farley Granger's dancing partner in Hans Christian Andersen, and for the other dancing cuties in the picture set Sam Goldwyn back $14,000. One small item! . . . Remember when MGM loaned Van Johnson $100,000 to buy a house? He has let it lapse back to the studio, which in turn re-sold it, but at a loss . . . Average hourly earnings of people working in the movies are now at a peak of $2.75, the highest of any industry. They compare with an average of $2.25 in coal mining; $2.21 in building; $2.10 in oil refining; $1.89 in steel. Lowest is for laundry workers: 92 cents . . . Paulette Goddard's person and jewelry are insured for close to $1,000,000, which makes her one of the country's top five holders of such policies . . . Dana Andrews signed to do Glass Menagerie in the summer theatres for $2,000 a week guarantee, plus a percentage of the boxoffice take. He also insisted that his wife play the part of the crippled girl.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

The usually cagey little Debbie Reynolds admitted to me that Bob Wagner is her favorite—and that his absence from town is why she didn't attend her pal Leslie Caron's party . . . In jail for shooting Jennings Lang, Walter Wagner said, "It is like nothing that I thought it would be. I can tell you that the men in my tank at the jail are a more polite and interesting group than many I've met at Hollywood parties" . . . Gene Tierney paid her stand-in's way to Europe for her stunt opposite Gable in Never Let Me Go . . . Incidentally, Gene's most recent beau, Ivan Mihanovich of the Argentine polo team, is a fast 221 . . . Mama Angeli no longer chaperones Pier's dates. Hmm . . . Sign on the Hollywood Baptist Church: "U Can't Spell Church Without U" . . . June Haver spent her birthday at her mother's bedside in St. John's Hospital . . . While bedridden during her recent illness, Mala Powers kept up with the world by looking at TV. Howard Hughes sent her the set.

This is what they were saying when Judy Garland got married: "So Sid Luft is what you find over the rainbow?" Joe Pasternak wrote Pfc Vic Damone in Germany that he's lining up three pictures for Vic after his release—this in spite of Vic's having almost a year to go with Uncle Sam . . .
Brady guy told me: "Dorothy Malone has merely to say, 'Great, Scott!' and she'll be Scott's Dot!' It rhymes! ... Cpl. James Mac- Vicar, Martha Vickers' kid brother, won a medal for heroism in Korea ... Irving Berlin was prouder of his daughter Linda getting a part in Pasadena Playhouse's Life With Mother than of any song he ever wrote ... Coincidental with the announcement of her approaching motherhood, Myrna Loy said she's writing finds to her film career ... Exciting new twosome: Rita Hayworth and Charles FitzSimons, Maureen O'Hara's brother and a fast man on his feet!

**QUICK QUOTES:**

When Margaret O'Brien waved overdramatic on Bob Hope's television benefit for the Cerebral Palsy Fund, Jackie Coogan nudged a nearby actor and remarked, "Gee, I'm glad I never grew up!" ... Starlet, speaking of a bore: "I spent eight months with him last night!" ... Preston Sturges' recipe for keeping calm: "Talk a morgue into selling you the heart of a man who died in anger, put it in a jar of alcohol, keep it on your desk as a reminder" ... Eavesdropped above the cry of hue at La-Rue: "But she doesn't LOOK 42! Unless you get real close to her—like 20 feet" ... Monica Lewis un-bosed this in my good ear: "MGM wants me to have a scrubbed, shiny look but I don't like it. What girl wants to look like she's been scouring her face with Kitchen Klenzer all morning?" ... Swaggering starlet to her bosom pal: "I've had three offers from producers so far this week but they were all married" ... At a party, I asked a star, "What's new?" She replied, "If I break up any homes I'll call you."

**FUNNIES:**

Red Skelton's sage advice for Debra Paget: "The girl who swears she has never been kissed has a right to swear" ... Ray Bolger overheard it coming out of a movie: "I don't like those double features. I always eat too much" ... Johnnie Ray sounds so much like a revivallist, the only way Fred Allen can enjoy his singing is on his knees ... We spent hours trying to check if it were true Johnnie said of his wedding to Marilyn Morrison, "I'm so happy I could laugh!" ... I got a card postmarked Durango from Janet. It said, "Tony caught his 26th fish today."

We call him Huckleberry Schwartz" ... At the end of the reissued bloodtinders, Frankenstein and Dracula, there's a trailer called Help Your Blood Bank ... Ed Wynn, who counted 'em, reports 275 Wong numbers in the Los Angeles phone directory! ... Movie heroine at a party: "Don't you think she looks terrible in that low-cut gown?" Movie hero: "Not as far as I can see!" ... Jean-Pierre Aumont, back in town after too long away, said the climate in Hollywood must be wonderful—because not one of the women he knew would admit to being a day older than when he was last here in 1949.

**NEW SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO**

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

**BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR COLOR WITH SPARKLE-GIVING LATHER**

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!

**BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS** with bright gold. For Shasta's rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually "super" cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.

**BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES** with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

**RED HAIR GLOWS** with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

**GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES** with silver. Yes, Shasta's sparkle-giving lather brightens all hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches your hair color.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

**NEW SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO**

FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR
Slim
The Way
The Stars Slim

• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy

The
Loreliest
Women
in the World
take AYDS

containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

Hollywood Report continued

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

John Wayne's wife, Chata, left him flat in Honolulu, where they had planned to spend time together while he was shooting Big Jim McClain. It was their second separation of the year. John, in a long-distance conversation from Honolulu, denied they were separated. Chata, who was here, denied it too, and then flew off to Mexico. And when John got back to the mainland he scratched his head, looked bewildered, and said, "You’d better ask Chata—I don't know if we are or not!" . . .

Tony Carroll and Abigail Adams, both claiming to be Georgie Jessel's protégées, fought over the title at Charley Hoy's Supper Club. Afterwards, graying Georgie said, "It's highly complimentary to an old duffer like me" . . . Shock of the year: Pia Lindstrom's refusal to visit her mother in Italy, "I don't love her," she said of Ingrid. "I like her all right, but I love my father." What a price for Bergman to pay—the love of a daughter who once loved her above everything else!

Stewart Granger's habit of yelling at his wife, Jean Simmons, in public is beginning to wear on various and sundry nerves hereabouts. He ordered her off his Prisoner Of Zenda set . . . It was a tug-of-war between Olivia de Haviland, Vivien Leigh and Greta Garbo as to who would get the starring role in My Cousin Rachel. Director George Cukor wanted Garbo most but Livie got it. Later, George said he doesn't think Garbo will ever make another movie . . . The Piper Laurie-Tony Curtis feud is reminiscent of the fussin' and fightin' that Joyce Reynolds and Bob Hutton staged in Hollywood six years ago, and what's happened to them? . . . The Gassmanns' landlady evicted Shell and Gus because she wanted their apartment for her newly-wed daughter . . . MGM had an awful time deciding between Pete Lawford, Van Johnson, Farley Granger and Dean Miller for Jamie Powell's leading man in Small Town Girl. Farley was the last-minute decision—and it was a hurried one. Picture had to be made fast because Jane's baby is due Dec. 10.

DANCING DOLLS:

Is it news to you too that Marge Champion got her start in pictures modeling Snow White for the Walt Disney cartoon film? Warners rush-previewed Virginia Mayo's Working Her Way Through College, which as you know is about a burlesque in school, to tie in with the much-publicized panty raids taking place just before schools around the country let out for the summer . . . Columbia's Salome won't be as bloodthirsty as others you may have seen or read about. Princess Rits will not be called upon to dance with the head of John the Baptist on a platter . . . Samia Gamal was supposed to wear a six-karat dia-
mon in her navel, a gift from hubby Shep King, when she opened at Circo's. I looked, as did everybody else who was there, but no diamond. The gal gave Hollywood some real lessons in shaking, however.

SEX APPEAL:

That much-publicized nude statue of Mrs. Tyrone Power isn't new at all, Peter Lambda did it of Linda in England in 1930 when Ty was doing Mr. Roberts on the stage there... A CBS-TV censor explained television's new purity code to Marie Wilson: "A V-neck is okay but you can't get away with a U-neck any more..." Marilyn Monroe (incidentally, did you notice how RKO billed her as The Calendar Girl for Clash By Night?) autographed one of her nude calendar poses to a photographer as follows "Wish it could have been you..." The Breen Office returned one of sweet little Pier Angeli's still photos to MGM with the cleavage X'd out.

LONG HUNCH DEPT'?

Travis Kellefeld looks like Hollywood's new Greg Bautzer. He hounded from Jane Wyman to Beulah Wynn to Ann Miller... You haven't heard the end of a new feud? Jane's out W's with John Carroll. Someone relayed to him that she had said she'd rather walk the 11 miles back to Los Angeles from the Pomona County Fair than stay and listen to him sing during her visit there... Speaking of singing, Gary Crosby is really setting himself up for a vocalist's career. He joined the Glee Club at Stanford University... It looks like we'll soon learn the truth of another feud—that of another Jane W. (Withers, that is!) with Shirley Temple. Jane is writing her biography... Greer Garson isn't about to let MGM or anybody else cast her in any more of those "charming matron" roles.

HOME FIRES BURNING:

Kirk Douglas rented a house for his kids, only to have them tell him they wanted to spend the summer in camp... Baby Bacall moved into the new house down the hill the first night of moving. But Bogie, overcome by nostalgia, slept over in the old one!... In Jerry Lewis' new home movie, A Spot In The Shade, which is a take-off on—you guessed it—A Place In The Sun, Tony and Janet will play the parts originated by Monty Clift and Liz Taylor... Betty Grable is still queen at 20th. When she came back to work after her long "vacation," she still had the best table in the commissary and the studio had remedied her dressing room... After quitting MGM because they assigned her "too many pregnant housewife roles," Nancy Davis Reagan expects the baby in December... When Vic Mature's pal, Bud Evans, got out of the Coast Guard, Vic gave him garage living quarters, then made him manager of his TV stores. Now Bud's well-to-do and is building his own home, complete with swimming pool. But Vic still doesn't have a pool!
Don’t be dismayed if the "monthly" days come during a spell of sweltering weather. There’s no need for you to endure all those summer discomforts—if you will change your method of monthly protection from the external sanitary pad to internally worn Tampax. What will happen? You will escape odor and chafing and you will escape the warm perspiration-bulk of the sanitary pad.

Tampax does even more. It discards the whole belt-pin-pad harness because it is worn internally. There is nothing outside to twist or bulge or show ridges under light summer clothing. No need to remove while taking tub or shower or while swimming.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed into dainty applicators. Easy to insert and, when in place, absolutely unfelt by the wearer. Disposal naturally no trouble.

You get Tampax at drug and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbency-sizes. An average month’s supply slips into your purse; the economy box holds 4 months’ average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth, a lot of beautiful Technicolor and the directorial talents of Raoul Walsh have been lavished by Universal on this adventure tale of the 1850’s, most of which takes place in San Francisco and Alaska back in the days when the latter was owned by the Russian Czar. Peck, playing the part of “the Boston Man,” an unscrupulous captain of a sealing boat, dons the fortune’s worth of pelts in San Francisco and settles down in the swankiest hotel in town to take his ease for a while. At one of the liveliest grand balls in movie history, he meets Russian noblewoman Ann Blyth, who wants desperately to get to Alaska. Since he has a well-known aversion for Russians, she pretends to be her own lady-in-waiting. But before they can get married, she is abducted by a Russian prince and carried by gunboat to Alaska. There follows an exciting sea chase, between Peck and a rival sealer, climaxing when the crews of both ships fall into the hands of the Russians. How it all ends is a wonder, but it does and with the principals safe and sound and together again.
DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK

When a white-faced, simply dressed and vacant-eyed Marilyn Monroe first appears in the drab New York hotel suite of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jones to act as their baby-sitter for an evening, it is quite clear that the movie audience is in for a truft and unusual experience. Miss Monroe's movements are so persuasively tense, the camera changes so suggestive, the dialogue so simple yet full of so many unspoken overtones that the scene is set for some sort of real explosion. A story like this, for all its psychology, still depends on surprise, so let's just say that it concerns an airline pilot and his girl friend who sings in the hotel's somewhat crummy cocktail lounge; the young out-of-towner played by Miss Monroe; her uncle, a hotel elevator operator; and the Joneses, father, mother and child. Important as all these people are to the film as a whole, it is pilot Richard Widmark and Miss Monroe who get most of the footage, singly and together, and they make the most of their many moments. The pace at which a "shocker" moves determines to a large degree the tense-ness it creates, and in this case the timing is a beautiful thing to watch. Director Roy Baker, with the help of a tightly written script and an imaginative camera, gradually works what seem to be separate stories into one shattering climax. The movie suggests, incidentally, that Widmark—at his tough and tender best in this one—deserves a chance at a wider range of parts and that Miss Monroe, under a fine director, can produce a real variety of screen portraits.


THE QUIET MAN

Seventeen years after making The Informer, a milestone in his own artistic career as well as motion-picture history, director John Ford has returned to Ireland for the scene of his new film. But he has returned in a different day and in a different mood, and the setting is hardly recognizable as the same. For the earlier picture was a somber one, a penetrating, pitying psychological study of a man who betrayed his comrades-in-arms. The Quiet Man, on the other hand, is a comparatively sunny picture, filled with the lilt of Irish laughter and side-remarks by Barry Fitzgerald. Prizefighter John Wayne returns to Inisfree, the Irish village of his birth. He buys his family's old farmhouse and tries to win the hand of Maureen O'Hara, a local lass with a temper like th' civil and a brother like the same. Finally he succeeds, with the combined conniving of the whole community, including the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister, but finds that his troubles with both his wife and her brother, Victor McLaglen, have just begun. The problem is: Why won't Wayne fight back? The script makes much of the fact that Wayne's final blow in his last ring battle in the U. S. was a fatal one for his opponent, and he doesn't want to use his fists again. No one except the audience and the minister knows this, but the possible drama in the incident is drained when his sole confidant urges him to get in training again and slug it out. Each picture-postcard scene, each person contributes a memorable bit, and none of the principals has ever been better, so that The Quiet Man ends up mellow, sentimental and entertaining.

Cast: John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Barry Fitzgerald, Victor McLaglen.—Republic.

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

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
JUMPING JACKS

The U. S. Army, and the paratroopers in particular, will probably never be the same again, for Jerry Lewis gives both of them a thorough going-over in Jumping Jacks, the latest and one of the wildest, zaniest and funniest of the Martin-Lewis films. Jerry gives himself a thorough work-out, too. This time, as a New York night-club entertainer on his way to big-time success with Mona Freeman, he receives an SOS from his former partner, Dean Martin. A paratrooper in training, the latter has promised his camp some top-flight entertainment. Naturally the show can't go on without Jerry, but just as naturally Jerry, a civilian turned down for service because of an ear condition, can't appear in an all-soldier show. So they rig up a uniform for him—on Jerry it could more properly be called a costume—and the fun begins, for everyone but Jerry anyway. Not only does Jerry get in the show and go over big, but he can't get out of the Army. His private war with that familiar institution, personified this time most by a regular Army sergeant (Robert Strauss), with his onetime pal Dean and with the military mind in general (and a couple of generals in particular) provides the rest of the plot as well as plenty of hilarity. Jerry, in his wacky way, has never been a more lovable comic, and for that reason Jumping Jacks is a signpost pointing to a possible picture future for the Martin-Lewis team. If the scripts-to-come can help intensify this comparatively sympathetic quality, if Jerry himself works at it, Lewis may eventually develop into a really fine film clown. Meanwhile he's a good deal funnier than almost any one else around.

Cast: Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Mona Freeman, Robert Strauss.—Paramount.

SALLY AND SAINT ANNE

Sally And Saint Anne is an unpretentious little Irish-American family comedy with an unusual twist: Saint Anne plays an important role as the protagonist's ally and protector, although she never appears on the scene. Every time Ann Blyth, as little Sally O'Moyne, one of a close-knit clan, wants something one of her family or friends she notes it down in her diary and in good time prays to a statue of the good saint. Since everything she asks for comes true, naturally she credits the saint. When, for example, Sally hopes that Alderman McCarthy, with whom the O'Moynes have been feuding these many years, will get a black eye, lo! and if he doesn't appear in the parish church the next Sunday sporting a shiner. And that's nothing to what the heavenly hierarchy have in store for the black-souled city official in succeeding scenes. These follow Sally's family through a good many fights with the evil alderman and Sally herself through a solving of a number of teen-age troubles in which Saint Anne is usually an off-stage agent of the plot. The plot, though, is merely a number of old vaudevillian acts, shaken out of moth balls, and that's not enough. Sally And Saint Anne turns out to be all twist and no new trimmings.


SUDDEN FEAR

It's seldom that things start happening as fast as they do in this Joan Crawford film. That's just as well, because after the immediate action there's a long stretch of almost relaxing romancing, and for a while Sudden Fear seems to be a disappointment. It turns out, however, that the love sequence is just a movie trick to lull the audience, as it does Miss Crawford, into a false sense of security, for fright, flight and all sorts of melodramatic maneuvers are just around the corner. Playing a successful playwright helping to rehearse one of her plays before it goes on Broadway, she fires the leading man because he's "no Casanova" (he's Jack Palance), and —crack! bang!—there's the beginning of a plot any playwright could be proud of. Casanova or not, he does something to her. She changes her mind about the man, if not about his suitability for the part, marries him and settles down for a blissful existence high above the Marina in San Francisco. Always the audience realizes that her existence can be neither blissful nor settled for long, but Miss Crawford's playwright is a woman who has never tasted real happiness before, and she savors it to the full until suddenly, by sheer chance, something happens that brings her to with a rude shock. Fearful she now is, but a woman of character and determination she remains. How she reacts to what menaces her makes for a novel suspense story. The dialogue, camera work, over-all direction and especially the performances are so well keyed, the final scene in particular so cliff-hanging that one must forgive the slight shortcomings of the scenario.

Cast: Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame.—RKO.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED

The title tells the story of the gimmick behind this film, but it hardly hints at the hilarity that results when six marriages are suddenly dissolved. On Christmas Eve, Justice of the Peace Victor Moore makes his first mistake. He fails to read all the documents that permit him to marry people beginning January 1, so he unwittingly jumps the gun. The whole problem poses itself a few years later when one couple sue each other for a divorce. Then there are the complicated situations of five further couples: (1) Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers—This bickering pair, known professionally as the "Glorious Grahame," each other primarily to sell a radio network on an early-hour husband-and-wife breakfast show. (2) Paul Douglas and Eve Arden—A talkative Long Island couple before they married, they live a monosyllabic suburban existence, with one evening's big news the arrival of the new Book-of-the-Month. When Douglas opens his mispronunciation of the rhubarb, he begins considering the possibility of returning to the ways of his prime rose past. (3) David Wayne and Marilyn Monroe—Wayne wears the apron in this family, for his wife has won the title of "Mrs. Mississippi" and seems bent on becoming "Mrs. America." While Wayne mother, the ever-voluble (4) Eddie Bracken and Mitzi Gaynor—A GI and his bride, they learn that they have been living in sin just as Uncle Sam sends Eddie overseas and the doctor directs Mitzi to an obstetrician. (5) Louis Calhern and Zsa Zsa Gabor—A Texas oil millionaire and his wife, they find themselves in anxieties that literally floors one while it tickles the other's funnybone.

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.

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WALLACE
Third Dimension Beauty
STERLING
WHENEVER there are stars, there are autograph collectors everywhere. They can tell you the dispositions of the stars, their home addresses, their telephone numbers, and the makes and license numbers of their cars.

The collectors classify the stars as the "real George" signers, the "meanies", and the "you-never-can-tells". At the top of the first list you will find such favorites as Ann Blyth, June Haver, Alan Ladd, Joan Crawford, Susan Hayward and Ruth Roman.

I can remember June Haver one afternoon at a radio broadcast. It was only a day after her fiancé had died but still she signed every autograph book, every picture, and talked to the fans. Her only apology was for her appearance—and she looked wonderful as usual. On another occasion she was the queen of the Sheriff's Rodeo at the Los Angeles Coliseum. She came out on a large horse and her size nine figure wasn't quite enough to control it. This, however, didn't prevent her from shaking hands with the fans and servicemen in the front rows.

Joan Crawford will always go out of her way to please the collectors. One evening at the Mocambo a tourist was trying desperately to take a snap of her but the bulb failed to go off. After smiling for several pictures which didn't take, Joan came over and asked for the camera. She then took out the bulb, got down on her knees in her white evening gown, and scraped it on the sidewalk! Then she put the bulb back in the camera and asked the tourist to try again. It went off successfully and everyone applauded Joan. She thanked them for taking the picture and told them to be sure and look her up on their next visit.

Then there are the "meanies". This group barely stares, balks, and refuses to sign. Bing Crosby will sit in his car eating lunch and just dare you to come near. When he sees a crowd he holds his hat and yells, "Comin' through, comin' through!" I've seen him sitting waiting for Ann Blyth by the minutes chewing on a toothpick. He watched Ann sign but when several people put the book in front of him, he only muttered, "Nope."

Lionel Barrymore will often use profanity to ward off collectors. He mumbles and groans but occasionally breaks down and laughs at his name. Betsy Drake and Cary Grant never sign. They say that they don't believe in such things and would like to be left alone. Betsy signed before her marriage to Cary but now has taken over his attitude.

Then there are the initial signs. Some on the list include J. Cotten, V. Mature, M. Rooney, and M. Dietrich. Sometimes a brave soul will ask them to sign their full names, but usually the efforts are useless.

The older stars are usually very nice. I have never seen Ronald Reagan, Irene Dunne, or Ethel Barrymore refuse to pose or sign. Young Barrymore Jr. seems to take after his aunt since he is one of the nicest newcomers in town.

Let me say right here that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are both swell to their fans. I have never seen Monty refuse to sign and Marlon has a terrific sense of humor. He always has something to joke about, although I'll admit you never quite know what he means. They are both great favorites out here on the coast.

There are always the stars who will sign—if you can catch them! June Allyson, Dick Powell, Van Johnson, Bill Holden, and Dana Andrews are all experts in this field. If you can discover their secret exits they are usually most cheery and cooperative.

Hollywood will always have its "meanies", but there will always be the others to make up for them. The collectors usually place a higher value on the autographs that are the hardest to get but they attend movies in which the nicer stars appear.
New creamy-soft make-up covers so lightly

Looks so naturally lovely
Fells like your very own skin

Your Pan-Stik® Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh, it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of “made-up” look. Try Pan-Stik today. See how Max Factor's exclusive blend of ingredients gives you a new, more alluring, natural loveliness.

So quick! So convenient! Easy to use as lipstick!

Pan-Stik
by max Factor

Max Factor's Pan-Stik is creamy make-up in new convenient stick form. No puff, no sponge, can't spill or leak into your purse.

1. Swivel up Pan-Stik just like lipstick. Apply light strokes to nose, forehead, chin and cheeks. No messy fingernail deposits, as with ordinary cream make-up. No dripping as with liquid.

2. Now, with fingertips spread Pan-Stik gently over your face. Notice how smoothly it blends, how perfectly it covers. And how fresh and naturally lovely it makes your skin look and feel.

CINDY GARNER
as she looks when away from the studio.
Now appearing in
"RED BALL EXPRESS"
a Universal-International Picture
She uses Max Factor's Pan-Stik because it feels so light and free compared with most make-ups. And it looks and feels so natural.

Dress by Ann Felony.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

Pan-Stik by max Factor
$1.60 plus tax, in seven enchanting shades. Delightfully right for suntan season: Natural Tan, Golden Tan. Available in Canada at slightly different prices.
Beautia
is my
business
says stunning cover girl
LEILA HYER

and
SweetHeart
is my Beauty Soap

Leila says: "Working as a model means I must have a clear, soft, smooth complexion. That's why I always use pure, mild SweetHeart Soap. SweetHeart Care leaves my skin as soft and smooth as satin."

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls
use SweetHeart Soap
Try SweetHeart! See—one week after you change to thorough care—with SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother, younger!

Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial!
Leila Hyer shows you how:
1. Each night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.
2. Use an upward and 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

THE INSIDE STORY
continued from page 4

Q. In dance routines whom does Fred Astaire consider the best of all the partners he's had?
—F. K., Westbury, L. I.

A. He refuses to say but thinks very highly of Ginger Rogers, with whom he enjoyed his first cinematic success.

Q. I've heard that the reason Joan Evans' parents object to her marriage to Lee Kirby is that they're afraid of losing a meal ticket. True or false?
—R. E., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Completely false. Joan's parents are both highly successful writers.

Q. How come in all the stories about her fabulous television success in 'Love Lucy,' Lucille Ball has never once credited the director, Marc Daniels?
—G. J., Elgin, Ill.

A. Marc Daniels, after directing the show for one year, resigned this past spring.

Q. How much does Marlon Brando earn per picture, and why does he dress like a bum?
—C. T., Miami, Fla.

A. $150,000 per picture. He hates shirts, because they have to be buttoned.

Q. Isn't Aldo Ray the new fair-haired boy at Columbia, and isn't John Derek a thing of the past?
—A. N., Detroit, Mich.

A. Aldo is the new fair-haired boy, but Derek's best years lie ahead.

Q. Isn't there an inside story about Zsa Zsa Gabor and her child that defies publishing?
—F. C., San Francisco, Cal.

A. Yes.

Q. Did Anne Baxter really hire a press agent to make her more sexy as it says in the newspapers?
—T. Y., Sea Girt, N. J.

A. Yes.

Q. Are Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn still very close friends? Isn't Wynn very bitter about Van?

A. No bitterness between these two, just understanding.

Q. Isn't that alleged romance between Ann Blyth and Charley Fitzsimmons, Maureen O'Hara's brother, strictly a phony?
—H. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. No romance, a real friendship.

Q. Which actress spends the most for clothes?
—S. L., Salem, Ore.

A. Tuss-up between Loretta Young and Irene Dunne.
FROM THE MOVIES

JUST FOR YOU—"Sing A Little Song" by Bing Crosby* (Decca); Dorothy Loudon (Victor); Helen O'Connell (Capitol); Robert Q. Lewis (MGM). Title song by Bing Crosby (Decca).

HIGH NOON—title song by Frankie Laine** (Columbia); Bill Hayes* (MGM); Tex Ritter* (Capitol); Lita Roza (London). Here's a real surprise! In a film we expected to be nothing more than a glorified horse opera, they make the cleverest use of a musical theme since Laura and The Third Man—in fact, it's more effective than either, since this time there are lyrics as well as a melody on the sound-track to help establish and build mood.

GROUPO MARX—"Hooray For Captain Spaulding"* (Decca).

GROUPO does the title song and others by the famous team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (remember Three Little Words?). He's helped by the Ken Lane Singers and Victor Young's orchestra.

SKIRTS AHOY—"What Good Is A Guy?" (Without A Gal) by Debbie Reynolds (MGM).

POPULAR

ROSEMARY CLOONEY—"Bach, I Love You"* (Columbia).

GROUPO, this zingy novelty with the harpsichord flavor ought to be Rosemary's biggest hit since the similarly styled Come On-A My House.

VIC DAMONE—"Take My Heart"* (Mercury). Released soon after Pvt. Damone returned from Germany, this is a big-voiced treatment of an exciting new ballad.

ALAN DEAN—"Luna Rosa"* (MGM).

GROUPO takes a ballad king from England does another fine job on a Neapolitan tango, the title of which means "Blushing Moon."

JUNE VALLI—"Strange Sensation"* (Victor).

GROUPO, little Miss Valli has been looking for a big hit record ever since she won the Arthur Godfrey talent show in 1950. Maybe this adaptation of the old Latin favorite La Cumparsita will do the trick for her.

FRAN WARREN—"What Is This Thing Called Love"* (MGM).

THE WEavers—"Hard, Ain't It Hard"* (Decca).

JAZZ

CHICO "OFFICIAL"—"It Ain't Necessarily So"* (Mercury).

GROUPO, Chico is an Irishman from Cuba (that's right!) who used to arrange for Benny Goodman. He assembled a fine band, as well as writing the arrangements, for this tune and the backing. (Guess What.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Joan Crawford says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Joan Crawford, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair.

The beauty blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.
Cover-girl charmers have it ... so can you!

"It's business with me ... keeping my complexion as flawless as I can," says model Alice Kelley. "Luckily, I've found one simple beauty habit that does wonders ... daily washing with pure, mild Ivory. My skin loves it!" And remember this: what Ivory does for Alice's blossom-fresh skin, it can do for yours!

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...You can have it in 7 days!

99.99% pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Playpen Pretties have it... so can you!

You and Baby Justine have a beauty problem in common: skin that needs the gentlest possible soap. And gentleness is what Ivory is famous for: more doctors, more skin specialists advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together!

You can have That Ivory Look... a week from today!

See yourself growing prettier, day by day, as your skin gets clearer, fresher, lovelier! Just change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory. In 7 days your mirror and your friends will tell you that your complexion is smoother, softer, younger looking! You'll have that Ivory Look!
Judy Garland is Mrs. Luft now. She likes it but Hollywood doesn't. Already rumors are flying, and many are saying that bad luck runs in threes.

By Arthur L. Charles

Number three for Judy

Judy Garland has done it again!
For the third time in ten years, the lovable, muddled little girl with the slightly bowed legs, the tragic past, the arched, penciled eyebrows, and the incomparably great voice, has gone and gotten herself married.
The groom, as everyone knew it would be, was her manager, Sid Luft, a smooth young man of thirty-six.
The marriage was top secret, strangely unromantic, and hurried.
It took less than five minutes and was performed on Judy's 30th birthday at the ranch of Bob Law, a millionaire California oilman.
Judge Pappy Hain, who married the couple, said, "It was over like that. Mr. Luft wanted it swift, sweet and simple, and that's the way I gave the ceremony."
Just why Judy and Sid wanted to keep their marriage such a big secret, they aren't saying. Judy's explanation is, "Everyone knew we were going to get married eventually, so we saw no point in making a big fuss over it."
Others say it was because Luft was facing a legal suit and was afraid that, as Judy Garland's husband, the court would order him to pay his ex-wife Lynn Bari more than it did.
As a matter of fact, Judy's third marriage might still be a secret had it not been for the alertness of a reporter from the Hollister Evening Free Lance who happened, in perusing a list of marriage license applicants, to come across Judy's real name, Frances Gumm Minnelli.
It was under that name that Judy on Sunday, June 8th, applied for a license in Hollister, California, a city not too far away from San Francisco (Continued on page 72)
Ava’s happy with Frank—but Hollywood’s making her miserable! She wants to get out of the movie colony’s spotlight for a while, and settle down as just plain Mrs. Sinatra.

BY THELMA MC GILL

Ava Gardner has had it.

After spending 12 years, the springtime of her life, in the movie colony, the cat-eyed beauty from Grabtown, N. C., is ready to pull out.

“I want to leave Hollywood,” Ava confessed to me, “at least temporarily—and maybe even longer. Frank and I were talking only the other night. If we could spend a year in Europe, it’d be crazy. Honestly, darling, I’ve got nothing against this town, only it’s such a darn tough place. I mean to make a success of marriage.”

She leaned across the sofa to an end table, reached for a cigarette and lit it. Then, she opened the top collar button on the $12.95 grey broadcloth shirt she’d bought at Amelia Gray. She straightened out a fold in her grey flannel skirt, cost $18.95, exhaled a puff of smoke and continued talking.

“Today is our seventh anniversary, you know. Seven months. We were married on the seventh. I think I’ll put in a call to Chicago and talk to Frank. That’s what I mean about this town, doll, or maybe it’s just the business we’re in. You want to see your husband, and where is he? Playing the Chez Paree in Chicago. For nine months I’m not in a single picture. Then I get married and bop!—the studio’s gotta have me right away.

“Honestly, doll, ever since the boy and I got together we’ve been on the move. First you rent a house down at the beach that costs seven hundred a month. Then you rent a place like this, and it costs five hundred a month. Frank and I really don’t own any furniture, you know. A lot of the stuff here comes from his office. Just throw it in.

“What we need is a house of our own, a little security, somewhere to plant roots, and somehow I just don’t think this is the town for that. Cripes! What an army of snipers. What do they call that? Occupational hazard, I guess. The best thing I can think of, on the level, would be to live here for six months and live in the East for six. That’s it—here six, there six. Right now I’d like to be there.”

She mashed her cigarette. “Cripes! I’m hungry. Don’t you want something to eat?” she asked. I shook my head. She got (Continued on page 90)
WHAT LIZ TOLD HEDDA!

One of the first to drop in and welcome Mrs. Mike back to Hollywood was her old friend Hedda Hopper, who got all the latest about Liz's little dividend from her own lovely lips.

I've known Elizabeth Taylor since she was six years old; and one of my first impressions of her has been the most lasting. Her mother, ambitious for her daughter to have a movie career, brought her to my home. She was but a child, with no particular interest in me, a career, and certainly not men. On that visit she concentrated on playing with a chipmunk which to Elizabeth's glee scrambled all over the place while her mother and I talked. Since that day, I've written much about her—her screen work, romances, marriage, divorce, and a bewildered young lady trying to find a pattern for her life.

I've praised Elizabeth, criticized her, and given her advice to which she listened but seldom heeded. Through the years I've been alarmed with her seeming flightiness—particularly in the romance department—and disappointed with her lackadaisical attitude toward her film career, because she has what practically every girl dreams of having: great beauty, talent, and opportunity. But I've also loved her as a mother does a child. To me she's still a little girl gleefully laughing at the chipmunk perched saucily on her shoulder. That is Elizabeth essentially—the girl that stole America's heart in National Velvet and almost overnight became a movie personality who made headlines. We've had our differences, especially when I've tried to protect this wilful young woman from following her own careless impulses. But through the years we have remained friends. She has never refused me an interview and has always answered my questions as frankly as a child. It's hard for me to believe that she's been twice (Continued on page 68)
"I like mens," says Zza Zza Gabor, and every woman in Hollywood unsheaths her claws. They call this Hungarian beauty, a newcomer to movietown, "the most dangerous mantrap since Eve."

BY JIM BURTON

hollywood's most disliked woman

Some weeks ago a writer for one of the many national magazines that have been printing articles on Zza Zza Gabor recently sat in the Gabor living room posing questions for a piece he was preparing.

"Tell me, Zza Zza," he asked, "why do you think other women hate you so much?"

"Hate me?" Zza Zza's expressive eyebrows rose in absolute disbelief. "Vy, zat is ridiculous. No woman ever hates me. Zey all love me. I am the best of friends with every woman I have ever met!"

"But how about so and so," said the writer. "I hear you had quite a feud with her recently." The name mentioned was of a pretty prominent Hollywood woman.

"Please!" said Zza Zza indignantly. "Don't ever mention that girl's name to me. I can not stand her."

The reporter decided to abandon the issue right there, mainly because Zza Zza was honestly not aware that she had contradicted herself in two consecutive statements.

And that is the way it is with this Hungarian beauty who, in the space of a year, has become the most talked about newcomer to films and television in Hollywood. She considers herself the most ardent champion of her sex about, but actually has little time or much consideration for women. She regards herself as a lover of all mankind, and is positive she is loved in return, but the truth is that she is a majestic snob and probably Hollywood's most likely candidate for lynching if the female citizens of the film capital ever institute Vigilante rule.

It must be admitted that the women who would like to see Zza Zza Gabor ploughed under have a point, for she is without (Continued on page 48)
VITTORIO GASSMANN HAS SHOWN HOLLYWOOD HE'S THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL—A GUY WITH EVERY-

cough. He held them spellbound with his magnetic personality, with the rich music of his voice, his dramatically changing inflections, his eloquent, graceful gestures. The performance was so sensational that it had to be repeated. Afterward, he was swamped with letters:

One came from a man who wrote, "You have suddenly brought back to me the whole aim and excuse for acting, which has been forgotten—to lift up and inspire. I have not had this spiritual feeling since I heard Caruso sing."

Actually, there was nothing surprising about this amazing exhibit of talent—only the fact that Hollywood was surprised. The magnetic young man is a poet himself, the author of a collection, *Tre Tempi di Poesia* (Three Stages of Poetry). He is also a novelist whose book, *Luca dei Numeri*, won literary prizes in Italy. He is a student of the law, besides, and a professor at the Italian Academy of Dramatic Arts. He has acted in 93 Italian plays and 20 Italian movies, directed seven plays himself and written as many. He is a classical as well as popular actor, who has
A superb athlete, Shelley's Latin lover is also an actor, poet and novelist.

THING! BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

brilliantly performed the works of Shakespeare and the classic Greek dramatists in the capitals of Europe. He has played Aeschylus' *The Persians* for 35,000 people in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse and also in Paris and London, where the crustiest British critic rhapsodized about him, "tonight a young god walked on the stage and illuminated the theatre with his brilliance." He was the first actor allowed to portray Christ in Britain, where it was against the law.

Two years (Continued on page 62)
Ingrid and Pia Tell

On these pages appear two of the most revealing, intimate documents ever published in Modern Screen. They are Ingrid Bergman’s letter to her sister-in-law telling why she left Dr. Lindstrom for director Rossellini, and Pia Lindstrom’s own court testimony to the effect that she does not love her mother.

These documents are presented herewith with no editorial comment whatsoever. No words beyond these of the major participants could more adequately portray the pathos and tragedy underlying this most widely discussed case in recent times.

Ingrid Bergman’s letter is translated from the original which was written in Swedish, and presented here in full. Pia’s testimony has been edited only to eliminate repetitions and the legal phraseology inherent in any court proceeding.

To reacquaint the reader with the situation at the time these pages went to press, Pia gave her sensational testimony just as Ingrid Bergman was giving birth to twin daughters, and Rossellini was trying to gain permission to enter this country to defend himself against Dr. Lindstrom’s grave charges in the custody case involving Pia.

For purposes of identification “The Court” mentioned in Pia Lindstrom’s testimony is Judge Mildred Lillie, Gregson Bautzer is Ingrid Bergman’s lawyer, Mr. Pacht is Dr. Lindstrom’s attorney appearing as Pia’s counsel.

Ingrid Tells Why

Dearest Anna-Brita,

When I received your third kind letter for my birthday, I was really ashamed. I am sending the letter to Clara for forwarding to you, because I am so lazy. But also, as I have truthfully said, it is hard to write. But now you are going to get a letter anyway.

You wrote in your letter: “You still belong to us.” But dear, I will always belong to you. And I hope that you feel that way, too. You cannot just push aside 15 years of a person’s life. And you know, even if I have not always been writing letters, that during all these years I have been so attached to Stode, mother and father, and all of you. Like you wrote in your first letter that I said a long time ago: “Even if I should get divorced, I will get married to a Lindstromer.” Surely, they were true words that came from the bottom of my heart. I will later come to why I don’t now choose a Lindstromer. First I want to say that if I do get married again, my L. (Lindstromer) and my 15 years of happy life will always be left in my heart and my thoughts.

What you wrote in your other letter was so true. “If you do go back to P. (Petter), you

Pia Testifies That

Los Angeles, California. Friday, June 13, 1952. 2:15 P.M.

Pia Lindstrom, called as a witness by and on behalf of the defendant herein, having been first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

The Court: Do you understand, Pia? The Witness: Yes. The Court: All right. You are not frightened? The Witness: Oh, no. The Court: Mr. Bautzer over here is going to ask you some questions, Pia, and you listen to the questioning and think about it before you answer. Now, any question that anybody asks you, you give it some thought before you answer it, and if an objection is made and there is a lot of talk between counsel and me, if you can remember the question, you keep it in your mind, will you? The Witness: Yes. The Court: All right. These three attorneys here represent your mother, and these two attorneys here represent your father. Do you understand?
THEIR OWN STORIES!

SHE LEFT PETER LINDBLHAN

will wonder if it was right and you will think of what the other one could have given you. If you stay with R. (Rossellini), you will think of Petter. You know, if I woke up tomorrow and found that I was in Beverly Hills, Calif., and I had dreamed this, all these months of soul agony, tears, scandal, etc., I would probably be satisfied and continue my life as before. I am always thinking of Petter and Pia, but at the same time I tell myself that it is impossible to go back. Petter is a settled, good man, I really know that, and I am a "flyttagel" (bird of passage, fly-by-night). I have always, ever since I was a little girl, looked for something new, new. I have longed for the big adventure, as much as I had, saw and lived through, it was never enough. I tried to get through the daily tristesse and find happiness and satisfaction. But I didn't know what gave me happiness and peace. That is what I searched and searched for. It was the same thing with my work. I tried to change roles, change type, move from studio to studio, search for new people and work, people that could develop and help me to the goal, fulfillment. But I was never satisfied. Perhaps I came closest to my goal with Joan Of Lorraine on the stage. And at home with Petter everything was all right. After all the years of separation, while he studied, I longed for and dreamed of the moment we could have a house as all the other big stars, a home with pool and everything. And we got it. We re-modeled it, we rebuilt it, we planted, we planned; and again the "flyttagel" began to spread its wings. New. Now I had everything, now I ought to be satisfied. But now I started to think of how closed in everything was. I knew so few people, I saw so little of the world, I felt as if I could not develop any more. Then I started to travel around on bond tours, I went everywhere to entertain soldiers and I went to hospitals. You know, this was during the war. I was happy then, although the work was hard. Petter knew how unrelaxed my soul was. He tried to help me, gave me all freedom to go to New York when I wanted, he tried to adjust the work in our home and at the studio without any fuss. He thought that I found peace in my work. I worked on like a demon, I always told Petter how happy I was this last year. I had wanted another little child. Maybe I thought that would take the restlessness out of me. Then I met Rossellini.

Here I found another "flyttagel" (bird of passage). A man curious of life and people, a man who tries to make the most of his own life, who has seen so much, traveled so much, knows the good and bad sides of life, because he has lived with both, knows poverty and riches, hunger and luxury, intelligent, has studied everything with deep interest on account of his curiosity, who knows, understands, has immense sympathy and great generosity toward his fellow man. He had a rich father who was probably too kind, because he grew up first as a brat, got everything, did everything. He was temperamental and wild and really never satisfied with anything.

You write about his women. I do not know what the Swedish press says but his women are doubtless no exaggeration. Now he has met someone, who in spite of circumstances and surroundings and different childhood understand him, because she has sometimes wanted to do as he but has not been able to. I think like I have found what I have been searching for. With him I have the world I wanted to see, the work, and all new people. He says that through me he has finally found a harbor. He (Continued on page 86)
She rose to fame living a lie. Now the girl who never intended to deceive the public is letting the truth be told. For Marilyn, it's a great relief.  

BY STEVE CRONIN

The scene was a small room in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. Marilyn Monroe, her blonde hair in disorder and her pale cheeks wet with tears, lay back against her pillows in the sterile bed and stared dully at the wall. An executive of 20th Century-Fox Studio stood before her, his face set in stern lines. He had just finished telling her that Erskine Johnson, a syndicated columnist, was prepared to blast the story to the world that Marilyn's mother, who had been believed dead since Marilyn's infancy, was alive and living in Hollywood. Unless, of course, Marilyn could come up with some satisfactory explanation of her deceit.

Marilyn didn't speak for a long time. Nor did she look at the studio man. She just lay quietly facing her own conscience and turning over in her mind the big lie she had been living, and the background she had felt made the lie necessary. It was a sad moment for her. But she knew as she lay there that she would at last have to speak the truth, forget her own unhappiness and make a straightforward statement. She would have to explain why she had created the fiction she had been giving to the press and her bosses ever since she started in the movies. She sat up and sipped a drink of water to relieve the awful dryness in her throat.

"It's true," she said at last. "My mother is alive—and I've known it all along."

Because of this incident Modern Screen feels the time has come to bare the complete facts of Marilyn Monroe's life, which we present herewith for the first time.

Marilyn Monroe was born in the Los Angeles County General Hospital, June 26, 1926, which makes her not 23, but 26 years of age this summer. Her mother, a casual film lab worker, who has been employed by both RKO (then Radio Pictures) and Columbia Studio, was; herself, 24 years old when Marilyn was born. (Continued on page 93)
In the Spring of 1947 all Hollywood was speculating on the outcome of Tyrone Power’s tempestuously sizzling romance with Lana Turner. That hectic love affair was reaching its crescendo, when suddenly the quixotic Ty took off on a round-the-world good-will flight.

Two months after Lana had clungingly kissed him goodbye at the Los Angeles Airport, Ty was rumored as being engaged to a relatively unknown Mexican star named Linda Christian.

Who was Linda Christian? Everyone in Hollywood asked. What did she have that would make a man forget Lana Turner?

No one apparently knew the answer, but there were others scattered throughout the world who could have told the local curiosity-seekers plenty. The employees of the Far East Oil Company, for example, stationed all the way from China to Palestine, smiled knowingly when they read the news. To them, Linda was George Welter’s daughter, the attractive little girl who always spoke about becoming a rich and famous Hollywood actress.

The girls who went to school with Linda at the Paggio Imperiale in Florence said Linda’s engagement came as no surprise to them. They didn’t know Lana Turner, but they were willing to bet that Linda was infinitely more versatile.

In Mexico City, friends of Linda’s family said that Ty Power was a very lucky man. After all, Linda was witty, beautiful, athletic, intelligent, and could speak five languages fluently. In addition, she was a good cook, a patron of good art, a competent manager and housekeeper.

Ty must have recognized all these virtues, because he married the girl in the Church of Santa Francesca Romana in Rome. It was a wild, mad, tumultuous wedding with hundreds of movie fans, (Continued on next page)
the house that spells welcome continued

clamoring and mobbing them as they left the church.

Ty and Linda were sure their marriage would last, but in Hollywood
the jaded sophisticates were saying, "It's only an infatuation. Probably
won't last more than a year or two."

The marriage is three and a half years old. Ty and Linda have an
8-months-old dumpling of a daughter named Romana, and they've
just moved into a new home that is causing almost as much comment
as their surprise love affair.

The Power house is one of the most beautiful in a colony of beautiful
homes. Painted a tropical pink, which contrasts with its black wrought-
iron accents, it looks almost like a jungle flower half-hidden among the
lush growth of trees that cover this particular section of Bel Air.

The interior walls are also painted a pale pink, and most of the
furnishings are white. Carpets of shaggy white wool are spread on dark
stained wooden floors, and the handwoven upholstery remains in undyed
natural. The dining room table and the lamp tables in the living room
are of bleached cork set on antique white legs. The massive bedroom
furniture is modern and covered in white calfskin.

Against this monotone of white and off-white, Ty and Linda have
filled their home with collectors' items from all over the globe. They
own paintings from Bali, African pouffs from Marrakesh in Morocco,
Italian banquet plates, a beautiful Greek urn from Athens, and a portrait
of Linda painted by the great Mexican muralist Diego Rivera.

The overall impression of the Power mansion is that here stands an
exciting, exotic house set down in the middle of an upper-strata Cali-
fnia neighborhood. To most of the movie colony, the house is difficult
to understand. There's a foreign quality, an air of mystery about the
place, which is why it causes so much talk.

A few of the self-appointed Hollywood authorities say the pink Medi-
terranean house is too stagey, too theatrical, that it resembles a set out
of Casablanca. Others observe that it reflects Linda's international up-
bringing and Ty's far-flung travels, that it is a house which is basically
designed for entertaining rather than family living. But the regular
Sunday parental crowd like Van and Evie Johnson, Lex Barker, and
Ty's sister, Anne, all of whom bring their small fry to swim in the pool,
say that the house accepts children in the same casual continental way
it entertains movie moguls.

Ty and Linda are either unaware or unmindful of the furor their
home is causing around the cocktail party circuit. I don't know which.
They realize, of course, that it's the perfect home for them, and sensibly
enough that's what counts.

In line with this, Linda likes to tell of a curious coincidence. "When
Ty and I were in England," she recalls, "and he was playing in Mr.
Roberts, I used to get spells of homesickness. One day when I couldn't
stand our hotel rooms any longer, I began to sketch the house I'd like to
own some day. Those sketches which I still have are almost identical
with this house."

The style of structure is traditionally Spanish. Like hollow squares
around an inner court, all the rooms, including the kitchen, open onto a
sun-drenched patio. Most Mediterranean and Mexican homes follow this
pattern, so that when Linda first saw the house, it reminded her of the
many homes she'd known as a child in various Latin countries.

The main rooms in the house are on one level and face the side of the
square nearest the street. The portion of the home you'd expect to keep
more private—the bedroom, nursery and Ty's study—are located in the
rear. This section is two stories high, the nursery and guest room being
situated upstairs and away from the master (Continued on page 83)
Late one night in April, 1945, Loretta Young lay wide awake in bed fighting the agonizing battle familiar to those who are desperately tired and long to sleep but can't.

"Please, God," she whispered, "let Tom come home safely. But if he must go, let him be prepared to meet You, and let it be quick and painless."

Then she rebuked herself. Loretta knew that hundreds of thousands of other wives were equally distraught over the safety of their men in the service during the last bitter fighting before V-E day. She said a prayer, then, not just for Tom Lewis, but for all of them. Miraculously, a few moments later, a feeling of peace swept over her and she lapsed into a deep contented sleep.

"It was almost," Loretta says, "as if a hand had reached out and patted me on the shoulder and a voice had whispered encouragement. In the normal way of thinking there was no logic to explain what I knew—that Tom was safe. But I knew it."

The next morning Loretta's bedside telephone rang at six A.M. It was Tom. He had flown into Washington the night before, direct from the battle zone—landing at almost the exact time that Loretta had abruptly known that he was all right.

Now let the skeptics declare that this was just a coincidence. Almost everyone can recount similar experiences. But those of us who are of a (Continued on page 91)
THE HOLLYWOOD WISEACRES HAVE PLENTY OF THEORIES ABOUT WHAT'S BURNING PIPER AND TONY,

What's behind the Curtis-Laurie feud?
In a town where actors and actresses call each other "Darling" and "Sweetie" and "Honeybun," and publicity men are ordered to soft-pedal the verbal cat-clawing that goes on behind the scenes among many high-priced stars, it is extremely difficult to write about something like the Tony Curtis-Piper Laurie feud.

It is difficult because this is one of those deep, simmering antagonisms that definitely exists but that everyone has been ordered to deny.

Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie don't particularly like each other, and that's putting it mildly.

Neither of the two will say anything for public consumption—but privately, oh brother!

These private whisperings are the catalysts that set this feud boiling. A friend of Piper's hears what Tony has to say in confidence about his sometimes leading lady and back it goes to little Piper, or Piper in an unguarded moment will pass a remark about Tony, and in a matter of minutes the rumor makes its home in Tony's dressing room.

This sort of routine fans the flame into such a blaze that most of the inner echelon of studio employees now regard the Curtis-Laurie feud as a simple fact, as the real thing.

As you probably know, most of the well-publicized feuds aren't on the level at all. They're promotion gimmicks. The Zsa Zsa Gabor-Corinne Calvet fight, for example, is a device to keep Miss Gabor in the public eye, ditto Miss Calvet. The Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud is an out-and-out joke and the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby verbal tussles are more of the same.

The real feuds like Tony's and Piper's, June Haver's and Betty Grable's, Haver versus Jeanne Crain, Celeste Holm versus Bette Davis, Joan Crawford versus Robert Montgomery, Tyrone Power versus Constance Smith, Merle Oberon versus Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford versus Gloria Grahame—these are the feuds that are played down because they involve jealousy, ambition, personality traits and conversations which are not approved by Emily Post. (Continued on page 76)
The sunlit patio at the Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond was the setting for the Anniversary Award meeting of the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board luncheon party. The stars on the Board who met to vote are, top row—left to right: Gene Raymond, Ann Sheridan, Frank Lovejoy, Corinne Calvet, Jeff Hunter, Vanessa Brown, Bobby Van, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Stack, Vera-Ellen and Keith Andes. Seated—left to right: Terry Moore, Sally Forrest, Virginia Gibson, Barbara Rush (Mrs. Jeff Hunter), Suzan Ball and Ursula Thiess.

See Board Members Jean Pierre Aumont and Mr. and Mrs. Rod Cameron on the following pages.

All nylon hosiery on fashion pages by Luxite

Baked stuffed lobster was the popular "pièce de résistance" at the buffet luncheon.

The Raymonds' pool-side terrace made ideal background for parade of fashions.

Mona Freeman in Murray Sices' suit of menswear worsted. Black, navy or brown—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about $55. Hat from Madcaps. Ledo jewelry. Grantly Wardrobe Sunglasses.

Vera-Ellen chic in a Koret of California one-piece dress made of washable nylon-acetate Tubinyl, pleated bodice front and skirt. Black, brown, red or navy—10 to 18 about $20.

Luxite hosiery, Ledo jewelry and Skwish atomizers were among Award Winners.
"Eeet's majeek," sighed Corinne Calvet as she stepped out of her car and gazed in wonder at the scene around her. It was one of those clean, crisp summer days when to breathe tastes like a tall, cool drink and sunlight sifts down through leaves to fleck velvet lawns with patches of green-gold.

The occasion was the special gathering of Hollywood’s prettiest models and Modern Screen’s all star, clothes-wise jury to choose what promise to be this fall’s most popular fashions. And the setting was the beautiful Bel-Air home of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.

Just before noon passers-by stopped and stared at the first signs of activity around the entrance to the rustic brick walk that leads to the Raymond’s low-lying flagged terrace and swimming pool at the rear of their home. Chefs in white caps, waiters in red coats—all from Hollywood’s famous Brown Derby Restaurant—bobbled in and out setting tables and distributing platters of assorted hors d’oeuvres, (Continued on page 64)
Barbara Ruick in a Junior House costume—wide-wale corduroy middy top (jersey blouse), menswear flannel skirt. Gold top, grey skirt or pumpkin top, brown skirt (with white blouses)—9 to 15, about $30. Ledo jewelry.


The coat dress shown at its best by Vera-Ellen—of fine rayon faille, blouse has dolman sleeves, and a full skirt with rolling pleats. Black, grey, green or brown—10 to 20, about $13. by Kay Windsor.

hollywood approved fashions for fall

A three-piece string ensemble played 'softly in the background while stars took pencils and paper in hand, jotted down preferences.
Sally Forrest in velveteen separates by Koret of California—rib-knit band trimming, skirt is flared. Both in black, royal or brown—sizes 10 to 18. Waskit, about $11; skirt, about $15. Ledo rhinestone jewelry.

Mona Freeman in a Murray Sices ribbed worsted wool suit, straight skirt. Postman's blue or Bonker's gray—10 to 24 (for the figure 5'5" and under), about $55. Hot from Modcaps. Lubor umbrella.

Sally Forrest greeted models, who were shuttled from the Beverly Hills Hotel to the Reymond's home in a Tanner Gray Line Bus. The Rod Camerons arrived almost too late for lunch, but in plenty of time for final judging.

Suzan Ball and Ann Sheridan compared notes and found they had voted the same on every item.

Vera-Ellen begged Bobby Van to help her choose most becoming pair of Grantly sunglasses from display tray.
Jean Pierre Aumont, who is France's favorite leading man, contributed a fashion-wise Parisian viewpoint to the judging.

Jeanette and Gene approve sketches of Modern Screen's new Fashion Trophy, heckled by their terrier Stormy Weather.

When the judging was over, the stars discussed Hollywood's basic fashion trends, decided black and grey were their favorite fall colors.

Jeanette MacDonald, hostess of the M. S. party, poses in a greatcoat of patterned wool tweed. Gold, red, grey, blue or nutria combined with black—7 to 15, about $70. Designed by Prestyly for Jaunty Juniors.


Janet Leigh wears a tri-color middy top two-piece wool jersey dress by Junior House (top can be worn outside). Shades of grey, beige or green with white—9 to 15, about $35. Ledo gold nugget jewelry. Lubar umbrella.
Models were from Hollywood's leading modeling agencies, also work as bit players, on TV—and hope some day to become stars, too.

hollywood approved fashions for fall

Ann Sheridan in a swagger coat of two-tone looped wool, velvet-faced collar and cuffs. Copper, red, gold, grey, purple or beige combined with black—7 to 15, about $50. By Jaunty Juniors. Hat from Madcaps.

Again, Mona Freeman outstanding in a Murray Sices suit. Flannel, in Banker's grey or Postman's blue—10 to 24, about $55. Hat from Madcaps. Leda Bijoux Noir rhinestone jewelry. In right hand, Mona uses Skwish perfume atomizer.

Jaunty Juniors' beautiful full length coat of wool fleece (milium-lined for extra warmth) is worn by lovely Arlene Dahl. Yarn-dyed colors: natural red, blue, gold, shrimp, navy or grey—7 to 15, about $70.
on again, off again
Waynes

John and Chata expected their marriage to be an ideally happy one. But somehow, it just hasn't worked that way. They're apart more than they're together.
Here’s the key to why the John Wayne marriage may be headed for the rocks for good this time:

Love isn’t enough. A marriage needs careful tending to make it bloom year after year.
And John and Chata just haven’t had the time for that!

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

Several weeks ago when he finished *Big Jim McLain*, his latest, in Honolulu, John Wayne grabbed the first plane and winged back to Hollywood.

He was nervous and anxious throughout the entire flight. He was worrying about Chata, his beautiful Mexican wife with whom he’s had a very disturbing touch-and-go relationship these past six months.

Chata had been with Duke in Honolulu, purportedly on a second honeymoon, but when he’d started the picture, Chata had packed her bags—she’s no location wife—and back she’d come to their rambling estate in the San Fernando Valley.

Was Chata—the word is Spanish for pug-nose—angry with him? Was she happy? Had her skin allergy broken out again? How was she doing with her mother?

These and many other questions raced through Duke’s mind as the Stratocruiser put down at the Los Angeles International Airport. It was 7:00 a.m., and Duke’s old friend, Al Murphy, was waiting with a car.

Duke gave Al a lusty greeting, then climbed into the Buick and headed for home and Chata. Only Chata wasn’t there, and a look of hurt disappointment broke over Duke’s face. He dropped into an easy chair and muttered a few words to himself, then rose, tramped around the house, asking the help if they knew what the score was.

It doesn’t take long for new to make the rounds in Hollywood. Inside of a few hours, the gossip-gals were phoning Wayne.

“Is it true?” one asked, “that Mrs. Wayne has flown the coop?”

“Look,” Duke said, “all I know, is that she’s gone to Mexico City with her mother for ten days. She’ll be back then. Everything’s fine.”

That’s a stock answer with Duke. He refuses to lead his private life in public, and whenever anyone asks how his marriage is coming along, there’s the usual one-word answer, “Fine.”

Only it doesn’t happen to be true. Duke’s marriage has been foundering for years, suffering from a variance in temperament, outlook, mother-in-law trouble, background, and a few other difficulties.

To understand the story behind the recurrent separation rumors, it is essential to know something about the beautiful young actress Duke married in 1946 at the Long Beach Presbyterian Church.

To begin with, she was 15 years his junior and an only child. They had met in Mexico City and Duke had taken her boating on the floating (Continued on page 64)
At five years, she knew what she wanted. Since then Anne Francis has been going straight, straight up to stardom. She only paused long enough to meet a man . . .

BY JANE WILKIE

and her heart went “BAM”

The walls of Sing Sing Penitentiary all but leaned against those of the Ossining hospital where Anne Francis was born. Mrs. Francis was attended by the prison doctor and, while in labor, had the dubious pleasure of being serenaded by a continuous clanking on the rock pile. The fact gave relatives and family friends an opportunity for much ribbing, and among other jocular remarks was the prediction that, because of her start in life, Anne was sure to “go wrong.” She began moving, all right, and has kept going at such a pace that by comparison Ossining’s most prominent citizens have been standing still these past 21 years. She did not, however, go wrong. Not only has she kept out of the pokey and off of the country’s police blotters, but at the moment she is the shining new light on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Moviegoers first saw her in Elopement, in which she played Clifton Webb’s daughter. Critics there said of her, “A new star is born. Anne Francis is a vital young lady of exceptional good looks—a dewy-eyed blonde with an appealing freshness and considerable talent.” Then came the lead in Lydia Bailey and her role as Webb’s daughter once again in Dream Boat. By the time these films were ready for distribution, the master minds at the studio (Continued on page 84)
the truth about shelley's husband

(Continued from page 39) ago Ingrid Bergman answered the interested query of Sam Zimbalist, a Hollywood producer then in Rome, “Oh yes, he’s the finest actor in Europe today,” an opinion echoed by many of her film colleagues.

Besides all this, he is a championship fencer, with three cups to prove it, and a former center on the Italian Olympic basket-
ball team. He’s been called “Shelley’s Roman Romeo.” Now he’s her husband. His name, of course, is Vittorio Gassmann. A town that makes millions playing for-
tussiam the theme of romance, just couldn’t believe the real article when it happened to a home town girl. Well—now the joke’s on Hollywood.

No one could Shelley Winters find a true love match in Rome and becomes Mrs. Vittorio Gassmann. In Puerto Rico. But what’s more is: it’s a happy marriage and more than happy to have him as a brother for her sons. "Shelley’s been such a great support and understanding for me. She’s been a real friend to me."

Vittorio, who got his start in pictures at the age of 15, has appeared in over 100 films and on stage in over 150 productions. He started in the theater and has been a professional actor for 20 years. He is currently appearing in the new musical comedy, "The Boy Friend," at the Music Box Theatre in New York City.

It wasn’t only the pretty signorina who held his major interests there—although Vittorio wasn’t disappointed in the scenery. But “little by little,” as he admits, “I turned into a—how is it—ham.” More accurately, what he found was that poetry in motion, chance to be the poet that was inside him and the graceful athlete, too. In fact, his first fatal burst of applause came from a gymnasium audience.

The Academy of Dramatic Arts and enrolled him. He had never acted in his life or even considered it. But when, back home in Rome after being discharged from the medical service, Vittorio received news of the Academy of Dramatic Arts, he decided to take the plunge. He applied and was accepted. He then went on to study at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Rome and in this way began his career as an actor.

Vittorio Gassmann is the son of a famous Italian actor and director, Vittorio Gassmann, and the grandson of a famous Italian opera singer. He was born in Rome, Italy, on September 1, 1912. His early education was at the University of Rome, where he studied law.

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Actually, Vittorio Gassmann has had no trouble at all adjusting to America and Hollywood. Basically, he is a sophisticated fellow and he hopes his tastes no matter where he is. The flavor of movieland doesn’t intrigue him; on the other hand it doesn’t bother him. He lives with Shelley in her small Hollywood apartment with nothing more pretentious until they come back from Rome.

Each morning he rises early and reads the morning paper. For Shelley gets up. Sometimes he writes, sometimes he just sits and meditates. To Shelley her husband is “a mathematical man—the most unorganized person in the world.” “Why,” she’ll tell you, “I twirl around like a dervish but nothing happens. Vittorio doesn’t make a wasted motion and everything’s buzzing along all the time.”

Little of the buzzing is frivolous. Vittorio’s no stuffed shirt, though. He likes to go dancing, for instance, at Ciro’s and the Rainbow Room. He’s an equalizer, and does, although “fun” to him usually means play, opera or concert. “I do a very good samba” he’ll inform you with no false modesty, explaining that he learned it in Brazil—where he took an Italian company on tour last year. He doesn’t care for big parties, but agrees that they’re the same all over, usually a bore but sometimes amusing. Food to him is important and so, while Shelley ises with cookbooks from scratch, they’ve been practically living at Hollywood’s Italian restaurants like the Naples, because Vittorio’s not touchy about food at all. To his palate, it’s awful. “Everything,” he thinks, “has peanut butter on it or mayonnaise.”

But there is nothing superior or condescending about Vittorio’s manner; on the contrary, he is as friendly as a pup and everyone seems actually naive. For most of his pet American he’s discovered something else he likes. If he does abhor television, hurried meals, and traffic signals, he’s crazy about Hollywood’s cycle cars, Cadillac and Chevvy, and of all things, fresh milk.

For cosmopolitan Vittorio Gassmann the shuttle between Rome and Hollywood shuns the pet American problems. A new language, for instance, to a man who already spoke five, has already proved a breeze. The first sentence Vittorio spoke to Shelley, barely a year ago, was halting and incomplete. “You—you—fine—artist—I think.” But by now he can talk and understand American as well as anyone, even slang, and his accent ironed out more every day. Shelley too has improved. So now, with the new intercontinental love in Vittorio’s returning the compliment—with the aid of a steadily spinning linguaphone and halting Italian language teacher.

But I wouldn’t say that Shelley Winters is considering rivaling her Roman mate at the drama on his own home grounds or anywhere. Not at least if the lesson I saw scribbled on a scratch pad the other evening when I dropped by the Gassmanns is any indication of his thoughts. It read in Shelency’s fine hand:

“Buona sera, cara, (Good evening, Dear) Hai lavorato molto? (Did you work very hard?)”

“Hai fame? (Are you hungry?)”

“Cena e pronta (Dinner is ready)!”

That’s nothing out of Dante, of course. But with a lesser Italian poet named Vittorio Gassmann, who came to Hollywood with a couple of strikes against him, it makes a hit—just as Vittorio has with Shelley Winters and everyone else who’s been lucky enough to meet him.
The on again, off again waynes

(Continued from page 59) gardens of Xochimilco, where natives in flat-bottomed boats pull up beside you and for a few pesos sell you soft drinks, great fragrant bouquets of flowers, and all manner of souvenirs.

It was the 17th of the month so Duke bought his Chata 17 red roses, and on each wedding anniversary she receives the same gift.

CHATA (Esperanza Bauer) was a celebrated actress in Mexico and on the way back from one film she fell in love with her. She had none of the fame that enveloped Maria Felix and Dolores Del Rio nor the touted sex appeal of a young international star. Instead, she was a young girl named Blanca who was later to become Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Esperanza lived a quiet life with her mother, who was only 15 years older than she; hence the nearness of their ages, the relationship was almost sisterly.

Added to this was the fact that Mrs. Bauer had been separated from her husband ever since she was a young girl and had other children. Esperanza was and is the all-consuming interest of her life.

In Catholic countries, maternal supervision is extremely strict. In Esperanza’s case, it was nearly slavish, since Senora Bauer had nothing else to do but watch over her daughter and her career. This sort of solicitous care is admirable, but it has its drawbacks, too, and one of the most outstanding is that it hinders the growth of self-reliance on the part of the girl who is being raised.

It is no secret that when Chata married Duke Wayne, she felt lost; so, too, did her mother. Duke, having much more personal experience, had some credit for much more sensitivity and insight, recognized this at once, and it was he who insisted that his mother-in-law live with them.

He hadn’t thought about it beforehand—in fact, had only bought a small house with one bedroom and a den. But when he saw how deeply this separation through the years had affected his own and, he said, “You must live with us, Mamacita. It’ll be best for everyone.”

Mrs. Bauer refused; it was best for young mothers to live alone, she said. But then she looked at Chata, at the desperate plea for acquiescence in her daughter’s eyes, and at last, she let herself be won over. She went to live with Duke and was doubtless hoping to make a break in the near future. But the break never came.

It is difficult to grow up and face your problems yourself when you have a mother nearby to do all this for you, and that’s what happened to Chata, according to intimates.

When Duke was away, and he’s away a good deal of the time on location, Chata always had her mother for companionship. They gossiped together, they went shopping, they gradually moved into the house.

When Chata came down with a cold, Mrs. Bauer took charge at once. Nothing was too good for her baby.

When Chata had small quarrels with her husband—and these are part and parcel of every marriage—there was always Mother and she never complained, he’s always been partial to people who stand on their own two feet. Friends say that he resented the fact that, on occasion, Chata would move into a hospital and take a room next to her mother when Mrs. Bauer was ill. Whether or not he thought this was carrying loyalty too far, Duke never said. Where Chata was concerned, she was magnificently intractable. He has loved his little “Pugnose” very much and realizes that she gave up much for him.

Sometimes a man’s second wife redeems himself first. This is true where Wayne is concerned in that both of his wives are of Latin extraction.

Duke’s first wife, Josephine Saenz, was the wife of a newspaper consul stationed in Los Angeles. She met Duke when she was a coed at the University of Southern California, and he was a second-string football team member.

They were married in 1933 in a Catholic ceremony held in Loretta Young’s garden. Ten years and four children later, Duke was hailed into court on a charge of desertion.

The mental cruelty was the legal facade. Josephine was socially ambitious, intent upon raising her children and meeting the demands of great charity and civil consciousness—and Duke—well, he’s always been the earthy, homespun type who prefers to hobnob a few,
with loud and lusty men such as Grant Withers, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, and others of that ilk. Basically, he's a man's man.

When he married Chata he not only found her physical beauty irresistible but was overcome by her spiritual tranquillity and her willingness to dedicate her entire life to him. This oneness of purpose was something he found almost difficult to believe—a woman who wanted absolutely nothing but him.

But a man sometimes is not enough. There should be children or friends. The Waynes' marriage has not been blessed with children; and Duke has spent so much of his time working far from home that there has been no one for Chata but Mamacita. Since Mamacita's ties are to the old country, there have been many, many trips to Mexico City and Acapulco. For a time Chata was sure that she had lost Duke to his work, and while she realized that a man's work came above his woman, she regretted not having her share of his time.

Chata is not one for the rough, lusty, back-slapping frontier type of humor. No Latin-American girl is. In the company of Duke's friends, she has frequently felt out of place, insecure, an intruder in her own home, because discussions of fishing and politics left her cold.

This insecurity, this loneliness, this feeling of being outside the pale manifested itself in various psychosomatic illnesses.

Bo Roos, Duke's business manager, who goes down to the Scripps Clinic at La Jolla for a checkup each year, suggested that Chata check in and let the doctors give her a thorough going over.

"If anyone can find out about her skin allergy," Roos said, "these guys at the Clinic are the ones."

So Chata came and was examined, and when it was all over, the doctors shrugged and said, "Nothing organically wrong, Mr. Wayne. It's probably just nerves." But this manifestation of nervousness had something behind it and still does.

A friend of Wayne's feels that Chata thinks her husband regents her mother. But Duke really likes Mrs. Bauer a lot.

Others suggest that Chata is afraid of facing life, of making her own decisions without maternal advice. They say that there is a tremendous conflict seething within her. To whom does she owe her first loyalty? To the mother who has sacrificed everything for her? Or to her husband?

When Duke was pressed for some reason why he'd returned to a wireless home after finishing Big Jim McLain, he said, "Chata's gone down to Mexico City to buy her mother a house. After that, she's coming back here. We haven't separated or broken up or any of that stuff."

That Chata is willing to work hard to save her marriage, no one denies. When reporters asked her in Mexico City whether she was determined to divorce Wayne or would try to work things out, she said emphatically, "I still hope that John and I can work everything out and that we'll be back together very shortly. Of course, I can't promise definitely that we will. Nobody can, but we'll try. I always think when there's been trouble that it's a good idea to get away from Hollywood for a while and let things simmer down."

Jerry Giesler, the famous trial lawyer whom Chata had consulted last February before she and Duke were reconciled, told me, "By the time your article appears in print, we'll definitely know whether the marriage is on again or off again."
modern screen's
hollywood
approved
fashions
for fall

Sally Forrest, MGM star, displays Award Winning Honeybugs’ Slip-A-Sex—just the thing for casual wear, indoors or out. The 1/4" sponge rubber soles are proof against heat or cold—the wool tops are embroidered (Lacoonia pattern). Hand washable. Red, green, royal or light blue. S.M.L. $3.99. Sally’s Koret of California velvet slippers are the same as the ones she wears on page 55. Ledo’s gold and topaz jewelry.

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what liz told hedda!

(Continued from page 35) married, and is now an expectant mother at twenty.
Shortly after her divorce from Nicky Hilton, I had a heart-to-heart session with her in the small apartment she was living in. She received me in a gorgeous lace negligee; but like an impish little girl, she was barefooted. It was the first time I'd ever seen Elizabeth in a serious mood. There was no laughter in her violet eyes, which usually dance, and she was as tense as a violin string. Life had descended upon her, leaving her hurt and confused.

"Hedda," she told me then, "I'm beginning to realize that I've been riding through life on a pink cloud. But the whole thing now seems like a dream with everything so right and perfect on a fantastic scale. But I fell off that cloud with a bang. I'm glad I did. One can't go through life being a romantic—at least the way I was. You see I'm just a normal girl with the average faults and virtues. But, being a movie actress, I wasn't allowed to develop on normal lines.

"I was thrown with older people instead of kids my own age. I'm still scared of young people. The older ones protected me—perhaps in the wrong way. They said I was fine when I wasn't fine. They gave me praise when I needed criticism. I know little of responsibility; and I'm going to have to learn it the hard way. I'm even having to teach myself to pick up my clothes and put them away. You see, being a movie actress, I had all these little things done for me and took them for granted."

At that time she was dating Stanley Donen. Hollywood predicted a quick, impulsive marriage. I asked Elizabeth if she was in love with the guy. She thought the matter over carefully before answering. "No," she finally said, "I don't love him. We're good friends who have a lot of likes in common." She was obviously speaking the truth as subsequent events revealed.

Then she went to New York and was frequently seen with Montgomery Clift. The press tried to cook up a romance between them; but I laughed at that one. If they wanted romance, they had plenty of time for it while making A Place In The Sun together. I saw them do a love scene before the camera that was so passionate and realistic it shocked even me. When the scene was over, I asked, "Where in the world did you learn to make love like that, Elizabeth?" She grinningly replied, "Oh, Hedda, you ask such funny questions." It wasn't Monty. It's true that he escorted her to the premiere of The Heiress in a rented tuxedo with a studio limousine at his disposal. But he thought so little of the event that he stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger on his way to pick up Liz; and his chief concern was how the studio press agent who accompanied him was to get home after delivering him to Liz's door.

But Liz was born for romance. She went to London to make Jonah and came up with Michael Wilding, who was 20 years her senior. I said, "Ye gods, here we go again. Taylor is off on another tangent!"

When Michael came to Hollywood, I had them both visit me for a very frank talk. Having gone through the same situation of marrying a man much older than I, I warned Liz in Mike's presence of the hazards of such a situation. She looked at me with those great eyes and said, "What do you think I am? A child?" I couldn't help but smile, be-
cause at that time she was 19 years old.

I then mentioned the fact that her predecessor in Mike's affections had been Marlene Dietrich, and going from a grand-mother to a debutante was romance in reverse. Without boasting, Mike said, "I've gone with many women in my time."

At that Elizabeth gave him a sharp glance and asked, "Many?"

"Of course, darling," he replied. "You know how old I am."

I then broke up something that might have been a quarrel by saying, "Elizabeth, you haven't done badly for a 19-year-old girl. Remember Glenn Davis, Bill Paley, Nicky Hilton, and Stanley Donen."

Mike giggled.

After that we settled down and I gave Mike a going over that he won't forget. "It happen to be very fond of this child," I told him. "And even though she thinks she's mature, she's not. You're an experienced man of the world. You've been around, indulged, had experience." Again I pointed out the failure of my own marriage and that of my friends. This was for Elizabeth's benefit, but she laughed in my face. "No matter what you or anybody else thinks, I love this man, and I'm going to marry him. I love him, I love him, I love him.

"You were probably saying the same thing to Stanley Donen a few months ago," I said. The idea didn't seem to all strange to her. She said, "Stanley and I are friends. I shall always be grateful for his presence when I was going through a difficult time after divorcing Nicky. But Mike I love."

It was Liz who kept bringing up the subject of love. Mike was reticent about expressing his feelings. But I must say this for him. Despite my trying to talk Elizabeth out of marrying him, he held no enmity toward me. Before leaving for Europe, he called up to say, "I want to thank you again for your frankness and to say goodbye."

Liz was back on that pink cloud again, but this time more substantially so. When Mike said in New York that he didn't consider himself engaged, it made no difference to her. She followed him to London and got her man. Immediately after the ceremony, he sighed, "Marriage is such a tiring affair," and allowed a London bobby to carry Liz through a jostling throng to a waiting limousine while he trailed along behind. When a reporter asked where they intended to spend their honeymoon, he replied, "Together, I hope."

Evidently Liz just skipped such quips.

Then came the startling news that she was expecting a baby in December. I say startling because she returned home ahead of Mike to do a picture for MGM. Rumor had it that one thing that broke up her marriage to Nicky was that she didn't want a baby and he did. Liz, the talk went, was too interested in her career to take on the added responsibility of children.

This was not true. "A month after my wedding I knew we'd made a mistake. Our marriage couldn't last. So I didn't want to bring a child into the world under those circumstances," Liz explained to me. "I know about that rumor and the criticism I got. But I couldn't tell anyone the real reason for my not wanting a baby then. I hardly dared tell myself, because I wanted, oh, so very much for our marriage to succeed. I kept telling myself that it had to last, even when in my heart I knew it was ended." Liz returned to Hollywood alone, and quickly the gossip that she and Mike were having difficulties started floating around.

The predecessor at MGM had given Liz a four-months (Continued on next page)
honeycomb, and now the studio wanted her to come back to work. Michael couldn’t come along, because he had to wait for passport clearance to come to America. This time he intended to settle in Hollywood, as MGM has him under a long-term contract. The ugly rumors had it that MGM had signed Mike, because it feared Liz might take a permanent suspension to remain with her husband in England. This is also false. The studio was negotiating with Mike long before the official news that Liz had fallen in love with him. I went straight to the top to get this information. Dore Schary, head of production at MGM, has much to do with the hiring and firing at that studio. He told me, “We signed Wilding because he has personality, charm, and can act. He’ll be very good in comedy parts; and we think we have a winner in him.”

I asked Liz if she wanted to co-star with Michael in films. “Naturally,” she replied. I seemed to be always popping into Liz’s life when important things have to happen to her. She was sharing her apartment with her companion-secretary, Peggy Rutledge. When I walked in, three animals were bounding around the living room. One was a miniature wire-haired dachshund; another was a French poodle. Sharing their rompings was a cat that was apparently alley bred.

Liz may have Mike, but she still can’t bear not having animals, too. Apartment rules forbid pets, but I’m not letting her down by revealing her secret. By the time this article hits the stands, Liz and Mike plan to be living in their own home. And all the ex-landlord can do is scratch his head and ponder the thought that he’d harbored a miniature menagerie.

PEGGY opened the door for me and Liz emerged from the kitchen, looking radiant and smiling at her brood of animals. I could see immediately that she was her old impish, happy, carefree self. She certainly didn’t appear to be an expectant mother. She wore a low-necked, white piqué dress with a full skirt and ruffled petticoat beneath. But, miracle of miracles, she was also wearing shoes. Her hair was poofed cut and she kept tousling it all during my visit. Her waistline was still something all girls dream of having.

“Are you excited about the baby?” I asked.

“Oh, gosh, yes,” she replied. “Thrilled is no word to describe my feelings. We wanted very badly to have a child.”

Then you don’t do the pictures,” I said.

“I probably will,” she said. “But the studio wants to re-write the script again, and delay the starting date two months, which may kill the whole idea.”

What did the heads of the studio think of your having a baby with a picture coming up? I asked.

“They’re in seventh heaven, especially Benny and Nick Schenck. They loved the idea.”

“And your mother?” I asked.

“She’s in seventh heaven,” Liz replied. “I don’t care whether it’s a boy or a girl. If it’s a boy, I’ll call him Michael; if it’s a girl, Michele. Don’t you like that? Michele is the feminine equivalent for Michael.”

Peggy brought us slices of watermelon. I gave a bite of mine to the cat. “Freaka, the dachshund, will eat anything—cucumbers, radishes, endive,” said Liz. “We just grew this watermelon in the backyard. Do you like it?” I got the seediest slice in the lot,” I said. Liz giggled. She had seated herself with her feet on a coffee table, and started fondling a cross that hung from a chain around her neck.

“When I come to see you, you have to work, young lady,” I said. “I brought a photographer along.”

“Let’s get him in here,” said Liz. I gave him the high sign through a window to enter; and Liz greeted him like an old friend. He suggested that we pose together with the animals. “You’d better take them off,” said Liz. “She hasn’t spoken to me since I got home. She’s jealous of the dachshund.” While I held the poodle, Liz cradled the cat and dachshund in her arms. The two dogs started sizing each other up. “Get this shot over quickly before somebody gets killed,” said Liz.

“So you know what married life is all about now?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said. “I feel married. I’m all for it.”

“What do you like about it?” I asked.

“Look straight into the camera,” said the photographer.

“That was a mean question,” said Liz. “I like the happiness of being married. I haven’t been so happy since I was 12 years old. I’d not expected to have that feeling again. I like the companionship. Use all the adjectives you know and you won’t have enough. I like the closeness of it and much of all that. I feel just like an old cow—just sitting here, getting away from it. Life is so peaceful.”

“But don’t you miss all the excitement of running around and all the intrigue?” I asked.

“Ah, yes,” she said.

Lady Tailspin (the cat) tired of playing with the dog, went into the dining room, jumped up on the table, and began eyeing a caged love bird. “Aren’t you afraid the cat will get the bird?” I asked.

“It’s a bit of a problem,” said Liz. “Watch out for the kitty. She scratches.”

“I don’t like ‘em,” I said. “They always scratch me.”

“Oh, they know whom to scratch,” Liz roared.

She was right. Lady Tailspin gave up trying to get the bird out of the cage, moved up on a ledge, and began sniffing the flowers on my hat. Then she scratched me.

“Are you going to teach Liz to play golf?” I asked Peggy, who’s very good at the game. “Now that she’s expecting, she’ll need exercise.”

“Do?” Oh, dear!” said Liz.

“I took her to the links one day, and after three holes she was finished,” said Peggy.

“I do take walks—from the living room into the your bedroom,” said Liz. “You can’t ride horseback when you’re pregnant, can you?”

“Noooo, dear,” I said.

“But I’ve been told you’re not supposed to travel either during the first three months. And here I’ve been flying halfway around the world.”

“When did you learn that you were going to have a baby?” I asked.

“About a month ago,” she said. “I wanted a baby so bad, and then I got the idea that I couldn’t have one. I thought I was only half a wife, because I couldn’t have children for Mike, and I’d cry on his shoulder about it.”

“You’re so happy, I do believe you’d give up your screen career,” I said.

“I don’t think so,” she replied. “Fortunately, however, things can be worked out so I can have both a career and a family. But it wouldn’t bother me if I had to quit movies.”

“Your career was never a matter of life and death with you anyway. For a 19-year-old girl . . .”

“Twenty,” she corrected. “I was 20 on my honeymoon.”
"Youth! It's wonderful," I said. "What happened on your honeymoon?"
"What can you print that happens on a honeymoon?" she said. "It was beautiful. There was snow 12 feet deep everywhere, but the temperature in the daytime was around 90 degrees. Everybody skied in bathing suits. We were in the French Alps, and the only English speaking people at the hotel. It was very cold at night. But with the white snow, bright sunlight, and that blue, blue sky, the days were more beautiful than you could imagine."
"We had a little balcony outside our rooms, and each day we'd go there and sit in the sun with towels around us. A friend of ours who ran a bar nearby told us later that the people trained their binoculars on that balcony when we were there. And when we'd go inside and close the shutters, they'd all drink a toast to us."

The photographer finished his work, and the animals were released. The cat and dachshund started playfully batting their paws at each other. Liz was intrigued. "I love freaks. We saw her picture in a paper when I was sick in bed with the flu. Mike loves dogs, too. So he rushed all over London trying to locate this particular puppy for me. He found it finally around midnight and brought her home to me."

"We had no name for that cat. The head-waiter at the 500 Club gave it to us. The pilots and stewardesses on the plane coming home gave her a new name—Lady Tailspin. Peggy, do you know what I did with that thing they signed?"

Peggy got up and found the paper. It was labeled: "Flagship Flying Report. Flying Crew. Flight 5. One small English kitten. Lord (or Lady) Tailspin. May she always land on all fours."

"She's a girl," said Liz, "so I'm calling her Lady. As soon as I have this baby, I want another. That way they'll be companions to each other without too much differences in their ages."

"Sister, wouldn't MGM hear about that little scheme?" I said. "The studio likes to keep their box office stars working. Maybe you shouldn't have told about your going to have this baby until you started your picture."

"I can't keep a secret," she said. "You know that. Besides, by the time it started, I'm sure they would have guessed. Maybe they'll rush the picture, so I can do it."

The white poodle was down under the coffee table chewing on something. Liz investigated, retrieved the object, and said, "Here, you can't gnaw on that Buddha. A soldier in Japan sent it to me."

"Would you like to live in England?" I asked.

"I'd love to live there in the spring," she said. "It's like no other place in the world then. But Mike can't go back for three years. He has to stay here to establish residence. Mike's sold his apartment in London and most of the furniture. The furniture was antique and we're going to get a modern house. We've both got five-year contracts at MGM."

"I hear you got a big hike in pay when you signed your new contract," I said.


She can use the cash. A year ago she was practically broke. She asked for no alimony from Nicky Hilton.

"Do you remember when you called me in New York, the day I flew to England?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "The King of England had just died. And there were stories in the British papers that Mike's parents weren't too keen on your marrying their son."

(Continued on next page)
"They’re the sweetest people in the world—very old World type," said Liz. "The English people were wonderful to me. But when you called me in New York, I was in a real panic. After hanging up the phone, I started to cry. So I called Mike and told him I couldn’t come because people were saying it didn’t look right. He said he’d try to get permission to come to America, but that we’d have to wait four to five months before he could commit himself to come. I knew it was a promise used to call me back. But something went wrong with the telephone and my plane was leaving in 45 minutes. So I said, ‘To heck with it! I’m going to England."

The plane was warming up when I got a call at the airport; and a man came running out to tell me that Mike was on the phone. I said, ‘Tell him I’m on my way to London.’ So we had four to five months together instead of just five days.

“Doesn’t Mike have any qualities that irk you?”

“None. We’re both a little lazy.”

Hahn then got around to Judy, whom he had subpoenaed into a court a month before. “She’s a little Charley McCarthy,” he asserted. “This girl gives him all her money. He can write as much of a check as he wants to.”

The judge said that he thought Miss Garland had told the truth when she testified that she paid Luft a salary of $500 a week as her manager. “She’s very vague about business matters,” he said.

He then studied a list of expenses which Lynn Bari had made out as needing $4,000 a month for food, $1,000 for rent, $80 a month for nursery school, $50 a month for food and $25 for clothing. When ordered Luft to pay these, when he heard about this in San Francisco, he said nothing. But then came the delayed, reluctant announcement by Bob Law that Judy and Sid had been married at his ranch.

Back into court marched little Sammy Hahn, charging that inasmuch as Sid was married to clicking Miss Bari, he should be held in contempt, as he had failed to disclose that fact.

“My client’s original complaint,” the lawyer said, “alleged that Luft and Judy Garland murdered a partnership, and that last year the partnership had earned more than $750,000. When they both came to court, Miss Garland denied it. Luft denied it, too, and said it was just. Right, because they weren’t married then.”

“But they got married on Sunday, and three days later Luft came to court still denying, still pleading pretty.”

Under questioning the day they were married he immediately got half her income. That makes him half a millionaire.”

Hahn petitioned for a new hearing, and it would mean that Luft’s payments for support will coincide with his increased ability to pay.

Judy says that her marriage to Sid is “the most wonderful thing in the world,” and it is no secret that she credits her husband with the success of her comeback.

After all the trouble she’s known in her young life, however, it seems ironic that three days following her third wedding, Judy should be back in the headlines because of her new husband’s legal difficulties.

She herself had no trouble whatever in arriving at a quick financial settlement with her second husband, director Vincent Minnelli. She paid him $25,000 for his share of their house in the Hollywood hills, and he agreed to pay her $500 a month for the support of their five-year-old daughter.

Moreover, Judy’s relationship with her former husband is warm and friendly. “Vincenite,” she says, “is one of the nicest and kindest human beings I’ve ever met.”

So Sid Luft, however, is entirely different.

In all honesty, it must be reported, that the prevailing opinion in Hollywood is that the couple will last two or three years, no longer.

A director who has known Judy for years says, “My own feeling is that Judy is now in a state of dependency, I caught Leopold Stow and he was at Colleen Moore’s, he was at Romanoff’s for the after-show shindig, and she still seems very neurotic to me. What that kid needs is a first-rate analyst, not a husband. She’s been mixed up ever since she was a child, and I don’t think she understands herself yet. As for Luft, he’s a nice enough guy. But you know what happens when a husband is dependent on his wife. Judy, however, is entirely different.”

“I remember a guy by the name of Harmon Nelson, who was married to Bette Davis. Ham earned his own living, too. He had an orchestra and a Bette was sort of dominating, and Sid Luft was sort of dependent on her. I don’t think she could take it. After ten years he threw in the sponge. Judy isn’t dominating. If anything, she’s the opposite; she’s ultra-dependent and ultra-loveable. Yes, she is. If it comes to the life and death question, I suppose she got sick tomorrow. What would Luft have to manage?

‘I don’t want to sound like a pessimist. But it just doesn’t seem like a healthy situation. I love Judy, and I pray to God I’m wrong.”

Mervyn Tufty, Judy’s secretary, says, “I think Judy and Sid came along for each other exactly at the right time. Both needed help. They found it in each other. They get along very well. Judy’s matured a lot these past two years, and Sid has gained a lot from that improvement. No matter what anyone says, I’m sure it will be a good and lasting marriage.

For any marriage to be lasting, both partners have to have the interest of each other’s welfare. In this marriage, Luft is proving to Judy that she is a highly desirable woman whom he loves for herself rather than for her talent.”
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And, married ten marriage as once tour must be nothing lady's marriage-out.

...in The The Races, Lady Seen My and Universal build these kids magnitude.
point for any unhappiness between them? While Piper's popularity is zooming, Tony is the first to admit that there's enough room on top for everyone.

Tony was angered in June of this year when the studio took him off salary for going away to Durango, Colorado, for five weeks with Janet Leigh, who was on location making Naked Spur with Jimmy Stewart.

"I've never been so mad in my life," the irrepressible curlyhead blurted out. "I've tried to cooperate with the studio to the best of my ability. I've gone on tours. I've done stuff over and above what was called for in the contract. And if that's the way they want to play ball, I can play that way, too."

Friends say that the suspension cut Tony to the quick, that he felt he needed someone to protect his interests—after all, Piper had Leonard Goldstein to look after hers—so he discharged his agent and signed with the Music Corporation of America, Hollywood's largest talent agency. The move helped, because it was an MCA representative who went out to Universal and got Tony back on salary. "Look," the talent representative told the Universal crowd, "what's the sense of bickering? I pick up a trade paper, and I read how much Tony spent making long-distance calls to Janet. The studio says it paid for them. I pick up another trade paper, and there's a story of how Tony, when he was in New York, wanted a corned beef sandwich from his favorite delicatessen. The studio paid the cabfare to get him a sandwich from the Bronx. This is kid stuff. Tony's done a lot for the studio, and the studio has done a lot for him."

Ushers of the whole shebang was that Tony was taken back on salary and, what's more, raised to $1,000 a week. Just about the same time, the contract of producer Leonard Goldstein expired, and he left Universal.

"I think," said a friend of Piper Laurie's when she read the news, "that Leonard's departure is a good thing for Piper. From now on whenever she does anything good, she'll get the credit instead of having it attributed to Leonard's influence. All Leonard ever did for the girl was to give her an opportunity to display her very fine dramatic talent. A few jealous cats may resent that, but everyone needs a helping hand, especially in this racket."

You can talk your jaw off, but that still doesn't mitigate or allay the existence of a feud between these two intensely ambitious youngsters, Piper and Tony.

The feeling exists in many quarters that they will never again make a picture together, not out of choice anyway. But such a feeling will undoubtedly prove wrong, since movies are not cast on basis of personal likes or dislikes.

One studio man I consulted said, "So maybe these two kids aren't crazy about each other. What of it? Who says that you have to go crazy over everyone you meet? Sometimes you meet someone, and you just don't like the way he looks. Youngsters, on the way up, they're entitled to feel their oats. Let them be a little temperamental; let them do things to spite each other. As they grow up, they get to realize how silly it is. In this business, you have to live and let live."

"There is no studio rule which compels anybody to like anybody else. Everyone on the lot, however, must be able to work together. From where I sit, Piper and Tony work together just fine, and that's the way it's got to be. They're both a pair of lovely, intelligent kids, and what differences they have, I can assure you they'll work out."

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My professional name is Jane Russell, but it's not Miss Russell at any time, as far as I am concerned. If anyone is worried that much about addressing me, they might as well be legally correct and call me Mrs. Waterfield. But what I prefer, the simplest, is just "Jane." That's definitely yours truly at all times.

I GET TERRIBLY IMPATIENT about little things: a pin won't come loose, a door is stuck, somebody is stupid (including me). The big troubles I think I can accept without too much inner conflict... that is, all but one which is bothering me now. I can't get over what I consider is a dirty trick being played on young married couples today. I am talking about the tract house, the homes they are selling in most of the big housing developments. Why, in this period of picture windows, of living rooms stretched out attractively by making the kitchen space a part of them (just separated by a bar or counter), of great study being given to merging the inside of the house with the outdoors, must the same old-line dwellings be put up? Why do they insist on putting a small window in a large wall? Why not view instead of wall? It costs no more. Why not ideas instead of conventionism, which is sometimes called tried-and-true but which I call tired-and-trite? There is a reason, of course. It's a simple one. The men who lend the money for housing projects, the bankers, are mostly old men, and they refuse to approve any plans for houses which are not like the plans they have okayed for years. They are deaf and blind to the modern touch and go dumb when such ideas come before them.

I get unhappy every time I pass such a new home settlement. I really believe that what we are building in these tracts are the slums of tomorrow. It has bothered me so much that I have been devoting a lot of my time working with an architect I know, Tom Lane, to get our ideas accepted by builders. Maybe I'll go into the business along with my husband. Last year I was offered a chance to decorate a model home in a housing tract in Pueblo, Colorado. It was part of the Hoffman development there, and I jumped at the chance. This may have been the beginning of something for me. (Continued next page)
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Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Jane Russell personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1416 North Carol Drive, Hollywood, Calif. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.
different from other, less gifted women. And these things, also, which cause her to be disliked so intensely by her own kind. At the age of 16, a time when the average girl is in love with both Tony Curtis and the captain of the basketball team at school, Zza Zza experienced her first mad passion. She fell in love with a gentleman quite her senior by the name of Burhan Belge, head of the Turkish Ministry of Information. He was anxious to get married, but Turkish law forbade a career member of the government to marry a foreigner. It was a poser, but Zza Zza turned her face toward the President of Turkey and he promptly proclaimed Turks and Hungarians brothers, making the marriage possible.

The next two years of her life held enough adventure to last most girls a lifetime. Ankara, Turkey's capital, was the scene of some of the most exciting international intrigue in history. A recent movie, Five Fingers, exposed the period. Zza Zza fitted into the international quarters of the city like a butterfly in a swarming colony of human beings and admirers—on all sides of the conflict that was raging. A high official in the British Embassy was insane about her, as were a number of Axis apologists. And to balance things, the president of the country found himself unable to restrain himself in her presence. Zza Zza, totally and truly unaware that anything except her good looks and excitement counted, soon found herself obliged to leave her husband and the East for a less explosive atmosphere.

On the journey that finally brought her to America in 1941, she experienced most of the incidents one would expect her lusty beauty to lead her into. She was seized by the police, suspected of being one in numerous other places, and shuttled around as quickly as nervous espionage detectives could arrange it. She met the King of the Netherlands and she was a guest of the King and Queen, as well as H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw and other notables. And she arrived in this country, broke but eager to face a new life.

Although she arrived in Hollywood shortly after arriving in America, she could be with her sister, Eva, who was then under contract to Paramount, Zza Zza had no desire to begin a theatrical career. The movies were too tame for a girl who had lived, and wanted to continue to live, the genuine article. She spent a period as a hausfrau, Zza Zza's own improper term, and the richest man she knew, Conrad Hilton, the hotel magnate. She became the mistress of his household and, ironically, "Mom" to Hilton's two functioning sons and she missed by an eyelash becoming Elizabeth Taylor's mother-in-law.

When her marriage to Conrad Hilton ended, Zza Zza walked away with a championship hand in jewels and fortune in gems and property. She has a five-year-old daughter, Francesca, as a result of that marriage. For a period after that Zza Zza was a wife, a daughter, a sister, taking time out occasionally to act as hostess at her ex-husband's social affairs. Then she met George Sanders.

Those who knew Sanders intimately could hardly believe what they saw happening. Noted as a man who lived for his own pleasure and a man unimpressed by any feminine qualities, Sanders fell hook, line and fishing pole for Miss Gabor. He began to smile in public and actually (Continued on next page)
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(Continued from preceding page) admitted he was smitten. Zza Zza vanished from the tips of her fingers. And when the mood and the madness of the man's passion suited her, she married him.

Because you can't change an old dog but can teach him new tricks, the Sanders marriage was different from the outset. George slipped back a bit into his narrow cloister, and Zza Zza went along in her gay, usual way. Finally, Hollywooders discovered that she was accepting dates without apparently disrupting her home; nor did she seem to mind when George's eye fell on another woman. Separation followed without either one appearing to mind it too much.

As of this moment, nothing has been resolved about this marriage. Zza Zza lives in a house built on the outskirts of town. George is about somewhere. On the day **Modern** Screen interviewed Zza Zza, the reporter happened to look through a window and see Sanders drive off toward the city. He expressed some surprise, having heard that the husband had moved out again.

"Oh, zat is rossing," said Zza Zza, with a wave of a hand that wore a 22 carat diamond, "he is just a guest here."

Zza Zza might have lived the rest of her days without ever making a professional appearance if it had not been for an incident while the family was entertaining the James Masons one night early in 1951. Zza Zza was telling Mrs. Mason that a television producer had approached her and asked her to make an appearance on the now famous **Bachelors Haven** program.

"Ridiculous!" George snorted. "She's too dumb to do anything on television."

It would be an understatement to state that Zza Zza has proven differently. Within a matter of weeks she had become notorious as a woman who said, and actually meant, what she meant—and who meant plenty. Something in the Iconoscope she faced each Sunday night heightened her natural beauty and she came into living rooms more exotically, both as a performer and as an audience. Her butchery of the English language rocked even the poker-faces of Movietown with laughter. Zza Zza became a star.

But with star status she did not fret. She ignored so elegantly today. Although she is ostensibly on the side of the ladies on her program, she shifts at the first sign of a real battle to the male point of view. This is distracting to her professional foe, Paul Coates, a Los Angeles columnist, but downright infuriating to girls who sit with bared teeth before their TV sets at home. In the first place, they calculate, she just can't look that good. And in the second, she's obviously just after every man she sees. It has gotten so many women who have husbands and boyfriends to the point that.

And the only thing that keeps Bachelors Haven from becoming the highest rated television program in its area are the iron hands of wives turning the sets off when a smart mouth comes around.

Zza Zza Gabor's entry into movies came as a result of her television show. Mervyn Leroy, preparing a picture called **Lovely Look** at **RKO** and needing a first rate actress, could be counted on to look at. He called Zza Zza, after seeing her on the show, and asked her if she'd like to test for the role. Zza Zza indignantly informed him that she had no time to waste.

She could be seen on TV. That was test enough. Leroy opined as it probably was and hired her anyway. During the making of this picture, Zza Zza was teamed with Kathryn Grayson, Marge Champion and Ann Miller. She vews these girls swear the sun rises and sets on her, but, being women, it seems unlikely.

There is such an air of competence about Zza Zza Gabor that Hollywood women refuse to consider it as part of the reason her screen career is forging ahead. They prefer to blind themselves to her talent and instead capitalize on her over-stimulated glands to get ahead.

"It is so silly," says Zza Zza about this. "People are always saying I make love to every man and woman. Such nonsense. They say I am in love with everybody, and every man is in love with me. They say Mervyn Leroy was in love with me at MGM, and Nunnally Johnson at Fox. And now they say John Huston, who I will work for in Paris, is my lover. This man I have never even met yet!

And all of these men are happily married to America's most beautiful women."

Because of her almost terrifying candor, you can bet that Zza Zza's statement is true. But it cannot be denied that she may have been putting on a bit of a show for her contact with Miss Gabor will spend a couple of extra hours a week in a beauty parlor. No woman, no matter how substantial her marriage, could possibly ignore the Gabor ring.

Zza Zza's opinions of Hollywood women are given at the drop of a suggestion.

Farley Granger's quote to a newspaperman while filming **The King and I.**

"Vittorio: "I'm surprised. I always thought Shelley would marry Shelley.""

"Everything is wrong here," she said recently. "A woman in the movies gets up at five o'clock in the morning. At seven she is seated in a beauty parlor chair having her hair done and her face made up. At nine o'clock she is standing in a lovely living room, dressed in an exquisite evening gown, and she spends the day until six o'clock playing a romance with a handsome man. She goes home in the evening, she takes it all off and walks around in old clothes or a comfortable bath robe. No wonder the men get sick of them."

Zza Zza expresses the opinion, also, that the Hollywood men are spoiled.

"There are too many beautiful women here," she stated as though it was an interminable list. "A woman in the movies gets them in from all over to go through them to get into a night club. Consequently, the men are not as cavalier as they should be. Some of the beautiful women here should go away. Things won't work out.

Men, according to Zza Zza, should be dangled on strings rather than have their wills catered to. No man, she feels, should be given anything she is interested in anything more than a temporary toy that might well be discarded the day after Christmas. And she feels strongly that women must work. One of her acquaintances, a very beautiful actress, once sold gloves in a department store and now never mentions it.

"It is so silly," she remarks. "How interesting this would be for her to say to a man, 'Once I used to sell gloves for a living.' He would like her better."

This attitude is considered undercover hatchet work by Zza Zza's contemporaries, who are quite sure telling a man the low points in a glamorous woman's background is almost a certain way to lose him. She's a liar and a gaver of bad advice, they cry.

When she is in the mood to confess her real opinions, Zza Zza will repeat a favorite expression which seems to imply that Hollywood girls are something less than all-around prize packages.
“The girls in Hollywood,” she says, “are not on a par with European women. In Hollywood a woman is a nothing. In New York a woman is a telephone number. But in Paris a woman is a woman!”

Yes, Zsa Zsa Gabor is a revolutionary. By instinct and training she is a predatory creature not willing to share a male bone with any other female. She has the attributes which make her plundering easy—and she must go through life, and her movie career, which now looms for- midably, on a solo safari, wary ever of the spears of her own kind.

MODERN SCREEN asked her for a single incident which would prove her contention that women really like her.

“Very well,” Zsa Zsa said, “last Christmas Eve I was at a party and somebody introduced me to Ethel Barrymore. Miss Barrymore was very kind to me. She said she liked me on the television and admired me very much. She wanted to be my friend. You see?”

We saw, but we left without making an issue of the fact that Miss Barrymore is roosting on 70, and more than likely no longer cares. Forty years ago, she’d probably have cut Zsa Zsa down with a Christmas tree icicle!

the house that spells welcome

(Continued from page 48) bedroom and Ty's private office-den.

In addition to the patio in the middle of the structure, there’s a lanai on the far side that runs the full width of the building. This outdoor living area serves as a second living room. The roof over the terrace is made of translucent glass, giving off a lovely soft light to the open porch. The tile floor is partly covered with hemp rugs, and Linda had a great time filling the outdoor room with comfortable black and rattan lanai furniture. It’s a terrific spot for a party as any member of the movie colony’s social set will testify.

Shortly after they adjusted themselves to their house, Ty and Linda decided to give a housewarming.

The Powers rigged a tent over the patio, hired an orchestra, and rented a dance floor. They strung plastic curtains along the edge of the lanai as a protection against the California night air, then set ten tables for ten on the lanai.

Not satisfied with looking like a queen for this occasion, Linda decided to prepare some of the dishes. Ty in particular was interested in the kind of projection booth so that he could show 16 mm. movies in the living room, and he also wanted a study and a bath nearby. Linda’s remodeling ideas centered around a diet kitchen next to the nursery upstairs. And, of course, they both wanted a swimming pool.

Putting in the pool was quite a job. A good portion of land had to be cleared of trees and undergrowth to make room for a 35-foot tank. Workmen brought in truckloads of dirt trying to terrace down to a level plot. It cost a pile of money, but for people who love to swim in a heated pool all year round, it was worth it.

When it came to the interior, Linda insisted that it be furnished with custom-made pieces (Continued on page 50).

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TEQUILA by Margaret Page Hood

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(Continued from preceding page) of her own design. She is a creative person with very definite likes. In every case she knew the effect she wanted the room to bear. To make certain that her furnishings would lend themselves to that effect, she solicited the services of Paul Fox from 20th Century-Fox's art department. A man whose daily job consists of execut-
ing fabulous script ideas for decoration, Fox had no trouble in fulfilling Linda's designs.

All the upholstered pieces in the Power living room are modern but based upon old motifs from other countries. The couch, for example, is made of rubber set on a walnut base but it's definitely Moroccan in feeling. The bench in front of the fireplace is copied from a Hawaiian hula.

The dining room is small but surprising-
ly expandable. There is one large rectangular table that seats six. Then, along the wall there are two console tables which can be pushed against the end of the long table or they can be fitted together to form a separate table. Linda is having still another pair made so that she can seat 20 people at the same table.

Linda so arranged her furniture that when you step into the living room and look through to the dining room, you don't see a table and chairs but a mirrored screen that gives a feeling of great depth to the two rooms.

L I K E most Californians, the Powers do a good deal of outdoor living. They use their patio so much that a complete set of china is stored outside in the great Italian dresser. China and dresser were

were gifts from Harry Hathaway who directed Ty in Prince Of Foxes and originally used the stuff as props.

Most of the pieces inside the bedroom came from Ty, three years ago. Linda liked and kept them. Only the huge bed and commode covered in white

californian are new.

When he's home, Ty spends a good deal of time in the den he had built for himself. The bleached birch walls are perfect backdrop for his framed playbills and etchings.

All in all, the house seems to radiate an atmosphere of solid

reliability. A visitor who was taken through recently by Linda turned to his

hostess and said, "My dear, if your marriage is as good as your house, it will last, a long, long time." Linda smiled. "For supuesto," she said, which is Spanish for "of course."

(Tyrone Power soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's Pony Soldier.)

and her heart went "bam" (Continued from page 31) sat back and purred over the knowledge that they had once again picked a winner.

And while they were busy congrat-
ulating themselves, Anne momentarily and

quietly slipped out of their fingers and

led the drama of Bamlet Price, Jr., a dark-

handed veteran bomber pilot. The

young couple, who had told no one of

their plans, were married in a surprise

ceremony, among friends and relatives present. Then followed a

week's honeymoon trip to Santa Barbara,

Carmel, San Francisco and Yosemite. For

Anne, who is looking forward to raising a

family, her marriage is by far the happiest

achievement of her first 14 months in

Hollywood.

That she landed in Hollywood at all is no surprise to Anne. When she was five years old she painstakingly scrawled her first written sentence—"I want to be a

movie star." The paper still rests with

other mementos in the heriboned box

tucked away in the family home.

The childish hope for the future may have been coincidence, but Anne's talent was noted the same summer she was 12 years old, most of her waking hours were spent before a photographer's camera, a micro-

phone, a theater audience or a television camera. As Anne sized herself up by a photographer's model and an actress that public school was out of the question and tutors were hired to educate her. Back in those days, Anne was one of the kids who wore the P.S. No. 74. They went skating and swimming in the afternoons, and Anne sometimes wished she could go to school instead of being drawn down to pose for another magazine cover.

But these were only fleeting moments of re-
gret, for Anne liked her work. Now she

feels it has been more than worthwhile.

She especially treasures the letters before Miss Quinn came along. To Anne, then 13, the 20-year-old Miss Quinn seemed ancient and very wise. The teacher had an unusual gift to awaken the enthusiasm for learning. Mathematics and geography were brushed over in a cursory manner, and then the Misses Quinn and

Francis really got down to brass tacks in a discussion of philosophy and life in general that went to a depth shunned by the average adolescent.

Anne is an exceptionally mature girl for her age, a natural result of her having

spent so much time with adults. She has none of the giddiness associated with most girls of her age. In fact, when occasioned by the thought of casting herself in another acting role rather than join in the small talk. She likes to meet people slowly and take her time in getting to know them. Nothing inarticulate or silly is a trait which is a far cry from Anne's schoolmate who pushes too fast for a friendship.

People have described Anne as reserved, but it is not quite the proper word, for although she shows a great deal of re-

straint, her personality bubbles around

the edges and there is a suspicion that she is holding back an innate gaiety. Per-
haps it can be explained by the fact that she is early in her career but the cap on it on an effervescent personality.

When Anne was still an infant, the family moved from Ossining to a small town in Upstate New York. It was a country life, and Anne loved it. There were woods to roam and horses to ride and chickens in the back yard. Her ambition was to return to her into New York City, only an hour away, to pose for a magazine cover. But back at home she could take off the fancy clothes, climb into something more simple, take her dog and be off again to the fields. Then, when Anne was seven, the Francis left their home. They moved into Manhattan where her mother picked up occasional work. The transition from overalls and bare feet to patent leather shoes and hat was made suddenly, but Anne felt nothing. She learned against the necessity of "looking

like a lady." She was a tomboy at heart—the fire escapes in back of the tiny three-room apartment were as foreign to her as the mounds she had known.

But her career boomed. While she went on being a junior cover girl, she also en-
tered radio, eventually becoming known as the Princess of soap operas, as the first child actress to have her own television show, and for many years was much in demand as a fashion model. She worked in summer stock, and on Broadway portrayed Gertrude Lawrence as a child in *Lady In The Dark*. In between jobs she visited agencies with her mother, looking for work. Even at the age of seven Anne was a very professional and knew instinctively the kind of smile or type of expression wanted by a photographer.

Her earnings were spasmodic, and most of the time infinitesimal. The Sunday radio program she called her own brought the munificent salary of two dollars per show. Anne worked to help her family coffer, but because she wanted to, the money she made was “put back into the business,” spent for clothes and her studies in drama and singing, and for the other lessons that filled her days. Nevertheless, her parents were well aware that such a professional life was apt to spoil Anne, and they did everything in their power to guard against this.

There had been three babies before her, none of whom had lived, and it was difficult to deny Anne anything. They tried to teach her the value of money. Anne recalls one method in particular. She was willing to walk the 12 blocks to Rockefeller Center, she could spend the bus fare saved for a book of paper dolls.

Anne was taught that a young lady never shows anger or temper or any extreme emotion, and in her effort to cooperate she boiled over a natural exuberance. Her emotions have been released in her acting, and Anne says today that if she hadn’t chosen to be an actress, she would now be a potential explosive. This early training in restraint made her self-conscious, and her shyness increased when she began working with other professional children in New York.

The others could carry on with others, because she was from the country, and although she made friends quickly, her whole life was to be affected by one particularly vicious picture of Anne’s success, managed to turn her friends against her. Anne didn’t understand; she would find one good friend or a group of friends and would drop in on their companionship until suddenly they would drift away from her, and sometimes even avoid speaking to her. The reserve that people notice in Anne today is the outcome of this experience, which happened in the sensitive years when she was entering her teens.

The change didn’t affect her career. It went right on soaring, and at the same time her father found a more remunerative job. The family bought a house on Long Island, in East Rockaway, on the water which was only a summer place, but Anne and her parents turned it into a permanent residence. With the rise in the family fortunes she felt the world was growing brighter. Hollywood, by this time, was her playground. She used to visit the neighborhood movie theaters and worshiped Alan Ladd from afar. To Anne, Maureen O’Hara was the most beautiful thing that ever walked on screen. “She looks the way a heroine should look,” Anne used to say.

She didn’t have long to wait, for when she was 15, her father gave her a one-year contract. Career-wise, he turned out to be the biggest disappointment of Anne’s life. She sat for the whole year, waiting for a role, and got nothing more than a brief turn in a part in a Mickey Rooney comedy. She found herself in front of the broom when the studio swept out a lot of young hopefuls at the end of the year, and, disheartened, she went back home. Not long after, she was given a role. So young! So naive! About juvenile delinquency that was made in New York. On the strength of her work in it she was brought to 20th.

It was, of course, the turning point in Anne’s life. Her mother came to Hollywood with her and stayed for almost a year, during which time the mother-and-daughter team was swamped with pitiful letters from Mr. Francis, inquiring how to make an omelette and what herbs to put in a stew. After nine months Mrs. Francis felt that Anne was well enough established in her new home and went back to take over the kitchen in East Rockaway, much to her husband’s relief.

Neither he nor her mother had any qualms about leaving Anne on her own. They would miss her, certainly, but from the first they had known that Anne was destined for a career and would one day want to leave the nest. They had every reason for confidence in their daughter. Anne was set to work in pictures immediately, and took the whole thing with a serenity that surprised Hollywood. No one knowing Anne’s background, however, could expect her to be non-plussed. She had behind her years of experience in every medium of show business, and neither cameras nor fame were unknown to her.

Anne has made a great many friends in Hollywood, but, unlike most newcomers, she hasn’t attached herself to one of the social cliques of the town. Her friends are mostly actors and actresses who are struggling along without contracts. They’re all about Anne’s age, and they are people who understand her, friends with whom she feels comfortable.

Before she met Bam, she was perfectly content to be by herself of an evening, reading, painting, or playing the piano. She’s a quiet, self-contained person, and there’s never been the urge for her, as there is with most people, to always have a companion. Sometimes she would eat out alone at a Westwood restaurant where she knew the piano player and the waitresses. Customers often turned to look at the attractive blonde sitting by herself in a corner wonder, and Anne looked and wondered right back.

Now all that has changed. Anne and Bam (a family, she was introduced for the first time by mutual friends last August. Later, when Anne moved to Westwood, she discovered that Bam had an apartment just right next door. She also found out they had the same common, and they used to sit for hours discussing their ideas about life and work.

Bam, who’s studying for a Ph.D. in motion picture production, is working practically to teach in the field of educational films. He is currently writing, producing and directing a short documentary on the evil effects of dope, and Anne is serving as his assistant director and producer. The two spent a recent week end scouting locations for the film near Lancaster, and discovered an ideal spot—a Joshua tree and cactus in a place that resembles the country around the Mexican border.

At the moment they are living in one apartment, and using Bam’s as a studio and workshop. They hope soon to find a larger place, perhaps a small bungalow house.

For an actress who has been in Hollywood a year and a half, Anne has managed to have her life well in hand. She knows what she wants, and if she is still a bit self-conscious in a crowded room, she is confident before the camera. She is serious about her work and her marriage, and she is constantly seeking self-improvement.

END
PS-I am so occupied with my own problems that I have no time to work on Bob's story. If you have any questions, you can reach me at the Swedish Embassy. I will answer them in Swedish.

Ingrid

P.S.-I hope you are well and happy. It is important to maintain good relationships with the friends who are near and dear to you.

Ingrid
were happy to be with her?

Q. I don't think she ever asked me in that sort of way, "Are you happy to be with me?" I don't think she ever asked me that.

Q. Not in those words, but in effect did she ever say, "Pia, are you glad that we have this opportunity to be together?"

A. I don't remember whether she ever asked me that or not.

Q. Did she ever ask you, during any of these conversations, if you missed her?

A. I guess she must have.

Q. Did she ever say yes, to be polite?

A. I guess I said yes, to be polite.

Q. You guess you said yes, to be polite?

A. Well, if you were with someone that much, but I couldn't very well tell her I didn't.

Q. If all the time only that you heard your mother and father arguing was that one occasion at the dinner table, about money?

A. Yes, I tell you what. I don't want Mom to go to Italy. You see the meeting, you don't want her to go. It's in England, and I met her, and then we arranged that I should go and stay with her for a few days.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

It was a rainy weekend at the seaside and our drafty, antiquated Victorian hotel was at its worst. It was also bursting at the seams with guests, all of whom had been called from New York to say she was bringing a very important person and that we had to make a room somewhere. Appalled, we had to give her the worst room in the house—it was the last one. That evening my friend introduced us in the cocktail lounge, and we talked of our families, our friends, and other female trivia. Not a word about the poor room, the bad weather or the cold she was coming down with — and not a word of praise for the food which I had prepared.

Of course, the guest was the chic, perennially charming and completely fabulous Gloria Swanson.

Beryl T. Yocum
Beach Haven, N. J.

Q. And you wanted to see your mother in England at that time, didn't you? as well as see your relatives in Sweden?

A. Well, I was going to see my mother in Sweden. I didn't know she was going to be in England. I didn't know she was going to meet me in Sweden.

Q. You didn't object to seeing her in England, did you?

A. Well, I would rather have seen her in Sweden. But you do remember whether or not you were happy to be with her?

Q. You didn't object to seeing her in England, did you?

A. Yes. We never were happy to be with her.

Q. But the meaning to you in each case is different, is it not?

A. I think it is.

Q. So I take it to mean that you actually, when you sign the letter saying "Love, Pia," that you don't have your mother?

A. I don't love her. I like her.

Q. And you don't miss her, do you?

A. No, I would rather live with my father.

Q. Miss Lindstrom, do you understand what this case is about, as to what Mr. Rossellini is seeking to do in this case?

A. Yes, she wants me to come to Italy and I don't want to go to Italy. But you realize, do you not, that your mother is not asking to have you live with her?

A. But I just saw her last summer.

Q. But you realize, do you not, Miss Lindstrom, that your mother is not making any request of this court or of you to live with her?

A. Yes.

Q. You realize that she is only asking to have you visit with her during a part of your summer vacation?

A. Well, she has written to me that she would like me to go to Italy next summer. She will come here and visit and stay, and how much I would like Italy, and I must have how to speak Italian in school.

A. She's still loving you as much as she does, you probably like to have her stay with you, but I have no idea whether or not you are aware of the fact that she is not making any request of Judge Lillic here, you are asking us on her behalf, for you to go and live with her. You realize that?

A. Yes.

Q. And you realize further that she is only asking for you to come and spend a part of the summer vacation with her?

A. Yes.

Q. And you to object?

A. Yes.

Q. You love your father very, very much, don't you, Miss Lindstrom?

A. Yes.

Q. Your father has told you that he does not desire for you to go to Italy, hasn't he?

A. Yes, but he told you so, or that he wouldn't prefer that you do not go to Italy?

A. No, he has.

Q. He hasn't, upon any occasion, told you that he didn't want you to go to Italy or didn't think that you should go to Italy?

A. No, he never said I shouldn't go to Italy.

Q. Has he told you that he doesn't think that you should see your mother?

A. No.

Q. Has he told you that your mother is responsible for this present situation which even finds the result here in the courtroom?

A. No.

Q. Your father told you anything at all about your mother in the course of last year?

A. Not, he has told you about your mother.

Q. What has he said?

A. Today he said—he gave me a necklace for my confirmation, and he said how he used to buy jewelry for her, and he talked about my mother.

Q. If your father told you that he desired you to go to Italy, that it was his desire that you go, would you then go?

A. No.

Q. If the Court felt that it was necessary to make an order for you to go to Italy, would you go?

A. No.

Q. Now, Miss Lindstrom, you like to do what would make your father happy, wouldn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. It depends upon if I want to do it. I mean, if he told me to go to Italy, I wouldn't go, and if he said it, he wasn't so happy; it wouldn't make me happy, so I wouldn't go.

Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: You testified, I believe, that you had seen Mr. Rossellini?

A. Yes.

Q. That was when he came to Los Angeles in 1927?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you ever have any conversation with Mr. Rossellini at that time?

A. Well, he lived in our house, so I guess I talked to him, but I don't remember anything that we talked about.

Q. Did you find him to be a considerate, gentlemanly man?

A. I don't remember, I didn't find him anything.

THE COURT: How old were you, Pia, when he came there, do you remember? Was that in 1929?

MR. BAUTZER: February of 49.

Q. THE COURT: Did you see him often, Pia?

MR. BAUTZER: Who?

Q. THE COURT: Mr. Rossellini, while he was at your home?

A. Yes.

THE WITNESS: I was out, I mean, I went to school.

Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: During the times that you did see him, did you observe anything about him that you objected?

A. Well, I didn't eat with him. I ate by myself, and I went to bed earlier than he did, so I didn't observe much.

Q. During the time that you did see him, you didn't dislike him at that time, did you?

A. I didn't like him; I didn't dislike him. I just didn't have any

Q. Your father has told you about him, hasn't he?

A. What about him?

Q. What about him?

A. Well, you had conversations with your father about Mr. Rossellini?

Q. You don't sit down and say, "Let's talk about Mr. Rossellini!"

A. I am certain you don't, Miss Lindstrom, but you have discussed Mr. Rossellini with your father, haven't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And what generally has your father said and what have you said?

A. Well, he said, "He lives with us," and then I said, "Yes." I don't remember what we discussed.

THE WITNESS: As nearly as you can remember.

Q. As nearly as you can remember, what do you remember Mr. Rossellini that was said about him?

A. He borrowed my father's money and bought presents for his children, and we never knew whether or not we were going to see Mr. Rossellini. We discussed that he used to stand in front of the fireplace and tell us how religious he was, and that he borrowed my father's money and bought presents for his children.

Q. AND...
Did once don't, markets ^, or should Miss. How was don't.
Q. Did you ask him what to do, or—
A. No, I just said, "They are calling people who aren't nice, Rossettinis," and so he said, "Ha-ha," or he just said, "Oh," or I mean, he didn't say anything.
THE COURT: Did he ever tell you not to pay any attention or not let the children say?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: He said it in connection with that?
THE WITNESS: Well, he said not to mind anything that people said.
Q. Assuming that you went to Europe, and pictures of you and your mother were taken, would you object to that?
A. Yes, because every time I walk down the street, everybody looks at me. When you testified that your mother never had a meal with you, that you could remember, you asked your father why you had done nothing to eat, didn't you?
A. No, I only wanted to see my father, and you didn't want to go to England, did you?
Q. You didn't say it?
A. Because I didn't know I was going to meet my mother in England.
THE COURT: But you were not happy to see your mother in England?
A. Yes, I was happy to see her.
Q. Then before you left you told your father, didn't you, that you were not interested in seeing your mother?
A. Yes, I didn't want to see her that much.
Q. Did you tell your father that you were not interested in seeing your mother?
A. No, I said I would be happy to see my mother, I meant, I didn't particularly want to see my mother.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: You told your father, didn't you, that your mother didn't care about you?
A. I don't remember saying that.
THE COURT: Do you feel that way about her now?
THE WITNESS: What way?
THE COURT: Do you feel that your mother doesn't care about you now?
THE WITNESS: I don't think she cares about me too much.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: Why do you say that?
THE WITNESS: Well, she didn't seem very interested about me when she was married, it was only after she left and got married and had children that she suddenly decided she wanted me.
THE COURT: Did she go to Italy, would you tell me that you did?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: Even though your father may not want to go.
THE WITNESS: Well, he wouldn't go anyway, I don't think.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: Would you go if you wanted to?
A. Yes, I would.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: When did he tell you this, today?
A. No.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: He told me that if I wanted to go, he would stop the court case, and I could go.
Q. BY MR. BAUTZER: You have told him to write to you, hasn't he?
A. Yes, he has.
Q. Do you have a picture of your mother in your bedroom?
A. Yes, I do.
Q. That is on your dresser?
A. It is on a table, I have a whole lot of pictures of my father, mother, and friends; mostly empty frames, because I haven't found any pictures to put in them.
Q. Mostly empty frames?
A. Well, you know, people keep giving me frames for presents, and I just put them in the closet, so they just sit there.
Q. Have you heard any continuation of the remarks of your classmates in the last year?
A. No, we now all know, so nobody says anything much anymore.
Q. Now they all know what?
A. That my mother married to another man.
Q. In the school that you go to, do any of your classmates make fun of you any more?
A. They never did.
Q. They never did.
A. No.
Q. What did your classmates say to you, if you can remember?
A. Well, they would say, "I read somewhere that your mother is getting married to another man, and I saw your name in the paper and thought you were in the paper; didn't look anything like you," and so on things. Just read it in the newspaper in magazines. There was an article in one magazine.
Q. Did they say anything about Mr. Rossettini?
A. They said that my mother was marrying Mr. Rossettini.
Q. Anything else, Miss Lindstrom?
A. I don't remember saying what people weren't nice, they called them Rossettinis.
Q. Did you discuss this with your father, didn't you?
A. Yes.
Q. What did he say about it?
A. He didn't say anything.
ava wants out

(Continued from page 33) up and said, "Excuse me, honey. I'm starvin'."

Said the maidservant, and politely pushed for a coke and a lettuce and tomato sandwich toasted. When she returned she tried to crack a pecan with a single-blade nutcracker. She failed. "Gosh!" she exclaimed. "What a hokey nutcracker."

"When did you dye your hair blonde?" I asked. "How do you like it, darling?"

I crinkled my nose. "It looks awful now," she explained quickly, "because it's yellow but wait till you see it tonight. Tonight I'm going to Hollywood, and they're going to dye it up. It'll look really real. Will I dye my hair about once every two years. I don't know why. For the change, I guess. Honestly, doll, it doesn't look half bad. I mean, Frank doesn't mind."

María brought the coke and sandwich. Ava bit into the toast. She weighs 123 lbs. and looks thinner than she actually does. She had been feeling too well lately, she admitted, in fact had been laid up in the hospital for a few days.

"How's your mental condition?" I asked. "Whataya mean, 'mental condition'?" "Your personal things. Last thing. What things?" Ava Gardner asked. "Your suspension, Frank, your plans for the future, those things." She glanced at the moment, her eyes growing meditative as twilight. I wish we had the Palm Springs house in Los Angeles," she said presently. "That's a great house. About the size of a man's life, you know. We don't have any definite plans. How can we? Who knows what comes up in this business? That's what I've been trying to tell you. A girl marries a broke-down stockbroker or a broken-down life is set. She becomes the score. Marry some guy in show business and it's rough. Today he's in Chicago. Then he's hitting St. Louis. When he comes home, the studio wants you. Once Ava leaped to Mexico."

"I know what you're going to say. You always say it. Why don't I quit and have some kids and settle down? I'd settle for that.\n
Funnily enough, we're in this restaurant on the other night. A handwriting analyst-some hokey dame came over. I scribbled a few words. 'You're going to have twins,' she told me. Eventually two boys and a girl. She also told me I was going to be pregnant in five months. Frank told her we'd work on it. I can't have twins. Least, I don't think so. No twins in Frank's family, None in mine. But two girls and a boy, that'd be great. I mean two boys and a girl."

"Frank makes a good father," I said. Ava smiled. "I hope so," she said. 

"This is the life of the world. We've been down at the desert before we went to Honolulu, and Frank was wonderful with them. It was the first time for me. Their mother's done a great job. I sure do wish she could be with them. They're so adorable, you know."

The housekeeper let Ava's dog, Rags, into the house and tied his leash to the coffee table.

Ava petted the dog up and hugged him.

"He's a Welsh Corgi," she explained. Then to the dog. "Aren't you, Rags?" She put him down, explaining that she'd first thought the dog in England as thinking he was a lovely little mongrel. An Englishman told her that Rags was no mongrel at all, that her mistake was a frequent one since there were less than 150 such in America. "Anyway, Frank had this little creature flown over for my 28th birthday. My sister Babes has one named Shannon. They're just wonderful. Excuse me, honey. That's the phone."

While Ava was talking to her agent, I looked around. The large house she and Frank rented amounted to $500 a month. It's a small house located in a fashionable section of Beverly Hills on a canyon road. It has five rooms and a maid room. The largest room is the bedroom. Ava and Frank sleep in a tremendous double bed. On the night table at the left, Ava's side of the bed, rests a small portrait of Frank, showing him as a young girl in a year-old photograph. A wedding picture of Ava and Frank stands on one dresser and portraits of Ava's various nephews and nieces on another. The room also contains a radio, especially for Frank, and a television set.

One of the closets in the foyer beside the bedroom was opened. It contained nothing but Ava's shoes. I counted 55 pairs. Most of them were plain black high-heeled pumps.

Tain't true that Sam Goldwyn, noting the success of Biblical pictures, decided he was going to make "Ain't and Eve "with a cast of thousands."

Troy Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

I returned to the living room, a modern rectangle done in light green with gold carpeting. A portrait of Ava painted by her best friend, Paul Clemens, hung on the wall over the baby grand piano. Portraits by Clemens hang in many Hollywood homes.

Ava came back from her phone call.

"Sure you're not hungry, sweetie?"

I said, "No."

"When I'm hungry," she said, "I eat like a pig. I've answered a couple of questions as to why, I said, "while you were on the phone. I'd like you to level on them."

She said she would. I explained, "when I asked you if you were contemplating a marriage with Frank—or maybe it was more than a year ago, you said, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' Why, I don't think I'm crazy."

"In the last six months, I've been married to two guys in this racket. Look what happened." Now tell me, Ava, what made you change your mind?

She laughed and said, "I still say the same thing. Honest, doll. A girl's got to be crazy to marry a guy in show business. Why'd I do it? I can't explain it in terms of logic. I just do it. With me it's pure emotion. I fall in love with a guy, and I'm hooked. Lana's the same way. We're a pair of suckers for love. I always will be.

"In all my marriages, it's been the same bit. When I told friends Mickey and I were going to be married, they came to me and said, 'Listen, Ava, Better-suicide. You don't know what you're doing. Do it your own way.'"

"Here's the way I feel about it. If things blow up, I'm the one to suffer. I'm the fall guy. I don't like to take responsibility for it. But I'm funny about marriage. To me if two people fall in love, the best thing, the only thing, is a wedding ceremony. I feel I'm entitled to make my own mistakes."

"I fell in love with Frank. It wasn't intentional. I'd met him ten years ago when he was singing with Tommy Dorsey at the Palladium. I'd seen him around the studio. It was nothing. Just hello and goodbye. Two years ago we met and it started getting serious. Can I help it if I don't have sense enough to run away from love? The result is that I've never been happier in my life. I think the same goes for Frank."


Ava jumped up. "Back in a minute, sweetie."

She was back in less. "Shoot," she said. I fired a second question. "What goes with you and these constant studio suspensions?"

Ava lit another cigarette. For the first time her good humor seemed to evaporate.

"All I'm going to say about that, doll, is this: my contracts in December next year? Enough?"

I nodded. It's no secret in Hollywood that Ava would like to terminate her MGM contract as quickly as possible. Hollywood, a hard place and Holl- ywood's largest studio just don't happen to see eye to eye on salary values.

Ava has developed into an actress of considerable talent and surprisingly fine literary taste. She has turned down several roles offered to her. The studio sees no point in paying her for not working so that a good portion of her time has been spent on suspension.

One of Ava's Metro contract expires, she intends to leave Hollywood, circumstances permitting, for a substantial period.

She has never really been an ambitious actress. Neither does she covet fame or money. What she is looking for is emotional security and personal happiness. To have these, she feels strongly that she must be independent and a wife. She prefers to spend at least six months of the year with him away from Hollywood. In the movie colony she has the recurrent feeling that she is the cynosure of all eyes, everyone is waiting for her marriage to founder, that thousands of I-told-you-so wiseguys build up every little nibble into a cause célèbre. However, she's spent so much money sweet much but more than she ever had before—and a good deal of notoriety, but she has been happiest away from Holly- wood when she's been with her side. Since the dissension Frank has been the sole source of family income. Frank makes good money on the personal appearance circuit, but it's hard work, and he's given up a great portion of his earnings for the support of ex-wife Nancy and his three children.

If Ava could only obtain her release from MGM, she could go to Europe and make a picture over there for at least $50,000 per film. Metro gets $65,000 and up when they loan her out. Ava could also remain in Hollywood and make a picture on a free-lance good and she could again supply her with the where-withal to travel.

Ava loves the house she and Frank own in Palm Springs, but the weather is no longer so kind during the hot months. Besides, Ava is beginning to think that Palm Springs is too close to Holly- wood for the type of privacy she craves. "I never had any privacy. I had no privacy in this town. I had no privacy anywhere."

Ava said, explaining how I feel about things. All I know is that I've got to get away from this town for a while. I need a change."

"What's that, why you've been dyeing your hair?" I asked. "A sort of substitute?"

Ava Lavinia grinned. "It's sure going to be funny," she said. "I've posed for different magazine photos as a brunette, an outlandish blonde, and a platinum blonde. By the time the magazines come out, I'm going to be a redhead."

(Ava will soon be seen in MGM's Som-brero)
miracles do happen

(Continued from page 49) normally religious turn of mind feel we have had personal proof of the power of prayer. Those who take pride in being modern sophisticates scoff at such a thought but cannot deny that there is much in life that cannot be explained.

"Politics are always answered," Loretta Young declares. "Sometimes almost miraculously. If you believe in prayer, you can make things happen that seem miraculous, that you would call heaven with your prayers."

It must be explained that Loretta makes no apology to friends or the public for the fact that she is religious, nor has she ever maintained the attitude of believers make her a trifle "better" than anyone, inside or out of Hollywood. To the casual observer, her delicate, ethereal beauty makes her appear like a child, and it is only when a brisk wind might pick her up and deposit her in the next county. Actually, Loretta Young's personality is as lusty and dynamic as any truck driver's, minus of course the tendency to swear. But, it is those gentlemen to employ a vocabulary that can peel paint off walls.

"You might as well face it," Loretta told me. "I am not going to be trapped into a deep discussion about miracles. I am perhaps as well versed in theology as the normal church-goer, but I might as well admit to explaining the mysteries of a delicate brain operation. But I will tell you some of the answers to prayers that I have experienced personally and some wonderfully inspiring experiences of people I know personally.

Actors worry and fret their careers away instead of enjoying them. Loretta Young

"To get down to cases. Two years ago one prayer of mine was answered so swiftly and surely that it seemed like a miracle to me. This answer came with such unexpected speed that it could convince me that it was not a positive answer to my prayer." 

"My two young sons and I were out walking one evening. Peter, my eldest, ran on ahead, suddenly turning off the street, across the narrow parkway, and into the street. I called after him, frantically, but my four-year-old sprite was free as a bird. His entire world at the moment consisted of the empty street and the new wonders that lay on the other side of it. My vision swept the road in search of that inevitable speeding car. Normally, a half-hour could go by without anyone using that street, but there it was, a huge station wagon bent on setting a new speed record. Horrified, I shrieked Peter's name and stood paralyzed.

"He didn't hear me. At that point he was about four feet into the street and pounding along with legs sturdy legs. I don't know whether I had enough courage to cry, but I whispered, 'Please, God, please save him.'"

For an agonized moment that seemed an eternity, Loretta Young's breath held for the sound of screaming brakes and the indescribable pain of seeing her child lying crushed on the pavement. Then, as though they were watching in the sky from which one scene is suddenly frozen on the screen, Loretta saw Peter standing stock still, just shy of the middle of the road, while with tires whining, the station wagon was rounding the turn just as it should. Some kid had caused Peter to stop, amazingly, in his headlong romp. He couldn't have heard his mother's frantic call. He couldn't have seen the station wagon, for a parked car to his left had hidden it from sight. Even if he had heard the sound of the approaching station wagon, he couldn't have stopped, because his four-year-old reflexes could never have played a part in the moment.

"It was prayer," Loretta repeats, simply. "God said yes."

"The true miracle," she continues, "is a supernatural act of God which the human mind cannot explain. Just as a child cannot understand why an electric light goes on and off but accepts the fact with a perfectly natural faith, an adult cannot understand the actual cause of what we call a miracle but also accepts it as a matter of faith.

One of Loretta's favorite stories of the power of prayer concerns Pat O'Brien. "Pat's oldest daughter was only a baby at the time," she says. "About two, I think. Anyway, she became terribly ill. The doctors did everything they could. They finally gave up. There was no hope. It was only a matter of time. Pat went into his room alone. He went down on his knees and started saying his Rosary. He stayed there, alone, on his knees all that day and night, praying, never moving. And they came in the next morning and told him his little girl had reached and passed the crisis and miraculously had lived.

"You can bring about apparent miracles through prayer. Actually, what you are doing is asking for spiritual guidance to help you get through the crisis of your life. If it is right for you, you'll get it. If it isn't, you won't. You just don't get down on your knees and say gimmer. And it will happen many times. You can always be answered for one individual, but not as the answer for another, even though the circumstances seem most identical. This has happened to me. If this has happened to you, don't let the result be that you become skeptical."

Loretta points out that she could never explain away the truth of miracles to anyone. There may be thousands, or hundreds of thousands who have never heard of the miracle at Lourdes, or the many others that have been verified through the years. We cannot accept these as facts, then, unfortunately, they will never be able to recognize those almost miraculous events that happen around them everyday.

For instance, some years ago a priest who is an old friend of Loretta's came to her to explain that he needed $5,000 for a trailer and a projection unit to take into Utah missionary territory. Loretta was upset, because she couldn't at the time afford to donate the amount. She just didn't have that sort of money right now, she explained, but I'll see what I can do among my friends."

"We'll work on this together," the priest said. "I will pray." And Loretta prayed. And the answer came. Several days before, the Lux Radio Theater had asked Loretta to play in one of their weekly dramatic shows. But, because the Lux had a contract at the time stipulated that she must pay the studio 50 per cent of her radio fees, she had been turning down air shows as a matter of principle. This, however, was different.

Loretta continued to ask if they would waive the 50 per cent clause in this particular case. The executive to whom she talked not only gave in, but sent her a sizable check of his own. Then, with another small prayer that the part would still be available, Loretta called the Lux people.

Call it coincidence, but the star who accepted the role in Loretta's place got a heavy cold a few (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page) hours before and couldn't do the show. The Lux man thanked heaven over & over, and well he should have. The following night, Loretta did the show and gave her check for $5,000 to the poor. Most agony, psychiatrists and just plain people might have believed that this happened as a result of prayer. Loretta does believe it, and no one can deny that her faith has had a great deal to do with a happy life, while many others who believe in it have found it a happy thing for them and themselves, have reached a climax of unhappiness.

As Mrs. Tom Lewis, Loretta leads a full, busy life. Her happy marriage is not an accident, but the creation of a husband and wife who recognize their marriage as an adult partnership. They do not "adjust their hares" every morning. They are a pair of warm, exciting and adventurous spirits. They have great standing, and wealth, but it has not made them arrogant or prejudiced.

On the latter point—the subject of prejudice—Loretta Young has another story well worth re-telling to those who have not heard it.

On the set of her last picture, Paula, she ran across a sound technician who had worked on previous pictures she made at Columbia. Why, Dick Williams, he exclaimed! If he married his wife of six years, what have you been doing with yourself?"

The answer retorted her back on her heels. "A year ago," she said, "I was a dead man!"

"Oh, no, you're not," Loretta retorted. "It's true," he persisted. And then he told his story:

Dick Williams was a Texan. A big, gruff man, proud of his southern heritage. As has been the case with people all over the country, at the age of 30, Dick grew up with a pronounced prejudice against Negroes.

In his later years in Hollywood, he took to drink. Took to it all the way. He became, in fact, a drunken bum. No studio would hire him. Eventually his wife left him. He was thrown out of his apartment. He wound up in a shack, contracted pneumonia, and one day some neighbors found him on the floor of his miserable quarters, apparently a dead man. A doctor certified to the fact and sent him to a funeral parlor.

Moments before he was to be injected with an unknown fluid, Dick Williams flustered an eyelid. The undertaker, understandingly changed places with him. Dick was rushed to a hospital, where his condition was pronounced hopeless. Nevetto James, the usual emergency remedies were applied and he responded feebly. What he needed was 24 hours nursing care, but the man and woman from Potter's Field stone broke. There were no funds to provide three nurses on eight hour shifts, but volunteers were found. When Dick Williams, many hours later, regained consciousness, the first thing he saw was an anxious colored face peering into his own. He was a weak, sick man, so he could do nothing about the old feeling of revulsion which swept over him. Devastatingly, three negro women slave without thought of themselves to cure a man who hated them and all their people.

They not only saved his life. They renewed it and added purpose in place of the prejudice that had ruled his thinking. Today Dick Williams is back at work. One of the first things he says was to earn to buy those nurses three fine watches so important to them every day in their wonderful lifework. "It wasn't much," he told Loretta, "but it was all I could give them. Then,-materially, I mean. What counts is the way I feel about it. I love those three women. They taught me real, brotherly love. I've found something I never had before. I lost my life, and it was given back to me. It was a miracle!"

So, is it so hard to understand why Loretta Young will frankly admit that she believes in prayers being answered? But still, when she does not see the answer, why do they work? It's enough that they do work—for her, and for others who truly believe in them.

Take the case of the prominent Los Angeles man, who suffered so acutely from arthritis. Medical science failed to stem the tide of pain. For two years she had been in a wheelchair unable to move her limbs. Ethel, wisely, knew her car. A little car hop who waited on her noticed her great pain and brought her a small statue of Christ.

"Put the table beside your bed," she told the woman. "I will burn candles for you, and on the ninth day from today you will have no more pain."

The hospital person remembered, but did not expect relief. She looked wistfully at the little statue, and in a moment she had lifted both arms above her head, something she had not done able to do in years that day she has been free from pain.

Obviously, it happens every day. Loretta Young is not the only one who can tell us about this. Each story does so individually, factually honest.

And you come away, knowing that what she has said is true.

20 years of age. If the studio today believes that Marilyn Monroe is 23, as her official biography indicates, it might have believed on September 5, 1946, that she was 17, which would have been the approval of the contract and the courts necessary.

Evidence available at this time seems to substantiate the major portion of Marilyn Monroe's story of her marriage for homes. One of the County's foundlings and displaced children are not available for any number of reasons, so it is, therefore, impossible to check and confirm the exact number of homes Marilyn Monroe lived in and the names of the people she stayed with. It was possible, though, to confirm that Marilyn's "adoptions" were not all external. She was taken care of by some families for short periods of time as a kindly service to the guardians properly charged with her. As a matter of fact, in a year, she was placed under the legal jurisdiction of the County officials.

Many people have been kind to Marilyn Monroe in her life. While she was never really a member of any of the so-called "benefactors, she has at least been given the love and friendship of as many folks as most of the rest of us. Mrs. Goddard has been a presence throughout her life, been at hand when Marilyn needed her. She has kept her secrets and substantiated Marilyn's stories about her. She has done her public, whether it was necessary. Because the details of Marilyn Monroe's boarding out has been printed so many
times—mostly in error—it is practical in this report to skip over most of her formative years and move to her mid-teens. At that period she was living with a Mrs. Anna Lower in Westwood, California, and attending one of the three high schools she studied at. Her life with Mrs. Lower was not a happy one, and she was really the first "home" Marilyn ever knew, a home in which she felt equal with other kids. But something happened to break up. Mrs. Lower was planning to move east.

Marilyn was faced with the problem of finding another permanent home. She had never been in love and has admitted to only one friendship which was with a boy today making quite a name for himself in pictures, one Howard Keel of MGM. She had met and dated a lad named John Edward Dougherty, a shaker at the Lockheed Aircraft Plant.

Jim Dougherty says he liked Marilyn well enough, and some of their friends thought if they married it would solve all her problems. On June 10, 1951, Dougherty and Marilyn were married in Westwood and took up residence somewhere near Culver City. Shortly after, Dougherty joined the Marine Corps and after a training period in California went to sea. They never had much of a home life, nor were they really ever terribly fond of one another. When Dougherty went away, Marilyn took on the job of buying and selling some of the small defense plants making parts on contract for the aircraft industry. It was then, at the age of 17, that she got her first taste of the limelight.

Sweaters are the lazy girl's way to romance.
Jane Russell

An army team of public relations soldiers came to the plant one day to shoot some pictures of a war plant in action. Marilyn, for obvious reasons, was chosen as the model for the worker in the pictures. They selected her because of her looks; this sowed the seeds of discontent in Marilyn Monroe. She began to want the fame and glamor of a public life.

Dougherty was gone over seas. As he tells it, he was in Shanghai when he got a Dear John letter informing him that Marilyn wanted to be free. He told a reporter some years later that it didn't make much difference to him.

James Edward Dougherty is now a policeman on the Los Angeles Police Department. He refuses to discuss his marriage to Marilyn, stating only that he is again married with a couple of kids, is very happy and wants nothing to interfere with his marriage. He lives near his station in Van Nuys, California.

With modeling now a pretty tough racket, even for a girl with all of Marilyn's attributes, she decided to branch out into the entertainment field. It has not been, as some have publicized, but she planned to become a musician. She studied taking lessons in vocalizing and stage comportment from Phil Moore, the famous jazz musician who has coached many stars in stage deportment. She tried hard but never got anywhere, probably because she had no musical talent. She moved to the Studio Club, a boarding house for young girls. She stayed at blocks from an orphanage where she spent some time as a child. She tried to get day work in pictures, as a photographic model, and a walking dress model for clothing salesmen. It was during this period that she couldn't pay her board at the Studio Club and posed for the now famous nude calendar which is today being distributed by the Western Lithograph Company of Los Angeles. She earned $50 dollars for this pose, and it has netted the owners a fortune.

How Marilyn Monroe got her first contract at Fox is not known. But the story that she was being courted at the home of a studio casting executive and invited in for a screen test is a complete fabrication. At any rate, she did go to work at 20th Century-Fox. Her first contract for a year and contributed exactly one film role, a bit in Scudda Hey, Scudda Ho, before she was dropped.

It was shortly after her first stint at 20th that Marilyn again met her mother. Gladys Monroe was improving in health and, with the approval of her doctors, came home from the hospital. Marilyn moved in with her and tried making a home together. But it didn't work. They had been apart for so many years, according to friends of the mother, that when she tried to make the same separate ways it was for the last time, although Marilyn has helped her mother financially whenever it has been necessary.

It has always been surprising to Hollywood that Marilyn Monroe has never played the glamorous circuit of gay night spots nor indulged in any of the quickie romances most pretty girls in the movies seek for much prize time to. She divorced James Dougherty in Las Vegas, Nevada, on October 2, 1946, at the age of 20; the charge was mental cruelty. And since that time she has been in a love affair to have two men in her life who could actually be called "boy friends." One of them was Johnny Hyde, one of the most important agents in Hollywood. She was his constant companion for almost two years prior to his death in 1951. The other is Joe DiMaggio.

It has been rumored from time to time that the reason Marilyn doesn't get around much with fellows is that she is the secret lover of a prominent motion picture executive. Even the most simple investigation proves this to be a lie and either the result of a malicious gossip or an attempt by publicity men to give her an aura of sexy mystery. Any self-respecting man and any woman have been a model for a long time to. She divorced James Dougherty in Las Vegas, Nevada, on October 2, 1946, at the age of 20; the charge was mental cruelty. And since that time she has been in a love affair to have two men in her life who could actually be called "boy friends." One of them was Johnny Hyde, one of the most important agents in Hollywood. She was his constant companion for almost two years prior to his death in 1951. The other is Joe DiMaggio.

As she lay in the hospital bed at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital turning these thoughts over in her mind, Marilyn Monroe must have thought that it was a cruel twist of fate that had brought her secrets into the open. She must have dreaded facing the people of her studio and the press that she had fooled, but she need not have feared the latter.

The road before Marilyn Monroe today is well paved with good things. Love has come into her life with Joe DiMaggio. Success on the screen in better roles is assured her. And with all the money she will be able to use. Her mother, widowed again recently and living within five miles of the studio where Marilyn worked, thought she, if she wanted to see her, and need no longer be denied. The husband of her youth is out of her life and she need have no further contact with him. The past is behind and the future bright ahead.

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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. 45, No. 5, October, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Danville, 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, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Debar, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Debarco, 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 20c. Subscriptions in U.S. $3.00 per year, $1.50 for two years, $0.30 for three years. Canadian subscriptions, one year, $3.00; two years, $4.00; three years, $5.00; foreign, $6.00. Entered as second class matter September 16, 1930, at the post office of Danville, 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 fiction are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.
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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 Bob Hope bought a radio station in Denver for two and a half million? How much money does he have, anyway?
A. Hope bought the radio station will also put up a TV station in conjunction with a group of Denver businessmen. He is a millionaire several times over.

Q. I understand that Elizabeth Taylor's baby will be delivered by Caesarean section. When will it happen?
A. She was hoping for a reconciliation. Has been married twice.

Q. Is Lucille Ball pregnant again?
A. Yes.

Q. I've been told that MGM tried to cancel The Great Caruso because the studio was sure it would flop. Is this a true story?
A. Partially. Nick Schenck, chairman of Loew's which controls MGM, has always had his doubts about opera on the screen.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe and Janet Leigh both wear false nails?
A. No.

Q. How many children do Martin and Lewis have and how much do these comics owe their creditors? Aren't they in debt up to their necks?
A. Dean Martin has five children, four by his first wife, one by his second. Jerry Lewis has two children, one of whom is adopted. In the past year M and L have paid off $300,000 in obligations, currently owe nothing.

Q. Doesn't MGM have Lana Turner's mother on the studio payroll at $400 a month?
A. No. Mrs. Turner is on Lana's personal payroll.

Q. What is the inside story on the feud between Tony Curtis and Farley Granger?
A. Jealousy.

Q. Now that Vittorio and Shelley have been married a few months, isn't Vittorio disillusioned?
A. No. Shelley is the idea of MGM to free-lance? Isn't she organizing the Esther Williams Aquacade?

Q. Has Esther Williams left MGM to free-lance? Isn't she organizing the Esther Williams Aquacade?

Q. What is the inside story on the feud between Tony Curtis and Farley Granger?

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The Gaucho and Argentina are as one! He is the strength of the mountains, the fury of the pampas. And when he takes a woman, it is like earth is to earth...

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COLOR BY Technicolor

Filmed in romantic Argentina by 20th Century-Fox

with RICHARD BOONE • HUGH MARLOWE • EVERETT SLOANE
Produced by PHILIP DUNNE
Associate Producer by JOSEPH C. BEHM
Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR

Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE

Based on the Novel by HERBERT CHILDS
The first public appearance for Ingrid's twin daughters was at a garden party given in their honor at

Smiling hostess Ingrid Bergman introduces columnist Leonard Lyons to Sandra Pallavicini, daughter of one of Italy's foremost directors.

In accordance with Italian custom, the Rosellini twins will be cared for by this wet nurse for six months. She's called a Balio.

Ingrid laughs happily as she unwraps some of the gifts friends brought for the twins. Both tiny girls slept through party given for them.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

JUDY GARLAND HONORED AT HOLLYWOOD DINNER . . . THE BATTLING SINATRAS STILL GOING STRONG . . .

With a voice quavering with emotion and nervousness, stuttering like an unhappy child, Marilyn Morrison Ray answered my telephone call to Milwaukee to ask her if she and Johnnie Ray are expecting the Stork.

"I-I don't know," she stammered. "I don't think so, maam."

I didn't know until later that I had reached Marilyn right in the midst of a difficulty in which her famous "Cry" singer husband was having troubles with the police over a "disturbance" charge.

He was not booked, but the police reported to the newspapers that they had been called to the hotel following a loud argument between Ray and another man.

Never for a minute let it be said that Marilyn isn't devotion itself to Johnnie. She is such a sweet, gentle girl.

But as nervous and upset as she must have been after the fracas (whatever it was), she kept telling me in her trembling little voice, "Johnnie was a sensation at his opening here last night, Miss Parsons. He's the biggest thing in show business," she said, proudly.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, who does as much acting off stage as she does on, never wears paste jewelry on the screen—no, ma'am! She wears her own fabulous sparklers.

One day director Mervyn Le Roy was kidding her and asked if she weren't afraid she would be robbed.

"Oh, no," Zsa Zsa shrugged, "Zese are jost-working diamonds!"

THE NOT-SO-GAY-DIVORCES: You'll get a kick—as I'm sure I did—from the following first-hand account letter from Nevada about the doings of our glamor-divorces sitting out their six weeks in and around Lake Tahoe:

"Lana Turner's house is really in Zephyr Cove, not Glenbrook as reported—this little bit of deception intended to keep the tourists from flocking around.

"It's a lovely house, tree-shaded, right on Lake Tahoe and it has a private pier with a motor-boat. But poor Lana just isn't the outdoor type.

"The first day she went boating with her daughter, Cheryl, she got such a bad sunburn she was ill in bed for three days. As you know, Lana has such fair skin, the sun is poisonous to her.

"When Rita Hayworth was here, she wore denims and T-shirts and overall, and really enjoyed the life. Lana's divorce-wardrobe is very swanky—velvet lounging suits, cocktail dresses, etc.

"She was here two weeks before Fernando Lamas could get away from his picture to visit her, and that weekend it rained in Northern California and Nevada!"

"Just about Lana's only diversion is driving down to the country store to telephone her pals in Hollywood, particularly Fernando. She's on a party line at the house—a four party line at that!

"If this weren't bad enough, the house Lana is renting is owned by a Justice of the Peace who's well known around these parts as being very obliging about getting up in the middle of the night to marry couples.

"So, all night long, Missy Turner is awakened by happy couples asking "How much?" to marry them!"

"Redheaded Maureen O'Hara is having a
LANA TURNER, MAUREEN O'HARA, SITTING OUT DIVORCES IN NEVADA . . . ARE RITA AND AYL RECONCILING?

much better time of it at a dude ranch just outside Carson City. She and eighteen-year-old Bronwyn are roughing it in fine style in their own little cottage, doing their own cooking and with no maid or governess.

"They live in their riding clothes—little Bronwyn's as brown as a berry and is becoming an excellent rider."

"There's been some local gossip about the two good looking young men who fly up weekends to visit Maureen, but they are her handsome Irish brothers, so no news there.

"Ida Lupino is also here with Howard Duff—not for a divorce, of course. Ida is making her picture at Lake Tahoe and she's a little black and blue from a recent accident, which you wrote up in your column. It was nearly serious—if she hadn't jumped, she would have been thrown down the mountainside."

Who is this spy who writes such intimate doings? I'm not a'tellin'. There may be some other divorcees up there we'll want to hear about.

SOMETIMES you have to feel sorry for parents. They are people, too.

Never was a girl brought up in a more pawsy-waivy, chummy-wummy, express-your-own-personality way than Joan Evans. Her youthful parents, Dale Eunson and Katherine Albert, were hepped on the subject that Joan should be a "free soul."

From the time she was able to toddle, she was an integral part of their lives, dining with the grown-ups, attending matinees and being encouraged to express her own individuality.

She was taught to call them "Katherine" and "Dale"—not old fashioned stuff like "mamma" and "papa."

When Joan, at 14, took up a movie career, Katherine and Dale were right behind her, even to giving up their writing careers in New York to accompany her to Hollywood.

And, yet, if I hadn't happened to uncover her plans, Joan would have eloped with Kirby Wetherly, automobile dealer, on her 18th birthday without a word to Katherine or Dale about her plans.

After my story broke, Joan decided to wait until she finished her picture with Audie Murphy, to marry. (P.S. She didn't wait, after all, as you all know by now.)

Our best psychiatrists claim that elopements are usually planned by children who have been tied too tightly to the apron strings and haven't fully expressed themselves. Oh, yeah?

I guess Dale and Katherine turned out to be just mamma and papa after all.

TATTLE TALES: The Van Johnsons keep denying it, but rumors persist that all is not well. One story is that Evie had consulted a lawyer, then changed her mind . . .

The Tyrone Powers have been getting the rugged rumor treatment, too. When I called Linda to check, she laughed and said, "Come out and have breakfast with us Sunday, Louella. You'll see for yourself how happy we are with our beautiful baby" . . .

Mrs. Fernando Lamas said on her arrival in Los Angeles to divorce Fernando that their parting is "very amicable." In fact, it is so amicable that Mrs. Lamas added, "Fernando is a wonderful man. I would like very much to live here in Los Angeles after we are divorced, so I can be near him."

Rock Hudson was a happy boy that Tally
Folks-on-the-go...use ODO-RO-NO

No matter how active you are, Odo-Ro-No guarantees full protection against embarrassing perspiration moisture and odor! Many deodorants are not effective enough to give this complete protection. But new Odo-Ro-No not only checks perspiration, stops odor instantly—it's formulated to supply extra protection whenever you need it—guaranteed "action-proof" protection! So gentle, too. No other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Liz Taylor attended the wedding of columnist Ed Sullivan’s daughter, Betty, to Robert Precht. Betty was a bridesmaid at Liz’s first wedding.

Of The Sea takes him to London where Gene Tierney is making a movie with Clark Gable. Before Gene left Hollywood, she and Rock were an item. But gossip from London is that she has lost her heart, shall we say, elsewhere?

Speaking of Rock, his former girl friend, Vera-Ellen, may have eloped with her new heart, Dean Miller, by the time you read this.

T here was warmth and genuine affection back of the testimonial dinner given Judy Garland—"Miss Show Business" they called her—by the Friars Club at the jam-packed Biltmore Bowl. Only one other woman has been so honored by the Friars—and that was Sophie Tucker.

On the dais with Judy were George Jessel, Eddie Cantor, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland, Marie Wilson, Ronald Reagan, Lt. Governor (of California) Goodwin Knight, George Burns, and Ezio Pinza.

But Mickey Rooney, who started with Judy, was not at the speakers’ table. He was seated at a table on the floor with the other customers, many strangers to Judy. Certainly no other guest knew her better than the boy who was her co-star for so many years.

Poor Mickey tried hard not to show that he was hurt. He laughed harder than anyone else at the jokes. And his eyes grew misty when someone grew sentimental about Judy. But he laughed too loudly to fool me.

I don't say that Mickey hasn't his faults and sometimes he can be cocky to the point of being overbearing. But whoever forgot him in seating the speakers' table made a mistake for my money.

Roz Russell made the most charming speech of the evening saying that she had long been Judy's fan. "But I didn't need to bring my autograph book tonight, Judy," she said. "Your name is written in my heart."

George Burns got the biggest laugh of the night telling Judy that he, too, is a singer. "You got a better break than I did," cracked George. "Louis B. Mayer discovered you when you were ten. When I was ten, Louis B. Mayer was ten, too."

Ezio Pinza sang wonderfully—a parody on "Some Enchanted Evening"—about the time he managed to get two tickets to see Judy at the Palace.

Of course, the climax of the whole evening was when Judy took the spotlight and sang her heart out saying "Thanks."

Just as I was writing this, Judy Garland and
Betty tops her Big Top performance...in this Greatest Show of the Movie Season!

A PERLBERG - SEATON PRODUCTION

Somebody Loves Me

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON

Written and Directed by IRVING BRECHER

A Paramount Picture

starring BETTY HUTTON

with ROBERT KEITH - ADELE JERGENS

'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans'
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'June'
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'A Paramount Picture'

Color by Technicolor

EVERY ONE A HIT!

18 TERRIFIC TUNES...
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, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings—there’s 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!

LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news

Sid Luft called to tell me they are expecting a baby in the spring. I’d suspected this happy news for a week or so—but couldn’t get them to admit it. Judy says, “Go ahead and laugh now about the weight I’m gaining. I don’t care!”

The battlin’ Sinatras no more than made up a fight lasting ten days than they had another almost as hectic.

After pouring for almost two weeks, Frankie flew from Las Vegas (where he was appearing) to get Ava and take her back with him. The very night she arrived, they tuned up another battle royal!

Of course, they say they like this sort of thing and that it means nothing. But, if you ask me, they are quarreling too often and too seriously for their own good and the good of their marriage.

Disgusting the way certain women tried to take advantage of Marilyn Monroe claiming to be her “mother” after Marilyn was misquoted as saying she had never known her real mother.

Marilyn knows—and has known for some time—that her mother is an invalid in a sanitarium near Los Angeles. I know of no other star who has weathered more hard breaks than this luscious blonde, unless it was Jean Harlow.

Someone recently dubbed Marilyn, “The new Goddess of Love—Junior Grade.”

It is remarkable that Marilyn has retained her simplicity and sweetness with all this dizzying success and nonsense that surrounds her.

She’s never forgotten her sad childhood and her heartaches for children who are orphaned and who believe they are not wanted or loved.

When I saw Marilyn recently she said, “I want to lead a drive to do something personal for orphans—not just the usual thing of sending dolls or food to an orphanage. I mean something intimate, actual contact with the children. It’s the most awful thing in the world to feel that you have nobody to love you.”

Marilyn, herself, doesn’t have to worry on that score now. Joe DiMaggio, the baseball great, is perfectly willing to make up now for all the love she may have lost in her childhood.

They nearly fell over at MGM when Elizabeth Taylor hit them broadside with that English accent she re-acquired during her three-month honeymoon with Mike Wilding in London.

Of course, Lisa was born in England, but many years in this country had softened those broad a’s and clipped syllables.

And then, the prize baby walks in sounding like a cross between Noel Coward and Katharine Hepburn at her "rawlly" best.

This came in just peachy as Elizabeth is supposed to be the most American of American girls in The Girl Who Had Everything.

“Oh, it won’t take me long to lose the accent.” Lisa laughed, “rawlly it won’t!”

When she finishes the picture she’ll have plenty of time to polish-up her Americaness again while she awaits the birth of the Wilding heir or heiress.

Never have I heard Rita Hayworth sound so happy as when I called her to check that Prince Aly Kahn was coming to Hollywood in late August to visit her and their daughter, Yasmine.

“Is this a reconciliation?” I asked my glamorous girl friend.

“It could be—it’s possible,” she replied and I wish you could have heard the happiness in her voice.

Rita, however, was not happy about those printed stories that she had sent an emissary to Cannes offering a reconciliation to Aly.

“Utter nonsense,” she said. “Why should I send anyone to Aly about our problems when I talk with him so often over the Trans-Atlantic ‘phone?’

Several months ago when I wrote my scoop on Rita for Modern Screen, the very first interview she had given about her marriage, I
Exciting things happen if your hair shines like silk, gleams and shimmers like silk, feels tantalizingly soft as silk.

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This is your engagement day . . . a moment never to be forgotten . . . but captured forever in the radiant depths of your Keepsake Diamond Ring.

Because your diamond ring is endowed with such special meaning, you will want to select it with infinite care, remembering 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 "Guaranteed 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.

All rings illustrated available in 14-Karat White as well as 14-Karat natural gold. Prices include Federal tax. Rings enlarged to show details.

Burt Lancaster and his pretty wife, Norma, met the press in San Francisco to tell them all about Burt's new picture, The Crimson Pirate.

told you I believed she was still in love with Aly although she insisted she was going through with her Reno divorce.

She would say nothing against him—in fact, if you remember, she told me, "It is very hard to get him out of my heart."

Well, I hope they get together. Their little daughter, Princess Yasmin, is the sweetest child, just adorable. And when Aly sees her again, I just don't see how he can let her go.

There's a line of dialogue, ad-libbed by Cyd Charisse, which will remain in the finished version of Sombrero.

There's a scene outside the Reforma Hotel in Mexico City (where the MGM troupe is on location) in which Vittorio Gassman, Cyd, and Ricardo Montalban are supposedly "looking over" the arriving guests.

Just for the laugh of it, Shelley Winters and Tony Martin decided to surprise their mates (Vittorio and Cyd) by walking on as extras. Instead of being surprised, Vittorio played it straight and turned to Cyd asking, "Who are those people?"

"Nobodies!" wisecracked Mrs. Tony Martin. "Just movie-struck nobodies!"

The young English actress (married) who is having such a fine old "secret" romance with an actor on the lot (also married) may be surprised to know they aren't fooling anyone.

She's been leaving the studio at noon every day, met after work, and is feeding the dentist's.

He leaves the studio at noon, supposedly to go home for lunch.

They meet at such a quiet little café—but not so quiet I haven't heard all about it!

The Letter Box: The fans who wrote me several months ago complaining about Janet Leigh's low-cut gowns are now complaining about Judy Garland's decolletage.

"Alva, of Seattle" writes: "We don't mind Judy putting on poundage—but tell her to keep it covered up!"

Kathryn Dickey, Huntsville, Alabama, is a wild-eyed rooter for Dale Robertson. Since your letter arrived, Kathryn, Dale has become the father of a baby girl, Rochelle. No, they hadn't expected a girl because the nursery was done in blue!

Nancy Fusso, Floral Park, New York, writes: "Every time Lana Turner falls in love and you write a story on her she always tells you this is the real thing. Our marriage will be so right, Louella"—and you always fall for it. She hasn't had a marriage turn out 'right' yet!" Well, Nancy! For heaven's sake!

That's all for now. See you next month
Uncle Sam said "go-get-'em!"...and Big Jim was the man they sent!

Filmed on-the-spot in Hawaii...

Here, a scorching 6,000-mile terror-trail ended—and the hot pursuit began! The lonely crags and coral-beach lagoons... the jungle hide-outs and waterfront alleys... This is man-hunt and excitement—authentic and timely!

Warner Bros. present

JOHN WAYNE
THE BIG MAN IN HIS BIG ADVENTURE!

Big Jim McLain

CO-STARRING
NANCY OLSON · JAMES ARNESS

DIRECTED BY EDWARD LUDWIG · SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT · WAYNE-FELLOWS PRODUCTION · PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELLOWS · DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

The girl with Waikiki in her eyes!
LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Everybody's holding their breath that the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding baby won't be premature. Liz fell down the stairs at her home, and accidents do happen ... Golly, today's movie stars are turning out more babies than movies! ... Judy Garland, for instance. And wait and see if Judy and her mother don't reconcile after the Garland-Sid Luft image arrives sometime this winter. Mrs. Ethel Gilmore, Judy's ma, was quoted by a newspaperman as saying "Sid's a bad guy" after the wedding; later she denied it, saying, "Judy and I never had a quarrel. She just brushed me off. But all those things I'm supposed to have said against her aren't so. Judy's press agent banned me from talking." Mrs. Gilmore has been working as a clerk at Douglas Aircraft in Los Angeles ... It looks like a Caesarean operation for Judy ... Meanwhile, Luft has been setting up a $30,000 trust fund for his four-year-old son by Lynn Bari ... And isn't it time we reporters quit describing Judy as "a mixed-up little girl"? After all, she's 30.

More babies: Lucille Ball's doctor wouldn't let her attend the Friars Club testimonial for Judy because of her condition. And Lucy's planning on co-starring her new arrival with herself and Desi Arnaz in their TV show, I Love Lucy ... Something to marvel at, in early August: Jane Powell's 18-inch waist, The baby's due in early December ... Lauren Bacall bought herself a fancy Schiaparelli gown to wear after HER baby arrives ... "Wise heads" have been trying to talk Marilyn Monroe out of a quick marriage to Joe DiMaggio—and this in the face of Joe's and two other marriage proposals. Studio executives were urging her to use all the publicity she's been getting to bounce to top stardom and then, and only then, give a thought to marriage—if she still wants it. Know something? I think she'll take their advice.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Debra Paget was originally announced for the starring role in Evangeline at 20th. Then the part was assigned to Gene Tierney. The gals aren't talking! ... Ditto Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers. Ginger was all set for Why Should I Cry? at MGM. Then Lana read the script. Lana decided she liked it and got it ... The stars must be colliding. And if the trouble isn't "horoscopic," maybe it's that rip-roaring earthquake we had out here. Anyway, Betty Hutton had a script argument over Ginger too. The gals were supposed to co-star in Topsy And Eva. Betty didn't want Ginger in the picture—didn't think she was right—and bowed out of her $5,000-a-week contract at Paramount rather than play it! ... With Hutton and Alan Ladd gone, only two of Par's "Big Four" remain under contract: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby ... Oh well, at least Betty's happy. Says she of Charlie O'Curran: "He keeps me calm. He treats me like a wife—not like a movie star. I've finally found my man—and it's wonderful." ... Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich were much more adult about their divorce than Joan Fontaine, Livvie's sister, and Bill Dodier. They put their heads together and worked out the settlement amicably before Livvie filed on grounds of "extreme cruelty" ... When last heard from, Beetsie Wynn was dating Travis Kleefeld, once Jane Wyman's fiancé. But Keenan Wynn, still torching for Beetsie, was hoping she would park her tootsies at the family hearthside when she returned from the Santa Barbara hoss show ... While (Continued on page 90)
NOW!
The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company
ANNOUNCES
"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"
in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"* is what makes Palmolive Green!
*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.

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NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION... Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!

NOW! FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH... Enjoy Palmolive's Rich, Fragrant Lather... Delightful in Tub or Shower!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild... so pure... its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors in 1285 impartial tests proved that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right... is just right for your skin.

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!
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

Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

---

**hollywood report continued**

Gary Cooper was discovering Dusty Miller, Rocky Cooper was discovering Manuel Rojas, the Chilean polo player... It's reported Errol Flynn's pride was hurt because Clark Gable was dating Princess Ghika, the same doll Errol used to date, in Europe. She promised she would never forget Errol!

**HOME FIRES BURNING:**

Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker knocked the walls out of the bedroom of their new Bel-Air home to accommodate the 7x7 double bed that accommodates both of them—but mostly Lex's lanky frame... And then Lex, who doesn't want to be typed any more in Tarzan pictures, turned around and had all his old Tarzan leincloths made into a rug... I ran out of Sunset Boulevard Thriftmart. She told me her feed bills are $60 a week now... Liz was shelling out $300 per month for their small apartment, which is why the Wildings have been so eager about finding a house... Marty Melcher knows where Doris Day is 24 hours a day. She checks in with his office every hour or so.

A neighbor tells me that Audie Murphy has been complaining to the management of his apartment building about the noise the other tenants make. Audie squawked that he can't spend half the night walking the baby when he has an early studio call... Why doesn't Susie Hayward use her influence to get Jess Barker a good role—even if she has to do it over his protests? Her spouse deserves a big break in pictures right about now... Bing and Dixie Crosby are building a new home in Palm Springs... Jimmy Stewart's twins come down from their home on Ruxbury Drive every day to play with Olivia de Havilland's Benjy on the Beverly Hills Hotel lawn. Their pop and his mom were playmates once too—remember?

**SEX APPEAL:**

Betty Grable was assigned two stand-ins for her bathing scenes in The Farmer Takes A Wife—one wet and one dry!... Marilyn Monroe told me: "I never take a sunbath, I want to feel blonde all over"... Movie fans in Italy call Rita Hayworth "The Beautiful Chest"... Anne Baxter had to get an okay from the Breen Office before she was permitted to wear a diamond in her navel for her role in My Wife's Best Friend... Marie Wilson wore a very sexy gown to a premiere. A fan took one look at her and yelled, "Is she on the outside trying to get in or on the inside trying to get out?"

Vera-Ellen is on a starch diet, trying to fill out those curves. She told me at the Judy Garland dinner she was down to 95 pounds—and she looked it!... Margaret O'Brien lost out on the role of Spencer Tracy's daughter in Years Ago after she tested for it. Studio
Should a greeny hesitate to date—

- A redhead
- A Varsity hero
- A frosh

Every eye's peeled while you 'set' your future rating: a Jezebel? Or doe in the know? Takes grit for a freshman to reject an upperclassman's bid, but it's late, date-wise; guards junior and senior gals' bookings. Stick to the frosh set. On certain days, don't hesitate to meet all eyes—unfinching. The flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Further, you're extra comfortable: your new Kotex belt's made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling.

When it's time to leave, do you—

- Linger longer
- Dash for the door

Ever insist you "must be going"—then tarry at the door 'til your hostess wilts? Even worse, do you sprint doorward almost without warning? Exit gracefully! After saying goodbye, depart—with poise. But poise at "problem" time often depends on comfort that stays and stays! Choose Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it, naturally Kotex holds its shape.

How to intrigue Unpredictable Pete?

- Suit yourself
- Make like a chameleon

You knock yourself out trying to be sporty—because he says he likes the athletic type. Then he switches to the shy, so-helpless honeychile! Keep changing your personality to suit his moods? N-O! Be the way that suits you; your independence will interest him! You can suit yourself exactly (re "calendar" needs), with one of the 3 absorbencies of Kotex. Try all 3!

If you have "sandpaper" arms, better—

- Hug the TV set
- Start scrubbing

You needn't turn down "dance-dress" dates on account of rough spots on your upper arms. Spark your circulation—by scrubbing arms with bath brush, soap, warm water. (Start now, so you can wear your new Fall forms—unembarrassed.) And for extra protection from problem-day embarrassment, count on Kotex (so absorbent!) and that special safety center.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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 Room 410, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.
TRAILWAYS PIONEERED THRU-BUSES... buses that travel long distances over various parts of the system so that you will not have to change en route and can keep the same seat straight through. Today Trailways operates more thru-buses than any other bus system in America.

NEW "LIMOUSINE" COMFORT. Specially engineered spring suspension and sound-proofing give a ride as smooth and silent as in finest motor cars. Other Trailways' "plus" comfort features are reclining, foam-rubber seats scientifically designed for greater comfort, greater leg room; the most modern independent air-conditioning system; individual reading lights and large scenery-view windows with tinted "eye-ease" glass.

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I am interested in □ Trio □ Expense Paid Tour (check one)

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CITY __________________________ STATE __________________________
Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO
custom-made for you!

Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

Perfect for most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. Now better than ever, Regular Toni gives you the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.

Super Toni

FOR HARD TO WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.

Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY TO WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.

Now... do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills $1.50

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT
FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl’s hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters’ hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.

Tonette refills $1.50
NEW SUCCESSFUL TECHNIQUE assures continuous action for hours in FEMININE HYGIENE!

Convenient to Slip in Purse While Traveling

Women are fully aware how important internal feminine cleanliness is to married happiness, health and to prevent offensive vaginal odors. They find Zonitors provide a far more convenient, higher type and effective method. Yet Zonitors can't harm the most delicate membranes. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away (yet you never feel their presence). When inserted, Zonitors release the same powerful type germ-killing, deodorizing properties as famous Zonite liquid. And they continue to do so for hours! Only Zonitors can make all these claims.

Zonitors completely eliminate odors. They 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 trust Zonitors to instantly kill every reachable germ. Inexpensive!

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MOVIE REVIEWS

by SEYMOUR PECK

IVANHOE

MGM's picturization of Sir Walter Scott's best-read book is one of the finest recent examples of the filming of a famous novel. It is also a heartening answer to the question, posed by Quo Vadis, of what's happening to the spectacle picture. Robert Taylor, in the title part, returns to England after his king and leader, Richard, has been taken prisoner in Europe while on a Crusade and finds that the king's despotic brother, the regent John, has seized power with the help of the Norman part of the populace. In addition, Ivanhoe's Saxon father, who disapproved of his leaving in the first place, has disowned him. But with the moral backing of his father's beautiful ward, the uncrowned Saxon princess Rowena (Joan Fontaine), and the financial backing of Isaac, a Jew whom he has befriended, Ivanhoe sets about an undercover operation to overthrow John and bring Richard back. Isaac's shy young daughter Rebecca gives him further valuable aid. Historical films often offend as large a segment of the audience as they entertain, because many people prefer their drama on a small, human scale, rather than on parade. Ivanhoe, however, offers just about everything for everybody: a richly colorful, elaborately interwoven yet logical melodramatic story that is as historically accurate as Scott's (it is, actually, an excellent condensation of his plot); medieval men and women who seem to be real without appearing overly modern; the full pomp and circumstance of the middle ages' pageantry without any glossing-over of the era's cruel customs; one of the most unusual scenes in a recent motion picture, the besieging of a castle (it is finally taken by sheer force of manpower and bow and arrows); and an honest examination of anti-Semitism, as widespread in that half-Christian, half-barbaric world as in the present. All these elements are so well fused that it is difficult to separate them and divide the credit. Luckily there is plenty to go around, and the few imperfections that appear—such as Elizabeth Taylor's pale, colorless Rebecca—probably show up only by comparison.
Look lovelier in 10 days with Doctor's Home Facial or your money back!

Women all over the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

1. Morning: Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water, wash your face with Noxzema as if using soap. No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Make-up base: Now apply a light film of greaseless, medicated Noxzema as your powder base. It holds make-up beautifully and helps to protect your skin all day.


4. Night Cream: Apply Noxzema to help keep your skin looking soft, smooth, lovely. Always put a bit extra over blemishes* to help heal them—fast. It's medicated!

“No tight, dry feeling after "cream-washing" with Noxzema!" says Daphnie Dore of New York City, "It has helped my skin look so much fresher!"

"Sensitive skin: Noxzema is so soothing for a dry skin like mine," says Joan Condon of Rutherford, N. J. "It's a grand greaseless night cream, too!"

"No dry, drawn feeling!"

Blemishes*. "Noxzema's 4-step routine quickly helped heal my blemishes!" says Audrey Thompson of Auburndale, Mass. "And make-up goes on much better!"

Dry skin. "I wash my face with water and Noxzema!" says Ann Rush of St. Joseph, Mo. "Dirt, make-up disappear in a jiffy and my skin looks much softer—not dry!"

Women all over the United States have tested this quick, sensible skin care and report thrilling results!

- If you would like to help your skin look fresher, lovelier, try Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine. Surveys show that women in every part of the United States are switching to this fast, easy, skin care developed by a doctor.

- Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema's quick help for many annoying complexion problems—such as rough, dry, lifeless skin, externally-caused blemishes, etc. Many others express delight because Noxzema helps their skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier—and helps keep it that way.

- No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It's a medicated formula. That's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. And Noxzema is greaseless, too! No smeary face! No stained, messy pillow.

Noxzema works or money back! In clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with skin problems to lovelier looking skin. Try it for 10 days. If not delighted, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! Take advantage of generous money-saving offer! Get Noxzema today!

43% MORE NOXZEMA for your money than in Small size

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Limited time—at drug or cosmetic counter.
Brighten your hair color with sparkle-giving lather

Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift.

Not a tint! Not a dye!

BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

BLONDE HAIR GLEAMS with bright gold. For Shasta’s rich, active, sparkle-giving lather actually “super” cleans hair. Shasta Cream Shampoo reveals the golden beauty of your blonde tresses, brings out lovely glints.

RED HAIR GLOWS with burnished glory. The secret is in the sparkle-giving lather of Shasta Cream Shampoo. Such wonderful, super cleansing lather ... it lets those coppery lights shine out undimmed.

GRAY, WHITE HAIR SHINES with silver. Yes, Shasta’s sparkle-giving lather brightens all hair color. See for yourself how Shasta Cream Shampoo, with its super cleansing action, enriches your hair color.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR

DREAMBOAT

Picture Clifton Webb as a prim, precise, super-cultivated college professor. Then take a deep breath and picture him again, this time as a super-lover of the silent screen. That’s a lot more difficult, but Webb plays both in Dreamboat and makes it all seem logical, at least for the duration of the show. “Dreamboat” is what Ginger Rogers, as a former film star, dubs him during the commercial as she introduces to the television audience the silent pictures they made many years ago. When the first one appears on TV, it creates an uproar on the campus of conservative old Underhill College, where Clifton is professor of Latin and English Literature. The quiet old codger, it seems, has kept his cinematic past a secret. Clifton’s students make his life and that of his motherless daughter, an undergraduate herself and a junior edition of Mr. W., miserable with jokes and innuendoes. The board of trustees is properly shocked to discover that its professor is really the great romancer. So is spinster college president Elsa Lancaster—until she remembers that the actor used to be her secret idol. So Clifton soon finds it necessary to go to New York and fight the showing of his old films, with the threat of a permanent injunction as his main weapon. That means that he must meet up with a slippery agent and with Ginger, his oldtime partner and onetime flame. The fun gets faster and Clifton gets more furious; he can’t get away from his fans or those darn commercials. The latter, however, finally provide a hilarious courtroom solution. Dreamboat is Hollywood’s first really hard-hitting frontal attack on its new rival, television, and most of it is first-rate farce.

Cast: Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers, Anna Francis, Jeffrey Hunter, Elsa Lancaster.—20th Century-Fox.

FEARLESS FAGAN

Carleton Carpenter and a friendly, fun-loving animal named Fagan divide the lion’s share of the spotlight in this unpretentious little film. It’s a picture that’s lots of fun, because the people who produced it knew exactly where to begin and where to go with their simple novel idea and, most importantly, where to stop. Fearless Fagan begins when a young circus clown, Carleton Carpenter, who is owner of a pet lion is suddenly inducted into the Army. Carpenter doesn’t know what to do with the beast he loves so well. It seems that Fagan has no idea that he is a lion and so fails to respond according to pattern when chairs are waved, guns shot off and whips snapped; he answers only to kindness and caresses, loves music and likes to play with his toy duck. Carpenter refuses to give him away and can’t let the circus people have him, for they are lion-tamers of the old school and are itching for the chance to prove that Fagan really is as fierce as his fellows. And how many house-holders want a lion as a temporary household pet? So Fagan comes to camp with his master, unbeknownst of course, to Army brawls, and when Janet Leigh stops by to entertain the troops she inadvertently stumbles onto Private Carpenter’s secret. She tells the colonel, and then Carpenter’s problem becomes the whole command’s. If there are few gulfaws in the film, there are a lot of chuckles, and Fagan’s playful innocence is a blessed relief after the apparent arrogance of some other animal actors. Carpenter proves an admirable foil, but it is Fagan who steals the scenes.

Cast: Carleton Carpenter, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.—MGM.
Only a PLAYTEX® Girdle

lets you feel as free as this...

ADELE SIMPSON, world-famous designer, says:

“Fashion features a slimmer figure for fall—accent it with supple, slender lines—a trim curve from waist to hips. You can create this figure for yourself—with the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!” Smooth latex, with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, molds you—holds you so comfortably—gives you boundless freedom. And the 4 new Adjust-All garters quickly adjust to a perfect fit... help save stockings. Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex is invisible under sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. Ask to see all three: Playtex Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice and Living® Girdles—from $3.50 at department stores and specialty shops.

and look as SLIM as this...

Invisible

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdles

With 4 New *Adjust-All Garters

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EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents...shift-free driving...soapless detergents. And...

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally raving about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An overwhelming percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

"We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll give you a month's supply absolutely free! That's how sure we are that you, too, will say "At last!... this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.

THE BIG SKY

Howard Hawk's The Big Sky is a big, sprawling adventure yarn about a little band of fur traders on the Missouri River back in the 1830's, but it's not A. B. Guthrie's, it's story of the same name. Guthrie's novel was notable for its feeling for time, place and people—for the sense of adventure, the trail-blazing force that drove men on into the wilderness and the evil in them that caused them to destroy what they found. The movie, although based on the best-seller, brings the pitch down to a specific plot, seldom implying the spirit behind the story, never showing, as Guthrie does, that for all the good in them the protagonists are basically bad men. This is said only by way of warning that partisans of the picture's sourcebook will find here little of the mood or meaning that overlay the original. This version follows a crew of hard-drinking, brawling frontiersmen, including Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin and the latter's uncle, Arthur Hunnicutt. 1300 miles up the uncharted "Big Mo" to bring illegal liquor and guns to the Indians beyond the last fort of the white men. As hostage and protection, they are bringing back to her native Blackfoot tribe an Indian maiden named Little Eye (Elizabeth Threatt). Her story, and the attraction both the big trapper, Douglas, and his younger friend, Martin, feel for her, is interwoven with the troubles the keelboat crew have with white cargo inspectors and a monopolistic trading company, unfriendly Sioux and the dangerous rapids of the Missouri. The scene is new and interesting one, the action exciting, the direction slick, so that many moviegoers will be satisfied. Others will resent the fact that Guthrie's powerful book about one of the basic tragedies of America's beginnings should turn up, on the screen, as just another happy-ending outdoor adventure film.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin, Elizabeth Threatt, Arthur Hunnicutt.—RKO.

AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD

Rita Hayworth's return to the screen is accomplished with minimum fanfare in her new film, Tito and true to all the old clichés of espionage tales, Affair In Trinidad features her as an American café enterainer in Port-of-Spain, whose artist husband's "suicide" sets off a chain of events in the tracking down of a team of international spies. Kingpin of the ring is wealthy, mysterious Max Fabian (Alexander Scourby). Because he is an admirer of Rita's and was a friend of her late husband, the police give her a chance to clear herself by doing counter-espionage work for them and discovering what Fabian and his friends are up to. Things begin to get complicated when Glenn Ford, her husband's older brother, arrives from the U.S., first suspects Rita of murder, then falls for her, finally becoming suspicious all over again when he sees her playing up to Fabian. The melodramatic mix-ups come to a climax at a big party given by Fabian. Demanding that Ford leave (she tells him she's having an affair with Fabian so he will depart), Rita proceeds to discover the spy's secret and is herself discovered and imprisoned to be "disposed of later." Although Miss Hayworth isn't called upon to do much acting, she acquits herself well enough, especially in a couple of dance numbers created by Valerie Bettis. Ford's role calls for him to be unhappy most of the time, so he barks his lines truculently, as if to make his opinion of his situation clear. What saves Affair In Trinidad from becoming a mi-

(Continued on page 112)
Grand Colonial

sterling in the mood of tranquillity

Stately elegance in sterling! The charm of an era of gracious living and graceful entertaining is captured forever in Grand Colonial sterling silver. For, Grand Colonial was inspired by early America, the period of simplicity, of precious silver unadorned. Enchanting is the colonial fiddle motif, the grace of line and harmony of proportions, the soft opalescent finish. Grand Colonial is one of the exclusive patterns designed by famed William S. Warren. Each of these Wallace patterns has been given the full-formed contours of sculpture, which creates "Third Dimension Beauty"—beauty in front, in profile, in back—sterling perfection from every possible view.

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

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 10c to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 97, Wallingford, Connecticut.
The Most Beautiful Hair in the World
is kept at its loveliest ... with
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" ... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Betty Hutton, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse ... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water ... needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars ... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN.
Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
to a child of her own?

A. No.

Q. How come a beautiful girl like dancer Ann Miller has never been married?
—D. L., Montgomery, Ala.

A. She has been, once.

Q. Isn't the Bette Davis-Gary Merrill marriage breaking up?

A. No.

Q. When is Lana going to get that divorce from Topping?
—V. F., Wallingford, Conn.

A. As soon as the legal haggling stops.

Q. Are Jane Powell's parents divorced? And why is Jane playing the night club circuit?
—P. F., Dallas, Tex.

A. They're divorced. Jane is earning money which is going into income property.

Q. I read that Betty Grable is broke and has been living on the earnings of her horses. How much have her horses earned?
—R. C., Santa Fe, N. M.

A. They've earned $80,000, which Miss Grable doesn't need. She's doing fine.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton will wear only maroon ties and no others? If so, why?
—N. R., Boston, Mass.

A. It's true. Red says maroon is his lucky color.

Q. I know that Loretta Young is a very devout Catholic. Wasn't she converted to that religion from Protestantism?
—D. A., Salt Lake City, Utah

A. Loretta's mother was converted, but her offspring were raised in the Catholic faith.

Q. Can you tell me if it's true that all motion pictures will soon be photographed in Technicolor?
—C. L., Cleveland, Ohio

A. Technicolor is the copyrighted name of one color process; there are several others. Within five years approximately 90% of most movies will be shot in color.

Q. If John Wayne's real name is Marion Mitchell Morrison, why does everyone call him Duke?
—T. T., Ames, Iowa

A. He was nick-named after his favorite dog.

Q. I've been told that Burt Lancaster is pretty conceited, won't let his family pose for movie magazines and all of that. How come?
—L. F., Frankfort, Ky.

A. He wants his private life private.

Q. Can you please tell me how much stand-ins, extras, and bit players earn for a day's work?
—G. S., Denver, Col.

A. Stand-ins, $17 per day; extras, $18.50 per day; bit players, $70 a day.
Newest, easiest way to a heavenly complexion —

no wet sponge  no greasy fingertips  no spilly powder

Angel Face
by POND'S

Pond's Angel Face also comes in this well-loved, blue-and-gold box, with puff, at 89¢, 59¢.*

Powder and foundation in-one — in this enchanting new Mirror Case

Stays on longer than plain powder! No wonder more women use it than any other complexion make-up! Angel Face loves all complexions — at any age! Never drying, or shiny — natural as powder, yet its velvety color clings! Because Angel Face is powder and foundation in-one!

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor says, “Every day, I’m more enchanted with Angel Face!”

Tuck it in your handbag! Can’t spill!

For a lovely new make-up anytime, just flip open the new Mirror Case! With Angel Face, puff, mirror — it gives you a fresh, sweet-tinted look in 5 seconds! Lady Maureen Cooper says, “In its Mirror Case, Angel Face is even more of a joy.” 6 angelic skin tones. Pond’s Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1.*

*plus tax
party girl grows up

It has taken 17 long, eventful, hectic, heart-breaking years, but Lana Turner, at 32, has finally come of age.

Refusing steadfastly to be defeated by life, Lana has evolved a sense of values that is intelligent, wholesome, and for her, strangely realistic.

In her present scheme of things, the welfare of her daughter Cheryl comes first, her career comes second, and men come third.

For Lana, this is revolutionary.

Men and love, until now, have been the dominant factors in her life, and as she herself said last year, “My life has been a series of emergencies, in which I have had to take the wheel without knowing where I was going or how to run the machine.”

Today, Lana knows better. Figuratively speaking, she realizes that if a girl drives slowly and keeps her eyes on her objective, she won’t encounter nearly the number of pitfalls she finds when she races headlong, living each day as though it were her last.

The realization that she must go slow and take stock of what she really wants from life crystallized, I believe, this past summer, when, after finishing The Bad And The Beautiful, Lana took Cheryl and flew to Lake Tahoe for a six-weeks vacation.

Lake Tahoe is an incomparably beautiful body of water, half in Nevada and half in California. Actresses in the market for a divorce usually rent a cottage on the Nevada side of the shore, go to Reno, hire a lawyer, then spend the next six weeks gambling and dancing and dating, going the rounds of the many casinos and night clubs that dot the resort.

That is what everyone thought Lana had in mind, because few people know how much the beauty has changed since Fernando Lamas came into her life and Bob Topping went out.

Lana is no longer the frivolous playgirl of old. “I’m a hard-working actress,” she says, “who believes in looking after her daughter and her own business. I also believe, despite previous unfortunate experiences, (Continued on page 101)
Buzz-buzz-buzz goes the talk. Hollywood’s busy dissecting the Wildings who much to the dismay of all the gossips, go right on being wild about each other.

In a swank Beverly Hills restaurant run by a reformed pretender to the royal Russian crown named Michael Romanoff, there gathers each afternoon a group of wealthy, indolent women who specialize in Hollywood gossip.

These women, who have pipe lines to all the powder rooms in town, can tell you exactly when Judy Garland and Sid Luft expect the baby, what lies behind the ceaseless bickering between Van and Evie Johnson, and why the Liz Taylor-Michael Wilding marriage simply can’t endure.

For the past several weeks, this last subject has been their favorite conversational topic, largely because Wilding, with or without his beautiful pregnant bride, has been frequenting the eatery.

I occupied the booth adjoining these hoydens a few weeks ago when Wilding took Liz to lunch just before she started her last MGM picture, The Girl Who Had Everything.

As soon as Liz and Mike appeared in the archway, waiting for the (Continued on page 104)
Tell about Liz and Mike
DISENCHANTED
So Soon?
Shelley’s burned up over rift rumors. And this only makes Hollywood wonder all the more if the Shell-Gass combo has already gone up in smoke.

by Consuelo Anderson

Ever since their marriage in Mexico early this year, Shelley Winters and her Italian Casanova, Vittorio Gassmann, have been making the columns, and of late, the items haven’t been too favorable. Supposedly the newlyweds have been battling all over the country, and their chances for a long and happy marriage look mighty slim.

“Shell and Gass had a battle royal in Chasen’s Restaurant the other night,” one columnist reported a few weeks ago, “and Shell left in tears.”

“Shelley Winters and her bridegroom, Vittorio Gassmann,” writes another, “should keep their quarrels at home and not out in public.”

“Hollywood insiders,” opines a third reporter, “say that Shell and Gass won’t stay together for a year.”

Confronted with these reports when she returned from a trip to Mexico City where Vittorio was making Sombrero on location, and asked for an explanation, the frank and fiery Shelley burst out, “It’s disgusting. That’s the word for these lies—disgusting. I believe in publicity as much as any actress living, but when they start interfering with my marriage, when they start printing those awful lies, I’m telling you it’s disgusting.

“To read those items someone would think that Vittorio and I’ve been fighting — I mean fighting all the time. If (Continued on page 95)
Junie always wanted stardom . . . and she got it, even though it meant fighting every inch of the way. But now, rumor has it that she's willing to turn her back on the cameras, and retire as plain Housewife. Here's what June says . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Is June Allyson really quitting?

Ever since last December when she completed Girl In White, the rumor has been hushed all over Hollywood that June Allyson is retiring from motion pictures.

When the cute little blonde with the dark blue eyes failed to make a single movie during the first six months of 1952 and announced that “Richard and I expect to spend August and September in Europe,” the retirement rumor assumed the proportion of near fact.

When everyone asked a most sensible question. Why should Junie, a young actress not yet 30, retire during the prime of her career when she is pulling down $3,250 a week?

June's answer is that she doesn't measure happiness in terms of money.

“More than half the year's flown by,” she told me. “I haven't made a single picture, and still I'm the happiest woman you ever met. I'm in a wonderful position. I don't ever have to work. I have Richard. And two lovely children, Pam and Rickey. Gee! What more can any girl want?”

I said nothing, but my mind wandered back ten years when a frightened little rabbit named June Allyson first came out to Hollywood. Back then she was one of the most career-conscious youngsters this town has ever seen. Stardom was her sole objective, and the fear of failure constantly nagged her. “I don't want to go back to New York having failed,” she used to say. “Not now.” And she worked with a willpower and concentration few other young actresses have ever maintained.

She would stop producers on the lot and plead for parts. “Honestly,” she'd say, and her eyes would twinkle and at times even grow watery, "I know I can play the part.” She would study her lines and rehearse her dance routines as if nothing else mattered. And back then it all seemed pitiful to me, this little bundle of energy trying so hard for success when success seemed earmarked for Gloria De Haven.

Gloria and June broke in at MGM just about the same time. They were cast in Two Girls And A Sailor opposite Van Johnson, and the studio hierarchy was convinced that De Haven would emerge a new and great attraction. But the studio bigshots miscalculated. It was little June Allyson who ran away with the public's fancy when the picture was released.

That taste of success was all Junie needed. It whet her appetite. Career became her obsession. Thoughts of love, men, (Continued on page 91)
Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis may act crazy as loons when they're on stage—but these smart cookies know that keeping their private lives apart is what keeps the team together!

By Kirtley Baskette

two wives—two lives

Since the antique days of Damon and Pythias, there have been few double-chum, bosom buddies operating as close together as a couple of fabulously funny boys in Hollywood named Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Some people swear that when Dean takes a drink, Jerry reaps a hangover, that if Lewis gulps down a hotdog, Martin is certain to burp, that a day on the beach for Dino spreads a deep tan over the Little Monster, sitting home in the shade. This impression stems from their superbly synchronized shenanigans, and it's true that in the heat of action there's telepathy between that pair that could put Western Union out of business. Often when Jerry starts a sentence, Dean finishes it. Only the other day, knocking around in rehearsal, the following exchange of dialogue was recorded:

Dean: What do you think?
Jerry: Why not?
Dean: Shall we?
Jerry: Let's!

And they racketed right through a wild new routine which never missed a lick or trick.

This perfectly blended oneness, most
critical, is a big reason why Martin and Lewis are the greatest double-barreled hit in the history of show business. It was spontaneous and electric the desperate night six years ago when it blew the fuse and welded Dean and Jerry together at the 500 Club in Atlantic City. Since then it has never dimmed, and the cockeyed wonders have topped every record on the books.

They stayed 18 weeks at Broadway's famous Copacabana where no previous act had lasted more than two. In five quickly-slapped-together Hollywood pictures, their (Continued on next page)
JERRY'S AS NERVOUS AS A TOMCAT, AND TWICE AS SKITTERY. FOREVER ON THE RUN.

Jerry's a regular pest at home... He brings all the worries of the business day home with him, won't relax and forget work. Patti's used to listening, often comes up with some good advice.

Jerry's a worry-bug about everything—but mostly about his children. The question of what type of haircut one of the boys should have is enough to start a turmoil.

DEAN'S JUST THE OPPOSITE. AS SLEEPY AND RELAXED AS A NEW BORN KITTEN, HE AMBLES

Once Dean arrives home for the night, his worries are over! He flops down on the living room couch—or, more often, the floor—and starts right in relaxing with great determination.

Dean's the most easy-going father in Hollywood. As a result, Dino, Jr. (above) and Dean's four children by his first wife, lead unharassed, uncomplicated lives.

producer, Hal Wallis, has grossed over $10,000,000. And there's no telling how high the profits on their two latest Wallis films, Jumping Jacks and The Stooge, will go. In San Francisco, on one theatre appearance, they rang the cash register for $10,000 in popcorn and candy sales alone, more than the previous attraction had collected from admissions. In Minneapolis they pulled in $138,000, more than double the $65,000 mark Bing Crosby had set. In Chicago they were offered $20,000.
He couldn’t relax if his life depended on it.

Portraits of himself and Dean, press clippings and scrapbooks, keep reminding Jerry of business even in the privacy of his own living room.

Even Jerry’s hobby provides its share of headaches. His home-movie equipment is expensive, must be carefully handled. Patti’s a fan, too.

Jerry’s never off-stage, not even on the golf course. Always clowning, he goes at too fast a pace, never learned to relax.

Through Life ‘as if it were a Sunday School Picnic

Dean’s modern Colonial home gives no hint that the owner’s in show business. Dean doesn’t keep a scrapbook, never saves his press clippings.

Dean and Jeanne spend their spare time having fun . . . they love to go dancing, although just staying home and loafing together is O.K. too.

Dean takes his golf as easily as he takes everything else. Here, he, Jeanne, and Dino, Jr., take time off for some putting.

Just to show up at a private party tossed by a millionaire, At the Paramount in New York they were paid off at the rate of 70 per cent for Martin and Lewis, 30 per cent for the house—an unheard of profit split. Last March, on a 16½-hour telethon in New York, they raised $1,148,000 for their pet charity, muscular dystrophy. This year, with movies, TV, radio, records, theatre appearances, night clubs and fairs, the beautifully batty boys will gross over $3,000,000.

Georgie Jessel, Mister Show Business himself, summed it up not long ago at a national exhibitors’ convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. “Gentlemen,” he said, “let’s face it. Today there are only two names that will pack them in, good times or bad. Those names are Martin and Lewis.”

Throughout this fantastically successful spree, Dean and Jerry have clung to each other like tipsy revelers who are afraid to let go, lest they both fall on their faces. Financially, it’s share and share alike with them, and always has been. Even when Dean sings a recording alone, he insists that Jerry split the proceeds.

Physically, they complement each other. On tour, Jerry, who’s a jittery early riser, makes Dean, who’s a relaxed sleepyhead, stay in the hay, while he goes to the theatre and rehearses Dean’s songs with the band. Dean, who is 170 pounds of muscle, has developed a belligerent, big-brother protectorate over Jerry, who is 130 pounds of skin and bones. (Continued on page 106)
She's never had a date and she's only been kissed on the screen. Debra Paget is hard to please but the right boy won't find her hard to love.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

While lunching in the studio commissary some weeks ago, Debra Paget came back with an odd answer when a fellow across the table jokingly asked her if she ever dreamed of men. "Do I have nightmares, you mean?" was her reply.

Eighteen-year-old girls are not ordinarily this leery of the opposite sex, and neither is Debra. But, as she has made very clear, she hates questions alluding to the fact that she doesn't go out (which she gets kidded about a lot), and she doesn't want people to pry into her personal affairs. While working in Stars And Stripes Forever with Bob Wagner, she went into a three-day cutting silence every time he got near her because she thought he had something to do with an item that reported the two of them as a romantic pair. Inasmuch as Bob goes with Debbie Reynolds, it made her look as though she were trying to steal him. But, at the same time, as her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, pointed out, Bob would be slitting his own throat by having anything to do with such a story.

Debra finally saw the sense of this, but here was another tell-tale incident, significant to those who know her well; Debra, in matters of the heart, doesn't care to be taken lightly.

The truth is, in Debra's own words, "No, I don't dream of men when I'm asleep. But I have my dreams when I'm awake. I think there is quite a difference."

The "difference" is, as she explains, that she hopes to meet the one and only "somebody". (Continued on page 64)
She's short and plump and hysterical and sweet, and she has one of those faces that advertise she's one of history's greatest cooks. She's the kind of mom every guy should have. When I was a kid, I was properly respectful and called her "mama," but since I got out of the Navy, I've been calling her Josephine, Frances, Judith or Nellie. And although her name is Helen, Mom loves it. She laughs at anything I say. She'd laugh if I told her the house was on fire. She's my greatest audience and the rock of my life.

My first memory of Mom is the time I sat beside her in a theater in New Brunswick, Connecticut. Manny, my father, was in a play given by Hungarian actors, and I was getting a big boot out of the whole thing until some woman in the cast began chasing my pop around the stage, wielding an axe over his head. That set me off into a howl, and I looked up at Mom for support. She was so composed she looked like she was watching somebody bake a cake, instead of some dame trying to scalp her husband. "Shh, Bernie, shush," she said, and I thought she'd gone off her rocker.

I don't remember ever thinking Mom was beautiful, the way guys do in books, but I know now that she must have been very pretty as a young woman. I picture her coming to America when she was a girl, sort of temptingly plump, with that (Continued on page 97)
Donald and Gwen O'Connor bought a little house. His career grew bigger and bigger, but they stayed in their little house and changed it instead of their address.

By Marva Peterson

In the Pink (house, that is)

Hollywood rumor recently had "the Battling O'Connors" separating. As we went to press, though, they were still together.
When Donald bought the house, it had only one bedroom, but Donna changed all that. The five-year-old now has a place of her own with lots of toy room due to Gwen's judicious use of space.

The den is small but the effect is spacious, thanks to Gwen's idea of extending the same gray wall-to-wall carpeting all through the house. This creates the optical illusion of much more room.

Donald O'Connor, who is crazy about color, made her interiors exceptionally bright with a coral ceiling in the living room, purple walls, and the sectional couch and drapes repeating the scheme.

Gwen O'Connor, who is crazy about color, made her interiors exceptionally bright with a coral ceiling in the living room, purple walls, and the sectional couch and drapes repeating the scheme.

The master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy. One wall is lined with Donald's wardrobe closets. Gwen "enlarged" the room by having all the closet doors mirrored.

Donald O'Connor, the hottest young actor in Hollywood today—four major studios are pleading with him to accept $75,000 a picture—was sitting in the MGM commissary the other week, munching a fast sandwich.

Debbie Reynolds, his leading lady in I Love Melvin, sat down beside him.

"Tell me, Don," she said "is it really true about your wife?"

Twenty-six year-old Donald smiled. "You mean about her seven toes?"

"No, silly. I mean about your house."

"I've been told," Debbie continued, "that every few months your wife completely redecorates your house."

"I wouldn't know," Donald cracked. "Gwen and I only love there." (Editor's note: MODERN SCREEN hopes the O'Connor rift rumors, which were circulating recently, have no basis in fact.)

A minute later the irrepressible O'Connor—he is generally conceded to be "the sweetest guy in Hollywood"—turned serious for a few seconds. "I'm the kind of guy, Debbie," he explained, "who believes in hobbies. I collect marbles, bottle tops, films, old cars, records. Gwen's only hobby is redecorating. So long as it keeps her happy, she can re-do the house every Tuesday." (Continued on next page)
Gwen O’Connor is a 25-year-old beauty, who first met her husband when he was 13 years old and four feet seven inches tall. They met in the Paramount commissary. Gwen played bit parts in films, and Donald was a graduate of vaudeville who’d been signed to a studio contract.

“It was hate at first sight,” Gwen recalls. “Don thought I was nothing, and I thought he was less.”

Three years later, Gwen Carter and Donald O’Connor met backstage at a vaudeville show and, through some strange alchemy, their hate turned to love.

One night when Donald was all of 16, he decided to become engaged to Gwen. He took her to a party. At 11 o’clock the lights fortuitously went out for a few minutes. Donald grabbed a girl’s hand and slipped a ring on her finger. When the lights went on, he was shocked to discover that instead of giving the ring to Gwen who was sitting on his right, he’d slipped it on the finger of another girl sitting at his left.

“I straightened that one out in a hurry,” he says.

In 1944, having done very well for Universal in a dozen light comedies, Donald felt his local draft board breathing down his neck.

A week before he was inducted into the Air Corps, the versatile young star decided that the time had come for him to engage in a serious philosophical discussion with Gwen, his red-headed fiancée. Going off to war is a pretty big step. No laughing matter. Especially when you’re 18.

That night Don and Gwen discussed life, love, and their future together, and they came to a big decision. “We decided,” Gwen says, “not to wait. We climbed into Don’s Model A Ford and headed for Tijuana. Naturally, the car broke down, but we managed to get married and enjoy a wonderful honeymoon.”

Returning to Hollywood, the newlyweds rented a small, picturesque house that had only one bedroom and one bath. Despite Don’s subsequent rise to fame and riches, this is the very same house the O’Connors now occupy—only today it has two bedrooms but still that same one bath.

For a movie star of Donald’s earning capacity—he’s good for a cool million within the next seven years—the house is plainly too small. “But there are other points to consider,” says Gwen, who along with her fragile beauty also features plenty of common sense. “I wouldn’t want to be bothered with a home so large that I needed a staff of servants. You know, like one of those tremendous Bel-Air jobs. The way things are today, it’s just too hard to get and keep help. We do very nicely with a young girl who looks after Donna—she’s our five-year-old—and I have a maid who comes in five days a week. I do most of the cooking, because I’ve learned to cook the way Don’s mother does. When we want to entertain, throw a big shindig, we have a champagne party out on the lawn.

“Besides, if we had a large house, we wouldn’t be able to redecorate every year. This way Alley and I go right ahead, and Don doesn’t care.”

“Alley” is Allen Kirk, Donald O’Connor’s best friend. Years ago Kirk was a shoe salesman (Continued on page 109)
Aldo Ray wanted to be a Big Wheel in politics.
But that was before he made a campaign speech before some Hollywood bigwigs. Now constable Ray is actor Ray.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

he never took a lesson

The door leading to the office of one of the dramatic coaches at Columbia Studio was open about a foot. Inside, a lady stood before a handsome young girl and directed a portion of a scene they were working on. Then the fledgling actress tried it. She turned elegantly, strolled to a large chair, twisted about neatly and sat, being careful to keep the legs straight and the feet in the proper position. Seated, she delivered a line of dialogue, and the coach smiled, pleased.

A young man watched through the space in the doorway, hiding himself from the couple inside. A friend, passing in the hall, slapped him on the back.

"Hi, Aldo," he greeted.

Aldo Ray put his fingers to his lips in a worried shush and tip-toed away from the door.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked when they were out of earshot. "Something wrong?"

"Nah," said Aldo with a grin. "I'm just not supposed to be here, that's all."

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"Well," said Aldo, "they don't want me to take any acting lessons. It's better that nobody should see me looking in there."

And, oddly enough, that's the way it is. Columbia does not want Aldo Ray to take acting lessons, voice coaching or anything else that might change one whit the unique talent that it has uncovered in its newest star. The fellow who waltzed into the co-starring role with Judy Holliday in The Marrying Kind, and convinced the critics he was an experienced, accomplished actor, has never taken a lesson in his life. And if the company brass has anything to do with it, he never will.

In order to fathom the lad who acts, naturally, and is good enough to get the critical approval of the poobahs who pass on the screen performances of the stars, you'd have to see more of Aldo Ray than you can in a movie or (Continued on page 38)
This is how it happened.
On a Sunday the announcement was released that, after nine years of an idyllic marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Ford had decided to call it quits. Glenn was moving out, and Ellie was getting the divorce.
The next day another announcement was made public, explaining that the Glenn...
Fords had absolutely no intention of separating. They'd had a little family spat, and that was all. Everything was bright and sunny again.

On Tuesday Mr. Walter Winchell, who usually knows about such things, ran an item in his column to the effect that Glenn Ford was sweet on Lorraine Cugat, the ex-wife of rhumba band-leader Xavier Cugat.

On Wednesday, Miss Cugat, said in an interview with the press, "It's news to me. I've never met Glenn Ford. We've never even been introduced. We happened to go to Europe on the same boat, the Liberté, but I've never even spoken to the guy."

On Thursday another columnist opined that Winchell had the wrong girl in mind, that, in fact, Mr. Glenn Ford wasn't in love with any eastern beauty; the eastern beauty happened to be in love with him. Her name was Geraldine Brooks, the daughter of the president of Brooks, New York's leading theatrical costumers. Geraldine had been Glenn's leading (Continued on page 65)
Hollywood's talking about the new Lanza—a slimmer, trimmer, more simmered-down Mario. And they've got his lovely wife to thank for it!

BY JIM BURTON

- Standing there in his producer's office, looking over the preview cards on *Because You're Mine*, his latest film, Mario Lanza was happy... but in a restrained, un-Lanzalike way.
  
  There was no full-throated exuberance, no unbridled enthusiasm. Mario merely picked up one card and smiled as he read, "Lanza has never been in better voice." His grin widened at the second card—"I like this picture even better than *Caruso*!" And he chuckled quietly over the third, on which a fan had scribbled, "I thought Lanza was supposed to be as heavy as an elephant. He's surprisingly thin."

  Mario thumbed through a few others, put them down, said goodbye to Eleanor, Joe Pasternak's secretary, then ambled down the long MGM corridor and out to his car.

  He slid into his Cadillac and, humming contentedly, drove to the house he rents for $550 a month in Beverly Hills. It's a preposterous-looking structure, half Gothic, half Moorish, and filled with Oriental furniture originally collected by its owner, a Swedish ambassador to the Far East.

  As Mario alighted, he spotted Mrs. X, a small, dumpy woman, somewhere in her fifties, who is undoubtedly the most rabid Lanza fan in the world.

  Each afternoon, Mrs. X. drives up to Mario's house and patrols it, walking around and around, watching to see who (Continued on next page)
Mario Lanza's Fabulous Diet

(Continued from page 30) goes in and who goes out, waving to the family from time to time and questioning the visitors about her idol's health.

As Mario dashed up the steps to his front door, Mrs. X ran after him, calling his name. Mario stopped, and the fat little woman dug into her handbag and came up with a necktie.

“IT's yours,” she announced proudly. “Your wife threw it out, but I rescued it from the trash can.” She clasped the tie to her breast and closed her eyes in rapture. When she opened them, Mario was gone.

Mrs. X shook her index finger at the closed door. “You naughty, naughty boy,” she said. Then she descended the steps and continued her vigil in front of the Lanza residence, to and fro, up and back like a sentry walking guard duty.

Inside the house, Mario walked through the living room into the den. His wife Betty, a beautiful, wide-faced brunette with brown sparkling eyes, rose from the sofa to meet him. He kissed her on the lips. “You see the doctor?” he asked.

Betty nodded.

“How you feeling?”

“Just so-so,” Betty said. “My stomach's still upset.”

“Sit down,” Mario said, “and take it easy.”

He walked to his desk, picked up a pile of letters, and began slitting them open.

Suddenly, Betty got up, strode into the kitchen, then returned with a plate of chopped ice which she began chewing.

Mario looked up from his desk. When he saw his wife chewing ice, he leaped out of his chair.

“Oh, no!” he shouted. “No, I can't believe it! Really, Betty? Tell me, really?” He grabbed her by the shoulders, wrapped his arms around her waist, and pulled her to him. “Tell me, Betty. Really?”

“It's never failed before,” Betty said smilingly. “Whenever I get the urge to chew ice, I know I'm pregnant.”

Mario's eyes sparkled. “I know it's going to be a boy,” he said. “A son. It's gotta be a son. Do you hear that, Betty? It's gotta be a son.”

Betty laughed. “I haven't seen you this excited for months.”

That last sentence best expresses the general

Mario Lanza’s Fabulous Diet

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Betty laughed. “I haven't seen you this excited for months.”

That last sentence best expresses the general (Continued on page 92)
Lucy Desirée celebrated her first birthday with her famous parents, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. They're expecting another baby.

it's only money...

TV made Lucille and Desi the darlings of 30,000,000 people and rich beyond their wildest dreams. But the payoff for them is that at last they're at home together.

By Jack Wade

- One dark night a couple of years ago a persimmon-haired lady gunned her Cad convertible along a lonely stretch of road in the San Fernando Valley and tore on through a stop sign at a deserted intersection. Right at that moment, two lurking speedcops parked on a side road tapped back their kickstands, switched on red lights and roared off in pursuit.

“My, my—what’s your hurry, Sis?” asked one, when they’d wailed her down; and the other began, “Right through a stop...”

Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y De Acha III leaned pugnaciously out over the driver’s door, shook her pinkish curls and let them have it.

“Did I?” she asked. “Well, so what! It’s a new one, isn’t it? I didn’t even know it was there. But maybe if I had, I’d (Continued on page 79)
When Kirby first met Joan, she was 16, and he says, "I found myself ... with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady." At 18, he finds her the same satisfying adult.

Kirby has made a spectacular financial success in the automobile business. He and Joan have waited two years to marry and are eagerly planning their home together.

For two years Joan and Kirby kept the love that blossomed one New Year's Eve a closely guarded secret. For Joan it's been a long wait, but now, at 18, she has her heart's desire.

BY JIM MCCULLA

NOT TOO YOUNG TO LOVE

Promptly at 8:30 on the night of May 2nd, 1950, Joan Evans answered the summons of the doorbell at the home she shared with her parents, Katharine Albert and Dale Eunson, high in the Hollywood hills. Joan didn't know it at the time, but this business appointment with Robert Graham Paris, her dramatic coach and long-time friend of the family, was to plunge her into the big romance of her life.

Beside Mr. Paris on this balmy spring evening stood a tall, six-foot, two-inch stranger, tanned, handsome, with dark hair and darker, arresting eyes. As Joan remembers that first meeting in its minute detail, "He was the most striking looking fellow I had ever seen," and Joan had been living for some time in a land where "striking looking fellows" are the rule rather than the exception. "The thought flashed
Although Joan met Kirby Wetherly in May of 1950, they didn't have their first kiss until eight months later at a New Year's Eve party.

through my mind," Joan recalls, "can this be the man?"

And as for the handsome stranger, whose name was Kirby Wetherly, he speaks of this initial meeting with something like reverent and shocked surprise, since he had been told by Bob Paris that Joan Evans, with whom he was to rehearse, was still under sixteen. But this electric beauty seemed as completely poised and adult as any girl he'd ever met in his many travels.

Before we hurry on into more details of the truth behind the best-kept romantic secret in Hollywood, it is necessary to identify myself, the writer, for I played a small, but I like to think important, part in this exciting love story. Frankly, as a reporter of police-beat vintage and now dedicated on my daily program to inside stories behind every-

thing from skid row suicides to international intrigue, I look on most Hollywood love making with a jaundiced eye. There are precious few passions in movietown that have a solid foundation.

And that is exactly why I offered to report this story for Modern Screen. Quite by accident, Joan Evans and Kirby Wetherly became friends of mine, and it is important to me that the perennial gossips of Hollywood do not label their romance as a fly-by-night affair between two scatterbrained kids. Instead, it is the remarkable story of a girl, who was wise enough at 16 to pick the man she loved, and to fight through adversity to gain him as a husband. A girl, who at 18, is far better prepared for matrimony than many women ten years her senior.

(Continued on page 68)
The five-day-old little charmer on the left is Rochelle Robertson in her first and only photograph—exclusive to Modern Screen! Though she kept her daddy, Dale, waiting an extra month, she's his No. 2 dreamgirl.

By Marsha Saunders

Relax, pop, I made it!

Ordinarily, Dale Robertson is not a sound sleeper. A basically restless young man, he finds himself thinking at night, sleeps only in fits and starts and usually is up and out of the double bed he shares with his wife by 6:30 A.M.

On the night of July 10th, 1952, however, Robertson was sleeping soundly. He had played a benefit the night before. He'd had a tough day at the studio with Betty Grable in The Farmer Takes A Wife and now he was all done in.

He began to snore what is known as the "buzz saw," a whirring persistent drone that sounds like an electric drill.

Lying beside him, his pregnant wife, Jackie, moved her right elbow into his ribs. "Honey," she said softly.

The only answer was: "Z-z-z-z-z."

Jacqueline Wilson Robertson, the green-eyed little brunette who'd accepted Dale's marriage proposal on their second date, looked at her watch. It was five minutes past 5:00 A.M.

She could feel the child moving within her.

She reached over and ran her hand across Dale's face. "Honey," she said persistently. No answer.

Another sharp pain. She waited a moment until that pain had subsided. Then in a loud voice and shaking him simultaneously, "I think this is it, Dale, Wake up, Dale!"

Robertson opened his blue-green eyes. The words, "I think this is it," seemed to penetrate his sleep-befogged mind. He awoke with a start and jumped out of bed.

"Really, Honey? You reckon this is the time?"

As if he himself could not believe it.

Jackie nodded.

"I'm calling the (Continued on page 70)
Housewarming!

She knew they were coming so she baked a pie! Hollywood's young set gathered at Barbara's for an old fashioned party full of fun, frolic and food!

It was a very special occasion when Hollywood's brightest young lights gathered together under Barbara Ruick's and Jean MacDonald's new roof. For Barbara and Jean it was a happy ending as well as beginning, because their housewarming might never have come to pass if both girls hadn't been having landlord trouble simultaneously a while back. Barbara was practically evicted when she acquired a long-haired spaniel named Blondie and a piano—her landlord took a pretty strong stand against both types of sound. Jean, who is Pete Lawford's steady flame, was in similar straits, so the two of them decided to team up and find new diggings.

The lease had barely been signed one Saturday when preparations got under way for a party the very next evening. Barbara informed her friends that if they wanted the festivities on Sunday they'd have to pitch in and help put things in order.

First to arrive to do his pre-party time, of course, was scenarist Blake Edwards, who takes turns (Continued on page 60)
Barbara's Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Pie (recipe on next page) made a hit with guests Peggy, Dick, Michael, Mary, Blake, and Bob.

The next day was a working day—so it was off with the lights and straight to bed for Barbara when the party was over.
STRAWBERRY-PINEAPPLE PARFAIT PIE

Ann Pillsbury's
Flaky Pastry Shell

sifted together 1 cup sift Pillsbury’s Best-Enriched Flour
¾ teaspoon Morton's salt.

cut in ½ cup Crisco shortening until particles are the size of small peas.

sprinkle 2 to 3 tablespoons cold milk over mixture, tossing lightly with fork
until dough is moist enough to hold together. Form into a ball.

roll out on floured pastry cloth or board
onto an 11-inch circle (10-inch circle for 9-inch pie). Fit pastry loosely onto 8 or 9-inch pie pan. Fold edge to form a standing rim;
flute. Prick crust with fork.

bake in hot oven (425° F.) 10 to 12 min. Cool.

Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait Filling*

prepare 8 or 9-inch pie shell (as above)

heat 1 cup liquid (pineapple juice drained from No. 2 can Dole’s crushed pineapple plus water) to boiling in 2-quart saucepan. Do not use fresh pineapple. Remove from heat.

add 1 pkg. Strawberry Jello; stir until dissolved.

add 1 pint vanilla ice cream, cut into pieces, to hot liquid; stir immediately until melted.

chill until mixture is thickened but not set,
25 to 30 minutes. Fold in drained crushed pineapple.

turn into cooled, baked pie shell.
Chill until firm, 15 to 20 minutes. Top with ring of crushed pineapple, if desired.

*There are many variations of this parfait pie, such as:
Apricot Parfait with Orange Jello
Toasted Almond parfait with Orange Jello
Sweet Cherry parfait with Lemon Jello

with Carleton Carpenter squirting Barbara around. Blake was condemned to hard labor among the chairs, tables and sofas. Michael Meshekoii (who produces Dragnet on radio and TV) got some playful heckling when he arrived just in time to help hang the last bamboo shade.

The big day dawned with Jean busily washing windows and fussing over last-minute touches, while Barbara took to the kitchen to plan the buffet supper (cold cuts, baked beans, potato salad, tossed greens and assorted tidbits) and prepare her brand new prize recipe for luscious Strawberry-Pineapple Parfait pie—made with ice cream, yet!

The girls just had time to slip out of slacks when the doorbell began ringing. Everyone came bearing gifts for still-empty shelves, and welcome they were. Especially Bob Horton’s gaily colored glasses, which went right into service.

While the girls were greeting their guests, though, the nearest thing to catastrophe was taking place in the kitchen. Blondie and Jean’s dachshund had latched onto a serving tray and were just about to eliminate supper when Barbara spied them and sent them packing, luckily, with only one ham-on-pumpernickel under their canine belts.

The two hostesses served from the sheet-covered saw-buck table, and everybody spread around on couch and floor with paper plates.

Later, when the dishes were out of the way, the group naturally gravitated to the piano, and just as naturally, David Holt did the honors.

But at eleven, Barbara announced she had a shooting schedule that began at dawn Monday. “Working folks,” she said firmly. “Goodnight so soon, know what I mean?”

They did, and went, all with much happy talk about the lucky break that brought Barbara and Jean to such a beautiful apartment.

“Pianos and dogs,” Jean pointed out, “are a girl’s best friends.”

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*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.*
In order to know God, Jane believes, you must first learn to know yourself . . .
And that is why she wants her children, when they're old enough, to choose their own way of life.

My family was originally Methodist. But, as I remember, my (Continued on page 108)
she wants a big, tall somebody

(Continued from page 41) and, until she does, see no point in wasting her time or distracting herself with boys who can't. She knows she feels she'll know him when she does. She says she feels she'll know him without any trouble. She indicates she'll know him sooner if he is tall, but tall or not, there won't be much to the impression that even if his stature is not imposing, what he does to Debra will give him all the size he'll ever need in her eyes.

And the boy may change some of her ideas. For instance, one afternoon she said, "I will never give up my career for any man." Yet soon afterward, she admitted being sure that the boy she loves will be the kind she'll want to give it up for! Everybody who heard her got the idea right away—Debra is crazy about her career but she is willing to be reasonable if the boy is willing to be wonderful!

But what she is not willing to do is search for him. "I feel it has to happen, it has to be a hit of the blue," she says. This is why it's easy for her to say "No" to a fellow who wants a date. Each "No" is just another step in building up to a great big "YES" for the right man.

Debra would readily listen to some practice meeting tall "somebodies." There was an afternoon three years ago, when she was only 15, she will never forget. She was just finishing her school work at the studio (in which she gets in grades less than "A," incidentally) when a message came through from the front office that she was to play an Indian maiden in Broken Arrow. There came a follow-up message that left her weak-kneed—she was cast opposite Jimmy Stewart (then still a bachelor). While she doesn't confound now that the man she wants must be a ringer for Jimmy Stewart, the chances are that she was definite about it that day. She admits she certainly likes the type. "A quiet, easy going character with a cute sense of humor," is the way she describes him.

She met Jimmy a few days later in the office of Delmar Davies, who was to direct the picture, "Paradise." He is an entirely dreamily, "is tall and tall and sandy haired"). She remembers that when Jimmy walked in he was full of kindness and understanding. "He made things wonderfully easy," she says. "All I had to do was to keep saying "Yes yes no no no . . . yes . . . no . . ."

"I couldn't think of anything else."

A bout a year later, when Jimmy was marrying Gloria McLean, Debra was meeting Mr. Tall—Dark—and-Handsome himself—Louis Jourdan. Of course, Louis was already married, but that didn't keep her from studying the type so that she might know its points if she ever ran across them in the form of a more eligible someone. There was a day when Debra cried for hours while working with Louis, but not for romantic reasons. Her vanity was hurt. Louis tried to pick her up, as required by the script for one scene in the picture, Bird of Paradise, and complained that he couldn't get her off the floor. The director immediately called for her double and accused Debra of not watching her diet, then walked.

It was all a gag. The night before she had dined with the leading members of the cast and had ordered a steak followed by a banana split for dessert. Everyone warned her, vouched for, but, that this wasn't being fair since she was slated to be carried by Louis the next day. And he was just acting out his part of the gag when he failed to lift her. Her tears were so real, however, that she spoiled everyone's fun.

When Debra meets a new man at the studio, or at her home, to which he may have been invited by someone in the family, he often, and openly, reveals his astonishment at her ideas (which come out because her mother, or her sisters or brother, sometimes kid her about them).

"Never been out, never been kissed except in your pictures?" he asks, and reveals his full disbelief.

But it is true. The first man ever to kiss Debra, kissed her professionally, on the screen. He was Richard Conte, in a scene from Crying Of The City. It was a closeup, and when it was over the cameraman announced that it would have to be shot over again.

"Something went wrong with your eyes," he told Debra. "I've seen girls who kissed eyes open and girls who kissed eyes closed, but yours were jumping open and shut like a yo-yo."

The way it turned out the scene was left as is. The director decided he liked it. Later on news came that Mr. Zanuck, head of the studio, thought it was a very effective close-up, too. He didn't forget about Debra's kissing during the filming of Stars And Stripes Forever, either. Debra had two kissing scenes with Bob Wagner in this picture. After looking at them in the rushes, Mr. Zanuck ordered three more to be written into the script.

So Debra has been kissed... but for 20th Century-Fox, not herself. Even so the critics haven't complained about the lack of realism, and Debra says she always thinks of this gratefully when she happens to meet the kind of men who give out with that old line about, "How can you portray love if you haven't lived yourself?"

"How can you show love if you haven't loved?" She now knows it can be done, and any wolf who tries this one on her finds it thrown coldly back at him.

Debra recently had an interview in which she admitted that she is sort of half-way preparing herself for quite an older man. "It may just turn out this way," she said. "If I'm 16 years older than my mother when they married. But, on the other hand, my mother and I are not of a completely similar nature by any means. She says she dated as soon as she could. She met my father when she had just turned 15, would have married him the same day she was 16 if it were possible, and actually did marry him less than a year later." Debra smiled. "And Mother always finishes up by saying triumphantly, 'And I've still got him!'

But how does Debra ever expect to meet the boy she wants if she doesn't go out? This, she says, is a question many people ask her. "Why don't I write to her mother, and her reply was an offhand, "Oh, if she wants to be an old maid, it's up to her." Actually, her mother thinks Debra will change over night. Debra doesn't. She thinks she makes sense not going out just to go out.

She doesn't advance her ideas as correct for all girls. "I think girls who haven't much fashion sense are the ones who go out," she says. "But that doesn't describe my situation. I see new faces every day at the studio and new ones as well as familiar ones come to mind which is sometimes like Grand Central Station. Mother is a friendly, gregarious person. Dad is in his own way and my sisters in their way are the same. Last Sunday my brother took her to church at 7:30 and in the morning bringing my sister Teala with him, my brother Frank and his wife Maurice came in soon afterwards, and two other girls, and all out during the day. That was a typical week end. I can hardly be classed as a recluse.

Debra loves her home. She feels able to be herself when she meets people there. She says she enjoys the fun she has about people. If she were to go out a lot, she has a hunch she would be so confused about what she was to wear, where she was to go, and what was to happen there, that the boy involved would get lost in the shuffle.

Debra had a friend who grew up, and studied professionally with her, but took a different course altogether when she entered her senior year in high school. She dropped all other interests in order to have time for her studies— the proms, parties and other get-togethers. During this same time, Debra kept strictly to her studies and her work. By now this other girl has been engaged (and disengaged) four times. Debra hasn't even had a date in her life.

Commenting on this a few months ago, one of her sisters said that Debra had an old-fashioned streak in her. "Maybe," says Debra. "But I think my mind is clearer, my emotional state more stable, and my chances for ultimate happiness much better than if, like my girl friend, I had already known four men well enough to have been promised to them. I mean, how confident could I be in my own seriousness, and in the power of love itself, for that matter, how can she not have won that many times? Maybe I confuse easily, but that's just what I would— as confused as a lot of girls I know who can't make up their minds. My boyfriend and seem to go from one to another.

"One thing is peculiar to all these kids, it seems to me. When things are going well, they rarely hear from them. But when things start going wrong, off, they want a friend and come a-running to talk. Or, I should say, mostly complain. They just can't figure anything out. And as sorry as if, it seems to me much more convinced my course is the right one. Oh, I know, it could happen to me, too. And if it ever does, I'm not the kind who will go "I maybe that's why I want to make sure."

Not long ago one of the girls at the studio asked Debra to go out on a double
date with her and got sore when Debra begged off. She got another girl. Two days later these two both confessed they had a miserable evening—meaningless from start to finish. That's exactly the kind of time Debra says she would expect to have if she went out on a date just to date. It isn't the date she wants—it's the man. "I know you can find out about a man on a date, but the best place for this, I think, is to see him against a familiar background—your own home, for instance," she says.

Perhaps one thing should be made clear. Debra Paget hasn't lived a "protected" kind of existence. She is not fearful of reality or trying to shield herself from it. Her mother, in fact her whole family, was on the stage, and she traveled with them from the time she was a baby. But out of all this, she says, she developed a great longing and respect for the kind of life you can live in a home surrounded by these you love and who love you.

On top of this Debra knows her family has worked hard to make her career possible, and she has worked hard at it, too. She doesn't want to toss all this planning and effort aside lightly for any premature and meaningless involvement. She faces life seriously and she wants the same attitude from the boy she loves. If he talks dates or parties or "having a ball," she is not talking her language at all, she says. The boy she wants, "the big bundle of goodness" she is looking for, will sound off in a different way. And she'll know that sound. Her ear is tuned for it every second of the day.

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MAY 10-52

GAY DAYS AHEAD
Seven-year-old Peter is the main reason Glenn and Ellie have worked hard to patch things up.

(Continued from preceding page) child, and she won't take him out of school. Besides, to un's mind she always wanted to go back to England and visit her relatives. While she's doing that, Glenn will be shooting The Green Glove in Paris.

During the filming of this picture, while Mrs. Newton Ford was visiting in Britain and Mrs. Glenn Ford was overseeing the household in Hollywood, the rumor was being circulated in Paris that Geraldine Brooks, and Glenn Ford had struck a spark.

This canard may have been without an ounce of truth, but when Glenn returned to Europe again this year to do Time Bomb in England for MGM, he was again without his wife, and the story was bandied about that Gerry Brooks had called him in New York.

Regardless of where the trouble lies, the truth is that of late—say the last two years—the once perfect marriage of the Glenn Fords hasn't been running so smoothly.

Choose whatever reason you prefer, the fact remains that the warm poetry that once characterized this entente has chilled to cold prose. And in a way it's a good thing, because, for the first time, Glenn has been able to see and feel firsthand what happens in Hollywood when a marriage begins to founder.

The gossips mongers are like birds of prey who fly about, ready to swoop down and pick the bones.

Bing Crosby learned that two years ago. When he took off for Europe without Dixie, all hallelujah broke loose. Dixie felt strongly that if Bing wanted to travel, he should take his wife along. If he didn't want to, he should take his wife with him, if he preferred to make it a stag affair, then it wasn't very much of a marriage, and by gosh, she was going to see her lawyer. And she did, too. And back in a very cautious Bing. Ever since then the Croesby's have been hitting it off in great style.

Glenn seems to be reacting in the same way. When the divorce announcement was made, when its tragic consequences dawned upon Glenn, when he suddenly realized that he was throwing almost nine years of marriage down the drain, he quickly came to his senses. A denial was issued immediately; and for the next month Glenn hung around home, posing for magazine layouts with Ellie and Peter, trying to convince the public and subconsciously himself that nothing had ever happened, that it had all been a ridiculous mistake.

But in his heart Glenn knows the truth, and the truth is that nothing is worth the risk of endangering the security of his marriage, because in Eleanor Powell he has the kind of wife all men dream about and few are ever lucky enough to get.

Glenn first met Ellie in 1942, thanks to Pat O'Brien. He was 25 at the time, young, insecure, and freshly signed to a Columbia contract. He was making Flight Lieutenant with Pat, when the Wisconsin Irishman happened to ask, "What's new in the girl department these days?"

Up until then, Glenn's best girl friend had always been his mother. He merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Things are slow all over.

"You come out to my place Sunday," Pat countered, "and it won't be so slow. I've got just the girl for you." O'Brien has been a frustrated match-maker, so after he got Glenn's okay, he put in a call to Eleanor Powell. "Ellie," he said, "we're having a small swimming party, you must come; there's a guy simply nuts to meet you."

So they met and, in a quiet, restrained, refined way, they hit it off.

Two weekends later, Glenn phoned Ellie for a date. "How about having dinner with me?" he asked.

"Love to," Ellie bounced back, "but why don't we do it somewhere? We've got a wonderful cook and the refrigerator is simply loaded with food.

Right away, Glenn knew he had something special. Under similar circumstances most actresses would dress to the teeth and insist upon making the rounds of all the expensive hot spots. Here was a girl, a star, one of the biggest-dancing stars in the history of the cinema, and she wanted to eat at home and enjoy his company, not just use him as an escort.

G L E N N finally came through with Ellie, and she fell in love with him, but the war was going on, and Glenn had been classified IA. It was just a question of time before he was called, so they both decided to wait until the hostilities were over. Before they had come near to marriage. Only love usually overrules such logical decisions.

Glenn signed up with the Marines, then signed up for life with Ellie.

We had ten days for our honeymoon," Ellie recalls, "then Glenn was transferred to Camp Pendleton near San Diego." It was just about then that Ellie received an offer of $40,000 for a three weeks' appearance at the Radio City Music Hall in New York.

What would you have done? This is what Eleanor Powell Ford did. She stuck the $40,000 out the window. Instead of accepting the offer, she packed her bags and drove down to La Jolla, a seaside town not far from the Marine Corps base, and for $60 a month she rented a quarters over the garage of a large estate. She did all the cooking, all the washing, all the marketing, and never complained, never griped.

Little Ellie and Glenn met on February 5, 1945, about the time Glenn was mustered out of service. A son was all that Ellie and Glenn needed to make their marriage perfect. And it was perfect, too, for Ellie had done a remarkable thing.

She had abandoned her motion picture career of her own volition so that Glenn might become the family breadwinner, feel his own manhood and occupy the top rung of the ladder.

People said Ellie was crazy to give up a lucrative career in pictures, but Ellie knew what she was doing. "I've been a star," she told us, "and I want to be now is a wife and mother."

They found a wonderful house, an English-style country home that belonged to a local developer named Stener. Glenn thought it cost too much. Ellie said she was sure they could swing it. They swung it all right, and Ellie went out on a series of night club engagements to help pay for it. Their first get-together in the house were ecstatic, not only because the home life was enjoyable, but also because Glenn's career was going so well. He had developed from an actor of mediocre ability into the finest actor on the Columbia lot and the studio's top leading man. After Gilda with Rita Hayworth, Glenn was in demand by every studio in town.

A few years ago, the Fords remodeled their home, and a room was set aside for Glenn's mother, Mrs. Newton Ford. After Mrs. Ford moved in, the rumors of marital discord started. No doubt the timing was pure coincidence.

People started saying that between Ellie's pampering and mother's solicitousness, Glenn was being spoiled rotten.

"Honestly," one friend complained, "I've never seen anything like it. You'd think that Glenn Ford was a King or something. One night a week, you know, is poker night for him. He and Charley Ruggles and a bunch of bachelors get together, and no wives are allowed. Ellie prepares all the hors d'oeuvres and after that she has to beat it for the evening. How do you like that? But she never complains, never a word out of her.

"As for Glenn's mother, well, let's face it. No mother is ever completely happy about giving up her son to another woman. I still think that Glenn hasn't severed the maternal tie. If he were my husband and he went to Europe with his mother and left me behind, I wouldn't be as understanding as Ellie. I'd break a plate over his head and then lay down the law."

In the Ford household at this moment, passion isn't holding sway, but neither is discord the keynote of the marital music. There is rather an air of watchful waiting, of passive serenity, of the battle fought and resolved.

Mr. Gwellyn Samuel Newton Ford, who's nobody's fool, has been smart enough to lay the law down for himself.
“My skin is so much softer!”
says
Anne Baxter

starring in 20th Century-Fox’s
“MY WIFE’S BEST FRIEND”

Skin-Tonic Action in LUX Soap care

actually stimulates moisture within your skin
—makes even dry skin fresher, smoother!

Touch it and love it... the smoother, dewier complexion that Skin-Tonic Action in Lux Soap care gives you.

Skin-Tonic Action stimulates vital moisture within your skin. And science proves it’s moisture from within that makes skin really smoother, fresher! Yes, moisture within your skin is a beauty-must... and that’s exactly what Skin-Tonic Action gives you!

Moisture!
For dry skin, too!

Skin-Tonic Action quickly helps smooth even dry skin. It stimulates the vital moisture that helps give dry skin new softness... dewy freshness.

A minute a day! Skin-Tonic Action means your Lux Soap facial is a beauty stimulant! Just cream in the rich lather, rinse warm, splash cold. Now see your skin’s new satiny beauty!

Try Lux. Tests prove Lux facials can improve any normal skin. With Skin-Tonic Action, just one cake of Lux can make your complexion definitely smoother, definitely fresher.

Get the big bath-size Lux, too... for new loveliness all over. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP care and the beautifying benefits of its Skin-Tonic Action are guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company—or your money refunded.
not too young to love

(Continued from page 55) Now back to that first evening. Joan ushered the two men into the living room, where Bob Paris introduced Kirby to her parents. Joan says she was amazed to see what she can only describe as "old world courtliness" in Kirby's manner as he acknowledged the introduction. As Joan put it, "He had a quality that seemed almost out of vogue; about the only manners I'd observed in fellows around Hollywood was the almost complete lack of manners."

At any rate, during that evening, Joan and Kirby went through several dramatic scenes together. Here again Joan got an inkling of what type of character this handsome stranger was. She says, "I was quite bossy. I felt that I had a lot more experience than Kirby, and as a result I took issue with him over his interpretation of the lines, and in particular, his gestures. But to my irritation he only smiled politely and went about his acting in the way he'd been taught. When the scenes were completed, I was well aware that this was one man I couldn't boss!"

For Kirby's part, he felt only confusion. "I confess it now. First of all, I had expected that Joan would be a mere child. Instead, I found myself matching dialogue with a poised, beautiful, mature young lady. Worse than that, my subconscious kept telling me that this girl was going to mean a lot more to me than just another ingenue with whom I practiced acting."

This statement now appears prophetic. Their romance began slowly enough a week after that first meeting when Kirby came to Joan's home again for another rehearsal session. And then about a week later, Joan's mother, the attractive and understanding Katherine Albert, suggested that Kirby be invited to a beach party the family had planned. Having no particular interest in any boy at the moment, Joan agreed.

I t was then that Kirby began to feel that Joan Evans might eventually become more than a casual acting partner. The party took off from Joan's home in several cars, with Joan, Kirby and another young man in Kirby's somewhat dilapidated convertible. During the 30 minute trip to the beach, memories that Joan seemed to go out of her way to be attentive to the other boy. He remembers, too, that by the time they reached their destination the other lad was practically "on the ropes." Joan denied to him this fact, but the mere fact that neither of them can remember the fellow's name now seems to indicate that they were a bit "on the ropes" themselves.

The following week Kirby called Joan for the first time to invite her to watch a baseball game between the Hollywood Stars and Los Angeles of the Pacific Coast League. Fortified with pop and popcorn, they had their first argument. The game was barely under way when Joan asked, "When will the Hollywood Stars play the New York Yankee?"

"Kirby laughed scornfully. "Never, unless maybe in a pre-season exhibition game. Don't you know that we're watching a Coast league game?"

"Huh," Joan retorted. "Why waste our time? I'm only interested in Joe DiMaggio-type ball players."

That did it. For the rest of the evening Kirby, with some heat, tried to explain. This girl to this girl of dubious intelligence in such matters the importance of the Hollywood Stars, how the Stars fed future champs to the big leagues, why some day the Stars would be in a top circuit themselves.

Joan yawned, huh-huhed, and the evening ended strictly on the down beat. Abruptly, then, Joan was sent on tour to publicize the Goldwyn production, Our Very Own. She was busy, but not too occupied to realize that she missed Kirby tremendously. This was the first time she had ever missed anyone but her parents, and she kept telling herself that it would be just her luck never to see Kirby again. Then came the high spot of her tour. Not the crowds who packed theaters to see her, or the wonderful notices in the newspapers. The big thrill was a lone and luscious orchid she received from Kirby on her 16th birthday. She was so excited that she can't recall now whether she was in Chicago or Kansas City when the remembrance arrived.

Meantime, Kirby was having important problems of his own. At 24, he had already served three years with the Air Force, a good bit of the time in Europe during World War II. He liked acting, but he was a realist.

And that's another reason your reporter on this story has a particular liking for Kirby Wetherly. He called me one day at my news bureau office at radio station KMPC and we talked over the possibilities of his getting into some facet of the advertising business. This surprised me, because frequently when a young fellow sets out to become an actor, he considers all other means of earning a livelihood as something "for the peasants," and hell starve, and mooch on friends, before turning in an honest day's work. This Kirby Wetherly was a man of different stripe. By the time Joan Evans returned to Hollywood, he was punching away as a classified ad salesman for the Los Angeles Daily Mirror, reserving nights and weekends for acting.

It was July, 1950, and Joan was not exactly delighted to discover that she would be home only three days before going back on the road for another six weeks. They wanted to get more of Kirby, but three days seemed like ten minutes.

They made it count, though. Kirby called and picked her up on her second evening home. They headed for the beach and a seafood restaurant he'd heard about. Oddly enough, they managed to get themselves lost on the way toward Malibu on one of the best four lane highways in California. Deliberate. It was just that their conversation interfered with the driving and they turned off the highway three times before they found that restaurant.

On the way home, Joan realized for the first time that she was in love. At the same time the determination was born that she would know new, or anything was to come of this, he was going to be the aggressor and she would never tell him how she felt unless he spoke first. And all the speaking he did was to promise that he'd write while she was away.

That promise consisted of only three letters in the next six weeks. They were friendly and newsy letters, the kind she'd received from Kirby in the past, but Joan didn't like at all, but there was some hope that he was thinking about her as a "long term situation." One line in his final letter read, "Remember that cute for convertible you were so crazy about?"
Well, I bought it, and in the same knock-out red shade you thought was out of this world."

Early in September, Joan was back in Hollywood for good. Kirby was invited to dinner. They went to the movies, to friends' homes for swimming, or they rode horseback and played tennis. All this without one word about love.

Then came New Year's Eve, 1951. Kirby and Joan attended a small party with another couple. When the New Year was rung in, Kirby sought out Joan, and he kissed her for the first time. Joan says, "I remember that moment more vividly than anything that ever happened to me! I had been watching Kirby as the clock began to strike, and I was wishing with all my might that he would kiss me, and only me. As the clock stopped striking, he turned to me, and we kissed. My heart did a flip-flop, and I remember that the music was not the traditional Auld Lang Syne, but Margaret Whiting's recording of Old Devil Moon.

The kiss was almost too much for Kirby. As he held Joan in his arms for the first time, he realized that she was his girl, that this was a whole lot more than fast friendship, and that sooner or later they'd marry, even if it meant a long wait.

Hardly realizing the importance of the words, although he meant them sincerely, Kirby told Joan what she'd wanted him to say for so long—"Joan, I love you."

Later, in the early morning hours, Joan awakened her mother and dad to tell them that Kirby loved her. Sleepily, they told her that was fine, and they'd see her in the morning. Like many other parents, they attached little importance to Joan's nocturnal announcement. They expected it might happen more than once in her lifetime.

But this casual attitude was short-lived, because Joan wasn't just another girl coming home from a thrilling New Year's eve that would be forgotten in a matter of days. Within two weeks she announced that she and Kirby wanted to be married and they wanted parental approval. Here, for the first time, she met stalwart opposition; the sort of opposition any parent can understand.

Katherine Albert, a keen, discerning writer and an astute student of human nature, determined that Joan should wait a long time before taking such an important step. And Joan's father, Dale Eunson, who's a playwright, looked on all this as a familiar situation in a young girl's life. Like Joan's mother, with only her daughter's happiness in mind, he was adamant that Joan should wait until some time in the future before entering into marriage.

These reactions were perfectly natural. There was, however, one big fault in their reasoning that Joan was too young to realize exactly what she was doing.

From the time Joan Evans had been old enough to walk and talk, she had been treated by her parents as an absolute equal. As a result, they were not reasoning with an adolescent "going on 17," but with an adult whose wisdom and maturity were far beyond her years.

Suffice it to say that the opposition to this marriage was passive, but it was a conflict of wills in which neither side gave an inch.

Shortly after Joan's 17th birthday, I attended a small party at which Joan and Kirby were also guests, and Joan and I had a quiet talk. Joan was considerably disturbed that her parents wouldn't approve an early wedding, and she asked my advice. I told her that the reaction of her parents was completely normal, although (Continued on next page)
perhaps somewhat more pronounced because she was an only child. I pointed out that she had a responsibility to them as well as to herself. At first, Joan was not too receptive to my suggestions, but I felt that I had won my point and that an agreement might be forthcoming. Even though I personally was convinced that no matter when they married, they'd make each other happy.

Within a couple of weeks I talked to Kirby again. He told me that he felt that Joan's parents deserved every consideration, and that he and Joan had decided to wait until her 18th birthday, at which time they felt her parents would consent to the marriage. In the meantime, Kirby had given up selling advertising and had gone into the used automobile business. He had concluded, finally, that acting was not for him. In addition, he felt financially that in a bracket most young actors are lucky to achieve after five years of hard work.

At this time, Kirby and Joan continued to have only one date a week. Joan went out with other young men, and the Hollywood columnists had no inkling at all of the news that was soon to break; all except one, that is. No one knew how she obtained her information, but it was certainly an interesting one.

(A continued from page 57) doctor this very morning.

He moved towards the phone.

"Wait a minute," Jackie said. "I want to be sure.

"Want to be sure?" Dale asked.

"Holy cow, Jack! This baby is four weeks late right now. I'm calling the Doc."

He raced into the living room and phoned Dr. D. S. Mitchelson, one of the crack obstetricians in Los Angeles County.

"Doc," he began. "This is it. This is the time. I know it. Reckon I better get her there in a hurry, don't you?" The words polteringly echoed in the silent room.

Dr. Mitchelson shook the sleep out of his head. "Who'd you say this was?"

"Holy cow, Man!" Robertson exploded.

"This is no time to be horsin' around. This is Dale Robertson. You know, Mrs. Robertson's husband.

"Mr. Robertson," Dr. Mitchelson said calmly. "Fine. How frequent are Mrs. Robertson's pains? Are they coming rhythmically every few minutes?"

Dale began to perspire. He ran the sleigh across his pajamas a couple of times, but didn't know how fast or how long those pains, Doc. All I know is I'd better take her to the hospital. After all, that baby's four weeks late. You said yourself, the other day it could come any minute.

An old hand with anxious fathers, Dr. Mitchelson sought to calm Dale down.

"You don't have to worry," he said, "and put Mrs. Robertson on the phone."

"I'm tellin' you, Doc. Dale insisted. "We don't have much time to wait. I know that.

"Just let me talk to your wife, please." Dale put the phone down and sprinted back to the bedroom. "Doc Mitchelson wants to talk to you. I told him everything, but he wants to hear it from you, I reckon."

Jacqueline smiled. "That's as it should be," she said. "Who's having this baby, and why?" She shuffled into the living room, and picked up the phone. She and the doctor discussed her symptoms. When she recradled the receiver, Jackie was very composed.

In the bedroom, she began to add a few last-minute articles to her overnight bag.

"How you feelin'?" Dale asked. "Now you'd better hurry, honey."

"I'm all right." Jacqueline said. "Don't get excited,+'&m."

"Who's excited?"

They both dressed, and Dale ran outside and got the car. The sun was just beginning to crack the drizzling rain, and the little town where the Robertsons live.

"Now drive slowly," Jacqueline cautioned. "We've got plenty of time.

Dale shifted into first, jammed his foot on the accelerator, and the Pontiac convertible took off, leaving Robertson Manor, a three-bedroom stucco tract house, far behind.

"You know how to get to the Good Samaritan?" Mrs. Robertson asked.

"Sure, I know," Dale said. "It's down on Wilshire Boulevar, isn't it? How do you feel?"

"Fine, Dale, but I'd like to stop and get something to eat." Dale turned and looked at his wife incredulously. "You kidding?"

"No," Jackie said. "But I'm hungry. I'd like to stop for a bite."

Dale applied pressure to the accelerator. The needle on the speedometer shot up to 60. You're driving too fast.

"Honestly, Dale. I'm hungry. Besides you're driving too fast."

He just wouldn't let me stop and eat, Mrs. Robertson said. "I've been driving real fast, you know, and this time he drove like he was going home to Oklahoma. I think it was about seven when we got to the hospital, and they sent me up to the room."

"The doctor had told Dale that the average first delivery usually takes between 12 and 18 hours. There wasn't any point in his waiting around, so he drove to the studio that morning."

They say Dale camouflaged his nervousness pretty well that Thursday his daughter was born. "He's the kind of character who takes things in stride," Betty Grable says, "and we managed to get a good day's work out of him."

While Dale and Betty were working out on the set of The Farmer Takes A Wife, Jacqueline was down in the delivery room. She was given a routine anesgetic and then, after six hours of labor, nitrous oxide gas. When she came out she saw her daughter, a red-faced, blue-eyed, black-haired, bawling little girl.

Dr. Mitchelson walked out to the waiting room, where the girl had been put in a room.

"It's a girl, Dale," she screamed. "A girl, weight 5 pounds 7 ounces."

"How's Jackie?" Dale asked.

"Just fine. Here's Dr. Mitchelson. I'll let him tell you."

Dr. Mitchelson got on the phone. "Congratulations! You've got a wonderful daughter, and Mrs. Robertson's doing very well.

But I don't know why we picked that name Rochelle," Jackie says, "except that it seems to go well with Robertson. Sort of sounds nice. Rochelle Robertson."

Rochelle Robertson was born at 3:42 P.M. on Thursday, July 25th. She was delivered very quickly, and they celebrated his 29th birthday, and on the next morning, five days after she first came into the world, Rochelle went home to her little nursery on Darby Place, a bottle baby.

The effect of her birth on her father was one of profound relief. "I don't know why," he says in his characteristic, Oklahoma drawl. "We had some time with that baby. She was scheduled for June 10th. Just waitin' around for something like that—well, it gets on your nerves. What will I was in a picture. Suppose I was on layoff, had nothin' to do. Would have gone plumb out of my head. Just waitin'. Course it's different for a girl. They've got patience. Sure hope the second baby's on schedule. We'll never forget that Rochelle was a ten-month baby."

END
"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—'specially as it got colder towards the end.

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.

"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so fast—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens...

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!

"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so effective!

So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax."
Keep that $100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo

Want your hair to sparkle...to have that $100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo...the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid...more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both! It's soapless sudsy for deep-down cleaning! Contains lanolin to soothe and soften hair...leaves it clean, easy to manage...a snap to set!

For soft, gleaming, radiant hair...for a clean, deep-clean scalp insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair...right for your hair...insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Wildroot gleam girl, Joyce Davidson of Hamilton, Ontario says, "My hair is so easy to manage and to set after a Lady Wildroot Shampoo."

Harry, Harry! There's still time to win a $100—BE A WILDROOT GLEAM GIRL!

Want to win $100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows 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, New York. Print your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot advertisement and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today. And to keep that $100 gleam in your hair...keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

Wildroot gleam girl, Pinky Parker of Louisville, Kentucky says, "I never need a special rinse when I use Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It leaves my hair so clean it gleams!"

Wildroot gleam girl, Susan Joy Collins of New York says, "I love Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It smells good. Mommy says it's good for my hair."

Get New Lady Wildroot shampoo cleans as it cleans—gleams as it gleams

The picture shows two women posing with bottles of Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

movie musical keynotes new fashions

- Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman are together again, and better than ever, in Paramount's new Technicolor musical Just For You. It isn't only that these two seem to hit just the right casual, carefree pace together, but also that here's a new Jane—a sleeker, chicer Jane who sings in a warm throaty voice. Pictured on the following pages are clothes designed by Edith Head for Jane's Just For You wardrobe; and adaptations that you can buy. Opposite page, Jane and Bing in the number, "Zing A Little Zong."

Jane wears the original Edith Head evening gown in the movie Just For You. The adaptation of this original—(see photo page 80) has shimmering satin and sequin trim; the corset bodice, rayon satin and nylon net; the skirt, nylon net over rayon taffeta. Dream blue, Fireman red, Shell pink, black or white.

Sizes 8 to 16 or 7 to 15.
Including nylon net stole—about $40. By Columbia Dance Frocks.

JUST FOR YOU accessories:
- Delman—shoes
- Galam Gold Stripe—nylon stockings
- Fadin—handbags
- Lido—jewelry
- Rex of Beverly Hills—hats

MS JUST FOR YOU fashions can be bought from the stores listed on page 80; in person or by mail.
modern screen fashion
in hollywood

just for you:
Jane Wyman’s wardrobe from her new Paramount picture
just for you:
dresses, chic

The all-important middy dress fashioned of chrome spun nubby-surface taffeta. Two-piece, the jacket is stylized with pleats and highlighted by a lush self-fabric detachable bow—the skirt is sleek and trim. Royal, grey or red. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $23.

By McArthur, Ltd. Above, Jane wears the Edith Head original.
"I was scared to death of Crosby," says Jane, who'd never had stage fright before. But, with Bing's encouragement, she soon found her voice.

just a perfect blendship

Jane and Bing are what are known as set friends, work well as a team.

Pictures and story describe Jane and Bing
Miss Sarah Jane Folks of St. Joseph, Mo., has never been a timid soul, nor anybody's fool. She's never had a deep-seated inferiority complex to make her a candidate for the psychiatrist's couch. Sarah Jane, before and after she became Jane Wyman, the Hollywood star, is the type variously defined among males as a "luscious doll" and at the same time "a good guy."

And, to top that, she has tackled the tough jobs and the easy ones in movies with a quiet competence, which has been enough to win her all sorts of acting honors, including an Academy Award for *Johnny Belinda*, and nominations for *The Yearling* and *The Blue Veil*.

All of which butters up this girl just about enough. The truth of the matter is that she has one terrible weakness. Her perfect equilibrium is always completely shattered by one man. And that man is Bing Crosby, who drives her right off her rocker!

"I can't exactly explain it," Jane admits. "All the time I have been in movies, I've been able to do such things as walk on a set, and, without previous introduction, fall into the arms of the hero with abandon—so far as the camera is concerned. If a girl can do this, almost nothing should shake her. But with me, it has been Bing Crosby. It was in the beginning; and it still is. The Groaner throws me completely, as in the last five seconds of a well-rehearsed wrestling match."

It happened the first time when Miss Jane Wyman was scheduled to work out in a Floradora sextette number with Bing, Bob Hope and other comics at a charity benefit.

"I am scared to death of Crosby," Jane told her long-time buddy, Pat O'Brien. "I've collected every record he's made for years, and the thought of meeting him makes my little heart palpitate way out of bounds."

"That," O'Brien said, "is the silliest thing I have ever heard, and there is no time like the right now to get acquainted."

So Jane Wyman met Bing Crosby and stifled a sudden inclination to faint dead away. However, she achieved practically the same thing on stage a few minutes later when she completely blew her lines.

"I felt as though the whole world had witnessed my shame," Jane remembers, "but the real truth is that those fellows Hope and Crosby covered for me and the audience never (Continued on page 37)
'Round the town, day or night, with or without a coat! This very feminine suit has a Norfolk pleated jacket with shoulder buckle and belt of leather—slim, gored skirt, (side pockets). Yarn-dyed sharkskin suiting in grey or tan. Sizes 10 to 18. Under $23. By McArthur, Ltd. Ledo gold nugget and rhinestone jewelry. Also see Jane Wyman in Warners' Technicolor film *The Story Of Will Rogers*. 

JUST FOR YOU FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 80; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

Jane Wyman in the original Edith Head suit.
By now there have been—some very important changes. Barely more than a year ago, Lucille stopped making movies one after the other and Desi dropped his baton with the band. Together, as everyone knows, the Arnazes joined up for a family television project, and today, as everyone also knows, I Love Lucy is the top show on the video waves and looks like it will be for a long, long time. While Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz, Inc., are still working, they leave for work together, spend the day together, and come home together to Desilu Ranch—and “home” is the exact word. In fact, it’s very appropriate that her great new success brings Lucille Ball, as a housewife, right into the homes of over 55,000,000 people who view her each week. While I Love Lucy is making the Arnaz family richer than they ever dreamed they’d be, that’s only money. Their greatest reward for the gamble that paid off (by a lot of talent, guts and hard work) is not their astronomically soaring income but the family life these two home-happy people desperately wanted and were denied for ten long years.

To a whole lot of people, conditioned by Lucille Ball’s movie roles (35 in the past 20 years), it may sound slightly out of character to tack a home-sweet-home frame around a star whose wisecracking, hard-cooked screen personality suggests a dame who’d be more likely to pinch your roll in a clip joint. Just as a fireside portrait of Desi Arnaz seems far removed from a frenetic Latin rapping a conga drum in a night club.

But as everyone ought to know by now, in Hollywood things are seldom as they seem. Actually, Lucy Ball has been a frustrated home (Continued on page 81)
**Rinse Nestle COLOR INTO YOUR HAIR**

**Color - Highlights with Nestle COLORINSE**

Use COLORINSE after you shampoo or permanent wave your hair to remove dulling soap film, add glamorous color-highlights, make hair softer, silkier, easier to comb and set. Choose from 10 beautiful shades that rinse in—shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢ (prices plus tax)

**Temporary Color Tints with Nestle COLORTINT**

Blend-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair, enrich your own hair color or add exciting new color with NESTLE COLORINT. More than a rinse, but not a permanent dye. In 10 glamorous shades. 6 capsules 25¢, 14 capsules 50¢ (prices plus tax)

**Now! Lighter, brighter color with Nestle LITE HAIR LIGHTENER**

Brighten your own hair color just a shade or two or become a beautiful blonde quickly and easily with NESTLE LITE, the only non-ammonia hair lightener. NESTLE LITE also gives your hair the glamorous golden streaks that Paris, New York and Hollywood are all raving about. NESTLE LITE leaves hair soft, silky, wonderfully natural-looking. $1.50. Retouch size 69¢ (prices plus tax)

**where to buy**

**COLUMBIA (Dance Frocks)**

Page 73—also below

- Atlanta, Ga., Regan's
- Baltimore, Md., Stewart & Co.
- Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
- Brooklyn, N. Y., Martinique
- Chicago, Ill., Green A. Kavana
- Cincinnati, Ohio, Shillito's
- Cleveland, Ohio, Halle Bros.
- Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods
- Detroit, Mich., Thomas W. Hurford
- Hartford, Conn., Lord & Thomas
- Houston, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Kansas City, Mo., Hinde's Inc.
- Kentucky, Ky., Kentucky
- New Orleans, La., B. N. Holmes
- New York, N. Y., Arnold Constable
- Oklahoma City, Okla., Poyton Marcus
- Omaha, Neb., J. B. Strodes
- Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbels
- Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbels
- Spokane, Wash., Goldstein-Lahlin
- Syracuse, N. Y., Bay-Nichols
- West New York, N. J., May & Baker
- Winston-Salem, N. C., Honest Co.

**DELMAN (Shoes)**

All fashion pages

- Boston, Mass., Boston Marsh Co.
- Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Robinson
- Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Houston, Tex., The Fashion
- Indianapolis, Ind., William H. Block
- Kansas City, Mo., Hinde's Inc.
- Milwaukee, Wis., T. A. Chappell Co.
- Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
- New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes
- New York, N. Y., Carson Pirie Scott
- Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbels
- Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbels
- Providence, R. I., Joseph Horne Co.
- San Antonio, Texas, Frost Bros.
- Seattle, Wash., Rainbotherse, Inc.
- Washington, D. C., Julius Garfinckel

**LED0 (Jewelry)**

All fashion pages

- Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
- Baltimore, Md., May Co.
- Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
- Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Robinson
- Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods
- Detroit, Mich., Talbot Bros.
- Houston, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Indianapolis, Ind., William H. Block
- Kansas City, Mo., Nordstrom, Inc.
- Milwaukee, Wis., T. A. Chappell Co.
- Minneapolis, Minn., Dayton Co.
- New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes
- New York, N. Y., Loew's
- Providence, R. I., Joseph Horne Co.
- San Antonio, Texas, Frost Bros.
- Seattle, Wash., Rainbotherse, Inc.
- Washington, D. C., Saks, Inc.

**GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE LINGERIE (below): Stockings**

All fashion pages

- Berlin, Germany, Harvey's Coffee
- Birmingham, Ala., Lovelace's, Jones
- Cleveland, Ohio, May Co.
- Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Detroit, Mich., Thomas W. Hurford
- Houston, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Kansas City, Mo., Hinde's Inc.
- Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
- New York, N. Y., Bonwit Teller
- Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbels
- Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbels
- Portland, Ore., F. W. Woolworth
- San Francisco, Calif., J. B. Megahan
- Washington, D. C., Jellett's

**KADIN (Handbags)**

All fashion pages

- Atlanta, Ga., Davison-Paxon
- Baltimore, Md., Stewart & Co.
- Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
- Cincinnati, Ohio, Shillito's
- Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.
- Detroit, Mich., Thomas W. Hurford
- Houston, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Kansas City, Mo., Hinde's Inc.
- Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
- New York, N. Y., Bonwit Teller
- Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
- Sacramento, Calif., Weinstock, Lushe
- San Francisco, Calif., The Emporium
- Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

**MC ARTHUR, LTD. (Dresses & Suits) Pages 74, 75, 77, 78**

- Atlanta, Ga., W. F. Gibbs
- Baltimore, Md., Stewart & Co.
- Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
- Chicago, Ill., Carson, Pirie & Scott
- Cincinnati, Ohio, Shillito's
- Cleveland, Ohio, Higbee Co.
- Dallas, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Detroit, Mich., Thomas W. Hurford
- Houston, Texas, Neiman Marcus
- Indianapolis, Ind., William H. Block
- Kansas City, Mo., Hinde's Inc.
- Los Angeles, Calif., The May Co.
- Milwaukee, Wis., Boston Store
- New York, N. Y., Bonwit Teller
- Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
- Portland, Ore., F. W. Woolworth
- San Francisco, Calif., J. B. Megahan
- Washington, D. C., Jellett's

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Columbia Dance Frocks' adaptation of Edith Head's original evening gown designed for Jane Wyman to wear in Paramount's Just For You — ascription and copy on page 77. Leda's fabulous Just For You rhinestone jewelry. See Jane in the original Edith Head evening gown in color photo on page 77.
“Come clean...and show your true colors!”
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(Continued from page 79) girl and Desi Arnaz, a thwarted householder, and both were painfully postponed parents until just recently. That all of these private blessings finally came to them is one of the nicest happy ending-beginnings Hollywood has had to tell in years. And it couldn’t have happened to two nicer people.

It was one Saturday afternoon back in 1940 that Desi loved Lucy so much that he raced up to a five-and-dime store in Greenwich, Conn., and hammered on the glass so hard that the proprietor, closed for the day, finally opened up to sell him a ten-cent “gold” ring with which to make her Mrs. Desiderio Alberto, etc. It was a typical hurried show business wedding in that typical Broadway Gretna Green. No veil, no orange blossoms, no bridesmaids or ushers. Just a justice of the peace reciting the civil ceremony. No honeymoon either; not even to Niagara Falls up the line. You can’t get to Niagara and back between shows. “We spent our honeymoon,” Lucille recalls, “in Desi’s dressing room at the Roxy.” When the groom’s engagement was over there, the newlyweds flew back to Hollywood, to an apartment that immediately made them both feel restless and cheated every time they rode up in the elevator. There were good reasons for this. Both Lucille and Desi had been riding in elevators, dressing out of suitcases, hemmed in by hotel and apartment walls too much of their young lives. Both had racketed around without anchors for too long.

Description of a dumb actor: “He’s ambidextrous. He can use either hand.”
Mike Connolly

It was the daughter of a telephone lineman, and as a toddler, traveled all around the country wherever his rambling jobs took him. Henry Ball died when Lucille was four and with her mother Desiree, little brother Fred, and sister Cleo, Lucy grew up in Jamestown, New York. The widow Ball had to work to support her brood. She was often sick and so was Lucille, who spent three years of her girlhood in a wheelchair with rheumatic fever. They moved around from one rented place to another and life was always tough. Lucille left high school at 14, tackled New York for a job a year later. When she finally got one, her life as a chorus girl in Broadway musicals, and sometime fashion model, didn’t provide her with any real security. Even in Hollywood, where she first came as a leggy Goldwyn Girl, life for Lucy for a long time was strictly catch-as-catch-can. Its precariousness was impressed on her unforgettably by an incident which occurred when she was still a “starlet.”

On an RKO set one day, a fresh makeup man insulted Lucille and she promptly heaved a cup of cold coffee in his hand right at him. It missed, and splattered all over the glamorous person of Miss Katharine Hepburn, then Queen of the RKO lot. Proud Kate huffed immediately off the set, the picture stopped and RKO lost thousands of dollars. This wild pitch dropped Lucille Ball’s stock almost out of sight. She was more than in the doghouse, she was practically in Hollywood’s death row. In fact, “You might as well leave town, dear,” an extra advised her. But Lucy didn’t. Ginger Rogers backed her up through the hassle that followed, and she went on to bigger and better things than ever. But even then she never trusted her luck long enough to tie it down to a home. Besides, in Lucy Ball's dreams, was the use of a home without a husband? Hotels, apartments—that was her shifting life until she met Desi Arnaz. (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page) Desi’s a Cuban, the son of a distinguished Cuban family. His father was a mayor and his uncle a senator. But they have revolutions in Cuba and in his family. So, when Senor Arnaz got tossed in jail, all his wealth was confiscated, and Desi was spirited off to Florida with his mother for safe keeping. Here, an androgynous child in a foreign land, he too started out early on the restless seas of show business, riding on the wave of a rhumba and conga mania which swept over U.S. But never sure just when it would suddenly break out and dump him flat on the beach. Most of that time he was a hall room boy and a fugitive from bellhops, too. Like his bride, Desi had talent that wedded aspelled something different.

So, on the rainy Saturday that marked their first month’s wedding “anniversary,” Lucille and Desi celebrated by driving over Cahuenga Pass to the San Fernando Valley. They pulled up before a real estate office bearing the sign, “BOB’S GOOD EARTH.” They entered and told the salesman, “We want to look at some land.”

The startled realtor, who expected no prospects that sodden day, buttoned on his usual charm and tact. “Sure thing,” he cooed. “I got just the thing you want for a fiver acres on Devonshire Boulevard in the northern neck of the Valley.” “This is for sale,” he announced and added brat-
ly, “You could make it a dream place.”

It didn’t look so dreamy. Except for a tiny house and three drooping trees, all the eager pair could see was a soaked but barren stretch of Bob’s good earth. When they stepped out of the car, they could not see that. The sky suddenly cracked open with a cat-and-dog cloudburst that blotted out what view there was. But they stood there enchanted, until Desi’s dark head looked around the place, then the pin-

mos of his bride resembled a Raggedy Ann doll drowned in a bathtub.

“We’ll take it,” they told the amazed salesman and got back in the car. But before they did, Lucie slopped down to the ground.

She was still clenching her fist driving home when her husband asked, “What’s the matter?”

“I didn’t have any,” she explained. “It was just a matter of love,” he exclaimed, “it’s just mud!”

“Oh-uh,” Lucille corrected. “It isn’t just mud. It’s our mud!”

That’s the deeply possessive way Lucille Ball has felt about Desilu Ranch from the beginning—just as she’s felt about the “gold” wedding ring, which soon wore as thin as the rim of the dime that bought it, and finally landed sentimentally in cocktail burn-out, for, as Desi says, “We buy a little bit of everything.”

A famous architect built a rambling ranch house around the tiny shack that was there. A grove of olive trees and 350 orange trees grew in the garden spot and shade. A heart-shaped pool soon shimmered in the midst of an emerald lawn. Desi built a bohio (a Cuban hut) and after that a big rock barbecue, a tea room, a playhouse. Shrubs and flowers grew into a garden spot. Climbing vines climbed over trellises. Inside the house, Lucie spotted her grandma’s antiques carefully around and furnished the rest with Bette’s very diverse and colorful things with the suppressed talent for home-

making that had been stowing up inside her all those homeless years.

Outside, she had a group of titled personages to people their five acres—The Duchess of Devonshire, a cow; the Duke, a pig; Sir Thomas of Chatsworth, Pinto the Great and Captain Dandy, a trio of cock-

ers; numerous Princesses and Princesses Northridge, all cats; and a court of 500

your house!”

Sure enough, there was the queer sounding motor she’d been trained to spot coming right for the ranch house roof. Lucy dived for the light switch and sat up the rest of the night with Desi’s rusty .22, the only gun she and Desi had in the place. In the morning, dozing fitfully with no bombs as yet, she was roused by a jabber of commands in a foreign tongue, looked out the window to see brown-skinned, khaki clad men piling out of trucks. That’s when Mrs. Desilu Arnaz raised her cannon and resolved to sell her life dearly in defense of Desilu Ranch. Only to—her surprise and immense relief—the jabbering foreigners headed right into the orange groves across the road and were soon happily picking golden balls from the limbs. The invading “Japs” were only Mexican fruit pickers, but the Zero was a Zero all right. One the Yanks had cap-
tured and were flying home to take apart and study.

That’s just a sample of the memories which swirl about Desilu Ranch for Luc-

Cuba of house specials, and one sad one. Funny ones and ones not so funny. Festive homecomings

and weary goodye. Endless projects started and sometimes finished. Happy
humming parties—and lonely nights. All in all, the years have forged Desilu Ranch into the most wonderful place on earth for Lucy and Desi Arnaz. Yet, until recen-
tly, it’s not been entirely the dream place they found and then something was missing, something called home life, a family, kids. And there were reasons for that, too.

For five of the first ten years of their marriage Desi was away on band tours, coming home for too brief stays, then off again for long weeks at hotels, theaters and night clubs. For three and a half years he served in the army. But in all that time, Lucy stuck determinedly by her piece of ground even if it was 22 miles from the studio. Even if she was lone-
some and sometimes scared, she never weakened and moved into town. Except for the trips she made entertaining GI’s, Lucy never left her home, not after she came one. During the war she held the fort alone, and that’s not exactly a figure of speech.

There was the night, for instance, when the spotter she often sat with on a rocky Chatsworth knob at the Valley’s gateway woke her up in the middle of the night. “Lucy?” she breathed tensely. “A Jap Zero just passed over, headed right for

everybody loves

jane powell

who will be

modern screen's
cover girl for the

november issue

on sale

October 7

—

A

fter the war, when Desi started hopping around the country again, Lucille cut down her picture schedule and joined up. They played for a while as a vaude-

velo-team—anything to stick together—

and one morning in Chicago she woke up feeling woozy. There was a morning rehearsal, though, and she went on to the theatre. But for the evening she had an examination, and she learned the news she had been praying for all her life. Lucille Ball was a trouper; that night and all week she went on with the act. It was a strenuous one, with comic belly

flaps and high kicks. And she lost that baby.

After that Lucille quit travelling and the thought of the baby arriving to fill the emptiness that she dropped everything, sat at Desilu Ranch in a big chair by the fireplace for months until she knew her baby was safe. Lucie Desiree wasn’t born right on Desilu Ranch, of course. The event occurred at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Holly-

wood, but the same syllables occur in her name and since her arrival, Lucille’s roots had surely planted. While it’s true that the terrific success of I Love Lucy has finally permitted the Master and Mistress of Desilu Ranch to spend their free time there in the home in the summer, and the Barnum and Bailey circus of the vegetables rustling glishly in the soil or anything like that. If you’ve seen that rib-cracking Desilu Tave spread even deeper into our minds, you know that with Ricky and Lucy Riccardo almost anything can happen and invariably docs. It’s the same with Desi and Lucille on the ranch or wherever they are. In fact, as their script writer, Jess Oppenheim admits, “We’re always raiding the private life of Desi and Lucille for ideas.” That’s perfectly okay with both of them. Desilu Productions is a family affair. Besides co-

starring as the hectic householders, Desi’s the president and Lucille’s the vee.

Desi and Lucille have made a perfect

patent to Continued on page 111)
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Modern Screen presents a new service department in which the stars themselves trade ideas, opinions and problems with our readers. Janet Leigh contributes the sixth in a series of columns being written by top Hollywood personalities.

Take my word for it

by JANET LEIGH: star columnist for October

SIGN THAT A GIRL’S in love: her favorite color is blue, yet she gets a kick out of nothing, in every mirror she passes, that she is dressed in black and white. It’s a question of preference versus certainty. She knows she will please him, and isn’t that why colors were born? Sign that a boy is in love: he’s so pleased with her in black and white that he eats all his vegetables like a good little Tony.

Sign that a girl’s a girl: she loves and eats sweets but drinks her coffee black, sans cream, sans sugar, sans saccharine. She likes to drive with her top down, then wraps a babushka round her head, so that no more of her face is visible than if she wore an Eskimo’s parka. When she annoys friends, it’s with her good habits—like being too neat. (And that she is going to quit. She is tired of friends always insisting that they use their cars for a trip because they know she’ll go through the car and clean it like she does a house.) She has never cooked on anything but a gas range, but she can’t wait until she can get an electric stove!

I wonder why I’m never in a hurry, or don’t think I am, until I find myself behind one of those idle drivers inching along looking for a place to park. Sometimes they’re not looking for a place to park—they’re just window shopping from the car. I can show you dozens of them in Beverly Hills any afternoon. If it’s a woman driver (and I’m sorry to say it invariably is), I can even look ahead and pick the shops where she will slow down for a better look. They tell me the Beverly Hills merchants are thinking of using giant price tags that can be read from the traffic lanes. Oh, well, maybe I’m in a rebellious mood. I have just finished reading two books that stirred my blood—“The Calm Mutiny” and “Catcher In The Rye.”

Oh, I shop, too. But I know just what I’m going to get and where I’ll look for it and how much I’m prepared to pay and what I’ll accept as a substitute if I can’t get what I start out to find. If it’s a dress I want, there is no trouble. I go right to Amelia Gray’s in Beverly Hills; not only because she carries lines I like, Claire McCardle, Ceil Chapman and Carrie Munse dresses, but because she has an understanding head on her shoulders. If I get a certain dress and maybe Liz Taylor, or Cyd Charisse or Janie Powell come in and want the same one, she’ll steer them away from it. She’ll steer me away from it. If any other girl in the studio has bought the same model. On the other hand, if any of the society group drop in, she will sell the same dress because she knows there is little likelihood of a conflict. We all know this and appreciate her thoughtfulness. Once I liked a cocktail dress so much I bought it anyway, even though she warned me...
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my little basket of pearls (cultured) that hangs from my neck, and my gold and pearl engagement ring. My platinum-design-over-gold-band wedding ring I already have on, so into the dress and ... Now, where's that man who's been yelling all this time? He has fallen strangely silent. Has he wandered into the kitchen? Yes. Are all the drawers and cabinet doors hanging half open, or at least not properly closed, showing where he has been snooping around for something to munch on? Yes. Has he found something to his liking and has he got a mouthful of it? You bet. As soon as I pop a bit of it into my own mouth, we'll be all ready to go.

I like small hats—the kind I pick up at Saks' hat bar. I'm not so crazy about small furs, but I do like my ranch mink stole. But what's the difference? I've been just as happy in pedal pushers as in mink.

Steaks are great but one of my nicest dinner memories is of myself reaching a fork into Tony's can of Heinz beans.

ONE OF MY FAVORITE movie roles was the one I had in Red Danube, but not for reasons you might guess. I had to go on a diet in order to look properly refugee-dressed, and no bread, no potatoes, no desserts, no cream in my coffee, et cetera. What do you know ... ? I found I didn't dislike the diet at all, and, with some changes, it has become a habit with me. The biggest change had to do with desserts. I have never lost my love for them. And sweets. I, for instance, just can't enjoy a movie unless I'm nibbling at something. I don't wait for the lights to go on to go to the candy counter— I sneak out in the middle of the picture.

This reminds me of something Tony and I did during the trip we made recently. We had been wined and dined in New York and Washington, and, when we got to Boston, we found a couple of free hours had been allotted to us. It took us two seconds to plan the evening; we got hold of some chocolate-covered raisins and went to a movie! Worse—when the personal appearance tour was over and we were back in Hollywood, we went on a regular movie rampage—movies every night. I guess I'm a pigeon for movies. Tony says I'm the type that even screams when the villain shows up in a Disney cartoon!

It was a nice trip, except when a button came off Tony's overcoat and I tried to sew it on. I sewed it so flat to the cloth that he couldn't get it into the buttonhole. Was I the embarrassed young wife when he had to cut it off and resew it ... something that he does well. To console myself I went out on a shopping spree. Then I came home with a nice headache, took three aspirins and went to bed.

TO SHOW HOW SILLY A GIRL CAN BE, I have suffered from headaches for several years and never thought to have my eyes looked at. Almost any day which I had to devote to script study or any evening when I went to see a picture I would find my temples begin to throb. The other afternoon I went to an eulogist and discovered I had an astigmatic fault. Glasses were made up, which I promptly have to use while driving or reading or studying, and I have gone several weeks now without head pains. It's such a pleasure not to have to worry about it any more. Why, I used to figure on a headache when I planned my day's activities—where would I be and what would

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Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Janet Leigh personally. Simply write to her, c/o Modern Screen, 1044 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 4, 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.

just a perfect blendship

(Continued from page 77) knew what happened.

It is well-known in Hollywood that you never know what goes with Bing Crosby. He may act as though no one else is alive, and then he may abruptly do the opposite, as he did with Jane.

One night her telephone rang. It was Mr. Crosby, who said, "How'd you like to do a record for Decca?"

When Jane recovered her breath, she allowed as how she'd like it very much. Unde Bing, as he is known to quite a few around Hollywood, is likely to call people whose talent he respects and say to them, "Plum (or any name he may think of on the spur of the moment), how's about getting together for a small routine?"

And this means a business routine—not soft lights and sweet music. In this case, Jane dropped around to the Decca studios a few nights later, and in an hour they knocked off that Number One on the Hit Parade called "In The Cool, Cool, Cool Of The Evening."

Jane still doesn't quite believe it. "I started out as a singer in small clubs," she'll tell you, "and I had a fair voice. I can't read music. I don't know one note from another. If you can figure it out, what I mean is that I can't sing, but I know how to sing."

Now, the truth of the matter is that Jane Wyman and Bing Crosby are what is known as "set friends." Ever since Here Comes The Groom, which launched them as occasional singing partners, they have enjoyed frolicking in front of the cameras together.

The prospect of playing golf with Bing (Jane is a fair to middling feminine club-ber with a 19 handicap) is something I wouldn't want to face," she says. "And the only time we have seen each other socially is the recent occasion on which I was in- vited to a surprise party and, by coincidence, arrived at the Crosby home at the same time Bing showed up, fresh from the set of Road To Bali."

But the two people could ever be closer, tunefully speaking, than the harmony that has resulted from their latest picture colli- sion in Just For You. There's a great song in that epic, and quite a story behind the song.

Mr. Crosby was not on the set the day that Jane arrived and was told by Para- mount's musical genius, Joe Lilley, that the time had come for her to do "a bit of a number" with Bing.

"Then Joe flashed eight yards of sheet music on me," Jane says. "I took one look and the only thing it resembled was the board at the New York stock exchange. Why, thank you very much, Joe, I said. Seeing that I can't read music, I can pick this up as fast as I can learn to speak Portuguese. Why, you musical bone picker, why don't you write a simple song for a change?"

"You got me wrong," Joe retorted. "Warren and Robin wrote this song. I merely arranged it, and if you'll drop over to my office, we'll run through it a couple of times. It's simple, once you get the hang of it."

Sure, it's simple. "Zing A Little Zong" sounds like two crazy people with not a care in the world, harmonizing over a beer in the kitchen at two in the morning. But the truth is that, even to professionals, it's no more simple than the newest Ein- stien theory.

So Jane went to work on the song that changes keys twice in the middle with no warning, and in a week, she was fairly well prepared to get even with Crosby for all the tummy fluttering he'd caused every time she stepped up to a mike with the old master.

Bing strolled onto the set one morning and said, "Hy-a—how's the golf? Any- thing great?"

"I gotta learn to putt," Jane said.

"Well," Bing assured her, "it'll come to you. Now, how's for knocking off this "Zing" number?"

"I'm nervous," Janie replied, "I'll never make it."

"Huh," Bing retorted, "you'll do it. Know anything about it?"

"Nothing," Jane said, "except like you say, it's so simple."

So they adjourned to the music de- partment, where Joe Lilley handed the Groaner his part.

"You should have seen it," Jane says, repressing a chortle. "Just like handing the guy an anvil. 'What's this now?' Bing asked, looking a little confused.

"Why it's nothing," I told him, 'Nothing to a Big Music Man like you.'"

"Let's not overdo it," Bing growled, and retired to a distant corner, with enough sheet music to make costumes for all his kids."

"And that's about the all of it," Jane says. "My ego was almost completely re- paired, even though in 15 minutes he mastered what it took me a week to figure out. By the time we recorded to the rhythm of Van Cleave's band, my buck fever had at last disappeared. An hour later, Bing picked up his hat and shuffled out the door.

"We'd knocked the whole thing off in a little over an hour—we'd Zung A Little Zong, and, instead of reveling in a mo- ment of triumph watching the great Crosby break down, they panned to a stuffed owl, which was me."

---

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he never took a lesson

(Continued from page 47) the photographs that appear in the newspapers and magazines. If you were lucky enough to see him in person on one of the tours he made with the players, with hasty rooms and had inklings of what makes him look like a veteran. But the best way is to see him in person, off-guard, and observe the most unhindered fellow to arrive, smaller than Hollywood—a lad without a spiked ego, but without a shade of shyness or a shred of a feeling of incompetency.

Aldo Ray is a big man, broader than six feet tall, and weighs 260 pounds. He has hands like hams and arms like a weight lifter. When he wears a suit, he appears to be in constant danger of bursting out of it. On his face, even in repose, is strong, with eyes that can grow cold and a mouth that is thin and determined. His voice is soft, only because it is hoarse, and comes out a whisper, but his speech is strong and his words, on almost any subject, very official. In contrast, he is gentle in his thinking, extremely friendly in his associations and gives the impression that he would be heaven's duty hard to anger. Although he is blond, he is very Italian. His mannerisms and language are studied with Italian gestures and idiom, and he talks like a Saroyan or Steinbeck character, simply and straightforwardly.

The course of Aldo Ray's rise to picture stardom is a source of wonder to everyone but Aldo. Himself. All Hollywood considers his rise phenomenal, a Cinderella story about a guy. But to Aldo, it was just a natural series of events that allowed him to utter with a star director. He sees little that is unusual in what happened, except, possibly, that it was Hollywood that finally got him and not Washington. He always knew he would be a big man, but he figured it would be in politics.

Aldo Ray's background was about as simple as a man's past can be, and purely American. He was born in Pen Argyll, Pennsylvania, in 1926, the oldest of six sons. His father and mother, Silvio and Maria DaRe, are Italian immigrants. The DaRe's moved to Crockett, California, a small town 30 miles north of San Francisco when Aldo was three years old, and his father's job at a paper mill took the C&H Sugar Company. Crockett's only industry. He has worked there ever since.

All of Aldo Ray's life had to do with Crockett. Until he was literally drafted into the movies, he had no idea that he would make his home anywhere else. Though his family were poor, they were well thought of in Crockett. And Aldo, with the heart of a family man and a small town boy, used to dream that if he would on one day find fame and fortune, but that he'd find it in Crockett, not have to go out and seek it.

The DaRe's are a strong family unit. Mario and Silvio DaRe are old-country Italians who speak very little English. Consequently, the family speaks Italian at home. Aldo didn't speak a word of English when he started school, was proud as a peacock at lunch one day recently.

"Look," he crowed. "I just got a letter from my mother. In English." As a small boy, Aldo Ray had few of the ordinary luxuries small boys have to come to expect. The DaRe family was too busy keeping its head above water. They lived for many years in a small, four-room house, practically sleeping in shifts. Mama was the boss. She ruled with an iron hand, but with love, and as they grew up, the older children took on the duties of supervising the younger. Papa just earned the money. Aldo says he can't remember him ever raising his voice to any of them.

Just before the war, an old house in Crockett was put up for auction. It was in a bad state and being sold for $10. The entire family came to work on the home as laborers—building partitions, painting, papering, even digging a cellar. One of Aldo's sharpest recollections of his boyhood is in the building; he worked it seemed for years, the house was at last completed to Mama's satisfaction.

Twenty-four hours after he finished high school, Aldo was snatched up by the Navy V-5 program and shipped off to Memphis to the Naval Air Station there. Weight, which has been a problem with him all along, was a stumbling block then and he had to take off 13 pounds on the trip to make the entrance requirements. The Navy, however, was not destined to have him as an air ace, for he was transferred to the Washington, D.C., office of the supply division. But as Aldo himself tells it, he had little to do in the war. But if you press him for details, he will admit that he was a Frogman, that part of his duty was to swim into enemy harbors and map mines and spot hazards, and then swim back to his ship with this vital information. One of his chores in this dangerous work was to check the heavy rocks thrown overboard to keep enemy ships out of the way of the invasion. He spent 23 months in the service and then came back to Crockett and to school.

A trick knee kept Aldo from becoming a football star, but football is what he wanted to be. He had a scholarship to the University of California at Berkeley, but when he learned that the doctors wouldn't let him play football, he transferred to Vallejo Junior College. He promptly became a big man on the Vallejo campus and was elected president of the student body before he was in school.

One day, he was sitting in a corner explaining his problems to the fellows and girls why he would be the best man for the job, he got such a thrill that he made up his mind to be a public official. Maybe a congressman as soon as he got out into the world.

In June, 1948, Aldo married a girl he had known all of his life. He was in his senior year, back in Berkeley again, and casting about for suitable employment. He decided there would be an election for constable back in Crockett.

Utilizing all of the tried and true gimmicks, such as street corner speeches, talks before ladies luncheon groups and service clubs, family and friends' cars, Aldo pitched into the fray. He promised that he would give clean policing to the community and would have a telephone installed in his bed, so his constituents could have 24-hour service—something his opponent said couldn't be done by one man. Aldo spent the entire board of $400 on the campaign and waged, according to older politicians in Crockett, a brilliant fight for the office.

If he hadn't been talking about taking a day trip to San Francisco one day by his brother Guido, he might still be the up-and-coming young civic light of his home town.

Guido brought a San Francisco newspaper to Aldo one day and showed him an ad asking that football players interested in appearing in a movie apply at a local
hotel for interviews that afternoon. Guido wanted to go but had no transportation. Aldo didn't want to make the trip but, possibly with a vote in mind, agreed to if Guido would pay for the gasoline and the bridge toll. They joined a large group of huskies in the living room of the hotel suite some time later, and Aldo settled down to read while his brother was given the once over. He personally thought the whole thing was silly.

When the other lads had been through the mill, a studio man motioned Aldo to go into the other room for his interview. Aldo told him he wasn't interested, something the Hollywood man refused to believe. Rather than argue about it, Aldo went in. Director David Miller sat behind a desk, and an assistant handed Aldo a page of script to read. Aldo took a look at it and refused again, stating that he wasn't an actor, just a chauffeur. This enchanted Miller to the extent that he insisted on Aldo remaining and talking about a part in the picture. When Aldo said he was occupied running for constable at the moment, Miller asked him to deliver a campaign address. This was something Aldo felt he could get his teeth into, and besides he needed the practice, so he stood in the center of the room and made an impassioned plea that the group of Hollywoodites elect him constable of Crockett.

When the speech was over, everyone made a dive for contract forms, trying to be the first to get the young politician's name on paper. The man's personality, husky voice and oddly handsome appearance was not the usual in a movie actor, but Miller and his aides were canny enough to know they'd be appealing. Because the money was good, and the studio people assured him they would not let their schedule interfere with his police duties if he got elected, Aldo signed. Then he had to walk out into the other room and face his brother, who had not been snapped up so readily. To this day Guido still has a feeling that fate betrayed him.

After Saturday's Hero was completed, Aldo Ray was elected constable. He had had his taste of the movies and was now happy to stay at home. While he was constable, juvenile delinquency dropped to zero. The kids of the town didn't want to blacken Aldo's record, so they took their mischief to nearby communities.

Meanwhile there was much conversation at Columbia Studio about Aldo. Some of the executives were very high on him. Others pointed out that there were obvious limitations to the activities of an actor who had permanent laryngitis and had had no experience. If it hadn't been for The Marring Kind, the discussions would no doubt have petered out and been forgotten. But somebody brought Aldo to the attention of director George Cukor, who had been assigned to the picture. And soon Max Arnow, the casting director, got Aldo on the phone and asked him to come to Hollywood for a test. Aldo said no. He was a cop, and headed for big things in politics. But Arnow finally won, and Aldo took a couple of days off and showed up at Columbia.

The treatment he got in the next couple of days is more than likely what changed his mind. He was driven to Cukor's home in a limousine. He was wined and dined and invited to dip into the pool between sessions on the script. He was being considered for one of the minor parts in the picture, but all aspirants were to be tested reading the leading male role. Then, after a few days of high living, he tested and went back home. Weeks went by and one day Arnow called again.


"I'll think about it," Aldo said. He thought about it, and then went on one of those diets he specialises in and that only he can stand. He chews celery all day and eats a steak at night. In five days he lost 20 pounds, went back to Columbia, tested again, and returned to Crockett. A week later Arnow called again.

"You looked great, Aldo," said Arnow. "The only reason I'm interested," said Aldo, "is that I might be able to pick up a little money in a picture once in a while to add to my income here."

"You'll have to forget that, Aldo," said Arnow. "They want you to play the lead—opposite Judy Holliday."

"What does that mean?" Aldo asked.

"It means you'll have to quit up there, sign a contract with Columbia, and come to Hollywood to live."

"I'll think about it," Aldo said.

Aldo thought some more. His marriage was on the rocks. He was discovering that a constable's salary was just a mite less than he needed. He liked acting, and he could always get back into politics if thing went wrong in Hollywood. He called up the city fathers and resigned. (Continued on next page)}
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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 Janet Leigh
□ Party Girl Grows Up (Lana Turner)
□ The Lies They Tell About Liz & Mike (Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding)
□ Disenchanted So Soon? (Shelley Winters-Vittorio Gassmann)
□ Is June Allyson Really Quitting?
□ Two Wives—Two Lives (Martin & Lewis)
□ She Wants A Big, Tall Somebody! (Debra Paget)
□ My Mom by Tony Curtis
□ In The Pink (House, That Is) (Donald O'Connor)
□ He Never Took A Lesson (Aldo Ray)
□ The Truth About The Fords (Eleanor Powell-Glenn Ford)
□ What Betty Lanza Has Done For Mario
□ It's Only Money (Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz)
□ Not Too Young To Love (Joan Evans)
□ Relax, Pop, I Made It! (Dale Robertson)
□ House Warming (Barbara Ruick)
□ The Good Mystery by Jane Powell
□ Modern Screen Fashions
□ 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?

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Is June Allyson really quitting?

(Continued from page 35) family, and children were relegated to the back of her mind. Joe Pasternak, the MGM producer, recalls Junie's behavior very well before she became Mrs. Richard Powell. "She was a persistent little devil," Joe says. "Wherever I went I'd find myself being pulled into her-on the elevator, in the commissary, even in the projection rooms. I remember one time when we were cast in Music For Millions, a picture June would've loved a part in very badly. I phoned her that morning and asked her how she was. 'Bad, Joe,' she sniffed. 'I've got a cold in my nose.'"

"Sorry," I said. 'I was thinking of you in connection with Music For Millions.' Next morning, June was in my office before I was."

But, as I say, that was nine or ten years ago, before June Allyson had waded neck-deep in success, getting to know all its glories, responsibilities, and demands.

Today, Junie sits back weighing a critical decision, wondering what to do. Her contract at MGM expires in September of 1953. She loves the studio very much. Except for one serious fight last year when she didn't want to star in Girl In White, "because I just didn't think it was right for me," her relationship with MGM has been almost a father-daughter one. The studio is responsible for the enviable position she occupies today, and June is the first to admit it. Yet she is determined to sit out the balance of her contract, unless she can play roles she considers fitting.

Unfortunately, Junie is not a very good judge of scripts. For example, she was chary about starring with Jimmy Stewart in The Stratton Story; and yet that picture made a fortune and established her as a dramatic actress of the highest degree.

In reply to the question: "Is there any truth about your retirement?" June's answer was, "No. I'm not retiring at all. I love to act. All I want is a good story. I'm sure the studio is looking and will come up with one. I talk about retiring all the time, and maybe that's how the rumor got started. You see, ever since the children came I've been satisfied to stay at home and look after them. With Richard beside me, I don't need anything else. My career doesn't seem as important as it once did."

"I can remember," I said, "when it seemed like the beginning and the end of everything to you."

June nodded. "The best part of the hunt is the chase," she said in that froggy voice of hers. "When you're very young, you set your sights on something. Then when you achieve it, you realize that the enthusiasm that was behind it so worthwhile. Sure, I used to be career-crazy. But then I met Richard. Right away my objectives became-what's the word?-diffused. I wanted a career and a husband, too. I've been very lucky. I've been able to blend the two. That's because Richard's been so understanding. He never minded my working, and I loved it because after all, it's not much fun hanging around the house when your husband's away all day and you've got someone to do the housework.

But then and there came along. And I guess it's the maternal instinct in all of us girls that gets us in the end. Honestly, it's not easy to tear yourself away from your babies six days a week."

It was about that time that the studio asked June to star in a few pictures she felt were not for her. There were minor bickerings, protestations, and suddenly the wonderful realization by Junie that she didn't have to work if she didn't want to.

I say this was a wonderful realization because Junie's had to work ever since she was 15 in order to support herself. Working became such an integral part of her life that when it suddenly dawned upon her that she could stop entirely with no drastic result, she was awe-stricken.

"I can stop working tomorrow," she says. "I can go off salary and not work at any other motion picture studio until a year from September. But who wants it? Still, I don't see any point in going to work to be unhappy. The only time I would quit motion pictures would be if I had to do a lot of things I didn't want to. When that happens, little Junie is quitting, but not before."

"There's a lot of talk," I said, "that after your MGM contract expires, you and Dick will make films for television like Desi and Lucille Ball do.

June shook her lovely blonde head. "Actually, I haven't thought very much about it. Richard is the business man in the family, and he knows all about those things. As a matter of fact, he was talking a lot about Desi and Lucille the other night. They own their television films, you know, and I guess they can sell them over and over again to thousands of TV stations. All I know is that I haven't worked since December, and I love it. Yet, years ago it would've driven me crazy. I don't (Continued on next page) 91
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What Betty Lanza has done for Mario

(Continued from page 52) Hollywood consensus on Mario Lanza: the young man has calmed down, doesn't get so excited any more, doesn't blow his top, seems to have matured to the point where he takes everything in stride—everything that is, except his wife's latest pregnancy.

Moderation seems the keynote in the new Lanza behavior pattern.

Before coming to Lanza's traditional bugaboo. Before Mario hit Hollywood, he used to weigh anywhere from 200 to 285 lbs. Buddies who were with him in the Air Force during the war recall him as "the beer barrel who looked like a mat." "Everything about the poor guy was bloated," one corporal remembers. His face, his neck, his stomach. He hated the military life, but once he was transferred to Special Services and began singing again, food meant less to him. I think in one month of entertaining at army camps he dropped more than 40 pounds.

Mario's great trouble has always been his tendency to gain weight between pictures. Before he made That Midnight Kiss, he dropped from 225 to 189. When the studio gave him two-day work instead of the usual three, he lost 18 pounds. For The Toast Of New Orleans, he cut his weight down to 165. For Caruso, he weighed in at 175. After Caruso, Mario went on an eating spree, devouring tremendous orders of pizza, ravioli, spaghetti, and steak. His weight shot up to 240, and MGM burst a corporate blood vessel when you say, "You're still not fat yet?

Mine until Mario reduced to a point where the fans would recognize him.

Mario went up to Oregon and began dieting (you'll find the diet he used on page 90), and in less than three months the pride of Philadelphia was down to 157 pounds.

He returned to Hollywood and raced through the picture without the slightest
trace of trouble or temperament. When _Because You’re Mine_ was finished, everyone expected Mario to take off on one of his customary eating sprees, when he’s been known to polish off 20 or 30 pieces of fried chicken at one sitting. Only this time they didn’t reckon with Betty Lanza. The wife stepped in. “Look, Mario,” she explained, “there’s no point in going through this off-again, on-again routine. We’ve been through it half a dozen times and you know what a job it is. Now that your weight is down, let’s keep it that way. You start Student Prince in a couple of months, and we don’t want a big hassle. So let’s just continue with the same eating habits, okay?”

Friends point out that in her sweet, subtle way, Mario’s wife is teaching her husband how to exercise self-control. “She’s done a wonderful job,” an intimate confides, “and frankly, I don’t see how. I remember when Betty and Mario first came out to Hollywood four years ago. Betty was five months pregnant, and she and Mario wanted to rent a house or an apartment in Beverly Hills. Well, that was right after the war. It was disgraceful, but everywhere they went in Beverly, the landlords would take a look at Betty and say, ‘Sorry, no dogs or children allowed in these apartments.’ “You should’ve heard Mario. He screamed like a stuck pig. He denounced and threatened and swore, but Betty always calmed him down.”

Betty herself recalls that period in her married life very well. “Mario and I,” she says, “finally rented a house in North Hollywood. An old-time comedy actor owned it. He was going out on tour. Our rent was $250 a month, and I’m telling you that’s the hottest house we ever lived in. In the summer the temperature went up to 108. After Colleen was born, I wouldn’t go back there. By that time, some of the apartment house owners in Beverly Hills realized that children were people, too. Mario rented a duplex apartment on Spalding Drive. Then we moved to this house.”

Frankly, Betty Lanza hates the house she’s currently occupying. “It’s a sore spot,” she says, “and I’m disgusted with it. I’m trying to find another one, but I don’t like to bother Mario about it, because when he gets angry he blows his top and you can hear him in Glendale. “I must say this, and I think it’s very important. Mario has learned self-restraint. Nowadays he doesn’t blow his top unless he has a good reason. And they’ve learned that at the studio, too. They used to think that Mario was just being temperamental. But he’s not. If he gets angry, he has a reason. If he wants a certain musical conductor, it’s because he knows that with that conductor the picture will turn out so much better.”

Lanza is the first to admit that he isn’t a diplomat. He still believes in speaking his mind, honestly, quickly, and forthrightly, but today you could never get him to say some of the things he said two years ago or even last year.

By way of illustration, he told a reporter last summer that “at my age, Caruso was nowhere, nowhere, nothing. I don’t think I’m as great a singer as Caruso, because you never think you’re as good as your idol, even though others may say you’re better. But at 29, Caruso used to crack on a high B-flat, and I have a record to prove it... Sure, I haven’t sung in the Met (Metropolitan Opera House) yet. But the day I do, all hell will break loose the way it did in pictures. The world hasn’t heard from me yet. Wait till I develop.”

The Mario Lanza of 1952 doesn’t talk that way any more. He’s lost none of his confidence, none of his faith in the greatness of his future, but he realizes that he’s far from the perfect singer he hopes to be. “Nobody knows better than I,” he says, “how hard I have to go. I know I’m not ready yet, and I know all about the different criticisms concerning my voice. They say I punch too much, that I force the tones, that I have a tendency to swallow some of the notes, and that sometimes the tones lack resonance.”

“A singer can go nuts listening to all this stuff. What I try to do is follow the advice of musicians I respect, of conductors and great voice teachers. “After I finish The Student Prince I have two more pictures to do. Then I hope to go to Italy to study and tour with an opera company.”

The plain truth is that Mario Lanza does not regard himself as a motion picture star. In his own eyes he is a tenor who has had the God-given opportunity of popularizing operatic themes for the masses.

Some of his enemies insist that he places himself above advice, but as Betty says, “He listens every minute, even though he gives the impression that his mind is inPhiladelphia” (Continued on next page)
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Last year, Dr. Peter Herman Adler, the conductor of The Great Caruso score, was asked how he felt about Lanza.
"Mario went to Hollywood," he said, "and Hollywood has been his Frankenstein. The pressure he is under is tremendous, always having to put up a front. His voice is not settled yet. He knows he has come up too fast, and this is a problem. For this he overcompensates by boasting and showing off. There is still time. Ten years with the right opera company and no one could compare with him. But who can expect him, after being a star, to go back to learning?"

But Mario Lanza has gone back to learning. Five nights a week you can find him at home, studying, and singing the rare and neglected operas of Verdi, Bizet, and Wagner. And always, of course, there's the woman behind his work.

For the best are off and battling, those, too, are rapidly disappearing from Mario's conduct. So far this year, the only serious argument he's had has been with Nicky Brodsky, the Hungarian composer of "Be My Love."

Nicky composed some new tunes for The Student Prince, one of which is entitled, "I Walk With God."
Mario didn't like certain passages, and asked Nicky to change them. And though they're old friends, they fought bitterly.

Betty was the peacemaker as usual. "Now this is just childish," she said. "You're both like a couple of stubborn brats. Mario isn't trying to ruin your song, Nicky. You know better than that. And really, Mario, how can you say you won't sing it. Why, it's a beautiful song."

They finally agreed to compromise. When you hear Mario sing "I Walk With God," you'll know that it was Betty's tact that saved the tune.

Last, Mario has developed this new maturity, there has been much talk that MGM will never let him go, that the studio will dangle such a lucrative contract in front of his pen that Mario will find it irresistible, sign on the dotted line, and never go to Italy.

Mario's original contract, as you probably know, called for him to receive $15,000 for his first picture, $25,000 for his second, and $35,000 for the third, and so on up the ladder until he reached a maximum of $75,000 per film.

Instead of paying him $15,000 for his first film, That Midnight Kiss, MGM paid him $28,000. He got $50,000 for his second, and $100,000 for The Great Caruso, which will probably gross $19,000,000.

Money doesn't mean very much to Mario. "I love to sing, I would sing if no one ever paid me a red cent. I'm determined to go to Europe and study. When I make my debut at the Met, I want to be prepared."

The Monday-morning quarterbacks, however, still insist, despite Mario's talk, that he will never leave Hollywood.

"When his contract runs out," the producer says, "they'll tell Lanza to name his own figure. They'll point him to the through motion pictures he can make the world matter more or less conscious than ever before. They'll tell him that once he leaves the country, his following will taper off. I agree that the guy has settled down late. But let's face it. It takes power to give up a million bucks a year. And I don't think that Mario at this point is ready to assume the role of the mature artist who knows where he's headed."

What this producer forgets is that Mario Lanza has a wife who knows very well where her husband is going in life. A year or so after their third baby is born, Betty says, "we'll be on our way to Italy. You can count on that."
enchantment so soon?

(Continued from page 33) we're happy, that's not news. They gotta have news, so right away our marriage is on the rocks. Don't you believe a single word of those lies.

"We've had a few disagreements, which to my way of thinking is a very good thing for any marriage. You get to understand your husband that way. He speaks his mind, and I speak mine. Vittorio is no Casper Milquetoast. He says what he feels like saying. So do I. Suppose we don't see eye to eye about something. Right away, does that have to become a Federal case? All right, we did have an argument in a restaurant. So what? Wasn't anything serious. I don't even know what it was all about.

"I think this phony report about our marriage got started because of what took place at MGM before Vittorio left for Mexico.

"I'm going to tell you the truth. So help me! You can check with anyone. This is what happened. The day before Vittorio was scheduled to leave for Cuernavaca with the Sombrero company, I came on the lot. I don't have to tell you how anxious I was to go to Mexico with him. I even took a suspension. I turned down The Number over at 20th on a loan-out.

"Anyway, I was on the set watching him. Someone came over and told me that Farley Granger was next door, on the set across the street. They were shooting I Love Melvin with Farley and Debbie Reynolds. I hadn't seen Farley for some time, so I said to Vittorio, 'I'm going over to say hello to Farley.' And I went.

"I guess Vittorio blew his top. 'I'm going to Mexico tomorrow,' he said, 'and my wife has to visit some other man.' He was angry and that's how the story started that everything was busting up. It's ridiculous.

"Not too ridiculous, because deep down Vittorio Gassmann has the feeling that Shelley Winters and Farley Granger once cared for each other. Shelley herself helped foster this impression when she and Farley went together steadily for publicity purposes.

Shelley says now that she and Farley were never even engaged, that the ring Farley gave her while they were making Behave Yourself together was only a cocktail ring, "and let's face it, Jerry Wald announced our engagement. I never said anything except that Farl and I were pals. We're still pals, but certainly, we were never in love with each other.

"Lots of people read the newspapers, even in Italy, and when Shelley flew into Rome last year, Vittorio Gassmann, along with thousands of others, was under the impression that she had promised herself to Farley.

As a matter of fact, when Vittorio began dating Shelley, taking her on long automobile rides outside of Rome, sending her three dozen yellow roses at a clip, dining and wining her at famous restaurants along the Tiber, his conscience began to ache like a drilled tooth.

After he brought her home and introduced her to his mother and sister, he knew he was falling in love with the American beauty, and he insisted upon doing what he thought was the honest thing. "Now," he said in his broken English, "I think only one thing to do. We must fly to Paris. Together we explain to your fiancé what has happened between us.

(Continued on next page)

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Forgotten Anniversary?

(Continued from preceding page)  
“What fiancé?” Shelley asked.  
“Mr. Farley Granger,” Vittorio said.  
“Are you kidding?” Shelley asked. “He’s not my fiancé.”  
“But in all the newspapers,” the puzzled Vittorio continued, “it says that you and Farley…”  
Because she had by then fallen in love, Shell told Vittorio the truth. She and Farley were friends. Nothing more. They had common interests. They both loved dramatics. But as regards marriage, it was simply out of the question. She was three years older than Farley. He didn’t love her, and she didn’t love him. Their engagement was a publicity gimmick.  
Vittorio didn’t understand the meaning of the word, “gimmick.”  
“A device,” Shelley explained, “a method to get publicity.”  
But Vittorio nodded, and Shelley thought he was convinced. Now after the episode at MGM, she’s wondering if all the free publicity she garnered with Farley hasn’t become a boomerang. Certainly her husband was furious when she walked off his set onto Farley’s.  
The reason for this is that Vittorio is genuinely in love with Shelley.  
Many of Shelley’s enemies insist this is an impossibility. “How can anyone be in love with Shelley Winters?” they ask, viciously. “She talks so much that no well-respecting man would put up with her.” They imply that Vittorio married her because she could get him into America and serve as his entre into Hollywood.  
This is a bare-faced lie born of jealousy and envy. Shelley did not get Vittorio his motion picture contract at MGM, and he married her for only one reason. “I agree she is not a diplomat,” she says, “but she is honest and to my eyes beautiful and she has a wonderful soul and a good heart and I love her; and that is why I make her my wife.”

Vittorio Gassmann was signed to an MGM contract because he happens to be a fine actor, one of the best actors in Italy has turned out in years. As a matter of fact, ever since he had made in Italy with Sylvana Mangano, was shown in the U. S., Paramount cabled one of its officials in Rome for a report on Vittorio.  
The report said: “Vittorio Gassmann, age 29, six feet two, thin, 165 lbs., wavy brown hair, brown eyes, speaks broken English, other Latin languages well; father Enrico Gassmann, mother Luisa Doccena; born in Genoa, is married but separated from daughter of Italian actor Renzo Ricci; has one child, girl Paula age 7; home address #19 Via Corsoa; attended grade and intermediate schools at Pesaro, studied at Roman Dramatic Academy; is best known as stage actor; has repertory company; good reputation, to date; involved no scandals; photographs well; if overcomes language difficulty would make good character actor; opinion as to his sex appeal divided; has been married nine years; can test over here although plenty film footage available.”

Once Shelley fell in love with him, Vittorio not only had a fiancée but, in addition, one of the greatest natural press agents in Hollywood. When he arrived on the West Coast to visit Shelley, the Italian actor suddenly found himself catapulted from the position of a comparative unknown to that of a celebrity. For his part, Vittorio said little. He apologized for his scant knowledge of English—it turned out to be not so scant. He could understand pretty nearly anything he wanted to, and in turn, could always make himself understood.  

When Sydney Chaplin invited Shelley to bring Vittorio over to the Chaplin Studios where his father, Charles, was making his latest film, Vittorio was grateful and courteous. He let Shelley do all the talking. At the Tyro Power party where he was informally presented to Hollywood society, Vittorio was again shy, reserved, and polite.  
After they were married and Vittorio flew to New York to star in Maxwell Shane’s independent production of The Glass Window, Gassmann had become acclimated to America, more confident in his ability to earn a living here, began to assert himself.  
Vittorio’s belief Shelley was wrong about something, he openly disagreed. Shelley loves to argue if only for argument’s sake. These forensic debates immediately gave rise to rumors that these newlyweds were unhappy.  
Shelley insists, “It’s a lie. What” she asks, “do we have to be unhappy about? We have a few problems. Certainly! All married people have problems. I’ve been married before, so why shouldn’t I know. Right now, we have two problems. One, we’re trying to find a house; and two, Vittorio is afraid that his repertory company in Italy is breaking up.”

A few months ago, Shelley and Vittorio found what they considered the house of their dreams, a small place not very far from where Betty Grable lives. “We offered a high price for it,” Shelley says, “and they wanted $42,000. We couldn’t swing the deal. Just didn’t have the money. Funny the way people think because you’re working in Hollywood, making a fortune. I’ve been working for five or six pictures last year. Who knows how many this year? Where’s the fortune?”

“Anyway, let me tell you about this house. It must what to touch with money. Maybe now we can swing it. You know Vittorio has a funny kind of deal over at MGM. Two pictures by the end of October. After that he goes back to Italy, he finishes stagelion 9,000,000 dollars a picture. We own the company. Well, while he was down in Mexico on Sombrero, the studio told him that for his second picture they were going to give him in Cry, The Hunter. It’s a wonderful script. I read it myself. He plays a gangster. When he got that notice, he also got notices from these actors and actresses in his Italian stock company. They wrote and said, ‘You are now a big Hollywood star. We don’t think you are coming back, so I guess we will find other jobs.’

‘Poor Vittorio. His first love is the stage, and when he got those letters, he almost went crazy. There I was, sick. You know, of course, that I flew down to Mexico to be with him. I did a real stupid thing. I drank some water out of a tap. You’re not supposed to do that in Mexico. Guess you’ve been living there a long time. I got real sick, virus, dysentery, headaches, stomach trouble, everything. Well, there I was, and he was worried over me. When these notices came, and he said, ‘I’ve just got to fly to Italy. Please tell Benny Thau (MGM executive) that I only want a week just to go to Italy and see you.’ I have to explain to these actors that I am serious about coming back. He was all upset. I was all upset. I’m telling you, it was a hassle. I caught the plane and came back a few days ahead of him. He’s flying in Tuesday, and then we’re going to try to fly to Rome and back.”

When Vittorio Gassmann arrived from Mexico City, following the completion of his role in Sombrero, I asked him how his marriage was holding up. “It is in excellent condition,” he said flatly. “Anything else you read, well, it is just a publicity gimmick.”  

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that will not harm delicate tissues
my mom

(Continued from page 42) Ella Cinders haircut, infectious giggle and an accent you couldn’t slice with a bread knife. No wonder Manny thought she was a cute dish.

They’d been married a little more than a year when I was born, and two years later came my brother Julius. Pop couldn’t go on acting in the United States as he had in Budapest, because nobody, not even the citizens of Brooklyn, could understand him. So he took up tailoring, and it was a rough read. We moved all the time, and Mom was always in there pitching, helping Manny in the shop. Yet she always had time to talk to us, to explain things the way a mother should.

Because I was the oldest, I was responsible for Julius, and I was all the time losing him. After I’d gone out and found him bawling on some street corner, I’d bring him home and get my hide tanned, but good. Mom was the heavy of the family and always went for the hairbrush when I committed little sins. She couldn’t stand it if I didn’t obey her, or if I talked back, and she kept at me about manners like she thought I was going to grow up to be president of a bank. Pop took over when I was either dishonest or careless—these were two things he wouldn’t tolerate. When I lost my jacket, when I misplaced some money a customer had given me, he whipped me in a pretty manly fashion. And when I threw away the library book rather than pay the dues I owed, I thought I’d never be able to sit down again.

Spanking never bothered me too much, in a physical way. I was too used to getting my head cracked on sidewalks by the neighborhood gangs to let a little thing like a razor strap upset me. But what got me was Mom after she’d slapped me. She used to go off somewhere and cry, and even now, when Mom’s talking about some punishment she had lashed out to me, she gets tears in her eyes. “I shouldn’t have done it,” she laments. “I should never have been so strict with you. You were so good, such a good little boy.”

Poor Mom. She never knew. I was the kind of kid every neighbor wanted to kick, and in school I was a regular momzer, or gooniff, which politely translated into English means a first-class jerk. Six days a week I was in trouble and on the seventh I was too tired from fighting to move. I never told Mom about the fighting; it was my carefully guarded secret. Somehow my face usually escaped getting scarred, so she didn’t notice, but when I got undressed at night, my body was covered with rips and bruises. It was only a couple of years ago that Mom found out about it, when magazines first started printing stories about me. Then she cornered me. “Bernie, what is all this about all this fighting. Why do you tell people these things? You never used to fight. You were such a good boy.”

Most didn’t know from nothing about me when I was a kid. If you ask her now, she’ll tell you how the teachers used to stop her on the street and tell her what a model pupil I was, and how the neighbors used to remark how obedient I was. I’ll tell you what she’s thinking of. I’d been at a new school for two days when one teacher, who hadn’t had the displeasure of my company for more than that time, met Mom at the market and, probably for lack of something better to say, told her I was a small angel. Once when I was little, Mom called me to follow her. I didn’t, and Mrs. Shoemaker who ran the

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Reputable Products Since 1864

(Continued from preceding page) grocery store asked Mom how she trained me so well. That's Mom for you. She remembers those things, but forgets the bad things.

She doesn't tell about the time (and I've told her many times) that she walked into a room when I had just snitched a nickel out of her purse. For a split second I had that awful clumsy fear that might have got me. But I decided to play it real innocent. "Hi, Mom," I said, and smiled like a cherub. When she started toward me, I braced myself for a rap across the face, and it didn't come. But they pulled my hair and smiled at me, I turned to jelly inside. I went out afterward and bought an ice cream cone with the nickel. But I didn't eat any more than a couple of licks when it began to taste like cider, and I threw it into the gutter.

She conveniently forgets the times she took me to visit my rich aunt in the Bronx. I used to sit in the back seat and I could stand it, while the women talked about the neighborhood. Then I'd begin whistling. It was only an introduction to my next act—a bit that used to drive Mom mad. I'd reach out from my chair and finger the expensive ashtrays, the statuettes and the fancy lampshades that Mom thought so elegant, and pretty soon she'd find it impossible not to say a sentence about Mrs. Cohen's new baby and look daggers at me. "Go on, go on, get out of here." I'd slip happily out into the streets, which for me had a charm all their own, with the summer sun baking brick and asphalt and adventure always around the corner. Later, at dinner, she'd shake her head when she told Pop what a trouble I was.

I think Moat always wanted to spoil me but could never quite bring herself to it. She had a humor and a softness that I loved. I used to wake up early in the morning, sneek into their bedroom and jump Mom in the ribs, then jerk my thumb in the direction of the bed. She'd smile and motion in. And when I jumped up and down on the saggy springs until Pop said, "You'd better go back to bed, Mom laughed like a schoolgirl. My parents' bed in the morning was the warm sanctuary of my childhood. It was a place where no one could reach out to strike me, but where a little while, I was surrounded by love.

I guess I always did have love, at home. When Christmas drew near each year, Manny and Mom split themselves wide open to come up with enough money to buy Julie and me nice gifts. I remember the year Mom collected green stamps, box tops, orange cards, all sorts of those merchandize credit things, and finally went downtown and bought a complete set of electric trains. It turned out on Christmas morning that the trains were drawn and our current was DC. When we plugged in the whole room filled with smoke, Mom was sorrier than we were. She just sat down in Pop's chair and held her head over her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said.

Mom always was affectionate, and interested in all kids do. I remember one night they took me to a dance at the lodge. When Mom and Pop wanted to dance, I felt a twinge of jealousy. I didn't want them to leave me, but I guess, to be honest, I was just envying around the floor, having a good time without me. I was only about three, but I sounded a lot louder than that when I hung on to her skirts and howled my protest.

Mom was always my champion and would go to any lengths to protect me. I remember when she and Pop came up to camp to visit me one summer when I was there for the first time. Nobody was there to meet them at the railroad station, so they stood around pretty miserable for a while until I got there. I walked all the way in from camp to meet them, because there was no car available at the time. It was a hot day, and although Mom was wearing high heels, she was game for the long hike back to camp. But when we drove home, which was a little more than the railroad station itself, the local cop stopped us. "What're you doing, running around in the dark like that?" he asked.

The trunks I was wearing were a lot more decent than an 1890 bathing suit, but this cop evidently had got out of the wrong side of that bed. He shook me for ten nickels, which was one-half of my monthly salary. Mom was standing there livid with rage. She had too much respect for the law to say anything, but if looks killed, that cop would have been laid out in his pine box the next day.

It hadn't been easy for Mom or Pop all along, and then we began having one trouble after another. First Julie was hit by a car and, although he wasn't hurt badly, he got a pretty good crack on the head and his lower lip and eyes were swollen for weeks. Pop's business wasn't good, like everybody else's during those years. We were living in an apartment between 72nd and 73rd Streets when we were dispossessed. It wasn't pleasant, being dispossessed. You stand there with your attackers and your worldly goods on the freezing streets, and one after another your possessions are thrown out on the pavement beside you. The crowd gathers, and your stinging humiliation makes you mad. But the cops came up on the sidewalk, Pop looking hurt and beaten and Mom's eyes blazing with defiance. I remember Julie was holding our door open for us. I was full of loathing for the staring crowds until somebody—I think it was the woman who ran the store next door—came up and said gently, "Would you like something to eat?"

I did a complete flip then, and bawled my eyes out. I hadn't known people were good like that. We were new in the neighborhood, and nobody knew us or had paid any attention to us, but now that we were in trouble, I realized they were all reaching out to us in sympathetic understanding. I remember Mom and Pop as I dabbed at my eyes, and she was standing there with a tight little smile around her mouth nodding at me as if to say, "You see, son? You see, my boy?"

And then we moved into a condemned building down the street. Pop had a shop in the front and we lived in back. Mom ran a shop and the girls and I and I on the couch. One night we were wakened by footsteps coming down the rickety stairs from the top of the building. Pop asked what it was. It was a "protection agency" had been around the week before to get money from him and he refused. Now they were after him. He picked up the phone, the board used for pressing, and shouted at the top of his lungs. The thug went away, but it had us all scared. Mom was almost hysterical.
Then came the very worst. One summer evening Julius and I were vaulting the iron railings when a parade came by. We followed it, like we always did. I remember it turned off on 78th Street. I guess that's when I lost track of Julius. When I got home, Mom wanted to know where he was.

"Isn't he home yet?" I said, and something turned all cold inside me. Pop went looking in one direction and I in another, and one of Pop's friends took off, too. He came back 15 minutes later and told Mom a boy had been hit by a car between 1st and 78th.

I went with a cop to the hospital where they'd taken Julius. They wanted me to identify him, and I knew that Mom and Pop couldn't. They just couldn't. It was Julie—I was able to tell by the tooth that had been chipped when some kid had slammed his face down over the drinking fountain at school a few weeks ago. The next morning I looked after the store while Mom and Pop went to the hospital, and I was standing out in front when I saw them coming down the street. I knew then, before they were close enough to tell me, before they were even close enough for me to see their faces, I knew it from the slump of their shoulders.

From then on Mom was doubly intense in her love for me. Sometimes she'd do funny things. She'd fly off the handle if I was five minutes late. Over little things she'd get upset beyond reason. I'm glad I had sense enough to understand she was tied up inside with baling wires.

I guess if Bobby hadn't come along before I went into the Navy, it wouldn't have been just too much for Mom. But then she had another baby to care for, and it wasn't so bad when I came home on my 18th birthday and told her I'd registered. It was bad enough, though. She and Pop and the little guy came to the Simpson Street station in the Bronx to see me off. I looked out the window as long as I could see them, and Mom was still standing there, waving with one hand and stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth with the other. Mom always thought it was bad manners to show emotion in public. She'd have done anything rather than cry in front of strangers.

I was away a long time. When we were loading the sub's torpedoes near Guam and the chain snapped and hit me in the back, I couldn't write for five weeks. I didn't mention the incident in my first letter after I got well. Mom was worried enough as it was. I waited until later and then mentioned it sort of casually.

Sometimes kids do awful things to their parents, I guess. Like when I got back to New York and was finally processed out on Long Island, I went into Manhattan and phoned Mom that I was at 48th Street and that I'd be home as soon as I got a haircut. A haircut, yet. I wanted to look decent, but it never occurred to me that Mom was in a frenzy, almost hysterical, and that she wouldn't have cared if my hair was tucked in my shoes. It was a cold morning—December 19th—and it was snowing. When I rounded the corner, there she was, standing outside the store, the snow falling on the shawl over her hair. As soon as she saw me she started to scream, and I ran down the street to her and held her tight. "Mom, take it easy, Mom!" I said. She's so sensitive that sometimes I think she'll snap in two.

Then Bobby and Pop came out, too, and Pop was as bad as Mom, but Bobby just stood there and giggled. He was five then and I guess the strain was too much for him. "What's the matter with him?" I said, and we all laughed and felt better. (Continued on next page)
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(Tony can be seen in Universal’s Son of Ali Baba.)

(Continued from preceding page) Mom couldn’t understand it when I went up acting. She and Pop came to see me in some of the shows, and when I’d go home at night, she’d shake her head. “Why this acting?” she used to say. “You work too hard. I don’t think it’s worth it all.”

She almost fell apart when she learned I was going to Hollywood, and 20 times a day would ask to see my contract. She brought to all the neighbors until I was ashamed to show my face, and she’d have gone on a lot longer if I hadn’t insisted that the family come out to Hollywood to live.

They got a big bang out of my being a movie actor, and couldn’t get over the fact I was meeting people they’d seen in movies back in New York. Before I met Janet, I was gradually overcoming the idea that girls were for the girls, and once in a while I’d bring one of the Hollywood dolls home with me to meet Mom and Pop.

I remember, in the day I mentioned to Mom that I was dating Janet. Her eyes grew wide. “Janet Leigh!” she said. “So pretty! I remember her in that picture where Glenn Ford was a doctor. Such a pretty girl. My Bernie starting out Janet Leigh.” I didn’t tell Mom right away how I felt about Janet. I didn’t have to. One night Janet and I were there for dinner, and Pop had gone in the other room to take a nap. Mom looked at us for a minute and then she smiled. “Why don’t you two get married?” she said.

“Josephine,” I said, and gave her my grim look. Janet made little embarrassed noises, and there was a long silence.

But Mom was undaunted. “I said, why don’t you two get married? You’d be good for each other.”

Writer to producer: “You’re a jerk—and that’s retroactive!”

Mike Connolly

When Janet and I planned to be married back east, I phoned Mom a week before to tell her. “So,” she said. “That’s good.” She sounded like I had interrupted her ironing and that I was wasting my money anyway, as she’d known it all along.

Mom still tells about the time Janet phoned her after the wedding and said, “Mrs. Schwartz? This is Mrs. Schwartz. They were along fine, but my Mom. When Manny had his heart attack not long after we were married, Janet stayed with Mom until I could get back from New York. You might think they were sisters; they’re giggling together all the time. Mom insists on telling Janet all about my school crushes, about the night I met Connie and switched to Sid Schulman’s girl. He can never tell her she tells her. They went together to see Flesh and Fury and had to borrow each other’s handkerchiefs. Mom told me they cried. Because the picture was sad, but because they had to watch me getting belted in the ring. Janet said every time my opponent landed a punch, Mom would exhale a little puff of air along with a grunt.

I understand the only member of my family who was upset about my marrying Janet was Bobby. When Mom told him about it after my phone call from New York, he just glared. Mom tells me he thought if I got married meant I was going forever off on a far off shore, that my family would never see me again. Fat chance, with Manny and Bobby there, and Mom’s stuffed cabbage—and Mom.

END

From the Movies

Just for You—I’ll Si-Si Ya In Bahia by Henry Jerome (MGM).

One Minute to Zero—When I Fall In Love by Doris Day (Columbia).

Victor Young wrote this melody as the musical theme for the score of the film, and the lyrics are by Eddie Heyman, who set words to Body And Soul. It’s Doris’ first record in collaboration with Percy Faith, that fine conductor and arranger, who does an excellent job of teaming with her both on this side and on the coupling, the 20-year-old hit from Germany Take Me In Your Arms.

Slaughter On Tenth Avenue—Ray Anthony (Capitol). This double-sided version of the famous Richard Rodgers composition is an expert, colorful performance. By the way, the MGM album entitled Slaughter On Tenth Avenue And Other Ballet Music From Motion Pictures is now available on both 45 r.p.m. and LP discs.

Sudden Fear—title song by Steve Lawrence (King)

Popular

Peggy Lee—Just One Of Those Things* (Decca).

Peggy’s star is rising again; her collaboration with Gordon Jenkins and the first big hit record that they produced. Lover, was followed by the news that she’s been signed to play opposite Danny Thomas in The Jazz Singer, a role originally set for Doris Day. Chances are that within a year Peggy will be one of the top stars both for Decca and for Warner Bros.

Sauter-Finegan Orchestra—Doodletown Fifers** (Victor).

Here’s one of the most original and exciting new bands in a long time. Bill Finegan has written many of Tommy Dorsey’s most popular arrangements, while Eddie Sauter performed similar chores for Benny Goodman. Now they’ve formed their own band to express some completely new ideas—unusual sounds, such as piccolo, odd percussion and other effects that you don’t hear in a regular dance band.

The most striking of their first four tunes is Doodletown Fifers, based on a traditional melody (originally called Kingdom Come). But you’ll probably be delighted with the other side, an unusual and very pretty version of Aztec-Te.

Another release by the band is Stop! Sit Down! Relax! Think! An odd little ditty interpreted on an old song called Rain. With more original ideas like those of Sauter and Finegan, the bands will really come back to the place of emphasis now monopolized by the singers.

Frank Sinatra—Tennessee Newsboy* (Columbia).

This is a fast-tempoed, exciting side by Frankie, one of his best records.
party girl grows up

(Continued from page 29) that marriage can be a very beautiful and wonderful thing—with the right guy, of course.

When Lana arrived on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe early in July, she said, "Cheryl and I are just up here for a vacation. I have six weeks off between pictures. Then I'm going back to work." And with that she rented the lakeside cottage belonging to Justice of the Peace McClery. She said nothing at all about a divorce from Bob Topping, merely moved into the cottage with Cheryl and a maid, and the very next day took off with her daughter for a little fishing.

In order to prevent unwanted visitors and the usual bevy of curiosity-seekers from invading her privacy, Lana had a sign put by the road which read: "Justice of the Peace no longer lives here. Has moved into Zephyr Cove."

This didn't stop the newspaper boys however, from calling on Lana to see if she had actually come to the lake to fish. "By God!" one reporter recalls. "She was fishing, baiting her own hooks, too. Didn't look like a movie star. In fact, with that haircut, didn't even look like Turner. I asked her who her lawyer was, and she said, 'I don't have any.' I thought she was kidding, but you know what? She was on the level. I checked all the lawyers in Reno, and they said no, they weren't handling her divorce. Of course, she could have some lawyer in Las Vegas. Clark Gable tried that, but we found out about it. No, she was on the level with us. Surprised the devil out of me, too, because we'd been warned that she was very uncooperative with the press."

But that was the old Lana.

Take, for example, the terrible impression the actress created in England a few years ago when she sailed to Europe on her honeymoon trip with Bob Topping.

When the Mauretania docked at Southampton, the British reporters called on Lana, and she came up with such ridiculous remarks as, "I am a woman with a price on my head. You've no idea how ghastly it has all been. I have been the target of malicious gossip. I guess I know why. It is a result of the war and all this talk about Communism. People wanted something else to talk about and so they turned to me...I don't see why all this should be the price of fame."

Then David Lewis of The London Daily Express asked Lana if it were true that she had spent $30,000 on her trousseau.

"Just a few dresses," Lana explained. "That's all. Maybe ten dresses and four suits and perhaps ten pairs of shoes. You see, Mr. Lewin, it's all an exciting holiday for me. I shall just love seeing your England, all the history and all that."

The day after Lana hit London, a press conference was held at the Savoy Hotel. Through no fault of her own, Lana was an hour late. When she finally arrived, she didn't know what to say. "I love the English country," she began. "The grass and trees are wonderrfully green, and the tulips particularly. And all the flowers are terribly beautiful."

The following day the British Press Association issued a statement denouncing Lana's interview as "the strongest and most humiliating press conference yet held in Britain."

There was no one to explain to the English reporters that Lana was scared stiff, inwardly terrified, that here was a girl who knew precious little about English history, who, in her own awkward way, was trying to act in a manner she felt was expected of her.

So they took her over the coals. But let Lana return to England in the future, and she'll have the press eating out of her hand. Because, in four years, Mrs. Turner's little girl has come a long, long way.

Up at Tahoe, by way of illustration, she greeted the reporters graciously, said, "What can I do for you, boys?"

When the photographers asked for a few pictures, she posed cooperatively.

When they said, "How about you and this Lamas of yours for a big photo session?" she said frankly and honestly, "We're interested in each other, of course, but he's still married and so am I. I can't talk about wedding dates or anything like that."

"When do you plan to sue for divorce?"

"I don't know. (Continued on next page)
I saw it happen

Last year my husband took me to the Puerto Rican legislature to see the ceremony in honor of José Ferrer. José had come to his beloved Puerto Rico to receive from our Governor the Oscar he had been awarded by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1951.

The Senate and House of Representatives paid homage to José, interrupting their work to greet him in the name of the Puerto Rican people. The President of the House made a beautiful speech which he dramatically ended with these words:

"José Ferrer! Let us open the doors of the soul of this family and allow me to take your hand and deposit it in the heart of the people of Puerto Rico."

José rose, his features contracted with emotion. As he shook hands with the President, thunderous waves of applause filled the Capitol. The audience rose and clapped for several minutes.

It was a great moment for José. The great actor of America could not act at this moment, nor could he hide his feelings. He burst into tears, covered his face with both hands and dropped into his chair, sobbing like a little boy.

*Elie Alcaraz de Irizarry, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico*

I Ana also used her vacation as a time for reflection. Many afternoons, when Cheryl had wandered along the few hours later she was Mrs. Artie Shaw. After the ceremony, Shaw kissed her for the first time.

The marriage was a catastrophe. Four months later, Artie and Lana wound up in a Santa Monica hospital with an A-number-one nervous breakdown.

You would have thought Lana had learned her lesson. But she says, “I'm lonely unless I have someone to love.”

Next, it was Steve Crane with whom she eloped. This was tragic, because at the time Lana married Steve, the tall, dark, heavy-haired lover was still married to a girl named Carol Kurtz, so that his marriage to Lana was illegal.

You all know the story. Lana quickly had the marriage annulled, then found herself pregnant. Six months later she and Crane drove down to Mexico and got remarried in order to legalize the birth of their child.

To Lana, the only richness Lana had has had from her many ill-advised love affairs, the only reward, the only anodyne to all her heartbreak has been her nine-year-old daughter. Cheryl, who happens to look very much like her father.

Whatever charge may be made against Lana, and many have been made, no one has ever questioned her ability as a mother. Lana is a wonderful mother, and between her and Cheryl exists an understanding that is rare in the annals of mother-daughter relationships.

Lana never talks down to Cheryl. She treats her as an equal. “Cheryl,” she would say up at Tahoe. “What do you think about fishing this afternoon?” or “Cheryl, why don’t we just sit around and gab?” or
“What do you think of this dress, Cheryl?”

Some of Lana’s friends say that, unwittingly, the actress is spoiling her daughter by being overly protective and by showering her with affection and gifts.

This is partly true, but it’s most understandable when you realize that the chances are very slim that Lana will ever successfully give birth. She has no RH factor in her bloodstream, or what the doctors call RH negative. Most men are RH positive. A pregnancy under these circumstances always results in a miscarriage. While living with Bob Topping, Lana suffered two miscarriages.

One of the reasons for Lana’s breakup with Bob Topping was his inability to get along with Cheryl.

“I’m sure he likes her,” she used to explain, “only Bob just doesn’t know how to approach them. They can’t seem to find a common level. Bob’s a reserved sort of person. Cheryl’s like me. She needs love and affection. Bob just can’t bring himself to be understanding with her.”

There are other reasons, of course, but one main reason why Lana loves Fernando Lamas is because Fernando and Cheryl manage to hit it off. Lamas has a daughter of his own in South America.

For a while everyone expected that Lana, Fernando and Cheryl would spend the summer vacation together.

Only something very important happened. Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew’s Inc., had a talk with Lamas and asked the studio officials why the young man had not yet married the gangster’s opposite Elizabeth Taylor in The Girl Who Had Everything.

“His English isn’t too good,” Schenck was told, “but an accent. He comes from Argentina. The gangster in this picture is an American.”

Schenck thought for a few minutes. “You fellows ever heard of Frank Costello?” he asked. “He comes from Italy, and he talks with an accent. That’s no handicap for someone who’s supposed to play a gangster.”

Nicholas Schenck is the major domo at MGM. His suggestions carry the weight of law. In a matter of minutes, Fernando Lamas was called and came rushing to the studio.

“Fernando,” he was told, “you’re off suspension. We’re putting you in one of the best dramatic roles of the year. This is a great opportunity. You’re going to star with Elizabeth Taylor in The Girl Who Had Everything.”

Ever since he finished The Merry Widow, the film in which he met and fell in love with Elizabeth Taylor, Fernando has been afraid that MGM would limit him to musicals. Here was the meaty dramatic role he’d been clamoring for. He couldn’t possibly resist it. He accepted at once. That night he got through to Lana on the phone. He explained what had happened, how he couldn’t possibly visit her.

“I understand,” Lana said, “And I’m very happy for you, darling.” And she meant it, too, because Lana wants Fernando to develop into a movie star of great magnitude. She realizes the very obvious danger to a marriage that exists when the wife is so much more successful than the husband. “The more successful Fernando is,” she says, “the happier I will be.”

Lana and Fernando planned to get married in September and then honeymoon in South America, where Lamas would meet Fernando’s folks and his daughter.

These plans were predicated on the assumption that Lamas would be able to secure an annulment—a divorce is difficult since he and his wife are both Catholics—and they would be able to shed Topping.

The schedule hasn’t run true to form. To begin with, Lana is determined to regain some of the money she claims to have sunk into her marriage with Topping. “I was a patsy for that one,” she declares, “but I’m not going to get stuck.”

The chances are, of course, that she will. Topping’s in no hurry to get a divorce. He can hold out until Doomsday.

Lana, on the other hand, may go ahead with her divorce, should Fernando succeed in obtaining his annulment, regardless of the financial settlement. She is certainly in no position to sue Topping for divorce on any other grounds but mental cruelty.

So, willy-nilly, she finds herself in the embarrasing position of being a victim. She’s had to pay over $100,000 for the doubtful privilege of having a very unhappy marriage. She will also have to pay for the divorce.

**G R A N T E D** that Lana somehow secures her freedom from Topping and marries Fernando Lamas, how good are the chances that this marriage—it will be Lana’s fifth in 13 years—will succeed?

The chances are even-money, fifty-fifty, which are the best odds Lana has ever had.

Fernando Lamas is a Catholic who regards matrimony as a very holy and lasting institution. Lana has never been married in a church before, so that in the eyes of the Catholic Church she has never been really married. Lana was baptized a Protestant, but as a little girl in Sacramento she was sent to a parochial school run by the Dominican Sisters, and while she actually insisted that she wanted to become a nun, “I considered myself a Catholic,” she confided to friends.

In all probability, Fama and Fernando will tie the knot in some Catholic rectory after the priest obtains the proper dispensation for the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic.

I predict that such a marriage, if it comes into being, will last, unless the husband wants it to be dissolved. If this marriage proves successful, it will not be Lana’s fault. Here’s a girl who is determined to make her next marriage last. She has seen through the folly of being a night club queen, a party girl and a Hedonist. She knows that complications rarely work out, that marriages have to be carefully planned, that living with a husband calls for tact and understanding.

All that Lamas wants out of life right now is a happy home. She has a healthy, well-adjusted daughter, a successful, rewarding career. All that’s missing is a loving, lasting husband.

In Fernando Lamas, It’s even-money that he’ll fit the bill. That, if he and Lana can arrange to get together matrimony. The odds on that are also even-money.

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In Warner’s Technicolor film version of Where’s Charley all the principals take part in a cute routine at the end of which there is what amounts to their coming out for bows, with their names flashing on the screen. Warners years ago used to do something like this at the end of almost every one of its pictures, and I think the audiences liked it. Very often you take a liking to a particular performer and would like to see him again. In another movie, if you knew who he was. This is a simple and satisfying way of building new screen personalities, and it is a definite service to the audience.

Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter
the lies they tell about Liz and Mike

(Continued from page 31) maître d’hôtel to show them to their table, the gossip magazines began to gush like severed arteries.

“Maybe you won’t believe this,” the first rumor-spreader said to the group, “but you know what-Liz has never seen him without his toupee?”

“I can’t believe that,” said a small, round-faced woman. “After all, they’re married. It would be as if Wilding went to bed every night with a big bundle of cotton in his head.”

A third woman joined the conversation. “My first husband wore a headpiece,” she announced, “and I’m an authority on the subject. In London several times. He’s not at all vain about his wig. As a matter of fact, I saw him with a girl. I believe she’s a writer named Dale Ambler, and he wasn’t wearing his toupee. Also saw him when he was dating Marlene Dietrich, and again he was bald.”

The first woman’s eyes gleamed brightly. “How bald?” she asked.

“Not too bald,” the third woman continued. “Sort of like Gene Kelly. A re-ceding hairline.”

“The only reason I brought up a subject the other woman said, “is that I’m convinced the marriage can’t last. I’m sure the child doesn’t know the first thing about him. Of course, she’ll find out as she grows, but he does other things, and that’s when the disillusionment will set in. What a shame. She’s such a lovely girl!”

“Of course she’s lovely,” another of the throng with a smirk agreed. “But so was Shirley Temple. Lovely but inexperienced. The first thing in a pair of pants that comes along, and whoopee! Right away it’s marriage. I don’t want a girl like that, I don’t want one like a girl, but I give Liz Taylor’s second marriage three or four years at best.”

The woman who’d seen Michael Wilding in London and apparently knew a good deal about him, shook her head. “I think you’re wrong,” she said. “The marriage will last much longer. Even if it becomes a marriage in name only. Wilding and Liz, I think, are a lot alike. I think she married Douglas Montgomery, Kay Young, that’s her name. Wilding and Kay were married ten years. It wasn’t much of a match toward the end, but still a match. Liz is greedy, I think. She’s a new girl, too, but I give Liz Taylor’s second marriage three or four years at best.”

When the three Wildings had just stopped at the apartment of Janet Leb, and with Jimmy Curtis they had a good time under Liz — to borrow some dishes. When he walked into Liz’s apartment, his arms loaded with Janet’s china, Liz grabbed a pair of may cakes and declared it right in his face. No one else was in on the gag. It was terrible. Stanley Roberts ran to the bathroom where he began to cry and Elizabeth began to cry, and it was a whole mess. But at least he knew that nothing a schoolgirl would do. That’s why I think she’s too young for Wilding. He’s a beast. When she’s 30, he’ll be 32. When she’s 40, I’ll be 52. Do you realize that he’ll be in his 70’s by the time their first child reaches 30?”

The above is a small example of the gossip devoted in Hollywood these days to Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding.

Seemingly because she was raised in London, Elizabeth Taylor is an open book to everyone. Practically every female columnist in the movie colony pretends to be an authority on Liz and her life.

But Michael Wilding, they don’t know everything; but what they know, they feel, is enough.

Reduced to its essence, the unfounded rumors on Wilding come down to this: (a) he is too old for Liz; (b) he is an unknown, and has very little money; (c) he would not have received an MGM contract if he hadn’t married Liz; (d) he is by nature a flippant charmer, and doesn’t take marriage too seriously; and (e) he is much too smart for Liz and being so intelligent, worldly and knowing, what does he see in Liz besides her incontrovertible physical beauty.

As for Liz, rumor has it that: (a) she will never win any prizes for scholarship; (b) she has yet to mature mentally; (c) her films aren’t serious; (d) she’s not being enough, in spite of vast amounts of money earned. (e) she is a simple girl who is in love with love. These are the two reasons she scored such a hit with Wilding.

Let’s get to the truth. With Wilding this is a very easy matter, since he is a basically honest, straight-forward, plainspoken person.

“I was born in a small town in Essex,” he says, “place called Westcliffe-on-the-Sea. My father Henry Wilding, was in the circus. He wanted to be a captain but didn’t earn much money. Mother was Ethel Wayburn, who played briefly on the stage but gave it up for marriage. I’m the younger of two sons.”

“On a day I went to a school, called, strangely enough, Christ’s Hospital. That was in London. Later, the school was moved out to Sussex. I was never lucky enough to do much right. I was only 14 when I wanted to become an artist. I studied in Brussels and then when I got back to London, I had in mind a job painting scenes and sets at the British International Studios in Elstree.”

Wilding had no connections or pull and
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two wives—two lives

(Continued from page 39) Once in a Philadelphia bar, a boozed-embezzled character tossed insults at Jerry and finally queried Dean, “How can a nice guy like you team up with such a jerk?” Martin sent him crowding across the bar. In Minneapolis, given a handstand in their act misfired and Jerry cracked down and out on his spine, Dean bawled like a baby. After he'd carried Jerry, unconscious, into the dressing room, Jerry asked a manager what he'd do when the theatre manager stormed, “What am I gonna do for my next show?” Dean picked him up in a rage and heaved him out into the street.

By now, it’s impossible to imagine Dean Martin working without Jerry Lewis, as impossible as it would be to conceive of — say—a Martini without gin. For eight hours out of every day, they are more than a comedy team, they are irrevocably wedded in show business.

Yet every night, when their separate Cadillaces roll away from whatever Hollywood studio is recording their latest antics, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin get a divorce. They go home to private lives that are separate as anything professional ones are close. Until they meet again next morning you’d hardly suspect that Jerry and Dean knew each other.

Their homes are only eight miles apart, but there the rows are. Between the Martins and the Lewises don’t mix socially. When they show up in public, it’s such a Hollywood surprise that, as Jerry would see the flashbulbs pop! They have a completely separate circle of friends. In fact, recently when a certain Hollywood couple who liked all four started showing up both places, Pat Buttram from Martin told them frankly, in effect, “One of us or the other.”

All of this is suspicious and baffling to a town like Hollywood, where studio and social lives are normally as wrapped up together as worms in a can. So naturally, there have been countless rumors of glacial relations between the Martin and Lewis households, and there probably always will be.

Actually, however, Jerry and Patti Lewis and Dean and Jeanne Martin are all extremely fond of each other. The point is that they want to stay that way. The curtain which separates their personal existence is in part an instinctive reaction to their thick-as-thieves career partnership. Also, it’s deliberate, a hardening to advice given long ago by Olsen and Johnson, the famous Broadway team of songies. “You boys have a great future,” O. and J. promised them, “if you remember just one thing—keep your wives apart!” Luckily, Dean and Jeanne have remembered that counsel and luckily, too, they married girls with heads level enough to realize its wisdom.

But there’s another reason why Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, close as freckles on a redhead’s nose at work, lead private lives as far apart as the poles. Outside of the fact that both are family men, and like good that has been done is by no means common. In tastes, interests and temperaments, Dean and Jerry are strangers. In every way you can think of, the terrific twins are a study in contrasts.

There are those who are thinking as in the two different homes and home lives they head for when the day’s funny business is over.

Dean Martin’s house is a white modern colonial on the Beverly Hills side of Westwood. The Martin manse could be the residence of a successful banker, lawyer or business man. Inside, it is formally and somewhat impersonally decorated; there is nothing whatever to suggest that its owner is half of Hollywood’s Number One Office-Office team. The lone moment of its decoration is rhubarb stippling, which testifies that he and Bob Crosby once won a minor golf tournament at Bel-Air.

On the other hand, the rambling, ranch-type Lewis place, out in Pacific Palisades, could belong to nobody but Jerry. It’s cluttered with records and trophies of his career. In his study, on floor-to-ceiling bookshelves and bookshelves, is parked a collection of every script, every still, every radio transcription, recording, magazine article, newspaper clipping and ad concerning Martin and Lewis, a carefully preserved since they began.

Its main value is a reassuring reminder for Jerry Lewis that what has happened is not going to happen again. Any assurance, every day, every hour. On his desk sits a pen stand, modestly engraved, “To Jerry—the nicest guy I know—Jerry Lewis.” And beside that rests a miniature very monster, with toad face, lizard arms and shell back. Beneath it the question: “Am I for real?”

Dean Martin has no such agonizing questions, and that is the essential difference between the two screwball partners. Dean, a true Italian, lets life run through him. His friends know that. Jerry, with all his sensitivity, drive, glooms and elations, is as restless and skittety as a water spider, while Dean’s as relaxed as a tabby cat.

When Jerry comes home from work, he peels down to his shorts, stretches out on the living room carpet, props his head on a pillow and stare at television until he’s had his fill of television. Then he’s ready for whatever the evening offers, and that is reliably planned. If it turns out to be an Italian dinner at Guy and Angela Crockett’s, his dad and mom’s housekeeper with Sheila and Gordon MacRae, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, or the Hollywood Legion prizefights, he’s not worked up about it or in a huff. To Dean his home is a haven, a place to relax, eat and sleep and enjoy his family.

Jerry, by contrast, never leaves his work. He even works in his pajamas. Flash-board of his Cadillac and busily scribbles memos driving to and from work. At home he’s constantly on the phone about this and that studio business. Voices every day worry variously and worry about it until it gets done. Sometimes he lets Patti stretch him out on the sofa and massage his feet, and that’s as near as he ever gets to unwinding. Usually he gulps a handful of vitamin tablets, eats a fast dinner, and plunges into some project. That’s what home is to Jerry—forever making something, collecting something or correcting something. And he’s fuzzy as an old maid about it all. Everything around his house has to be in apple pie order.

Jerry’s favorite pastime takes place in an elaborate playhouse which, with his swimming pool, swallows up most of his backyard. There’s a sign, “The Gar-Ron Playhouse” (named after his two sons, Gary and Ronnie). Inside is one of the most completely equipped fun houses in Hollywood. In high society night club, movie theatre and luxury lounge. Deep stuffed chairs and spacious sofas are scattered about a huge fireplace. In the corner there’s a glinting half-circle bar, with every known glass on the shelves and every kind of drink, hard and soft. There’s a projection booth, a slide screen that appears and disappears at...
touch of a button. Tucked away in wall cupboards are all sorts of games. There are two record machines, a piano and full set of drums — even a slot machine. But all of this, except the screen and projector — Jerry himself seldom uses. What he heads for every free hour is a miniature film laboratory behind the play room. There, with the best cameras, the fanciest lenses, cutting and recording machines — $5,000 worth — makes pictures of his acts, directly, photographs, cuts, splices and dubs. And he's happy as a clam at it.

The Gar-Ron productions have already put out three of Hollywood hits — The Reinforcer (The Enforcer), Fairfax Avenue (Sunset Boulevard) and A Spot In The Shade (A Place In The Sun). They're so good that Hal Wallis wants Jerry to write and direct for commercial release. Nothing would please him more. He'll make a movie at the drop of a suggestion. For Dean's last birthday, he filmed out a happy Birthday Day To A Beautiful Bambino.

On this project Jerry has the help of the Gar-Ron group, the hub of the Lewises'. It includes Tony Cured, and Janet Leigh, Marge and Jeff Chandler, Danny Arnold, Mona Freeman, and a host of studio and business associates. It does not include Dean Martin. He's never before been a brain's cranked, or shifted a trick of scenery.

QUIZZING THE STARS
What are your innermost convictions about women and cosmetics, perfumes, et al.

SCOTT BRADY: Like perfume — no makeup.

KIRK DOUGLAS: Wonderful in their place. But even a lily can be over-gilded, and this a girl should avoid.

ROBERT STACK: Take these, easy, girl.

Obviously, opposites like Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are those who prefer the right type of wife to keep them happy. Patti Lewis and Jeanne Martin are both smart, attractive women, but hardly sisters under the skin. Jeanne has flaxen hair, alabaster skin, and features evoking her German-Norwegian ancestry. Her features are cameo-cut and delicate, her manner serene. She looks best in high style, striking clothes. She could step right out of the pages of Vogue and, in fact, once was a model.

Patti, on the other hand, is cute, tanned, brown-eyed, with poodle trimmed black hair. She's vivacious, high spirited and bubbling. Patti, who has a tomboy figure, looks swell in tennis shorts, blouse and a jaunty cap. On a Westwood street near UCLA you'd see a Patti in a sports coat. Yet she never went to college. Her original name was Esther Calonico and she was the daughter of an Italian coal miner. She grew up in Detroit, sang and strolled with an accordion for ten years before NBC and then Ted Fiorito spotted her. She was with Ted's band when this crazy, comic kid named Jerry Lewis came to the Fox-Downey. Patti was fascinated by her by scrabbing "I LOVE YOU" all over her mirror with her own lipstick when she was out of her dressing room. He proposed by a pair of carved spaniel baby shoes on her table with the note, "Let's fill these!"

Besides love, a home and children, Patti Lewis has given and still gives Jerry a vitally needed confidence and assurance of reality. A line from the song, "Patti," which Mack David and Jerry Livingston wrote for Jerry and his best girl, expresses her role. With all the glitter and grace-paint and put the make down, I return to a world that is real. ." Jerry Lewis' real world is Patti.

Her function as Mrs. Lewis is more than being a wife. Patti is Jerry's chum, sweetheart, sister, mother and coach combined. Without her he'd flop around like a kite without string. Because, in contrast to Dean, Jerry's dependent. He's a woman's man — or boy, rather.

He calls Patti "Mommy" and she calls him "Booby." She bakes chocolate chip cookies for him to steal. She sends him out back East for air-expressed copies of "judgeticles," a frozen concoction he can't buy in California. Patti always has to go to the doctor with Jerry, who's a confirmed hypochondriac. She recently had held his hand through $7,000 worth of dental work, a marathon ordeal, because she knew he'd run out of the place without her. Jerry shows off for Patti like a boy does for his mom. When a $20 bill was big money with Jerry, he used to change it into singles, so he'd have a roll for flash for Patti. He won't sleep in a room alone anywhere and bogs pathetically for Patti to accompany him on every trip. Because she knows how much he needs her, she usually does.

Jeanne Martin has a far less complex role to play as Dean's wife. Jeanne is purely and simply a man's woman, the decorative feminine complement to an unembittered man's man. She's only newer while Dean is 35. Four and a half years ago she was Jeanne Biegger, a Miami, Florida girl. She was attending the University of Miami on a scholarship, because of her striking beauty, as Orange Bowl Queen. In fact, it was while celebrating this annual Miami festival that she met Dean, who was singing at the Beach-comber, and their romance began. Jeanne then was barely 18.

Unsixting the two-lakes-in-show-business marriage of Patti and Jerry, Jeanne and Dean's romance was simply the case of a young girl falling over heels for an older man. At first Dean scared Jeanne, and her family and friends. To them Jeanne looked like a "big, suave gangster, even to the slick, black hair and suede shoes." He had a past. He'd been a cropper in gambling palaces, a prizefighter and knockabout crony. Jeanne, still married, is the father of four children. But there was no questioning once Jeanne and Dean fell in love. She came to California with her mother and stayed until Dean got his divorce from Betty, his first wife. In those days, when they stepped out on the dance floors around Hollywood, Jeanne well knew gossips were whispering about the cradle-robber with the wife and four kids at home. But it didn't seem to matter. Their love wasn't the moonlight-and-roses kind. And when things were all straightened out amicably all around, they were married.

The Martins enter in a big way only twice a year. When they do, all Dean will do is to eat and drink in the house. When Jerry Lewis makes a "production" of almost everything, Dean makes no fuss about anything. For example, Jeanne found the house they own and brought Dean around to inspect it. He took a quick look. "You like it?" he asked. Jeanne said she did. "Swell. Buy it," said Jerry. Three days before the Martin's baby boy, Dino, Jr., was born, Jeanne took on all the confusion of moving in the face of that impending ordeal, then calmly flew back to L.A.

By now Dino is heading for his first birthday cake and is a husky, relaxed, beautiful bambino, just like his dad. With "Cap," their giant German Shepherd, that's the extent of the Martin family, although (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page) Dean's four children, ten, seven, six and four, live only three blocks away with his ex-wife. Recently they moved there from Hollywood so Dean could see them more often. All four are thriving. The other parents have adjusted children, and relations between the two households couldn't be more amicable.

Jerry's every bit as devoted a father as Dean, but, being Jerry, he's a very different type—the anxious, fretting kind of dad. Both his sons, Gary, seven, and Ronald, almost four, are charming specimens (Gary has all carbon copy of his pop and Ronnie, their adopted boy, has the map of Ireland in his face). But Jerry always finds something to get anxious about, even if it's only a haircut. Recently Pati had the barber crop Gary's mop down to a summer. It upset Jerry terribly, "I have to wear a crew cut," he said, "You don't want him to look like me, do you?"

Gary's an honor cadet at Black-Foxe Military Academy, where Jerry now goes every Friday to watch him in dress parade, nibbling his nats lest Gary fall out of step. Gary also plays a red hot set of drums, sings like a boy Crosby, and idolizes his dad. But a while back he developed a slight nervous twitch. That gave Jerry something real to worry about, and one night at dinner, frayed after a hard day's work, Gary twitched and Jerry blew. Self-hating Gary was, Jerry shouted. "Gary burst into tears. Jerry turned white as a sheet and ran out of the house.

Four hours later a friend called Patti. Jerry was there, he said, and out like a light on the sofa, exhausted and fast asleep. He stayed all night, ashamed to come home. Next day he called Patti. "Bring Gary to play," he pleaded, "I've just got to see him. I could cut my tongue out for what happened last night."

But Jerry was more than just con- trite. He went to the doctor and found something he hadn't remotely suspected. His boy was suffering from emotional insecurity. "He idolizes you," said the child expert, "but he's afraid of you. You're too busy with your own affairs. You shut him out. He's got to see more of his dad, got to pal around with you. Oddly enough, it was almost the exact story of one of Jerry Lewis's pictures, That's My Boy.

Since then Jerry has been working hard—at relaxing—for his son's sake. Baseball bats and mitts, boxing gloves, BB guns, and all sorts of things clutter up the tidy back yard out on Amalgard Drive. The therapy has worked wonders with Gary, and it's making a new man of his old man, too. Jerry's started a softball team with Dean, supported by Tony Curtis, who's married a Hollywood beauty and is now a Hollywood diamond flashes, called, of all things, "The Martin and Lewis Aristocrats," and Gary's the mascot.

While professionally Martin and Lewis still loom as indissoluble as Gibraltar's rock, whenever they start to buddy up as a foursome, well...

One weekend last winter Patti and Jerry and Jeanne and Dean tossed caution to the winds and all drove up to Apple Valley. Bright and early Jerry, who'd brought his guns along, talked Dean into a hunting hike in the bleak hills. Jeanne and Patti stayed behind at the inn.

But the sight of two specks scrambling rocks made them curious. "Let's see what the boys are doing," suggested Patti. So they mounted some nags and jolted up the trail. Just as they got there, Jerry cried out: "Gary could have traded his artillery at a rustle in the sage."

"Hey—don't shoot!" yelled Dean, "The horses... But it was too late. A report of rifle shot—rocks and trees flew in all directions. Patti and Jeanne's horses not only bolted, they bucked all the way downhill to the inn with the spurs hanging around their necks like fear.

Dean couldn't hear for two days and Jerry nursed a sprained shoulder for a whole week. As for the big game? All they knew of it was that the hunter's face, now red, was covered with dirt and its inward accusations. "Maybe you just don't like to get up and go to church, that's what your whole philosophy amounts to," I answered it, "you're very severely fighting the whole matter again."

The answer is always the same. I cannot be a Catholic. I cannot be a Methodist. I cannot be a Hebrew or a Buddhist or a Mussulman. I cannot be anyTHING working toward an unknown goal, and in this I believe. It must not be thought that I was kept from religion as a child by my family, or prevented from going to church. On the contrary, I was permitted to go to any church, and I went to a number of them. Many churches—many churches. In fact, I found that I liked them all and was really disturbed by only one thing—by any sermon or quotation which tended to indicate that only on high was the hat of thought worn. This would always make me think of the people I had seen in other
in the pink

(Continued from page 46) back East. On one occasion, when Don went stone broke, Kirk loaned him a few dollars. Aware that Alley was a talented but frustrated decorator, Donald promised that if ever he won big, he would give Valley and Alley started yanking about valences and louveres, the conversation got too enigmatic for the versatile song-and-dance man. When Gwen and

The next six weeks, Gwen supervised the redecoration while Alley contributed his present thinking. I am not sure. It was disturbing. I never stopped my habit of praying, but I know this about my prayers today: I never pray in the same way as I used to. I realize that the slight indication about it was not merely needed, but took up time and thinking that might better be applied to personal questions and situations. I could do something about them with the regular Catholic philosophy, I know. But it is surprising how we can all do with refresher courses on even the most elemental rules of life. I was struck by the fact that my help had come from a man who, while dedicated to show people the way to know God, realized that they must first learn the way to know themselves.

This is perhaps what I am doing now—learning to know myself. If I do it well, maybe I will get to know Him ... and I am waiting for the time when I sometimes feel He must be, He will forgive my doing it my own way.

(Jane Powell can be seen in MGM's Small Town Girl.)

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Ann Pinkham says —

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Gwen says —

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(Continued from preceding page) grain. Gwen is extremely honest and straightforward when it comes to explaining why she likes to redo her house at least once a year or so.

"I'm young," she says, "and I have a restless nature, a lot of curiosity and boundless energy. When I've become bored of one space, I travel around the world with Donald, but he simply can't relax on a trip. Last year we made a tour of England and Scotland. Donald lost 20 pounds. He just doesn't like foreign food. It's to run ten full-length movies at home or go up to the mountains with a few decks of canasta cards. Put him on a bed, and he'll plan a trip rather than think. That experience with him on tour in Britain taught me a very valuable lesson. Instead of going away for a change of atmosphere, I now change the surroundings at home. It keeps me busy and Don happy."

Practically the only thing about the Donald O'Connor house that's remained the same since they bought the place is the exterior. It's been painted, of course, but the essential structure has never been altered, except for the addition of a master bedroom which became necessary when Donna was born.

The house resembles a British cottage with its high-gabled roof and neatly shuttered windows. As of this moment, it's painted a wonderful coral color and green are Gwen's favorite colors. That's why she planted so many lush tropical flora out front. The total effect of the boxes of colored plants and colors is that here's a house that might well be used on a travel poster inviting tourists to visit Bermuda.

The interior, subject to change, of course, is currently furnished in modified French contemporary with great accent on color.

"The last time I did the house," Gwen says, "everything was in antique white. It was just so speechless. Mother used to say, 'Why, Gwen, you look washed out against that background. It doesn't go with your auburn coloring.' Mother was right, which was too bad, she says.

Gwen's correction this year consists of strong greens, purple, coral, and royal blue, all tastefully applied.

The ceiling in the living room, for example, is coral. The walls are purple. A fabric made up in this same color combination covers the enormous sectional couch and is repeated in the swag of the draperies. The remainder of the furniture in the room is off-white or antiqued-mirrored so as not to compete with the dominant tones.

In the dining room and Donna's nursery are all predominantly green, while the O'Connor's master bedroom is done in royal blue with accents of red corduroy.

Occupying a small home, Gwen is always on the lookout for items to make the house appear larger than it really is. She also must find additional storage place for Donald's constantly increasing possessions. (At one time, it was said that the house had a collection of 400 guns.)

Gwen and decorator-friend Alley employ a number of clever tricks in the solution of their space problem. For one thing, the high-backed King-size bed is made from the dining room, through the foyer, the living room, and right into the master bedroom. This creates an illusion of expansion of space to the extent that guests who enter from one end of the house to the other without a break. That's a good tip, should you want to make your apartment look larger than it really is. Use the same color and kind of floor covering in most of the rooms.

Gwen O'Connor's use of mirrors is also
deft and smart. Their judicious location can give a room depth as well as a feeling of space. One wall of the master bedroom is filled with mahogany and glass closet doors.
and a hundred other Moby Dicks spouting around the boat. Desi gunned the motor and finally escaped, although since then he's had to talk fast to get Lucille on any Desilu cruises. When they go to the harbor, she stays in an apartment with Lucie Dee-Dee at the Villa Marina, on terra firma.

But no matter where they are or what they're doing, something with a comedy-drama flavor seems to fasten on to Lucy and Desi Arnaz. They're just that kind of a pair. Once, for instance, when Desi played an engagement at the famous Flamings in Las Vegas, Lucy got so drunk to keep Desi, who loves to gamble, away from the gaming tables. With wifely fervor she decided to demonstrate at the dice table how you always lose, it wasn't very convincing. In six passes of the bones, Lucy won $18,000.

Even at the great and long-prayed-for event, when the mastodon turned and got wheeled off at the wrong floor and prepared for the wrong kind of operation before she could convince the nurses there was some kind of mistake. And Desi got through the hospital halls and couldn't find out what was going on or where until it was all over. So you can see, whipping out an I Love Lucy idea once a week is easy. But playing the show is not.

Lucille and Desi work hard, far harder together than they ever did apart. What they actually do is make a two-reel movie in about 14 straight weeks of the year. Each Tuesday morning they tackle a new show, walking through it with script in hand. By that evening they have memorized all the lines. The next day they rehearse and the next they shoot it—in one session, without a stop. Cutting, editing, dubbing and printing by technicians takes up the rest of the time until you see I Love Lucy on your TV set.

That's why the Desilu Ranch is at the weekend is the worst rot around Hollywood. They said the Desilu Ranch is the best ranch in the world, and they were right. It's even better than the apartment house roof, she wound up being delirious for two days.

This sun touchiness and a decided tendency toward color that Desi has encouraged the Arnazes' family fun aboard The Desilu, Desi's 34-foot cruiser where, next to the ranch, he'd rather be than anywhere. They keep that family yachting down at Newport Harbor where already Desi, a terrific rod and reel man, has snagged six marlin out of the blue water. But when Lucie walks aboard the Desilu, all she does is head for the rail, and as for fish...

First time she ever dropped a line into the gulf stream off Florida, where Desi bought his boat, Lucy snagged a big one and put in a fight like a Panamanian. Luckily she was smart enough not to pull the fish, for she would have looked like a fish. It looked like a fish. The first time she ever got a line on to the boat she got a big tuna. The last time she got a big tuna, she got a big hit. She was in the air, and as for fish...

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Foot Relief

(Continued from preceding page) the old. Despite her official v.p. title at Desilu Productions, Lucy has no idea about the business end of their TV project; Desi handles all that. But around the house she's the supervising angel, by force of habit from the years when she held the place together. Today Lucille can't go to sleep at night until she's made the rounds, checked all the windows and doors, put out the cats and seen every pup safely bedded in his box.

The Arnazes play every bit as hard as they work, but practically always at home. Their idea of a good time is to invite everybody they know—and they know hundreds—to swamp over the place for some kind of a feast and fete, usually a riotous costume party. "Western Costumes," says Desi, "is the fad this season."

"Pretty isn't it?" agreed Lucille and then zipped open a small beach bag she had carried in the car. In it were slacks, a corduroy short, a white cap, a white sweater...hanging over the edge of the bed is Desi's "bathing suit." She walked into the bedroom and changed.

"Whew," she grinned. "I'm glad that's over!"

Oddly enough, too, although she's usually seen in a bandanna, clamborgues, blouses and baleroes around the ranch, Lucille collects glamorous jewelry, aquamarines of stunning shapes and mammoth sizes. In a way it's a sentimental kick, however, since aquamarines were the first gifts Desi gave her.

Before very long, it looks like Lucie Dee-Dee will have a sister or brother, Master Desiderio Alberto Desi Arnaz IV, if it's a boy. Early last summer, after sending up those 38 straight Lucy shows, Lucille and Desi got off the hook for a well deserved vacation. They planned a cruise to Hawaii where Lucille said it's going to cost them a few thousand dollars worth of sports clothes to keep the tropical sun off her tender skin.

But just before they packed to board the Lurline, Lucy had that woozy feeling again and the doc said uh-huh, she could officially slip on her halo again. So the Arnazes had to settle for a fast week at Sun Valley, where Desi had snapped rainbow trout, while Lucille sat around the hotel feeling green and goose pimply, and happier than ever to get back home.

When the Arnazes set off for a trip of their dreams plans to pieces, a certain girl friend of Lucille's heard the news and called her up to console. "You poor, poor thing," she began, "you've worked so hard and now you're stuck on the trip. I hope your dreams you get pregnant! It just isn't right!"

"Oh, isn't it?" came back Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Desi Arnaz IV, Co., with a red-hading emphasis she usually reserves for traffic cops and other menaces to her home life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. "So I need a dream trip, do I? Listen, this year all my dreams are right here in the ranch, and they're dreams I've waited for years to come true. Now tell me, what's poor about that?"

Well, practically nothing, when you level down on it. And besides all this and Heaven too, there are Hollywood movies when Lucille and Desi care to make them, or can tear themselves away from television long enough.

BY NOW I LOVE Lucy is back on the air again and so is little What's-His-Name Arnaz although strictly under wraps, of course. Unless plans have been changed at the very last minute, Lucy and her event is being written right into her TV show, week by week. It's still a little early to say just how the thirty million customers feel about this. But as Desiderio Alberto Desi Arnaz IV, Consolidated, are concerned, it's by far the best script idea that's come out of Desilu Ranch so far.

Dorothy Lamour is a fast girl with the nobly built blonde of the Nineties. En route for Miles White would be quick to testify. White wheeled onto the set one day aboard a bright red scooter with "The Dottie L. boldly printed in white at the point. Dottie seized the first opportunity to return the compliment; the other day she bought a brand new Cadillac, and had lettered on its door, in elegant script, "The Miles W."

Dorothy Kilgallen in The Journal-American

At these rallies Desi, in chef's cap and apron, presides happily at one of the cooking spots which, like telephones, are scattered all over Desilu Ranch. Her is a frustrated chef and the only Hollywood husband in captivity who actually had a kitchen dinner given in his honor. Some of the Arnazes special friends—Kurt and Ketti Frings, Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Dean and Jeanine Martin, Ed Sedgwick, Eve Arden and many more—collaborated on this event and it's well worth it. And as the party ended, grill, electric rotisserie, charcoal pit and barbecue Desi folks up or ladles out some kind of ambrosia whenever he gets the chance.

Both Desi and Lucille are ardent family lovers and there are enough kissing corners around to make it interesting. Lucille's mother, Desirée, her sister Cleo and family, her and Desi's son, Lollita, all live reasonably near and Desilu Ranch is the rallying point. Birthdays, anniversaries, Easter, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July are their holidays. She feeds the pig, turkey and general festivities of the season.

"When Desi builds a fleet of motels on the ranch and all the family moves in for keeps, that's when you'll really know, says Lucille, and she's not far from meaning it.

With all this going on right on their favorite five acres, it's small wonder that the Arnazes long to be free. But they are not. They both love Hollywood's glamorous mill or buzzing around in its social whirl. Partly, this is because they're both too wrapped up in their all out jobs with I Love Lucy, partly because neither is the Hollywood 'society' type and partly because both Lucille and Desi have certainly had their fill of night clubs, show places and cases. Their private lives are complete now. From force of habit, stemming back to her glamorous girl days, Lucille is still a sucker for new evening gowns, but they're strictly for the moths. Actually she prefers to cook at home. There's the last Academy Award banquet she buzzed the doorbell of her director friend, Ed Sedgwick, who's been like her pop since she was a little girl.

"Can I come in and fry a chop?" Lucy asked. "I'm hungry." Ed said to help herself in the kitchen and complimented her on the sleek creation which Mitchell Leisen designed. Lucy agreed it was a success but added: "Pretty isn't it?" agreed Lucille and then zipped open a small beach bag she had carried in the car. In it were slacks, a corduroy short, a white cap, a white sweater...hanging over the edge of the bed is Desi's "bathing suit." She walked into the bedroom and changed.

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movie reviews

(Continued from page 24) nor affair are a careful production and some real casting in-ognation. Both dancer Bette herself (who does no dancing but makes worldly comments on the passing scene with telling effects) and Alexander Scourby (as one of the most re-strained slick and intelligent scoundrels of re-ent films) are wonderful. They sometimes seem more important than it really is.


THE FOURPOSTER

Stanley Kramer continues to build his reputa-tion as a producer of unusual pictures with The Fourposter, one of the most unusual he has presented. It has only one set and only two charac-ters. The bed of the title sym-bolizes the married life of the Embriators, a Manhattan couple played by the real-life hus-band-and-wife team of Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. It remains in their room from the 1980s through the ‘30s—with love, laugh-ter, sorrow and the sometimes subtle in-be-tween relationship that the expression “hus-band and wife” connote. Away from the static quality that would usually result from the use of only one set, there are a num-ber of animated “bridges”—clever and often lovely drawings that explain what has hap-pened between live-action scenes. Best of all, the novelty of these unusual factors never inter-ferses with the story line. They have all been integrated so beautifully under Irving Reis’s smooth direction that while one realizes the story is being told in a different way, one’s attention is still held more to the story itself than to the mechanics of how it is being shown. Unfortunately, that story is often over-melodramatic where it could have been effec-tively dramatic. It is sometimes untruly to its characters (at least to Abby, the wife, whose temporary decision to leave her Johnny is just not believable of the woman she has earlier been shown to be). But if the film is not the great one it might have been, it is still some-thing to see—a motion picture that shows again that movie-makers can conquer new frontiers if they do it imaginatively enough.

And in the playing of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison it proves that it’s the quality, not the quantity, of the cast that counts.

Cast: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer—Columbia.

THE MERRY WIDOW

If there is little that is really merry about this remake of Franz Lehar’s famous operetta, at least it is mostly light-hearted. Not taking the classic story too seriously, these days, the scenarists have up-dated the libretto a bit, substituting a farcical touch here and there for some of the romance. Most of these liberties help justify the casting of Lana Turner in the title part, for the emphasis is now on “light” rather than an “opera.” She plays the Amer-ican Widow, and the American husband made millions in the U.S. after emigrating from Mar-shova, a mythical nation in the Balkans. Mar-shova is on the verge of national bankruptcy when the story begins, and the country’s king plots to persuade the widow to pay a visit and so to impress with hospitality that she will pay his treasury’s bills in return. His little scheme succeeds initially, and when Lana ar-rives the king forces one of his courtiers, a wide-ranging romantic named Count Danilo (Fernando Lamas), to pay her court. A com-edy of errors ensues. Danilo mistakes Lana’s friend and paid companion, Una Merkel, for her, and Lana in turn gets her to the plot. Angered especially because she was particu-larly taken with the gentleman, Lana packs up and goes. Not-so-lightly, Danilo follows (the king tells him to, under penalty of death). Taken with the lady himself, he is still mistaken about which is which; one appeals to his heart, one to his and his country’s pocketbook. While Miss Turner is believable enough as the widowed 19th century belle, Miss Lamas in the dancing role is not so forte, so memorable scenes suffer somewhat on the feminine side. Lamas, how-er, is such a dashing Danilo and sings and dances with such verve that he more than makes up for her shortcomings. The light touch, the tongue-in-cheek approach do the same for the show.

Cast: Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas, Una Merkel, Richard Haydn—MGM.

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO

One Minute To Zero makes the audience a front-seat observer at the Korean fighting front, and that in turn makes the move much more harrowing than most battle films. All this, one realizes, is going on today. Not only are actual shots of the Korean war incorporated into the picture, but they are well integrated with the staged action, so that the net effect is often that of a documentory telling the story of the problems faced in the Far East by soldier and civilian alike. Two colonels, Robert Mitchum, representing the Infantry, and William Tal-man, representing the Air Force, are military observers at Seoul when the invasion from the North begins. They team up to help evacuate American civilians to Japan, and naturally leads to the beginning of a love story. In the movie, the colonels—one an artificial plane at almost to. Ann Blyth, as a United Nations representative, refuses to leave; Col. Bob lifts her bodily into a plane piloted by his pal. Later Bob, too, is shipped to Japan after he has been wounded while fighting off an early North Korean attack. In Japan he asks her to marry him; she is re- fused. She is later rescued from the air, and can’t leave having it happen again. But both are soon at the front, Bob as a regimental commander, Ann as a U.N. refugee team, and their paths cross again, this time in a dramatic wartime scene. Mitchum, having used all other means and failed, is forced to order shots at a million mass of refugees, at least half of whom are Red’s in disguise. Ann mistakes his order for sheer slaughter and fails to understand the agony he went through in reaching his decision. Gradually, as the fighting continues, she comes to understand, but what will happen to her colonel is left a question mark for posterity.

Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth, William Tal-man—RKO.

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Patrice Munsel, Metropolitan Opera Star

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Dixie and Bing: Their Tragic Love

modern screen

Cheileah Graham tells what really happened between Rita and Aly

Jane Powell
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Take this Camay bride's beauty tip—and you'll have a clearer, fresher skin with your First Cake of Camay!

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modern screen

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MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 45, No. 6, November, 1952. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dusseldorf, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 201 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 281 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice- President, Albert F. 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 International copyright laws. Single copy price 20c. Subscriptions in U. S. A. $2.00 one year; $3.50 two years; $5.00 three years; $7.00 four years; $8.00 five years; $10.00 six years; or $15.00 seven years. Canadian $2.50 one year, $4.50 two years, $6.00 three years, $9.00 four years. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1935, at the post office at Dusseldorf, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1932 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. This publisher accepts 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. 501778.
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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. What are the true ages of Bob Hope and Joan Crawford?  
   V. U., Cody, Wyo.
   A. Hope is 50, Crawford 44.

Q. Which Hollywood stars earn the most money? — R. E., Memphis, Tenn.
   A. The comedians Martin & Lewis, Hope & Crosby.

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young was once very much in love with Spencer Tracy? How many times has Loretta been married and how many children does she have?  
   — B. N., New York, N. Y.
   A. Loretta was once very fond of Tracy. She has been married twice, once to Grant Withers, at present to Tom Lewis; has three children.

Q. What's the real reason Betty Hutton left Paramount after twelve years?  
   A. Wants to choose her own stories, make them independently with her husband.

Q. What are the salaries of Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis? — I. F., Chicago, Ill.
   A. $1,000 per week each.

Q. I've been told that Lana Turner's father was a bootlegger who was murdered in San Francisco. Has his murder ever been solved?—T. R., Fresno, Cal.
   A. It is still recorded as unsolved.

Q. Can you name at least three successful Hollywood marriages?  
   — R. S., Holyoke, Mass.
   A. Alan Ladd's, Ricardo Montalban's, Bill Holden's.

Q. Did Fernando Lamas separate from his wife because of Lana Turner?  
   — Y. T., Denver, Col.
   A. Fernando and Lydia Lamas were already separated when Fernando met Lana.

Q. Can you tell me who Janet Leigh's first two husbands were?  
   — G. R., Merced, Calif.

A. Kenneth Carlyle, Stanley Reames, both non-professionals.

   A. Wrong.

Q. Is Barbara Stanwyck in love with Jean Pierre Aumont, or is that a publicity romance? — D. E., Miami, Fla.
   A. They say they are just friends.

Q. Is Kathryn Grayson leaving MGM because of her feud with Mario Lanza?  
   — B. U., Boston, Mass.
   A. No feud between these two; Miss Grayson's contract expires in January, but MGM agreed to let her leave immediately.

Q. Isn't Gary Cooper's wife going to give him a divorce so that he can marry Dusty Miller?  
   — T. R., Rochester, N. Y.
   A. Not if Gary can help it.

Q. Hasn't Mario Lanza had a sensational fight with the man who discovered and sponsored him?  
   A. Yes.

Q. Why doesn't Liz Taylor's husband, Michael Wilding, and all the rest of those British actors become American citizens?  
   — B. U., Baltimore, Md.
   A. Some like Charles Laughton and James Mason already have; others plan to.

Q. Since his success, hasn't Kirk Douglas developed a swelled head?  
   — A. Y., Amsterdam, N. Y.
   A. He is not as popular with reporters and photographers as he once was.

Q. How long has it been since Stewart Granger has seen the children he left behind in England to marry Jean Simmons?  
   A. Two years.  
   (Continued on page 18)
Once he loved... in the bitter-sweet of Parisian nights. And now he searched for his lost soul... through a war in Spain... and the hippopotami-teeming waters of throbbing Africa. And here at the foot of the great mountain of Kilimanjaro, at the edge of "Ngai Ngai," House of God, he stood... and he dared not enter—for his life as his loves had been a sin!
SUZAN BALL POSES FOR MOST UNUSUAL PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH

A most important part of preparations for roles in Universal-International's City Beneath The Sea was rigorous training at the Cross Deep Sea Divers School at Wilmington, Calif. These pictures show Suzan Ball and Tony Quinn in the school tank, being photographed under water. A Modern Screen Golden Key girl, Suzan is one of only four or five women who were able to qualify for the difficult course, which requires a stiff physical examination, nerves of steel, and no claustrophobia.

Once in the water, Suzan acts like old-timer, adjusts goggles.

200 feet down Suzan and Tony resemble visitors from Mars.

At start of training, Suzan was hesitant, asked Tony to take the first plunge.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

I've been resting. But Hollywood hasn't!

Literally, the very earth has been rocking (earthquake) while I lay amidst my flowers in a hospital room and watched the wall split! And that isn't all. There has been: The seven-day wonder of Aly Khan's flying trip to Hollywood to see Rita Hayworth and Princess Yasmin—and the still unsolved status of their marriage.

There's been the opening valley in the battle between the John Waynes—with Chata returning unexpectedly from Mexico and bar- rieing the Wayne home against the tenants who had rented it, in good faith, from John. And, Shelley Winters is enceinte (tancy French for expecting a baby). Oh, no, I can't bear it when they start saying Shelley is sending out in the middle of the night for pickles and ice cream!

Joan Evans married Kirby Weatherly at midnight at the home of Joan Crawford. A misty-eyed occasion to all but Miss Evans' modern parents Katherine and Dale Benson, unaccountably surprised.

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter, expecting a second baby, was sadly stricken with polio.

Brush fires in the hills burned the garage of Alice Faye and Phil Harris' valley home and threatened to destroy the summer estate of Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount production boss.

Maureen O'Hara weepingly divorced Will Price after ten years of marriage.

Judy Garland startled the natives with her wardrobe of maternity slacks—for every social occasion.

One of the swank parties of the year was held in a deserted mansion with "corpses" floating in bathtubs and "hands" protruding from empty drawers.

Dixie Crosby is suddenly, seriously ill—saddening the town.

Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Wilding and Jane Powell and Gaye Steffon leave as a foursome to visit—of all places—Las Vegas as they await their respective and expected parenthood.

Yes, Hollywood had its moments—as I rested.

The story goes that 39-year-old Michael Wilding, centered in a gay crowd of Liz Taylor's pals, took a look around at the Marsh Thompsons, Jamie Powell, Jean Simmons et al and hissed in his bride's ear:

"If your little guests aren't nice, I'll send
NEWS

BOB WAGNER GIVES DEBBIE A RING—RIGHT FINGER, WRONG HAND! ... WEDDING BELLS FOR PIPER LAURIE? ... SHELLEY'S BEEN SENDING VITTORIO OUT FOR PICKLES AT MIDNIGHT. GUESS WHAT THAT MEANS! ... MARIO LANZA'S FINANCIAL SITUATION IS SERIOUS ... NEXT BIG STAR: DEWEY MARTIN.

When my assistant, D. Manners, called Shelley Winters to verify the story that Shelley was going to have a baby, the conversation went something like this:

D.M.: “You going to have a baby, Shelley?”
Shelley: “Gee, I hope so. I think so. I got good reason to think so. But, gee, it’s awful soon.”.
D.M.: “What does your doctor say?”
Shelley: “He thinks so. One was negative and one was positive, but the positive was more positive than the negative was negative.”
D.M.: “All right. Why can’t we say you are expecting a baby?”
Shelley: “Oh, gee. Maybe I caught a cold or something. If you say for sure I’m going to have a baby—and then it isn’t true ... .”
D.M.: “Shall we just say you hope it’s true?”
Shelley: “With all my heart—with all both our hearts—Vittorio and I hope it’s true.”

Judy Garland wore maternity slacks to the Jack Benny party and told everyone she had “lots of ‘em” for all different social occasions.

But at her own party—the very first big one Judy has ever given in Hollywood by the way—she wore a dress to match the décor of the home she and Sid have rented from the Joe Fields.

Receiving her guests in a deep lavender bouffant chiffon trimmed in violets, Judy said:

“I can’t go outside for the dancing and fun. Tonight, I’m designed to match the living room!”

But she did go outside, and she had fun. She admitted the duties of a hostess made her nervous, however. “I think I’ve got all the divorced people sitting at tables with their ex-mates,” she giggled.

Rita Hayworth (pre-Aly’s visit) looked a bit weary and tired and she didn’t stay late. June Allyson bubbled—as “norm” with her—in soft white chiffon.

Gossips took particular note that Evie and Van Johnson danced often, were lovey-dovey. The happiest face was Jimmy Stewart’s, because his lovely Gloria was well enough to be up and around again.

Judy went to bed at three. But expectant father, Sid Luft, managed to stay up with the harder souls until breakfast.

My staff had a wonderful time when Tony Curtis showed up at our Wednesday luncheon and gave a demonstration of magic tricks and sleight-of-hand bamboozling he’s learned in order to play the great Houdini.

(Continued on next page)
"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!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Tired, camera-shy Tina Cassini holds close to mother, Gene Tierney, on their arrival in England where Gene just made Never Let Me Go.

Tony dashed in wearing gray sweater and slacks, quickly ordered ground steak, scrambled eggs and tomatoes and began the usual chant, "Now watch this . . . ."

My gang reports he is really remarkable. He has gone so completely nuts on the subject he "works" a deck of cards in one hand while he is brushing his teeth or reading a book with the other.

But the staff was just as intrigued with Tony's eating habits as they were with his magic.

When he got his order, he asked for a bottle of ketchup. It was practically full.

He put ketchup on the meat, Ketchup on the eggs. Ketchup on the toast. None on the tomatoes. But, even so, the bottle was practically empty!

MARIA LANZA wasn't being temperamental when he failed to report for the start of The Student Prince. He is worried sick about finances.

What?—you say. This man who has made a fortune from his recordings, concerts and films? How can this be.

The truth is, Mario has made bad investments—or listened to some bad advice. He sank a small fortune in Texas oil lands, a mine in Arizona and other properties he believed to be gilt-edge securities.

Or, perhaps it is that most singers or artists, unlike Bing Crosby, do not have the Midas touch in a business sense.

The sad story goes that Mario is very close to being wiped out of the savings from his brilliant career.

He has a wife and children he adores. His parents are dependent on him. Many relatives in his native Italy depend on that check from Mario.

Of course, he has many great years ahead, years in which he will earn even more money. But this experience has been shockingly brutal to the popular star.

TO LOOK at Dewey Martin I would not pick him for the coming big screen star. But the first time I saw Alan Ladd I wouldn't have picked him, either. Not Tony Curtis.

Dewey dropped in at my office one day soon after he had been given his big chance
By MARY MARATHON

If you saw "The Greatest Show on Earth" you're probably still palpitating, as I am, to that great big beautiful hunk of male, Charlton Heston, who played the "boss man" of the circus. Well, let me tell you—Chuck (that's what his friends call him, so I'll call him that, too!) made such a hit in that swell picture that he was immediately slated for other big things, including "The Savage," which theatres will be showing in November.

Chuck plays a white man who, when he was a little boy, was rescued from sure death at the hands of the Crow Indians by their hated rivals, the Sioux. He grows up learning to love his adopted people. When the whites and the Sioux threaten to start a war, he is caught between loyalty to his own race and to the Sioux, who have been so good to him.

The white girl who makes him realize that his true happiness lies with her in his own world is played by Susan Morrow, a 19-year-old beauty you're going to hear about. She and lovely brunette Joan Taylor as the Indian girl, also in love with Chuck, are both young stars with great promise you'll enjoy watching. Handsome Peter Hanson, cast as Susan's brother, completes a foursome of Paramount's most interesting and exciting new personalities. You will really get a charge out of Chuck as the virile, hot-blooded hero of "The Savage" and you'll chalk up another hit for this bright and attractive new star.

If you'd like a drooley photo of Chuck for your dressing table mirror, I'll be happy to send you one. Just make sure you write me for it before November 15, 1952 or I won't be able to send it to you. Address me care of Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Another film I want to recommend to you is "The Turning Point," a thriller I am sure you'll enjoy as much as I did when I was privileged to attend a preview of it. William Holden, Edmond O'Brien and lovely Alexis Smith really do a solid job of entertaining in this modern story of the smashing of a big city crime syndicate.

I don't know whether you heard this yet, but Bill Holden was recently voted "Mr. Dreamboat" in a poll conducted by the bobboysers of America, and he sure lives up to his name in his big love scenes with glamour girl Alexis. The part Edmond O'Brien plays is a big change from his recent boots-and-saddle roles. He's the fighting lawyer whose dangerous job it is to turn the tide against crime in a city riddled with it. Believe me, this one will have your pulses hammering with excitement, it's that suspenseful and gripping.

P.S. Next month I'll have news for you about "Road to Bali," the travel-laugh film co-starring Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, that everyone is waiting for.
Are you in the know?

For a more-fun way to wrap Christmas packages—

☐ Play post-office  ☐ Plan a wrapping bee

When presents for the family start piling up in your clothes closet, chances are your study-buddies have the same problem! So ask the gang to come on—a your house, totting their packages and various types of paper. Supply the scissors, paste, ribbons; award prizes for the most original "jols." Gift-wrapping the la gang is fun. Even at "calendar" time—if you’re comfortable with Kotex. This napkin’s made to stay soft while you wear it; gives you softness that holds its shape!

Know the jinx in this jalopy?

☐ Four’s a crowd
☐ Casanova  ☐ Tootin’ twosome

Happy New Year? Huh-uh. Here are the makings of a crash landing! The car’s crowded; bad for careful driving. Raucous blasts add more distraction. And how can a highway Casanova keep his mind on the road? Also, why risk problem day "accidents"—when Kotex gives extra protection with a special safety center? Try all 3 absorbencies.

What togs to pack for a house party?

☐ Strictly sports  ☐ Date duds only

You cram your suit case with glamour stuff; only to find yourself freezing on a hayride! Learn what’s planned, then pack accordingly. At certain times, however you’re tagged, you’ll be confident—for the flat pressed ends of Kotex banish revealing outlines. Your new Kotex belt adds extra comfort, too. Made with soft-stretch elastic; non-twisting, non-curling!

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.

P.S. *

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Dionne Lynn and Scott Brady step out after appearing in The Moon Is Blue at La Jolla Playhouse, Posadeno. Dionne got rave notices.

in The Big Sky. He was nicely mannered, obviously a little "scarit" of me, nice looking but not devastating, not particularly outstanding.

Then, weeks later, I saw the finished Big Sky in my home projection room. I could hardly believe my eyes.

This boy has everything. He comes alive before the cameras in the most fascinating way and it is hard to believe that in his first important screen assignment he gave such a fine performance.

I sometimes wonder if Dewey and his pretty wife don’t wonder what has happened to him also.

From a salary of just a few dollars a week he has jumped, in one performance, to where his discoverer Howard Hawks is asking $100,000 for Dewey on loanouts.

I hope he keeps his head. I think he will.

Who’s whooo? Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner had a spat and after they made up he gave her a ring. Deb’s wearing it on the right finger, wrong hand . . .

Barbara Stanwyck may be pining for Jean Pierre Aumont, but it doesn’t show when she’s driving, top down, in the moonlight, with Ralph Meeker.

Marilyn Monroe’s another gal with a new ring—gift of the smitten Joe DiMaggio. But don’t hang until they get married. As Marilyn’s very best pal said “She’s smarter than you think. She knows she’s the hottest thing in pictures today. She also knows she’s more valuable unmarried than sitting home being anyone’s exclusive little woman.”

Joan Fontaine is so long coming home from Europe, Collier Young went to Europe to see her and to find out if she still has that same old feeling.

I predict wedding bells for Piper Laurie and Leonard Goldstein, the young producer credited with zooming Piper’s career. Even though he has left her home studio, methinks Leonard will be guiding Piper privately as well as professionally from here on in.

Cy Howard is awful blue because Gloria Grahame is going to Europe for a picture. He’s got it bad . . .

Only the marrying Judge routed out of bed at 11:30 p.m., Hymie Fink, the well-known candid cameraman, Joan Craw-
Everyone seems to love you more when your hair shines

like silk, shimmers and gleams like silk, feels soft as silk.

And this is what happens every time you shampoo with today’s gentle Drene.

(Shh! the secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkenes your hair.)

Drene Shampoo

silkenes your hair...as it cleanses!

Quick—
get Drene today!
**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 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.

**Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.**

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**LOUELLA PARSONS’ good news**

Popular Jane Wyman surprised friends by appearing with old flame Greg Bautzer at the Macomba party given by Marie McDonald.

Ford, and two of Joan’s servants were present for the midnight marriage of Joan Evans and Kirby Weatherly.

Joan E. had waited just five days after she was legally of age (18) before she took Kirby by the hand—and out to dinner at the home of Joan C.—for whom she is named.

Joan wanted to marry Kirby more than anything in the world. But her parents didn’t quite approve.

They talked until so late that it was time to go home before Joan C.—a lady of action if ever there was one—went into action—and 

_**how!**_  

An hour later, Joan Evans was Mrs. Worthen.  

Only Hymie retained his professional aplomb, happily snapping wedding pictures and getting his “exclusives.”

The next morning, all was forgiven by Katherine and Dale except, perhaps, still smoldering embers against Joan C., without whom Joan Evans might still be Joan Evans.

---

_Dixie_ crossed underwent a very serious operation necessitating a long period of recuperation, and Bing and the boys came flying down from their Lake Hayden vacation to be with her.

By the time you read this, everybody hopes Dixie will be well on the road to recovery. But, if she isn’t, you can bet Bing won’t take off for Europe to make _Little Boy Lost_.

He has been the soul of devotion to Dixie, making her very happy. Little boy, found?

Jane Wyman’s boyfriends have the doggondest names. Like her new one, Jim Fishgrund.

Before Jim, Bill Cabanne.

Before Bill, Travis Kleefeld.

Wonder if she ever met a man named just Joe Smith?

After Anne Baxter got good and sexy publicity-wise with her "olive green eyes matching her Martini blond hair," she gets slapped back in a weepy, dramatic role with Monty Cliff in _I Confess_. That’s the way it goes in Hollywood.  

(Continued on next page)
ONE young girl’s unusual story that touched the hearts of untold millions! To share her longings, her dreams, her inspiring hopes, is to feel, yourself, the power and wonder of it all!

"We want you to tell them it’s a lie!"

Warner Bros. present ONE OF THE GREAT TRUE STORIES OF OUR TIME THE Miracle OF OUR LADY OF Fatima

All its Spectacle and Magnificence in color by WARNER COLOR

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY CRANE WILBUR AND JAMES O’HANLON
DIRECTED BY JOHN BRAHM MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY
I dreamed I was given the key to the city
in my maidenform bra

All eyes are on me!
A celebrity... and the key to my fame
is my Maidenform Etude!
Etude's new tic-tac-toe stitching
molds me so surely, holds me so securely!
Illustrated, 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.
White broadcloth or nylon taffeta, from 3.00

There is a maidenform for every type of figure.
Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form, N. Y. 16

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Hand by Mr. John, Costume by Miguel Ferraros.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Betty Hutton has been undergoing another siege of testing her voice. During these spells she says absolutely nothing, doctor's orders. Instead, she writes on a blackboard.

This is hard on a gal who likes to sing and zing it up. It's also hard on a housewife who has definite likes and dislikes about television programs.

The other night, Charlie O'Curran was in her bedroom dictating away at his favorite sports programs. His back was turned to Betty so he didn't notice her gestures of displeasure.

Finally, she dashed out of bed across the room, grabbed the chalk and wrote on her blackboard:

"If you don't get something else but wrestlers—we're going to have the damnedest fight of our lives—right on this blackboard!"

Ava Gardner has to do a lot of gun shooting in her movie with Robert Taylor, and an expert at MGI asked her if she knew how to handle a gun.

"Sure," said Mrs. Frank Sinatra, "grab it by the barrel and hit somebody over the head with it. All women know that."

The letter box: Kay Brown of Salem, Oregon, urges: "The reissue of Gone With The Wind every two or three years pleases. The kids of my age are still hearing about this greatest of great pictures from older sisters and brothers or our parents and we would like very much to see it." I don't blame you, Kay. Ask your nearest movie house exhibitor about the possibilities.

"C.N.N.," Boston, says, "I'm one of the ones who wish Marilyn Monroe had never had to pose for that calendar. But I like her just the same and wish her well." Those are fair and just remarks, C.N.N.

About those letters to soldiers in Korea—I'm going to turn the tables this month. All you boys who have been writing me complaining that stars do not answer your letters and that you would like to correspond with some of the fans, send me your military addresses. I shall print every one I receive in this column, so stars and fans can know where to reach you.

That's all this month. See you next month.
"I flirted with trouble in New York!"

"It was a glorious, bright day," explained Doretta Morrow, "when Steve and I set out to see the sights of the city. But there was a wintry nip in the air, too, and when we got back from our ferry ride I knew I was in for trouble.

"The wind atop Radio City was terrific. After extreme exposure like that, Jergens Lotion is a blessing. It works so wonderfully fast. Try this and see why! Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens . . .

"My hands and face were chapped raw from the biting breeze. Fortunately, at home I had soothing, pure white Jergens Lotion. It smooths and softens chapped skin in no time!

"Apply any lotion or cream to the other, then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care.

"Next day, my skin was soft and smooth — right for romance and close-ups." No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 1.

Use Jergens Lotion regularly to keep your skin lovely, too. It protects against roughness and winter chap — costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

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NOW...
SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR
4 PROBLEMS
OF "YOUNG SKIN"

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.

1-Minute Mask clears off . . . "tones" brightens young skin

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.

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Her friends are all for a reconciliation for Maureen O’Hara and Will Price. They insist she filed for divorce merely to throw a scare into him . . . Rita Hayworth’s Columbia bosses hope the press will continue to call her Princess Rita. It’s good for business. But they are not at all in favor of their prize package resuming her marital status with Aly Khan. And they’re sorry they didn’t put Affair In Trinidad on the shelf until the public got a chance to see Rita in Salome, Dance Of The Seven Veils. Let’s face it: Trinidad was not another Gilda! . . . Clark Gable speaking: “I would marry again if I knew the right girl and she would say yes.”

I had lunch with Alan Ladd in his dressing room at U-I just before he took off to Europe to make his first independent production, Red Beret. He’s supposed to be gone 18 months but I don’t think Alan will stay away that long. “My roots are here,” he told me. “This country has been good to me” . . . New friendship: Betty Grable and Bette Davis. They met while Betty was making a picture at 20th and Bette visited her ever-lovin’ Gary Merrill at the studio. Betty was working on the hanks of a huge tank that was made up to represent the Erie Canal. And Bette insisted that Gary row her across the briny to meet Betty! . . . I never realized how serious the Coleen Gray—John Payne romance was until I went swimming with them at Malibu and Coleen craned her neck looking up at her hunk-a-man and sighed, “And to think I hated him and his pouty lips when I first met him on a radio show we did together!”

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Marilyn Monroe is a thorn in the side to both Dick Widmark and Anne Baxter. Marilyn and Dick were supposed to be the co-stars of Don’t Bother To Knock but Marilyn got all the publicity. And Anne lost the starring role in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, on which all her hopes were pinned, to Marilyn . . . Shelley Winters cooked an Italian dinner for her Vittorio one night before reporting at the Circle Theatre to do the Vivien Leigh role in Streetcar Named Desire. Next evening her leading man got even with her, just before curtain time, by chowing a couple of garlic! . . . Incidentally, the more English Vittorio learns, the less Shell has to say . . . Joan Evans’ parents, Katherine and Dale Eunson, were invited but didn’t attend her wedding to Kirby Weatherly at Joan Crawford’s home.

When I leaned over a hootch at the Brown Derby to ask Arlene Dahl how she’s getting along with Lex Barker she crossed her fingers . . . Chata Wayne slipped quietly into town from Mexico and phone her lawyer to start divorce proceedings against John . . . Their pals were wondering, when the divorce rumors started flying, if Glen Ford still uses that inter-communication system in his den to summon Eleanor Powell to his presence . . . Corinne Calvet told me: “I think it was very considerate of me to wait until Zsa Zsa Gabor finished making Moulin Rouge in Paris before I filed that $1,000,000 slander suit against her. I could have filed it beforehand, you know, and kept her in this country!” Zsa Zsa, you’ll remember, claimed that Corinne wasn’t French at all but Cockney

QUICK QUOTES:

Jean Peters: “I may get married one of these days but not now. I’m working too hard, and I can only do one thing well at a time.” (Continued on page 21)
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 silvercrafting—Wallace's full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"... beauty in front, in profile, in back... sterling perfection from every possible view.

Six piece place setting, Sir Christopher, $39.50. Settings for other patterns from $32.50 to $43.50—all prices include Federal Tax.

Send for and read the many helpful table-setting ideas in the 32-page book "Treasures in Sterling". It also contains the exciting and romantic design stories of each Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" pattern. Write (send 10¢ to cover postage) to Wallace Silversmiths, Department 98, Wallingford, Connecticut.
Beauty is my business
says glamorous cover girl
JUNE CROSS

and
SweetHeart
is my Beauty Soap

June says: "Posing as a model, I must have a perfect complexion. That's why I always use gentle SweetHeart, for SweetHeart Care leaves my skin soft, smooth, young-looking."

9 out of 10 Leading Cover Girls use SweetHeart Soap

Try it! See—one week after you change to thorough care—with pure, mild SweetHeart—your skin looks softer, smoother!

Try the SweetHeart Cover-Girl Facial!

June Cross shows you how!

1 Every night and morning, massage SweetHeart's rich, creamy lather into your skin.

2 Use an upward and outward motion, with special attention to skin around the nose and under the lips.

3 Rinse with warm, then with cool water. In just 7 days, see the difference! Get SweetHeart Soap today!

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

continued from page 4

Q. Isn't Robert Taylor still in love with Barbara Stanwyck? Isn't a reconciliation still possible?
A. Possible but not very probable. Taylor is playing the field.

Q. I read that Liz Taylor suffers from heart trouble very badly, has only a few years to live. Is this true?
A. No.

Q. Is there anything serious between Clark Gable and Gene Tierney? Why are they mentioned together so much?
A. They co-starred together in a picture in London.

Q. Does Marilyn Monroe live with her mother or is she still hiding her somewhere?
A. Marilyn lives in a hotel; her mother lives in an apartment.

Q. How much money does Dale Robertson earn? Is he independently wealthy?
A. $750 a week; is not independently wealthy.

Q. Is it true that Mario Lanza and Howard Keel are the two most temperamental stars on the MGM lot?
A. Yes.

Q. I understand that no motion picture studio will hire Frank Sinatra. If this is true, why is it?
A. Insufficient audience response.

Q. Does Van Johnson have a new contract? Does he get more than the $5,000 a week he got on his old one?
A. Johnson's new contract calls for less.

Q. Is Rita Hayworth considered a very talented actress in Hollywood or is she used because of her sex appeal?
A. As an actress, sexy Miss Hayworth is considered adequate.

Q. Is Joan Crawford really petrified in front of a live audience and won't make personal appearances for that reason?
A. Miss Crawford recently appeared on stage before a capacity crowd in New York's Loew's State Theater, plans to do a play next year.
Autumn brings new beauty, new excitement

...let it bring a new and lovelier you

says WOOLWORTH'S

Susan Smart

Autumn can be the most romantic time of the year... so you'll want to be sure you're looking your loveliest.
Begin your Winter beauty care, too, with a visit to Woolworth's. You'll find counter after counter brimming with your favorite nationally advertised cosmetics and toiletries. Choose them now, at handy Woolworth's... and learn the new excitement this season can bring.

EXQUISITE! GAY! EXCITING! And now it can be yours... the misty fragrance of PARK & TILFORD Perfume #1. A delightful "dress scent" both precious and lasting. Brilliantly boxed in a sparkling plastic jewel case. Only 49c*.

FOR BEAUTY MEN ADVERTISE and women envy, try HAZEL BISHOP Complexion Glow. This luxurious liquid-cream rouge blends with your natural skin tone. Choose from 3 flattering shades: Pink, Coral or Rose. Just 1$.

HOLI-DATING? Here's news... DURA-GLOSS Perfumed Nail Lacquer puts the "extra" in special occasions. Imparts subtle fragrance to your twinking fingertips. Quick-drying, chip-free. 10 salon shades, in a plumed bottle. 25c*.

SNOW WHITE AND SPARKLING, that's your smile with PEPSODENT. Pepsodent's patented oral detergent cleans, brightens, fights decay, works where brush can't reach... insures a lasting, clean mouth taste, as well. 10c, 27c, 47c, 65c.

HELP YOURSELF to a peaches-and-cream complexion, with LADY ESTHER'S Complete Creme Makeup. It hides those tiny blemishes and lines... keeps your skin looking petal soft all day long! 5 flattering shades. Just 49c*.

REFER A LOTION? You'll prefer HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream. Its rich nollients work wonders on rough, dry skin... keep hands softer, lovelier, smoother. 3 handy sizes: for purse, home, office. 10c, 25c, 49c*.

SEE YOUR COMPLEXION BLOSSOM with new beauty... this Winter, give it the extra protection it needs with LADY ESTHER'S 4-Purpose Face Cream. Lady Esther cleanses, softens, soothes. A fine powder base, too. 29c, 55c, 85c*.

PERMANENT HAIR BEAUTY! Treat yourself to a TONI Home Permanent. New Toni Trio lets you choose the permanent just right for you. Regular for normal, Super for hard-to-wave, and Very Gentle for easy-to-wave hair. $1.50*.

FOR HAIR THAT'S SUNNY BRIGHT tomorrow, use WHITE RAIN tonight. Not a creme or soap, it's a new kind of shampoo. Like washing with softest rain water! It leaves hair lustrous, cloud-soft... so easy to comb and set. 30c, 60c, $1.

WHY KISS AND TELL? Try HAZEL BISHOP, the amazing no-smear lipstick that leaves no tell-tale traces! Won't eat off... smudge off... kiss off! All day long your lips stay fresh and colorful as the moment you first apply it. $1.10*.

STAY LOVELY TO LOVE whatever you do... skiing, skating, dancing, with FRESH Cream Deodorant. Fresh checks perspiration. Its amazing ingredients become reactivated to assure continuous protection. It's safely gentle. 25c, 39c*. 
it's fresh! it's fabulous! it's for YOU ***

"Red Hot 'n Blue"

by Cutex

For that Beautiful American Look

... Cutex creates "Red Hot 'n Blue"
... a sizzling new red—mellowed with a sweet touch of blue! Light your lips and fingertips tonight with this new color magic that starts hearts beating... phones ringing... things humming beautifully for you!

New! A Miracle Indelible...
Stay Fast! Creamiest, smoothest lipstick ever created—because it's so rich in creamy-soft lanolin. Never smears—never leaves a kissprint! Lips stay thrillingly soft. 59¢ plus tax.

America's Longest-Wearing Polish... Spillpruf Cutex!
Made with Enamelon, beautiful Cutex "sets" hard as a jewel! Gives lasting non-chip wear! Another Cutex first... miraculous Spillpruf bottle protects clothes, rugs, furniture! 15¢ plus tax.
**“that beautiful American Look!”**

AT PRICES THAT FIT YOUR POCKETBOOK!

Glorified by RED HOT ‘n BLUE...“that beautiful American look”...the fresh, vibrant, lovely look that invites compliments, inspires romance...can be yours with these exciting products.

Begin with a quick home facial...

Softly accent your eyes...

Add a sparkling, beautiful smile...

Highlight with “radiantly alive” hair...

That looks so naturally curly...

For head-to-toe smoothness...

Now for the finished touch... breathtaking color!

---

**hollywood report continued**

Keefe Brasselle: “Speak well of your enemies. Remember you made them!”...My neighbor at a dinner party punctuated a heated argument about a new star like this: “It’s very simple, really. She posed in the nude because she *likes* to pose in the nude!”

Description of an actor: “He’s very well adjusted, in a maladjusted sort of a way”...

A tabloid at Romanoff’s: “Did you notice that Olivia De Havilland got her divorce the day before Independence Day?”... Letter from a reader of this column: “Why do famous couples work so hard to stifle rift rumors? Why not just ignore them, stay together and have the last laugh at their Golden Wedding?”

**TIME TABLES:**

June Allyson, who knows about those things, held Humphrey Bogart’s hand consolingly on the *Battle Circus* set while he chewed his nails waiting for his Lauren to have their second child... By the way, you can credit MGM prexy Nick Schenck with persuading June to table her retirement plans... The Wendell Corey kid, after his divorce, has found a new baby... Rock Hudson told me he’s going to stuff himself with food when he finishes making *Toilers Of The Sea* with Yvonne de Carlo in Europe. That way, he’ll get fat and U-I won’t be able to assign him to another picture for at least a month after he returns. Rock has made seven pictures in the past year and wants a vacation.

His chums, noticing Van Johnson’s moodiness of late, looked into the reasons and were told it’s the result of that motorcycle accident he suffered about ten years ago. And every year, on the anniversary of the accident, Van sends a bouquet to Dr. Bill Branch, who saved his life... Darryl Zanuck tells me he has discovered a child star who will be as famous as Shirley Temple, another Zanuck discovery. This one’s a boy, however. He’s Georgie Winslow, the child star of *Top Man*, and his nickname is Foghorn because he sounds like one... Shirley, it should be noted, has been warned by her medicos to wait a few years before she has another baby... Everyone who loves Bing and D’Isie Crosby, and everybody does, was worried about D’Isie’s health as we went to press. It’s a liver ailment.

Bing took his sons to Nevada, at her insistence, when it began to look like she’d be able to leave St. John’s Hospital soon.

**SEX APPEAL:**

At her birthday party, Barbara Stanwyck was told by Richard Greene she looks five years younger than she did five years ago, which is my idea of the nicest compliment a gallant gent can pay a lovely lady...

If Debra Paget wears the same shorts in *Stars And Stripes Forever* that she wears in her dances in, you’ll never notice the star, Clifton Webb!... Marlon Brando, who’s making *Julius Caesar* for MGM, has been doing the gay spots in a dual role. From the neck up, with vandyke and mustache, he’s one of the noblest Romans of them all. But from shoulder to shoes he’s a Schwab’s drugstore cowboy in open shirts and levis.

The people who make maps of the movie stars’ homes for the tourists have added a new attraction to their booklets. It’s Linda Christian’s nude statue in Ty Power’s garden... “Dirtiest” love scene on record: Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston kissing each other in the muck and slime of a Ruby Gentry swap set... What would a “Sex Appeal” section in this department be without Marilyn Monroe? I’m told by reporters who were there that the Falls played second fiddle to a person for the first time in history when Marilyn made *Niagara* at Niagara Falls. All the tourists wanted to see Marilyn first!

**FINANCIAL PAGE:**

Judy Garland has paid off $100,000 in tax assessments and other bills during the past year. She made most of it during her long personal appearance at the Palace in New York. And now she’s planning on making a musical version of Janet Gaynor’s hit, *A Star Is Born*, after her baby is born... RKO renewed Ursula Thiess’ contract for another year, at $400 a week. Ursula sends half of it to her mother and two children in Germany and spends as much of the other half as she can making herself pretty for Bob Taylor... Randy Scott lost $250,000 drilling for what turned out to be a dry oil well in Oklahoma... Dana and Mary Andrews banked $40,000 for their first five weeks of touring with *The Glass Menagerie*, Dana in the Kirk Douglas role and Mary in Jane Wyman’s.

**HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:**

Seen at the Nob Nob: Vera-Ellen sitting alone... Any time Alan Ladd wants a partnership in the hamburger stand he used to own in North Hollywood he can get it free from the new owner, just for allowing his name on the window... When Dan Daye finished *Taxy* he discovered he had lost his Girl Friday, Judy Powell, to a realtor from Texas, and that they were interested in much more than real estate in their long drives between Del Mar and Palm Springs!... Tony Curtis begged Paramount to let his kid brother, Bobby Schwartz, play Tony as a child in *Houdini*, and darned if the studio didn’t okay it!... Hard-hearted Hollywood never changes. Tony and Janet, looking for a larger apartment, no sooner found one than the landlord, learning they were movie stars, jumped the rent.

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger put their home up for sale for $375,000 but their intimates claim they’ll reconcile... Joan Simmons broke down and cried on the last day of shooting on *The Murder* at RKO, the studio she sued to let her out of her contract. She told the crew she hated to leave because she has never been treated so wonderfully in her life... Frankie Filan was a Pulitzer Prize winner and one of the most famous photographers in Hollywood. When he died,
Barbaric Revelry

to fire the senses of the world... in the story of history's most sin-swept era!

Vic Mature was the only star of the hundreds with whom Frankie worked who showed up at the funeral... Red Skelton begged MGM to let Frank Borzage direct him in The Clown. Frank was once married to Edna Skelton, and Red is another of her ex's, of course. But Robert Z. Leonard got the job... Marcha Mac Jones, former child star and Greg Bautzer's switchboard girl for the past three years, quit her job and is trying for an acting comeback.

FUNNIES:

Marie Wilson wrote a magazine article about how to be a perfect hostess. She started it out with: "Your party will be dull if you forget to invite the guests"... One child star asked another: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That was no lady," replied the other moppet. "That was a truant officer"... A Western star couldn't remember his lines. He studied and studied and finally got it, after 12 attempts. Then he rode off with the wrong horse! There are lots of "shaggy dog" stories. Here's a "shaggy people" story: Bob Hope says he wants to open a concession in Griffith Park Zoo to sell our four-footed friends Peopleburgers... Excerpt from a letter that a star never finished reading: "I've been a fan of yours 20 years and you never change. You always look old"... A femme star confided this bit of info to her best friend about another star: "There are two things I can't stand about that woman—her face!"

ODDS BODKINS:

Bob Wagner has been writing his own checks since he was 13—and he earned the dough himself... Hardly anybody recognizes Hedy Lamarr when she sits poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing sunglasses... Left after the earthquake: Fernando Lamas, who sleeps in the raw, jumped from his bed at the first quake, threw something over himself and ran out into the street. Safely outside, he discovered he was wearing a transparent raincoat... Frankie Darro, who used to be a big star and can now be seen in his old movies on TV, is currently tending bar at the Try Later saloon on Santa Monica Boulevard... My personal nomination for the wildest driver in Hollywood: Jane Russell. Anybody who rides when Jane drives should have his life insured! Marlene Dietrich is kicking herself for turning down Dream Boat, a dream boat of a picture for Ginger Rogers... And, right here, I'd like to thank 20th for the nice plug they gave Yours Truly in this fine hunk of celluloid... Joan Crawford's next picture may be Two Sisters, in which one sister burns the other to death with kerosene and a blowtorch... Ida Lupino was in tears on the set of The Difference, which she was directing, apparently because she and Frank Lovejoy were having differences over a scene.
DANDRUFF? UNMANAGEABLE HAIR? FRIZZY PERMANENT?

CREAM-TONE YOUR HAIR

to radiant loveliness... at home tonight... with

NEW Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing

NOW'S the time to do something about distressing dandruff... hard to manage hair... a stiff, brittle permanent! Now's the time to give your hair CREAM-TONE care with new Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing! It's the new amazing way to soften, soothe and beautify hair and make it extra manageable as well.

And here's news! You can CREAM-TONE your hair to radiant loveliness right at home! You don't have to soak your head in hot, smelly oils. No fussing with wet towels. CREAM-TONEING is pleasant, relaxing, easy, simple and it works wonders with scalp and hair.

You'll love Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing, the exciting new product that makes CREAM-TONEING possible. It's so smooth, so creamy, so flower-fragrant, flower-pink! It's a blend of soothing lanolin, costly cholesterol and other precious ingredients that do so much for hair and scalp!

CREAM-TONEING is GUARANTEED... or Double Your Money Back! That's right! Unless you agree that CREAM-TONEING gives you a cleaner scalp, more radiant hair, return empty bottle and get double your money back. Get Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing today.

Cream-Toning is easy... follow these simple steps!

1 Brush hair vigorously. Part it section by section, rubbing Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing thoroughly along each part. Let the lanolated oils soothe, caress your scalp.

2 Continue rubbing until both scalp and hair are cream-washed, cream-toned. The rich oils in Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing work their way to the very ends of hair.

3 Leave this creamy lotion in the hair for a few minutes, a half-hour or all night. Then shampoo with Lady Wildroot Shampoo that cuts grease, floods away loose dandruff.

4 Now look at the results! Note how pink and clean the scalp is... how soft and pliable every strand of hair. Waves are now easy to set... need very little coxing.

5 Whatever the problem...dandruff... stiff, dry hair...frizzy permanent...let CREAM-TONEING solve it... give you lovelier, more manageable, more glamorous hair.

HAIR CARE HINTS FROM Lady Wildroot

Every day, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temple. Then brush vigorously... and see how easily your hair stays in place!

Between CREAM-TONEING... use Lady Wildroot for quick touch-ups and to keep hair well-groomed.

When shampooing... if you lack time for CREAM-TONEING, add a teaspoonful of Lady Wildroot to your final rinse, to wash away snarls and tangles.

... stop at your favorite store and get a bottle of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing and a bottle of Lady Wildroot Shampoo and start CREAM-TONEING loveliness into your hair.

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing... 50¢ and $1 sizes
MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month

This is the story of Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, their marriage and fabulous careers. Blossom (Betty Hutton) got her start in a honky tonk, soon became a star.

Looking for a new act, Blossom meets Benny (Ralph Meeker). For her, it's love at first sight. But they have to wait for happiness until Benny becomes a star.

SOMEONE LOVES ME

- The best thing about Paramount's Somebody Loves Me is a pretty good thing indeed. Here is Betty Hutton at her absolute top, singing with a new—and considerably subdued—authority and exhibiting an altogether unexpected charm.
- The story, suggested by the careers of old-time singers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, is serviceable as a gadget on which to hang a good many wonderful melodies that were popular in Blossom's and Benny's bigtime. And Miss Hutton's success in the role of Blossom suggests that she herself may have taken a hint from the opening scene of the script. They tell how Blossom, a shoul'din' singer in the first decade of the century, makes the grade as a West Coast entertainer by following the advice of pioneer showman D. J. Grauman: "If you want to go over big—sing soft!" Success comes rapidly, and when Blossom meets jazz pianist Fields (effectively played by Ralph Meeker) she wants him to share the spotlight with her. He accepts her challenge, takes the job she offers him and then just as deliberately marries her. It is only later, when he finds that he really loves her, that Benny decides he must leave her so that he can build his success alone. This pseudo-biographical tale is not always a tribute to the intelligence of the principals, but its bittersweet base provides a perfect background for tunes like the title song, and producers George Seaton and William Perlberg, ably abetted by director-writer Irving Brecher, have used it for just that. Approximately half of the film is allotted to song and dance routines. In between times there is a perfect bit by Billie Bird a mistress of the tart retort. But she can't steal the show. That's done, for a change, by the star.
THE DEVIL MAKES THREE

The devil of the title is the still burning fire of fascism, personified in this film about postwar Munich by an aging cafe entertainer (Claus Clausen), who sees himself as Hitler reborn. For most of the footage, however, this fascinating character is a shadowy figure in the background while the cameras focus on the less interesting—though engagingly told—love story of Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli. Kelly, as an Air Force captain, returns to Germany on a Christmas leave to thank an anti-Nazi family for helping him escape when he was a prisoner of war. He finds the father and mother dead and their young daughter Willie (Pier Angeli) somewhat sullen and somehow changed; and he also finds that American intelligence officials are interested in his interest in her and want him to continue exhibiting it. Willie works in a cafe now, moving from customer to customer for a cut of what she can persuade them to buy. Seemingly against her will, she allows him to persuade her to be driven across to Austria for Christmas. He cannot understand her attitude, alternately truculent and loving; nor will he believe at first that she is using him to help smuggle material across the border, as his fellow officers suggest. In a smashing denouement, brilliantly directed by Andrew Marton and replete with a Hitchcock chase and one of the most frightening murder plans ever imagined, the devil reveals himself.

Cast: Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli, Claus Clausen.
—MGM.

MY MAN AND I

For the first couple of reels it looks as if this little film might make the grade as a "sleepy"—one of those pictures, usually produced on a low budget, that slip into town without the usual publicity and make an unexpectedly big splash. But then the scriptwriters let the fine cast and director, not to mention the public, down with a sudden plop. For what starts off as an original, offbeat screenplay ends up as just so much over-simplified, even silly, melodrama. From the beginning it's apparent what the writers had in mind as a theme: to show how a naturalized citizen of good will can be a far better American than older stock who abuse their fellow citizens' rights. Chu Chu Ramirez (played with sensitivity and charm by Ricardo Montalban), a young man from Mexico, sets out to work hard to prove himself worthy of his newfound status. He gets a job running a bulldozer for a hard-bitten couple named Ames (Wendell Corey and Claire Trevor) who own a marginal ranch. Mr. A. spends much of his time with an eye out for little unpleasant tricks to play on Mrs. A.; she has a permanently roving eye, and it lights on Chu Chu. But Chu Chu, unfortunately for his future, is not to be had. He befriends, falls for, and tries to reform a truculent blonde with a tendency to dipsomania (Shelley Winters). How Chu Chu solves his difficulties is a tribute to the writers' ingenuity if not to the American judicial system. But it is a bigger tribute to William Wellman's direction and to fine performances by most of the cast that My Man and I seldom seems as ridiculous on the screen as it does shortly thereafter.

Cast: Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters, Wendell Corey, Claire Trevor.—MGM.

— Continued —

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!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 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!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially 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.

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasant-scented chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back! plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 100 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

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But first-rate BIG that seems about • "Every safe, tested outier, Goddard’s, For and with way meals, No ger Paulette With When to such look dieting to starvation a dieting— Ayds—such Ayds reduce."Slim the Way the Stars Slim

“AYDS is Such an Easy, Pleasant Way to Reduce,” says Paulette Goddard

For a lovely figure like Paulette Goddard’s, lose unwanted fat the safe, healthful Ayds way—without dieting or hunger.

With Ayds you lose weight the way nature intended you to. A quick, natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no hunger pangs ever. Ayds is a specifically 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.

Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. You will lose weight with your first box ($2.98) or money back.

MY WIFE’S BEST FRIEND

Amusing movies about marriage are so few and far between that it is probably better to welcome My Wife’s Best Friend first, then quibble about its shortcomings. Like some of the better British comedies of recent date, it starts off with a first-rate farcical premise: The Masons (Anne Baxter and MacDonald Carey), setting off on an airborne vacation to Hawaii to celebrate their eighth anniversary, see one of their plane’s engines catch fire. A fatal crash appears imminent. They vow eternal love. Then Mrs. Mason, always one (according to the part she plays) to overdo an act, asks forgiveness for any little nagging or mistreatment she may have been guilty of. In an unguarded final moment her husband, in turn, admits a slight transgression. He was almost unfaithful with her best friend one night a few years ago when she took a long shopping trip to New York. But the plane doesn’t crash. The goings-on thereafter, for some time anyway, are hilarious.

Cast: Anne Baxter, MacDonald Carey, Catherine McLeod, Cecil Kellaway.—20th Century-Fox.

BIG JIM McLAIN

Told in simple narrative style, with John Wayne’s voice to bridge the gaps from episode to episode, Big Jim McLain describes the work of a couple of Committee investigators for the House Committee on Un-American Activities in identifying Communist leaders in Hawaii and helping to quell an incipient Red threat there. With the aid of Naval Intelligence and the Honolulu police department (the F.B.I. is inexplicably absent), Big Jim (Wayne) and his even bigger partner Mal (James Arness) find that the Reds have covered their tracks quite cleverly. But not quite completely. A nurse (Nancy Olson) gives them their first important clue: an address of a man apparently high among the party’s controlling clique. The scenario never finds it necessary to give the nurse any further relation to the real story line, but Big Jim likes her and soon they get themselves engaged. Their romance runs like a misplaced thread through the whole fabric of the film, while Big Jim and Mal keep following up lead after lead. Eventually one of these pays off in a big way. An elderly, retired union man puts his finger on his own son as one of the party’s big men. Sooner, with the help of hidden microphones, the Red hierarchy is trapped in its lair. Clumsily written and ineptly put together, the movie overstates its case for the Committee and bungles the job of telling an important story.

Cast: John Wayne, Nancy Olson, James Arness.—Warner’s.

SON OF ALI BABA

This heady concoction is half old-fashioned burlesque, half college carnival, sound-stage style, but the end result is so completely homogenized that it must be called unique if nothing else. Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are the hero and heroine, and nobody could act more surprised. It seems that Tony, as Kashma Baba, first-born of that older and far better-known Baba, is most likely to succeed with the babs at the Persian Military Academy. West Point of its very early day. This annoys the Caliph of Bagdad’s oldest
son, a fellow cadet, who enthusiastically joins his father in a plot to kill Khashma and his father, make it appear that they have been plotting against the mighty Shah and take over title to the Bubas' vast wealth. However, they reckon without spirited Piper, the pretty fly in the perfumed ointment of their plan. Daughter of the Princess of Foz (though, not unnaturally in this tale, posing as an escaped slave), she helps turn the tables on the evil Caliph and his henchmen. Nobody in the cast takes these goings-on too seriously, and Curtis-Laurie fans may find it all fun.

Cast: Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie—Universal.

TOP SECRET

Employing the tried and true technique of trial-by-flashback, Top Secret tells a tale of espionage behind the Nazi lines during the war. The question before the French secret-police court, sitting in the present day, is: who murdered a certain French underground fighter during the war's waning months? Among the witnesses are Phyllis Thaxter, Karl Malden and Steve Cochran, one time comrades of the Frenchman in a unit of the Maquis. As each tells his story, the scene shifts back; gradually the jigsaw tale takes shape, each Maquis member filling in what he saw himself. It is soon clear that one person keeps reappearing in all the various versions: a missing American Marine, Cornel Wilde. And a fabulous career he seems to have had when the statements are pieced together. Cut down as it is into individual sequences, with the camera making repeated returns to the courtroom, the story is always credible. And that's something, considering some of the casting, Miss Thaxter and Malden, for example, competent players as they are, are just about as French as apple pie.


ASSIGNMENT—PARIS

Up-to-the-minute in their choice of a plot, the makers of Assignment—Paris never get down to the point of taking it very seriously, so that what might have been a thrilling documentary remains just another thriller. This one is about a newspaperman retained behind the Iron Curtain and his employer's frantic efforts to get him back (the U. S. Government, it appears, was just sitting on the sidelines). After vying with George Sanders, editor of the N. Y. Herald Tribune's Paris edition, for beautiful co-worker Marta Toren, just back from Budapest, hot-headed reporter Dana Andrews is sent to the Hungarian capital to replace the ailing bureau chief. It's a hot spot and a hot story for an American correspondent, because a U. S. businessman there has just confessed being a spy. Andrews goes about his business of getting something on the Hungarian premier, a Russian puppet, like a tomcat with a tin can tied to his tail and finds himself in prison for his pains. In the script's most effective scenes, the Hungarians take a confession, cutting and rearranging a tape-recorded prison talk and putting the whole interview on the air. But back in Paris, Miss Toren and Sanders have an ace up their collective sleeve—a trick that works and frees Andrews.

Cast: Dana Andrews, Marta Toren, George Sanders, Audrey Totter—Columbia.

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Shasta Cream Shampoo creates glorious, active lather that gives all hair color a dazzling lift. 

Not a tint! Not a dye!

BRUNETTE HAIR DANCES with dark fire. Shasta's sparkle-giving lather removes color-dulling grime. Leaves hair so clean, your natural color dances through like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If not convinced that New Lanolin-Enriched Shasta brightens your hair color with sparkle-giving lather, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo
FOR BRIGHTER, RICHER, NATURAL COLOR
It had to happen

He can't live with her or without her, but after six years of being on a marital merry-go-round with the fiery, unpredictable Chata, John Wayne has decided he's had enough.

BY RICHARD DEXTER

If you have money, and let's face it, John Wayne does, there are only three places for you to stay in Lima, Peru.

One is the Hotel Crillon. Another is the Hotel Bolivar, and the third is the Country Club of Lima.

As anyone who knows Duke Wayne will testify, he is not the country club type, so a few weeks ago, while traveling through South America, he very quietly, very unobtrusively checked into the Crillon—no fuss, no publicity, no fanfare.

Now the Limeños, residents of Lima, are avid movie-goers—in fact there are more motion picture theatres per capita in Lima than in any other South American city. But the Limeños did not spot Duke right away.

It was a nine-year-old boy from Rochester, N. Y., who pulled the trick. He saw Duke ambling through the lobby and ran to his mother. "Look, mama," he shouted, excitedly pointing to the actor, "There's John Wayne!"

"Seymour," said the mother. "That can't be John Wayne. He's in California, in Hollywood."

Seymour insisted. "I saw him on television before we left home. I know he's John Wayne. Just look at his nose."

The lady rose, but Duke hurried through the lobby, walked (Continued on page 68)
New! Cashmere Bouquet French Type NON-SMEAR LIPSTICK

Now your lips can be more exciting, more inviting than ever...and stay that way all day long! Just smooth on the new Cashmere Bouquet French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick and see how the color flows on your lips so easily, so evenly, so luscious-bright! And here's the beauty-miracle: it won't smear, it won't dry, and it won't come off!

New Cashmere Bouquet is the French-Type Non-Smear Lipstick you can use with confidence...for lips that call for kisses...for lips that stay soft and creamy-smooth...for lips that won't tell secrets!

Contains "Lip-caressing" Lanolin!

6 Fashion-Right Shades

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Enjoy Perfume—this New Way

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LIQUID PETALS
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So pretty and so long-lasting... it's the most delightful, most modern way to use perfume! Liquid Petals is an exquisite new cream perfume with the romantic fragrance of Friendship's Garden. It lingers for hours... keeps you flower-fresh all day long.

Also in gift sets: with Stick Cologne 2.25, with Stick Cologne and Toilet Water 3.50.

SHULTON
New York  Toronto

FROM THE MOVIES

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE—title song by Mario Lanza* (Victor); Nat Cole** (Capitol); Billy Eckstine* (MGM); Bobby Wayne (Mercury); John Raitt (Decca). The Song Angels Sing by Mario Lanza* (Victor); John Raitt (Decca). Maria's new MGM film will make his own version of these two songs the best-sellers. We think he's made better records, though, and you may agree that Nat's version of the title tune gets a more fitting mood.

THE MERRY WIDOW—Selections by Fernando Lamas* (MGM). The trend toward making movie musicals out of musical comedy classics reaches a new peak with the Lana Turner-Fernando Lamas version of The Merry Widow. The real star of the picture, of course, is Franz Lehar, aided considerably by a gentleman who never met Lehar but who collaborated neatly by setting new lyrics to some of these famous melodies. The album, recorded directly from the sound-track, includes the Merry Widow Waltz; Girls, Girls, Girls; Maxin's; Night; Villa; Gypsy Music and Can Can. The MGM Studio orchestra and chorus under Jack Blackton give Lamas sterling assistance.

THE QUIET MAN—Selections by Merv Griffin* (Victor). The picture was shot on location in Ireland and the background music was very authentic. Merv brings the right sentimental atmosphere to his interpretations of Isle of Innisfree, The Young May Moon, The Humor Is On Me Now, Mush-Mush-Mush-Tural-I-Addy, Galway Bay, The Kerry Dance, The Wild Colonial Boy and I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen.

POPULAR

TAKES TWO TO TANGO—Pearl Bailey** (Coral). This delightfully humorous number looks like becoming Pearl's biggest record hit since Tired.

MY LOVE AND DEVOTION—Perry Como** (Victor). A fine new ballad by Perry, coupled with a lively, pleasant item entitled Sweethearts' Holiday.

ELLA FITZGERALD—Trying* (Decca).

PATTI PAGE—I Went To Your Wedding* (Mercury).
An angelic complexion—in 5 seconds!
A touch of the puff smooths you, "de-shines" you, gives a heavenly, soft finish that clings—much longer than plain powder! Because Angel Face is powder and foundation in one! The Duchess de Richelieu says, "Angel Face is the cleverest make-up, so flattering!"

Tuck it in your handbag! In the new Mirror Case with puff, mirror and Angel Face, you carry a complete, velvety complexion! Can't spill! "Angel Face is the most important bit of flattery in my handbag," Mrs. H. Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr. says. In six sweet skin tones. Pond's Angel Face Mirror Case,$1
“Every girl should know,” says lovely model Ann Moore, “how easy it is to make her skin look its prettiest! A change to Ivory and regular care is all that’s needed. Truly, it works wonders!” Why not let Ivory begin its beauty-work on your complexion?

**That Ivory Look**

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

99.99% pure

...it floats

Nursery beauties have it... So can you!

You can have That Ivory look in just one week!

Why be jealous of the radiance of Baby Justine’s skin after her daily Ivory bath? What pure, mild Ivory does for her skin, it can do for yours! Remember, more doctors advise Ivory for baby’s skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together!

Something new and wonderful can happen to your complexion—in 7 short days! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Your complexion will be smoother, softer, younger-looking. You’ll have That Ivory Look—a week from this very day!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!
Lanza FIGHTS AGAIN

by Caroline Brooks

Ever since MGM signed him to a contract, Mario Lanza had proven himself a thorn in the corporate flesh of Loew's, Inc., a hundred million dollar holding company which owns and operates the studio.

According to executives, Mario has fought with directors, writers, producers, makeup men, musicians—practically every department on the lot.

He has argued with Dore Schary who runs the studio, tussled verbally with little Joe Pasternak, his producer, complained vociferously about the choice of musical conductors, commented acidly on the studio's insistence that he cut down on his weight.

In short, Mario in the past three years has earned the reputation, either justified or not—it all depends on whose side you're sitting—of being MGM's bad boy. He is at this writing the enfant terrible of Hollywood, the tantrummental star whose moods and outbursts have brought down upon his head the same type of censure that a few short years ago was meted out to another unstable star, Judy Garland.

The long-simmering feud between Mario and MGM reached the boiling point in August of this year when the studio decided that it had taken all of Lanza's shenanigans (Continued on page 103)
Aly chased his princess half-way around the world, to meet her behind closed doors in Hollywood. Here an outstanding reporter reveals the strange facts behind the headlines.

A woman meets a man who's gay, dashing, flirtatious, restless, unpredictable, selfish, and utterly fascinating. She marries him. And immediately tries to make him over into the age-old popular mold of a mate who is solid, stay-at-home and completely stable. Rita Hayworth was no exception. She did everything in and out of the book to force her prince charming to fit the pattern prescribed by American wives for American husbands. And it looked like she had finally succeeded when, in August, Prince Aly Khan flew to Hollywood and without waiting to change his clothes, dashed to Rita's rented house in Beverly Hills for a six hour huddle that lasted till nearly three in the morning.

But the victory was abortive and pyrrhic. It was Rita who had to change. Aly wouldn't and couldn't. And contrary to report, it was Rita who wanted the reconciliation, Rita who wept and...
begged for forgiveness, who said she had
made a mistake in running away from her
Prince and who promised to do everything
and anything if he would forget, for-
give and take her back.

"I realize now I was wrong to leave you,"
Rita told Aly in the first rush of remorse.
The Prince, gallant in the hour of delayed
victory, soothed Rita, and like a father talk-
ing to a no longer rebellious child, replied
that it wasn't a question of who was
right or who was wrong. The problem was,
could she accept him as the man she mar-
rried, a Prince with a thousand years of Is-
malite tradition, who belonged in part to
his religious followers, a smooth sophisti-
cate who could never conform to the hum-
drum limits outlined by the retiring Rita,
terrified-of-people, tongue-tied in company,
who would rather wear jeans than jewels.

Rita said she would. But let's face it.
While she had enough sex appeal to catch
him, is Rita clever enough to hold him?

And if, when you read this, the recon-
ciliation has gone kaput, it will only be
because in the final analysis, Rita cannot
quite cope with Aly's way of life, which
he will never change for Rita or any other
woman. In fact, even when Rita assured
Aly she was ready to live with him as his
wife, he begged her to consider long and
very seriously before joining him in Europe.
Because he isn't sure it can work. Neither
am I.

The big trouble is that, while Aly has
never wanted a divorce, he has always
wanted freedom—four freedoms, in fact—
to do as he pleases, to see whom he pleases,
to travel when he wants to, and to gamble
for high stakes when he's in the mood. And
the ideal life, from his point of view, would
be if Rita and little Yasmin and Rebecca
lived with him from April until November.
Then he would go off on his travels, as he
will this year to India and South America,
with Rita returning to Hollywood for six
months to continue her career in movies.
And there's the rub. Rita is an all or
nothing girl. She always wants to give up
everything for the man she loves, and she
expects the same consideration from the
man. And this worries Aly. He knows that
even though she promised "I will do every-
thing your way," that when the rosy glow
of renewed domesticity wears off and he
packs up to go on his travels, her American
upbringing, which has a few traditions of
its own, might send her fleeing back again
to the land of the hot dog and the way of
life she knows and understands.

Very few people know why Rita left Aly
in the first place. The parting is usually
ascribed to Aly's dalliance with dames,
especially Katharine Dunham. Aly's atten-
tions to the dancer didn't improve the sit-
uation, naturally, but Rita took fright, then
flight, when Aly displayed his serious
side with his Moslem followers in Africa.
She couldn't (Continued on page 70).

HOPING FOR A RECONCILIATION. BUT. ALTHOUGH RITA WAS "VERY HAPPY" TO SEE HIM, IT WAS NO GO.

Newsman rock to Rita's house . . .

Newsman rock to Rita's house . . .

to interview Aly and Rita (back to camera) . . .

but Aly leaves alone. All for nothing?
The words "movie star" used to mean fabulous ways of life, leopard-lined Rolls Royces and capital-G Glamor—but Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift have reduced the term to torn T-shirts and old tennis shoes. Are these two deglamorizing the film capital? Have they neglected their obligations to the fans who put them in the chips? Is their contempt for Hollywood fair, considering that Hollywood feeds them? Here is an unusually frank commentary written by a top reporter and presented just as we received it.

The Editors
Nicholas Schenck, the mogul behind the scenes at MGM, recently made one of his infrequent trips to Hollywood to see what was happening at his giant glamor factory, the studio. On the surface things appeared to be in order. The cameras were turning, the directors directing, the actors acting, the commissary was open and selling chicken soup. Dore Schary was in his office plotting new and better movies, and his underlings were still driving to work in Cadillacs every morning. But something was wrong, and Schenck was worried.

Nicholas Schenck’s first concern is revenue. He is the man who is directly responsible to the stockholders and he knew, on this trip, that a good many things had to be done to stimulate the nation’s interest in movies.

“We're losing our touch,” Schenck is reported to have said at a closed meeting of top brass. “The whole world used to be interested in everything that went on here. We were the most glamorous city in the modern world. The name ‘Movie Star’ was a label that meant: a fascinating, exciting man or woman, and it brought people into our theatres in packs, just to get a glimpse of the great stars in good pictures or bad. What has happened to that?”

Nicholas Schenck was speaking of the days when movie stars drove leopard skin-lined Rolls Royces and appeared in public swimming in rare furs or, in the case of the men, wearing capes and followed by a retinue of flunkeys. And while he was trying to make his point, one of the current stars, assigned to make a movie at his studio, was just reporting for work.

Well, to say the least, it wasn’t like it used to be. The man stepped through the front door of the studio wearing a pair of blue jeans and somebody else’s shirt rolled up at the sleeves and not entirely buttoned in front. His hair hadn’t been combed, at least not that day, and there was a stubble of beard on his chin. His shoes were unshined, and his manner was that of a laborer asking at the back gate for a day’s work.

He was, however, greeted excitedly and ushered quickly into the swank office of the producer who was to make his film. His name was Marlon Brando.

On the other side of town, at Warner Brothers, a tired publicity man was sitting at his desk holding his head in his hands. He was assigned to publicize an Alfred Hitchcock movie, *I Confess*, and he was looking into as bleak a future as a man in his position could imagine. On his desk was a list of phone calls from reporters and magazine writers who wanted to help him. All he had to do was produce the star of the picture.

But the press agent couldn’t deliver, for his star, at that moment, was where he had been ever since he got into town. Dressed in old flannels and looking every inch like a mechanic off duty, he was sprawled out on a bed in a third-rate apartment house, dozing. His name was Montgomery Clift.

Eccentricities of all sorts amuse most people, but the eccentricities of Marlon Brando (Continued on page 92)
Dear Van:

It's been several days since we talked, and as I've got to make a report to the editors of *Modern Screen* on our discussion, I thought I'd better re-check some of the things we spoke of with you and tell you just exactly how I feel about them.

It's a little embarrassing, Van, to have to sit down with a fellow—particularly a friend—and ask him about his marital life. But I did it and I'm glad. And your understanding that this is all just part of being a star in Hollywood, with your life an open-book, made it a lot easier for me.

First, Van, it must be faced that for the past couple of months stories have been appearing in the papers intimating that things between you and Evie are not entirely harmonious. Not entirely the way they should be.

Now even though you and Evie and most of your intimate friends knew this to be nonsense, it began to hurt. Once an intimation of anything of this sort appears in print, an actor and his wife have to begin walking on eggs, because if they show anything but extreme passion for one another in public, the tongues begin wagging harder and louder than ever. For instance, if you neglect to help Evie on with a wrap when leaving a night club some night, you might conceivably read in the papers the next morning that you had knocked her to the ground. Sadly enough, many people would believe it, for this is a city and an era of exaggeration.

It just seems as though a man in your position can't cry *NO* loud enough to make people believe you. A good example of this took place a few years ago. Two columnists (Continued on page 98)
At the peak of her career Betty Hutton has walked out! But it's the beginning of a new life and career with Charles O'Curran... strictly on their own.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Betty and Charlie got away from it all when they took a two-week vacation at Lake Tahoe. Afterwards, they went to London to do their own show at the Palladium.

The O'Cuurans took a small mountain cabin and Betty did her own cooking and cleaning. They were alone, except for a brief, hectic visit from Lindsay and Candy.

Charlie pointed out the breathtaking scenery to an enchanted Betty. She was really ready for a vacation after her strenuous USO trek to Korea and her highly successful vaudeville debut at New York's Palace Theatre last spring.
One rainy afternoon last May, while sitting in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre in New York where she was appearing in her own stage show, Betty Hutton suddenly rebelled at the course of her career. She was at the top of her professional life, having earned almost two million dollars before she was 31, but she had come to the shocking realization that all her fame failed to add one whit to her security and that of her husband and children. She had kept thinking it was crazy, a tricky, economic slip-up that would be straightened out. But it wasn't being straightened out, and she couldn't wait any longer.

Only a few weeks before this, right after her marriage to Charles O'Curran, this depressing truth had been made clear to her again. Like a new bride will, she had been musing contentedly on their future together. "Just think," she speculated once, "if I wanted to—which I don't!—I could give up the screen and stage and just be a wife. After all, you have a good job. We could get along."

"We could not only get along," Charlie assured her, "but we would have just about as much left, after taxes, as if you were working."

Since Betty was then getting $5,000 a week (and had been for seven years), she patted his head consolingly and said she was sure he would feel better in the morning. "It must be something you married that's disagreeing with you," she told him. But Charlie found a pencil and proceeded to prove his point. Even though, as a dance director, he made only a fifth as much as Betty, their combined income put them into such a high tax bracket that they would have practically as much for themselves just living on his salary.

Betty was hypnotized by his figures. "What's it all about then?" she asked. "I've worked ever since I was a kid. All those years fighting to get somewhere and ... and it's just glory? If I keep on like this, I won't have an extra cent to chip in for us or to use to safeguard my children? Nothing but a big whoop-de-do I couldn't (Continued on next page)
exchange for a loaf of bread?"

"Nothing," Charlie had answered. "So just be a wife and let the old man bring in the money."

"But... but I can't!" she had exclaimed. "You know I love to work. I've got to work. It's in me and has to come out. Yet it should mean something to us. It ought not to come to nothing."

Betty kept dwelling on this talk. Then she got the idea of Charlie producing a stage show around her to be booked at the Palace. "Don't!" everyone warned her. "You can't follow Judy Garland." But as if she were bound to test herself (and she was), Betty went ahead. Waiting for the opening in May was like holding her breath. Then... a smash success. Yet, even this didn't change the basic situation and now, on this afternoon backstage between shows, Betty could not contain herself any longer.

She phoned her agent, Abe Lastfogel of the William Morris office, and, dressed in an old pair of slacks, went out to meet him in a small delicatessen store near the stage entrance. When he got there, she was at a table staring moodily at a 40 cent sandwich she had ordered but apparently couldn't eat. She tried to control herself as she talked, but the tears came before two words were out. She announced broken-heartedly that she could no longer go on in Hollywood as a studio star. She must strike out for herself.

They talked for an hour. "All I own to my name today," she told him, "is the house we live in. After all my years of struggling!... and I would have lost that if my show at the Palace had flopped.

He knew what she meant. Despite her high earnings, Betty had not had enough clear money of her own to organize the stage company and had to pledge all she owned to swing the financing. But he also knew that Betty had always been a victim of the performer's inborn fear of being "at liberty" i.e., unsigned and without a steady income. She had had her days with "short meals," her weeks of pinching nickels, sometimes borrowed nickels. He reminded her of it.

"If you want to be independent and go into business for yourself, that's fine," he said. "For taking the financial risks involved you are permitted to profit more. That's business. But these are touchy times. If you win... great. But if you (Continued on page 66)
Ten years ago he caddied for Crosby, Gable and Astaire ... and they laughed when he said he'd grow up to be in pictures. But they remember Bob Wagner now.

BY KIRTLIE BASKETTE

"Say!" hailed the tall, grinning kid, strolling in from the fairway's edge and up to the Bel-Air foursome. "Want to buy a ball?"

One of the golfers extended his hand. "Let's see it, R. J.," he said, and inspected the proffered pill, which was hardly a prize in any self respecting linksman's book. The paint was cracked and on the cover, where a vicious iron had topped it, there was a smile almost as big as the one on the face of the tow-headed scavenger.

Randy Scott, who was the golfer accosted that day, started to shake his head but he knew he didn't have a chance.

"Let you have it for a real bargain," pressed the determined young salesman. "Two bits. I need the dough. Got a date. Thanks!" He caught the spinning coin and hustled off toward the thirteenth green, ducking through the hedge and across the street. That's where Robert John Wagner, Junior, lived. In a sec he had swung aboard his bike and was pedaling down the hill to pick up a cutie whom he had promised a double-jumbo malt at Tom Crumplar's in Westwood Village.

A scene like that was pretty common around the Bel-Air Country Club about ten years ago, when Bob Wagner was twelve years old and by summer profession a caddy. To tell the truth, he wasn't too hot a caddy for a couple of reasons: one was that packing bags and spotting balls for such movie star members as Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Randy Scott, Fred Astaire and others, Bob was inclined to rivet eyes on his employers in a worshipful manner instead of on the balls they smacked, so usually the balls got lost. And then, just as a player started a backswing designed to wham out a 300-yard drive, "R. J.," as they all know him, was prone to paralyze the project by inquiring, "Say, Mister Gable, about that scene where you socked the guy and drove off with the girl: How could you shift gears with your hand around her waist?"

"The Quiz Kid" they (Continued on page 73)
“I want to be loved”
This one's too cagy to get married, say the Hollywood sages. But Marilyn says: "You can't kiss a career good-night." The answer might be just a guy named Joe.

**By Imogene Collins**

One afternoon about eight months ago a friend of Marilyn Monroe decided to play Cupid and called her on the phone. "You're always saying," he began, "how tough it is to meet nice eligible young men in Hollywood." "That's true," Marilyn said. "Well, I've got a great guy for you to meet tonight," the friend continued. "I'm sure you'll like him."

Her curiosity piqued, Marilyn insisted upon knowing something about her blind date. "Is he in show business?" she asked.

"He's not in show business," the friend said, "but he's the sweetest man right now this side of the Mississippi. Honest! I'll pick you up at eight. We're dining at the Villanova."

The Villanova is one of those warm, intimate, Italian restaurants with soft lights, candles on the table, bottles of Chianti, platters of antipasto, and huge casseroles crammed with spaghetti and meat balls.

Joe DiMaggio, one of the greatest baseball players in the history of the game, was sitting in a booth waiting. As Marilyn and her friend approached, the tall, dark. (Continued on page 101)
My meal ticket is a big, brawny hunk of man named Jeff Chandler... and with his looks and my brains we'll both be eating well for a long time to come!

Jeff's one of the few stars who answers all fan mail personally. He dictates to blonde secretary Arleen Franz every day.

CONFESSIONS OF A TEN-

Each week Jeff Chandler, a wavy-haired, mammoth-shouldered giant who weighs 214 lbs. with a towel around his midriff, and stands six feet four in his size 12 shoes, pays me ten percent of his considerable salary. Like clockwork.

I am Jeff's talent representative, or if you want to be down to earth, I'm his agent. Lots of people don't like to use the word "agent" in polite society because supposedly it conjures up images of blood-suckers, leeches, Draculas and other such parasites. But let's face it. In Hollywood the actor or actress without an agent doesn't eat regularly.

When Jeff isn't working, which, knock on wood, is never, I find him employment. When he is working, which is always, I go over his contract with a microscope. I get it renewed when it expires—at more money if possible. In his case it was possible. I pick up his check at the studio every Friday. Never miss a single week. I read his scripts and try to see that he stars only in top-grade films which can further his career. I handle all the requests for benefit appearances. And I go around Hollywood insisting that Jeff Chandler (Continued on page 89)
PERCENTER
by Meyer Mishkin
Bob Mitchum’s wife, Dorothy, was riding along Ventura Boulevard in Los Angeles a few weeks ago when a truck suddenly pulled out of a side street. Dorothy swung her car around, narrowly avoiding a crackup.

Muttering some pithy words which best expressed her outraged feelings, Dorothy caught up with the truck at the next stop light. She rolled down the window, prepared to give the driver a salty piece of self-rehearsed dialogue. She took one look, however, and her car motor abruptly stalled.

The truck driver was Jane Russell!

At dinner that night Dorothy turned to Bob and said, “Can you give me one reason why Jane Russell should be driving a truck along Ventura Boulevard?”

Mitchum thought for a moment. “Maybe she was delivering her own groceries.”

“No kidding,” Dorothy insisted. “She almost crashed into me this afternoon.”

Mitch shrugged his shoulders. “How should I know? Why don’t you call her up and tell her you’re going to have her license revoked?”

The idea of calling Jane appealed to Dorothy. The girls had a short conversation. Only thirty-five minutes long.
“Tell me,” Dorothy began good-naturedly, “was that you driving a truck this afternoon?”

Jane giggled. “Did you see me? Wasn’t it a riot? It wasn’t my truck, you know. I just borrowed it from the filling station. How come? Well, you know the headboard of our double bed? And the two bedside tables? I wanted them covered with silver leaf. (Continued on next page)

The entrance hall is a wooden-banistered stairwell that curves gracefully through the house.

The ideal site was hard to find, but now the Waterfields live on top of the world, a near vertical climb up from the San Fernando Valley

BY MARVA PETERSON
When Jane started talking about building a house, Bob agreed she could do whatever she wanted, as long as he had a den to call his own. Jane made sure he got his den, a wonderful place full of his guns, trophies and sports memorabilia.

Jane's decorating ideas are sometimes unusual, always effective. Top: her jewelry bedecked tree; bottom: the stone Buddha.
The prices they asked me were preposterous. Honest! I finally decided to silver the raw wood myself.

Jane then proceeded to explain that she did the job in a friend’s studio and, when it was finished, needed a truck to cart the furniture back to her hilltop home. She asked the boys at the corner filling station if she could borrow their pickup truck for an hour. “They told me I didn’t have a card from the Teamsters’ Union and that I was a threat to the highway system of America,” Jane continued, “but in the end they let me have it.”

Jane piled in with Tony, her gardener, and that night, when her husband Bob Waterfield arrived home for dinner, RKO’s number one glamor girl had all the furniture in place.

To people who know Jane Russell well, this story is typical of the girl. Once she gets a bee in her bonnet, no matter how dreamy, no matter how violent the objections of experts, she insists upon carrying it through.

According to her All-American quarterback of a husband, their entire home was built on this Russell principle.

“Jane wanted a house in the clouds,” Bob says. “On the level. I don’t know how she did it, but that’s the kind of house we live in. And it’s darn well constructed, too.” (Continued on page 77)
"How we made it all in one piece is a wonder," says Sue Ladd. And, as she reclines in a deck chair in mid-ocean, she expects to be told any minute that one of the kids was left home in the rush.

BY SUE CAROL LADD

I am sitting here on the Ile de France, somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in a deck chair that feels like Cleopatra's most cushioned couch. To me, anything would feel comfortable at this point—anything that was horizontal and softer than granite. It's the first time in three months that either Alan or I have been able to sit down without lists of details to be hashed over with each other. It's also the first time I've had a chance to write Modern Screen about our trip. They asked me, weeks ago, to give them a blow by blow account of our evacuation to Europe, but the blows came so fast and furiously that there hasn't been time until this moment.

Frankly, I never thought we'd all board this ship in one piece. I remember one night when Alan came home from working in Desert Legion at Universal-International, and found the usual pandemonium that had been ruling the house for weeks. Some strangers were being shown through the house, people who were considering renting it during our absence. I was on the telephone, talking to someone about sending our car over to England, and David was standing patiently by (Continued on page 105)
JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT, ALAN COMPLETED THIS DREAM PLAYHOUSE FOR THE KIDS

The kids take possession of "The Castle Princess," a model home-ette Alan had built for them. It's all their own—grown ups allowed, but by invitation only.

The whole playhouse is scaled to the children's size. Windows are on eye level, chairs fit them perfectly, the piano is a miniature one. Their mother did the decorating.

Even the telephone is scaled to Alana's and David's size. It connects with the main building, and comes in pretty handy when Alana bakes a cake and runs out of sugar.

Five-year-old David dons "formal attire" after spending weeks in overalls as the official foreman for the house. Nine-year-old Alana provided inspiration. Dad, money.

Alana's first tea party was a social success. Her guest of honor: Alan, of course. She served him with her own tiny tea set. Draperies were designed by Sue Carol.

But no sooner had the house been completed than it had to be locked up tight. They're abroad now, but looking forward to happy hours in their own playhouse soon.
Once in love with Janie...

This is a kind of anniversary in a way.
A kind of double anniversary for Jane Powell.
Just about the time you will be reading this article,
Jane and her husband, Geary Steffan, will be
celebrating their third wedding anniversary.
And Jane will be celebrating her tenth year in
Hollywood. It seems proper, then, to take a look back,
as sentimental people do, and once again savor
the high spots and laugh at the low. And, best
of all, look closely at the present.

Well, the present, for Jane and Geary Steffan, is
pretty ordinary, if you call things going
according to plan ordinary. No great comedy or
tragedy is current in their lives. But, as they took
stock of things the other day, Jane and Geary
sat and smiled like a couple of kids who were
close to the last payment on the car or had
just finished finally, after several seasons, getting rid
of the snails in the lawn. They weren't smug,
because anything can happen. But they were, never-
theless, serene in the knowledge that they
had accomplished most of what they had promised
themselves five years (Continued on page 94)
I CATCH JANIE CAT-NAPPING

LONG LAZY DAY AT THE LAKE

WHO SAYS MY WIFE CAN'T SKI!

JANIE AND GEARY III MY FAVORITE PEOPLE

MY GAL EVEN POSES BETWEEN COURSES

SHE'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE.
Once there was a girl
who liked to spend
a quiet evening at home
with a good book.
That was the old
Annie Baxter, who doesn’t
live here any more.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

EVEY
GIRL
NEEDS
SEX
APPEAL

Just before she took off for Quebec where she is currently co-starring with Montgomery
Clift in I Confess, Anne Baxter was sitting in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox,
munching a ham and swiss on toast.
A director who’s put Anne through the paces in four films, happened to walk into the
eatery with Marilyn Monroe.
“Who’s that platinum blonde with the poodle cut?” he asked, nodding at Anne.
“Are you kidding?” Marilyn asked.
“No,” said the director. “Who is she? Her face teases my memory.”
“It should,” Marilyn said. “That’s Anne Baxter.”
The director did a double take. “Anne Baxter?” He walked over to the table and sat
down. “Holy catfish!” he exploded. “It really is you, Anne, isn’t it?”
Anne Baxter, one of Hollywood’s finest dramatic actresses, the brainy, demure, talented
brunette who won an Oscar for her marvelous portrayal of a lost woman in Razor’s Edge
and an Academy Award nomination for her outstanding work in All About Eve has gone
on a sex appeal kick.
She has cut her hair short.
She has had it dyed blonde.
She has reduced her weight to 107 lbs.
She has reduced the necklines on her dresses to new and daring lows.
She has posed for cheesecake pictures in bathing suits that leave precious little to
the imagination.
She has experimented with wearing artificial beauty marks and eyelashes.
In short, Anne is fed up with the way she’s been presented to the public and is de-
termined to become more sexy, more stimulating, more exciting—three adjectives, she
feels, every girl should have.
(Continued on page 84)
The world thought it knew a lot about Bing Crosby—but here is a new portrait of its idol: a shaken man, deep in sorrow and wishing that the last 20 years had been different.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

dixie and bing:
THEIR TRAGIC LOVE

One day a few weeks ago a man walked down an upstairs corridor of St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. He had walked it before and knew it well. It was sterile and shiny and very modern. The walls and the floor curved into each other gently so that there'd be no place for dust to collect and the linoleum the man walked on was hard and shiny and made resounding noises as his feet paced his progress. Wide brown doors opened on either side of the hall and they seemed endless. Nurses and nuns passed briskly and nodded politely and some of them smiled.

This man walking down this corridor was probably the most famous man in the world today; better known than kings and better loved than statesmen and great benefactors. And his troubles, if he could have shared them that day, would have gladly been accepted by millions of people who had grown to know him and love him as Bing Crosby, a crooner, a singer of ballads, a flip man with a joke and a handy man with a golf club. Beyond these things he had never been very accomplished, but he had somehow achieved the position of a revered human. Maybe it was because of his family life.

When he reached the rear of the hall, Bing Crosby pushed open one of the brown doors and entered a corner room. A woman lay in the bed, quietly resting in the filtered light from drawn venetian blinds. There were a lot of flowers in the room but little else. Bing walked to the bed and stood looking down at her for a moment, then he touched her hand and they smiled. The woman was pale and thin. She (Continued on page 60)
They married in 1930, and their first separation came only a year later. Friends blamed it on Bing's adolescent attitude toward responsibility.

When Dixie threatened to divorce him, Bing came to his senses and pleaded with her to remain with him. Their first baby, Gary Evan, came along soon after.

Family life came first, from then on, Bing bought a big home in Rancho Santa Fe, complete with tennis court and pool.

Lindsay completed the Crosby "full house" in 1940. Several years later, Dixie was chosen filmdom's ideal mother. These were happy years.

Trouble started again after all the boys had been born. But, even though they were unhappy, Dixie and Bing stayed together for the children's sake.

Dixie met Bing with a kiss on his return from South America in 1941. Usually shy in public, this was a rare picture.

MORE →
As early as 1941, newsmen rarely found the whole Crosby family together; Dixie's public appearances were becoming infrequent. Here, her "five boys" welcome her home after a trip.

As teen-agers, the boys worked each summer on the Crosby ranch at Elko, Nevada. But Dixie preferred remaining alone in the Holmby Hills mansion to roughing it at the ranch.

The most recent time Dixie posed for candid was during an interview with Hedda Hopper in 1948. Since then, she's avoided newsmen, although she made headlines when Bing went to Europe in 1950 without her.

**Dixie and Bing: continued**

was Dixie Crosby, Bing's wife. She'd been ill a long time. Although the world thought it knew a lot about Bing and Dixie Crosby, it really didn't. For instance, right at that moment it didn't know that Dixie Crosby was terribly ill, and that this day was, in a sense, a day of atonement, a day of remorse, a time of accounting. It didn't know that here, in this hospital room, its idol was a shaken man, deep in sorrow and pitiful in the wish that his last twenty years had been different.

They stood alone in the regret they shared and they asked no sympathy, for they both knew that this might be the end of their time together. Life never goes on forever, and a grave illness makes people think that way.

Twenty years ago Bing was an unknown troubadour and Dixie a rising young movie star. He was penniless and underpaid, and she was making a lot of money and seemed headed for the heights in motion pictures. Bing Crosby, if you knew him in those days, was pretty much a character. Each night he reported for work at the Cocoanut Grove, a night club in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and, as part of a trio known as the rhythm boys, banged through a dozen or so songs very much in the manner of a group of male Andrews Sisters. And at the end of each show, Bing, a gregarious lad, sauntered from the stage and sat at the tables with the customers and laughed and chatted and (Continued on next page)
The four Crosby boys are so closely identified with Bing, many people forget it was Dixie who brought them up, and molded them into the well-adjusted young men they are today.

This is the Holmby Hills home in which Dixie shut herself away from the world most of the time. Never an avid hostess, not many had seen her home until MODERN SCREEN did a story on it 2 years ago.

Dixie made one of her rare nightclub appearances, partly to counteract unpleasant gossip, when Bing returned from Europe.
sipped until it was time to go home. Although he wasn't ever a handsome fellow, Bing was always likeable. And when it was time for his turn, he said some happy words, he stuck his hand on the piano and closed his eyes and, with all the casual abandon of a kid humming himself to sleep, proceeded to awaken an urge to propound musical things in the room. When a local radio station began carrying the program, it soon became evident that better than half the radio sets in Los Angeles were tuned to Bing's rendition of "Dixie." He was the number one romantic rave of the town.

The first meeting between Bing and Dixie took place at a party held after the Coconut Grove opening. She was across the room talking to a group of friends and Bing couldn't take his eyes from her. She was a lovely thing, bright as a new dime and filled with a gay humor that made universally liked. Bing waited for Dixie to come over, as most women did in those days. But she didn't. She ignored him — although later events proved she was just as fastidious. The rest of the women — pretended to be vitally interested in her own friends. After a while Bing walked over toward her and waited politely until someone introduced them.

Now, despite Bing Crosby's obvious ability to handle all situations, he is by nature a very shy man. And, like most shy men in public life, he has a tendency to compensate for that by being most enterprising. It was that way when he first met Dixie. Casually, he shook hands and made a simple remark or two about how much he enjoyed her work. Dixie accepted cordially, and in a few minutes Bing found it necessary to leave her, so he slipped closer and whispered confidentially in her ear.

"Do you seem like a very nice girl. Let's get together sometime. Call me, huh?"

Dixie froze him with a glance. "As long as I live," she said, "I'll never call you."

And Bing walked away.

The Crosbys have been married more than twenty years now and to this day Dixie has never called Bing for any reason.

It begins with the moment she made with herself that night.

The courtship of Bing and Dixie Crosby was a rather erratic one. Bing was a young hellion at the time and generous to himself with illicit gin. He was a powerful man, able to tear a phone book in two with his hands and capable of staying on his feet around the clock, and of still doing his show, anyone a party seemed to warrant it. Dixie, on the other hand, was gentle, careful of her career and health and just about as far from being a party girl as it was possible to be. When their attraction was mutual and each other was as hard to say as it is with most people. But Bing, from the first meeting, was fascinated and unable to hide it or fight it.

It was this, almost like being together more, Dixie changed her entire attitude and started a one-woman campaign to straighten the young singer out. She'd break his gin bottle and eat candy until Bing would say at every time she thought it wise. She laid down pretty strict rules of deportment, and was a stern disciplinarian whenever Bing broke them. And when he was, he was always accepted the responsibilities of being Bing's wife completely. She suffered the disappointments he did and tried to make him like her and she, had he been a single man. She held back nothing of herself to make Bing the husband she that had allways wanted to meet and marry.

The marriage was a possibly a year after they were married. It was due, their friends say, to Bing's adolescent attitude toward his responsibilities. Bing seemed to want to go on with his partying and playing, considering his contribution to life to be his nightly appearance at the Coconut Grove. The papers were pretty aware of Bing in those days, even though he was not as much a national figure.

And they were very aware of Dixie. She was riding on the wave of the new sound that had come to the movies, and was considered the biggest song and dance attraction of the age. Wham-bam announced she had gone to Ensenada, Mexico, possibly to get a divorce, the news made the front pages.

Sometimes when Bing and Crosby when he read those headlines. He has never admitted his true feelings at that time to anyone, but his actions verify the fact that he was hard hit. He went to Mexico to play the wife in Love to Love, and he must have done some pretty fancy promising and confessing to himself, for he came back a happy and a changed man. He could even take an interest in his career, and started the family that now numbers Dixie and his four sons.

Dixie Crosby has always been Bing's four-leaf clover. If she had not come into his life, married him, counted it as a bit on a trio, or, like the other boys in the group, in some other line of work. With ambition itching him, he quit the Cotton Club and went back to his brother, Everett, went to New York to try to get himself set in the radio business. And in a surprisingly short time, sponsored a top-notch facturer, he was the raven of the nation as the first and best of the crooners. What has happened to Bing Crosby professionally since that time has been told of in the years and the reason his private life became a great secret. Dixie Crosby quit the movies to start her family and, with a couple of minor exceptions, for fun, has worked since. The gay, exciting young girl crept behind the wall that Bing built for her and seldom came out. The boys were born, one by one, and even then Dixie was always there. She is the one factor that they concentrated on most, and the world agrees that no sons have been better or more lovingly prepared to face adulthood. But while this was taking place, something happened to Bing and Dixie Crosby.

Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, once might have hit it on the head. It was at the time he was sent to Europe alone and the gossip columnists were hinting darkly that Dixie was furious and would do something about it. "Bing!" Bob said. "What's the matter? He's not working, he's off somewhere playing golf and she has to be alone. Bob backed this statement up with another that he, himself, would give up his life to have his brother. He didn't want the same thing to happen to his family.

Others close to Bing and Dixie had other reasons. One close friend said—and he had at one time been married Bing had never given his wife a present. Oh, he had grown richer with the years she could buy just about anything she wanted, but they say Bing never brought her anything and gave it to her as a token of his love and appreciation. There were those who said that Dixie, alone most of the time, saw her husband on her hands, had taken to drinking too heavily, and that Bing resisted it so much he didn't want to go home. This is pretty difficult to believe, because Bing has always been Bob looking after his boys, and a careful look at them will deny any intimation that they were neglected in the slightest.

However, there was trouble in the Crosby family. While the papers were eagerly looking for proof, never being sure they would dare print if they did find it, several bits of information but available to them that Bing and Dixie were not sure if a divorce or legal separation would result. And someone from the office of John O'Melveny, Bing's lawyer, also admitted that all details except as to method of settlement had been taken care of and that Dixie was in Nevada, with access to a court that could make the legal action a fact in a few minutes. The press was on edge and in Los Angeles, a large ranch in Nevada, makes it seem that whatever was secured a divorce in a few minutes any day of the week.

It must be said to the credit of both Bing and Dixie that neither of them spoke a word publicly about their personal problems, although there must have been anger between them.

Like the cause of the alienation, the cause of the reconciliation, too, was never made public. But it is known that sometime later, Bing and Dixie was a home in name only. Even so, the relationship between the parents and their sons never changed.

But that brings us back to today. When a legal separation was decided against, Bing and Dixie picked up their lives together where they had left off, and even though it is said was never as idyllic as people believed with the daily things right. They are both devout and sincere Catholics and marriage is a sacrament to them, not just a convenience.

Last year was a busy one for the Crosbys. Bing was ill and required hospitalization and surgery. Dixie, too, fell ill and had to be in the hospital quite a bit of the time. As their trials increased and as each grew, and during most of 1952 their friends seemed terribly glad that they had had troubles, because they were reuniting the years and setting their family. And time came Dixie's latest illness.

Nobody on the inside will, of course, tell just what the nature of the illness was or how serious. But from bits of gossip here and there, they were separated together. Some of them true, no doubt, and some of them fantasy. The most discussed story is that Dixie's doctors decided she was too well off for her health. Surgery was performed and afterwards the doctors said that it hadn't been successful, and that Dixie would have to rely on God and nature to heal her. That may or may not be, but it is the most believed account.

At any rate, at the time of the operation, Bing Crosby went through the second transformation of his life. Although with his work, he abandoned it and took a room at the hospital where he could be near Dixie all of the time. For long hours while (Continued on page 97)
I discovered the power of prayer that day I heard the 23rd Psalm above the whine of German bullets... and the voice was my own.

WHY I PRAY

by Dale Robertson

My mother had fixed me a bed on the porch swing this hot Oklahoma night and then led me out to it. She helped me in and tried talking me into believing that it was nice and cool out there—as mothers will. As if I cared. I didn’t care and I didn’t answer because I was a ten-year-old boy panicked into dumb suffering. I knew my silence frightened her, made her feel helpless, and I knew it frightened my two older brothers, Roxy and Chet. Their awe and their dread came through in the way they tip-toed around and hushed their voices. But I couldn’t help it. That afternoon, my whole happy, carefree world... the bright sun, my mother’s face, had turned a dirty, puffy grey. I was blind.

The old swing creaked as it always did. The crickets chirped. The street buzzed, (Continued on next page)
mortar fire, this was the big difference. As a young man trying to make a place for himself or as a young father worried about his wife and child in a first birth, this was the big lift. I would not be without it; I would not want anyone else to be without it. I don't know how it comes to pass, but some religion or church is right and all the others are therefore wrong. I feel the channels to goodness are many and that with belief they are not hard to find. But I have to question whether this is true or not. When you believe, you are past the question. And because I have been past it for a long time I have been happy for a long time.

When General Eisenhower crossed France and southern Germany and Czechoslovakia after the invasion of Europe, I was a soldier in his famous Third Army. One day he issued an order which frightened the pants off a lot of his men including this Oklahoma boy who was at that moment trying to look the part of a second lieutenant in the 322nd Combat Engineers. Eisenhower engineers will not stop to remove mine fields during the advance but run through them and suffer the casualties.

**Eddie Cantor tells his favorite Jolson yarn:** After the first preview of Jolson Story, Al hung around the lobby to listen to the comments. A fellow stepped up to him: " Aren't you Al Jolson?" Jolie said, "Yes, I am." The fan said, "Gee, I thought you were dead." Jolie replied, "I was but I am all right now." —The Hollywood Reporter

**T**HEN I'LL pray," he said. "And I won't quit until you can see..." Whenever anyone asks me if I believe, or for that matter whenever an evening out with my family and friends is off and a little humid like the summer nights we have out in Oklahoma, my mind goes back to that scene. I remember his praying with such a pious look, of grey darkened after awhile and became the silhouette of his head against the lighted living room window... and I knew my ordeal was over and I knew I was not going to be asked from then on for better or the worse, it would never change that.

Many things have happened. But this I have always had to hold on to... my belief. There was a God again, and we knew this was true. This has given me my philosophy of looking for the good rather than spending any time regretting the bad— in the past or in the future. My head has come to rest in the battle which might come. This has made me say about my fate, "If it is right for you, you will get it; and if you don't get it, it wasn't right for you." This I have often wished. And maybe this was why I happened from then on, for the better or the worse, it would never change that.

The road was probably mined. What about the new order? Would I follow it and order them on through... or would I respect their fears and send a detail out to search and remove mines? I wasn't thinking. I was praying, and I was believing. And I was trusting them to pray with confidence. I knew what I had to do. In the army you are not supposed to ask for volunteers for any job that you wouldn't do yourself. You just do it. While they watched I waved to them to take cover and then I drove ahead and down the road myself. The 23rd Psalm flashed into my mind. Those lines about keeping, or rather two lines from it: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil..."

That was it. My prayers work out sometimes is not always easy to comprehend, but if your faith is real and your heart-desiring... they work out. This I know.

Many things have happened but always my belief has held me up. As sad nothing by fever or as a soldier struck by enemy from the hearts of my men as well.

I prayed during the war and I was with men who prayed... loud and clear. I had a jeep driver, Donald Granlund, who made no bones about it. One afternoon we were making a reconnaissance along a river and had come to a place where we knew nothing but trouble. The road ran through a clearing in some woods and the Germans had let our jeep through without firing, in the hope, probably, that other Americans were behind us. But when we stuck our nose into the clearing on our way back, the devil's own racket broke loose. Donald threw the jeep into reverse and we just pulled back into the same wooded area. With the men standing around on both sides of us.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

The situation was a simple—and nasty—one. We could wait until dark and make a dash for it. But I didn't think the Germans didn't come after us... which they certainly would. Or we could take a chance and try to crash through right then. I explained this to Donald.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Because they're sure to come hunting us anyway, I think we're better off to try and make it now," I told him. But I won't order it if you would rather not."

Let's go, he said.

I had him back the jeep up until we would have a sufficient run to insure top speed by the time we got to the clearing. Then we tightened up the fortes—our last ones maybe—and during this respite I told Donald how the 23rd Psalm had helped me before.

"It's good enough for me," he said. "Okay... let her fly," I ordered.

He did. He shifted through the gears fast and we hit the open patch and came out into the open racing like a rocket... chetting like one as we bounced and sliced along the ruts in the road. If you've ever seen newsreel shots of jeeps being tested hurting along like horses over the jump we'd been through. I don't think it was funny. Death was screaming in sharp whines all around us. I saw three tracer bullets flash by between my eyes and saw a chunk of wire cut right in front to cut wires or ropes the Germans sometimes stretched across highways just to throw at us. I saw one I saw the wire catcher... the next it had turned to lasso, and the bullet to the bullets and the roaring motor and the car's jouncing I heard something else—a man yelling at the top of his voice. And then I realized it was Donald screaming out the 23rd Psalm and making sure he was heard. He was. Or I was... for my prayers were just as fervent.

As long as I live I can never forget the sound, the yelling, the pounding of the people of those war-torn countries faced their tragedies. They succored their wounded, buried their dead and went their way quietly. They wouldn't have said, "Well, maybe the pretty soon you found out it was because they had Someone else's. It had an effect on us. We felt we were all one people. In a bombed-out French village I found a Marshal with an old French girl whose whole family had been killed. There were 163 men in our outfit, and without a word of discussion immediately 163 uncles of little Marie David.

It would seem we did a lot for her when we adopted Anna Marie and kept her with us for nearly three weeks. But a girl without a home and parents, this little moppet brought a glow of warmth to our hearts. It was as if every man yearned to counterbalance the killing he had to do by helping to preserve a life. The last spot of the day was when you saw Anna Marie... (Continued on page 68)
Lux Lovely Gene Tierney's own

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux
smiling over some pressing or laying about her head contemptuously. It made us re-
member that we were men of families, born of love and with those who loved
us waiting at home—and this was something
we wanted to remember.
Everyone has heard that old saying that there are no atheists in the foxholes. I
don't. In my outfit most of the boys were Italian, devout Catholics. There
wouldn't have been a sign of any kind and it was assumed by some that they were atheists. I still can't
speak for them. But if devotion is holy, then there were no atheists . because there wasn't a single man among us who
wasn't devoted to Anna Marie and whose heart wasn't wounded when we finally
had to leave her with a Belgium family.
Before I finish, let me get back, in all
fairness to his memory, to that order of
General Patton's about advancing right
through mine fields. Within a week after
the order was posted it began to be ap-
parent to us in the engineer corps that the
general made sense. It was true that when
we ran through a mine field without clear-
ing it we lost men. But when we took
count we found we lost fewer men this
way than we had before. The reason was
that as we advanced the German sharpshooters by
enemy sharpshooters and mobile artillery
as they squatted around mining the
mines, as by the mines themselves. By
rushing ahead and either taking the
German sharpshooters with their full
attention to defending themselves, the whole
area was made secure and the mines could
then be attended to in comparative safety.
"Why didn't the big bros explain all
this?" a GI asked one day when we had
all come to realize this.
"The ways of women and generals are
inscrutable," a buddy of his answered.
"I can't believe it," grumbled the first GI.
"But it's love that makes life to a general—
and that's another thing I've got against
them!"
My main reaction to the way things
worked was that as long as I had
Heinrich's order
to do with prayer. As I have said, the
men were sore when it first was issued, and,
I happen to know, a lot of them
pray that it wouldn't result in their
meeting one of these boys again, for they said that
these prayers had already been answered.
The general had known what he was doing in the
first place. I feel that he, too, must have prayed that he would be right. And
he was.
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it had to happen

(Continued from page 28) out, entered a cab with a smartly dressed Edward G. Robinson and off. Seymour's mother strode over to the desk clerk.

"Puede Vd. decirme," she began, "si este hombre es John Wayne?"

The clerk replied in English.

"Yes, madame. That's John Wayne, the North American actor."

Seymour's mother still couldn't believe it.

"What in heaven's name," she said, talking more to herself than to anyone else, "is he doing in Peru?"

The official answer to that question, the answer Duke gave everyone who asked it since he was somewhere for the sake of a picture, was that he was negotiating locations for several motion pictures he plans to make next year, films like Papago, Alamo, and a few others.

The unofficial reason for the South American trek is that Duke is still trying to forget his Chata—the pug-nosed Mexican beauty he married in 1946 who is about to divorce him, if she hasn't already.

"Mr. Wayne," Chata's nickname means pug-nose—is Duke's nickname for Esperanza Bauer Wayne. Esperanza itself means "hope" in Spanish, but, according to Duke and his quick silver wife, there is no longer any hope for reconciliation. Their marriage is finished.

Before he left for South America, Duke phoned his attorney and said, "Frank, I want you to do one more thing, Chata and I are finished. I'm not going to let her keep me dangling any longer. I can't go on like this, waiting for her to make up her mind whether or not she wants me. I've got to keep my self-respect, too. You've got to get together with Giesler and work out some sort of property settlement."

Chata's lawyer is attorney, Jerry Giesler. Like all good lawyers, Jerry prefers reconciliation to divorces, but he himself says, "It doesn't seem as if there's much chance of these two getting together. They've been married eight years, you know, and under the law Mrs. Wayne is entitled to 50% of the community property. Mr. Wayne's business affairs, however, are supervised by one of those business managers who live in and out of the town, and the settlement will take some time to work out. I thought Mr. Wayne would fly to New York for the opening of The Quiet Man. I didn't feel he should be left to sit there another while longer in South America."

"I don't know, of course, but my guess is that he'll be back in Hollywood by October at which time, unless circumstances change, Mrs. Wayne will probably file for divorce."

During his six-year marriage to Chata, Duke has earned a million dollars and invested large sums in more than a dozen diversified businesses. A few of his holdings, for example, consist of a hotel in Culver City, oil wells in Jack County, Texas, partnership in a northern California dairy, a man-made lake in Los Angeles, a frozen food establishment called the Polar Pantry, and a four-acre estate in the San Fernando Valley, valued at $140,000. Duke is entitled to one half of some of these investments, you can see that Duke's second divorce is going to cost him a pretty penny. In his first marriage, he was held to custodianship of his four children, two girls and two boys, and Duke has been paying for their support since their birth.

In Duke's philosophy, money has never been the primary consideration. To Wayne love and loyalty are infinitely more valuable—the love of a good woman and the loyalty of good friends. These are the mainstays of his existence. Pull down one of these pillars and Wayne is lost and miserable, two adjectives which describe the state of his feelings during the South American juncture.

The other day, Duke wanted to go into another picture immediately. They offered him Vaquero over at MGM, but he wasn't particularly enthusiastic about the script which turned it down. Warner's then came up with Alma Mater, the story of Sip Madigan, the football coach at St. Mary's College. Duke agreed to do that but one first asked Jimmy Grant, one of his writer-pals, to make some script changes. When he was told that the picture wouldn't be ready to go until October, Duke was taken aback. He needed something fast to work on, and off he went to MGM.

Duke didn't want to hang around the house, because the house reminded him of his wife; and she might show up any minute, and he knew that he'd succumb to her charms, and one more they'd be off on that strange marital merry-go-round.

Duke packed his bags and set-lit Helen Mack's house. Into his own house moved Webb Overlander's relatives. Webb is a friend of Duke's. At the same time, Wayne agreed to rent his house to some socialites from the East for $1500 a month. "Webb's gang'll move out," he told them, "whenever you lose your house."

No sooner had Duke pulled out than Chata returned from Mexico. When she arrived at her house and found strangers there, she cast them and them in no uncertain terms to scram. She fired the servants, got in touch with Wayne's lawyer and told him that she had no intention of renting her house. The lawyer explained that she had been notified of Duke's intention to take over the house, and in her characteristically Latin manner, told him it was no soap. She was determined to live in the house, and, as for Mr. Wayne, well, she hoped he was having a fine time in South America.

The tragic part about the breakup of Duke Wayne's marriage is that he and Chata are still very much in love with each other. They have never fallen out of love; yet they can't live together without fighting—not for any appreciable length of time. And the conclusion is that the heartache outweighs the physical and mental emotion each holds for the other.

Grant Withers and his Cuban girl friend Estrella O'Hara want to move half the time to St. Josephine. It's another girl mill. Not that you'll ever hear him complain. He's too stoic for that.

One of his pals who made the South America trek with him and has since returned, says, "I remember when Josephine divorced Duke (his first wife was Josephine Suenz), it hurt him, of course, because underneath everyone who's married, they're married because of the guy, and not the girl. But he took it in stride. Back then he'd call up some of the old gang, they'd go camping and carousing for a couple of weeks. Now Duke is more settled, he hasn't got the urge and he's got too many picture commitments. A very funny thing about this guy—the better his career, the worse his married life."

Duke's current picture is three pictures out, Jim McBain, The Quiet Man, and Jet Pilot, but look what's happened to his marriage? Maybe it's because he has a yen for Latin-America girls, but this type of girl. He'll probably marry the same kind again—but somehow I'd like to see him try an American girl. He's the most American guy I know, and I think he should marry some corn-fed bimbo from Iowa."

Duke's only answer to his marital breakup is to schedule as many pictures and as much work for himself as possible. Wayne believes is the only antidote for heartache.

Now that he's without a woman he seems lost. In South America he's got so lonely that he phoned some of his old pals and asked them to fly into Lima.

Gossips say that Duke has already picked out an old flame—Maureen O'Hara with whom he starred in The Quiet Man. This picture was shot in Ireland last Summer, at which time Chata flew over to see him in fact of her own marriage. There is no truth to the rumor that Duke and Maureen fell in love while making the film. Maureen has since obtained a divorce, but she and Duke have been very friendly—more than friendly. There is no doubt but what Wayne will get married again. More than 90% of the men who have been married twice try it a third time, and there is no indication that this is going to be an exception. He doesn't mind working hard—in fact, he loves making movies more than anything else on earth. But when he finishes a hard day's work, he likes to come home to a woman, an easy chair and a drink.

At 45 a man becomes a slave more or less to his habits, and these are Duke's. Without them, he is lost. Not that you'll ever hear him complain. He's too stoic for that.

When you arrive in Mexico City or Acapulco.

Friends have said from time to time that the crux of the marital difficulty could be traced to Duke's schedule. That for many years he's had small time for play or social life, that whatever week-end time he did manage, he spent with his four children who range in age from ten to two, that his children will be another in-law trouble and Chata's inability to give birth to a child of her own.

Undoubtedly, each of these factors was a contributing element. In all fairness to Duke, however, it must be said that he did everything humanly possible to make Chata happy, except change his own personality. He even went so far as to offer her a divorce at one time, if it were another in-law trouble and Chata's inability to give birth to a child of her own.

Therefore that offer nor their second honeymoon in Honolulu this spring seemed to do the trick.

A few weeks ago Duke finally concluded that he couldn't take any more of Chata's unpredictable behavior and that insofar as he was concerned, the sooner the marriage was dissolved the better.
Why do so many think these silverplate patterns are sterling?

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

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what really happened between rita and aly?

(Continued from page 35) comprehend how he could be such a god for them, and such a fun loving playboy in France. She told him of her happiness. It surprised Prince advised her to return to France to await his return in Cannes.

“Aly was the most amazing man in the world when Rita took off for America,” a chaperon told me. “They were quite friendly when he saw her off from Africa. And he called her every day in France and not a word did she say about him. His letters had a suggestion that in the newspapers. He had no advance information then about the Nevada divorce, which Rita didn’t conclude. Can you wonder why Rita baffles him?”

She was quite the most charmingly. It’s easy to see why she loves him.

Once Rita had decided she wanted Aly again, she just couldn’t wait for him to arrive. She was calling him on the boat every day, then telephoned him in New York to invite him to stay with her. But the Prince, who is more worldly than Rita, wouldn’t come until she was 100% sure she wanted the reconciliation, his staying at her house would compromise her and nullify the abortive divorce proceedings. And it was Aly who cautioned Rita on this point. He gave her a gentler touch of the reversed situation. Rita is only cautious when she is not in love.

Poor Princess Rita. She would have liked Aly to have spent a quiet hour or two in an Alpine Drive. But even on that brief jaunt to Hollywood, Aly had to go to the races at Del Mar.

The Charles Vidor’s, witnesses at their wedding and close friends of both, wanted to throw a big party for Aly in Hollywood. But Rita wouldn’t hear of it. She explained to them and other friends of the two that she was here to see her children and her, and she didn’t think big parties were in order. But because of her friendship with Doris Vidor and Charles, Rita finally consented to a small gathering. And another small soirée at Cole Porter’s house. But up to the last minute no one could be sure she would come to either.

In fact, no one can be sure about anything with Rita—except her love for her children. And for a playboy with a roving eye, it’s surprising how much Aly loves the children, too. Rita has to be taken care of by a chauffeur, who is a lighting and a racehorse. She wasn’t even invited to Aly’s birthday party.

But Rita’s spare cash went to square Orson Welles’ income tax with Uncle Sam. I haven’t pecked at Aly’s bank book, but I’m sure he’ll never have to live off his wife.

It’s too bad Rita can’t take care of over—much for clothes. She can charge it to Aly at Jacques, Balenciaga, and all the top notch Parisienne couturiers. But all those times she was dressed to the teeth at the opera, the race tracks at Longchamps and Ascot, she’d have given the more care to her hands, handsome, sweeter and blue jeans, which is how she greeted Aly when he arrived for the reconciliation.

Most girls would have worn their best blouse. Aly, though, didn’t have any makeup on either. She never cared for jewels, but Aly has given her some beautiful diamonds. And in her most moments of flight, she didn’t leave a racing fan. But Aly put some of his finest horse flesh in her name, and to the best of my knowledge, has never taken them back.

In the matter of always winning Aly is a chip off the old Aga. He’s a partner with his father, with the four footed fillies—they’re divided. And he listens to his advice in the women in his life. The old man adores Yasmin. Rita has more of a problem with the Aga’s wife, who started life in as poor circumstances as Rita. I believe she was a waitress. But the Begum mistook Rita’s shyness for snobbery. So the brother-in-law has always been cool.

But none of the power, the pomp and the money has meant a nickle in terms of happiness. Aly was asked to take a dollar settlement for Yasmin, it seemed as though she was money mad. She never has been. She was just trying to make darn sure that Aly’s only daughter was looked after, as he did for his sons. With Moslem thinking, this could never be.

Some soroupreds spread the talk that Rita wanted the rebound marriage to Through the Aga’s money for her daughter. But Rita doesn’t need anyone else’s dollars. She can make as much as Aly can spend. Her Beckwith Company is in part ownership. She has a quite a bit on Carmen. And while Trinidad was no great shakes as entertain- ment, as Rita told Aly, it’s making money lots of it. So she didn’t have to pretend to be an efficient woman as arrested by any financial insecurity. I think she just had to get away from him to realize that if she loves him she’ll have to accept him on his terms, or not at all.

RITA learned the hard way that Aly can’t be stampeded into any situation, although the wisenheimers insist he was stampeded by the divorce and sub- sequent separation with Rita. I don’t believe it. If that were true, why should he have wanted to resume the marriage.

And he does want it. He has his hopes raised that it does. That’s why he begs her to continue her career. A busy girl doesn’t have the time or the inclination to mope while her husband is dangling all over the world. What can she do with him? Come closer kiddies and I’ll tell you a little secret. When Aly was courting Rita, she simply loved to fly. When they were married, she was confessed to be terrified in planes. And Aly rarely travels any other way. The only reason he came by boat last time was because he wanted to relax on board deck and look real rough. He isn’t the best. She likes to travel but leisurely, by car, or train, or boat. And she hates to leave the children. So she’ll have to do a lot of deciding. And a hack of a lot of compromising.

I hope she is as sure of her feelings as she tells Aly. Because a month before he arrived in Hollywood she was having an affair with Kirk Douglas and after that she wanted to marry him. But something went wrong on the third date, and Rita was out when he called for a fourth.

When Princess Rita appeared she doted Richard Greene, even appeared at a party with him. And she hates parties. Before Dick or Kirk there was a little fling with Cy Howard. She re- moved from a room photo of Lana Turner with one of Rita.

So who knows what will happen at the end of this idyll with Aly? One thing, Rita, don’t let yourself get fat again. She is so beautiful when slender and with red hair. Aly prefers it naturally black and long. Orson made her dye it black in a short time, but it gave her aurora and medium length. You can tell by her hair the direction of Rita’s heart.

But this is for sure. The book of Rita’s romances is not finished. The final chapter has yet to be written. I sincerely hope she’ll be able to write, “... happily ever after.”

END
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When you're stepping out—remember ... you can step into his heart only if you're lovely to love. No wonder, so many smart girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.

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You, too, like Rita Hayworth, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

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The beauty blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair
Since he arrived there three years ago, Bob has been prowling around the Twentieth-Century-Fox lot like a tourist, poking into the cutting rooms,props, wardrobe racks, recording and dubbing stages, portrait galleries, even the paint shop, pestering people with "how come" on details about how movies are made. On all of his six jobs he’s arrived with time clock precision throughout the picture, to watch whenever he was able. Over a couple of days. He hauled home both a tube and a sax making Stars And Stripes Forever and kept his Bel-Air neighbors awake nights until he could look like one of Pete’s boys in the Sousa band. Though his part was brief, he cornered Jane Froman herself, and "With A Song In My Heart" and pumped her for four straight hours until that game gal gasped, "Well, Bob, now that you’ve got my life story, how about telling me yours?"

That’s what Bob has snatched two chances to cover the country and meet the people. On his tour of 90 cities after Let’s Make It

Hunter got their heads together to make a miniature movie which could keep her stock soaring with the big bosses. Jeff played a smoothie and Bob a bumbling, boyish lovemaker in the middle of the contrasting suitors. Well, once Wagner got started on the funny business of hashish love the test grew and grew, until he and the others could come up with "Look, I got an idea," which was so funny they just had to keep it in. But when they finally screened it for Bob’s papa, it was Bob himself, notifying the, not only did the girl get her contract renewed but Zanuck, impressed by Bob’s comedy, scratched Rory Cal- lahan’s Stars And Stripes cast sheet and pencilled Bob Wagner in for Willie, his biggest part yet. So spreading yourself can pay off when you least suspect it, and that’s what Bob Wagner has done, he is still, he is now, and believe me, he always will be!

But in less informed circles, until recently at least, Bob Wagner has been sold short. Because he’s so young, so glib, sociable and easy going, because of his social and well-to-do family and his private school and country club boyhood, and because he does like the ladies, notably Debbie Reynolds, the portrait of young Robert Wagner around Hollywood has too often been drawn as a butterfly playboy flitting in and out for the glamorous heck of it. Nothing could be more cockeyed.

It’s true enough that Bob’s a hometown boy and that he had plenty of top echelon Hollywood notables who could and did help him get a break. But there have been more hollow headed pretty boys with pull than you could dig out of Hollywood with a bagful of rhinestones, and actually the wise girl in the movies has found it rougher than the rest to hole out their opportunities at a studio. Bob Wagner has made his shots stick at the flag, and he’s watched every move he’s made today only because he knew what he wanted and went after it aggressively, sensibly and for real. Being blessed with the native curiosity of a litter of kittens hasn’t hurt him, either.

The reason for this hurry-up juvenile solo was to get Bob under the wire for Twenty-Six, a California school term. His older sister, Mary Lou, was already in school there at Marymount and the whole family was due to follow as soon as R. J. Senior had been successful in the paint business, could retire and enjoy his life in sunny Southern California. But first there were business and household matters; wind up in Detroit, where Robert John Wagner Junior was born February 10, 1930.

Even at seven both Bob’s athletic body and passion for sports had already got off to a pretty strong start. The first home he remembers was on Fairway Drive, just a mashie shot away from the second hole of the Detroit Golf Club links, and he played with a putter and golf balls before he could walk.

Bob started his long list of schools at Brookside, a Detroit private academy for refined little gents, but summers he shook his bowl of loose hair loose at just naturally, if he were the summertime home on Northport Point by the lake. Exploring the wonders of the world there, he survived kicks from the family pony, and got to know the woods; tumbling down sand dunes and one wild swing of the club, a tangle which almost chopped off his foot instead of the tree he’d aimed at. But finally he learned that the joy of the ride and fish and eventually headed in the family boat out of the bay, although his dad had to hold him in the boat to keep it from being vice versa.

Bob Wagner has a boyhood full of adventure that was marred by few restrictions on his personal freedom. He’s always been pals with his father and mother and his dad’s friends. There’s an easy going, relaxed, jokey affectionation relationship between Bob and his folks today that testifies to their sound background, to raising a boy. "We just guided R. J.,” his dad says. "He never reigned him in. But, to tell the truth, he never needed it." That doesn’t infer by any stretch that Bob was ever a pantywaist or a sissy. On the contrary, from the start Junior Wagner got mixed up in all the rugged outdoor sports that California offers its sons. (Continued on next page)
Keep that $100 gleam in your hair!

**New Lady Wildroot Shampoo**

Want your hair to sparkle...to have that $100 gleam? Then start using new Lady Wildroot Shampoo...the liquid-cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans...cleans as it gleams.

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For soft, gleaming, radiant hair...for a clean, deep-clean scalp insist on the shampoo that's good for your hair...right for your hair...insist on new Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

**Hurry, Hurry! There's still time to win a $100—BE A WILDC Root GLEAM GIRL!**

Want to win $100. Want to have your picture in a Wildroot advertisement? Just send a snapshot or photograph (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows 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, New York. Print your name and address on the back of the picture.

If your photograph is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot advertisement and Wildroot will pay you $100. Judges will be a New York artist and an art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photographs will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send your photograph today. And to keep that $100 gleam in your hair...keep using Lady Wildroot Shampoo.

**All this private education may smell like money, and it's true that Bob Wagner's family has never been on relief and probably never will be. But the picture of a pampered rich boy doesn't fit R.J., and it burns him to a cracking today when that's how he's painted. Bob's dad isn't and never was a rich man, but a successful businessman who made a good living and still does. Although he arrived in California to take it easy after piling up some security, sitting around in the sun soon drove him wild, so he got back in the paint business again, switched to steel and now represents several Eastern companies on the Coast. Self-made himself, he has always plugged that idea with him.**

"We had a deal," Bob says. "Whatever I earned, Dad would match it. But I had to earn something first or it was no dough." From his caddy days on, Bob never missed wandering a summer job. Frankly, Bob Wagner likes the girls and the girls like him and it's a pretty old and mutual habit. As far back as his Harvard Military School days he was going steady with pretty Sue Moir, just as he is today with sweet-faced Debbie Reynolds. In between Bob has enthusiastically lived up to the courtly nicknames they still toss his way. With his charm and looks it would be a shame if he hadn't. Like everyone else, a lot of his dates told him, "You ought to be in pictures," and a lot of them knew what they talked about. Among

**Wildroot gleam girl, Joyce Davidson of Hamilton, Ontario says, "My hair is so easy to manage and to set after a Lady Wildroot Shampoo."**

**Wildroot gleam girl, Pinky Parker of Louisville, Kentucky says, "I never need a special rinse when I use Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It leaves my hair so clean it gleams."**

**Wildroot gleam girl, Susan Joy Collins of New York says, "I love Lady Wildroot Shampoo. It smells good. Mama says it's good for my hair."**

**Get New Lady Wildroot Shampoo gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams.**

**Three Sizes 20c 39c 98c**

**Headquarters was the house his dad built by the Bel-Air golf course and later switched to the old Bel-Air staples, now the swank Bel-Air Hotel, where another kid who craved excitement named "Dare" Harris, now known as John Derek, kept a horse and a BB gun. Bob acquired the same equipment.**

"We declared war immediately," he reminisces fondly, "and had point-blank battles all around the stands." When that palled, they carried the skirmishes up and down the Bel-Air hills, hoss-opera style, until Bob got shot in the mouth and his mother took away his artillery.

The surrender channeled him into a more safe and sane athletic program, which, with the Club so handy, was easy. In no time Bob was pretty slick at golf, tennis, and swimming, and you can spot this training right away when you see him today, in the graceful way he moves and his long, streamlined build. When his dad died and he returned to the Santa Valley and stocked it with horses, Bob devoted himself to collecting all the cups and trophies for equestrian skill around Los Angeles County. Today he's got enough trophies scattered around his room to start a small hardware store. And then there were all the campus sports—basketball, baseball, diving, football. Bob was on so many teams he can't remember them all, but for that matter, he went to so many schools it's hard to recall all those, too. In fact, Bobby Wagner piled up what must be an all-time, all-California record for campus trotting until he finally graduated from Saint Monica's at eighteen. "I made them all," he admits, "all except reform school. I can't understand how I missed that." But Bob blossomed most, though, at Cal-Prep, where the system was to treat boys like men. Students were on their own there. They could smoke in their rooms, busily with the pretext of their own study time, ride their own horses. Up in the Ojai Valley, Bob settled down, became an activity man and a member of the student body council. He wound up as senior class president at Saint Monica's, where homesickness for his folks and Hollywood brought him back for his last year.
his first girl friends were daughters of first line Hollywood families—like Gloria Lloyd, who's Harold's daughter; Melinda Markey, who's Joan Bennett's, and Michele Farmer, who calls Gloria Swanson "Mom."

His own family, too, had scads of Hollywood friends stemming from the days when R. J. Senior sold paint for movie sets and traveled around the studies. The Wagner's long standing as Bel-Air Club members, too, where Bob's dad is on the board, had established them in a social set that takes in an important part of the movie colony. Wherever Bob turned he could find someone, young or old, with a studio connection—like one of his best friends, Jack Anderson, who married Joan Bennett's other daughter, Diana. And they all were eager to say, as Jack did one day to Solly Baiano, the Warner casting chief, "I know a kid named Bob Wagner who'd be great in pictures."

"Send him out," said Solly.

Now that happens all the time to good-looking young men in Hollywood who have the right entree. So there's no point in saying that Bob Wagner's chance came hard. But making the chance pay off is strictly another thing. Bob went out to Warners, for instance, and nothing came of that. He traveled around the studio a lot on introductions but, after all, what did he know? Facing up to it, Bob came right back to the bleak fact that as far as dramatic experience was concerned, all he could point to was a military school playlet, The Life Of John Alden, in which he played—hold everything—Pricilla! That's why it was easy for his dad, who had a business career for Bob in mind, to argue logically that he should take a crack at the steel game when he graduated from Saint Monica's. That Easter vacation R. J. Senior took Bob on a tour back East, to all the steel mill towns, to show him what it was about. That summer he hired him on as a junior salesman and for a while Bob did his best. But then one day he had to let his dad have it:

"It's just no good," he told him. "I've got this picture business in my system and I've got to either get it or get it out. How about it? Will you ask me for a year while I try?"

R. J. Wagner had been a sportsman all his life. "I'm your dad, aren't I?" he grinned. "Tell you what. Bill Wellman's starting a picture. I'll ask him what he can do."

Wild Billcalled from MGM two hours later, "Get on out here, R. J.," he ordered. "We'll make you an actor." But of course it wasn't as easy as that.

What Bob did was a tiny bit in The Happy Years, a baseball catcher to be exact, with a grilled mask over his face. He said, "Come on, pitch it down here!" and probably he didn't say it very well. But that didn't matter. Bob Wagner was up in the cloud. He was in the picture business, officially at least. Of course, that brief exposure really meant nothing at all. Bill Wellman doesn't make pictures all the time, for one thing, and Bob Wagner wasn't out after secondary parrot bits anyway. He knew he was gourd-green, but he wanted to set about this thing right. A lot of people gave him good advice—John Hodiak, whom he'd caddied for; Alan Ladd, whose daughter Carol Lee he'd dated; dozens more. Their counsel was sound: Get an agent, get experience, get into some little theatre shows. Go on, just do it. But easier said than done. Bob was still asking questions but not getting the right answers, and the months were slipping by when suddenly the lightning struck. A piano-playing friend of his, Lou Spence, was trying out some ma— (Continued on next page)
GLAMOROUS stars asked for it...an easier-to-apply, longer-lasting make-up that would give them the very 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 tell-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"

20th Century-Fox Production
Color by Technicolor

terial at the Gourmet restaurant in Beverly Hills, and Bob and his folks went there for dinner. Bob likes to sing, has a good voice, too. So between courses he leaned over the table with Lou and joined in on "Tea For Two." That's when the waiter brought the note: "If you'd be interested in picture work, come see me at the office—and better bring your parents." Bob looked that young, and he was, just nineteen. The talent spotter was Henry Willson, who's an old hand at such things. He's helped a dozen stars get started—Guy Madison, Rory Calhoun, John Derek, to name a few. After Bob called around, with his dad to the Famous Artists office the next day, things started rolling fast.

Before he knew it, he was up for a test at Fox, doing a love scene with pretty Pat Knox and perspiring so profusely he had to take a shower afterwards. "They still call me 'the sweater out there,'" Bob grins. But getting all hot and bothered paid off. He won a four month option. In other words a "You look good, we'll see, hang around." But Bob was too steamed up for that passive role. Henry Willson routed him right away to MGM 'where a free-for-all elimination contest was going on—the prize, a lead in Teresa. Fred Zinneman was screening a hundred-odd young actors, some pulled clear out from Broadway, for the part of a young psycho-neurotic. "For me," Bob allows, "that was easy. I was so nervous I was a psycho-neurotic!"

Anyway, he emerged from the contest definitely the red hot favorite, and word like that gets around. Fox didn't let him dangle any longer. They put him right on the team and four weeks later he was playing the beardless Marine in Halls Of Montezuma which came easy too, because Bob had just seen a stretch of service with the USMC Reserve.

SINCE then, in The Frogmen, Let's Make It Legal, With A Song In My Heart, What Price Glory and Stars And Stripes Forever, Robert Wagner has pretty well proved it was no crazy kid idea that propelled him toward the picture business back in his caddy days. While none of his jobs yet is anything to cop an Academy nomination, they've turned him the tag "a young Montgomery Clift," and a bundle of bouquets from far and wide.

But, if there have been some swift and important changes made in Bob Wagner's Hollywood prospects, there are very few alterations evident in R. J. himself. He's still pretty much the friendly, grinny, inquisitive guy, with his eyes roaming around looking for fun and excitement. Being an eager beaver hasn't made Bob a dull boy. It's safe to say that R. J. Wagner has more friends and less enemies than any unattatched young man in town of all ages and stages of Hollywood eminence.

He's a familiar fixture at the homes of John Hodiak and Anne Baxter, Richard Sale and Mary Look, the writers, the Walter Langs, the MacDonald Careys, the Dick Widmarks, Clifton Webb—all older than Bob—and a particular pal of "Dooley" Dan Dailey's. The young married set, like Dale and Edie Robertson, Jeff and Barbara Hunter and Rory and Lita Calhoun keep him just as busy, and the young unmarried set (female) even busier. Or perhaps it's the other way around.

Besides his best girl, Debbie Reynolds, Bob occasionally spreads his favors among Barbara Darrow, Melinda Markay, Pat Knox, June Havner, Anita Eckberg and Susan Zimnick—to list a few. When Dan Dailey became a bachelor-about-town a while back he immediately buttonholed Bob.

"You really can't use all of that talent yourself, Lover Boy," he ribbed him...
house in the clouds

(Continued from page 51) In contrast to Bob, who made only one demand ("All I want is a den"), Jane knew exactly what she wanted. At times she was the despair of the architect, Kemper Noland, Jr., but after four years of observing the Waterfields in their house, Kemper agrees it's ideally suited to them.

In 1943 when the Waterfields decided that they could afford a house and pool, Jane took a lot that had been sold in her characteristically direct manner. First off, she asked every real estate broker along Ventura Boulevard to show her any lot she had in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley.

There are only about 2,000 such lots, and Jane swears she visited about 90% of them. After weeks of endless tramping, her potted plants died, and she found "exactly what I wanted." The Waterfield property consists of four lots at the end of a narrow-vertical climb. Wild hills surround the main floor, and while from the fourth, the breathtakingly beautiful valley stretches out below. Actually, the property was once a hill. A previous owner merely leveled off the top as a house site, then changed his mind and decided not to build.

Jane envisioned this leveled area as the ideal spot for a pool. Her house, she felt, would hug the hills on two levels with a portion of the living room cantilevering over the garden. This, in essence, is the plan that Kemper Noland drew up.

"I chose Kemper as our architect," Jane explains, "because I've known him all my life. His father and my grandparents, and I knew he was honest. He also combined a knowledge of solid- fashioned construction and an eye for design. That's the exact combination Bob and I wanted in our house, something built of stone and wood like a 17th Century English manor house and some of the spaciousness and openness of contemporary homes."

To hear Jane tell it, she and Robert (she always refers to her husband as Robert) were a pair of dilettantes as clients.

"We questioned Kemper and we argued with him about construction and design, and in the end, he always compromised because, after all, we were the people who were going to live in the house.

One main bone of contention concerned the beams of the living room ceiling. Jane wanted heavy beams to give the 45-foot room the warmth you get from natural wood. Kemper argued that the architect argued that structurally beams were unnecessary. "I don't care whether we need them to hold up the roof or not," Jane said. "I want beams."

Another argument in which Jane emerged the winner dealt with the front entrance. Jane didn't want to be able to step into every room in the house from the front door. The sorely tried architect said jokingly, "Look, Jane, I don't know how I can when unless we built a front hall up through the middle of the house like an elevator shaft."

"Exactly what I want," Jane said. "You tunnel up through the center of the house. Then I'll be able to carry groceries from the carport to the kitchen without having to trap around to a service entrance. It'll be good for Robert too. He'll be able to sneak right into his den without going through the living room."

The "tunnel" Jane insisted upon turned out to be the house's exceedingly fascinating front entrance. Lined from above by a transom skylight, a polished redwood stairway curves up one flight from the carport to the house proper. In the entry, the windows and doors are furnished with clear glass and a stone Buddha that was once part of the Clover Club bar. When the Clover Club burned down, Jane bought the Buddha from a salvage company.

In furnishing her highly individualistic house, Jane worked with three interior decorators. She needed three to get the pastel, fairy-tale atmosphere she so desperately wanted. It is basically her taste, however, which the house reflects. Russell isn't the type who puts anything in her home because someone else thinks it belongs there. Her enormous living-dining room has been so carefully furnished to scale that you overlook its tremendous size until the room is filled with people. It can hold more than two hundred without appearing at all crowded. Its bigness is minimized because it's divided into several areas on different levels.

The dining area is one step up from the rest of the room. It has one long simple Chinese table and eight chairs set out in front of a solid wood wall.

The fire pit is two steps below the main floor level. The large stained couches are set at right angles in front of a large flagstone fireplace. Someday Jane wants a leopard or zebra skin rug in front of the fireplace, but at the moment, two Navajo rugs in front of the floor mirror surprisingly well with two Chinese red lamps.

Another section of the room is known as the "music corner." This one consists of a baby grand piano and an antique Chinese record cabinet which stands in front of the glass doors leading to a small patio.

Downstairs by the pool there's a lanai room which has a complete kitchen setup of refrigerated (Continued on next page)
"You'll be prettier... if you make a clean start!"
says Piper Laurie

clean deeper with Woodbury Cold Cream

"You may look lovely Saturday, but don't save that face for Sunday... stale make-up spoils a pretty face!" Piper Laurie warns. And while ordinary cleansing doesn't get to the bottom of yesterday's make-up and grime, Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten does!

Penaten works the magic

Penaten, a marvelous new ingredient in Woodbury Cold Cream, carries the rich cleansing and softening oils in Woodbury deeper into pore openings. Your cleansing tissue will prove how much more dirt you remove. Feel your skin; it's softer!

you'll look your loveliest

"Your make-up looks loveliest when you start with a clean face," says Piper Laurie, star of "Son of Ali Baba", a U-I Picture, Color by Technicolor. Try Woodbury Cold Cream, with Penaten, 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.

drain, garbage disposal, coffee maker, and tableware is hidden behind the Hawaiian bar. In another section of the room there's redwood furniture whose cushions Jane has covered with a turquoise plastic. There are also two dressing rooms for the swimmers in which Jane herself painted the murals. She's not half bad as an artist. During the warm months most of the Waterfield entertaining centers in the lanai and around the pool.

The master bedroom is the only room in the house which is inaccessible from the front door. Jane wanted privacy in this room, also a built-in music system since she owns many rare recordings, collectors' items, and wanted to be the only one who would handle them.

The bed the Waterfields occupy is the same bed Bob slept on as a boy. When they were first married, Jane and Bob lived with his folks, and Jane got so used to the bed that her mother-in-law made her a gift of it. The bed is now equipped with a fancy headboard and a large gray-velvet spread.

In any home that costs upward of $100,000, and Jane's is easily worth that, you can rest assured that the kitchen will boast the latest in equipment. Jane's kitchen is really more than that. It consists of pantry, kitchen, and hobby room. The three-part unit is done in blue and white, but since Jane can't stand the average kitchen wall paper, she covered the walls with a stylized Chinese pattern. She and Bob, when they're home, eat breakfast and lunch in the pantry.

Jane had a wonderful idea for the kitchen proper. Rather than have her architect build the usual half dozen cabinets for food stuffs and the like, she had him build one large cabinet that holds everything—cooking utensils, provisions, ingredients, etc. Having one closet saves time and extra motion. Instead of opening one cabinet door after another, then closing them all during meal preparations, Jane opens the double closet doors until her cooking is finished.

Beyond the kitchen lies the most functional room in the house. Its the laundry—washing—studio—tool and general storage room. Here Jane has collected all the hobby and work—room equipment that is ordinarily scattered over a house from basement to attic. She has a file for her easels and canvases, a home laboratory, a portable sewing machine, an upright Amma freezer in which she stocks the game Bob brings home from hunting trips, and a tool bench for him, too. Despite the fact that she had the help of three decorators in doing her house, Jane herself had so many fine decorating ideas that several of the decorators decided to adopt them. No greater tribute hath any home-owner.

Jane, for example, took a piece of ordinary driftwood, set it on a base, and sprayed it blue. She uses the driftwood as a jewelry tree, draping her costume pieces over it. She also thought up the idea of ceramic tissue boxes. Her best decorating trick, however, she reserved for her draperies. Jane has two sets of draperies, a winter red and a summer turquoise, that hang from different tracks. When one set is out of season, Jane merely pulls a cord, and it slides back into a drapery well.

Tom Land, a professional decorator who's copied some of these stunts, asked Jane a few weeks ago why she didn't go into the decorating business herself.

"Don't kid yourself," Jane told him. "When I finish my next picture, I am.

(Jane's latest picture is Paramount's Son Of Paleface.)
Dream girdle of the season—Perma-Lift's revolutionary "Diamonet".
The secret of this sensationally different, boneless, sheer little nylon power net girdle that slims your hips and flattens your tummy is the "double-diamond" front panel. Girdle or pantie girdle—S.M.L.—$6.95. Shown with the "Diamonet" girdle—a Perma-Lift strapless bra with Magic Insets. Perma-Lift girdles and bras by A. Stein available at leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.
Dear Santa...
hints to John and precious Katrina for my Merry Christmas:
A mink coat. A diamond bracelet.
And, for sure, a Bur-Mil Cameo nylon hosiery wardrobe. Sheer, sheer Nylomist for gala dress-up or Ballet Toe Transpara for sandal stripplings; Nyle-de-chine for daytime wear; Merry Minx (the dainty outline heel)—perfect complement for important black suits; Burmilace (the new 60 gauge non-run long wearing mesh)—for casual wear.
Anne’s chiffon nitie and ostrich stole by John Norman—her Butterfly mules by Delman. Bur-Mil Cameo Hosiery available at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

Beautiful lingerie—always a must on every Christmas list! Vanessa Brown, appearing in the United Artist production The Fighter and also in MGM’s The Bad And The Beautiful, poses in an exquisite lace and satin nitie—the bodice, with sweetheart neckline, is of nylon Alencon lace with nylon net ruffle trim; the midriff and bias skirt of Satron, a rayon satin and nylon fabric.
Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
to give—and to own

Sally Forrest, next in MGM'S Code 2, chooses transparent, feather-light, sturdy Rain Dears Deluxe by Lucky as weather protection for all shoes. These soft, seamless, molded Norlon plastic rainboots (with triple-thick, deep, non-slip tread) have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings.

Shown below: 1. Universal-Fit, all type shoes, S.M.L. or XL. 2. Fashion-Fit, cuban high heels, S.M.L. At leading department and shoe stores—about $2, with plastic carrying pouch. The velveteen milium-lined, raincoat and beret by Lawrence of London. Delman shoes. Lubar umbrella.
GOWER CHAMPION
with an assist from his wife,
MARGE, tells you...

"THERE'S MORE GLINT
IN A MAN'S EYE WHEN
THERE'S NO GLEAM
ON A WOMAN'S STOCKINGS"

"In our new picture for M-G-M, Everything I Have Is Yours," says Gower Champion, "Marge and I play a husband and wife dance team who drift apart. As usual, it's the accumulation of little things that leads to the big bust-up."

Any smart woman knows that appearance, too, depends on little things—which can harm it or help it.

That's why so many stars, like Marge Champion, who work under bright lights and the merciless eye of the camera, invariably wear Bur-Mil® Cameo® stockings—with exclusive Face Powder Finish.* Cameo's permanently soft, dull finish provides the greatest aid to leg flattery since nylon itself!

... and up to 40% longer wear by actual test!

*TRADEMARK

"Even Hollywood legs are more glamorous in Bur-Mil Cameo Stockings," says Monica Lewis, selected as "The Most Leg-O-Genic Girl in America" by the Society of Illustrators, and starred with Marge and Gower Champion in M-G-M's Technicolor picture

"EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS"

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL CAMEO HOSIERY DIVISION—BURLINGTON MILLS, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Be flower-fragrant from head to toe

Fresh-up with DJER-KISS Talcum to bring out all your feminine daintiness. DJER-KISS smooths, soothes, prevents chafing—keeps you fragrant, alluring all day long. At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter... 29¢-59¢

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(Dear Kiss) TALCUM

Try DJER-KISS Lipstick

The new creamy indelible that stays on and on... In slim or regular case... 29¢

Invitation to Romance

A haunting, romantic scent that puts him in the mood for love. Just try it and see!

BLUE WALTZ

Perfume 25¢

every girl needs sex appeal

(Continued from page 57) “I’ve been presented,” Anne sadly admits, “as a terribly nice person, a good actress, a kind wife, and a thoughtful mother. If I were running for office, if I wanted to become the mayor of Beverly Hills, that description would be wonderful. But let’s face it. I’m an actress. I’m supposed to sound stimulating, look exciting.

“In the past my sex appeal has been kept in shackles. My fan mail, for example, has always consisted of letters congratulating me on my acting ability, my interpretation of various roles. I appreciate those letters. I really do. But why haven’t I gotten any mail asking for pinup photos? The answer is simple: men, because of my films and reputation, have regarded me as brainy, dull, motherly, practical, anything but sexy.

“In all honesty I must admit that I’m no holier than thou. I’m not Greete Garson. I’m a young actress who resents being presented as dull and inhibited.

“In addition to re-doing herself physically, Anne, a few weeks ago, joined the growing line of top-flight screen stars—Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, Betty Hutton, Alan Ladd, Kathryn Grayson—who prefer free-lancing to studio. After 11 years at 20th Century-Fox, Anne walked into Darryl Zanuck’s office one morning and asked for her release.

“Her contract, $3500 a week, ran until the spring of 1953. When I asked Anne why she was giving up the security of a contract long before it expired, she said, “With me it’s just a matter of professional growing pains. I’ve been under contract all my working life, and now I want to do some experimenting on my own. I am indebted to the studio for the great break and guidance it gave me. But there are some exciting things going on in the show world and I want in on them. For example, Paul Gregory, theatrically speaking, has found a new world in America and we have been talking. I want to be free to hit the road for him in some vibrant, exciting work such as his stage productions of Don Juan In Hell and The Browning Body. I also want to be free to travel, to make a picture in Europe or South Africa and naturally here in Hollywood. I think the world is too exciting right now to stay put in any one place.”

Anne’s great handicap, at least she currently regards it as a handicap, is that she talks like the literate, sensitive, perceptive, aggressive, knowing actress she is. Her personality seems to accentuate her intelligence rather than the body beautiful. A friend who knows her well explains her desire to appear sexy in these words. “It took 11 years to achieve fame and stardom in Hollywood. All of a sudden a girl named Monroe comes along. Let’s do it. All Monroe has is sex. It oozes out of her the way toothpaste oozes out of a tube.”

“Monroe’s been at the studio only a few years. She’s played favorably. But today she gets more fan mail, more publicity than any other actress in town. You don’t have to be an intellectual giant to realize that sex pays off. Baxter has come to that conclusion. Having a brain is very important but nobody buys tickets at the box office to see it. Maybe it sounds crass, but the average male movie-goer today is more interested in the flesh than in the brain. Anne realizes that love is what makes the world go ’round.”

“In fact, Anne Baxter says very frankly that it’s time to bring back long-dying, and more passionate kisses to the screen. “The motion picture industry was partly built on great, uninhibited love scenes,” she told me. “Today stars give each other gentle pecks and let it go at that, or the camera cuts away from them just as they really get into the spirit of the thing. The emotion and excitement that means so much to people back in the silent days of pictures is gone.”

“Why do you think a picture like A Place In The Sun brought so many women storming to the movie houses? Word got around that the clinches between Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor were realistic. And the closeups too.”

Anne’s been heard about why so many females attend the French and Italian movies, and it has nothing to do with learning a foreign language.

According to Anne, “Foreign stars kiss as if they enjoy it. They go in for historical kissing, too. We haven’t had that in Hollywood since Garbo and Gilbert.”

In Hollywood, Anne points out, a man with a stopwatch stands on the sidelines when an actor and actress go into a clinch. If the kiss lasts more than twenty or thirty seconds, the scene is re-taken, and the players are told to speed it up.

“While making My Wife’s Best Friend with MacDonald Carey,” Anne says, “we held a kiss a couple of seconds too long. We had to re-do it. It doesn’t make sense, doing things like that. That scene, as Mac and I felt it—well, it could drag a lot of people who have lost the kiss habit back. There are so many unloved people in the world who need a little warmth from movies. Why short-change them?”

To people who don’t know Anne or who merely know her by her staid, country-club type of reputation, the preceding quotations may seem out of character, but the simple truth is that ever since she fell in love with John Hodiak, Anne has been an open-spoken, down-to-earth, lusty female.

The studio has played her up as the grand-daughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the great creator and practitioner of modern architecture, either forgetting or not knowing that when Wright was a young man, he was involved in some of the most terrible scandals of the century.

If Anne’s love life, as a matter of fact, were to follow in the footsteps of her illustrious grandfather’s, she herself would be involved in some of the cockiest scandals of all time, because Wright always was and still is, despite his advanced age, a rugged individualist who will brook no interference with his plans and ideas. He would have trouble with many of them, and for many years his marital difficulties made intriguing headlines.

Anne herself says, “My grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, wore only a red sash on his wedding night. That’s glamour.”

Anne also attributes her current changes in thought and outlook to her grandmother. “He always says,” she explains, “that a habit of any kind is absolute death. Never let a habit become a necessity. That’s simple.”

When she was 11 years old, young hazel-eyed Anne Baxter was sure she had been born to be a wall-flower. “I hated that,” she admits, “there was an innocent brat because I did something about it. I decided that wall-flowers were people other people didn’t look at, and I wanted to be looked at—in a nice way. So I went to the stage, people would have to look at me.”

Anne’s parents sympathized with her ambition and enrolled her in the Theodore Girls’ School. When she was all of 12 she made her stage debut. A few years later she was playing in
Anne came to Hollywood with her mother. She was 16 at the time, and mother watched her like a hawk. Anne's first picture was with John Barrymore in The Great Profile. Her second was with Jack Benny in Charley's Aunt.

She was rather plump, very serious, very talented but not too sexy. She had dates and boy friends but no one very serious until John Hodiak walked into her life. Hodiak was a former radio announcer from Chicago, the son of immigrant parents, and he'd come up the hard way.

It was whispered around town when Anne and John started going together that Mrs. Baxter didn't think this was a suitable combination. But Hodiak wasn't particularly interested in rumors, founded or unfounded, concerning his future mother-in-law's opinion of him.

It made no difference to John that Mrs. Baxter was Frank Lloyd Wright's daughter. This was pure accident. Mrs. Baxter had nothing whatever to do with choosing her parents. Hodiak wasn't impressed either with the fact that Anne's father, Kenneth Baxter, was sales manager for the Frankfort Distilleries. He was in love with Anne and he would have proposed if her father had played third base for the San Quentin Eagles and her mother had been graduated from a school for delinquents.

This boy was really taken with everything about Anne, her poise, her erudition, her savoir-faire and her sex appeal.

When Mrs. Baxter realized that marriage was inevitable, she graciously gave her consent and the ceremony was held at the Baxter home in Burlingame, California. That was in 1946. Last year the Hodians had their first child, a daughter, Katrina.

Hodiak may not be as talented as Anne's grandfather, but he certainly is an infinitely better husband. Thus far, for example, he's said nothing about Anne's platinum blonde hair, the poodle cut, the false eyelashes, her new insistence upon glamour and sex appeal. To him, Anne has always been loaded with these attributes.

As regards the public, Anne now feels she must be a little more obvious with what physical charms nature has endowed her.

"Every girl," she says, "needs sex appeal."

Apparently that even holds when a girl is a successful actress, is earning $3,500 a week, has captured a handsome husband, earned a magnificent career and given birth to an utterly delightful baby.

**PHOTO CREDITS**

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


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**"ADD-vantage"**

**turns Small Figures into EYE-CATCHERS!**

Slip it on...instantly you look fuller, rounder...you sense admiring glances, and only you know why! The light magic lining of ADD-Vantage curves and firms, adds beauty without bulk, never loses its shape. Only Lovable brings you a bra as precious as this for just $2.

In acetate satin or broadcloth. Also satin Strapless.

**It costs so little to look Lovable!**

At your favorite store, or write The Lovable Brassiere Co., Dept. DM-11 180 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 16
I like to rumba, tint my hair, drive past bakeries, says Lana Turner. Here's the seventh in Modern Screen's new series of informal comments on life, love and the pursuit of happiness written by Hollywood's top stars.

I'd rather rumba than read.

You can be lonely in a crowded room.

Best makeup trick I know: falling in love.

A woman needs children to be happy.
I think European women have the right idea in letting men take care of everything while they just take care of themselves, but, on the other hand, an American woman’s life is broader and gives her many more contacts with the world. I don’t think, in the long run, an American woman would be satisfied with the confined ways of a European woman’s existence; and I believe a European woman would be fascinated with the freedom and opportunities for self-expression her American sister has.

EDITORIAL BLAST: Let’s start a campaign against being careless about introductions. This is a bad habit. Don’t slough off an introduction, or the names involved. Don’t assume everyone knows everyone else. (I have seen so many people standing around at parties not knowing anyone that I’ve sometimes felt I was in a theater lobby between acts rather than in someone’s home!)

Many times I have entered a room where others were gathered and heard the hostess say, “You know everyone, don’t you, darling? Of course you do!” I can’t call her a liar, so away she goes leaving me in a social sahara. Oh, I know she has things on her mind—the dinner, some special seating arrangement, a guest of honor not yet arrived. But her first duty is to make sure her guests form a harmonious group.

When a guest arrives at a party, he should immediately be introduced to everyone. And no guests already present should hesitate to stop their conversation and pay strict and courteous attention to the newcomer. Give of yourself that moment, because it is what makes the social wheels go around; don’t be mechanical about it, don’t slough it off.

It’s infuriating to be at a party and have to ask some friend who the person is who’s coming toward you and have them answer, “Haven’t you met him yet? You must have.” You say, “No.” They say, “Oh.” And they let it go at that!

A few weeks ago I was invited to a cocktail party, and Fernando Lamas was my escort. When we arrived I introduced Fernando to the hostess. So far so good. She then took me by the arm, and with Fernando on my other side, we went around meeting the rest of the guests. Each time the hostess introduced just me, leaving it up to me, then, to introduce Fer-

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!

CANT DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CANT DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain
Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni
**Take my word for it continued**

nando. This is quite a trick, like passing the haton, or whatever it is that runners hand to each other in a relay race.

Sometimes introductions are so casual that you don't really feel you have met the person at all. I know of cases where people who were introduced to each other in this way at a party didn't even nod when they happened to meet again the next day. They weren't being impolite. Their introductions had been so indifferent that each felt he or she would be presuming if they accepted this as a basis for knowing each other. The truth was that they had both been slighted by their host. An introduction should be the cement that can bind a new friendship together, not a mere brushing of two people together.

I've talked about European women, so I must say something about American men. When you meet one and he hends over and kisses your hand, you sit up and take notice; you feel you've been really introduced! It's so much more courteous than an offhand "Hi!"

**EVER SINCE MY DAUGHTER CHERYL CHRISTINA**

has been old enough to understand, I have taught her to introduce her little friends to me whenever I happened to enter a room where they were playing. Now it seems second nature with her, and it gives her a sense of responsibility that I know she enjoys, as well as a measure of pride that will always benefit her. I'm very proud of her, at nine, she is already a gracious hostess.

While I am on the subject of Cheryl, I'd like to mention another thing that I feel very strongly about. I hate to hear children call adults by their first name, as you so often do. If friends are frequent visitors to the house and calling them "Mr." or "Mrs." seems too formal for the kids, they can call them Aunt Nellie or Uncle John. I am sure it is an old American custom for everyone to call a venerable elder the community "grandfather" whether or not there is an actual family relationship. Then take "Grandma Moses." She is grandma to the whole world now. Similarly an old friend of the family could be called aunt or uncle as the case may be. Anything but the person's first name which, coming out of a child's mouth, always jars you with a feeling of disrespect, even though it isn't meant that way. Children brought up to respect their elders and to be courteous at all times will have a wonderful foundation for life, because courtesy never goes out of style.

Finally I'd like to say a little about make-up, fashions and perfumes. The only trick I know about make-up has been told before—apply it with discretion. For the street I use eyebrow pencil, mascara and lipstick, rarely powder and never rouge. For evening I add a mauve eye shadow and sometimes, if I am to be photographed, I will use a light foundation. The only watchword for make-up is never to think and fuss about it once it is on and you are out for the evening. If someone tells you, "Your make-up looks beautiful today," something is wrong. It shouldn't be noticed as make-up, and if it is, it's too obvious!

**I SEE TO WEAR JEWELRY IN SPURS — some weeks a lot, some weeks little or none. In the daytime I like gold or pearls. For evenings I love diamonds. I like smart costume jewelry too, but it must be smart. Not wooden beads or plastic gadgets. I've always hated gadgets. There is beautiful costume jewelry to he had quite reasonably today, so if you have one good genuine piece of jewelry, perhaps a ring or bracelet, you can do a lot of building around it with good costume pieces.**

Personally, I prefer colognes to perfume and have used the same scent for 11 years. I have it made up just for me. This is my own secret, but anyone can find one that suits them . . . and do find it. It's fun to experiment and finally get something you think is beautiful and can wear. My family knows where I bought it and where the material is lapped over. And, of course, I have always liked sweaters. Nothing is softer for informal wear, or more complimentary. They come in the most beautiful colors and can be worn with slacks, skirts or even shorts.

For my skirt, I always use soap and water, then a little cream in to counteract the dryness ... but I never leave it on overnight. Someone was telling me the other day that mixing cold cream with a tablespoon of ordinary table salt was wonderful for cleaning your pores. Maybe I'll try it some day. If I do, I'll let you know how it works.

As far as jewelry is concerned, I would always keep clean and lustrous. Such hair worn simply is far more attractive than an elaborate hairo that needs constant washing.

**IN CLOTHES** I conform pretty much to regulation, except that I do love slacks for around the house or at the studio. I buy my slacks ready made and prefer the fly fronts instead of the side zippers. No matter how neatly they're sewn on, slacks that do a little a little bit of the material is lapped over. And, of course, I have always liked sweaters. Nothing is softer for informal wear, or more complimentary. They come in the most beautiful colors and can be worn with slacks, skirts or even shorts.

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As far as jewelry is concerned, I would always keep clean and lustrous. Such hair worn simply is far more attractive than an elaborate hairo that needs constant washing.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT THING** of all is happiness. To find that is quite a trick. No woman is really happy unless she knows she is loved, has children and has learned a way of expressing herself. Not only must there be a relationship with life in which others have a part, but you must have some outlet other than your family. Fortunately I get a great deal of satisfaction from my career. Even though I get greater pleasure out of being a wife, mother and hostess, both help me to feel that I am being a worthwhile human being.

Working toward this end, and improving one's beauty, is not an unimportant step. Beauty is as old as people and the best remembered thing about them. Cleopatra, Salome, Madame Pompadour, Mata Hari were all guilty of specific defects that few people can recall—but everyone remembers they were beautiful.
confessions of a ten-percenter

(Continued from page 46) is the sweetest most popular actor in the business. None better. Honestly!

Right now, just for the record, I'd like to say that I know Jeff as well as any per-
son living with the possible exception of his wife, Marge. She, of course, thinks he's a
dream. She only lives with him. I have to work with the lug.

This guy will play a benefit in Peoria if you ask him. On the level. He is constitu-
tionally incapable of saying no.

Let me give you a few examples. A number of weeks ago a lady called and
asked me if Jeff would be good enough to travel out to a section of Los Angeles
called Westchester. The Jewish organiza-
tion, Hadassah, had elected a girl to be
crowned Queen Esther of Westchester;
and they wanted Jeff to preside at the cer-
momies. When I asked Jeff about it, he
said, "Sure, why not?"

A day later Father Patrick Peyton, who
runs the Family Theatre, a radio program
over Mutual Network, phoned me. I
wonder if Jeff'd do another show for us,"
the Catholic cleric asked me. "He's done
so many already I'm almost ashamed to
impose upon him."

When the Man Mountain ambled in that
afternoon, I relayed the request. "Be glad
to," he said, "Why not?"

When Jeff was shooting Because Of You
in which he co-stars with Loretta Young,
the company used the Sawtelle Veterans
Hospital as a location. Between set-ups,
Jeff sat around, cracked jokes, bullied
with the men, listened to their old stories,
their plans for the future.

Early next morning a soldier came up
to my office. "I was talkin' to Jeff Chandler
out at the Hospital," he explained. "Told
him I wanted to get into show business.
He said you'd be glad to help me.

That's one of the troubles with Chandler.
He tries to foist his missionary spirit on
his friends. Thinks everyone should help
everyone else.

Know that crazy baseball team that
Martin & Lewis have, the Aristocra-
tas? A look at the lineup shows Chandler playing
right field. Know where most of the Aris-
tocrats' games are played? At Sawtelle
for the benefit of war veterans. Ever hear
of the City of Hope, that wonderful outfit
near Duarte, California, which provides
free medical help for tuberculosis and

HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Cupid Dept.—Vivien Leigh thinks
Laurence Olivier is the nicest man in
town . . . Ann Sheridan and Cesar
Romero have discovered each other . . .
Joan Fontaine has a Pasadena beau, but
Conrad Nagel still escorts her places . . .
Errol Flynn and Lily Damita are
planning a second honeymoon—April,
1939—Modern Screen.

BEHIND THAT GRANITE FACE would you think
there lurks a first-rate intelligence? Would
you think this is as soft-hearted as
Florence Nightingale? Would you, even
in your most fanciful dreams, consider him
a sensitive artist or a fine singer?

Listen to the truth, friends. This guy
started out in Brooklyn as a commercial
artist, and a darn good one, too. He also
sings. Peggy Lee had him on her radio
show as a guest, and he was so surprisingly
good as a cantor that she insisted he make
a repeat appearance.

As for his soft-heartedness and his inteli-
gence, maybe you won't believe this but
Jeff is one of the few Hollywood stars who
tries to answer personally each and every
fan letter. Not with a form reply, either.
He has a blonde secretary, Arleen Franz,
and he dictates letters to her every afternoon.

"If people are nice enough to write me," he
says, "who am I not to answer?"

If this is not a refreshing attitude in
Hollywood I will eat it. Here's one of the
busiest guys in town who's never too busy
to answer his own fan mail. Few other
stars can make this claim. Not that Jeff
ever makes any claim. Ask the reporters
about him. All of them say, 'The trouble
with Chandler is that he won't talk about
himself. The subject embarrasses him.'

I first saw Jeff 12 years ago when he
was Ira Gromel from Brooklyn. He was
enrolled at the Feagin School of Dramatic
Arts in New York. At the time I was a
talent scout for 20th Century-Fox. It was
part of my job to make the rounds of
dramatic schools, searching out new talent.

To me Jeff was a big, gawdy kid. He
didn't seem to coordinate too well, a
common failing of tall guys. But there was an
arresting quality about the boy, a kind of
deep sincerity. I watched him for a few
minutes, then walked out.

Later I was at (Continued on next page)
Rationed Kisses?

maybe YOU are to blame!

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; helps keep you dainty!

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...the Mill Pond Playhouse on Long Island when who should turn up again? Right. Only this time he was a spear-carrier or something in a costume drama entitled The Trojan Horse. His face had more character and his acting showed indications of great potential, but I still didn't think enough of the boy to recommend a screen test. I felt he was at least two or three years away. Then the war broke out and I lost track of Jeff.

When I next ran into him we were both in Hollywood, he as a radio actor and I as the general manager of Huntington Ford's talent agency. We met at a Lux Radio Theatre broadcast, and when the show was over I knew at once that Ira Grossel had arrived. He had not only developed his acting, but his sex appeal, his personal magnetism, that strong-but-silent he-man attitude seemed to overwhelm the audience. I was surprised after the broadcast to observe that more fans asked for his autograph than for the signatures of the established movie stars who headed the cast.

Although I'd seen him, Jeff and I had never met. A mutual friend introduced us. The first thing I said, looking up at the Man Mountain, was, "I saw you in stock under a different name." He furrowed his brow. "Yep," I continued, "it was at the Mill Pond Playhouse in Long Island. You were in a play called The Trojan Horse." Jeff couldn't believe it. "But that's impossible," he said. "That was more than eight years ago.

We set up a date for the next day and Jeff came into the office to discuss representation. We talked for a while and he said, "Suppose I sign with you, what sort of parts do you think I'm suited for?"

"Maybe I'm crazy," I said, "but I see you as a leading man."

Jeff grinned. "Thanks," he said, "everybody else sees me as a character."

Well, it wasn't easy getting Jeff Chandler a job in pictures, I'll tell you that. But I never lost my confidence in the guy. I remember the night I met him. I went home to my wife and I said, "Edna, I've run into an actor today and I've got a very strong feeling he's going to become a big star."

A funny thing. Jeff later told me that on that very same night he went home to his wife and said, "Marge, at last I've found the guy who's right for me. This guy's gonna do it."

For three months I went from studio to studio trying to sell the lug. At one studio they said, "Look, we've got all the track drivers we need." At another, the casting director said, "He's too tall. He's a giant. If we make a sequel to King Kong..."

What's your favorite color? If it's that soft, restful shade of green that comes on paper money, here's a quick way to latch on to some. All you have to do is read all the stories in this November 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 stories 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 Lana Turner
It Had To Happen (John Wayne)
Lanza Fights Again
What Really Happened Between Rita and Aly
The Gold Dust Twins (Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift)
State Of The Union (Van Johnson)
You're On, Kid! (Betty Hutton)
Ossi Kid (Robert Wagner)
I Want To Be Loved (Marilyn Monroe)
Confessions Of A Ten-Parcenter (Jeff Chandler)
House In The Clouds (Jane Russell)
We're Off! (Alan Ladd)
Once In Love With Janie (Jane Powell)
Every Girl Needs Sex Appeal (Anne Baxter)
DivX And BING: Their Tragic Love
Why I Pray (Dale Robertson)
Modern Screen Fashions
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?

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

My name is...
My address is...
City...
State...

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we'll call you." A third studio sent word that he wasn't handsome enough. A fourth told me that possibly he could be used as a mug in gangster films.

It was disheartening and discouraging for both of us. It's sort of embarrassing to ask for work, which is why actors have agents. But I think it's especially embarrassing for a big hunk of man like Jeff to be told, "Sorry, I can't use you." All the time he knows what the casting director is thinking, which is, "How come a big healthy Joe like you isn't driving a truck or digging a ditch.

Jeff didn't give up and neither did I. He continued to work in radio, and I kept pounding studio doors. Universal was the first studio really to let us in. They tested Jeff for a part in Sword In The Desert.

He was sensational. The studio called me and had the test run. "Aren't you surprised?" one executive asked me. "No," I said honestly. "I expected him to be good. What do you think I've been talking about all these months?" While Sword In The Desert was being made, the studio signed Jeff to a contract.

Other than for the outside pictures he's made at 20th Century—Broken Arrow was the best of these—he's been at Universal ever since. A few weeks ago we signed a new contract. It makes Jeff one of the highest paid actors on the lot.

When I tell people that despite his success Jeff hasn't changed, they refuse to believe me. "You're his agent," they say. "Whoever heard of an agent telling the truth about his client?" How come he separated from his wife when he earned a little success? Why don't you tell us the truth about that?

The truth is very simple. All married couples quarrel in Hollywood and out of Hollywood. Sometimes personalities rub each other the wrong way. No marriage is perfect. It has to be worked at. Jeff's wife is a beautiful, intelligent extrovert. Jeff is essentially introspective. Lots of times he'll sit for long periods, just thinking. Marge will say, "What's wrong?" Jeff will say, "Nothing. I'm just trying to think something through." The separation stemmed from a difference of viewpoint. There was no third party involved. Jeff and Marge were apart for seven months, and my opinion is that because of that separation their marriage is more solid today.

The Chandleers with their two daughters live in a middle-class house in a middle-class neighborhood, drive a middle-class car, a Pontiac, wear middle-class clothes, and live a quiet, circumspect life.

Jeff has a very strong sense of humor which is open to misinterpretation because on occasion his kidding is taken seriously. It hurts him to hurt anyone even momentarily. If you feel he has, he's quick with an apology.

He also has a pretty good idea of where he stands as an actor. "I've done some good parts," he says, "and there have been others. I have a set of values for myself, and I know I've got a lot to learn."

As an agent and talent scout I've seen an awful lot of actors in Hollywood. The behavior pattern is very simple. They start out grateful and hard-working. In a few years success turns them a little heady. The agent who once helped them is now a necessary evil, a sycophant. They tolerate you because they feel that one day they may need your services again.

This is not true of Jeff Chandler. He called on Meyer when he didn't have a dime, and he still calls on Meyer today. The important thing to me is that the tone he uses is still the same.

(Jeff Chandler can be seen in Universal-International's Yankee Buccaneer.)

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91
the gold dust twins

Continued from page 37) and Montgomery Clift have Hollywood in a turmoil because these two stars are taking away from the film capital some of its glamour that made it famous. There is no illusion on the screen when the theatre-goer knows very well that the man he is looking at in the fancy costume is, at home, a chap with manners and attire that might keep him from being invited into the average living room. And, apparently, there is nothing that can be done about it.

Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift, to give Hollywood its just due, are not Hollywood people. Neither one of them has starred on Hollywood Boulevard to get where they are. They never had to face hunger or the other trials that the usual aspirant in Hollywood does. They came sailing into the movies on the winds of Broadway success. And they came, and came, to Hollywood for only one reason, gold. They come a-mining for the dust whenever they need it and then skadoo. And both have stated publicly that they wouldn't give two cents for the whole town. Both of them at the time of this writing have informed their studio bosses that they will not give interviews for fan magazines, nor will they take off their old clothes and pose, like movie stars, for the picture pages of these periodicals. It looks as though Hollywood and Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift are at a stalemate.

It has been charged time and again that Marlon and Monty are nothing more than free-thinking young men who refuse for basic reasons, known only to themselves, to conform to any movie star tradition but pick up the fat pay check. Their sup-porters claim that they are singular artists, too concerned with their mauling of the Muse to bother their heads about rational matters. And too steeped in the traditions of the theatre to care if anybody puts down a dollar out front to get a peep at their genius. This is nonsense.

One old-timer, a man who holds the deep respect of actors, and who in his prime lived the true life of a movie star, snorts when their names are mentioned and cries that in neither of them one could get work as an extra. This is terribly harsh, according to old-timers who think Monty and Marlon certainly could have been extras but might never have got to the top of the heap in a time when competition for stardom was keener.

A careful check of the situation reveals that although Monty and Marlon have had rather celebrated careers both on the Main Stem in New York and in a few artistic-type pictures, neither one of them has distinguished himself at a box office to be worthy of the fabulous fees they expect for their movie efforts. True, Monty made Red River, a big money-maker, and A Place In The Sun, which made a nice buck, but the rest of his films have not been gold mines. Marlon made Warner Brothers happy with A Streetcar Named Desire, but none of his other films had bank tellers working overtime counting profits. And yet both boys demand salaries in excess of actors who have been making smash pictures for 20 years and more. A logical conclusion would be that the lads have found a strawberry patch they're picking clean.

A wise movie man once said that the way to sell movies was to have the star put the print on his back and travel the land peddling it as he trudged. Marlon and Monty refuse to do this. They feel perfectly free to wind up shooting and take off for New York or Europe, leaving the Hollywood folk to sell the effort as best they can. The fact that some of these pictures have been what is known in the trade as "bombs" is an indication of futility. It is not good enough that Marlon mumble into a microphone for a couple of months for a fortune, then dash off to study tinsmithing or something until he feels the urge for more gold; or that Monty say through a movie between cat naps and then walk through a brick wall into nowhere until the uncertain producers raise his fee again.

The private lives of Marlon Brando and Monty Clift, are, to be sure, not average and are certainly not like a fan's idea of a movie star. An astute observer once said that Marlon Brando has blue-jean skin, for he has been seen, in a suit, he confessed that it was his agent's (his agent is a good 50 pounds lighter than our hero). Marlon's idea of good all-weather headgear is a knitted seaman's watch cap which, it is said, he showers in. One bit-

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The private lives of Marlon Brando and Monty Clift, are, to be sure, not average and are certainly not like a fan's idea of a movie star. An astute observer once said that Marlon Brando has blue-jean skin, for he has been seen, in a suit, he confessed that it was his agent's (his agent is a good 50 pounds lighter than our hero). Marlon's idea of good all-weather headgear is a knitted seaman's watch cap which, it is said, he showers in. One bit-

winter long ago he lost his overcoat and has never bought another.

And this is the lad who is at present playing the romantic role of Mark Antony in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. In the wardrobe department of Monty Clift faces a little better. He wears a pair of pants and a jacket, but, his friends opine, it is only because his frame, undraped, is quite a pleasing thing to behold. Monty never clipped the coupon that tells you how to have bulging muscles for a dollar a week. And, being a shy lad, he has no wish to display his physique. A member of the dressing room of Monty's closet found it bare of clothing. He asked if the actor was moving and was informed that Monty had his wardrobe on his back.

Having a date with an old-time movie star was something to watch. Something a movie fan, lucky enough to observe, would never forget. Flowers would arrive in the afternoon. And at the appointed hour the star would appear in a glittering car, driven by a handsome, aloof servant. The star would alight and, after being properly announced, kiss his date's hand, lead her to his chariot and take

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her off to an evening of dancing, champagne and caviar.

This writer happens to have observed one of Marlon Brando’s dates. He arrived in mid-town Manhattan during the busy theatre hour aboard a dirty old motorcycle. His blue jeans and leather jacket were glistening this night, for it was raining, almost a cloudburst. He stood three floors below his date’s window and howled, like a wolf after its mate, for the young lady to come down. When she did, he pilled her onto the back seat of the motor bike and whirled her off to a sudden tour of Central Park. And they dined beside the reservoir on sandwiches he had made himself. The next night she went to a movie with a nice polite bus driver and had the time of her life. She is now one of the many who stay away from Marlon’s pictures. She is one of the disenchanted.

Monty’s dates are different only in that he is not the type to ride a motorcycle.

A young lady he dated in New York stated that they went to a nice cozy saloon on Third Avenue. They sat in a back booth near the kitchen and ate a spiritless hash while Monty dozed between courses. After it was all over, she bracketed Monty Clift as a glamor boy somewhere between Butch Jenkins and the night clerk of a Bowery flop house.

An interview with a movie star in the good old days was quite an event. The star generally received in a lush palace filled with rich evidences of extravagance and an artistic soul. The star was dressed to the teeth in a cashmere suit, silk shirt and flowing fifty-dollar tie. Coffee in antique silver service was on the coffee table and spirits of rare supply were in cut glass bottles on the bar. The star never stepped out of character, so that when the interviewer left he walked away with the impression that he had just shared a moment or two with Sir Launcelot.

This writer once had an interview with Marlon Brando. The actor appeared at his gate wearing a pair of shorts that looked as though they had been salvaged from a long forgotten YMCA and a terrifying multi-colored cap that must have at one time been owned by a lady bird watcher. He entered and, for the first two hours, said nothing more than “Can I take a shower?”—something he did and continued to do for the rest of the afternoon. Then he mentioned that he didn’t like Hollywood, was hungry and wished he were dead. It was about as inspiring an occasion as a visit to a Juvenile detention home.

Monty Clift doesn’t get as many interviews as Marlon, only because he is harder to find. A reporter who once set out to find him to ask him if he planned to marry Elizabeth Taylor, stopped at the end of the third day because he began to feel like the detective in a Mickey Spillane novel. Even if you have a date with Monty Clift, one of his pursuers claims you have to shadow him to the place of rendezvous.

It would be totally unfair to say that Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift give nothing to Hollywood. To the best of this writer’s knowledge they are not related to anyone in the moving picture business and must merit, in some manner, the money they pick up here. But it is an indictment against Hollywood that it has not discovered its own talent, which will assist in carrying on the grand illusions that sell movies and are so dear to the hearts of the young people who find in the magic of the cinema a few hours of enchantment each week.

It is very disconcerting to see a boy dressed in tat- (Continued on next page)
 Worried about a high-priced showman and telling them flatly he will take their money for acting but will not assist in selling the finished product to the public. It is unfair because the public is interested almost as much in the glamorous off-screen lives of the stars as in their screen appearances. And the picture of Monty Clift lying in semi-alumver on a cot in a darkened room and informing the public that his salary is an intermediary, that he will not be available for gab, except before a camera, is no less disheartening.

What is the solution? Apparently there is none. It appears that the die is cast. Monty Clift will remain Monty Clift and will not change, for it is the fancy of this younger generation of stars that they owe nothing more (for their riches) than their spell-binding performances. It is the fancy of Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando that they can live their lives as they wish as long as they are casually brilliant in their work but in nearby areas. They can hide in condemned tenements or swoon in caves, unwashed and unglamorous, as long as they display a talent on film.

Both Marlon Brando and Monty Clift have a beef with Hollywood and these beefs should be aired. Marlon's is that pictures are sterile, made by sterile men, and that they do not allow him the actors' thrill of getting an immediate, direct reaction from his audience. This has undoubtedly been responsible for his sullen behavior. But he has apparently not given a thought to the fact that the applause for a movie star comes after the lights have been turned off for the last time and the cameras have been stored in their lockers. The old timers could tell him, if he'd listen, that the choice award for they have had is that they face their audiences on personal appearance tours and trips to fair cities is as thrilling as anything that ever came to the footlights. It's delayed, but it's as great.

Monty Clift's beef is almost the same, except that he feels Hollywood wishes to change him from a relaxed kid to a man with a zest for a medium he dislikes. His background does not entitle him to this, for before he came to the movies he was no world-shaker in the theatre. It was likely that the talent of the man who made Red River put art into his screen acting. When people refuse to face the fact that no actor in the world is so magnificent that he can do in eight hours the work that warrants the huge sum warranting the salary of Monty is as much a secret as the wage paid Marlon, it would not be too far out of line to say that they have been paid $5,000 for an eight-hour day. And for that sum, they should be expected to peddle the film that wins up in the cans.

Although they are suspected geniuses, both Monty and Marlon could learn a lesson. Both of their stars have home-grown movie stars who made it the hard way. Tony Curtis is one. Bill Hol- den is another. Marilyn Monroe is another—saw it at MGM. There are actors who are movie stars as well. They came here hungry, all of them, and what they have attained they have come by the sweat of their brows and the hunger in their bellies. Their movies make money. And one of the reasons is that they work at being movie stars 24 hours a day. And when they are not making movies, they generally find them out in the sticks, or in the neighborhoods of the big cities, selling the product, meeting the people who pay them face-to-face and never ducking down alleys to hide from their admirers or leave the hands with the coins in their pockets.

Yes, Monty Clift and Marlon Brando can be fairly dubbed The Gold Dust Twins. They came to Hollywood like confidence men, and they are not collectors from a finance company who want their money without a lot of nonsense. They come to take their tokens of gold, then kick off to their little Fort Knox, a sighing with relief and looking at the whole world like a couple of urchins who have just successfully raided an apple orchard.

once in love with Janie

(Continued from page 55) before and had overcome the hurdles they had expected to encounter.

"It's been wonderful," said Jane, "not just because we've been happy, because we expected that, but wonderful that we've done so much together and know each other better and have faced so many pitfalls together and still love each other so much."

In any other town but Hollywood a young wife shouldn't get a medal for being able to make that statement, but here she should. In Hollywood a marriage or a career can tumble as easily as a kid on his first pair of roller skates. The daily papers prove that. And even though it's only been three years, several of the mar- riages of Joan's and Geary's friends have long been dissolved and new alliances made. Jane and Geary Steffan may not be able to work, but they've been married three years, but they can take them because they bet on a slow horse that's holding his own in the backstretch. That's the way Hollywood looked at their marriage. Being sensitive, they'd have had a few bets up to it before the wedding day, and they can be, their being a little cocky about what they've done.

The odds against Jane and Geary were pretty great, if you take a good look at the circumstances. Geary was a young fellow not long out of the army with the whole wide world full of roads before him and no sign posts. By profession, actually, he was an ice-skater, and a good one, making a lot of money. Sonja Henie doesn't pick dubious for partners and Geary, they say, was the best she ever had. The army had taught him to be two things, a soldier and a ski expert. And with a war over, there wasn't even a 2nd Lieutenant's salary in that. He was on without a job, and the way off to his little Fort Knox's, sighing with relief and looking around the world like a couple of urchins who have just successfully raided an apple orchard.
A lot of money to spend. Contrary to popular opinion, young actors and actresses do not become millionaires upon the signing of the contract. So Geary was in his proper element and a suitable date for the pretty, young singer. Even if it wasn't love at first sight, it was something, because they went steady after that.

The first hurdle came a few months after they found out they really liked each other. Geary began to think things over and he knew he had to subtract the time he was in the service from his life and get a move on if he wanted to make something of himself. He had opportunities to be an actor, but he didn't want that. He tried real estate and thought of a few other lines that might make a career. Finally, he decided on the insurance business. He knew that each year a man worked in insurance he built up a bit of an estate, because the big companies cut salesmen in on the continuing premiums. That was what Geary wanted. He was much more interested in the future than a fast dollar today. The best job he could find was in Chicago, so Geary moved there and said goodbye to his girl and his home town for he didn't know how long.

A fellow makes mistakes, and Geary found out six months later that he had made one. His business was fine, but his life was pretty dull. Then fate, as it will, intervened. Jane Powell went to Chicago to make a personal appearance. Well, if Geary didn't meet the plane, he got in touch with her right after. And for the three weeks Jane was there he never left her side. When she left town, it was a sad farewell. And when Geary was alone that night a terrible thought came to his mind. He wasn't ready to marry Jane right now. He knew that. But suddenly he realized that if he stayed in Chicago, somebody else might. No man ever quit a job, packed a bag and headed for California faster.

As we said, just about now is also the tenth anniversary of Jane Powell's start in Hollywood. She was just 14 years old and fresh from Portland, Oregon, where her life had been pretty full, for she is gregarious, makes friends easily and people are important to her. She was a beautiful child and a magnificent little singer. She was put under contract to MGM, but she made her first picture for Charles R. Rogers, an independent producer, a film that is now being seen on television called The Song Of The Open Road.

After the picture was finished, Jane went back to MGM and became lost in the huge plant. She wasn't terribly important and she didn't know many people, so she spent miserable hours sitting at home wishing she were out of it all and back in Portland with her true friends, having the fun she used to have. But when school started, she perked up a bit, because she met a few kids who are still her closest friends, among them Elizabeth Taylor.

Like two kids from any ordinary school, Liz and Jane had an affinity that enveloped them completely. They'd get out in back of the school house and sit on the ground eating peanut butter sandwiches and talking about life, grown-up liberty and the pursuit of adult happiness. They'd talk about the men they'd marry and the crushes they had and the idiots who didn't think they were gorgeous, dangerous women when they wore forbidden lipstick. The talks were so memorable to them that when Jane got married—and one of the dreams was fulfilled—Liz sneak peanut butter sandwich into her suitcase which said, in a beautiful and subtle way: "Well, it all came true." Jane grew up and became a star. She got more famous as each year went by. But she was a sensible girl and retained a close contact with the kids of her own age. There came a time when the MGM wardrobe department had to ask for information from the front office. Jane, it seemed, was supposed to be playing the tiny, elfish girl she'd always been in films, but the costumers were having a devil of a time keeping her from looking like a miniature can-can dancer. She was a woman now, for sure.

These were the things that Jane was accomplishing professionally—things that belonged to the tenth anniversary. In her private life, though, we deal with three years, maybe four. She was 19 when she knew she was in love with Geary and wanted to marry him. Geary had joined an insurance firm in Los Angeles and, although he was progressing nicely, he knew darn well he was in no position to marry a girl who was making a fortune a week, even though he was madly in love with her. And she'd have married him if he wanted to take her to live in a tent. However, prodded no doubt by Jane, he bought an engagement ring and one night when he was driving her home he pulled the car over to the side of the road and put it on her finger. And they sat for a long while and had a sensible talk and tried to figure a way to tell her folks.

That was something they needed to have worried about. They quietly let themselves into Jane's house and tip-toed to her parents' bedroom to see if they were awake. They were, and in a moment Jane was sitting on the edge of the bed and Geary was standing beside her as nervous as a banana.

"Mother," Jane said, determined to win her over, "we (Continued on next page)

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have something important to tell you."

"Is that so," said her mother. "Well, let me see the ring."

The wedding of Jane Powell and Geary Steffan was a pretty fancy affair. It was a church wedding, celebrated the way a girl who knows she'll only do it once would like to remember it. Liz Taylor was one of the bridesmaids and all of their close, long time friends turned out in fancy finery to make it a real gala occasion. And then they went to live in the apartment they'd picked out together and began a marriage that would be a model for any town. There were, of course, skinties—as there still are—who said it couldn't work. Mainly, they opined, because of the difference in careers and income. But Jane and Geary were determined it would.

A magazine article appeared in Modern Screen a year after they took their vows telling why it worked and some of the things Jane and Geary said in that article make pretty sound sense. They pointed out that their marriage had not been consummated in an "adolescent, if romantic, haze," and they outlined their plans for what they considered a suitable financial arrangement. They would split their expenses right down the middle—considering they both worked for a living and would be able to afford no more than Geary or vice-versa. They would, they said, attend only the night clubs that Geary could pardon sensitivity and they trusted it to. As a matter of fact, Jane, who had a pretty penny in the bank, used to visit friends who lived in nice houses and almost cry because Geary wouldn't let her buy one. They waited until they were married, bought a sensible, small home without most of the frills you generally find in a movie star's home.

This doesn't mean that Jane is a helpless little doll, unable to cope with most situations. As a matter of fact, generally when they have a business deal on of some kind—like the time they rented their apartment—Jane tells Geary to wait in the car and she goes in and drives a hard bargain. She got them to lower the rent on their first home.

Now that they look back on the last three years, Jane and Geary have a good deal to be proud of. Geary Steffan is known in insurance circles as a real whiz. He's the top sales man in his company. Sure he sells insurance to people he meets in the movie business, but he's like the fellow who joins a country club in any other town to meet prospects. That's his line of work—and he's proud to handle the accounts. The Steffans live better than most folks because they make more money than most, but Geary holds up his end and better.

The house they bought three years ago is now getting too small. They have a son, Geary Steffan III, and Jane is expecting another. They're going to have their own statement, four or five, and they definitely will not let Jane's career interfere with their counting. Her career is important, but she's an artist who should and must find expression—and it's important to Geary, because, being a big part of Jane's life, it makes her happy. Right now, with number two coming along, there are looking on as events that came Geary's friends say that he looks at strangers in the street wondering if they'd be interested in a little insurance. Babies are just as expensive to raise in Hollywood as any place else.

It's an astonishing thing, but even in what is obviously an ideal marriage, disputes arise to time and things have to be ironed out. Jane and Geary have a system for that, too. They sit down, when the need becomes evident, and tell one another their faults. Jane, for instance, found herself getting sick of sitting still while Geary explained something to her, with long pauses, without letting her get a word in.

"That's a fine thing for an insurance salesman to do," she said. "Maybe I have to wait until you make sure what you want to say and then find the words. But you're going to bore prospects that way."

Geary looked amazed for a minute, then grinned. "Hey, you're right," he said. "I've got to stop that."

And if Jane picks up a habit that annoys Geary (like watching her straighten up the living room and fluff up the pillows for the hundredth time, just as they were going to bed), he tells her.

She didn't take it too well that time. She snapped back at him. Then he sat her down firmly in a chair.

"Look," he said, "this is a very small thing, and when I tell you, you get angry. Now it's not a question of fluffing up pillows in the middle of the night, but of my being able to criticize without getting the score over something small, what will you do if it's over something big some day?"

Jane sat silent for a moment and then apologized. She hasn't fluffed a pillow since. And Jane won't have anything she's never been anything they can't talk about since.

Yes, Jane Powell and her husband are happy, there's no argument about that. But they have a habit of running a few evenings a month training at a local army establishment. And his business requires that he make calls on prospects quite a lot. People have said that they are apart too much. Columnists have reported them on the verge of separation.

They both accept these things pretty much as a matter of course because they don't fool themselves about anything, especially Hollywood.

Recently Jane and Geary and Liz Taylor and her husband Michael Wilding went up to Las Vegas for a few days. Geary is always courteous, especially to the press, because Jane is in the public eye. But he make Joe and Mary got off the plane and a group of newspapermen were waiting. They chatted for a few minutes and a photographer showed up and wanted to take a picture. "Oh, but isn't it worse than we'd thought. Geary told him, "but it happens that both of these ladies are expectant mothers—and at that time no woman cares too much about having her face made up."

The photographer, a surly rascal, got huffy, and for a moment it looked like trouble, but Geary had been at the races and escorted his wife to a car. Somebody should have told the photog that Geary's dad was once the lightweight champion of the world and had taught his boy a thing or two about fist fighting, and that during the war Geary skid down an Italian mountainside at the head of 26 men to attack a German position and that for a larger prize than that came back. At any rate, he didn't get the picture and he's fortunate he didn't press his luck.

Geary Steffan loves his life now and he loves his Jane. He'll work hard for his happiness. He and Jane figure there's got to be a good deal to be grateful for. It's their anniversary Jan. 26. They'll see the play, and he'll celebrate it with them. END

(Jane Powell can be seen next in MGM's Small Town Girl.)
Hayden day.

Dixie Crosby always was a strong woman. She came out of the first severe suffering of her illness with a smile and the will to keep things going. The summer was here and the boys had to be taken to their summer cottage at Hayden Lake near Spokane, Washington. They had to be taken, because it was something they looked forward to all year. Her illness was not going to change that.

Bing kissed Dixie on the forehead and ambled out of the hospital room to do as he was told. If Mom was sick, the old man would have to carry on with the kids alone. So he pilled the youngest into a car and drove to Washington and the cabin. But they all kept in touch with Dixie by telephone several times a day.

People who have known Bing Crosby intimately for years didn't know him all at the time of Dixie's illness. Always a preoccupied man, he became more and more preoccupied and appeared never to think about anything else but his wife. He had to do a little work, mainly on his radio tapes for the next year and in preparation for another movie to be made this winter, but he never seemed to care much about what he was doing. All he seemed to care about was finishing up so he could get out to the hospital. And whenever a phone rang, a look of expectancy came over his face as much as to say: "Any news of Dixie?"

Maye, in the final analysis, the marriage between Bing Crosby, the crooner, and Dixie Lee, the actress, will go down as one of the true love matches of the age in which we live. Certainly it was successful in the respect that it bore bright fruit, and that four young men can testify to the worth of the match by their conduct in society. Maybe it was a good marriage, because, at the time it began, the odds were against it, and the parties to the union overcame the obstacles and managed to end up loving one another more than they had at the start. It was certainly a marriage bedeviled by obstacles. It's tough to be as famous as Bing and stay with the same woman to the end. And it's tougher, maybe, to be Dixie Crosby, wife of a man more famous than anyone ever was, and to be in the background for all the days of her life. At any rate, it will be remembered as a beautiful romance that flowered and stood the test of time and strain.

When the man walked down the hospital corridor alone that day a few weeks ago, maybe he thought of these things. The old days when he didn't care about much, and the girl who said she'd never call him as long as she lived and never did; and the lives they had lived side by side somehow, even though apart a lot; and of the sons and the homes they'd built; and the happiness and occasional sorrow they had given each other.

He was the most famous man in the world, but what did it matter now. They were just two of them now, alone together in a small hospital room. All that mattered was that Dixie was very ill—and the sky would fall if she didn't get well. Take a look at the casual man. He's weeping.

(Bing's latest Paramount movie is Just For You.)

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state of the union

(Continued from page 39) were talking about the separation of a prominent star and his wife. I 'don't believe it 'true'," said one columnist. "Oh, no," said the other one. "Then if it 'true' why is he denying it?" I must admit that this makes no sense whatsoever, but you must agree with me that it happens every day.

When I first spoke to you about these rumors and asked if I could make a report to Modern Screen, you gave me the first sensible answer I've heard in a matter of this kind. You said that you didn't want to deny it because you didn't exist that he placed in the position of denying something that didn't exist. And you felt that if you let any dignity at all to such a preposterous situation, you would be abetting the acting of the item-hungry do's who instigated it.

I thought then—and I still do—that you were perfectly right in using the only measure suitable—silence.

After reading back the above few paragraphs, being aware that this letter will appear in print, it might seem that I am performing the very act I condemn and, in a sense, I am. But I know one thing for sure. The only other alternative you do have to attempt to squelch these outrageous rumors is to put it all down on paper, go beyond the matter of separation and tell the truth about your present home situation and your future plans.

Let's go back to the beginning, when you and Evie were married. At that time you were the rage of the younger generation of movie fans. I'm sure I don't have to recall the buttons that were snatched off your coats and the mobs of admirers wherever you showed up and the time that the New York Police Department asked you not to come to their city because they were afraid they wouldn't be able to cope with the crowd. You were the symbol of the male, unmarried movie star, the Prince that almost every one of your young lady admirers knew would some day come and take them away from their drab lives. And when you'd married, they gave up and actually few of them wished you bliss.

It's an odd thing to think, that almost the same thing happened to the grownup columnists. You were the star they dangled over the heads of their readers, you were the dream they peddled, almost daily to their young followers. And when you married them, too, resented it, more than likely, unknowingly. This, in an odd sense, is a tribute to your stature.

I think you are aware of these things. And I think because you are, you have gone out of your way to let the world know of the happiness that has lived in your home. I suspect that a false move would bring the "ah hahs!" and "I told you so's" that were printed recently.

First, let's tell them how the rumors came about. I think the first one was printed shortly after you left a party early and Evie stayed on. The explanation of this is so simple that you may not be able to sell it, but I think I can. You had to get up at six o'clock in the morning to report for work at MGM, and Evie didn't. You were with close friends, having a good time and you found it ridiculous for Evie to have left at such an early hour when she was enjoy- ing herself. So you did what any man who loved his wife would have done. You insisted that she remain.

Naturally, a day or so later one of those tricky items appeared in a gossip column: "What's this with the Van Johnsons. He walked out on her at a party the other night." From your standpoint this was an impossible fantasy to challenge. You had appar- ently "walked" to your car, which was outside. The only alternative you had was to call the columnist and insist that you weren't sore at your wife. You re- called of you there probably would have run another item stating that the Van Johnsons had kissed and made up, so you decided to keep your mouth shut and a short time later at a night club. You and Evie were again with very close friends, and, in order to be able to crawl out of bed for work in the morning, you left before the stars left the club and see it. That, I think, was the occasion of the second item which read something like: "If there is no friction in the Van Johnsons' marriage, why did he stalk out of a night club on her in a towering rage the other night." Your big mistake here, Van, was in not grinning like a discharged G.I. at the doorway as you brought you your car. He no doubt commented that you were in a filthy mood and it wound up in the papers as quoted above.

Harry Brand, super-publicist of 20th Century-Fox, ran smack into an open door one day and acquired a black eye. Completely undis- mayed, he had his picture taken and mailed it to a glamour girl who has recently had a row with the studio and walked out, signing with a rival outfit.

Across the bottom of the picture he wrote, "Nobody can call you dirty names while I 'm around." Bennett Cerf in This Week

THE Hollywood bandwagon makes the bandwagons the politicians leap on at political conventions look like go-carts. True news is scarce enough in Hollywood, so that a columnist in a rival in a pillar must immediately steal it for his own. This, then, means that other incidents aren't particularly necessary. The gossipers refer to the honored customs of back-tracking. A typical example of back-tracking is this: "This sudden exposure of a rift between the Van Johnsons is no news to us. You may recall I printed this six months ago as follows: 'Evie Johnson attended Barbara Stanwyck's party alone. Van was out of town on location.' We could have told you the real reason at the time but we were sworn to secrecy."

I'm sure you and Evie must have discussed some dignified manner of handling the situation. You couldn't hire a publicity man, because then you'd read that the Van Johnsons have hired a press agent to handle the details of their divorce in a nice manner. You don't dare call up one columnist and lay all the facts as presented here on the line, because all of his rivals would immediately denounce him as a fake.

I would like to quote you in Modern Screen: 'Van, as saying, simply, 'I love my wife, I love my children. I have never been happier in my life, and I look forward to many years of happiness for all of us.'"

This may not do the trick, but I think it is the least a man can say.

We can, however, talk about the future, as you and I did at lunch. You are at a point in your career when you might make some changes. You have one more year to go on your MGM contract and you are thinking of what might happen if you didn't sign another long-term contract.
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I think, Van, that you must do is separate your personal life entirely from your professional life. By that I do not mean that you must not pose for photographe or grant interviews to writers. I mean, specifically, that you must accept as part of your professional life a certain amount of publicity that at times will be forced upon you. You will find impossible to avoid. But you must learn that in Hollywood the pen is not a damaging instrument and that words tapped out on an Underwood cannot alter a situation.

There is in your home a sanctity that prevails in all good homes. And this you must preserve by keeping secret the impor-tant things that happen there. Among these are the things that will, of course, take place between you and Evie and your kids. They are part of living together and must be secret because no man can be asked to share his family with the world. On the other hand, almost any move that you make of a public nature, such as a decision to take an extended trip, buy Evie a new Cadillac, sell your house, or capture a burglar, be-longs to the public, because you are a celebrity and news.

It is a difficult thing sometimes to separate one's personal and professional life. But only by doing so can an actor protect his family from the ravages of the scandalmonger. You must achieve a state in which you expect to read painful gossip as if it were printed out at your own fireside. Untruths must be treated as untruths and never given better recog-nition.

It is an old joke in Hollywood that a famous actor and his wife were just about to drop off to sleep with the radio turned on when a radio gossip made the astonishing announcement that she was at that time going to apply for a divorce. The husband leaned over, turned off the set, and before dropping back on his pillow, kissed his wife and said: "Try not to get an expensive lawyer. We're nearly broke. I spent a fortune today on your anniversary present."

There will always be gossip of this type in Hollywood, always be men and women who make personal type mole-hills of rumor. In the main they have no particular axes to grind, nor are they malicious in their intent. They just suffer from the desire to be in this busi-ness, the fear that our competitors will have the news first. And the classic symptom of the ailment is jumping the gun. Until this is understood and accepted, a star can go out of his mind trying to keep track of his own actions in the press.

Well, Van, this letter got longer than I thought it would. And it became a lot more pompous than I thought it would. But I just wanted to make clear what has b been a jumbled mess of conflicting reports and rumors. I hope I have done so. You may not have written it because it repeats again the lies you hate, but I feel that only by telling what the lies are, how they originate and dem-onstrating the technique of exaggeration, can they be truly identified and made impotent.

I hope the next time we talk it will be on a better and happier subject. Maybe in Paris or even in Hollywood or New York, maybe backstage in a big theatre in your dressing room with you waiting impatiently for your music cue. Or maybe even in Culver City, if you will be known as the oldest employee on the lot. But no matter where it is, I'll be looking forward to it. My love to your beautiful wife and your wonderful kids—and my wish for your continued happiness and harmony.

Jim Henaghan
I want to be loved

(Continued from page 45) thin-faced outfieder rose quickly to his feet. He was introduced to his new and somewhat unsuspecting fan and started to consume his prize with his fate. For a minute they looked into each other's eyes, saying nothing. Then the conversation began, easy, simple, exploratory. How did Joe like it out here? Just how did he feel he was a movie star? Well, she wasn't really. In fact she was just a very small movie star.

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe are basically the same age. She's just a few months younger than the Yanks' hero. And over the dinner table that night, there was no attempt by either of them to sound sophisticated or witty or worldly.

Joe explained that he'd retired from baseball and was working as a telecaster in New York. He had a 9-year-old son, Joe Jr., going to school on the West Coast. As part of a 1944 divorce decree, he shared custody of this young lady of the movie industry with his ex-wife Dorothy Arnold. He himself came from San Francisco. Had Marilyn even been to San Francisco?

Marilyn smiled. "About five years ago," she said. "I once told him that one day early in her career she happened to run into Doc Shurr walking down a street in Beverly Hills. As Bob Hope's agent, Doc knows all the latest town gossip. Marilyn Monroe followed the good-looking agent at the time and sent her around to see Groucho Marx. Groucho was casting an, actor with the right to be entitled. 'Love, Happy.'

When the diminutive comedian offered, Groucho took one look at her. "Don't say word," he insisted. "You've got the job."

The job. Marilyn recalled, "consisted of Groucho chasing me across a room. It took all of three days and it got five weeks. Work out of it because they asked me to go on a personal appearance tour. That's when I played San Francisco."

As the dinner wound down to dessert, the friend who had brought Marilyn and Joe together made a diplomatic exit.

Joe was extremely grateful; so, too, was Marilyn. In the course of the evening a rapport had been established between two of them. Now they wanted to be alone, so Joe thought of a way.

How about riding around town a little? he suggested.

Marilyn nodded. It was one of those bright, clear California nights when even the smallest stars are allowed out, so they drove along the Sunset Strip. Gentleman that he is, Joe asked the beautiful blonde if she'd like to drop in at the Mocamo or Ciro's or any other night spot. When she said no, he was secretly glad. That night Joe didn't want to share Marilyn with anyone.

They parked on the Doheny bluff overlooking Los Angeles, and oddly enough, it was Joe who pulled the switch. Usually it's the lady who suggests. Joe pointed out that he was going in for a little photography in man. Not this time. Joe asked Marilyn to tell him all about herself and she gave him the straight dope, how she was born in Cleveland, how she lived and breathed in Hollywood, how she was raised partly in orphanages and partly in the homes of adopted parents. "I was married when I was 18," she said quite candidly, "divorced when I was 17. I went back to school from high school when I was eighteen."

Joe asked how she'd broken into movies. Again Marilyn told the truth—not the supposed, "I was passed over by pretty agents bandied about but how I had really happened.

In 1945 she was working as a parachute inspector in Reginal Denny's model plane factory. A photographer from the Army came around to shoot stills of the female aircraft workers, thought it might boost the morale of the boys fighting overseas. "A sergeant named David Conover shot a few stills of me," Marilyn explained, "and two weeks later local photographers began phoning, offering me $15 an hour to pose as a model. Since I was only averaging $22 a week at the aircraft plant, you can bet I switched jobs in a hurry."

In August of 1946 after her face and figure had appeared on the covers of five national magazines in one year, she agreed to give Marilyn a screen test. It came out well, and she was signed. Six months later the studio dropped her, as one of the casting directors termed her "absolutely hopeless." Three years later this same executive had to admit he was wrong, and Marilyn was signed again.

Joe DiMaggio was smitten that night, not only by Marilyn's beautiful face and curvaceious figure but by her patent honesty, her lack of pose. Here was a girl after his own heart, the kind of simple, earthy, basic girl he once felt he could never find in Hollywood.

A few nights later, Joe, who always stays at the Hollywood Kneikerbocker during his west coast visits, checked out of his hotel, and flew back to New York and his television program. He was definitely in love.

When the New York Yankees hit the road and Joe had some free time, he writes to Marilyn Monroe. He asks her who asked what he was doing in town again were told that he'd come to visit his son. "He goes to school here, you know."

Joe told them. DiMaggio later saw his son while he was in Hollywood but he also brought the boy out to the Bel-Air Hotel to meet Marilyn Monroe. That's what started the balladoling, the rumble between Joe and his ex-wife and Marilyn.

When Dorothy Arnold learned that Joe had taken Junior to meet his new love, she reportedly blew her top and asked her lawyer to seek a modification of the 1944 divorce settlement giving her complete custody of the boy.

"I certainly want little Joe to see his father," she said, "but I think it would be better for all concerned, particularly the boy, if the boy stayed at my home."

What is wrong with a 9-year-old boy swimming in the same hotel pool as Marilyn Monroe?

Anyway, DiMaggio, very upset, flew back to New York. Marilyn, deeply hurt, checked into a hospital for the removal of an appendix.

I was in New York when Joe arrived. I reached him at the Yankee stadium before the start of his TV show. "What happened in Hollywood?" I asked. "Why did Dorothy object so strenuously when you took the boy along on a date? Doesn't it give you complete grounds for demanding full custody?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "I sure can't understand it," he said. "The boy and Marilyn Monroe are the couple of his life. There were at least a dozen other children swimming in the Bel-Air pool at the time. Everyone there was perfectly respectable. There was no drinking, and I certainly don't see what's wrong with spending an afternoon at a swimming pool."

I picked the boy up last Friday and we went out to dinner. Then I took him to see a movie. We got home and he was in bed by ten. On Saturday we had breakfast together, and he said he wanted a bean shooter. I got him one and he shot a bunch of beans all over my room. We went for a drive together, had lunch at the Bel-Air pool and went swimming. I brought him back to his mother's and I
came on to New York. He saw Miss Monroe for about two weeks."

Following this incident and the resultant publicity, Joe and Marilyn decided to be very circumspect about being seen together. They also decided to say very little about their romance, in fact, to deny it, to refer to it as a casual friendship.

When I asked Joe, for example, when he intended to make Marilyn his wife, he said, "Ge! We're just good friends. 'We just happened to run into one another.'"

This was sheer hokum, of course. When Marilyn was sent to Niagara Falls in July for location shots (she plays the lead in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox film, Niagara), who was on hand but Joe Di-Maggio.

He returned to New York over the weekend, but, when the film was finished, Marilyn raced to the big city to be near him. She checked in at the Hotel Drake, and that night the lovers dined at Le Pavillon, one of the city's plushiest restaurants. If they weren't in love, they certainly gave the impression of being so.

Joe took Marilyn around and showed her New York just as she'd shown him Hollywood. To avoid reporters, however, he took her to small out-of-the-way restaurants, places where they wouldn't be seen, eateries in the suburbs located off the Bronx and the Hutchinson River Parkways. As Marilyn herself says, "I've been to New York before, but it was never so wonderful. I'll never forget those days with Joe."

When the studio called and Marilyn had to go westward, Joe found himself returning to New York. As soon as the Yankees hit the road, Joe hit the airlines. He flew to Hollywood again, his fourth trip in six months.

He didn't come back either. He just couldn't stay away from Marilyn. As soon as he arrived, he went out to see her. She tossed a few things in a bag and he carried her into his Cadillac. "I want you to meet my family," he told her.

They stopped in little towns en route to San Francisco and soon the word spread that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio were eloping.

They weren't. Joe's parents are dead, but the woods around the Bay Area are jammed with DiMaggio relations, and Joe introduced Marilyn to all of them. They enjoyed seven unforgettable days in "heaven," after which they drove down to Hollywood. Once more the rumor was circulated that they were heading for the preacher. But they arrived in Hollywood single.

Next day a columnist announced that Joe and Marilyn had originally intended to get married on that trip, only the studio had prevented it. The story still continues that studio executives do not want Marilyn Monroe to marry for fear she will lose her undeniably increasing box office appeal.

"There are millions on one executive told me, "who vicariously upon this tomato as their own secret property. They go along with the illusion that she belongs to them. Suppose they read in the papers this Sunday and soul to DiMaggio. The illusion is broken."

Admittedly, this is an outmoded theory, but many studio executives still believe in it.

Marilyn herself says, "My career comes out of my life. My life doesn't come out of my career. When I want to get married, I'll get married." Marilyn's contract with 20th Century-Fox has another five and a quarter years to run. If she wants to become Mrs. Di-Maggio, the studio can do nothing about it. The contract contains no clause prohibiting marriage.

Why then don't Joe and Marilyn go ahead and tie the knot right now? Marilyn has moved out of the little house high in the Hollywood hills, a home in which she and Joe could be ecstatically happy.

The answer is that Joe works in New York, and the love of his life labors in Hollywood. Joe has been identified with the New York Yankees for so many years now that he regards New York as his second home. He hates to sever all connections with the Yanks, and yet he will not ask Marilyn to abandon her career and move to N. Y.—not after the incredibly tough time she had in establishing herself as an actress.

Marilyn, who's had one unhappy marriage and one unhappy love affair (with her agent, who died) says, "More than anything else in life I want to love and be loved. A career is a very different thing. You can't kiss it on the lips at night."

And yet, despite giving tongue to such thoughts, Marilyn has no intention of sacrificing her career for marriage—not at this point, anyway. She feels she can have them both.

She is currently earning $750 a week. After giving money to her mother each week, paying her agent, putting money aside for taxes, the Screen Actors' Guild and the Motion Picture Relief Fund, her net is about $400 a week, forty weeks a year, or an approximate annual income of $16,000.

Out of this she has to pay rent, clothes herself, feed herself and pay car expenses. "I'm not complaining, however," she says, "It's more money than I ever thought I'd see and I'd like to enjoy it."

Marilyn won't come right out and say it, but she is hoping strongly that after Joe finishes televising the current baseball season in New York, he will return to the West Coast and look for a similar job.

When and if Joe goes to work on the Pacific Coast, you can bet dollars to dough that Marilyn will become the second Mrs. Joe DiMaggio.

(Marilyn's latest movie is 20th Century-Fox's O. Henry's Full House.)
LANZA FIGHTS AGAIN

(Continued from page 33) It was going to
Mario was put on suspension for failing to report for the start of The Student
Prince.
This film was scheduled to get under
way on Monday, August 18th. Mario had
already recorded the musical numbers,
and absolutely no trouble was expected.
Came Monday, however, and Mario re-
fused to report to the studio. Someone
suggested the possibility of the tenor being
ill. Immediately a made and Lanza's health
was reported as excellent.
Came Tuesday and again Mario didn't
show. The studio legal department sent
telegrams, special delivery letters. Still
no Lanza.
On Wednesday Mario was again con-
spicuous by his absence. This time the
studio executives bellowed their collective top.
Mario was supplied, taken off salary,
and the studio announced that legal
tabs would be made to force Lanza to pay
for the damages his failure to appear had
caused the studio. At the same time,
however, reports were received that he
was under contract for work Thursday morning, all would be forgiven.
Thursday morning Lanza did not set foot
in Culver City and all hallelujah broke
loose.
"Who the devil does he think he is?"
shouted one executive. "God!"
"Insofar as I'm concerned," blurted an-
other. "He's through, finished up, washed
up."
"I don't care if he's the largest box
office attraction in the world," said a third.
"I think we should tear up his contract,
give him his release and throw him out.
He's not worth all the aggravation and
heartache."

The reason for this condemnation is
money. When a motion is scheduled to be
get under way, the studio must pay
the salaries of all the people who report
for work. It already has spent thousands
of dollars in set construction, in costumes,
in music arrangements and so forth.
When Mario did not report for The
Student Prince, MGM had to pay everyone
else who did, despite the fact that no one
could do a lick of work without Lanza.
"We can refuse to pay," one studio
director explained, "we borrowed Ann Blyth from Universal for
this picture. Jane Powell was originally
set for it, but she got pregnant. The studio
must be paying Universal at least $50,000
for Blyth. Then we have to pay the rest
of the cast, Gig Young, Janice Rule, Edmund
Gwenn, Walter Hampden, Florence Bates,
Leo Carroll, and the whole crew. I don't
know the exact figures, but I would say
that Lanza's failure to show up this week
has cost the studio anywhere from $75,000
to $100,000. Now the cost of preparing a
film like The Student Prince is around
$400,000—that's before an actor even steps
on the sound stage. So that if Lanza
doesn't make this picture, the studio can sue him
for around three quarters of a million."

JOE PASTERNAK, the small, shrewd, saga-
cious MGM producer who knows Mario
as well as any man in Hollywood, told me,
"I understand Lanza, and I can tell you
that we'll cut his name from this film
before your article even gets into print,
and Lanza will be the star. This boy has
problems, you know, like the big trouble
with his insurance mananger. This boy
forgets he has responsibilities. A couple of
days go by, then all of a sudden he remembers
he has a picture to make. By the time
he remembers, hell has broken loose. I'm sure
that Mario Lanza will be the star of The
Student Prince." Mario undoubtedly will be,
but the (Continued on next page)
Ann Pinkham says —

"Now...no monthly cramps

NOT EVEN ON VERY FIRST DAY!"

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"NO LONGER," adds Ann Pinkham, "is it necessary for girls and women to suffer 'bad days' from functionally-caused menstrual distress.

"If you experience cramps, pain and headaches, feel as though you’ve been literally dragged through a knothole at such times — you’ll be glad to know about this way to relieve such discomfort — even on the first, worst day of your period!

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Sirol Laboratories Inc., Dept. B-10, Santa Monica, Calif.

Stroll of Canada, Box 4015, Windsor, Ont.
the couple a prosperous business. Mario told them to take it over and run it, but they were reluctant to leave the Lanzas. "Go ahead," Mario insisted. "It's the chance of a lifetime." The couple moved out, grateful for Mario's advice.

Thus far, however, the Lanzas have been without help. When you have two little children in the house and a pregnant wife, that can be a strain, especially when for years you've been waiting upon and even served breakfast in bed.

Things haven't been going too well for Mario Lanza of late. Just remember that next time you read about his temper and his tantrums, his foibles and his fights.

Underneath it all, he's a very nice guy or, as his wife once confided to intimates, "a big, sweet baby who must be handled with kid gloves."

(Maria Lanza can be seen currently in MGM's Because You're Mine.)

END

---

If time has darkened your hair, you can bring it back to golden loveliness safely, easily, inexpensively. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will give you bright highlights or lighten your hair as many shades as you wish. It's up to you.

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Peel off your coat—

If you're mad at something

Fight with your VOTE!
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These last few months of waiting for your
baby are often long, uncomfortable, because of
dry, tight skin and itching. Tingling sym-
pomations in your back and legs. MOTHER'S
FRIEND, used by expectant mothers for over
70 years, is especially designed for
the relief of these conditions. Rubbed gently into the abdomen,
back and legs, and other parts of the body.

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relieves. Keep your skin soft and elastic, shawl
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and insomnia are due to breakdown of kidney function.
Doctors say good kidney function is very important
to good health. But there is now every evid-
cion, such as stress and strain, causes this
important organ to fail. There are many folk suffering
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irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause
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Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Don's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used
successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing
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and filters flush out waste. Get Don's Pills today!

106
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You can't fool the Quimbys with any fancy advertising! They don't even read the ads.

Back in the days when all of our modern household conveniences were first advertised, lots of folks rushed out and bought them—later when the ads told of new and better models, they traded the old ones in. Still are!

But not the Quimbys!

The Quimbys just don't know very much about these things of modern America—and they don't own any of them!

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playhouse. "You're sure it'll be all right when we get home," she pleaded.

So we took off, equipped with everything but the kitchen sink, dramamine included. I am trusting the Atlantic Ocean to be tranquil these few days, because I'm the only one who inclines toward seasickness. Of course, I can always depend on Carol Lee, who is a guardian angel with the younger ones. As a matter of fact, Alan and I left Hollywood together two days earlier than the children so that we could visit my aunt in Chicago, and Carol Lee herded the other three onto the train to meet us in New York. In New York we settled down for three days, until September 9th, while Alan gave interviews on The Iron Mistress for Warner Brothers and Thunder In The East for Paramount.

People were wonderful, seeing us off. We'd already had a round of farewell parties in Hollywood—one for each of the children by their respective friends, and one for Alan and me and our friends. We're assured now that Colgate Studio has rented a lovely place for us on the outskirts of London, a house that will be our home for many months. I wish I could do more, but of course I haven't even seen it myself.

David has just asked me how soon lunch will be served, which constitutes the first time in his life he has appeared hungry in fifteen days. He wonders, on the way they prepare food on this ship. Even Alan, who is strictly a meat-potatoes-and-pie man, has begun to take notice of the sauces and puddings. I doubt if the kids will miss hamburgers and hot dogs very much during the trip. Carol Lee and Laddie were a bit concerned when they learned that such American institutions were lacking in Europe, and one night they walked into the house, each holding two hot dogs. Alan put on his fatherly expression and asked if they didn't think they were overdoing it.

Well, all I have to do now is rest, except for putting those hundreds of little notes and addresses and phone numbers people have given us into a notebook for more systematic reference. The children are being good travelers as always, and now are giving each other language lessons. All of them are familiar with Fred Sprague, the other girl, who studied Spanish, so now he is putting them through the paces and they're learning to count in Spanish.

I suppose the only arguments we might have within the clan will be about our itinerary. They all have a different idea on how we should allocate our time. Laddie wants to see France—all of it, not just Paris—and Carol Lee will have no peace of mind until she has seen Capri. Laddie, who is slightly crushed because he will be missing the American football season, wants to spend all his waking hours watching rugby games in England, and David—well, David is consumed by curiosity about London. He is convinced it will look like Hollywood, and we're afraid he has a shock coming. But then on the other hand we're sure that the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and the "Beefeaters" at the Tower will endear London to him in a very special way.

As for Alan and myself, we are mainly pleased because the children have such a wonderful opportunity to see the Old World, but there's also the unvarnished fact that we are tremendously excited about it for ourselves. We'll go wherever the children lead, and then throw in a few places of our own.

I'll be writing soon again from faraway places, but that's all for now.

(End)

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