

MAY 10 1949

April 1949

modern screen

WILL
MAGAZINE
MAY 10 1949

**SHIRLEY
TEMPLE**
SPECIAL ISSUE



Exclusive!

Shirley's Dearest Memories
Intimate Photos at Home

Life Story in Pictures

Be lovelier... all over!

You can be lovelier from head to toe with the Camay Beauty Bath!
Bathe every day with new Bath-Size Camay and you give
your arms, your back, your legs true complexion care. You'll rise
from your bath clean, refreshed—your skin just touched
with the flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

NEW
LOVELINESS
HEAD TO
HEELS!

PURE, MILD,
LUXURIOUS LATHER!

BEST
BEAUTY
BATHS
EVER!

DESIGNED FOR
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL!

BARE
YOUR BACK WITH
CONFIDENCE!

LEAVES
A FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE!



Bath-Size Camay

for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior model Mary Mohr shows how it can work for you, too



A dream dances... 21-year-old model Mary Mohr of Jersey City, clicks at a college prom. This popular gal brightens many a magazine page with a smile her beaux find irresistible!

"I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth... because dentists say it works!" says Mary. Here's how her professionally approved *Ipana* dental care can work for you, too...



"See? The *Ipana* way is simple as 1, 2," says Mary:

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with *Ipana* at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (*Ipana's* unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can feel the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. *Ipana* refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about *Ipana* and massage. A good dentifrice like a good dentist is *never* a luxury!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



Products of Bristol-Myers

*In thousands of recent reports from all over the country.

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duralex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

APRIL, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

special shirley temple section

SHIRLEY'S 21!	37
I DISCOVERED SHIRLEY TEMPLE	by Jay Gorney 38
LIVING LEGEND	40
HOW DEAR TO MY HEART	by Shirley Temple 44
CURLY-TOP TODAY	by Kirtley Baskette 46
SHIRLEY THEN AND NOW	52
SHIRLEY'S NEW MOVIES	53

other stories

MITCHUM ON TRIAL	by Lloyd Shearer 19
SECRETS OF THE BRIDE (Linda Christian-Tyrone Power)	by Maxine Smith 20
MADE IN HEAVEN (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak)	by Louis Pollock 54
THIS LOVE OF OURS	by Esther Williams 56
WHAT PRICE GLORY? (Olivia de Havilland)	by Preston Wallace 58
NO LOVE LOST (Farley Granger)	by Carl Schroeder 60
THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HEART (Greer Garson)	by Hedda Hopper 62
HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-KNOWN MYSTERY (Howard Duff)	by Sheilah Graham 64
CAN JUNE HAVER FIND HAPPINESS?	by Florabel Muir 66
I DON'T BLAME RITA! (Rita Hayworth)	by Eduardo Cansino 68
DEAR DADDY (letters from Elizabeth Taylor)	arranged by Ted and Jane Morris 70

features

THE INSIDE STORY	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS	6

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS	by Christopher Kane 24
ALSO SHOWING (Films Previously Reviewed)	34
FASHION	74
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot"	by Leonard Feather 90
THE FANS	by Gloria Lampert 92

ON THE COVER: Shirley Temple Color Portrait by John Michle

Other picture credits, page 33

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They're Back Together...

and Look Who's With 'em!

SONG-HITS!

9 of 'em, naturally!

including.

"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

"Yes Indeedy"

"The Hayride Song"

"O'Brien To Ryan To Fineburg"

"It's Fate, Baby, It's Fate"

"She's The Right Girl For Me"

"Baby Doll"

MGM

scores again with a
singing, dancing,
romancing smash in

COLOR BY
Technicolor!

FRANK SINATRA
ESTHER WILLIAMS
GENE KELLY



Take Me Out To The Ball Game

DIRECTED BY
BUSBY BERKELEY
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR FREED

WITH
BETTY GARRETT
EDWARD ARNOLD
JULES MUNSHIN



...LET'S FACE IT!...

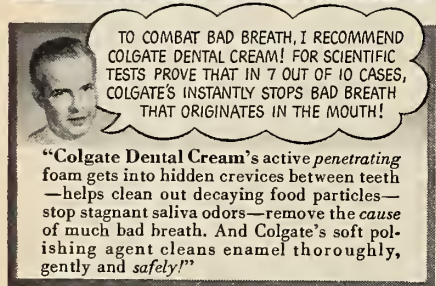
It's Tops in Musicals

Screen Play by **HARRY TUGEND** and **GEORGE WELLS**

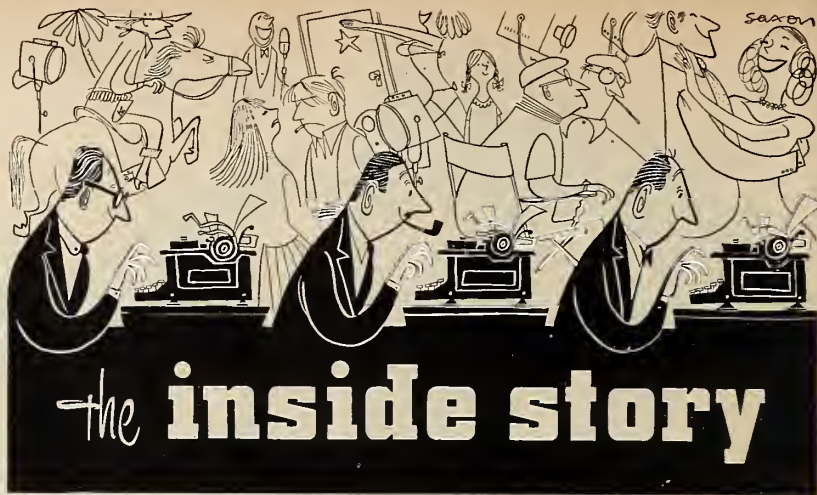
Story by **GENE KELLY** and **STANLEY DONEN**

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

**Don't Parents
Ever Grow Up?**



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



IT ALL STARTED when someone casually mentioned that Shirley Temple would be twenty-one in April. We congratulated each other and went down for our daily lunch. Little did we suspect that thereafter our hamburgers would be far between. That very afternoon we were lowered into the file cabinets. "When may we come out?" we wistfully inquired. No one answered. Several weeks later, breathing heavily, we staggered into the office with twenty-one years worth of Shirley Temple pictures in our arms. (They're now on pages 37 to 53.) Sitting in what had formerly been our chair, busily engaged at what had formerly been our typewriter, was a handsome stranger. Mournfully, we reached for our hat. Before we'd made the exit we felt a gentle pressure on our arm. It was the stranger. "My name," he said, "is Jay Gorney." We blinked. We stepped back. "Jay Gorney!" we whispered. "Why, you discovered Shirley Temple!" He bowed politely. We threw our hat into a corner and waited while Mr. Gorney finished his story. It's on page 38, the first piece in our Shirley Temple Birthday Issue, all of which we present with pride—and a little prejudice. For we've thumbed through this issue ourselves. We've found "scoops" (Shirley's first by-lined story on page 44); we've found "exclusive" pictures (of the Agars' home on page 48); and we've found that with Shirley Temple's kind cooperation our little book is just about the way we'd planned it. So Happy Birthday, Shirley—and happy reading to all of you . . .

WE WONDER HOW Farley Granger does it. There isn't a beautiful girl in Hollywood whose number he hasn't got—or a beautiful girl who wouldn't give him hers. Farley takes them all very calmly. Even when he goes out dancing he leaves his heart at home—with his movie scripts. Really. Turn to "No Love Lost" on page 60, you'll see what we mean . . .

TEA LEAVES DON'T make sense to Hedda Hopper, but diamond bracelets tell her plenty. (See page 62.) The one on Greer Garson's wrist tells her Greer's dotty if she doesn't marry Bud Fogelson in a hurry. Fact is, if Hedda were on the prowl, she'd have Mr. Fogelson at bay in his own backyard—and it isn't because he keeps oil wells there, either. It's just that Bud is one of the nicest guys around . . .

TEN YEARS AGO, Bert Parry dropped his banjo, said goodbye to the Reseda Wranglers (for whom he also crooned) and bought a camera. Bert Parry is now one of our photographers—has been for two years. At the beginning, he thought he'd be a cameraman for Warners. Warners thought he'd make a better messenger boy. For a while they were both mistaken. He was a messenger boy who kept looking for angles. Finally, he clicked with Warners! During the war he photographed planes for the Navy. After the war he photographed stories for Holiday, Collier's, True, Life and other publications. Then the stars came into his life. He camped in the Gotham hotel in New York and caught them coming and going. He was doing fine, too, except for his homesickness. We fixed that. We offered him a job in Southern California. He came. We figure if we can't keep him—the weather will . . .

IT'S THE CHEER LEADER OF THE YEAR!!



Loretta Young
Van Johnson

MOTHER
is a Freshman

Color by TECHNICOLOR

WITH RUDY VALLEE
BARBARA LAWRENCE

ROBERT ARTHUR • BETTY LYNN • GRIFF BARNETT • KATHLEEN HUGHES
Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau

20th
CENTURY-FOX

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

When Keenan Wynn and Betty Butler decided to elope, it was late Friday night. The banks were closed, naturally, and Keenan's business manager, who countersigns all his checks, was at Palm Springs for the weekend.

So what does Keenan do but "swipe" the funds from the Motorcycle Club, of which he is treasurer.

"I had the collections from the meeting of the night before," the bridegroom told me with a big grin on his face. "Guess there was about \$75 in the kitty. I dumped all of it into my pockets, drove over to Betty's house and asked her parents if they would give her hand in marriage to an absconder. Then, jingling as though I had just robbed a juke box, we were off to Mexico.

"The money got us through the ceremony, breakfast at a drive-in, tips to all concerned and a full tank of gas for the trip back home."

I laughed, "Now all I want to know is—are you still treasurer of the Motorcycle Club?"

"I put the money back," Keenan said. "And in view of the unusual circumstances, I think I am forgiven."

Keenan brought his blonde bride over to call just 24 hours after their surprise wedding. Betty is a pretty little girl and I'm sure they will be very happy.

She thinks everything Keenan says is hilariously funny and just about dies laughing. As though this weren't flattering enough to keep any husband happy, she's a motorcycle devotee, herself, and never nags when her bridegroom goes around constantly risking his neck in cycle races.

P.S. When I first received the "tip" that Keenan had eloped, I called Van Johnson and Keenan's former wife, Evie, to see if they had heard anything about it.

"Oh, we doubt if it's true," they both told



Wanda Hendrix wed Audie Murphy on January 8th in North Hollywood's Christ Memorial Unity Church. (Below) Vonessa Brown, Ann Blyth and Mary Hotcher offer congrats. The Murphys delayed their honeymoon when both caught colds.

all the brides wore white



Marguerite Chapman and attorney Bentley Ryan were wed during Christmas week at the Santa Barbara Mission. The reception at the Bel-Air Hotel was attended by 300. (Below) Father O'Taale and Louella Parsans pose gaily with the bride for a photographer.



Marsh Thampson and Barbara Lang cut their wedding cake at the end of January in the Westwood Community Church. (Below) Ricarda Montalban and his wife, Geargiana Young, wish the couple lots of happiness at the small reception in the chapel.

says **JANE GREER:**

"My skin looks so Perfect—Satin Smooth
—with New Woodbury Powder!"



JANE GREER,

starring in RKO's

"I MARRIED

A COMMUNIST"

What Exciting new Quality
made women prefer
Woodbury to all other leading
Powders?



You'll know—the first time you wear New Woodbury Powder—why thousands of women in a recent test chose Woodbury over all other leading brands.* New Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, Satiny finish your skin has ever known!

No other powder gives this flawless finish... covers tiny blemishes so naturally! And—more magic—no powder can match in enchantment the delicious New Woodbury fragrance!

*In a recent Nation-wide test, Woodbury won by the tremendous average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands of powder!

7 Glow-of-Color Shades—Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. Large "Dressing Table" size \$1.00, prices plus tax.

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Betty Grable poses with a National Brotherhood Week poster. The entire motion picture industry got behind this anti-bigotry drive.

me, very surprised. "He never mentioned any such idea to us." Just goes to show what good friends they have remained in spite of all the malicious gossip to the contrary.

I took on an ear-splitting reportorial job when I called Tyrone Power and Linda Christian by transatlantic phone to get their wedding plans straight from Rome. I can tell you that I have seldom talked with a happier or more excited couple.

"We'll be back in Hollywood in August," they both shouted from 6000 miles away.

"And I'm going to give you a party—a great big party," I promised.

"We're going to hold you to that!" they said.

Linda has been described as an ultra-feminine girl—and that I can believe. Though the telephone bill was running higher and higher she gave me a seam-by-seam account of her wedding gown—white satin, trimmed with tiny pearls and a seed pearl cap on her head. (For Linda's description in her own words, see page 22.—Ed.)

Dreamy—just dreamy—is the term for the breathtaking party given by Mary and Jack Benny in honor of Jack's new radio boss, William Paley, and Mrs. Paley.

I can't remember seeing so many glamorous girls at a single party—all looking so beautiful. "Maybe it's the candlelight," whispered Barbara Stanwyck as I passed by. Maybe Barbara was just being modest. (She was!)

The tent adjoining the house was lighted entirely by flickering candles. This happy idea belonged to William Haines, who did the decorations. Can you imagine a tent decorated by Hollywood's highest priced decorator?

Well, this was it.

Beautiful chandeliers, made completely of white flowers and candles, were strung from the ceiling. Individual tables, seating from 12 to 14, were covered with starched organdy that had glittering, brilliant stripes through the

"ALIAS" *Nick Beal*

No man
ever held more
Terrible Power
over Women!

HE TEMPTED HER
Into The Strangest Bar-
gain Ever Made Between
A Man And A Woman!

A Paramount Picture
starring

RAY MILLAND
AUDREY TOTTER
THOMAS MITCHELL

with
GEORGE MACREADY • FRED CLARK

Produced by **ENDRE BOHEM** • Directed by **JOHN FARROW**

Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer • Original story by Mindret Lord

PLEASE
don't tell your
friends who—"Nick
Beal" really is!



Bing at his annual tourney with Beverly Wilson, polio victim cured by the Sister Kenny Foundation—to which part of the proceeds went.



Tournament was followed by a stag party at Monterey Country Club. Jimmy Durante, with ex-partners Jackson and Cloyton, did an oct.

Beauty depends on Hold-BOBs

because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOBS than all other bobby pins combined



*T.M. REG.
U.S. PAT. OFF.

HOLD-BOB* is a GAYLA* hair beauty aid

material. The place cards were gold-bordered, and adorned with corsages of five gardenias strung with pastel-colored ribbons.

The whole effect was that of a scene right out of fairyland. No wonder the orchestra took the romantic cue and played so many Viennese waltzes.

Who looked the prettiest? You'll never get me to stick my neck out that far! But I will say that Jennifer Jones took every eye when she swept in on the arm of David Selznick in a low-cut gossamer blue gown which might have been designed for a young princess.

Hollywood's queen of beauty, Hedy Lamarr, seemed rather quiet all evening, sitting out most of the dances.

Since Mrs. Paley is on the official list of "10 best-dressed women in America," naturally everyone was interested in what she wore. It was a dark, almost black, plum-colored satin, very form-fitting, except for a big flounce at the hipline. She wears her hair high on her head and was one of the few women present with long hair.

Where our own "best-dressed" stars were concerned, the majority seemed to prefer very pale blue or French gray. In addition to Jennifer, among the many who favored delicate, light blue were Jane Wyman, Joan Fontaine, Mrs. Charles Vidor, Mrs. Ray Milland and Dinah Shore.

Our hostess, Mary Livingston, was in filmy white lace, and Joan Bennett was another belle who looked beautiful in white—white tulle, embroidered in silver.

Clark Gable came all by himself, which is always so encouraging to the eligible gals. Just everybody was there—the Ronald Colmans, the Danny Kayes, the Van Johnsons, beautiful Deborah Kerr, Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell. Rosalind was in pale yellow, very becoming to her brunette beauty.

But where was Judy Garland, who didn't notify her host or hostess that she could not attend, and was responsible for the vacant chair at the table of the guests of honor?

Joanne Dru, herself, told me several days before she made up her mind to divorce Dick Haymes, that Nora Eddington Flynn had nothing to do with the break-up of her marriage to Dick.

Joanne, who came from the set of *All the King's Men*, looked straight at me with those big black eyes and said: "It

wasn't until after I had decided that Dick and I couldn't be happy together that I kept hearing that Mrs. Flynn was seeing my husband. I read in the newspapers that she and Dick were dining and dancing together.

"I asked Dick, when we were talking over the arrangements we planned to make about seeing our children, if it were true. He admitted that he admired Mrs. Flynn very much, and had been seeing a great deal of her."

I was very glad to hear Joanne say that Nora Flynn had not come between her and Dick. The Haymes' separated once before. Then, it had to do with her career. Now, it has to do with Dick's career.

The first time they parted, Dick wanted her to stay home with the children. There were two children then. She agreed, and had another baby. Then, strangely enough, Dick relented and told Joanne to go ahead with her work if she still wanted to be an actress.

At that time Dick was very successful professionally, and Joanne had been in one picture, the not-too-successful *Abie's Irish Rose*. Then fate played an ironic trick, and Joanne soared to the top in *Red River*, which is now being followed by *All the King's Men*.

Dick's career met a slump, and he's had a comparatively unprogressive year.

I feel very sorry for Joanne. She's a very honest, sincere little girl. She loves Dick, and she's tried hard to make their marriage a success.

When I expressed this sympathy, Joanne said: "Give Dick some of your sympathy. He's had a bad year, and he doesn't know what he wants. I'm sure he loves his children—but, I'm sorry to say, I believe he subconsciously resents some of the success I have had on the screen."

As for what will happen with the Flynnns, nobody knows. At this writing, Nora is living apart from Errol in her own house. I have talked to Nora on several occasions about her break-up with Errol Flynn. She says she loves Errol, but there's no doubt that she's had her trials and tribulations with him.

Even while she was protesting her great love for the handsome screen hero, she was in Palm Springs, and he was in the hospital, very sick. After she told me she felt their marriage was at a definite end, she upped and went to New York with him.

So, at this writing, although they are defi-

Beloved 'Belinda' TALKS!

“I didn't have a word to say in 'Johnny Belinda'. But now I can't say enough about the wonderful time I have with David Niven in 'Kiss in the Dark'. There's something in 'Kiss in the Dark'—something as warm and special in its own way as 'Johnny Belinda' was. You're going to have a new story to talk about again.”

Jane won
78
CITATIONS
for 'Johnny Belinda'
—and she does
it again!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT A BIG NEW TRIUMPH

DAVID NIVEN *and* JANE WYMAN

"KISS IN THE DARK"



with VICTOR MOORE · WAYNE MORRIS · BRODERICK CRAWFORD
DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ
SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ · FROM A STORY BY EVERETT AND DEVERY FREEMAN
ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND ADAPTED BY MAX STEINER



The Most Wonderful Story
A Nation Ever Took To Its Heart!

**TWO
GREAT
STARS
AT THEIR
BRILLIANT
BEST!**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
GARY COOPER
IN
**"THE
PRIDE
OF THE
YANKEES"**

STARRING
**TERESA WRIGHT
WALTER BRENNAN
and BABE RUTH** *Himself*

Veloce and Yolanda • Ray Noble and his Orchestra
Directed by SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Original Story by Paul Gallico

RE-RELEASED by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Jane Powell recently announced her engagement to Georg Steffens. She met him three years ago when he was Sonjo Henie's skating partner.

nitely separated, and she is seeing Dick Haymes as often as possible, I wouldn't want to bet she won't go back to Errol.

However, I am glad to say that, in spite of her apparent interest in Haymes, Nora is not responsible for the matrimonial troubles of Joanne and Dick.

* * *
Personal Opinions: Perhaps it was just an accident—but Joan Fontaine should never have permitted the silly, scatter-brained married couple in *You Gotta Stay Happy* to be named Goodrich. Goodrich is the real-life married name of Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich. Isn't there enough bad feeling between the sisters without adding fuel to the flame? . . . The most modest comedian, of stage, screen or radio, is Jack Benny. He not only "feeds" other comics at parties, he laughs longest and loudest at their jokes. He's particularly good when he's egging on Danny Kaye to be funny. . . .

Several Eastern scribes have commented that Shirley Temple's shorter-than-short haircut tends to make her look "matronly"! Now I've heard everything! . . . I certainly got a new slant on Jayne Meadows after I met her. When she walked out on her MGM contract last year, I had set her down as a very temperamental young woman. When I met her, she told me she was just plain "scared." "All the stars at MGM are so glamorous and you get such glamorous treatment there," Jayne told me. "I'm just a plain Jayne who wants to act. So I bowed out." I predict Miss Meadows won't have to worry after you all see her in *Enchantment*. . . . Ginger Rogers is one of the few stars holding out for the long, shoulder-length bob. Most of us in Hollywood are shorn to the ears.

* * *
Not long ago I reported what our most attractive bachelors had "agin' gals they dated. Now it is the ladies' turn to say what gripes them about their escorts. Fire away, girls:

Joan Caulfield: "Name droppers! The man who insists on telling you how he told President Truman how to run the country, or Louis B. Mayer how to make movies!"

ON the eve of the gay Mardi Gras, Orson Foxworth, financial buccaneer, gave a dinner at world famous Antoine's for seven extraordinary guests. One was beautiful young Odile St. Amant, mysteriously ravaged by a cruel paralysis. An unkissed wife, she ached with desperate longing for the embraces of Leonce, her playboy husband . . . embraces given wantonly to others, yet denied her.

And at the table sat Odile's younger sister, voluptuous Caresse, even more sultry than her name. She resided with Odile and her husband in the family mansion and she drove Leonce to a madden-

ing desire to put an end to his wife so that he could possess her. And Foxworth himself had reasons of his own for wanting Odile out of the way!

What a setting for a story when these people and five others as deeply involved with one another meet for dinner at glamorous Antoine's! All the color, romance and intrigue of New Orleans creole society is packed into Frances Parkinson Keyes newest best-seller, *Dinner at Antoine's*. This book, PLUS another popular novel, *Bride of Fortune*, is yours for just a 3-cent stamp—yes, BOTH for 3¢—if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

One Passionate New Orleans Night . . .

that exploded into
murder!



FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES
*Dinner at
Antoine's*

BOTH BOOKS Yours for a **3¢ Stamp** to new members

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon with just a 3-cent stamp, you will be sent BOTH "*Dinner at Antoine's*" and "*Bride of Fortune*." You will also receive the current

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and
Also
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OF *BRIDE OF FORTUNE*

HARRIETT
T. KANE



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Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Dinner at Antoine's* and *Bride of Fortune*—BOTH for the enclosed 3¢ stamp. Also send me the current club selection for \$1.

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at \$1.00* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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Miss } Please Print

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Smile
Wise...**



USE THE BRUSH WITH

**Real
Nylon
Bristles**



At the Lino Ramay party, Keenan Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lind Hoyes watch Pete Lowford's reaction to a typical Lucille Ball jest.

**LOUELLA
PARSONS'
GOOD
NEWS**



Joan Fontaine's daughter, Deborah Leslie Dazier makes her camera debut at three months. Mom's starring *A Very Remarkable Fellow*.

Ava Gardner: "The casual, lounging type who just can't be bothered opening car doors, or pulling out a chair, or lighting your cigarette. I can't abide these 'no manners' boys."

Ann Sothern: "The athlete who just can't forget how many times he plunged through the line for the winning touchdown—no matter how fat his tummy is now!"

Jean Peters: "Men who criticize or gossip about girls they used to go with. Don't believe they are scarce! Just remember—you're next, sister!"

Jane Wyman: "The eternal debater. If you say it's a nice day—you get a bitter argument."

Joan Evans (14-year-old Sam Goldwyn discovery): "Neckers! That's all—just neckers!"

June Haver: "The good old rousing intellectual. Educational snobbery can be just as painful as any other form of looking down one's nose."

Doris Day: "The dancing 'snuggler'. Yep—the guy who makes an ordinary dance position look like something banned by the censors. He's the boy who gets my private booby-prize."

* * *

There's something so sweet about the way Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy are starting out married life. No movie-star trappings about their flat, which is a unit in a four-family building.

Audie, who is definitely wearing the pants, insists on paying all the bills and they are going to live on his salary or else.

I got a good laugh when I dropped in on the kids and Wanda said, her face beaming with pride: "Look! What talent Audie has as a decorator." She pointed to the cornices which were put on upside down over the windows!

"Talent?" sniffed Audie who had a cold. "I just couldn't get 'em up the right way!"

"That's how original ideas are born," the baby bride insisted.

It was a cold, rainy day and the bride and groom were bundled up in sweaters and mufflers. Wanda said, "I caught a bad cold the day we were married. Audie caught his from me—poor baby."

If I am any forecaster, I can tell you right now that "poor baby" is going to be one of the screen sensations of 1949. I saw him in *Bad Boy* and this boy is going places in a great big way.

* * *

Now that Aly Khan has publicly admitted that he wants to marry Rita Hayworth, I wonder if this will have any effect on the blasts of criticism Rita has been getting from every direction?

Never in my years of reading and writing about stars have I read such scathing editorials as the British press turned loose on Rita and her Indian prince before their engagement was officially announced.

There was also a movement in women's club circles to boycott her pictures in this country.

Rita's boss at Columbia, Harry Cohn, may have said and honestly believed he was fighting mad at her because of her escapades. But I think he was more heartbroken than anything else.

Harry sponsored her career from the time she was a Miss Nobody until she became about the most glamorous star of the screen. It was a sad thing to him, and to everyone who ever worked with her, that this girl who worked so hard to get to the top was apparently throwing away so much.

Let me repeat the story of what I heard happened, when a worried assistant went in

A powerful and moving story of the secret hearts of
men and women on the thin edge of desperation.



"Pretty Boy" Romano nears the end of his trail.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Humphrey BOGART
in
KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

introducing **JOHN DEREK** **GEORGE ALLENE SUSAN**
with **MACREADY ROBERTS PERRY**

Screen play by Daniel Taradash and John Monks, Jr.

A SANTANA PRODUCTION OF THE NOVEL BY WILLARD MOTLEY

Directed by **NICHOLAS RAY** • Produced by **ROBERT LORD**



DeLong

Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's
stronger grip—won't slip out



Your hair is short and to the point this season.
The new brief styles are easy on the eyes—easy to set, *yourself*, with DeLong Bob Pins.
DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.
Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

The Short Halo—
created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Make 3 rows of pin curls. Work clockwise from left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back hair upward.



You're always "set" with DeLong
Curl Setting Pins • Hair Pins • Safety Pins
Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins
Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

to tell Harry that the clubmen were on the verge of boycotting Rita's pictures. The assistant delivered the bad news and added, "If this is true—we may lose a lot of money on *Loves of Carmen*."

They say Harry hit the ceiling. "Hayworth's movies have made us a lot of money, too," he yelled. "We've lost a lot more than MONEY!"

That's the way Rita's boss feels about her—or did, at least, before her marriage plans were definitely announced.

(How does Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, feel about his daughter and Aly Khan? See page 68.—Ed.)

Bob Stack's best girl, Irene Wrightsman McAvoy, tossed a birthday party for him. Can you believe that the boy who gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss is now 30 years old?

Irene's rustic-type home on the Uplifters' estate, with its huge windows looking toward the mountains and the big open fireplace blazing away, is a wonderful setting for a party.

After the duck and wild rice dinner (Bob had gone hunting for the ducks), the guests turned loose and put on an impromptu show that would have been a riot in any night club.

Of course, Olga San Juan, who is expecting a baby in a few months, would never have

done her wonderful Spanish songs and amusing dances anywhere in public. But she had the gay crowd convulsed doing some of the routines she did in a Bing Crosby picture—attired not in a Spanish costume but in a concealing maternity gown and jacket.

Her husband, Edmond O'Brien, gave two marvelous recitations. He is really one of Hollywood's best actors on screen or in a living room.

But it remained for Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy to kill the people with an imitation of a movie star having lunch with an old friend from her home town in a studio commissary. Plenty cynical—but plenty funny.

Looking over this month's mail from you MODERN SCREEN readers—here is the score:

Wanda Hendrix came in for plenty of boosts. This little girl is really off to a big start. Running close among the newcomers is Janet Leigh.

Among the men, Montgomery Clift took the lead over Lew Ayres—but Lew is still getting plenty of attention on *Johnny Belinda*.

The consensus on Rita Hayworth is disappointment and disillusionment. But Ava Gardner is rating high in the glamor field.

Do I need add how much I enjoy your letters? Keep writing—and I'll see you next month!

THE END

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

May, June, and July are going to be your favorite months if you win a free subscription to MODERN SCREEN. Just fill out the questionnaire below, let us know which stories you liked best—and which one you liked the least. If you have some favorite stars (and who hasn't?), list them in order and we'll try to have stories on them in the near future. Remember—the May, June, and July issues, absolutely FREE if you're among the first 500 to send back the questionnaire.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>Mitchum on Trial</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>What Price Glory?</i> (Olivia de Havilland) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Secrets of the Bride</i> (Tyrone Power-Linda Christian) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>No Love Lost</i> (Farley Granger) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>I Discovered Shirley Temple</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Case of the Hesitant Heart</i> (Greer Garson) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Living Legend</i> (Shirley Temple) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood's Best Known Mystery</i> (Howard Duff) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>How Dear To My Heart</i> by Shirley Temple | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Can June Haver Find Happiness?</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Curly-Top Today</i> (Shirley Temple) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>I Don't Blame Rita</i> (Rita Hayworth) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Made in Heaven</i> (Baxter-Hodiak) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Dear Daddy</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>This Love of Ours</i> by Esther Williams | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above 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 MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

**WILLIAM HOLDEN · WILLIAM BENDIX
MACDONALD CAREY · MONA FREEMAN**



Amigos! **ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!**

Three men and a "Blonde Bobcat" fight for life
and love on the Texas Plains until treachery
turns one against the other!

in Paramount's

"Streets of Laredo"

 **Color by Technicolor**

Produced by **ROBERT FELLOWS** · Directed by **LESLIE FENTON**

Screen Play by Charles Marquis Warren
Based on a Story by Louis Stevens and Elizabeth Hill



NEW COWBOY SONG HITS BY LIVINGSTON & EVANS, WHO WROTE "BUTTONS & BOWS"!

You can create a New Glamour Complexion starting *Today!*

YES! *Max Factor Hollywood* Pan-Cake Make-Up can be your secret of a new, flawless glamour complexion. In just a few seconds it actually creates beauty for you...hides tiny complexion faults...stays lovely for hours. Discovered for the Screen Stars...Pan-Cake Make-Up can be the beginning of a new found loveliness...a new fascinating glamour...for you!



Look in your mirror...study your complexion. Does it lack color?...Do tiny complexion faults mar your beauty?...Is it as lovely as you would like it to be?



TRY *Max Factor Hollywood* Pan-Cake Make-Up...see what a lovelier, softer, smoother, younger look it creates. Notice how complexion faults fade...how new, delicate color in your complexion has added new glamour to your beauty.



Claudette Colbert
STARRING IN
"FAMILY HONEYMOON"
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

PHOTO BY
RAY JONES

*Pan-Cake (trademark)
means *Max Factor Hollywood*
Cake Make-Up



Now enjoy your new, faultless complexion...how confident you feel now that you know you look your very best. Others will notice it too...a whole new world of beauty awaits you starting today!

MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD *Pan-Cake* Make-Up*

THE ORIGINAL CAKE MAKE-UP

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony for your type

"I believe that cosmetic color harmony is the most important single feature in accentuating beauty and charm."

MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD



FACE POWDER...creates a satin smooth make-up...in Color Harmony shades for your type...the finishing touch.



ROUGE...to harmonize with your Lipstick...correct for your type...adds color, and accents your beauty.



LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume.

mitchum on trial

This is the dramatic story of a man facing his conscience before the world. Here are the facts as revealed in his trial.

BY LLOYD SHEARER

The following straightforward account of the Mitchum narcotics trial was written some weeks before Robert Mitchum appeared for sentencing. Now, as Modern Screen goes to press, the actor has been sentenced to one year in the county jail. He will be eligible for release on probation after serving 60 days of his sentence.

—THE EDITORS

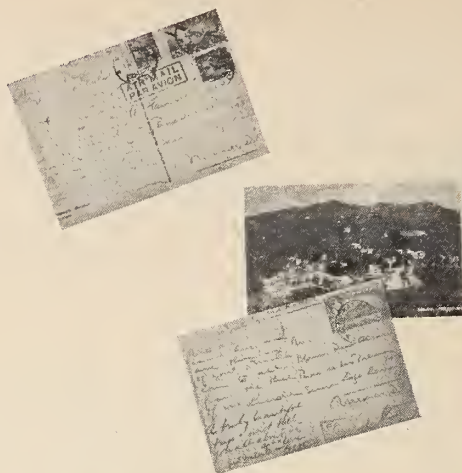
■ Two weeks before Bob Mitchum appeared in court to experience the most painful moments of his life—trial for a narcotics violation—the rumor had spread all over Hollywood that “a fix” was in.

At Romanoff's, at Schwab's Drug Store, at a dozen quaint, over-publicized eateries where the inside boys gather to mastermind the destinies of the movie-great, it was always, “Mitchum'll never be convicted,” or “I don't care what kinda case they got against the guy. They can't make it stick,” or “You don't think he's got Jerry Giesler as his lawyer for nothin'?”

And yet 51 (Continued on page 85)



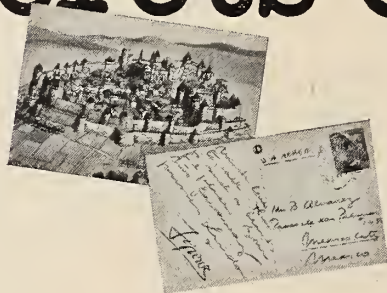
Bob Mitchum and his attorney Jerry Giesler at the counsel table just before Mitchum was convicted of conspiracy to possess marijuana.



Scoop! This exclusive story, based on Linda Christian's letters to her mother, gives an intimate view of a girl planning—and dreaming.

BY MAXINE SMITH

Secrets of the bride!



■ As this story is written, Tyrone Power and Linda Christian have just been married in Rome. In the past few months countless columnists and correspondents have been saying—publicly or privately—that this would never come to pass. But all along, those really in the know—and I've been one of them—have smiled at the reports about the “cooling” of the Power-Christian romance and the “easily readable signs of a break-up.”

Months ago, Tyrone was eager to marry Linda. He was willing to by-pass conventions, the studio and California law—which forbids remarriage until the final divorce decree is granted. Tyrone's final decree of divorce from the French actress Annabella was scheduled for January 22, 1949. Ty didn't want to wait—he wasn't going to wait!

And then Linda's mother wrote to him: “My boy, waiting will give you that much more time to be sure. And waiting is best, for everything, present and future, in the life you and Linda will have together. Be patient, Tyrone, for all of us.”

Ty stopped insisting. He had never been married to Annabella in church—therefore, the Catholic Church did not recognize his first marriage. Careful conferences with Roman Church bishops enabled Ty to obtain the consent of the Church. He would wait—but only until his divorce was legally final—no longer!

My knowledge of the way things were really going between Tyrone and Linda came from the intimate view afforded me as a close friend of Linda and her family and as an old friend of Ty. Just the other night I spent several hours visiting Linda's (Continued on page 22)



Ty and Linda visited the island of Gibraltar in July and snapped each other's pictures. Except for the heat, they thought it was terrific!



Linda, in Mexico City with her mother, Señora Blanca Amezcua, who recently became a mother again. Linda still hasn't seen her new brother.



Tyrone and Linda snapped while visiting the shrine of the Lady of Fatima near Lisbon, Portugal. Miracles are said to have occurred here.



Tyrone Power and Linda Christian leave the Santa Francesca church in Rome after making final preparations for their wedding January 27.



Linda Christian's wedding gown of fitted white lace tulle was made at Fontana's, Rome's leading fashion house. Right: Part of a letter to her mother in which Linda sketched three views of her gown.



Secrets of the bride!

mother, Señora Blanca Rosa Welter de Alvarez Amezquita. You see, we both live in Mexico City. I sat in a bedroom of her beautiful home in the exclusive *Lomas de Chapultepec* district while Blanca, in a pale blue housecoat, reclined on the oversized bed and gave José René his 7:30 bottle. José René, then all of one week old, is Linda's brother—whom, of course, she has yet to see.

The feeding over, Blanca spread on the blue coverlet the treasures I had come to see—messages sent to her by Linda and Tyrone from Europe—cablegrams, photographs, postcards. Unfortunately, Blanca had thrown away all their letters—except the latest one, dated January 12, 1949. In this, Linda wrote from Rome: "Mumsy Darling: We are nearly bursting from anxiousness over you. Every possible noise like a car or motorcycle which comes up the hill where we live, we say, 'The baby!' . . .

"Right now for us—this is a very busy and confining time, too. The holidays were a mad rush. On Christmas Day, we had about fifty people in the house. The tree was lovely with all the presents around it. We came back from Venice with only two days to prepare everything and from then on

there wasn't a spare moment. We had so much to do, and so many places to go.

"We went to the opening of the Opera with all the 'other' important personalities of Rome. Every magazine cover has our picture and the newsreels are full of your three Pusses, too.

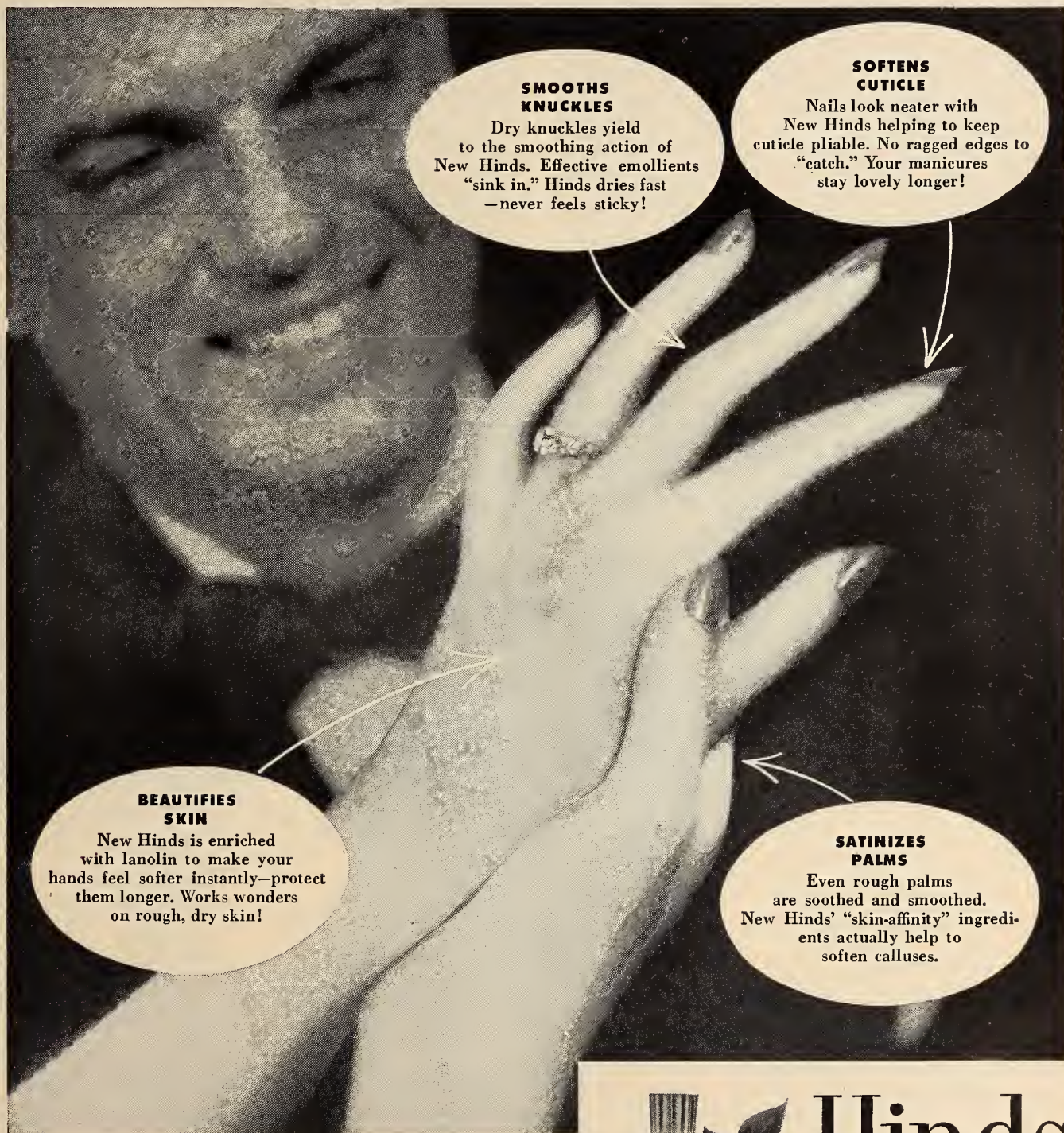
"New Year's was rather hectic and we kept on remembering our lovely '47-'48 and then Acapulco. This New Year's we spent in the snowy mountains of Austria near St. Anton, someplace. I persuaded Tyrone to go to Austria instead of Switzerland . . . it is much cozier there. . . .

"Now we are making all the arrangements for the wedding! We are waiting for a telegram from Tyrone's lawyer and if the 27th is all right, we are planning for that date. My dress is going to be a dream (white) with lace applied with seed pearls, tiny opal sequins and tiny, tiny beads. The dress will be fitted, but the train attached to the waist will flow freely."

At this point in the letter, Linda had sketched three different views of her wedding gown, with alternative bouquets and wedding veils.

(Continued on page 81)

New lotion gives beauty protection to your WHOLE HAND!



SMOOTHS KNUCKLES
Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast — never feels sticky!

SOFTENS CUTICLE
Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

BEAUTIFIES SKIN
New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

SATINIZES PALMS
Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs . . . try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.



Hinds

Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK



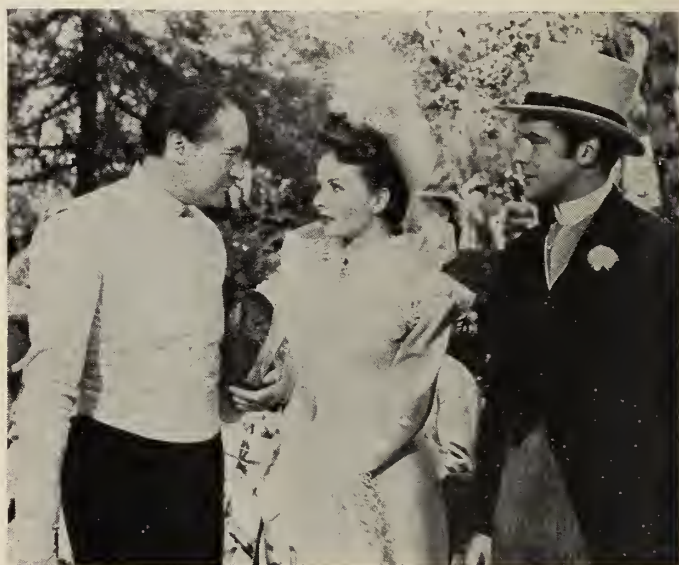
As *The Fan* begins, old Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) looks up old Lord Darlington (George Sanders) in London. He doesn't recall her until she mentions Lady Windermere—and reminds him of times past...



He'd met her a half-century ago when, with a friend (John Sutton), he was in a shop helping Lord Windermere (Richard Greene) choose a fan for Lady Windermere. Mrs. Erlynne was trying to crash Society.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Rowe



Soon Lord Windermere was helping her. Lady Windermere (Jeanne Crain), upset at the scandal, almost ran off with Lord Darlington. But Mrs. Erlynne, with a noble gesture, straightened things out.

THE FAN

Cast: Jeanne Crain, Madeleine Carroll, Richard Greene, George Sanders, Martita Hunt.
20th Century-Fox.

Gentlemen won't go for this, but ladies should. It's Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, with minor changes, and as pleasant a little comedy-drama of period manners and morals as you could ask for. Lord Windermere (Richard Greene) loves Lady Windermere (Jeanne Crain). Lord Darlington (George Sanders) also loves Lady Windermere. These titled fellows—they're friends—meet a beautiful adventuress named Mrs. Erlynne (Madeleine Carroll) in a shop where Lord Windermere is buying a fan for Lady Windermere's

birthday. Next thing you know, Lord Windermere is paying Mrs. Erlynne's bills, renting a house for her, and attempting to help her crash Society. News of this gets around to Lady Windermere through the Duchess of Berwick (Martita Hunt), an old gossip who spends most of her time trying to marry off her daughter. Lady Windermere, enraged out of her almost excessive refinement, is about ready to run off with Lord Darlington, just to hurt her husband, when she's saved from this step by Mrs. Erlynne. Mrs. Erlynne vows that Lord Windermere cares only for his wife, that the Duchess of Berwick's brother, Lord Lorton (Hugh Dempster), is actually supporting her, Mrs. Erlynne. Lord Windermere's

simply been covering up for Lorton, who's scared of his sister's displeasure. This isn't true, but it satisfies Lady Windermere; she returns to her long-suffering husband, and Mrs. Erlynne leaves town. Lord Windermere has known all the while, of course, that Mrs. Erlynne is his wife's mother, and that's the reason he's been so generous. (Years before, when Lady Windermere was a baby, Mrs. Erlynne left her husband—Lady W.'s father—to run away with some other man, and become the scandal of several continents, but she's never wanted her daughter to know the sort of woman mamma was.) *The Fan's* cast is highly polished; it dispenses epigrams with marvelous correctness.

Are you in the know?



What's the best makeup remover?

- ☐ Soap and water
- ☐ Cold cream
- ☐ Smooching

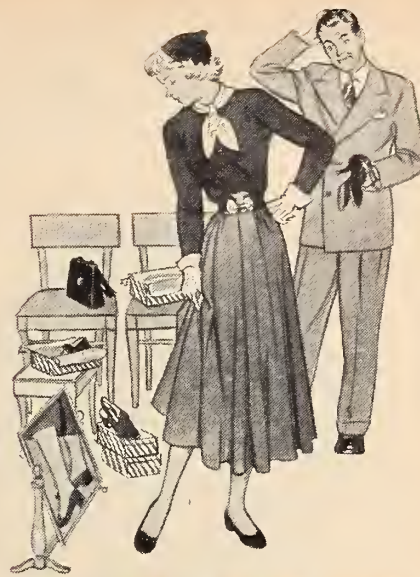
Avast there, matey! Best you *first* slip make-up off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex* Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too... with the aid of Kotex and that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection... self-assurance!



For the lowdown on that N. M. I. T. —

- ☐ Read his palm
- ☐ Pry into his past
- ☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!) — your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, you can depend on *Kotex* — for Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell!



Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

- ☐ Shell pumps
- ☐ Buckles n' bows
- ☐ Dark-hued shoes

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big, silver or cut steel buckles, or soft perky bows — to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for *you* is important — and so (on certain days) is your choice of Kotex absorbencies. Try *all 3*: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.



What would you do in this situation?

- ☐ Smile and switch
- ☐ Keep on dancing
- ☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your book-

ings — switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud! Kotex has *softness that holds its shape* — because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Dance after dance, you stay comfortable!



How to prepare for "those" days?

- ☐ Be a blugnu
- ☐ Break your dotes
- ☐ Buy 2 sanitary belts

Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up — with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with *two* Kotex Sanitary Belts — so you can change to a *fresh belt* when you change to dating togs?

You see, the *Kotex Belt* is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic *Kotex Belt* fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why — for extra comfort, you'll want the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy *two* — for a change!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO — by name!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

"It seems there was a Traveling Salesman..."

... and naturally, when he came home from a long trip, Mrs. T.S. was *very* happy—until she unpacked his bag.

The clean white shirts he took away always came back with a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs. And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only a test of wifely devotion—it was *very hard on the shirts*.

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T.S. tried Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had any white shirts come out any whiter—and no rubbing!"

P.S.—Golden Fels-Naptha Soap gives you
THE EXTRA WASHING HELP of TWO CLEANERS—
MILD, GOLDEN SOAP and ACTIVE NAPTHA...

This better laundry soap turns out cleaner, whiter washes in less time, with less hard, tiring work.

Look for the Fels-Naptha Bar or Fels-Naptha Soap Chips next time you're out shopping.



MADE IN PHILA.
BY FELS & CO.



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



Alias Nick Beal: Thomas Mitchell sells his soul to Roy Millond. Audrey Totter benefits.

ALIAS NICK BEAL

Cast: Ray Milland, Thomas Mitchell, George Macready, Audrey Totter, Geraldine Wall.
Paramount.

Paramount has wasted several good actors in this ridiculous story. The plot involves an emissary of the devil, Nick Beal (Ray Milland) who gets a good man (Thomas Mitchell) in his power. Mitchell's a District Attorney who likes a clean state and keeps it that way. His best friend is a minister (George Macready). Everything's going fine till Nick Beal comes along. Nick assists Mitchell in his fall from grace, and from then on Mitchell's doomed. His wife (Geraldine Wall) gradually loses influence over him while the influence of Audrey Totter (a girl of Beal's choice) increases. Gradually Mitchell loses all his friends—except Macready. The machines win him the governorship, and he can go on from there. But he doesn't. Once he's inaugurated he quits cold. Tells everybody what a reprobate he is. In what purports to be a stirring climax, Beal comes for Mitchell's soul, but Macready's standing by with a Bible. At the sight of it Beal sort of shrivels up and says, "Oh, no." Mitchell is left with his soul but not much else, since he's already sold his house to pay off his debts and salve his conscience, and since he's jobless as only an ex-governor can be. This simply isn't adult movie fare. The good people (Macready, for instance) are caricatures—bloodless and absurd; the bad people are menacing in the style of 1920, and the symbolism is about as subtle as the kind in "The Little Red Hen."

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, John Derek, Allene Roberts, Susan Perry, George Macready.
Columbia.

Knock on Any Door is a social document, like Dead End or Grapes of Wrath. And it's very close to perfect. It deals with a boy named Nick Romano (John Derek) who grows up in a slum, his young mind seasoned by the evils that thrive around him. Nick finds robbery easier than working, he finds his hatred for law swollen by the treatment of a savage reform school, he finds himself, ultimately, dying in the electric chair for having shot a policeman. "Finds himself" is what I mean. He went



Knock On Any Door: John Derek (center) grows up amid evil and turns into a criminal.

the way he had to go, the signs were there for him to follow. Society pre-dooms and predestines slum children, this picture says. Not the brilliant ones, perhaps. Humphrey Bogart (Nick's lawyer and long-time champion) is supposedly a graduate of the same Skid Row that housed Nick. He got out. But the boys with average brains—like most of us—and average good intentions, aren't strong enough to make it. There are times when Nick tries. Bogart takes him to the country for a week, and everything's fine until Bogart's law partner mutters, "you can't make a tame canary out of a jail-bird." In a fury, Nick steals some money and heads back for town. At another point, he falls in love with a small, gentle girl named Emma (Allene Roberts), different from anybody he's ever known, and he tries again. Emma, who lives with a drunken aunt, says Nick's the first thing she's ever had that was really her own, and she believes in him. They get married, Nick achieves a few honest jobs, but he's always first to be fired, because of his record, and so he returns to robbery. He leaves Emma, says he's no good for her, and she kills herself by turning on the gas. The scene showing Emma's poor little funeral leaving the funeral parlor while a wet-faced Nick watches from a roof across the street is pitiful enough to break you in half. Unfortunately, one of the picture's few flaws is an important one. We see Nick savagely pumping bullets into a cop (the crime for which he dies) but we're never given any reason for this cold-blooded action, except that Nick was running away, after a robbery. (In Willard Motley's novel, from which this was made, the dead policeman was a killer himself, proud of the notches in his belt, happy in his ability to terrorize the neighborhood, and understandably despised.) Anyhow, Bogart admits Nick's guilty. Guilty of seeing his best friend killed in reform school, guilty of being fatherless, guilty of being thrown together with thieves and prostitutes and derelicts, guilty of being murdered before he'd ever lived. Bogart says Nick's dying accomplishes nothing, because until society does something about the conditions which produced him, there'll be a hundred, a thousand, Nick Romanos to take his place. Just go to Skid Row, and knock on any door. . . . The acting is unbelievably good here. *Knock On Any Door* is painful, and emotionally exhausting, but it very much needs to be seen.

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Force of Evil: Beatrice Pearson is sod at John Garfield's numbers racket involment.

FORCE OF EVIL

Cast: John Garfield, Beatrice Pearson, Thomas Gomez, Marie Windsor. MGM.

John Garfield, a rich, devil-may-care lawyer for the biggest, crookedest numbers racketeer extant, gets thrown into sharp conflict with his brother (Thomas Gomez), a small, honest numbers racketeer. The fact that Gomez can hardly make ends meet, and that he loves his wife, seems to put the stamp of purity upon his business. Well, Tucker (that's the big racketeer) has decided to make himself a monopoly, and take over all the small "policy banks." Garfield's brother doesn't want to get taken over. Still, he has a weak heart, and he doesn't want to get ruined, either. So he strings along. Among the people who've been working for him is a girl named Doris Lowry (Beatrice Pearson). She falls in love with brother John. Tucker's sirenish wife (Marie Windsor) goes for John, too, but he doesn't reciprocate, just snarls something like, "You want a weak man? Go break your husband." Finally, Garfield's brother (whom Garfield's been earnestly attempting to protect) gets a little extra outspoken, and a little extra double-crossed, to boot, and is bumped off by a gangster. This enrages Garfield, he shoots up Tucker and the gangster both, and then goes out to take his medicine. After all, Beatrice is standing by. Beatrice, by the way, looks about nine years old, in her picture debut—much too young to be messing around with John. The acting's all okay, the dialogue's synthetic-tough, and a lot of passion is spent to no great avail.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

Cast: Bing Crosby, Rhonda Fleming, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, William Bendix, Virginia Field, Henry Wilcoxon. Paramount.

To soy that a Bing Crosby picture doesn't quite come off is to put yourself in an awfully funny position, but I still claim this picture doesn't go anywhere, say anything, or even get funny on more than the lowest slapstick level. Since it is supposedly based on the great satiric novel by Mark Twain, it's a disappointment. Movie's about Hank Martin

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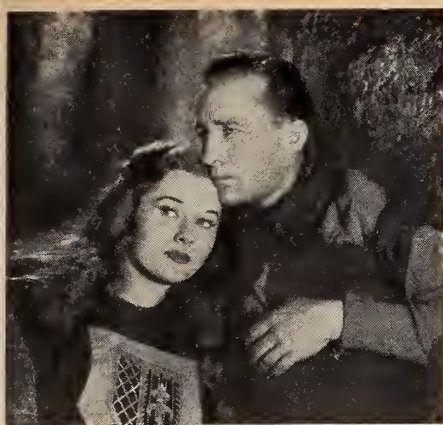
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A Connecticut Yankee: Bing Crosby meets Rhonda Fleming at King Arthur's court.

(Crosby), a blacksmith who gets beamed on the head and finds himself transported back to the days of King Arthur. He discovers Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) to be a silly old man with a perpetually runny nose, completely under the power of his court magician, Merlin (Murvyn Vye). Merlin's a wicked soul, likes to keep the people poor, and himself rich, and intruders dead. Bing comes under the last heading, but he's from a much later century, and therefore knows a little magic of his own (like letting the sun shine onto his watch crystal, and aiming the crystal at the seat of Merlin's pants, with devastating results), so Merlin can't hurt him too much. Bing falls in love with the King's good niece, Alisande La Carteloise (Rhonda Fleming). Merlin lets Rhonda's fiance, Sir Lancelot (Henry Wilcoxon), know about it, Wilcoxon and Crosby meet on the field of honor (Bing working with a lariat) and Crosby still comes out top dog. Eventually, however, Bing talks the king into coming along on a tour of the country to see his oppressed people, and the two, along with a hopelessly idiotic knight named Sir Sagamore (William Bendix) set forth. Merlin; the king's wicked niece, Morgan Le Fay (Virginia Field); and a rotter of a knight called Sir Logris (Joseph Vitale) lay a trap, capture the travelers, sell 'em as slaves, and nearly get them beheaded, but Bing saves the day with a total eclipse of the sun which scares the whole country half to death. That's about it. Except it's in Technicolor and contains some fair songs.

THE ACCUSED

Cast: Loretta Young, Douglas Dick, Robert Cummings, Wendell Corey. *Paramount.*

Loretta Young is a prim school teacher who's happy, though repressed. One of her students, a brash young man named Bill Perry (Douglas Dick), makes a pass at her one lonely night, and she bashes his head in with a blunt instrument. Then, since they're down at the beach, she proceeds to pump water into his lungs, so he'll look as if he drowned. After this, she tosses him over a cliff, and goes home. Perry's guardian, Robert Cummings, in town to investigate his ward's conduct, discovers he's too late, but sticks around anyway, and conceives a deep love for Loretta. Maybe you think this is an



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The Accused: Loretta Young kills Douglas Dick when he gets much too affectionate.

embarrassing situation. You're right. For one thing, there's a detective—Wendell Corey—who doesn't think Bill Perry's death was an accident, and who's determined to find out why and by whom he was murdered. There are plenty of clues leading to Loretta, though it takes an unconscionably long amount of time for the police to absorb their significance, and in the end, even after everybody realizes she's the guilty party, there's nothing to worry about. Cummings is a lawyer, he defends her successfully—he says she was "afraid" and that explains it all. I wouldn't go around pumping water into anybody's lungs, expecting to get off that easy, if I were you, but aside from this whimsy, the picture's routinely suspenseful. Loretta blossoms into a loving woman under your very eyes (once you murder a man, you lose a lot of your inhibitions), and Wendell Corey is the best actor to hit Hollywood in months.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH

Cast: John Wayne, Gail Russell, Luther Adler, Henry Daniell, Gig Young, Adele Mara. Republic.

Here's a big, noisy, lusty sea drama; what it hasn't got, sea drama needs. Life-long feuds, giant octopi, millions of dollars in gold—greed, sex, whee! A rich Dutch trader (Luther Adler) saves Captain John Ralls (John Wayne) from perishing in the Pacific Ocean. Wayne tells him of an island where there are pearls—the natives' pearls, of course, but who cares?—and they head Luther's boat in that direction. The island's got a French Colonial governor, or something of the sort. He's played by Henry Daniell, and his niece, Angeliue, is played by Gail Russell. Ralls and Luther both want Gail; Gail cares for John, but gets promised to Luther by Unkie. John gets drunk, and nasty, and then the natives decide he's a god, and he has a fight with that octopus, and he gets showered with pearls, and quite by accident, he shoves Uncle into a pit of fire, and this upsets Gail so badly she marries Luther. Friends, the feud's on. John sees Gail a couple of times back in England—she knows now she's made a fearful mistake, and she even dies with his name on her lips (he carries her to the window

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Wake of the Red Witch: John Wayne is a two-fisted skipper in a two-fisted tale of the sea.


a la *Wuthering Heights*)—and eventually, John sinks one of Luther's ships. With a fortune in gold bars. He refuses to tell Luther the whereabouts of the sunken ship, and they play a cat-and-mouse game all over the seven seas. When, at length, they meet again, a hapless lad named Sam Rosen (Gig Young) who's been sailing with John, falls in love with Luther's niece, Teleia Van Schreevan (Adele Mara) and they conduct a romance, while John and Luther badger one another. (There's a grudging admiration between them.) In the end, Luther makes a bargain with John, they sail away to rescue the sunken gold, and John dies like a dog when the sunken ship caves in, on and over him. Several miles above the surface, Luther's sitting sad-faced. "There'll never be a man like him again," he says mournfully.

STREETS OF LAREDO

Cast: Macdonald Carey, William Holden, William Bendix, Mona Freeman. *Paramount*.

Macdonald Carey, William Holden, and William Bendix are three outlaws roaming through Texas. Carey's the brains of the outfit, the other two are willing, but kind of dopey. They meet a kid (Mona Freeman) whose uncle has just been shot, and whose barn has just been burned down, by a smiling character named Charley Calico. Calico collects "protection" from Texans who'll pay it, and punishes Texans who can't or won't. Mona, alone in the world now, follows our threesome until they ditch her at the ranch of Pop Lint (Clem Bevins). She's very agreeable, settles down to keep house for Pop, and grow up. Years pass. Carey's caught by the Texas Rangers—they're attempting to bring law and order to Texas—and slung into jail. Holden and Bendix join the Rangers, figuring they can get him out from the inside. When Carey skips jail, however, he goes without his old pals. Left to their own devices, Holden and Bendix decide they like being Rangers, and by the time they meet up with Carey again, they're sold on the honest life. Carey's been figuring on using them. Rangers always know when there's going to be a gold shipment, etc. They don't want to play. He gets mad, and promises he'll force them out of the Rangers. His exploits become the talk of the country. He commits crimes right under


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Streets of Laredo: Bill Holden wins Mona Freeman in the course of much sixgun shootin'.

the Rangers' noses, and finally, Holden's given orders to go get him. He refuses, and is tossed in a cell. So Bendix goes to get Carey instead, Carey shoots him dead, and sends his body back to the Rangers. Now Holden's mad. He's willing to track Carey down. Carey's been hiding out at Pop Lint's place—Mona always nourished a secret yen for him—but after she sees him shoot Bendix, she decides he isn't a nice person. Holden cleans up Carey—and Charley Calico, incidentally—and gets the girl. He never seems to be the girl's first choice in a Western movie (Glenn Ford recently beat his time in *The Man From Colorado*) but he always comes out of it all just dandy.

BAD BOY

Cast: Audie Murphy, Selena Royle, Lloyd Nolan, Jane Wyatt, James Gleason.
Allied Artists.

Variety Clubs International, an organization of theater men, actually does run a Boys' Ranch in Texas, for the purpose of rehabilitating young criminals, and this picture is based on true stories of that ranch. Here we're concerned with a boy named Danny Lester (played by war hero Audie Murphy) who's caught trying to rob guests at a hotel where he's a bellboy. (Previously, he's committed 62 other felonies.) He comes up before a judge (Selena Royle) who wants to send him to reform school, but Marshall Brown (Lloyd Nolan) director of "Boys' Ranch," asks for his custody, and the judge grants the request. At the ranch, Danny remains a smart-aleck. He doesn't get along with any of the other boys, he makes himself cordially hated. Brown (convinced there aren't any hopeless delinquents) sets out to investigate Danny's background. He discovers that the boy's mother (Barbara Woodell) had suffered from a painful form of heart disease, but hadn't been allowed by her husband—a health cultist—to have a doctor, and that she'd died shortly after taking some sedatives which Danny, who couldn't bear to see her suffering, had stolen from the drugstore where he'd worked. His step-father'd accused him of killing his mother, and the boy, wild with grief, had run away from home. Thinking himself a murderer, he'd gone on to commit many small crimes. By the time Brown



Bad Boy: Audie Murphy, instead of being sent to prison, gets reformed at a ranch in Texas.

finishes tracking down this story, Danny's already sneaked into town from the ranch, and robbed a store. He gets caught, but now Brown thinks he understands the boy, and can really help him. First step is to assure him that his mother died a natural death, and relieve him of the terrible burden of guilt he's been carrying. From there, it's comparatively easy to help the boy make a decent life for himself. This picture states its case simply, the people involved in it seem honest, and you come away from it wishing there were more men like Matthew Brown, and wishing all bad boys had the chance that was given to Danny Lester. Acting's uniformly excellent; cast includes Jane Wyatt as Mrs. Brown, and James Gleason as Brown's chief aide.

PHOTO CREDITS

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

6 Bud Fraker—7 T. Lt., Bot. Lt., Bert Parry, T. Rt., Bot. Rt., Bob Beerman—8 Warners—10 Marty Crail—12 Wide World—14 T., Bob Beerman, Bot., Henry C. Rogers—19 Wide World—20 Courtesy of Linda Christian—21 T., Ciro's S.A., Mexico, D.F., Lt., Courtesy of Linda Christian, Rt., Wide World—22 Wide World—37 Bert Parry—38 Bob Beerman—39 T. Lt., Courtesy of Jay Gorney, T., Educational Films, Bot., 20th Century-Fox—40 20th Century-Fox Exc. Bot. Rt., Paramount—41 20th Century-Fox Exc. Bot. Lt., Wide World, Cen. Rt., International News Service—42 T. Lt., Wide World, T. Rt., International News Service, Cen. Lt., Wide World, Cen. Rt., Vanguard Films, Bot. Lt., Bob Beerman, Bot. Rt., Columbia—43 T. Lt., RKO, T. Rt., Bob Beerman, Cen. Lt., Press Association, Cen. Rt., Gus Gale, Bot. Lt., John Miehle, Bot. Rt., Bob Beerman—44 Bob Beerman—45 Bert Parry—46 Bob Beerman—47 Bert Parry—48, 49 Bob Beerman—50, 51 Bert Parry—52 20th Century-Fox—53 T., RKO, Bot., 20th Century-Fox—54 20th Century-Fox—55 Bob Beerman—56 Wide World—57 Bob Beerman—58 Don Ornitz—59 Schuyler Crain—60 Bert Parry Exc. T. Lt., Hal McAlpin—61 Bert Parry—62 Gus Gale—63 New York Daily News—64 Donald Arden of the Stork Club News Service—65 Gus Gale—66 Bob Beerman—67 T. Lt., Bob Beerman, Bot. Lt., Modern Screen staff, Bot. Rt., International News Service—68 T. Wide World, Bot. International News Service—69 Wide World—70 MGM—75, 78 Jacques Simpson of Pagano Studios—114 20th Century-Fox.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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by
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capsule criticisms of films previously reviewed

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN (Warners)—Errol Flynn, as a sort of Errol Flynn of Old Spain, outwits the enemies of his beloved Queen, Viveca Lindfors. It's neither art nor history—but it is quite a rousing load of fast excitement.

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY (20th-Fox)—Dan Dailey is a nice guy who does great things for his town but stays poor doing them while Celeste Holm, his long-suffering mate, keeps the family going by taking in boarders. Colleen Townsend's their daughter, admired by Alan Young and Bill Callaban. A warm and pleasant film.

COMMAND DECISION (MGM)—Clark Gable is an Air Force general, sticking doggedly to his heart-breaking task of sending bombers on high-casualty missions over Germany. The all-male cast includes Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford and Edward Arnold. A grim, brilliant and completely absorbing drama.

CRISS CROSS (Univ.)—Burt Lancaster finds he still has a yen for his ex-wife, Yvonne de Carlo. So he goes into business with her new husband, Dan Duryea. The business is crime, and you know what that's like—it's noisy and gory and it doesn't pay. Maybe it's time Burt got into something else.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED (RKO)—Cary Grant is finally overwhelmed by the all-out tactics of Betsy Drake, bent on matrimony. Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert get caught in the middle of the rumpus. A bright farce.

FAMILY HONEYMOON (Univ.)—Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert—and then circumstances force them to lug her three tots, Gigi Perreau, Peter Miles and Jimmy Hunt, along on their honeymoon. The picture sags now and then, but there are some memorably hilarious points, too.

HIGH FURY (U.A.)—Madeleine Carroll, Michael McKeag, Michael Rennie and Ian Keith in a tight drama laid in the Alps. The climax comes in a mountain-climbing sequence that's one of the most terrifyingly exciting episodes in film history. Extremely well worth seeing.

JOAN OF ARC (RKO)—By no means a great movie, yet it does have its impressive moments—some supplied by Ingrid Bergman, but most of them by the Technicolor pageantry. José Ferrer is easily outstanding in the colossal cast.

JOHN LOVES MARY (Warners)—Ronald Reagan, to oblige pal Jack Carson, marries Jack's English girl, Virginia Field, just to get her back to the U. S., where he plans to divorce her at once and turn her over to Jack. Then it develops that Jack already has a wife and a child. What a fix—for Ronald's engaged to Pat Neal. It all works out, and very amusingly, too.

THE KISSING BANDIT (MGM)—Frank Sinatra, as a shy fellow who can't ride, goes out to early California where he's expected to be the dashing outlaw his father was. A diverting Technicolor song-and-dance romp that also employs the gifts of Kathryn Grayson, Ann Miller, Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban and J. Carroll Naish.

KISS IN THE DARK (Warners)—David Niven, a longhair pianist, suddenly becomes owner of an apartment house. He's indifferent to the pleas of ex-owner Victor Moore to make it fit to live in until he meets tenant Jane Wyman, who teaches him about life and jazz music. The story's moderately original, it's nicely performed, and there are a number of chuckles in this so-so comedy.

LET'S LIVE A LITTLE (Univ.)—In the course of making up his mind whether to marry cosmetics queen Anna Sten or lose her million-dollar advertising account, advertising executive Robert Cummings becomes a patient of psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr. Lots of laughs here.

A LETTER TO THREE WIVES (20th-Fox)—A mischievous lady writes to Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Ann Sothern to state she's leaving town with one of their husbands—which one, she doesn't say. This leads to a flashback examination of the girls' married lives with, respectively, Jeffrey Lynn, Bill Douglas and Kirk Douglas. A fresh and superbly executed comedy.

LIVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW (Univ.)—Judge Fredric March goes on trial for the mercy-killing of his wife, Florence Eldridge. Geraldine Brooks is their daughter. If the makers had dared state any honest opinions in this film, it could have been forceful and dramatic. But though the acting's first rate, the result is pretty pointless agony.

THE LUCKY STIFF (U.A.)—An exceedingly involved murder mystery-comedy with Dorothy Lamour, Brian Donlevy, Claire Trevor and assorted corpses. If you don't mind not knowing just what's going on, you may enjoy this.

THE MAN FROM COLORADO (Col.)—Glenn Ford and Bill Holden are Union officers who, after the Civil War, return to Colorado where Glenn's elected federal judge with Bill as his marshal. Glenn has become kill-crazy in the war, and his reign as judge gets bloodier and bloodier. Finally his wife, Ellen Drew, Bill and most of the citizens turn agin him. A fine Western with terrific pace.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE (Para.)—Ex-British Army officer Melvyn Douglas, a widower, is introduced by daughter Wanda Hendrix to Phyllis Calvert, for whom he falls. His son, Philip Friend, returns from the war embittered and resents his old man's chance at happiness. An interesting, medium-weight drama, well acted.

THE PALEFACE (Para.)—Bob Hope, Jane Russell, Technicolor, the Old West, and about 16 loud laughs a minute. If you don't love this, we'll hate you. And oh, yes—"Buttons and Bows" originated here.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Selznick)—A strange and beautiful love story in which Joseph Cotten, a struggling artist, finds his great inspiration in a young girl, Jennifer Jones, who comes to him in Manhattan from beyond time and space. Ethel Barrymore, David Wayne, Cecil Kellaway and Lillian Gish head a distinguished supporting cast. An extraordinarily fine film.

THE RED SHOES (Eagle-Lion)—A British-made Technicolor drama dealing with ballet people that rises to a magnificent peak in a full-scale ballet featuring ballerina Moira Shearer. This is something you could enjoy seeing over and over.

THE SNAKE PIT (20th-Fox)—Olivia de Havilland loses her mind and goes through the horrors of a typical state mental hospital. Mark Stevens as her husband and Leo Genn as a sympathetic psychiatrist are excellent, as are dozens of others in minor roles—but Olivia de Havilland is even better in one of the finest performances ever given in motion pictures. A great film in every respect.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART (RKO)—The ups and downs of a farm kid, Bobby Driscoll, as he strives to raise a tiny lamb to win a county fair blue ribbon. Burl Ives is his uncle. There are several cartoon sequences. One of the best movies Walt Disney has ever created—a thorough delight.

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (20th-Fox)—Rex Harrison is a symphony conductor who suspects his wife, Linda Darnell, is carrying on with his secretary, Kurt Kreuger. As he conducts, he daydreams of various ways of dealing with the problem. Barbara Lawrence and Rudy Vallee are also present in this unusual Preston Sturges comedy.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME (20th-Fox)—Betty Grable, faithful wife of burlesque comic Dan Dailey, brings him back to respectability after alcohol downs him from the Broadway heights. A corny but effective tale of the Prohibition era, filled with first-rate dancing and songs.

WHISPERING SMITH (Para.)—Railroad detective Alan Ladd keeps on trusting his old buddy, Preston Foster, until Preston wrecks one train too many. Plenty of action in this bang-bang Western.

WORDS AND MUSIC (MGM)—Based none too firmly on the lives of the famed songwriting team of Rodgers and Hart, this Technicolor musical is as full of good things as a fruitcake. Mickey Rooney and Toni Drake have the leads, and popping in and out to sing and dance are Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Perry Como, Vera-Allen, Cyd Charisse, Lena Horne, Betty Garrett and a horde of other talented and good-looking people.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? See answer below)



Compare Toni with any other permanent – any home wave, any beauty shop wave – and you'll find *there's no finer wave at any price!*

Now's the perfect time to give yourself a Toni—before the rainy spring weather starts! No more struggling then with limp, straight, rainy-day hair. Rain or shine, your Toni wave is soft and curly, beautifully natural-looking! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month more than two million women use Toni.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon-type solution.

Instead it's a mild creme lotion — made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have as much curl as you like, from a loose wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow directions.

How long will my TONI last?

It's guaranteed to last as long as a \$15 beauty shop wave...or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1 . . . yet there is no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONI?

The blond feather-cut curls belong to Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. Jeanne, on the left, has the Toni. She says: "I've never liked a permanent so much before. My Toni curls feel so soft and natural." And Marcelle says: "From now on we'll both have Toni waves!"



The wave that gives that natural look...Toni

Now! In Palmolive's
Famous
"Beauty Lather"
You Get Something

*Thrillingly
New!*

New Fragrance!
New Charm!
New Allure!



And Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap—Using Nothing But Palmolive—
Can Bring Lovelier Complexions!



Millions of women will prefer this "Beauty Lather" Palmolive over all other leading toilet soaps . . . the minute they try it!

And small wonder! For Palmolive's famous "Beauty Lather" has a new, clean, flower-fresh fragrance for new allure, new charm.

And using Palmolive Soap, the way doctors advised, is so effective that *all types of skin*—young, older, oily—respond to it quickly. Dull, drab skin appears brighter . . . coarse-looking skin finer. Even tiny blemishes—incipient black-

heads—disappear or improve remarkably.

So do as Doctors advised. Stop improper cleansing! Instead, wash your face with Palmolive Soap three times each day, massaging Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather" onto your skin, for sixty seconds each time, to get its full beautifying effect. Then rinse! That's all.

But 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—advised this way for 1285 women, and *proved* Palmolive can bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 in just 14 days. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

■ On April 23, 1949, a girl named Shirley Temple will celebrate her 21st birthday. Newspapers and radio stations all over the world will devote thousands of words to her coming-of-age. For Shirley Temple is much more than a Hollywood actress: she's a living legend.

To aging men and women in the dark corners of the world, Shirley is a reiteration of hope, decency and the wonder of youth. To Americans in their thirties and forties, Shirley is like a daughter—a fine daughter who “grew up” in their time. To young people and children, Shirley represents a full realization of their own good young hopes and dreams.

When we of MODERN SCREEN noted Shirley's approaching birthday, we wanted to celebrate it in a big way. So, for the first time in its 18 years, the magazine is publishing a “special issue” dedicated to one star. Beginning here, you will find 17 pages given over to a comprehensive picture-and-text story of Shirley, her background and her life today. This is, in a way, a birthday present to Shirley, to John Agar and to their little girl, Linda Susan. It is also, though, a testimonial to a way of life that made these nice people possible; a way of life that was itself made possible by nice people everywhere.

Wade H. Nichols
EDITOR

SHIRLEY'S 21!



Shirley and the scripts of every major film she's ever made.

In all, the imposing array comprises 35 movies.



For the complete story of Shirley Temple, see the next 16 pages.







by Jay Gorney

I discovered SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Jay Gorney, composer, writer, film and theatrical producer, has written the scores and worked on the scripts of dozens of movies and Broadway musicals. Among his many song hits have been "The Stars Remain," "A Fellow and a Girl," and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" Currently in New York, he bears the impressive title of Director of the Musical Play Department of the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research—and is producing a new edition of his famed revue, Meet the People.—THE EDITORS.

■ I'd never seen a more depressingly artificial little girl. Her hair had been bleached a dazzling platinum and stiffly curled, her cheeks looked rouged and, I suspected, even those long lashes had had a beauty treatment.

"All right, honey," said studio chief Winfield Sheehan, who was showing me, as a newly-hired composer, about the Fox lot. "Show Mr. Gorney what you can do." He smiled fondly.

And, with all the spontaneity of an animated doll, she went into an "imitation" of Mae West. Every inflection, every gesture, every smile was given with terrible and calculated archness.

At last the dreadful routine came to a close—"C'm up and see me sometime. . . ."

Sheehan turned to me, beaming. "Well, what do you think of our future star? Isn't she terrific? She's terrific!"

"She's—she's quite a youngster," I said. What else could I say to the head of the studio? We went on with the conducted tour.

When it was over, I dropped in on producer Lew Brown. "I've seen the great child discovery," I said.

"Fine!" said Lew. "She's wonderful, isn't she?"

"To put it mildly," I said, "I think she's unnatural, precocious, and revolting. If we're going to try to give the public a new child star, she'll at least have to (Continued on page 112)



In 1932, before her discovery, Shirley was making "Baby Burlesk" shorts for Educational.



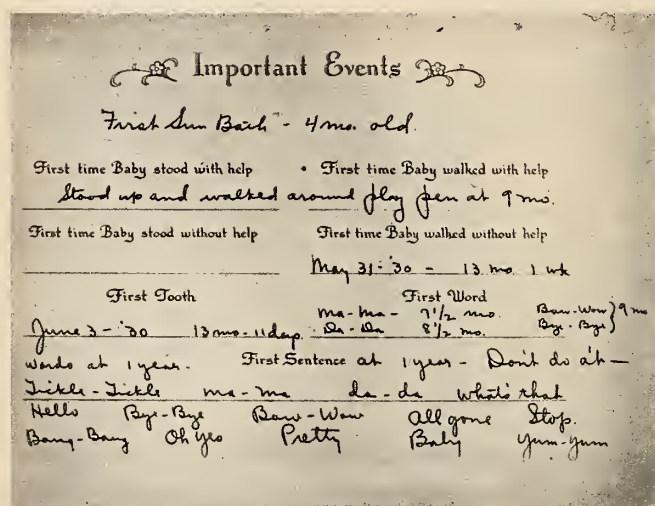
Stand Up and Cheer, with Warner Baxter, was Shirley's first Fox movie, and a personal triumph.

Shirley, who still retains all her early charm, stands before a portrait of herself as a child, painted by the late Di Gaggeri.

From baby to star to legend: this is the phenomenon of Shirley Temple.

LIVING LEGEND

■ With the possible exception of royalty, no single child in modern history has ever attracted as much attention as has Shirley Temple. Having been discovered (see preceding page) her star blazed up overnight. Fan letters poured into her studio. Her salary increased by bounds. She lent her name to dolls, dresses, toys and gadgets. Her face became familiar in the most remote parts of the earth. And as the years raced by, she transcended, through the medium of the movies, the position of a movie star. To millions of young women Shirley began to represent the American dream. To people of other lands she became a symbol of much that is phenomenal in American life. Today, at 21, Shirley Temple emerges a living legend.



1928: Shirley Temple was born on April 23rd, 1928, in Santo Monica, Cal. Her early records—like the above—indicated her birth date to be 1929. Shirley herself didn't know her real age until she was 12.



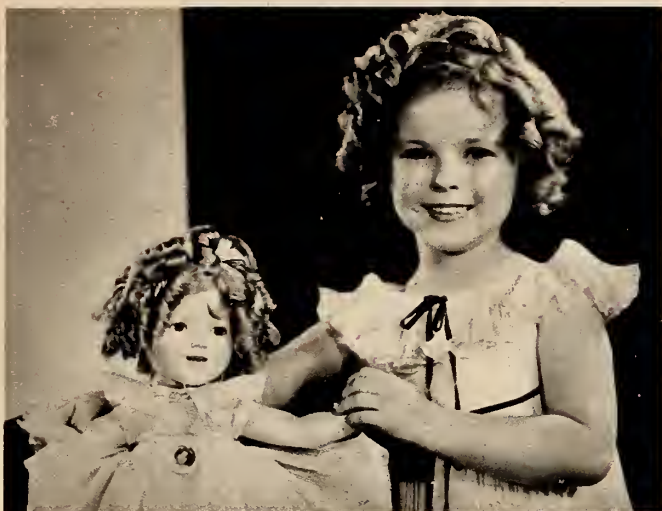
1928: Not yet a year old, Shirley already displayed her now famous dimples. Her vocabulary consisted of four words—"Mo-ma, Do-da, baw-wow and bye-bye." Holding on, she could walk in her playpen.



1934: After her discovery by Jay Garney (see page 39), Fox offered Shirley \$150 a week and a role in *Stand Up And Cheer*. Shirley and her father seem quite happy as Mrs. Temple signs the contract.



1934: Paramount succeeded in borrowing Shirley for *Little Miss Marker*, with Adolphe Menjou. After the picture's release her weekly salary jumped to \$1,250 and she was the darling of the Fox lot.



1934: As Shirley's popularity began to zoom to unprecedented heights, dozens of "Shirley Temple" dolls, toys, dresses and accessories made an appearance in shops throughout the nation.



1935: When she starred in *The Little Colonel*, with Bill Robinson, Shirley became Number 1 of the box-office. Her father, formerly a bank manager, was now her agent. Her mother took over as manager.



1935: The American Legion commissioned Shirley as its youngest Honorary Colonel. Shirley snappily salutes Colonel Reginald Borlow of Hollywood Post No. 43 as he hands her the certificate.



1935: Shirley, who won a special Academy Award, talks it over with Claudette Colbert—who copped the Oscar for *It Happened One Night*. By the end of the year, Shirley had made 11 major pictures.



1938: Still First Lady of the box-office, 10-year-old Shirley is visited on the set of *Little Miss Broadway* by another First Lady, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Later that year, Shirley met the President.



1940: *Young People* ended the little-girl phase of Shirley's career. A sturdy 12-year-old and growing rapidly, Shirley was retired for about 14 months to better her education at the Westlake School.

LIVING LEGEND



1942: Temporarily out of films, Shirley studied earnestly, made "B" grades at the Westlake School. Her professional work was limited to radio appearances, chiefly in the CBS *Junior Miss* show.



1942: Although Shirley received her first screen kiss in *Miss Annie Rooney* from Dickie Moore, her mother refused to allow pictures made of the event. This photo is from the actual movie negative.



1944: Servicemen visiting the glamor-filled Hollywood Canteen found Shirley a pretty and willing waitress. During the war, she also appeared in many radio and camp shows to aid home-front morale.



1944: Following a brief absence from the screen, Shirley signed a contract with a new boss, David Selznick, and *Since You Went Away* marked the beginning of a new upswing in her career.



1944: Shirley had her first real beau—Roy Hotchkiss of the U. S. Army, who squired her around whenever he could get leave. Though she'd met John Agar the year before, Roy was still her favorite.



1945: Shirley was 17 and starred in *Kiss and Tell*—which put her firmly back in the groove. She announced her engagement to John Agar, the son of a well-to-do Beverly Hills widow.



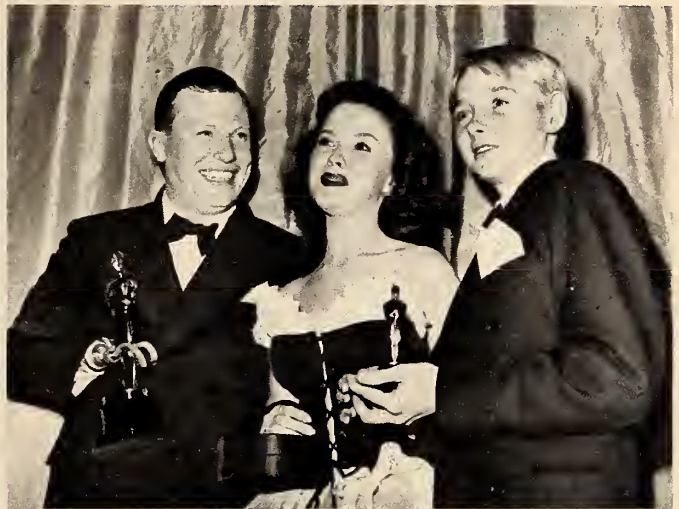
1945: Crowds gathered for blocks around Hollywood's Wilshire Methodist Church when Shirley and John were married on September 19. Chums from the Westlake School acted as Shirley's bridesmaids.



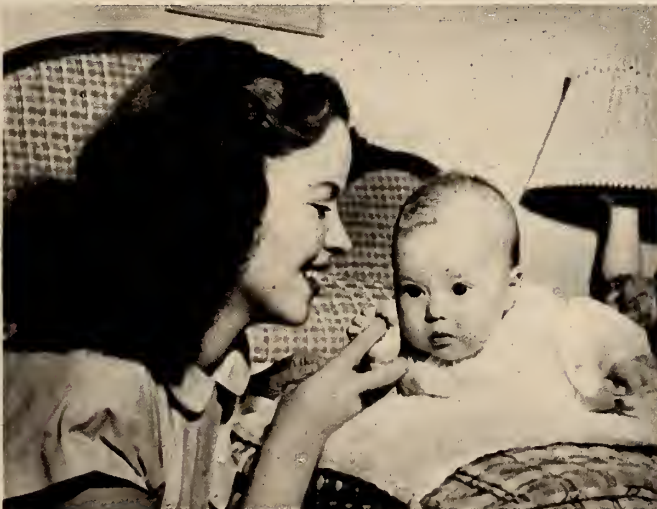
1945: The wedding was delayed half-an-hour by the late arrival of David Selznick (shown here with Mrs. Temple). Another distinguished guest was Governor Earl Warren of California (also late).



1946: Shirley's work in *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* (Cary Grant, Rudy Vallee) emphasized her comedy talents. In this picture she had her first movie drink, satisfied critics by making a face.



1947: Shirley was the first kid star to receive a special Oscar in 1935—and 12 years later, she Oscared Claude Jarman (*The Yearling*), right, and Harold Russell (*Best Years of Our Lives*).



1948: The birth of Linda Susan on January 30, aroused even more interest than Shirley's marriage. The child was born after Shirley completed *Fort Apache*, which also starred John Agar.



1948: More than any other picture of Shirley Temple, the photograph above marks the completion of an amazing cycle. No longer child or adolescent, Shirley the woman is publicly kissed by her husband.



I remember Daddy
reading the Oz books . . .
and when I was five
I fell in love. I
remember making cement
pies . . . and the first night
I danced with Jack.

How dear to my HEART

by Shirley Temple

Through all her 21 years, Shirley Temple has always held secret a part of herself, refusing—until now—to tell her own story in her own words. The appearance of the following story is thus not only a long-awaited event in publishing and a signal honor for which MODERN SCREEN is duly grateful, but also an exciting experience for readers, who can now share Shirley's own feelings as she recalls with fondness the treasured moments in a crowded and wonderful life.—THE EDITORS.

■ First thing I remember is my brother Jack pushing me to the grocery store in a Taylor-tot—the kind I just bought for Linda Susan. Seemed to me we were going pretty fast—and, knowing Jack, we probably were. . . . And it must have been 'round about then that I started not liking cats very well. Because once while I was napping, my eyes opened, and a cat who'd been curled in a corner of the room was halfway to me, and next he was up on the couch, staring right into my face. No privacy at all. (The other night we went to James Mason's house, with dozens of cats around—well, anyway, eight—and I thought, ye gods, what'll I do? But I minded my own business and they minded theirs, which was a nice arrangement. Just the same, I've always liked dogs better and always will.)

I remember clearing the dishes off the table. Mother believed—as (Continued on page 95)

← Dolls have been sent to Shirley from all over the world. A small part of her vast collection is shown here.



Along with groceries, Shirley stores the prints of all her movies in the Agar cellar. The collection is complete but for an early comedy—she's still seeking that.

Shirley's press clippings have been preserved through the years in scrapbooks by secretaries Gwladys Drake (center) and Ynez Hendricks.



Curly-Top TODAY

by Kirtley Baskette

Adult beyond her years, Shirley at 21 is poised and competent.

■ When Shirley Temple and John Agar were married, three years ago, newspapers all over Europe bannered the glad news in headlines—but the pictures of Shirley they printed were taken when she was seven years' old.

This hatched a swarm of indignant letters which flew to her mother, Gertrude, like stinging bees.

"How could you permit such a horrible thing to happen to your precious child?" they demanded in various languages. "What goes on in America anyway?" The angry implication was plain: Ozark child-bride weddings had spread to Hollywood, with the world's dimpled darling the innocent victim.

Shirley was almost 18 when that happened, is now the mother of a year-old child, and this April 23rd attains her majority of 21 years—at which time she can vote, sue and be sued, qualify for jury duty and even be hanged if she murders somebody. And yet in her public's mind, obviously, it's no fair for Shirley Temple to grow up.

She has made seven adult pictures in the past five years—yet she still receives dolls for her collection from all over the world. The other day, driving her blue Cadillac a fraction over the speed limit, a traffic cop wailed her down and handed her a ticket with a sheepish grin.

"You really weren't going so fast," he admitted, "but I couldn't resist the chance to tell my kids I'd arrested Shirley Temple."

Living down the "Princess Shirley" legend is a large order for Shirley Temple, grown up or not. Luckily, she enjoys it. Luckily, she finds it a challenge, especially since she's picking her own pictures, planning her own career, handling her own deals, running her own house, and in general paddling her own canoe—very swiftly, too. Luckily, the inevitable changes in Shirley's face and figure, her likes and dislikes, tastes and temperament, private and professional life have dimmed not a whit the world-wide worship which still wells up at the very mention of her name.

Recently a foreign wire service asked her to talk over the transatlantic telephone to Paris. She agreed and the alert was flashed to France: "Shirley Temple will talk to you at such and such an hour, such and such a day."

Shirley was immediately flooded with cablegrams from



Shirley's cottage in Brentwood is just down the hillslope from her parents' house. Here on the lawn are the Agors, Lonny (their collie) and Chris (Mrs. Temple's boxer).



Jock and Shirley try out the floor in the downstairs playroom of their house. This photograph is one in an exclusive series that continues on the following pages.

CURLY-TOP TODAY: These exclusive pictures tell the story of the Agars' quiet life.



Shirley's miniature lamp collection is kept in her bedroom. Last New Year's Eve, Jack filled the lamps with lighter fluid—a nice surprise until all the shades caught fire!

other countries. "If Shirley Temple will talk to Paris, why can't she talk to us, too?" She ended up spending two weeks, off and on, gossiping globally to foreign capitals from Helsinki to Cairo, and enjoying every minute of it.

At 21, Shirley Temple is an amazingly unchanged adult edition of the golden-curled goddess who ruled Hollywood in the thirties. She's still cute, round, sunny, sweet, merry and bright. Her face retains the smooth, doll-baby beauty and bisque skin, the agate-brown eyes, the naturally-delicate eyebrows, the pen-point dimples beside her mouth. Only lipstick and powder feature her makeup, and she uses clear nail polish. Her hair has darkened a touch from the honey-gold of her famous curls to a bronzish red.

Shirley today has a throaty laugh, a speaking voice on the contralto side. Smiles, chuckles and merry mannerisms punctuate her personality. She carries herself ramrod-straight, walks briskly, talks breezily. Her figure is daintily round, although definitely mature and feminine, especially since she (Continued on page 51)

The Agar living room is one of the largest in Hollywood. Furniture groupings divide it into den, music nook and dining room.





Shirley's bedroom doubles as study. Except for a guest room (now Lindo's nursery) nothing has been added to the cottage, but Shirley redecorated the entire inside.



At dinner time the Agors move to this corner of their French Provincial living room. Shirley went to cooking school and was a good pupil, but now she has time only to prepare menus.



The sodabour was moved downstairs when their cottage, built in 1940, was remodelled. Beyond it live the dolls—1,500 in all. Shirley herself vacuums them twice yearly.

CURLY-TOP TODAY



Shirley's home life centers around baby Susan's needs and amusements.



Linda Susan (called Su-Su by her adoring parents) is no problem child. She eats happily and doesn't mind a bath or a new diaper.



Su-Su doesn't find dressing up much fun, but she enjoys having her hair brushed and going for a fast whirl around the living room.

(Continued from page 48) became a mother. She looks swell in sweaters, trim in her favorite Adrian-tailored suits. Her normal weight is 103 pounds. She wears a size 9 dress, but her 4½ shoe has spread to a 5 since Linda arrived. She stands five-feet-two—which, in combination with her dainty features, makes her an oddity in the Temple family: her brother, Jack, is six-feet-four and brother George, the ex-Marine who wrestles professionally, is six-feet-one and weighs in at 220 pounds.

A sharp and sometimes impish sense of humor spices almost everything Shirley does, just as it did in her childhood. She adores gags, practical jokes and plain jokes, and always has. She had one juvenile killer she used to slay them with around Fox in her moppet days.

"What's one and one?" Shirley'd ask practically anyone she could catch. —

"Two," they'd calculate.

"What's one and one again?"

"Two."

"Who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?" came next.

"Twain."

(Continued on page 101)



Susan hasn't walked sola yet—but it's only a matter of days.



Anthony Ugrin, who made all of Shirley's famous portraits when she was a kid, poses her again during the shooting of *Mr. Belvedere*.

"Then and now" pictures tell a graphic story of Shirley's growth.

■ One sentimental day a few months ago, Shirley Temple came back to work for her old studio, 20th Century-Fox. It was a great day for her but an even greater one for studio employees. Prop men, sound engineers and technical advisers all turned out to greet her. Many of them had worked with Shirley on such movies as *Bright Eyes* and *The Littlest Rebel* when she'd been everybody's darling—and especially theirs. They'd missed Shirley. But there was one former Fox associate present—Mary Lou Hurford—who had kept right on being Shirley's stand-in as the two little girls grew up. Then someone dug out a few stills of Shirley that had been in the files for more than 15 years. Besides some of Shirley with Mary Lou, there were ones of her with still photographer Anthony Ugrin and sound engineer Gene Grosseman. It was a simple matter to take shots of them operating professionally with Shirley just as they had years ago. The results you see here.



Shirley has always had the same stand-in, Mary Lou Hurford. Left: making *Stowaway* in 1936. Right: at 20th-Fox two months ago.



Shirley asked engineer Gene Grosseman to let her listen to the sound track in 1934—and she did again while making *Mr. Belvedere*.



In RKO's *Baltimore Escapade*, Shirley's a 1905 girl crusader for the Rights of Women. Here she goes for a spin with Michael Shea.

Shirley's screen future is brightened by two comedies.

■ Simple, unsophisticated comedy is obviously the best bet for Shirley Temple today. Happily, that's just what she wants to do and what her employers are currently giving her. Both *Baltimore Escapade* and *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College*, her latest pictures, allow full scope to the forthright charms the young star retains from her childhood days. Both films sparkle with the sunny hilarity so cherished by U. S. family audiences. In the prospect of a long series of films of this character, Shirley Temple at 21, still the most beloved motion picture personality of all time, is possibly on the threshold of the brightest chapters of her phenomenal and matchless career.



Clifton Webb, *Sitting Pretty's* Mr. Belvedere, is pursued by co-ed reporter Shirley in 20th-Fox's *Mr. Belvedere Goes to College*.

THE END

MADE IN HEAVEN

"They have nothing
in common," columnists
wailed when John
Hodiak and Anne Baxter
were married. But
today their marriage
is regarded as perfect.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ When Anne Baxter was six years old, her mother gave her a copy of *The Settlement Cook Book*, a longtime favorite in the American kitchen. On the cover of the book was an illustration showing a long line of little-girl cooks all bearing trays of steaming food and walking toward an enormous red heart in the background. To leave no doubt that this big heart was that of MAN there was a printed line of explanation reading, "The Way To A Man's Heart."

Her mother didn't have to tell Anne the significance of the book. Anne *knew*. She treasured it from then on. On the first morning home after her honeymoon with John Hodiak, she got up early, propped the book up in the kitchen, checked the contents of the refrigerator, took a quick look around to see if everything else was ship-shape—and then marched back to the bedroom where her brand new husband was still sleeping. She patted his cheek gently until one eye came open.

"I've got a big surprise for you," she said. His eye blinked. "Yes," she went on, "you just tell me what you like for breakfast, *anything at all*, and I'll make it for you."

This was the moment she'd dreamed about ever since she'd been given the cook book almost 14 years before, so she almost bubbled over in anticipation of the big, pleased smile that would break over his face.

She saw John's eye stare at her for a moment and then slowly close.

"John!" Anne said. "Didn't you hear me? What's your favorite breakfast? I'm all ready to make it."

"Fav'it bek'fiss?" he mumbled.

"Yes."

"Coffee," he replied. "Jus' coffee."

Anne went back to the kitchen, seized *The Settlement Cook* (Continued on page 93)



John spent hours explaining his roomful of fishing equipment to Anne, and now she's an authority. It's only one of many interests they've learned to share. Anne is in *Yellow Sky*. John, *Command Decision*.





MS SHORT
FEATURE

I could think of
a thousand things to say
about our love.
They might sound corny,
but to Ben and me
they'd all be new and true
and wonderful.

This love of ours

BY ESTHER WILLIAMS

Esther in her dressing room on the set of *Neptune's Daughter*. She expects to have her first baby in August.





Ben Gage and Esther designed and decorated their own Santa Monica home. Ben even helped build that essential item—the *Swimming Pool*.

■ As long ago as my freshman days in high school, I dreamed up my own special if maybe not too original version of Prince Charming. He was tall, blond and handsome. (*Blond—I guess that part was a little original.*) He was sweet and considerate. He had a wonderful sense of humor and a hearty, contagious laugh to go with it. And, as far as he was concerned, Esther Williams was the only girl in the world.

So when, a few years later, someone said casually at a party, "Esther, this is Ben Gage," I said to myself (not so casually!), "Esther, I've got a hunch this is the lad."

For he fitted all those dream specifications perfectly, except the last one—and I set to work on that deficiency at once.

Looking back on the three-and-a-half years since our marriage brings to mind all the old clichés that I may have scoffed at when others used them. Old chestnuts like "it seems like three weeks instead of three years" and "when you're in love, the days fly." But I've learned an amazing thing about those clichés: People keep saying them because they're true!

Though neither of us has ever put it into words, our love is a complete sharing of each other's dreams and hopes, problems and interests. We enjoy being together every possible moment. We're miserable when we're apart. Many marital experts look on such absolute dependence as being unwise, claiming that happy marriages are more solidly built on frequent holidays apart, on the husband's having an occasional night out with the boys, and the wife pursuing a hobby of her own.

Well, could be those experts are right.

But that's not our idea of a double order of happiness. I don't mind admitting that whenever Ben and I are separated for more than hours, I'm lost. And I think he is, too . . . otherwise, why should he keep showing up every few days whenever I'm away on tour?

Once last spring when I went East for personal appearances, he turned up in four different towns and, being Ben, he'd have to make each surprise visit (*Continued on page 104*)

Olivia de Havilland,
the year's most honored star,
can take over
as First Lady of Hollywood
if she chooses—but will
she want to play the part?

BY PRESTON WALLACE



what price glory?

■ It looks very much as if from here on in, Olivia de Havilland may be having a rugged time living her life the way she wants to.

Whether or not Olivia cops an Academy Award—as so many seasoned observers think she will—for her spectacular performance in *The Snake Pit*, she'll still emerge as the year's most honored thespian. She has already been acclaimed top actress of 1948 by the National Board of Review, by the New York Film Critics, and by the San Francisco Drama Critics Council.

All this, added to the prestige she gained with her Oscar for *To Each His Own* a couple of years ago, has lifted the girl into position to step onto a glaring pinnacle as First Lady of Hollywood—a status in which she inevitably will be under the fiercest sort of pressure to engage in the public whirl she hitherto has managed to avoid. From here on in, if she accepts the distinction and all that goes with it, the shy but strong-minded little fighter will have a real battle on her expressive hands to keep the world from an unwanted intrusion into the quiet, happy existence (Continued on page 115)



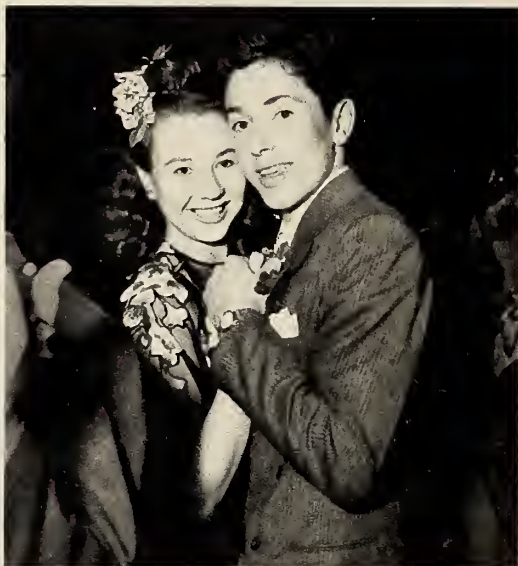
If Olivia de Havilland were to become Hollywood's first lady, these quiet, homey scenes with husband Marcus Goodrich might be disrupted.



They don't have to brief him on
night-spots, or on how to kiss a girl—
Farley Granger's been around.
But no matter where he goes, he always leaves his heart at home.

BY CARL SCHROEDER

No love lost



1943: Farley met Jane Withers when both worked in *North Star*—his first film. They doted at the Palladium, attended school together, were friends—nothing more.



1944: June Haver came into Farley's life while he was making *The Purple Heart*. Then the Navy took him to Hawaii where he read of June's coming marriage.



1946: Cathy O'Donnell starred with Farley in *Your Red Wagon*. They soon discovered they had one love in common—work. They were pals, but Farley never proposed to Cathy—and she never wanted him to.



1949: Farley admits he's concentrating now on Shelley Winters—but whether or not they're in love is something he's been keeping to himself.



1948: Geraldine Brooks lived near Farley in Laurel Canyon, and when they had time they had dinner together. Rumors about romance were *only* rumors.

■ Farley Granger is on a spot.

Abruptly, Farley has become a Big Man of 1949. It's true that he didn't see the miracle coming, and as he faces the heavy barrage from people who now want to pry into the intimate details of his life, he doesn't know whether to hide and shut up, or stand still and give out.

This six-foot-one-and-a-quarter-inch, heavy-browed, cleft-chinned, sturdy actor from San Jose, California, has never backed up in his life. Yet, he faces a problem as he inherits the mantle once worn by such men as Bob Taylor, Tyrone Power and Van Johnson when they were Hollywood's most romantic bachelors.

Farley Granger protests that he is not one of Hollywood's m. r. b.'s.

"Hell's bells!" he explodes. "When these reporters bear down on you, you're really target for today. Look at this clipping!"

It was a brief item: "Farley Granger is in love with two women! He is now dating and apparently swooning for Geraldine Brooks, but directly after he finishes *Roseanna McCoy*, he's dashing to England to see Pat Neal. He will then make up his mind which woman he loves and which gets his proposal."

When Farley saw this paragraph in print, he turned a color of red not yet invented for Technicolor. He'd lived through the not-too-gentle lambasting an actor gets in the Navy. He'd even ceased to be self-conscious about the necessity of wearing his hair over-length for certain roles. But how could he explain that (Continued on page 107)

columnists ask:

"IS SHE IS OR IS SHE AIN'T?"

The following items are from
Hollywood news columns and trade papers.

APRIL 19, 1948: *"Begins to look like an honest-to-goodness romance between Greer and Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson."*

APRIL 30, 1948: *"Other night Greer and her new boy friend, Buddy Fogelson, showed up at Cafe Gala, took one look at Richard Ney with Ruth Brady, and flounced out of the joint."*

MAY 3, 1948: *"Trills that her dates with Buddy Fogelson, the wealthy Texan, are gossamer things."*

JUNE 28, 1948: *"Greer Garson's in love again. How do I know? She's changed her telephone number."*

JULY 9, 1948: *"Greer Garson has said yes to Texas oil millionaire, Buddy Fogelson . . . I am positive she will marry the Texan once her divorce from Richard Ney becomes final in September . . ."*

AUGUST 11, 1948: *"... is sizzling over the report that she is engaged to Buddy Fogelson . . ."*

AUGUST 16, 1948: *"After our story about her romance with Buddy Fogelson, Greer was ready to take to the tall timber, there were so many calls. Well . . . I still stick to my story of her marriage."*

AUGUST 30, 1948: *"will not marry Buddy Fogelson for a year at least, if at all."*

SEPTEMBER 27, 1948: *"Everyone in our town is asking the same question—is Greer going to marry the rich Texan, Buddy Fogelson, or isn't she? . . . in a few months if both feel as they do now, they will marry."*

OCTOBER 7, 1948: *"... I don't believe it will be long before she becomes Mrs. Buddy Fogelson."*

OCTOBER 11, 1948: *"Greer's loading up on new clothes and/or a trousseau."*

OCTOBER 22, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson and Greer Garson hosting her mother at La Rue."*

NOVEMBER 5, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson's friends in Texas are betting as high as \$20,000 that he and Greer will marry before 'The Forsyte Saga' starts."*

DECEMBER 11, 1948: *"Buddy Fogelson . . . keeping the telephone wires hot to Greer Garson."*

DECEMBER 13, 1948: *"Garson and her bridegroom-to-be Buddy Fogelson, buying Xmas pretties together at the silver shop next to Romanoff's."*

JANUARY 2, 1949: *"Garson wedding postponed to June."*

JANUARY 17, 1949: *"Greer has promised Buddy Fogelson, the moneyed Texan, that she'll set an early Spring date and stick to it."*

the

CASE OF THE HESITANT HEART

by hedda hopper



Both of Greer Garson's previous marriages ended in failure. Her second, to Richard Ney, was a war-time marriage and they were often away from each other.



Buddy Fogelson, who may be Greer's next husband, is well-liked by all in Hollywood. He recently gave her a spectacular bracelet.

By the time this is printed, Buddy Fogelson and Greer Garson may be man and wife. Up to press time, as we huddled expectantly around our pipeline to Hollywood, the lady still hadn't said yes to her Texan admirer. "Honest to Betsy," we kept yelling to Hedda at the other end, "we don't see how she resists this guy." "That's what I said," yelled Hedda. Yes, that's what Hedda had said—in the following straight-talking story.—THE EDITORS.

■ "See here, Greer!" I exclaimed, "if you keep this wonderful man dangling much longer I'm going to take him away from you—and," I added, "if I can't, I'll find someone who can!"

By golly, if I were 10 or 12 years younger, I wouldn't have been kidding, either! In fact, I'm not so sure that

I was. The way the Duchess of Garson keeps putting off marrying Buddy Fogelson is strictly a case of cruelty to male animals—and in this case to one of the best.

I was at Mike Romanoff's cocktail party when I decided to take off my gloves and try to connect somewhere over the heart, over two hearts for that matter, two that seemed to tune up romantically in three-quarter time and then settle down to a draggy "Someday, Sweetheart." First pair I spied when I walked inside were Greer and Buddy.

I went right over to them and as I was saying hello something on Greer's wrist suddenly caught the light and twinkled like a Fourth of July sparkler. I looked closer and—*wow*—I never saw such a bracelet! A solid band of diamonds at least two inches wide, with huge roses in sapphires on top. I didn't have (*Continued on page 118*)

Columnists have speculated about the Greer Garson romance. Here's the truth of the matter.

by sheilah graham

Who is Howard Duff, what is he and why is he?

There, my friends and fellow sleuths, is the beginning of a mystery story whose solution would baffle even radio's Sam Spade—or would, if it weren't for the fact that Sam Spade is played on the airways by Mr. Duff himself.

The more you know about Howard, the less you know him. Some columnists describe him as a nice guy. Some term him a so-and-so. One day you read that he's quiet, peaceful and friendly. The next, you read that he carries an explosive chip on his shoulder and is fond of asking other males at parties and nightclubs if they wouldn't like to step outside and do battle. You hear that he's very eager to get ahead with his career—and hear also that he's highly uncooperative in the publicity matters so important to his career's progress. You read that he and Ava Gardner are a pair lost in love—and you read that they have frequent tiffs and that neither will discuss the possibility of their getting married.

Yes—Howard Duff is the best-known mystery in Hollywood!


Like any good detective on a fascinating case, I first look for clues. The most obvious—and the most beautiful—clue to Howard Duff the man is Ava Gardner the woman.

"She treats me like a dog," Howard once told me (*Continued on page 91*)

Howard Duff and Yvonne De Carlo (below) were engaged soon after they met. That was before he'd really learned to know Ava Gardner (right).



hollywood's



Even his best
friends have a tough
time figuring out
all the conflicts in
Howard Duff's
baffling behavior.

best-known mystery



June Haver and Dr. John Duzik do not plan to marry until she receives a special dispensation from Catholic Church officials in Rome.

Can June Haver find happiness?

Her first marriage was a tragic, impulsive mistake. Now June seeks another chance with the man she really loves.

by florabel muir



Apartment house bought by Dr. Duzik is called Du-hoven Manor. June (next to be seen in *Look For the Silver Lining*) supervised the decorating.

June with her sisters Dorothy. (left) and Evelyn and her mother (right). Her mother insisted June was out of her element when she toured with a band.



Among the many marital tragedies of Hollywood, none in recent years has held the poignance of June Haver's. A very young girl indeed, and luckily in love with the "right" man, she somehow slipped into a quick, headlong mesalliance with another man who proved very wrong for her. Now, two years later, she is within days of winning a final divorce. She may also win that rarest of good things—a chance to go back and start over again. This story tells how.—THE EDITORS.

■ June Haver has her ideal man, Dr. John Duzik, and is all ready to walk down the bridal aisle with him after March 25, when she will have her final divorce decree from band musician Jimmy Zito.

But there is one great obstacle to be surmounted first: Before she remarries she must, as a devout Catholic, have the consent of the Congregation of the Rota, which is made up of a committee of cardinals of the Catholic Church in Rome.

Her petition for this dispensation has been filed by the Diocesan officials in her home parish in Beverly Hills, and is based on alleged evidence that before the marriage Zito withheld facts about himself and that, accordingly, (Continued on page 111)



June and Jimmy Zito (above) knew each other for seven years and were finally married in March 1947—but after a year of separations and reconciliations, they divorced.

I don't blame rita!



by eduardo causino

I have seen my
daughter fall in love before,
and each time I
wished her well. For I know
she loves only from
the heart, and would do
nothing wrong.



In the Aga Khan's chateau near Cannes, France, Rita poses between the Aga and his wife, Her Highness the Begum. In the rear are banker J. G. B. Campbell and Aly.



Rita's daughter Rebecca, four, accompanied Rita and Aly to Murren, Switzerland, where they were joined by Aly Khan's two sons. At this time, the world still speculated about their plans.



Shown here on a road in Murren, Rita and Aly Khan left soon afterward for his father's Riviera chateau, where Aly announced his intentions.

No proposed marriage since that of Edward the Eighth to Mrs. Simpson has created such world-wide stir and controversy as that of Prince Aly Khan to Rita Hayworth. We asked Rita's father, Eduardo Cansino, to state his views on the matter. He does so in the following forthright story.
—THE EDITORS.

■ When Rita Hayworth came back to Hollywood after her vacation in Europe last year she called me right away, as she always does, and we chatted a long time, catching up on each other's lives.

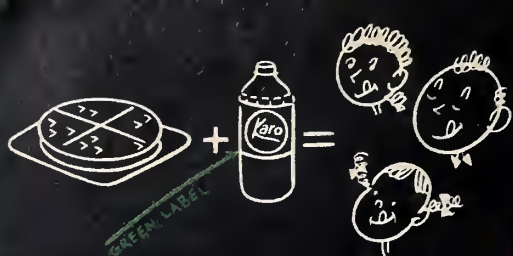
Of course I'd read the newspapers. So—"What about your romance with the prince?" I teased her. "What goes on?"

"I can't tell you anything definite—yet," she laughed.

But that was before she'd met and had been approved by Prince Aly Khan's father, the Aga Khan. Now it's been announced that Prince Aly is to be her husband. That will make him my son-in-law and that will make me very happy—not because he's a wealthy man and a prince, but because my Rita loves him.

Since I'm her father, people of course ask me, "How does it feel to have Rita engaged to a prince of India? What do you think of it?"

And I answer, "I think it's wonderful and I am for Rita all the way." I love my daughter and it has always made me happy to see Rita happy. The way I feel this time is as I have felt each time Rita has given her heart—"She is in love. She should marry him." (Continued on page 105)



the KARO Kid

It's as simple as *that*...to glorify waffles—(pancakes, French toast, hot biscuits and fritters, too).

Everybody loves the rich, maple-y flavor of KARO* Syrup, Green Label...as a spread and in cooking. Try it both ways, *soon*.

2 EXTRA • SPECIAL SUGGESTIONS for serving GREEN LABEL KARO

HOT-BUTTERED KARO

Place 1 cup Green Label KARO and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine in sauce pan. Bring to a boil and stir until sauce is well blended. Serve hot over pancakes, waffles or fritters. Makes about $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

DESSERT SAUCE

Place $\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Green Label KARO, 1 tbsp. butter or margarine and 1 tbsp. water in small sauce pan. Mix well. Place over medium heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil rapidly one minute. Remove from heat. Serve warm over waffles for a delicious dessert. Wonderful as a sauce for puddings, ice cream and other desserts!

Just mail a post card, with your name and address, for FREE booklets giving many new and exciting ways to use *all three types* of KARO Syrups in cooking, candy-making, canning and freezing. Address KARO, Dept. K, Box 1541, Trenton, N. J.

KARO Syrups are available in 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5 and 10 lb. sizes.



Letters
to her father
from
Liz Taylor

"Dear Daddy"

■ The following letters from Elizabeth Taylor to her father in Beverly Hills were written while she was in England recently making MGM's *The Conspirator* with Robert Taylor. Arranged by Ted and Jane Morris, these notes reveal the warm and delightful nature of a girl who is, clearly, one of the nicest persons in the movies.

THE EDITORS.

Monday

Dear Daddy,

Guess what? I'm going to the Film Command Performance the end of this month—and I'm going to be introduced to the *King and Queen*—isn't that wonderful?

I'm going to try to talk the studio into letting me wear that beautiful pink evening dress to it. You remember the one Helen Rose made for the picture. Oh, I hope they let me wear it, for it would be just perfect.

Princess Elizabeth had her baby—everybody is so excited about it. That's all they talk about.

We sure do miss our Daddy. Do you miss your little girls? It must be nice to be tucked away in our cozy little house in sunny California—not that it's really cold here, but it gets a little lonesome and sort of depressing at times. I guess we're homesick.

We drove out to Raspet Hill for tea yesterday afternoon and I have never seen anything so beautiful in all my life as the countryside clothed in its autumn colors. And you should have seen the sunset—it was just as if the whole world was on fire. And as the sun was going down, the moon was coming up on the other side of the sky, so there was a moment when one side of the sky was a fiery red, and the other was

Eliminate guesswork in your next home permanent



Her "Rayve Number" is 13

Find yours on the
Dial-a-Wave

The New *Rayve* HOME PERMANENT brings you the exclusive Dial-a-Wave that personalizes your wave

At all leading drug
and cosmetic
counters



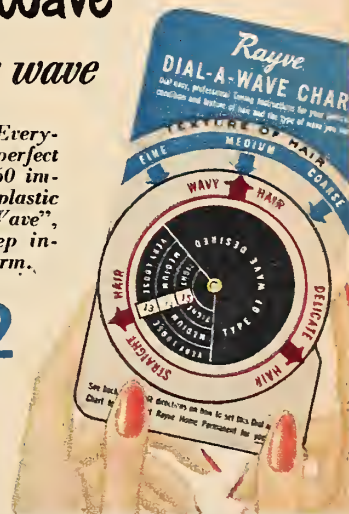
COMPLETE RAYVE KIT. Every-
thing you need for a perfect
permanent. Includes 60 im-
proved "easy-wind" plastic
curlers, the "Dial-a-Wave",
and simple step-by-step in-
structions in booklet form.

\$2



RAYVE REFILL KIT. Complete except for curl-
ers and bands. Includes "Dial-a-Wave".

\$1



**A Rayve wave is faster, yet gentler
... far easier, too!**



There's nothing hit or miss about
your Rayve cold wave. It's *personalized*.
The "Dial-a-Wave" quickly gives you
the professionally correct timing pro-
cedure for every kind of hair. With Rayve,
you can be sure of the finest permanent you've ever had.

Rayve waving times are up to twice as fast as old-type
home permanents. Yet Rayve's improved formula makes
waving action noticeably *gentler*. Over 50,000 women per-
tested Rayve... found it far easier, more comfortable.

**A Rayve wave is long-lasting—yet softer, more natu-
ral.** No frizz or fuzzy ends... even from the first day. So
much more natural looking... so easy to fix in
becoming hair styles... that once you've tried
Rayve, you'll never again be satisfied with any
other kind of wave.



**Your "Rayve Number" is:
your guide to the one right
wave for your kind of hair**

The new, easy-to-use "Dial-a-
Wave" that's in every Rayve
package takes the guesswork out
of your home permanent. You
simply set the dial for the tex-
ture and condition of your hair
and the kind of wave you like
best... and find your "Rayve
number". This number is your
guide to the individual timin-
g procedure that's best for your
particular kind of hair.

FROM THE FAMOUS PEPSODEN
LABORATORIES

Wednesday

My dearest Pappy,

The picture actually started shooting and
everything seems to be going along beauti-
fully. You should have seen my dressing
room on the opening day. It was simply
packed with dozens and dozens of the most
beautiful flowers from just *everyone*. One
bouquet had 23 orchids in it!

Well, I reckon I better go study my script
for tomorrow's work. "Maw" says to tell
you she's still unpacking trunks and will
write tomorrow. Call Ima and Ralph up
[Mr. and Mrs. Davis] and give them my
love and tell them I'll write *real* soon, I'd
have written before but we've been so busy.

All our love, Daddy dear,
Elizabeth

Saturday

HI PAPPY,

Mother and I are sitting in the windows,
here at the Dorchester Hotel—mother in
the bedroom and I in the bathroom—watch-
ing the crowds waiting across Park Lane
where the royal pavillion has been erected,
for the King to arrive to review the "Ter-
ritorials." The band is playing and you
never *saw* so many people.

8:30 a.m.: I didn't get to finish this yes-
terday, there's so much to do—and you

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



**Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream
shampoos hides its natural
lustre with dulling soap film**

✓ Halo—not a soap, not a cream
—contains no sticky oils, *nothing* to hide
your hair's natural lustre with dulling
film. Made with a new patented
ingredient, Halo brings out glossy,
shimmering highlights the very first
time you use it! Its delightfully fragrant
lather rinses away quickly, completely
in any kind of water—needs no lemon or
vinegar rinse. For hair that's naturally
colorful, lustrously soft, easy to
manage—use *Halo Shampoo*!
At any drug or cosmetic counter.

✓ Not a soap,
not a cream—
cannot leave
dulling film!

✓ Quickly,
effectively removes
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!

✓ Gives fragrant,
soft-water lather
even in hardest
water!

✓ Leaves hair
lustrously soft, easy
to manage—with
colorful natural
highlights!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

know, darling, I have to write to Glenn....
The parade was wonderful—thousands
and thousands of "Territorials" all in uni-
form, with their different bands. Then
our car and our driver came for us and
we went for a drive to show Miss Ander-
son [Elizabeth's school teacher] the sights.
Then back to the hotel where we ordered
dinner and got it—two hours later!

You should see the pandemonium. We
are cooped up in such a little bedroom,
mother and I and all the luggage. There's
an automobile show in town, the first since
the war, and every room in every hotel is
taken. Mother says we'll probably go dotty
before they find us something better. And
to make it funnier, everyone sent us large
bouquets of chrysanthemums which we
have in vases on top of the trunks—and
every time we walk by, the vases fall over.
Last night we laughed until we cried.

That's all for today, Daddy, from your
little dotter,

Elizabeth

* * *

Monday

Hi Daddy, Hi Howard,

We are sitting in the dressing room at the
studio waiting for make-up. Everyone is
so nice here. The supervisor couldn't be
nicer. She's going to bring us in a hot plate
so we can make soup and tea. There's a
commissary where we get lunch—the food
everywhere is much better than last year.
Not that there's much meat—just fish or
fowl—but it's sort of fried, not just plain
boiled—last year it was all plain boiled.

Later: Jeepers, I didn't think we'd ever
finish with school today. That's one thing
—school is the same here or anywhere.

We miss you, both of you, and love you
so much.

Liz

* * *

Tuesday

(At the bottom of a letter from Mrs.
Taylor.)

P.S. Hi, Daddy, it's just little me. I'm going
to a Film Star's ball tonight, and I'm
wearing the orchid Glenn sent me yester-
day and the *Date With Judy* evening gown.

* * *

Wednesday

Dear Daddy,

I got Glenn's "A" pin today! Call Ima
right away, Daddy, and tell her. I was so
excited, I guess I screamed for joy. Every-
one came running to our dressing room to
see it. I'll write to Ima, so will Mother,
the minute we have time—but you call her,
Daddy and tell her how hectic it is.

The part is a very emotional one and
I have pages to learn every night. Mother
says it takes a lot out of both of us!

Nigh-night, Daddy, hugs and kisses,
dozens, from

Liz

* * *

Sunday night

Daddy darling,

It's bedtime—we've just finished dinner
and I'm trying to pep Mother up. She's
awfully lonesome.

We went for a drive this afternoon on
the road to Guilford. We have a big black
Buick and a nice chauffeur. This morning
he took us to Petticoat Lane and Cutler
Street. It's a sort of Caledonian Market
Place—we got some darling old silver
loquets and chains and some gold ones.

Oh, before I forget, would you send us
some lipstick and nail polish for Catherine
Delaena (a girlhood friend of Mrs. Tay-
lor's). It's the kind I get at the drug store
in Beverly, the one on the corner near
Newberry's, and it's called "Pink Ribbon"
by Naylor. Get three lipsticks, Daddy, and
two nail polishes—we want to take them
with us when we go to visit Catherine.

Do you see Ima and Ralph? Mother and

I are so tired and feeling so dull tonight,
we wish we were with you. I don't know
what I'd do without Glenn's letters.

Ever so much love,
Liz

* * *

Thursday

Dearest Daddy,

Bob Taylor was just telling us about a marvelous vet they have for their dogs, Dr. Cooper, on Beverly Blvd., east of Chassen's. He gave their dog penicillin shots and cured him of a fungus skin condition that sounded like the same thing Spot and Twinkle had. I think it should be good for Tweeny's ears. Does Tweeny miss me?

The studio is going to let me wear the pink gown to the Film Command Performance. *Isn't* that super?

We miss you so much. Much love,
Lizbeth

* * *

Sunday

Dearest Daddy,

Today we went to see Culver and Gladys [the Taylors' former chauffeur and cook] and their children, Ruth and Richard, and took them some of our candy—from the boat, and cigarettes, salted nuts, mother's grey cloth coat and some red sweaters we can manage without.

Daddy, they were so happy to see us. Gladys made tea and we had to have it. They said they had their tea but I doubt it, tea is terribly rationed. Gladys said she had enough money to pay their way to America and they are crazy to come to us. You can imagine mother, she practically has them installed already. Wouldn't that be grand? We could manage, couldn't we, Daddy? Say yes.

They're calling me now. Bye, bye. Ever so much love,

Liz

* * *

Wednesday

Dearest Daddy,

I'm doing a scene where I tear out of the house and down the stairs. It went on for forty-five minutes—someone did something wrong every time and we had to do it over and over.

Daddy, I'm so excited about the Command Performance. I'm just sorry the King won't be there. Today Mr. Jack Hulbert, the famous English comedian, rehearsed and rehearsed us. There are forty of us to be presented and Laurence Olivier will act as master of ceremonies. We each have to say something. The little speech they gave me was to say how *ripping* it was to be back in England. But no American girl would really say that, would she? So I asked them to let me make up something of my own. We just about *froze*, I kept on my coat—we all did. Mine was the black and white plaid and Joan Caulfield was crazy about it.

Wish you were here for the big night. Lovingly,

Lizbeth

* * *

Friday

Dearest Pappy,

It's all over and oh! it was wonderful! I was so excited that quite truthfully I can't remember one word the Queen said. But she looked lovely all in white georgette with diamonds. All I remember was turning to Myrna Loy and telling her I felt violently *ill*. If she hadn't taken my arm and steadied me, I'm afraid I'd have *disgraced* myself just as the royal party reached me.

Bob Taylor says the Queen asked if he and I were related! Princess Margaret was there too. She's very cute.

Anyhow, I didn't disgrace us. Much love,
Liz

THE END



GAIL RUSSELL
AND JOHN PAYNE
CO-STARRING IN
PARAMOUNT'S
"EL PASO"

*Gail Russell
Told me The Truth about Men!*

Men never got serious about me.

One date, or two—but nothing more. I couldn't understand it 'til I read Gail Russell's words: "A man wants his special girl to be *feminine*...wants her hands to be soft and romantic." The magazine said Gail Russell uses Jergens Lotion on her hands, so—

I decided to try Jergens too!



What a difference! My hands felt smoother, looked lovelier overnight. And soon, Bill noticed! "Such beautiful hands!" he said. And tonight he told me so again...*when he slipped his ring on my finger!*

Your own hands can be so much lovelier—softer, smoother—with today's finer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.



Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1
Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

Dan River checks you from head to hem

It's checks this Spring for that crispy flower-fresh look. And it's Dan River's Starspun, the gingham weave that's fast color, pre-shrunk, always comes up laughing on wash day. Dan River Mills, Inc.*

Dress and hat by Lady Alice of California. Heliotrope, green, blue or black. Sizes 12 to 20. Both dress and hat about \$13 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

*Residual shrinkage not more than 3%



IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC



fashion looks ahead to summer

connie bartel, fashion editor

■ If your calendar seems to say that it's much too early to think about summer clothes—your calendar doesn't know much about fashion. Believe it or not, now's the time to think about hot weather.

Fashion, you see, is always a jump ahead of the weather. The prizes of any designer's line are always the ones that are featured first. The result is that the most attractive summer clothes invariably make their appearance in early spring. The minute Easter comes and goes, your favorite shop windows will begin to take on a summery look.

Naturally, there will be plenty of summer clothes later, too, but somehow the cutest and prettiest are always snapped up ahead of time. The summertime sweetheart on the opposite page, featured right this minute, will give you an idea.

Same goes for undies. The prettiest for spring and summer are ready for you now—fresh, crisp and delicious! So on pages 76 through 78 we show you the pick of the crop—the very latest and laciest lingerie for the coming season. Our idea is that as long as you'll be buying summer undies anyway, you might as well be smart and buy now while you have the widest choice. And don't forget, slips and nighties make super Easter gifts, too.

allyn mclerie

symbolizes

summer-to-come

Allyn McLerie, whose zing and sparkle have earned her a triumphant personal success in the New York smash musical "Where's Charley?" illustrates our point that the prettiest summer dresses always turn up ahead of time.

If you're looking ahead to being a sweet girl graduate—a bridesmaid—or just a girl with a heavy romance in June—here's your dress.

It's a fine yarn dyed combed cotton chambray by Bates. Comes in moss rose, forget-me-not blue, pussy willow grey or aqua. Junior sizes 9-15.

By Lil' Alice of California \$12.95.

Wanamaker's, New York City
Olds, Wortman & King, Portland, Oregon,
Buffum's Long Beach, California.
For additional information see page 79.

**modern
screen
fashions**





Easter undies

pretty underlings for Spring clothes!

1. Nylon taffeta half-bra, by PETER PAN, \$4. Back-buttoned cotton batiste petticoat by MISS SWANK, \$2.95. 2. Hi-there bra with wonderful outside elastic bosom-raiser, \$3. Satin and satin lastex contour crotch girdle, \$7.50. Both by FORTUNA. 3. Satin bra, \$1; satin girdle, \$3.50 by MAR-GRO. 4. Four-gore crepe slip, \$1.98, by

STARDUST. 5. Rayon satin bra, \$2; with all-over elasticized girdle in figured leno with front satin panel, \$5. Both by PERMA LIFT. 6. Front-laced strapless plunging bra in satin, \$2, by EXQUISITE FORM. With lace-flounced half slip in Bur-Mil crepe, elastic top, \$3.98, by SEAMPRUFE. 7. Fitted lace-trimmed princess slip in rayon two-bar tricot, \$2.95, by STRUTWEAR. 8. Frou-frou slip with ruffles of nylon lace on hem and bodice, \$2.98, by POWERS MODEL.



9. Rayon-cotton bra with nylon net inserts, \$1.50, by BESTFORM. Worn with heart-sprinkled satin lastex pantie girdle, \$5, by YOUTHCRAFT. 10. Jersey slip with molded lace top, \$2.98, by BLUE SWAN. 11. Bow-trimmed satin slip with ribbon run through beading on lace neckline, \$2.98, by MONTEREY. 12. Baseball bra with faggoting in contrasting color, \$1.50, by BEAUTIS. Worn with tummy-tucker nylon power net girdle, \$5, by YOUTHCRAFT.

13. Plunging neckline bra in nyralon, \$2.50, by FLEXAIRE. Pantie girdle has removable crotch plus extra crotch, \$10.95, by FLEXEES. 14. Gay Parce strapless crepe slip with built-in bra, \$6.98, by SHO-FORM. 15. LIFTEES bra with front eyelets and adjustable uplift strap for individual cup fit, \$1.98, by WEGMAN. Jersey panties, 59c, by MONTEREY. 16. White camisole top crepe slip with navy, black or brown slit bottom, \$5.95, by RO-JENE.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, see page 79.

Dream Boats



1



2



3



4



5

1. Short and sweet—cotton batiste briefie with lacy collar, eyelet and ribbon. Pink, blue, white By Gracette. \$2.98.
2. Sleeping beauty with off-shoulder cap sleeves and shirred waist. Rayon jersey in pink, blue, maize, white. By Blue Swan. \$2.98.
3. Bare midriff from the Arabian nights—shirred top, separate floating skirt. Blue, yellow or pink rayon jersey. By Strutwear. \$4.95
4. Dots to dream in—on crinkled cotton crepe. Tiny ruffle, waist-molding midriff. Blue or red dots on white. By Strutwear. \$3.95.
5. Charming calico—styled like a dress, and decked with tiny fluted ruffling. Blue, gold, red, green. By Tommies. \$5.95.

For where to buy these
Modern Screen fashions, see page 79.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Summer-to-come pink dress worn by Allyn McLerie in color photograph (page 75)
Long Beach, Calif.—Buffum's, Pine Ave. & Broadway, Teen Shop, 3rd fl.
New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Broadway & 9th St., Mimi Shop, 3 fl.
Portland, Oregon—Olds, Wortman & King, 921 S. W. Morrison St., Town & Country Shop, 2nd fl.

Lingerie shown on pages 76 & 77

- (#1) Peter Pan nylon taffeta bra
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.
- (#1) Miss Swank half slip
New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Broadway & 9th St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.
- (#2) Fortuna hi-there bra and contour crotch girdle
New York, N. Y.—Blackton Fifth Ave., 5th Ave. & 36th St.
- (#3) Mar-Gro satin bra and satin girdle
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Washington & Avon Sts.
- (#4) Stardust four-gore crepe slip
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Downstairs
- (#5) Perma Lift satin bra and elasticized girdle
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.
- (#6) Exquisite Form front-laced strapless bra
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.
- (#6) Seamprufe lace-flounced half-slip
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., 2nd fl.
- (#7) Strutwear rayon princess slip
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank, 621 SW 5th Ave., Street fl.
- (#8) Powers Model lace trimmed slip
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Basement, Underwear.
- (#9) Bestform rayon-cotton bra
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Downstairs
- (#9) Youthaft heart-sprinkled girdle
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.
- (#10) Blue Swan lace top jersey slip
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. & Broadway, 3rd fl.
- (#11) Monterey bow-trimmed satin slip
Write: Monterey Undergarment Co., Inc., 118 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
- (#12) Beautis baseball bra
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas, Main fl.
- (#12) Youthaft tummy-tucker pantie girdle
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.
- (#13) Flexaire plunging neckline bra and Flexees pantie girdle
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. & Broadway, Foundations, 5th fl.
- (#14) Sho-Form gay Paree bra-slip
New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, 5th Ave. & 34th St., 3rd fl.
- (#15) Liffes bra with front eyelets
Order by mail from: The S. J. Wegman Co., 9 East 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.
- (#15) Monterey lace trimmed jersey panties
Write: Monterey Undergarment Co., Inc., 118 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
- (#16) Ro-Jene camisole top crepe slip
New York, N. Y.—Wanamaker's, Broadway & 9th St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.

Nighties shown on page 78

- 1. Gracette cotton batiste shortie
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, 33 W. 34th St., Street fl.
- 2. Blue Swan shirred midriff jersey gown
New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd St., Lingerie, 2nd fl.
- 3. Strutwear bare midriff jersey gown and
- 4. Strutwear polka dot gown
Portland, Oregon—Meier & Frank, 621 SW 5th Ave., Street fl.
- 5. Tommies calico print gown
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Howard & Lexington Sts., 4th fl.
- Sophisticated polka dot half size dress (page 80)
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Washington & Avon Sts., Main Store, 4th fl.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus, 420 Fulton St., Daytime Dresses, 2nd fl.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., 11th & Grand Sts., Home & Town Shop

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write Connie Bartel, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y., for store in your vicinity.

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\$8.95. Abraham & Straus, Bklyn.

Jordan Marsh, Boston.

Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Kansas City.

Other information page 79.



SECRETS OF THE BRIDE

(Continued from page 22)

"I don't know yet," the letter continued, "whether a short veil or a very long one. (See drawing No. 3.) As the dress is not ready yet, we have not been able to judge. On my head will be a (Juliet) fitted cap, also embroidered. Maybe you can help me as to whether I should have a tiny bouquet of flowers (see Sketch No. 1)—a big one (Sketch No. 2) or, instead, an embroidered muff (Sketch No. 3) with three white orchids on it. This would be quite different and in keeping with the dress. What do you think? I must tell you that the embroidery is so fine that it looks like spun glass and makes it glitter very faintly."

"I wrote her I preferred the muff with the orchids, and a short veil," her mother said. "Now, we'll see if she takes my advice!"

(Linda's actual outfit was a compromise: She wore a Juliet cap, a long veil, the white satin gown as described—embroidered with lace, sequins and beads—and a muff covered with white orchids.)

The letter went on: "Arias [Ariadna, her sister] and Lulu will be the bridesmaids. [Lulu is an old school friend of Linda from Florence, Italy.] They will wear dainty dresses of lace—white, with pink petticoats (Lulu) and aqua or pale blue (Arias). We haven't completely decided yet. . . ."

love from the pusses . . .

"Before I forget, would you ask René to insure my diamond (engagement) ring of 8¾ karats, first color—round cut. I think \$4,500 would be enough. It is set in a platinum setting with two small baguette diamonds. You won't forget, 'cause if I should lose the ring—it would be catastrophic!"

"Catastrophic indeed!" smiled Blanca, refolding the letter. Then from a huge envelope, Blanca extracted a cablegram and handed it to me. It was from Linda and Tyrone in Rome, addressed to JOSÉ-RENÉ ALVAREZ, and read: "WELCOME JOSÉ-RENÉ HOPE TO MEET YOU SOON OUR LOVE TO YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER. (Signed) THE THREE PUSSSES."

The third puss was Ariadna, Linda's 18-year-old sister, who had been living with her in Rome.

Leaving the pile of souvenirs for a later moment, I urged Blanca to go over the details of her daughter's exciting romance as she had seen it first-hand in the past year.

"Well," she began, "if I recall your first story about my 'Pusses'—in last April's MODERN SCREEN—it ended with Linda and Tyrone together again in Hollywood after spending New Year's with us here in Mexico City and in Acapulco last year."

I nodded, and she continued: "I went to Hollywood to visit Linda and Tyrone last February and also again in May. My first night with them, on my first trip, we all had dinner together at Tyrone's home in Brentwood. His lovely mother was there. She is a delightful, very intelligent woman and I was very happy to meet her. Linda was living in Westwood with an old family friend, the Countess Rose Van Horn, whom we have known for many years. It was nice seeing her again, too. And it was even nicer to watch Tyrone being so kind and thoughtful and considerate of me and our friends, whom he didn't know."

"Tyrone would kiss me 'hello' when we would meet, 'goodnight' when we would leave his home. He loves the

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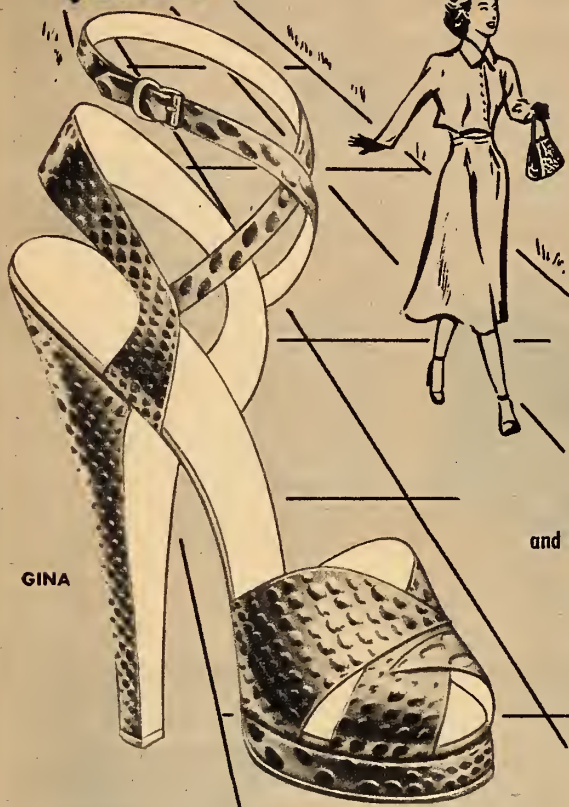


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'family feeling' and seems content to have dinner at home, spend his evenings at home—especially when he is making a picture, which is practically always. But he does enjoy traveling when he isn't working.

"While I was there in May—I had gone to Hollywood this trip to say *au revoir* to Linda and Tyrone, who were leaving for Europe in June—Tyrone gave a farewell dinner in his home. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper; Clark Gable and Anita Colby; Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison; Clifton Webb and his charming mother; Prince Mike Romanoff; Van Johnson and his new wife, Evie—and a number of other celebrated people.

"I did the cooking, and the table—buffet style—was laden with shrimp in mayonnaise (I made the mayonnaise, Dutch style) there was a string-bean salad, and I don't remember what kind of dessert, and coffee. Everybody went crazy over the string-bean salad, which was made from another old Dutch recipe of mine.

"Tyrone was like a little boy on a picnic, watching his guests return to the buffet time and time again for refills. He kept telling them proudly, 'Yes, my future mother-in-law is a wonderful cook—don't you think?'"

On June 20th, Linda and Tyrone flew to Lisbon aboard a Trans-World Airways Clipper. Then began the stream of letters and postcards which they sent to Blanca and the family in Mexico City. The first postcard, dated July 7, 1948, was from Lisbon, with a picture of the centuries-old "Batalha Monastery" and the following scribbled message: "Much love from both of us. Your loving rabbit—Linda."

The next one, dated July 8, 1948, was from Madrid, Spain, and featured a colored picture of the Virgin of Hope. The message: "Much love to all. This is such a beautiful place. Your two faraway Pusses. Linda." (Also signed separately by Ty.)

royal road of romance . . .

Then came a wonderful, romantic photograph of the two of them standing on the Rock of Gibraltar, dated July 10, 1948.

Postcard number 4 was sent from Barcelona, dated July 20, in Linda's handwriting, signed by both Linda and Tyrone: "Hello there! This is quite a place, with very excitable people! As Ty says: 'The natives are restless tonight.' We are having so much fun and hope you, too, can join us in Spain, and that everything is well and [you're] both as happy as we. Love, Linda and Tyrone."

From Nancy, France, on July 24, 1948, they sent the following postcard: "Tomorrow we leave for Ste. Paul—remember, from last year? It's close to Nice. We are having a perfectly heavenly time. Love to all. Your loving—Rabbit." Tyrone adds this note—"Just to add my love and to say again that we wish you were with us. By the way, we had Spain! Always, Tyrone."

Two weeks later, on August 8, they sent another card from Portofino, Italy, with a fantastic photograph of the dream city at the edge of the lake. They wrote: "Just a 'hello' from this lovely little place. Your loving—Rabbit." (Tyrone signed it, too.)

They were making this trip from Lisbon to Rome in an extremely roundabout way, like ordinary tourists. With them was Linda's sister, Ariadna, who was on vacation from her finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland, and who had met them at the airport in Lisbon. They toured in Tyrone's new Mercury sports car which he had thoughtfully shipped to Lisbon ahead of them.

Many more postcards came during this period. Tyrone's latest picture, *Prince of*

Foxes, filmed entirely in Italy took him and Linda and Ariadna on location jaunts to such enchanting places as San Marino, Florence and other historic spots. The castle at San Marino, atop a towering, jutting, sea-pounded rock, fascinated them. Tyrone wrote to Blanca, telling her of the exciting scenery and of the odd little Republic of San Marino—smallest in the world—with its six policemen! They were there for three weeks and were continually under the spell of the place.

The next two weeks found them on location in Florence, where Linda was constantly surrounded by her former school-mates from the "Poggio Imperiale," a young women's finishing school located in an old castle of the Medicis in the mountains at the edge of Florence. Legend claims that "once upon a time," when Bacchus (the god of wine) was returning to Paradise, he took Ariadna (the goddess of the Straight-and-Narrow) to these mountains for the purpose of introducing her to the heavenly wines of Tuscany. (Linda's sister, Ariadna, was named for this goddess.)

They returned to Rome to film interiors at the studios, and *Prince of Foxes* was completed January 6.

On January 4th of this year, Tyrone organized a world premiere of his picture, *That Wonderful Urge* (in which he is co-starred with Gene Tierney), at the Cinema Barberini of Rome. The cream of Rome's society was on hand, headed by Italy's Premier de Gasperi. The benefit was for Italy's poor children and the campaign fund was under the name of "Ragazzi di Don Bosco." This Don Bosco was Italy's patron saint of poor children (ragazzi). Ty's premiere was a great financial success.

coming events . . .

When Tyrone stepped to the stage to make a brief announcement before the collection boxes were passed, a news photographer snapped a picture of Linda together with Premier de Gasperi—and the picture hit page one of one of Italy's leading news magazines. (She sent the front cover to Blanca—for the collection.)

Insofar as Blanca had told Linda, Tyrone and Ariadna that she and her husband already had a name selected—in case the new baby were a boy—the three European globe-trotters made a game of selecting a name for the baby—in case it were a girl. Linda wrote:

"We have been thinking terribly hard about a girl's name. Tyrone likes 'Maya' Alvarez Amézquita. Sounds lovely! I like 'Nora' and Ariadna likes 'Fiamma' (Flame) or 'Fiorella' (Little Flower) in Italian."

In a revealing letter to me from Rome, dated January 16, Linda wrote: "Dearest Maxine: Your letter arrived this morning—so I want to drop you a line. . . . We are getting married the 27th of this month. . . . our honeymoon . . . we plan to spend in the snowy mountains of the Austrian Tyrol! (Deep dark secret!)"

"I can tell you already that it will prove quite interesting—being the first time that I will try *skiing*! . . ."

"This is a hectic period, believe me, and I don't know if I am coming or going. Tyrone will make another film beginning in March—*The Black Rose*—in North Africa and Scotland—to be finished in London. We are looking forward to it.

"We were delighted with our new brother, José René! Ariadna is staying in Rome to make a film for an Italian company, as she already has mastered the language. Besides, she did a nice little scene with Tyrone in *Prince of Foxes*.

"Excuse my dreadful scribble, but I did want to drop you a line. How is the hubby? Please give him my best. And

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Vicki OF BOSTON

for you, a great big 'abbraccio' (hug). Love, Linda."

Tyrone adds this footnote:

"Dear Maxine: Just a line to say hello and to wish you all the best of everything. Always affectionately, Tyrone."

With Ty's new picture coming up, it will be several more months before he and his new bride can see her family—either in Mexico City or in Hollywood, but in the meantime there will always be the letters, the photographs and the cablegrams and postcards for the family album.

When I asked Blanca what this marriage would mean—what Linda could give to Tyrone—she said simply:

"Linda will try to be a good wife and a good mother, because Linda loves him! There is no substitute for love in a happy marriage. It is the thing that enables us women to be patient, to overlook faults.

"There is no question about Tyrone's being famous and important. And certainly, Linda loves glamour and glitter and fun. She is young. But she is a good, serious and honest girl who truly loves Tyrone. Yes, she will give him the thing he has always wanted—a happy, comfortable and loving home. She will give him love and complete understanding. These months together in Europe have given them both time to know each other. They are not questioning anything about the future. They are not confused. Each has a deep respect for the other—and mutual love."

Linda's mother also told me another bit of inside news. Linda and Tyrone are trying to persuade the long-time family child governess, Annie Stainer, to return to the States with them, and care for their children—just as she cared for Linda and her sister and brothers. Annie now lives in the little village of Gabletz, near Vienna. She was with Linda's mother until 1939, in Yugoslavia, but had to return to her native Austria when war began.

In a recent letter, Linda wrote her mother: "We will send Annie to you—on a sort of a loan—for the new baby when it comes. But, you must understand this will be a loan because we hope to be needing Annie ourselves, eventually."

From 'way down Mexico way, so far from the quiet church in Rome and from the snowy mountainsides of the Austrian Tyrol, we send Linda and Tyrone a very warm and sincere prayer for a lifetime of married happiness—complete with the "family of three" which they both desire.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



SIVIC

"Two together?"

MITCHUM ON TRIAL

(Continued from page 19)

minutes after he strode into the Superior Court of Judge Clement D. Nye, Bob Mitchum was found guilty of conspiring to violate the state narcotics law, a crime for which he might have been sentenced to six years of hard labor behind the walls of San Quentin.

Now, how did this come to pass, this great hiatus between conjecture and actuality, this tremendous gap between anticipation and reality?

Why did this young, likeable actor with the straight brown hair and thin, sensitive mouth—why did he abandon his Constitutional right to trial by jury and throw himself and his future on the mercy of the Court?

Of the 30 persons who were available for jury duty on the day of his trial, 24 were women. He could have had six, eight, perhaps ten women in his jury. With women in the box and shrewd veteran Jerry Giesler to defend him, he might have won an acquittal.

But he wouldn't make the try; and the reason was that he knew the evidence was overwhelmingly, incontrovertibly against him.

"Robert Mitchum," the Judge said, "are you willing to waive trial by jury and let the Court decide this case?"

no defense offered . . .

Mitchum rose slowly. He was dressed in a conservative pin-striped suit of brownish-gray. His hair, ordinarily long, was neatly trimmed. He wore a dark shirt and a maroon tie. He looked like a young bank clerk. His voice was firm. "Yes, Your Honor."

And then Jerry Giesler, one of the most famous trial lawyers in the United States—a man who has defended Errol Flynn, Charles Chaplin, Alexander Pantages and a score of other well-known persons—rose slowly from his seat. It was so silent in the courtroom you could have heard a spider spin.

"If it please the Court, Your Honor," he began, removing his spectacles and chewing on their edges, "if it please the Court, the defense stipulates that the evidence produced at the Grand Jury hearing be submitted as the sole evidence in this case, and that no defense will be offered."

Those of us in the courtroom knew immediately what that meant. Bob Mitchum was not going to take the stand. Giesler was not going to let him testify. There would be no cross-examination. No fireworks! Nothing sensational!

Mitchum was throwing himself on the mercy of Judge Clement Nye. And it was all right with the two special deputies from the District Attorney's office. They had the goods on Mitchum, and they knew it.

Sitting there watching Bob, you couldn't help but feel sorry for the boy. Lila Leeds, a 20-year-old blonde who had been arrested with Mitchum, sat at his left. From time to time, she sought to catch his eye. But Mitchum didn't turn towards her. He kept his eyes focussed directly ahead. His face showed no visible signs of emotion. Lila laughed and blew a smile to the gentlemen of the press when the Court announced that Vicki Evans, one of the other defendants, had wired that she was broke in New York and unable to appear in California for the trial. But there were no smiles from Mitchum, only one small, embarrassed grin when he was quoted in the testimony as exclaiming, "Oh, daddy!"

There was a minute before the repre-



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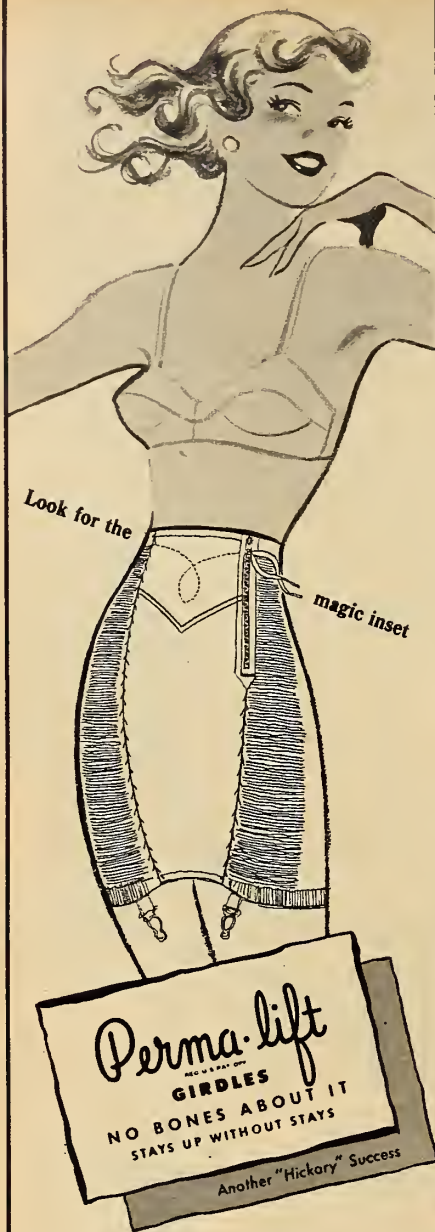
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sentatives of the People of the State of California began to introduce the evidence against Robert Mitchum on the single count of conspiracy to possess marijuana. In that single minute, many of us in the press section wondered what thoughts were passing through Bob Mitchum's mind. When the trial was over, I went up and asked him precisely what he was thinking about at that moment. He said softly, "I was just wondering how I ever let myself get into such a mess."

The answer was fairly simple, I thought. How do most kids get into such a mess? For the most part, they have come up the hard way, with few advantages. When they need society badly, society deserts them. When they need parental supervision desperately, such supervision isn't present. Mitchum's early life is a case in point.

When Bob was three, his father died, leaving the family penniless. Bob grew up a child of the depression. At 16, when he was bounced out of high school, he was bitter, tough, cynical and disillusioned. He began to bum around the country. He looked for work. He tried to learn a trade. He rode the freights. Half the time he was hungry and cold. Once in Georgia the police picked him up for panhandling and rode him out of the state.

Life to him became a ceaseless battle of wits, an endless struggle for survival in a world of economic insecurity. The only break he ever had in his early years was when he bummed to California and landed a job as business manager to an astrologer.

This gave him a thin ray of hope and a modicum of money, and he married. But soon after, he lost his job, and his wife announced that a baby was on the way.

Luckily for him, jobs were plentiful by then. The war was on. Bob became employed at Lockheed Aircraft operating a drop hammer. In 1942, when an agent found him a bit in a Hopalong Cassidy film, he left Lockheed. He appeared in eight Westerns and then began free-lancing. Things for the Mitchums were picking up, but then Bob was drafted and sent to Camp Roberts for eight months. When he got out, Phil Berg and Bert Allenberg, two high-pressure agents who handle Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, and many other stars, put him under their wing.

They sold him to Selznick. It wasn't long before Mitchum, who had never had a spare ten-dollar bill in his life, was earning \$1,500 a week, then \$2,000, then \$3,000.

The boy began to play too hard, too dangerously. On the night of August 31, 1948, he drove to his "reefer" rendezvous,

and eventually to the commission of the crime which brought him face to face with Judge Clement Nye of the California Superior Court.

Following Giesler's statement to the Court, Judge Nye asked Special Deputy Adolf Alexander to read the proceedings of the Grand Jury that had indicted Mitchum. Alexander began to read the testimony, excerpts from which follow:

Q. Mr. Barr, are you a police officer of the City of Los Angeles?

A. I am, sir.

Q. Are you attached to the Narcotics Detail?

A. I am.

Q. Are you one of the arresting officers in this case?

A. I am, sir.

Q. And where and when was the arrest made?

A. On the 31st day of August, 1948, at [address deleted] in Hollywood at approximately 11:45 and 12:00 P.M.

Q. Did you go there with anyone?

A. My partner, Officer McKinnon, J. B. McKinnon. . . .

Q. And who came into the house . . . ?

A. The door was opened by Miss Leeds, and Robert Mitchum, known as Bob Mitchum, entered the house first, followed by an unidentified man at that time, later identified as Robin Ford.

Q. And where were you when the two men arrived?

A. At this rear window, that I stated was equipped with a French window which was open—and I was on the outside of this window at the rear of the house, looking directly toward the front door.

Q. Now, will you go ahead and tell us what you saw and what you heard . . . ?

A. It appeared that the phone rang . . . and Miss Leeds went around the bed and picked up the phone and sat down on the edge of the bed and talked over the telephone.

Q. Could you hear what was said? . . . What did she say?

A. She says, "Okay, boys, come straight up the hill and hurry. The lights are on in front of the house. You can't miss it. It has a long stairway." And she hung up.

Q. After ringing off, did Miss Leeds say anything?

A. Yes, she was turned around to Vickie and she said, "That was the boys. They are lost at the bottom of the hill, and they are on their way now, and are they loaded."

Q. Now, will you go ahead and tell us what you saw?

A. As Mr. Mitchum entered, he came in the house a few feet. [According to Officer Barr, the following conversation transpired between Mitchum and Lila Leeds]: Mitchum: "Hello baby." Lila:

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"Hello, I hope you brought some good stuff." Mitchum: "We always got good stuff." Lila: "Oh, you've got brown ones and white ones. I want some of the white ones."

Barr [continuing]: At that time I saw Lila raise a cigarette—what appeared to be a cigarette—in her hand and put it in her mouth. . . . and as she turned around she faced me and I could see Mr. Mitchum at that time. . . . Lila struck a match and lit. . . . She held the cigarette in her mouth, oh, I estimate, three or four seconds, and handed the cigarette to Mr. Mitchum. He took the cigarette and put it in his mouth, and she blew the smoke directly towards me. And at that time I overheard Miss Evans say, "Oh, this tastes funny. What if it knocks me out?" And Mitchum said, "Oh, daddy!"

Q. Where was your partner at that time?

A. He was around at the rear of the house at first, sir, then he left and then he returned. . . .

lawful entry . . .

It was at this point, Officers Barr and McKinnon testified, that they decided to break down the door of the little cottage. "What happened then?" Special Deputy Henderson asked.

A. Well, we were going to kick the door in, and in doing, monkeying with the latch, why we made a small noise. And we heard a voice, later identified as the voice of Vicki Evans, state, "It is those . . . dogs at the kitchen door."

So we heard footsteps and the door became open, and as it opened, I drew my gun and I had it in my right hand and my flashlight in my left, and as she opened the door I grabbed her by placing my left arm all around her and I said, "We are police officers," and simultaneously I pushed her into the front room. I took her with me. As we entered the front room I shoved her to the right and I said, "We are police officers. Stay where you are and nobody will get hurt."

Q. Were there other people in the front room?

A. Miss Lila Leeds was reclining with both feet on a—I believe it is called a chaise longue. . . . Mr. Mitchum was seated on a dark red davenport. Between two fingers he had a brown cigarette; and at that time I couldn't tell whether it was brown or white. But he had a cigarette, because of the fact there was a red glow on the end of it, extremely red glow. He held that cigarette in that position for a split second. And as he looked at me, he took it and crumpled it and put it down by his left side . . . and at that instant, I said, "I will take that," and I placed my revolver inside of my belt and

THE CRITICS' CORNER

(WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?)

"Every Girl Should Be Married" gets monotonous at times, drills away at this one theme, a girl's efforts to trap a reluctant stranger into marriage. The girl, as pathetic and neurotic as she is funny, stands in great need of psychiatric guidance. She has none, nor does the picture seem to think her a medical case. The film sympathizes with her chase, tactless and tasteless as it may be.

Eileen Creelman
The New York Sun

"Every Girl Should Be Married" is a comedy delight, loaded with laugh-provoking dialogue and heartwarming situations.

Lee Mortimer
N. Y. Mirror

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my flashlight in my left pocket and immediately recovered that cigarette just as Mr. Mitchum had had it between these two fingers [demonstrates]. And as he placed his hand down, he crumpled it and partially the fire fell on the davenport, and as he opened his hand, the cigarette was practically in his hand but was falling on the davenport: I recovered that cigarette, and as I did so I burned my right index finger as the ashes were hot.

Q. What did you do then?

A. I turned around to Miss Leeds and I observed her at that time with her right hand down between what appeared to be the arm of her chair and her right hip . . . and she was putting her hand down further. And I said, "Let's see what you have got in your hand." And I went over and I took her hand from beside her, and as I took it, she opened it and she had two brown paper cigarettes, a small portion of a white paper cigarette and a small portion of a brown paper cigarette commonly known as roaches.

I said, "What is your name?" And she said, "Lila." And I said, "Lila Leeds?" And she said, "Yes, how do you know?" And I said, "I have known you for a long time, Lila. I have been working on you." And she said, "I might as well give you the rest of it." And she reached into her pocket . . . and withdrew a paper . . . and I opened it and found within, a piece of Kleenex, eight tablets which in my opinion were benzedrine, from seeing them before, and three brown paper cigarettes. And I says, "Is this all the stuff you have got, Lila?" And she said, "Yes." And she said, "This is awful!"

Q. What did you say to Mitchum and what did he say to you?

According to Detective Sergeant Barr, the following conversation took place between him and Mitchum:

Barr: "How long have you been smoking marijuana?"

Mitchum: "Oh, I have been smoking since my early youth, two or three years."

Barr: "When is the last time you were smoking besides tonight?"

Mitchum: "I was blasting weed last week."

not blaming anybody . . .

Barr: "How much of this cigarette did you smoke tonight?"

Mitchum: "I only got a few drags of that tonight when you came in."

Barr: "Who lit your cigarette, Bob?"

Mitchum: "I don't know."

Lila: "I lit it."

Barr: "That is right, Lila. I saw you light it. It seems we are going to get along all right."

Mitchum: "There is no use getting excited."

Vicki: "Well, this is just like the movies."

Mitchum: "It is not like the movies to me. This will ruin me. This is the reason my wife left me."

Barr: "You have no one to blame but yourself. This has been going on for some time."

Mitchum: "I am not blaming anybody. I was smoking it tonight. I know it. I just didn't realize how serious it was and the chances I was taking. This is it, I'm through."

After listening to all the testimony of the arresting officers and accepting as evidence the 19 sticks of marijuana, the eight benzedrine tablets, and the two "roaches" or marijuana cigarette butts found in possession of Mitchum and the two other defendants, Judge Nye quickly announced his decision.

There were no dramatics and no one stood up. The judge merely said, "I find the defendants guilty on the count of conspiracy to possess narcotics. Sentence

will be passed on February 9, at which time disposal will be made of the first count."

Mitchum was indicted on two counts, possession of marijuana and conspiracy to possess marijuana. Before the trial got under way, his attorney asked for a severance of counts. The State agreed to try the actor on the second count.

When Mitchum had been declared guilty, Giesler immediately announced his intention to file a written application for probation. The attorneys for Lila Leeds and Robin Ford followed suit.

When the trial was over, I went up to Mitchum. We both knew he was facing a possible 90-day stretch in jail, and I asked him how he felt about the trial.

"I made a mistake," he said, "and I'm big enough, I hope, to realize that and pay for it."

"How will this affect your relationship with Mrs. Mitchum?" I asked.

"That's the only wonderful thing about this entire horrible business," Bob said, smiling a little. "Before I came down this morning Dorothy told me that she'd stick by me, win, lose or draw. If I'm grateful for anything, it's for my wife. Nobody could ask for a better, more loyal girl."

I threaded my way through the crowded courtroom toward the stolid, balding Jerry Giesler. Flash-bulbs glared behind me as the photographers circled around Mitchum. A plump, sweating man in a sports jacket brushed against me, grinned, and said, "I don't get it. I figured Jerry would fight. I sure don't get it."

When I reached Giesler, I asked him if he would appeal the sentence if Mitchum were placed in the county jail and not probationed.

"No," said Jerry, "we won't appeal. We're going to abide by Judge's Nye's sentence." He slipped into his overcoat, moved over to Mitchum and rescued him from the pressing, crowding photographers.

With Giesler at his side, Bob Mitchum walked down the center aisle of the court. He seemed visibly relieved now that the strain was over. As he reached the door, a little wisp of an elderly woman clutched at his sleeve. I had noticed her before. She had waited from 6:10 A.M. until 9:00 in order to enter the courtroom.

"God bless you, boy," she said.

Mitchum stopped and looked at her.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you, ma'am."

He turned away quickly, evidently embarrassed by his emotions. A moment later he opened the door and lurched headlong into the mob of screaming fans.

THE END

When he is not writing for the screen, radio, or the magazines, Lloyd Shearer, author of "Mitchum on Trial," may be found in Romanoff's Restaurant playing chess with its fabulous proprietor who, Shearer insists, won the Boer War singlehandedly.

Despite this allegation, Shearer at 30 is regarded in Hollywood as a frank and honest writer. He is therefore carefully avoided by the movie colony's timid, and ardently cultivated by its truthful.

In this latter category he places Bob Mitchum of whom he wrote us two days after the trial: "Mitchum may be serving time when my story of his trial appears in print, but he has the strength and fortitude to take it, and the character to come back. Let's hope Hollywood and the public will let him."

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FROM THE MOVIES

MY DREAM IS YOURS—"My Dream Is Yours" and "Someone Like You" by Doris Day* (Columbia).

A dreamy ballad and a bright rhythm number from Doris' new picture. She's one of the few ex-band vocalists who didn't "commercialize" or otherwise ruin her vocal style for the screen. Too many good singers have been "developed" by Hollywood into mediocre ones.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY—"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella" by the Andrews Sisters (Decca).

Strictly for the older folks with a taste for nostalgia, and I can't guarantee they'll like it either.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—album* (Capitol).

Strictly for the younger folks with a taste for Disney, and I can guarantee that they'll find it delightful, with members of the original cast plus music by Billy May. It's an effective adaptation of the movie, featuring Bobby Driscoll, Beulah Bondi, Ken Carson, John Beal and Luana Patten.

WORDS AND MUSIC—"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" by Lennie Hayton** (MGM). "Where or When" by Lena Horne (Victor).

In addition to the original cast MGM album listed last month, you can get the above single release featuring two sides of "Slaughter" from the sound track, with Lennie's great MGM studio orchestra, proving that the music sounds just as fine when it isn't sharing your attention with Gene Kelly's and Vera-Ellen's dancing. Lena's Victor record is an earlier version of the song she also sings in the MGM album.

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON—"How High The Moon"* (Decca).

During my "How High The Moon" week on MGM I aired 36 versions of this No. 1 jazz tune. In case you're one of the many who collect records of it, don't miss other recent "Moon" releases by Ziggy Elman (MGM) and Howard McGhee (Black & White), the latter thinly disguised and retitled "Oddie Coo Bop".

COLEMAN HAWKINS—"Riffide"* (Capitol).

WOODY HERMAN—"Sequence In Jazz" album** (Columbia).

Here's some beautiful modern music, an album you'll treasure for years; Ralph Burns' two great compositions "Summer Sequence" (on four sides) and "Lady McGowan's Dream" (two sides). No matter what your taste in jazz may be, I'm sure you'll agree this is thrilling stuff.

JUST JAZZ—"Groovin' High,"* "Blue Lou,"* "One O'Clock Jump,"* "Just You Just Me"* (Modern).

All recorded at jazz concerts in Hollywood. First two tunes take up two sides each; the other two run into four sides apiece, each in an album. Best moments are provided by such stars as Benny Carter (alto sax on "One O'Clock"); Wardell Gray, the new Benny Goodman tenor sax discovery; and the superb Errol Garner piano on "Blue Lou." Recording is better than usual for these affairs, and the audience noises don't interfere too much.

STAN KENTON—"How Am I To Know" (Capitol).

JAMES MOODY—"Tin Tin Deo"* (Blue Note).

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-KNOWN MYSTERY

(Continued from page 64)

with a rather pained grin. And I heard that when he telephoned Ava a little later, and the maid said Ava wasn't home and asked who she should say had called, Howard replied: "Tell her 'Rover'!"

So I deduce they have their quarrels.

Maybe they have them mainly because Howard wants to marry Ava and she won't say yes. But neither will admit a marriage possibility—although they see each other regularly, at least three times a week, and always during the weekends.

Ava does appear devoted to Howard, even though she kind of plays cat and mouse with him. At Christmas she gave him a pair of beautiful cuff-links made from old Grecian coins that she'd searched California to find. "What did he give you," I asked Ava. A dreamy look half-closed her eyes. "A big bottle of perfume," she told me, and named a famous brand. "He remembered that a long time ago I said it was my favorite. He's very thoughtful."

That's putting it mildly.

two in new york . . .

When I recently asked Howard how he met Ava, it was interesting to discover a slight change in his previous all-enveloping reticence. He actually told me! Usually, when you ask Howard anything personal he draws that cloak of mystery about him and clams up.

"I was first introduced to Ava on the set of *Brute Force*," he said. "She dropped in to see Burt Lancaster and the three of us had a few laughs. I liked her immediately. I didn't see her again until I was in New York making *The Naked City*, when Mark Hellinger brought her over to our table in 21.

"After that, I called her and took her down to the Village for a lobster dinner. . . . It was my first visit to New York—in fact, the only time I was ever there."

I believe it was also Ava's first visit to Manhattan—a solid link for two people who are attracted to each other, as any movie detective can tell you.

The strange part of Howard's being attracted to Ava on the set of *Brute Force* is that this is the picture which resulted in his brief but stormy engagement to Yvonne de Carlo. Howard had never met Yvonne, either, until he began work on *Brute Force*. His first scene with her was a violent kiss. It embarrassed him to pieces. He soon got over that and in no time at all had slipped a big diamond ring on Yvonne's important finger and, to everyone's mystification, was engaged to the girl! It couldn't last, of course, the glamorous Yvonne and the somewhat intellectual Mr. Duff just aren't each other's type.

When I corner Howard and ask him, to use a fresh phrase, the \$64 question about Ava, he squirms, then says in that mysterious-drenched baritone, "Who knows? I think I'd like to get married very much—if I could find the right combination." The boy tries to be cagey, but gives himself away completely with, "Ava's a very intelligent girl. She's vivacious without being phony, very down to earth and the most beautiful girl I've ever seen." I ask him what they talk about—not to be nosy, but to get a clue to Howard's character. I draw a blank. A little diplomatic prodding and I learn: "We both like music—Ava especially. Me, I have a tin ear. I'm not very hep to classical music. I'm not much of a man on the dance floor either, as Ava will vouch for."

She did indeed. "He's a very bad dancer," said Ava with her usual frankness when we discuss Howard. But she softened the criticism. "Very few men are good dancers—even Artie Shaw, and you'd expect him to be good, wouldn't you? But he was terrible—always anticipating the beat."

From further investigation of Mr. Duff, I learn that there's one column item guaranteed to infuriate him—the paragraph in which he's made to look like the amorous suitor who's always been rejected—usually by Miss Gardner.

"He's a pretty sensitive kid," I am told by his best and closest friend, Mike Michakoff. Howard and Mike were in the Army together. He is now Howard's agent and they share the same house. "Publicity embarrasses him because it's about himself," says Mike. "He's covered with confusion when he has to talk about himself." And that brings us a little closer to solving the mystery of Mr. Duff.

We're all of us the sum total of our experiences. It's what happened to us yesterday that makes us what we are today. What happened to Howard to make him cagey, contradictory, and psychologically afraid of people? (He has talked more to me, I believe, than he has to anyone else, except Ava and Mike.) Why does he give the impression of not liking people or trusting them?

Well, here's what I have dug up about Mr. Duff—I mean about the events that shaped the man before he came to Hollywood. His family background was very poor. Sometimes his father had a job, but usually not. The Duffs lived in a very modest bungalow in Seattle, always in the shadow of insecurity. Howard learned early to regard fate as a fiend who knocks you down, just when you think you're riding high.

acting comes first . . .

"I got out of high school in the middle of the depression," Howard told me. "I was in 1932. I had to get work right away. I landed a job as a bus boy in a big chain restaurant. I was fired after two weeks because I broke too many dishes." He was paid all of \$14 a week.

"And," says Howard, "it was rather a tragedy—because I really needed the money. Eventually I got another job—as a pick-up boy in a store, bringing the window trimmings to the guy who fixed them. I was acting at night at the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. I lost my job in the store because they had a sale and wanted me to work late at night and I told them I couldn't, because I had a performance at the theater." (He will always put acting first—even, I think, before Ava.)

Then came radio work in San Francisco and Seattle. He was paid \$15.00 a week as a disc jockey, toiling for 12 hours a day. At night he was constantly working in little theaters. "Then, just when I was beginning to feel that I was ready to do exactly what I'm doing today—Sam Spade on the radio and leading roles in pictures—I was drafted."

He began in the infantry, went to Saipan—"but I was never in any terrible danger,"—and wound up in the Armed Forces Radio Service. After Howard was discharged, director Jules Dassin, who worked with him in the Actors Lab started him on the road to Hollywood success in *Brute Force*.

"I get sick in my stomach when anyone calls me lucky," Howard tells his

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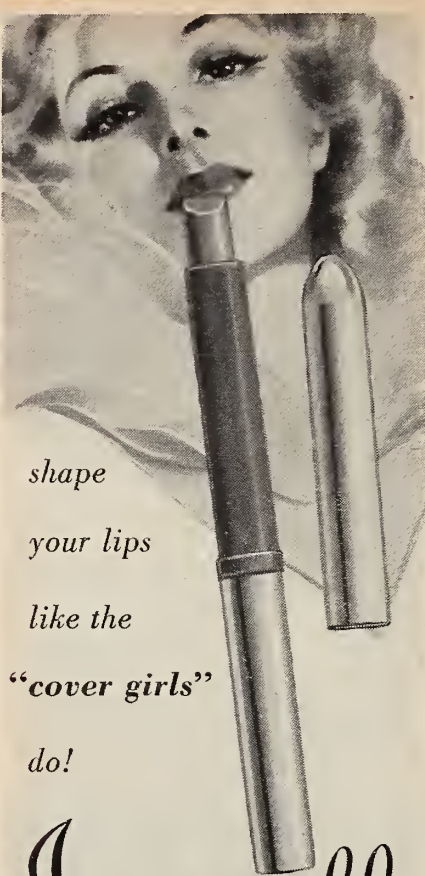
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friends. "I don't believe in overnight success. I've worked tremendously hard all my life."

Howard has always been so busy working to become a top actor that he's more or less neglected to learn the slick patter that makes group conversation easy, or how to accept graciously the adulation that automatically goes with being a successful movie star.

He was happy in New York when he did *The Naked City*—"because no one knew me then." It was different when he was in San Diego recently. He loathed the gawkers and the autograph seekers and was shy and difficult with the press and the public. When he arrived at the airport, a girl dashed up to him and said, "Pardon me, I'm supposed to welcome you." "That's nice," said Howard awkwardly and shook hands. "No, no!" said the girl. "I'm supposed to kiss you." This happened three times with three different girls. "My, you sure have a lot of welcoming committees," the confused Mr. Duff finally muttered to an angry-looking gent who introduced himself as the President of the Chamber of Commerce. "Sir," said the dignitary, "I am the welcoming committee."

Howard is sometimes unpopular with people who don't understand that some of his harsh remarks are caused by his lack of glibness. He's still trying to explain to the smouldering citizens of Kanab, Utah, that he didn't really mean his published crack—"My God, don't go to Kanab." He recently devoted a whole broadcast to plugging Kanab. You know how it often is—you want to say something funny and, since you're not Bob Hope or Milton Berle, it comes out crude and graceless.

when do we eat? . . .

After questioning pal Michakoff, I learn that while Howard doesn't have an inch of fat on his body, he eats like a wolf. (But he certainly doesn't behave like one!) "He fancies himself as a cook," says Mike. "He loves to fix his own breakfast and makes a big production out of eggs, bacon, toast and coffee."

"He'll eat anything," says the girl who perhaps knows the 31-year-old bachelor best—Ava. of course. "He's always hungry. The other night my sister was cooking and she said, 'We've got all this food, what'll we do with it?' 'Don't worry,' I told her, 'we can always count on Howard.'" (I wonder if Ava really can?)

Ever since he has lived in Hollywood, Howard has searched for the right house to harmonize with his personality. While he waited, he rented a house at the beach. This was nice for the neighbors, for during the summer they could view Gardner in a bathing suit every day that she wasn't working. "Now," says Howard, "I have found the ideal house for me. It's in just the location I like—high up in the hills." (A fine setting for a mystery!)

Another thing he likes is to get into bed with a bottle of beer and read until two or three in the morning—even when he's working. And, Howard frequently dashes off on long trips by car all by himself.

"Sort of trying to get away from himself," is the way one of his few intimate friends explained it to me. "And," he added, "his acting is really an escape from himself."

Personally, I don't know why he should try to escape from himself. In my opinion, there's nothing wrong with the world of Mr. Duff that outstanding success and security—which obviously are coming his way—won't cure.

And that winds up the Sheilah Graham casebook on Howard Duff—Hollywood's best-known mystery.

Well, I love a mystery—especially when he's Howard Duff. THE END

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FANCLUB ASSOCIATION

We're only human and that's why we'd like you to help us. Most of you have received our activity reports and know exactly how to use them, but for new clubs in our midst, we'd like to urge you to fill them out very carefully and send them in at the very end of each month. Don't forget to write in the number of members you have and please list any activity (no matter how small) in which your club took part. Many of you feel that your good deeds are overlooked and the best way to overcome that is to send in your activity reports promptly. **News:** We have new clubs for Richard Widmark (prexy June Cornetta), Peggy Lee (prexy Jeanne Mundell) and Howard Duff (prexy Bob Ingle). We'll send the full addresses to any one sending us a stamped envelope. . . .

9th semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST 2nd Lap.

Our ENGER-KRESS wallets really must be seen to be appreciated. They're genuine leather and come in beautiful shades of blue, green, yellow and red. The wallet is called Candlelight and it has various compartments for money, coins and papers. We know you'll love it just as we do. For you editors, we really have a super prize. It's a REVLON KING'S RANSOM set consisting of one gold lipstick holder plus 7 refills all in different shades and handsomely boxed in black velvet. You lucky MSFCA correspondents are really going to get a break this time. For you we have ELGIN-AMERICAN compacts with large clear mirrors, and finished in jeweler's bronze guaranteed to wear and wear. Every girl will want one of these. And for you talented club artists there are TANGEE TRIP KITS. A handy carrying case for that trip you've been planning, filled to the brim with TANGEE'S terrific cosmetics. (Of course, we'll make suitable changes for boys who win.)

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Blind Singer," Rosemary Carley, Whitmore and Lowe Journal. "Autumn Tide," Beverly Grime, Philip Reed Journal. "The Little Things That Count," Ginger Bag-nall, Alice Frost Journal. "Why, of course—," Betty Fitzgerald, Charles Korvin Journal. "How To Make Democracy Live," Connie Tannenbaum, Sinatra's Crusaders (Bradley). "Dear Johnny," Joyce Clegg, John Garfield Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Gene Autry Journal. League 2. (tied) Bob Crosby Journal and Contino-Peck-Melari (Diesenbach) Journal. League 3. Charles Korvin Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Jean Meade, Roy Rogers Journal. League 2. Margaret Staley, Perry Como Journal. League 3. Rita La Rossa, Danny Scholl Journal. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Roy Rogers Journal. League 2. Musical Notes Journal. League 3. Dave Willock Journal. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy (Mottola). League 2. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley). League 3. June Allyson. **Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Gene Autry (Charity check, CARE packages, gift to "shut-in"). League 2. (tied) Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (Xmas donation to charity). Rise Stevens (Donation to Red Cross). League 3. (tied) Dorothy Shay (Contribution to Sister Kenny Fund). Arthur Kennedy (collected stamps, tin foil and Xmas Cards—cancer fund donation). **Best Artist:** (150 points) Lois Robinson, Cornet Wilde Journal. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize winner, 50 to others). Joyce Moison, Sinatra Bow-tie Club. Shirley Warren, Richard Jaekel Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Beverly Bush, Melody of Frank Sinatra Club. Ron DeAr-mand, Ron Randall Club. Evelyn Fish, Peggy Lee Club. **Best Correspondent:** (50 points). League 1. None qualified. League 2. Ruth Ness, Bing Crosby Club. League 3. Pat Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. **Leading Clubs So Far:** League 1. Gene Autry 850. Jane Wyman 700. League 2. Joan Crawford 850. Contino-Peck-Melari 600. Bob Crosby 600. League 3. James Melton 700. Charles Korvin 700.

Book and slammed it, little-girl cooks, big red heart and all, into a cupboard.

This little side-note of frustration was the first indication to Anne that her marriage wasn't going to fit the dream mould she'd made for it—but was going to develop along its own lines. And she soon saw she'd have to change to keep up with it.

She has. So has John. Now, rounding out their third year, they're giving every evidence of being one of the happiest young partnerships in Hollywood's boy-girl history. In achieving this state, they've had to contend with other issues besides John's being a no-breakfast man. Some of these issues they've settled, some they've compromised on, and the rest—well, as Anne reports, they're "working on them."

A whole, handsome skin-full of problems is presented to an impulsive girl like Anne by a husband like John who skips breakfasts, deliberates before making decisions (with some exceptions to be noted later in the story), instinctively dislikes social to-and-fro'ing and the clothes that go with it, and always prefers to leave well enough alone. On the other hand, a wife like Anne—independent, hating routine, loving to do herself up at the slightest excuse and go out and mingle, and full of ideas of the Onward and Upward type—well, she's a threat to the emotional equilibrium of a fellow like John. When a pair like this can get along so well, they must have something.

the winner always loses . . .

Anne doesn't try to drag John along to her way of thinking—she works hard and carefully to make him *want* to come along. And John doesn't try to make Anne stay put—he tries to calm the restlessness of her soul so she'll be content to linger longer in between leaping. Which reveals what they have—a realization that it's impossible for either of them to win his or her way in any argument without both of them losing something far more important.

Ere was Anne during the first year of her marriage wanting her husband to appear as neat and spruce as a Man of Distinction. And here was John showing up in an old pair of slacks every day—the same old pair of slacks, for that matter! What to do? Jump him for being careless about his clothes? Nope—that wasn't it. Instead, she skipped the clothes but lost no opportunity to ring in a word about how well he looked no matter what he wore. From that she went on to the subject of his general handsomeness. Later, she lightly remarked upon how few men there are who can do clothes justice and how lucky she felt that John was one of these men.

And—oh, boy!—it began to work. He passed up the droopy slacks for a day . . . and then two and three days at a stretch. Soon he was thinking in terms of an outfit when he dressed—matching ties and socks. Then, in time, it became a regular habit with him—and she knew she'd won. And it was not only a sweet "together" kind of victory that they can discuss and laugh about now—he's grateful to her for it!

Here was John, the man of the house, yet realizing that his Anne had lived alone for five years and was in the habit of running her household and attending to any needs without a thought of consulting anyone else. No wood in the fireplace? Anne would come staggering in from the back door almost keeling over from the weight of an armful of logs. The front door bell

"I dress for an evening date... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"



1. "For my everyday duties, a smart, sophisticated bronze and black taffeta and wool ensemble, studded with scatter pins. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream . . . because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

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Radio Star Gossip



Barbara Luddy

Leading Lady

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"That's why I'm so completely happy with the new cream make-up—Magic Touch—which I consider the finest make-up I've ever used.

"Magic Touch, being a cream, never dries my skin. And it's absolutely magical the way it hides little skin faults, blends so quickly and easily, gives your complexion a look of perfection—without ever making you appear 'made-up'."

Take a tip from Barbara Luddy, use Magic Touch. Send for FREE Beauty Booklet of make-up secrets. Campana Sales Co., 1000 Lincoln Way, Batavia, Ill.



ringing? Anne would spring up to answer it. Guests present? Anne would dash to the kitchen to wrestle with bottles, ice cubes and glasses while John, less trigger-minded, sat red-faced with their visitors, unhappily filling the role of the lazy host whose wife has to save the day.

What to do? Lecture Anne? Lay down the law? Mope? That wasn't it, John waited. Soon, a typically impulsive gesture of Anne's brought her to grief. A curtain in the living room loosened from its fastening one night as they sat talking. In a split second, Anne was perched with one foot on a chair and the other on the edge of the piano trying to fix it. The chair tilted, Anne slipped—and landed on the piano—fortissimo.

Now was the time. John picked her up, set her down on the couch, and then gently expounded on the wear and tear on her life—and his nerves—as a result of her explosive-like moves around the house.

He recalled the time she forgot it was his job to slice the ham at a dinner they were giving and jumped to the task herself, succeeding in cutting off one slice of ham and almost half of her thumb. He mentioned the time she decided to store some suitcases in the cellar and didn't wait until he got home to do it—and the resultant crashing descent with, as the doctors say, profuse contusions and lacerations.

the interior decorator . . .

He went on to bring up other mishaps. Anne remembered. With the bruises from her fall on the piano aching, she was ripe to see his point. From now on, she vowed, she'd attend to nothing in the house except slow crocheting.

"That's better," said John. "Now I'll take care of the curtains."

He pushed the piano out of the way, carefully set a chair solidly under the curtains and set about fastening them. In due time he was finished, got off the chair, and replaced the piano.

"There you are," he said. "Just let me know what you want and I'll do it."

Anne's eyes were on the curtains. John had fastened them so they were twisted away whopper-jawed from the window. But she only nodded. John's idea was right—even if he would never make an interior decorator. . . .

An unexpected feature of their marriage, as far as Anne and John are concerned, are the things it has revealed about themselves that they never knew before. For instance, Anne always had the idea that she slept like a baby, quietly and peacefully. Then, one morning, John announced that he had news for her about her sleeping. Anne quailed.

"No! Not that!" she said. "I couldn't stand it."

"Not what?" asked John, bewildered.

"That I snore," she said. "As you do."

"Who, me?" cried John, forgetting his news. "I snore? are you sure?"

"Of course," replied Anne. "And if I thought I did . . . Do I?"

John, still thinking about his snoring, and looking sunk, shook his head. No, Anne didn't snore. She laughed and giggled in her sleep—not just in a subdued way, but sometimes with such a high-pitched, rolling lilt to it that, coming in the dead of the night, it sent John bolt upright in bed shivering with sudden horror until he realized what was happening.

He'd been planning, he said, to talk to her about it; maybe she could control the habit. But now . . . now that he'd learned about his snoring—well, he said, he felt he had little right to say anything.

Anne quickly sought to comfort him. His snoring wasn't too bad, she said, and besides she'd discovered a trick to overcome it. It only bothered her when, just

as she was about to fall asleep, it would startle her awake again. One night, at such a time, she had cried out in annoyance—just a loud, complaining kind of "Oh!" Immediately she had felt John start for a second, and then the snoring stopped long enough for sleep to retake her. Now she had her system down pat, and knew just how loud to cry out to get him to stop and yet not awaken him.

"If it stopped long enough for you to fall asleep, how do you know I started in again?" he wanted to know.

"Because some nights you start in again before I fall asleep, and I have to yell twice," she replied.

"Oh," he said.

"So," said Anne, sticking out her hand, "we are fellow sinners. And every night when we go to sleep I'll think 'Here we go . . . laughing and snoring!'"

They shook on it and that was settled.

Two impulsive habits John had (and traces of them still linger, says Anne), involved his penchant for quick friendships and his lack of sales resistance. The first resulted in their becoming involved with people who turned out to be other than wonderful—at which point John would go cold on them altogether and it would be up to Anne to ease out of the situation gracefully. The second kept working out so that if Anne asked him to pick up a French earthenware casserole for her at the store because she'd have no chance to shop, he'd return with some sort of copper contrivance resembling a flat-topped samovar that the salesgirl had assured him was even better for casseroles than casseroles.

The list of differences on which Anne and John have found a common meeting ground is a long one. Then there is another sort of list. John doesn't like Anne to drive. Anne doesn't like to drive when John is along because he sits beside her, his eyes fixed on the speedometer, fidgeting and muttering things like, "Easy, easy now. . . . You got a red light . . . Watch it, that car's pulling out . . . Don't look at me, look at the road!"

When they walk together—they don't. John takes slow, long steps. Anne takes short, quick ones. She always finds herself out in front and alone.

These, and a few dozen other items, make up this second list of issues that have yet to be settled. What are they going to do about them? Who will give in to whom? And how? And when?

"Well," says Anne, looking doubtfully at John, "I don't know. . . ."

"Well," says John, looking back at Anne, "I don't know, either. . . ."

They continue looking at each other and then suddenly have to break out into smiles—and one has the feeling that it's going to take a lot of happy years finding the answers.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Quite some time ago I was having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood. The girl at the next table excused herself to go to the powder-room. While she was gone her date slipped out his billfold and shyly counted his money. Evidently he had the cost of the evening in mind. The couple was Ginger Rogers and the not yet famous Jimmy Stewart.

Roberta Kettlemell
Baton Rouge, La.

HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

(Continued from page 45)

I do—that children should be given some responsibility at the earliest age, even if they're more of a nuisance than a help. As soon as I could walk, part of my duty was to help clear the table. Usually, I guess, I did it pretty well. But this particular night, with my tummy full and all, I was feeling quite gay and decided to do a spring dance. While thus happily occupied, I slipped and fell against the point of a chair, and cut my lip wide open. (The scar's still there.) An ambulance came and took me to the hospital, and it was all very sad.

The memory of those days that stands out most sharply is my falling in love for the first time. He was such a handsome cowboy—he played my father in a Western—and he'd bring me little bottles of milk and I'd sit on his knee and drink while he strummed on his guitar. I thought he was marvelous. This was at Big Bear Lake and after we got home, I didn't see him again. But suddenly one day I heard somebody say he'd been killed, and I cried for about two days. My brothers and I had fixed a big jigsaw puzzle, and there was an earthquake that night and it knocked the puzzle all to pieces. The puzzle was gone, the cowboy was gone, and I was through with life, I was finished. . . .

i get another bump . . .

Somehow, though, I must have survived, because next thing I remember is rehearsing the big dance number for *Stand Up and Cheer* with Jimmy Dunn at Fox. Afterwards I had a nap, to be fresh for the dress rehearsal, and then we went over to the Café de Paris on the studio lot to get something to eat. Again I was feeling good, again doing my spring dance and again I fell and got a nice big bump. Which is how that spitecurl originated. I'd never had it before, but Mother put it there to hide the bump and there it stayed.

I'm not going into all my pictures—only *Little Miss Marker*, because that's the one so many people ask about. I remember a pair of pajamas—the kind with feet—that they made in a hurry, for me to wear in that movie. When I stuck my legs in, the pins were still there and I jumped all over the place. I remember my great crush on Dorothy Dell. I remember the red velvet costume I wore on the charger, with a kind of veil. I always loved velvet and still do, and that costume was like being a fairy princess. I remember the charger who was pure white and quite handsome in a horsey way, and very fairy-tale looking. I remember how he reared, and the little girl was supposed to fall off. They did that with wires, and I went way up to the top of the set with the gaffers to watch. I thought that was the funniest thing in the world. Mother said they could hear me laughing all over the place. . . .

I remember something that wasn't so pleasant, and I think it should be told, just to show that you can't be too careful about children. Mother was always with me on the set—not off in a corner somewhere, but right beside me. This was because some people thought it funny to say to a child things like, "Go over to that man and tell him he's fat." Being a child, you might do it, and he'd think, "What a fresh little monkey!" Mother soon learned about things like that, and put a stop to them. Then there were people who'd keep telling you how well you did this or that. Such things are always nice to hear, but they're dangerous. Pretty soon you might think you're something special. Mother

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing

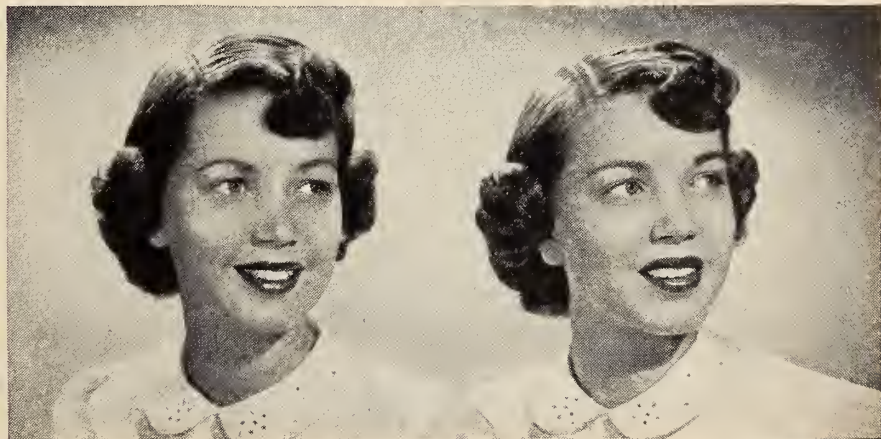


**LATHER . . . WAS
KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.**

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

**BUT KATHLEENE
GOT HEAPS OF IT!**

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in *hard* water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!



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Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on *your* hair!



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Regular and Super



never tore me down, but she never over-
praised me either. "You did it well," she'd
say, "but you could have done it better."

Anyway, she was always right there till
we came to the crying scene in *Little Miss
Marker*. First, I ought to explain that
Mother and I had a way with each other
so I could cry to order if she was just
around. We'd go stand in a corner, and
she'd say, "You know they want you to
cry, Shirley—" and I'd sort of let my
mind go blank, and pretty soon I was cry-
ing. It was a very easy way. I enjoy
crying. I think all women do.

But the people on the set didn't know
about this, so they asked Mother to go off
on some excuse or other. Meantime,
they told me there'd been a terrible
accident—that "a big man with green eyes
had taken Mommy away." Well, I got
hysterical. Even after she came back, it
took me a long time to quiet down. They
couldn't shoot the scene anyway, because
I was crying harder than what it called
for. After that, no matter what reason
they gave, Mother never left me again. . .

I remember a dinner, with speeches go-
ing on and everything sort of dull. To
pass the time, I took some hard rolls and
started breaking them up. I remember
Mother whispering, "Shirley, I think they're
going to give you something. If they do,
say thank you." That's when they gave
me my little Oscar. I thanked them, and
said, "Can we go now, Mommy?" It was
all quite boring then, but times have cer-
tainly changed. . . .

I remember another crying scene in *Now
and Forever*. Somebody said Dorothy Dell
had been killed in a car accident. I didn't
believe it, after the incident with Mother.
I thought, "They're just trying to get me
to cry for the scene." When I knew it
was true, I was gone again—same as with
the cowboy.

Luckily, things like that don't stay with
a child. Most of it was just fun. My
stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, and I were the
only two children on the set. We ate lunch
and had school in that lovely little bun-
galow, which was like another home. On
Sundays and days off I played with the
neighborhood children. I don't ever re-
member being conscious of doing anything
in the world they weren't. I don't know
why. Probably the way I was treated at
home had a lot to do with it. No more
fuss was made over me than any other
child. And my brothers were strictly the
kind who wouldn't take any nonsense.

i fall in love . . .

I remember flirting. That must have
started at a very early age. Mother would
take me driving, and occasionally men
passing by would wave. When she'd look
at me, I'd be looking straight ahead. But
finally she caught me red-handed, wav-
ing and smiling first. . . . Being fickle, I
formed many attachments.

George Murphy was a great love of mine.
So was anyone, in fact, who danced well.
I thought that automatically made them
romantic. This was a feeling that stayed
with me right through high school. Any
really good dancer I could generally get
a crush on. On the other hand, Robert
Young didn't dance, and he was pretty
tough to stay away from. And I'll never
forget my first day with Gary Cooper. He
was so cute—kind of shy with children,
I guess, as with everyone else. He sent
out and got me a bunch of electric toys,
then he sat in his chair with a big news-
paper. Pretty soon I'd notice the paper
sliding down, but when I looked up, he'd
be back behind it again. So I stopped
playing with the toys, because it was more
exciting to see the newspaper going up
and down.

But probably Jimmy Dunn was the
biggest crush of my young life. I re-

sented seeing any other woman even speak
to him. Once Alice Faye sat down beside
him, and I went right over, climbed on
his knee and took his hand. I was very
upset about it. So you can imagine the
blow when he brought his bride to our
house one Christmas Day. Up to then it
had been such a lovely Christmas. But
when he said, "Shirley, I want you to
meet my wife," that was the end. I think
I cried. Anyway, I know I was very rude,
and wouldn't even speak to her. You see,
he'd given me a little bracelet that said
I LOVE YOU, in pearls. To me, that was
like a proposal, and I felt he'd deserted
me, which was very confusing.

All this led to some funny moments
later on. Sooner or later these men would
come back into your life, and pretend not
to understand why you didn't want to sit
on their knees any more. I used to love
Bill Seiter, the director, because he wore
some wonderful shaving lotion, and I
called him Cuddly. Well, I visited his set
at Columbia once—I must have been about
16—and he looked kind of shocked, the
way everyone did when they saw I was
growing up. "Aren't you going to hug
me," he asked, "the way you used to?
Aren't I Cuddly any more?"

mistaken identity . . .

But I think the biggest joke was with
Gary Cooper. He used to call me Wiggle-
britches, because I was always moving
around so fast. Just about three or four
months ago, he was calling for his wife
at a beauty shop. My mother-in-law hap-
pened to be there, and he heard someone
say, "Mrs. Agar. . . ." So in he tore and
yelled, "Wigglebritches!" My mother-in-
law, who's a pretty dignified lady herself,
didn't know what to make of it. As for
poor Mr. Cooper, he just took one look
and sneaked away on his long legs. . . .

As far back as I can remember, we had
a dog. Then we had a parrot, and rabbits
in the yard of my studio bungalow, and
horses and things. I feel that people who
don't own a dog or some kind of pet
usually aren't as happy as those who do.

Another thing that goes as far back as
I remember is Daddy reading me the Oz
books, while Mother did my hair at night.
If he left out a word, I'd know it, and he'd
have to start all over again. I loved
"Freckles" too, and anything to do with
the Mounties—but especially I loved Oz.
. . . And I remember one Christmas, while
we lived on San Vicente Boulevard, my
room was all fixed up with pictures of me
as Little Bo-peep, and the little lambs
dragging their tails behind them. I'd sit
there on Daddy's lap and he'd say, "Some
day we'll have a beautiful big home and
a beautiful big playroom just for you."
That went on for a couple of years. Then
I remember we drove around looking for
lots. We stopped at one and walked on
it. Out of the big bush where the fish-
pond is now, came a mother and father
quail and a whole string of little quails,
and that settled it for me. "This is the
place," I said. I don't think the family
exactly took my word for it. I imagine
they looked into it more. But the quails
won out in the long run, and we started
building.

And I started selling cement pies. My
great ambition just then was to be a pie
salesman. Winnie Sheehan, the head man
at Fox, gave me a darling little pie-wagon
with a striped top, and I'd sell pies all
over the set, and the money used to go
to the Babies' Milk Fund. But those were
real pies, which made a little sense. The
others were different. We spent days at
the lot while the house was going up.
The minute they started putting the cem-
ent in, I'd disappear and turn up by
the roadside, selling cement pies to tour-
ists for 25 or 50 cents.

Eventually, of course, Mother and Daddy found out about the pies and their darling daughter, and that was the end of my business venture. I remember we moved into the house before it was finished. We ate off packing-cases, and my room didn't have all the windows in, and I just about froze to death. But this didn't bother me a bit.

As a child, I didn't get to see many movies. I saw my own, which didn't impress me very much—it was more fun making them than looking at them. I did see the Disneys, which I loved, and *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, which I hated, because I hate to see animals hurt or fighting. And there was one in which Rogers and Astaire danced in the moonlight, and I asked, "Are they getting married now, Mommy?"—because it was so beautiful, and I thought it must be a wedding.

The last actor I fell in love with was Charles Laughton. I must have been around 11 then, when my maternal quality started. I was so sorry for that man in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, I just wanted to take care of him. There was a benefit one night, and he was on the stage, doing the Gettysburg Address in that wonderful voice, and I was in the wings with the tears rolling down my cheeks. Later, we were introduced, and I simply couldn't utter a sound. . .

Then came the time of my leaving Fox. What made it easier for me, leaving the studio, was being between pictures at the time, so I didn't have to say goodbye to the people I'd worked with and loved. Of course I was upset about it for a while, then Mother told me I was going to Westlake School for Girls—and that took care of that feeling. Besides, I never thought it would be forever. . .

i'm engaged! . . .

I can't tell you how wonderful Westlake was—I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world. The girls broke me in quickly to everything girls and teachers do, and those years just flew till all of a sudden it was graduation day, with my whole family there and a few close friends. (And to make it doubly exciting, an engagement ring that I'd had for about two months!) First thing I did after getting back to my seat was to open my diploma and make sure it was signed. Every other girl did the same thing, I noticed. Because we'd had an awfully good time that year, which didn't go too well with studying. But now there was nothing left to bother us. We were all very smart young women. We'd passed our exams and were absolutely ready for the world. . .

Now I have to go back to the day Mother told me Mr. Selznick wanted to sign me to a contract. She told me everything about it, then she said, "It's up to you, Shirl. You're old enough now to decide for yourself." Well! Mr. Selznick's name was kind of magic. When you've been in the movies since you were three, a call like that is a call you can't help answering. So I played Brig in *Since You Went Away*. . .

Oh, yes—I did mention an engagement ring, didn't I? Well, it started like this: One Sunday I was down at the pool with a lot of my friends, when one of them, Ann Gallery, brought a young man over. They only stayed a few seconds, but I said to Mother later: "He'll be back." Jack doesn't believe it. He assures me he had no intention of coming back. As for me, I had a boy friend. He was in the Army and rather distant, to be sure, but still he was my heart interest of the moment, so I can't for the life of me tell you why I said it, unless from sheer instinct.

Matter of fact, I probably wouldn't have seen him again except that Ann's mother had a tea and Jack brought his mother,

For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation

Sheer beauty for the skin that doesn't like to feel "coated"! A greaseless base that makes powder cling—yet leaves your skin feeling free to breathe

Petal-light Powder Base! Greaseless!
Holds powder without "coating"!

If your skin prefers a delicate, more *natural* foundation—smooth on a thin, thin veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder. It's completely *greaseless!* Disappears instantly, leaving only a protecting, translucent film. No streaking. No discoloring. Powder goes on beautifully—and *stays!*



Beautifying Mask before make-up . . .
Makes skin brighter, smoother in 1 minute!

Always when you want to look your prettiest—have a stimulating pick-up with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover your face, except eyes, with a generous cloak of the Cream. After one minute tissue off clean. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Lovely young Mrs. Whitney says, "A Mask gives my skin a smoother, clearer look—a *perfect* finish for make-up!"



Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney says: "I always have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before I go out! This one quick little 'special-occasion' beauty treatment does so *much* for my complexion."

Just Whistle...

by Bissell



What do you do when your cherub child trails cookie crumbs over your newly cleaned rug? Spank? No...

Just whistle . . . and get out your Bissell Carpet Sweeper. See how that new "Bisco-matic"® Brush Action gets the dirt, at a touch! No need to bear down...



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Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as \$6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanilla" at \$8.45.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

and Ann said how about a double date that evening? Jack was her date, and mine was a very attractive marine lieutenant named Bud.

Actually the marine was the one I favored, which was fitting and proper, since he was my date. But Jack impressed me as being sophisticated, and I wanted to impress him the same way. So I wore a beautiful Adrian suit of gold wool—the first I ever owned—and a hat with a slight veil, and imagined of course that I looked much older.

The following Saturday, when Ann phoned about double-dating, I wanted to know if Jack would be there. Later I found out she phoned him too, and he asked if I'd be there. That night he asked me to dance. "You know," he said, "I've never danced with a short girl before."

"Well, I'm not so short. I'm five-foot-two. That's not very short."

He smiled. "My mother's about an inch taller than you. It's kind of fun, dancing with a short girl."

He's not so bad, I thought.

So we kept on double-dating, and meanwhile the marine came over during the week, and he and I were getting quite serious. Generally, he phoned around seven, so when the phone rang at seven one Friday, I rushed to answer, and who of all people should it be but Jack!

"I know it's not Saturday night," he said, "but we've double-dated so much, why not go out alone tonight?"

the other woman . . .

I couldn't think of a single good reason why not. We had a wonderful evening, and next night we double-dated as usual. It went on like that till I didn't know what to do, with Bud going overseas, and my heart interest in the Army—and now Jack. Finally, the whole thing was settled. Jack left for camp, and everyone was gone, and I was left sitting alone, trying to figure out which one I was in love with. Jack wanted me to come up to camp with his mother, but I started giving him the brush. So he wrote to his sister Joyce, who was in my class at Westlake, knowing full well she'd show me the letters. Maybe he even asked her to show them—I wouldn't put it past him—all about a beautiful WAC he'd met.

By now I was past 16, and Jack started proposing. I said, "No, I'm not ready to get married yet." "Then I'm going to marry the WAC," he'd write. And I'd write back, "Don't do anything rash. Fun's fun, but why carry a joke too far?" And this went on till he came home on leave unexpectedly.

"Jack's down in the library," Mother said.

"Good," I thought. "Now I can tell him off. He's been pretty nasty, he and his WAC."

Well, we just looked at each other and ran to each other, and that was it. The others simply faded out. . .

What I remember most about my wedding is being very happy and calm, not shaking or anything. Jack was the nervous one. When it came time for the rings, which were both lying in the minister's hand, he picked up his own big one and tried to stick it on my finger. And toward the end, there was a drop of perspiration on the end of his nose, which made me laugh.

Dad was kind of choked up, but poor Mother really did the weeping for the whole family. . .

After Jack's discharge, while our house was being built, we lived in a tiny place on San Vicente Boulevard, with a hanging lamp in the dining room that Jack hit his head on regularly. Then our house was ready. Both mothers put flowers all over the place, and the living room looked so

huge and beautiful to me that I hardly could stand it.

Another very exciting thing was when we heard that director John Ford wanted Jack for *Fort Apache*. Jack was under contract to Mr. Selznick, and crazy to get going on a picture, so he was just in the skies over it, and so was I. Only I kept wondering who the girl would be. You see, I'm quite jealous. Jack isn't—or maybe he is, and doesn't show it. I'm very open about it, and the idea of Jack kissing some other girl had me worried for about two months. Then Mr. Ford told Mr. Selznick he needed a girl. "What kind of girl?" "Oh, someone of Shirley Temple's type." "Then why not use Shirley Temple?" Pretty good reasoning, I call it. So when they told me I was going to be the woman in the case, I relaxed. Only the depressing part was, we didn't have a single love scene together, and all that worry was wasted. . .

Now I have to go back once more to the time when my clothes were being fitted for *That Hagen Girl* over at Warners. One day they'd be fine, next day they'd be tighter here and looser there, and I couldn't understand it. Then I'd start getting dizzy and think, "Ye gods, if I don't sit down or have a glass of water, I'll faint." So presently a light dawned, and I went to the doctor and asked him to phone the minute he was sure, but not to use his name. I remember we were doing a very sad scene when they called me to the phone, and Dr. Bradbury said: "Mrs. Agar, this is the florist. Your roses will be delivered some time next winter. I think it'll be a very fine selection."

WELL! I couldn't phone Jack or Mother for fear of someone overhearing. But I couldn't contain myself either. So I got Mary Lou into the dressing room and told her, and we both went wild. Even out on the set we kept giggling and laughing like a couple of zombies, and how I ever got through that sad scene is still a mystery. The minute they let me go, I tore home and told Jack—just the way the doctor told it to me—about the roses. He strutted around with his chest out, and stuck cushions behind me that I had no use for. Then we went over to Mother's. All she did was look at my face and sit down, smiling and crying all at once.

such goings-on! . . .

But the funniest thing was when I went to tell Mr. Selznick and Mr. O'Shea. "Mr. Selznick," I said, "I'm going to have a baby." He just sat down and grabbed his head, and Mr. O'Shea walked over to the window and looked out, and you'd have thought I was going to commit suicide or something. I couldn't help laughing. "My, you're enthusiastic!" So then they relaxed and thought it was wonderful and wanted to give it to the press, and you never saw such goings-on as at Warners the next day. Nobody said a word, but here comes an easy-chair and there come cushions and glasses of milk and vitamins every five minutes. And London's on the phone, and China's on the phone. I couldn't make China understand a thing. I'm sure they thought I was going to have triplets.

On January 29th, everything happened. Ching had an operation, our parrot got sick, and I started having pains. When Jack came home, I decided to wait till after dinner to tell him, but of course I just blurted it out. "I'm going to the hospital tonight, I think." Which was a sad mistake, because he went all to pieces—took a spoonful of soup and dropped it, got up, sat down, asked me every other second how I felt, till I finally realized something had to be done. "Let's go over to Mother's and play Oklahoma." Well, it was my night. I felt completely calm, and they were so nervous they couldn't

keep their minds on the game, so I won and won and won.

At home I phoned the doctor, who said to take one of the sedatives he'd left me, and go to bed. "But suppose I don't wake up in time?" "If it's the real thing," he said, "you'll wake up all right." I must have been sleeping for about an hour, when suddenly I sat bolt upright in bed, clear-headed and awake as possible, and called the doctor again. He came over, and here we sat on the couch, laughing and talking and timing my pains while Jack slept on. Finally Dr. Bradbury said, "Suppose you come to the hospital around two." "But what about Jack?" "Well," he laughed, "you'll just have to wake him up." So I got into my prettiest maternity dress and high-heeled shoes, which I'd been wearing right along against the doctor's orders and everyone's orders, because when you're five-foot-two, you need something to help. I made coffee and put on my mink coat, and then I woke Jack. He was panicked. "What happened?" "Nothing happened. We're going to the hospital."

and baby makes three . . .

I was still perfectly clear-headed when we got there, but not for too long. They told me afterward that as soon as the baby was born at 7:15, Dr. Bradbury yelled in my ear, "You have a little girl," and I said, "Is she cute?" That part I don't remember. Everybody in the whole world knew I had a baby except me. I didn't know till eleven, when I finally woke up, and Jack said: "We have a darling little girl."

Then they asked, would I like to see my baby, and brought this little rosebud in. Golly, she was cute! I always wanted a baby with wide-spaced eyes and practically no nose, and that's what she had—plus four chins and very red cheeks and a little red fuzz on her head.

Jack went home to sleep. Mother and Dad had been up all night too, so the whole family was unconscious while I was having the time of my life. Somebody phoned and asked for my nurse, and I said, "This is Shirley," and the girl nearly passed out. From then on I called everybody. It was really silly, because I wasn't all there. I'd talk to people and forget what I wanted to tell them and just drift on. I'd say to the nurse, "Mary, meet so-and-so," when nobody else was in the room. Telegrams came, and I'd hold them way off and couldn't read them, my eyes being out of focus. I was crazy as a loon, and ready to go home right then. I remember Mother telling me about one of her friends who sang out at the top of her lungs in the hospital, "This is the day they give babies away with a half a pound of tea." That's not what I did, but that's what I felt like.

When Jack had thoroughly recovered, he came back. The nurse brought the baby in and said, "Here's your daughter," and laid her in my arm. We just looked at her, and then at each other. You know, a thing like that—you have to realize it over and over again. People would say to Jack, "Congratulations, Daddy," and he'd look all over to see where the daddy was. Same with me. I knew it was true, but suddenly I'd think, "Golly, I had a little baby!"—and the whole thing would sort of sweep over me again. When the nurse said, "Here's your daughter," it swept over us both. . .

Of course there's lots to remember about our first year with Susan. But it sounds to me as though I've remembered enough for once. Besides, I'm a sentimental mother myself now. I like to think of our daughter, not even 12 hours old, lying in my arm between her daddy and me.

I guess it's a pretty good place to stop. . . . THE END



My! But meat helps build a husky baby!

How Swift's Strained Meats help your baby grow sturdy and strong

Look what baby gets in every luscious serving of Swift's Strained Meats!

High-quality proteins—your baby needs for growth. Actually, baby needs 3 to 4 times more of these proteins, for his size, than you do!

NOTE: Meat proteins are complete, Mother, because they provide all the essential amino

acids (body builders). Baby must get all of them at the same time for soundest growth.

Natural B vitamins—vital protective nourishment to guard baby's health and keep his appetite keen!

Food Iron—an essential mineral baby needs to help build good red blood—avoid infant anemia.

Extra-soft and smooth textures make Swift's Strained Meats easy to feed earlier in life. Baby's choice of delicious beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart.

Simply heat and serve. Swift's Strained Meats cost lots less than if you prepared them at home!

YOUR DOCTOR—

is best qualified to say how early your baby should start Swift's Strained Meats—ask him.



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

P.S. (PERFECTLY SUPER)

DICED

MEATS for— CRAWLERS (just starting to chew) "FUSSY" EATERS (to tempt lagging appetites) MOTHER'S CONVENIENCE (no chopping or cooking—just heat and serve)

Tempting—Thrifty—Time-saving

SWIFT ...foremost name in meats
...first with 100% Meats for Babies



SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO 9, ILLINOIS



"Rapture Pink" by Westmore

HOLLYWOOD'S VIBRANT
SPRING COLOR



INSPIRED BY
JANE WYMAN
STARRING IN
"A KISS IN THE DARK"
A Warner Bros. Production

59¢
PLUS TAX

Westmore again creates the beauty color-sensation of the season. It's "Rapture Pink," vibrant with beauty—fresh and radiant as Spring! In lipstick and rouge, with foundation cream and face powder to complement.

"Regardless of Price
You Cannot Buy Better"

**Westmore
Cosmetics**

At cosmetic counters everywhere
In U. S. A. and Canada



Calleen Townsend, 20th-Fox starlet, really means business when *she* brushes!

brush up on tooth care

BY CAROL CARTER, Beauty Editor

■ If you have a great big, gorgeous smile, full of the fun of living and showing fine, healthy teeth, we'll bet you a raisin cookie you've got a waiting list of beaux! It shows that you're good-natured; full of pep and, probably, that you brush your teeth correctly and often. Also that you think of those twice-yearly visits to your dentist's as beauty treatments rather than horror scenes.

Proper tooth-brushing should clean the teeth by raking food particles from between the teeth, and should massage the gums. Let your tooth-brush sweep *downward* on your upper teeth and *upward* on your lower teeth in a sort of rolling movement originating in your wrist. Swishing both up and down pushes the bits of food up against the gum line where it is likely to lodge and work mischief. Of course, everybody knows that you might as well not brush them at all if you're going to see-saw cross-wise! The smart thing to do is take your tooth-brush to your dentist and ask him to coach you. You might also ask your dentist to recommend a dentifrice, although there are so many fine ones on the market you just can't go wrong. Brush your tongue, too, since often bad breath comes from an unbrushed tongue.

Your dentist is sure to suggest the use of dental floss as well as brushing. Using a five or six-inch length of floss, slip it in the space between teeth and draw it back and forth several times. Draw it out sideways to make sure you're making a clean job of it.

Remember, too, your teeth thrive on plenty of fruit and vegetables containing vitamin C. Do drink lots and lots of milk.

If it irks you to have to pay that 20% excise tax on your toilet preparations, write today to your senator or congressman (or both) in Washington, D. C., asking for its repeal. Your druggist or newspaper can give you their names.

CURLY-TOP TODAY

(Continued from page 51)

"Say it all together."

And out, of course, came "Two-two-twain."

"You'll probably say 'locomotive' when you get a little older," was Shirley's wow-line.

On her sets she "gets tired" if she goes alone to her dressing room between scenes. But playing jokes and laughing with the crew keeps her happily charged-up like a battery.

Not long after Shirley and Jack Agar were married, Shirley wanted a gold bracelet watch to match the gold earrings and necklace Jack had given her. One day she wandered inside a Beverly Hills jewelry store, found a beauty and bought it.

"Wrap it as a gift and send it," ordered Shirley on a whim. "And deliver it around 6:30 please," she added. She knew Jack would surely be home then.

When the packet arrived, Shirley opened it, gasped "Oh, you darling!" and gave baffled Jack a big hug and kiss. "Just what I wanted—how did you know?" she bubbled.

"I didn't send you that," blurted Jack. "Maybe your dad did."

But her father said, "Not guilty." Also her mother, and both brothers. The only answer was an unknown admirer and that, Shirley innocently guessed out loud, was what it was—a gift from a mystery man. She kept Jack on the anxious hook for two months before she exposed the "mystery man" as herself. Jack was so relieved he soon came through with a twisted gold bracelet for her other wrist. She never takes it off (the bracelet, that is) except to wash dishes or bathe Baby Linda.

culinary institute . . .

Mrs. John Agar is far from domestic in a gingham-girl sense, although she knows her way around a kitchen and did handle the Agar family meals when she was an early bride. In her practical way, she enrolled, right after her honeymoon, at the Hillcliff Cooking School on Wilshire Boulevard, where she travelled faithfully twice a week for five weeks. She wore her old Westlake School uniform, flat heels, no jewelry or make-up and, by some miracle, sailed through the course unrecognized, which tickled her thoroughly.

Many Los Angeles families send newly-hired cooks to Hillcliff to sharpen up their table talents. They were Shirley's school-mates and while she was deep in the intricacies of learning how to make a chocolate roll (her supreme effort and specialty today) it pleased her to pose as a little slavey whose employers were mean to her.

Sometimes she worked up such a tearful tale of downtrodden abuse that she got cluckings of sympathy. "The nerve, picking on a little thing like you, Honey," one of her colleagues flared. Next morning she greeted Shirley triumphantly. "Look—tell 'em off. I've got you a place where I work—second maid—and Thursdays and Sundays off!" At that point, Shirley had to ease up on her play-acting. But nothing pleases her more than to get by as just another girl, instead of Shirley Temple.

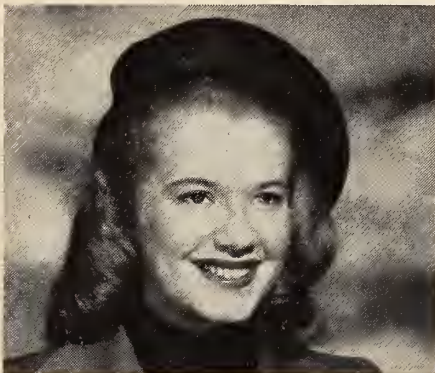
But one day, on the way to Hillcliff, she ran across from the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel (where the newlywed Agars stayed 11 days while waiting for their Santa Monica honeymoon house to be ready) to Adrian's to buy Jack's sister a present. She forgot she had on her glamorless Hillcliff getup and—after picking out a bauble at



New York—Gorgeous Pat Barnard always looks "just right." "Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine," says Pat. "It's certainly helped improve my complexion."



Vancouver—"Noxzema has helped my skin so much," says charming Bette Morphet, "that it's now my regular night cream, hand cream, and powder base."



Montreal—"My skin was so dry and flaky I couldn't use powder," says lovely Pat Heselt. "But since using Noxzema as my powder base, rough, dry skin is no longer a problem."



Washington—Mrs. Betty Bridges first used Noxzema for sunburn. Now it's her all-purpose cream. "I use it every night to help keep my skin looking smooth, free from blemishes."

Do you know their startling NEW BEAUTY SECRET?

If You Have Some Little Thing Wrong With Your Skin—Read On!

● Recently we've been calling on scores of women asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of four typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—Medicated Skin Care.

New Beauty Routine

Now there is a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

Based On Scientific Testing

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

If you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—get acquainted with this startling new beauty secret now.



4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. Before retiring, repeat morning cleansing.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face . . . a little extra over blemishes.

Used By Millions

Try it. Start using Noxzema regularly, morning and night. See why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢ 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.

MY HAIR
NEEDS
COLOR
TO GLORIFY
ITS NATURAL
SHADE



I WANT
MORE
LUSTRE
WITHOUT
ADDED
COLOR



There is a GOLDEN GLINT Rinse for BOTH!

GOLDEN GLINT RINSE gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustré Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a RIGHT shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoos out, but will not rub off.

SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

5 RINSES, 25¢—2 RINSES, 10¢

SEE COLOR CHART AT
COSMETIC COUNTERS IN
DRUG OR DIME STORES



the jewelry counter—gasped hurriedly, "Charge it, please," and started to speed away. The salesgirl placed her arms on her hips and grated, "Are you kidding? Charge it! Why you couldn't pay for that in ten years!"

She had a little trouble and lost some precious time proving who she really was.

Shirley was a credit to dear old Hillcliff for three months after her "graduation," until she found herself too busy making *The Bachelor* and the *Bobby-Soxer*. By the time she'd cooked, cleaned up the place and washed the dishes, she didn't have time to visit with Jack. That was when—and why—the housekeeper joined the household, but Mrs. Agar still abides by her cooking-school tenets. She still makes out the daily market list for Jack to pick up, compiled according to the text's chapter, "Ordering—Food For Two." (The other day she jotted down "one pound tomatoes," just as it said, and Jack came home with one large one. She never dreamed the things weighed that much.)

Jack Agar's picky about his food, whereas Shirley is still Plain Jane, gastronomically speaking. Her favorite fare is still lamb chops, chicken, peas, baked potatoes, greens—the same simple diet she grew up on. But since exposure to Jack, Shirley's also learned to like highly-seasoned dishes, rare meats and salad dressings heavy with garlic and herbs.

For her part, Shirley has influenced a number of Jack's habits—particularly in the sleep department. Agar was strictly a 10-o'clock-curfew boy before he married Shirley. Now he finds himself staying up all hours to keep her company. Shirley takes after her mother, who seldom gives up her reading or knitting before 3 A.M. Shirley reads (a new novel, or perhaps that medical book she discovered at Westlake that still fascinates her); or sometimes knits (she's still struggling on an afghan she started for Linda Susan and says now "it'll have to be for my next baby"); or listens to symphony records—but whatever the excuse, she's a confirmed night-owl, and more than six-hours' sleep makes her feel slow and draggy. Shirley's health ticks along steadily as ever, unmarred by illness. When the epidemic "Virus-X" laid her low on the *Mr. Belvedere* set recently, it was her first bed-sickness since early girlhood's measles.

evenings at home . . .

Being a stubborn stayer-upper (Jack's nightly complaint is, "When are you coming to bed?") doesn't mean that Shirley's a playgirl. She just likes to stay awake. However, both Jack and Shirley like to go out dancing, especially at that perennial movietown favorite, the Coconut Grove, although they take in Ciro's and Mocambo, too, occasionally. She doesn't like to samba; her favorite step's a slow fox-trot and the dreamier the music the better.

Most of Shirley's and Jack's fun evenings are spent at home, usually playing bridge or a minor-league brand of "the game." They're good at bridge, with sessions sometimes far into the night, but not long ago when they trotted over to boss David Selznick's for an evening of "the game" they were badly outclassed by his more sophisticated charade set.

Shirley sticks pretty much to a group of 20 or 30 old childhood friends and former Westlake school chums, augmented by Jack's own school set and his service pals. None are actors, professionals or Hollywood "names." Shirley and Jack get around to Hollywood parties, though, where Shirley can be gay, if she's in the mood. One night not long ago she started out jitterbugging with Van Johnson and wound up beating out fancy riffs on the

drums. And at a recent dinner party which Elliott Nugent—her director—gave with Clifton Webb and Jimmy Cagney on hand, she started out doing a Pavlova ballet with the boys and wound up in a mile-a-minute soft-shoe routine when Jimmy Cagney (an expert tapper) grabbed her and whirled her away. "Wow!" panted Shirley when they finished. "You had me doing steps I never saw or heard of before!"

Shirley never took to piano lessons as a girl (which she now regrets)—but she did get fairly sharp on her vibraphone and drums. She let her singing and dancing go with the kiddie years too, although she's planning on taking lessons in both anew, for she thinks she might be needing them again on the screen.

Jack and Shirley and "Su-Su" or "Cheeks" (as they're prone to call Linda Susan), live with the baby's nurse, the housekeeper, a collie named Sir Lancelot of Brentwood (he gets just "Lanny"), and two chattering parakeets named "April" and "Angel," in an English cottage near her parents' home. It was built in 1940 to serve Shirley as a party place to bring her friends and have her fun at home. It had a stage then in the big front room and a movie projection booth too, as well as a soda fountain and a huge niche to display Shirley's amazing doll collection. But it was always a separate building, with its own drive, and masked from the big house by high shrubbery.

a doll's house . . .

The Agars moved there after three months in a rented honeymoon bungalow on Santa Monica's San Vicente Boulevard, a place Shirley still thinks so "darling" that she occasionally strolls over and visits it to sit and sigh. She keeps a honeymoon-house scrapbook picturing every nook and corner, which she loves to leaf through. The ex-party house suffered a major remodeling before they moved in. The stage vanished and the soda fountain moved downstairs, as did the dolls—all 1500 of which get vacuumed regularly twice a year by Shirley herself.

What was left is one of the biggest living rooms in the movie colony—and "living room" is right. Besides the huge recessed fireplace, before which are placed an extra-long sofa and quilted chairs, it contains a "den," a "music room," and a "breakfast room"—all very real and separate rooms to Mrs. Agar's vivid imagination, but actually just corners where furniture and usage suggest the impressive titles.

A short butler's pantry connects the living room with a regulation kitchen. Jack and Shirley's bedroom and bath and Linda's nursery—the only room that was enlarged—snugly complete the house.

Linda Susan was one year old last January 30th—the day before her dad's birthday—and had her first party. She weighed 23 pounds then, was wolfing meat and potatoes and ice cream, crawling like a demon, starting to toddle and pulling everything within reach. She could say "my mama," "daddy," "bye-bye," "bow-wow," "baby," and "love"—"love" being recognizable if you started imagining from "la-la"; she patty-caked expertly, and had already indicated last Christmas that she knew what it was all about with delighted screams which clearly demanded "more presents!" Christmas Eve, a friend of Shirley's dropped in and asked, in Su-Su's presence, what Santa Claus had for her. "A h-o-b-b-y h-o-r-s-e," spelled out Shirley.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the girl, "why are you doing that?"

"She's a very advanced child," explained Shirley soberly.

Su-Su's a stand-offish, dignified, ap-

praising baby, slow to make friends. She's almost a true combo of Shirley and Jack for looks. She's fascinated with diamonds, which are Shirley's birthstones, not hers. Shirley has no mama-dream plans for Linda beyond the Sunshine Pre-School in Westwood and then the Brentwood Town and Country Day School nearby. At the suggestion that Linda follow in her career footsteps she shrugs, "Maybe, maybe not." But there's already been a strong hint: Linda loves cameras, loves having her picture taken.

Three careers in the Agar household might be a crowd, but two—Jack Agar's and Shirley Temple's—pose no problems at all. On the contrary, Jack's eagerness in tackling a camera career has infected Shirley with a new ambition herself. Until Jack turned actor (his own decision, not influenced by Shirley, and at the insistence of David Selznick) Shirley'd become so used to being a movie star she had almost taken it for granted. "It had been my life," as she puts it. In her teens, her work became a sort of amusement or hobby. Now she's dead serious again and plotting and planning the best moves for her own career. Jack's is strictly his business.

severest critics . . .

They don't even let each other read the scripts they're considering. If one asks for criticism of a picture job, though, the other gives out, with no punches pulled. In Jack's first picture with Shirley, *Fort Apache*, he asked her advice several times about how some scenes should be played, and she told him what she thought. Invariably, the next day John Ford would tell him just the opposite. "I was just getting him all mixed up," says Shirley, "so I stopped."

It's pretty hard to ruffle her sunny nature, but one sure-fire touch-off to Shirley's temper is to refer, even jokingly, to her husband Jack as "Mister Temple." At Ciro's one recent evening, an acquaintance of theirs, also married to a screen star, called himself by his wife's name and called Jack "Mister Temple" too. To make matters worse, a newspaperman was sitting at the next table and heard it. Shirley stretched a broad smile and said, "I don't think you'd better say that." Because she smiled, the joker thought she was enjoying it and kept it up. Things almost exploded. What he didn't know was that, like her brother George, Shirley always smiles when she's really mad—the madder she gets, the broader, grimmer and more fixed the grin gets. Her brother does the same thing when he's wrestling someone.

Shirley Temple has faced up intelligently to the pretty intricate problem of being a world legend, dream princess, and busy star while also being the wife, sweetheart, helpmate and companion of a novice actor. She knows her prime job is being Mrs. Agar and Linda Susan's mom. She keeps herself sympathetic to Jack's tastes and pleasures, keys in with his dreams and desires. He's a golf enthusiast, and although Shirley's taken lessons, she just can't make it around even nine holes in much less than a hundred. But she keeps trying and encourages Jack to spend his off studio hours on the links, because she knows he's the nervous type who has to have plenty of exercise to work off steam. They often putt out a game of peewee golf together on a miniature course on Pico Boulevard. (On a recent holiday to Ojai, Shirley came in third in a putting contest. "Three contestants," she explains.)

Her return to make *Mr. Belvedere* on the Fox lot was a big event in Shirley Temple's life. She'd refused to go back before, even for lunch, because she thought

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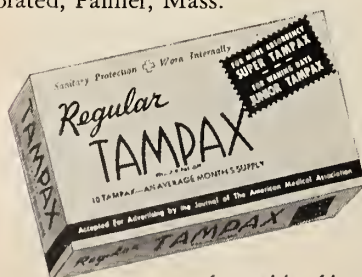


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it would make her sad to be no longer a part of the studio in which she spent so much of her girlhood. She still thinks it's the most beautiful lot in Hollywood, still goes in by the old "Kentucky" gate on Santa Monica Boulevard, as she used to, although it's a longer way for her. Her first trip in, she marvelled that the hill which had seemed like a mountain grade to her as a kid, now is only a mild slope. "I'd have made a picture at Fox for nothing," Shirley says, "just to bring back those memories."

First day on the lot she asked to be left alone, and wandered in a memory mist to all the familiar corners—her old bungalow, now transformed into a dental office ("That just kills me!" wails Shirley); the school where she learned her readin' and writin'; the little park where Ching, her Peke, used to romp. She popped unannounced into the offices of her former producers, directors and song writers still around Zanuckland—in to Sam Engel's (he wrote *Stowaway*), in to Mack Gordon's (he wrote so many of her hit ditties in the old days). Mack trotted out his piano and they sang "Good Ship Lollipop" and such Temple hits together—and wound up all dewey-eyed and drippy.

But Shirley Temple isn't looking back-

ward at this point, even if her sentimental heart tugs her that way, to the golden years when she was Crown Princess of all Hollywood and the wonder girl of the wide world. Instead of sighing for past glories, she's planning new ones as she turns 21 on this very big birthday.

She's sizing herself up, professionally as well as personally, and making plans for the new screen career that faces her—a career which, she's resolved, will match the old one in achievement and success. She thinks comedy is her best bet and perhaps, later on, some gay song-and-dance parts. She's dying to do *Coquette*, which brought Mary Pickford, another ex-Hollywood child star, grown-up greatness and the 1929 Academy Oscar. Shirley has five scripts she's looking over carefully right now—all stories she uncovered herself. One in particular, she's simply crazy to make. She won't tell what it is—yet—but, "when I get it all settled I'm going to take it over to the studio," she says, "and they'd just better let me do it, too!"

When Shirley Temple makes a statement like that today, she eyes the baby Oscar she won back in 1935 with a determined gleam.

"I'm after it's daddy now," she says.

THE END

THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 57)

spectacular. Like the time in New Haven, when he came right to the theater from the airport. He took a bouquet of roses from a bewildered usher and carried them down the aisle himself, hiding his face in the foliage. Approaching in a stealthy stoop so I wouldn't recognize that 6-foot-5 frame of his, he came right up on the stage and suddenly peered from behind the flowers. I was scared into a weak shriek. All I managed to say to the startled audience was a foolish, "This is my husband!"

I used to boast that Ben and I had never had a quarrel. But people would look at me in such frank disbelief that I stopped mentioning this phenomenon. Here and now, however, I stubbornly repeat: We never have.

For one thing, Ben just won't fight. Not that he's namby-pamby, but his gentle understanding or his ever-ready sense of humor always finds a better solution.

Our story is an old familiar one to many happily married couples. From that first meeting, no one else seemed to matter. Ben was in service and I didn't see him often. But I lived for the times when I did. Then he was discharged—and the very next day we were married.

For a honeymoon, there was a wonderful week in Mexico. . . . We have a special hold on the spell of our honeymoon. We've built a tiny hacienda on our favorite hilltop in Acapulco, overlooking the breathtaking beauty of the bay. Whenever we can, we go back for occasional memory-stirring weekends. . . .

Being in love on a Mexican hilltop would be a breeze for anyone. Being in love every day on a down-to-earth homemaking basis is the real test. In Hollywood, home for us is a small house on the Santa Monica palisades, high above the ocean—a small house, but with a big heart, for we've put a great deal of sentiment into its planning and fixing. We were our own decorators. I made the curtains, Ben did much of the carpentry. He even helped build our tiny swimming pool.

Ben thinks I'm a good cook, and I like to cook. So I get dinner every night that we're home, and this is the nicest part of

our day. It's fun to have him hanging around the stove, tasting and joking and reviewing current doings. We always have a dozen projects under way, ranging from painting the bathroom to going into the construction business, as we did recently in partnership with my brother, David. Besides having his radio assignments, Ben is my business manager, so of course there are always a million topics of conversation. After dinner in the dinette, we drink our coffee in the soft glow of the living room fire. . . .

We rarely go to big parties. Social functions for us are usually family gatherings of the Gage and Williams growing clans. Even so, feeding 20 or 30 grown-ups and youngsters in a dinette and living room is quite a trick!

Ben and I have wonderful examples of enduring love affairs in both of our families. Dad and mother have been married 44 years—and I know they've been in love every minute. Ben has the same easy-going, kindly temperament as my father. And as for me—well, Mother always insists that when the Lord decided to send the Williams their fifth child, Esther, He must have said to Himself, "This one's just for laughs." I do think I can say I've always been blessed with a sense of humor.

Now that we expect our first baby in August, we feel that we're two of the luckiest people in the world. We're certainly the happiest, and we expect to keep on being so for as long as we live. Whatever the years bring, we'll always be rich in companionship and love. . . . And who can ask for more?

THE END

The screen story of Esther Williams' latest movie, *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, is a bright feature in the April issue of Screen Stories — another fine Dell magazine.

I DON'T BLAME RITA

(Continued from page 69)

I have not interfered with my daughter's life or given her advice since she signed her first studio contract and changed her name from Margarita Cansino to Rita Hayworth. She was barely 18 then. Before that I cared for her, raised her, taught her all I knew, guided and groomed her for a career. I gave her her first dancing lesson at four. At 16 she was my professional partner. I helped arrange her first screen part, coached and advised her. But when I realized she was grown up and ready to lead her own life, I left that life to her—professional and private. I know she is capable of living it wisely and worthily. I have never worried a minute about her.

I do not know Prince Aly Khan. I know only what everyone knows—that he is a wealthy, distinguished man who is in love with my daughter and wants to marry her. I am proud of that—but I would be just as proud and just as pleased if it were anyone else worthy of her.

What happens to Rita does not affect my life, because I am happily absorbed in what I am doing—teaching Spanish dancing, which is my family tradition, to the American people. As long as I can, I will. So whatever fortune comes Rita's way has nothing to do with me—or with her family, her uncles, aunts, brothers, cousins.

But I know I speak for all the Cansinos when I say whoever wins Rita's heart wins ours, too. She has our blessing.

There are some who are writing and saying unkind things about Rita, her fiancé and their engagement. I think that is narrow-minded and un-American. But I shrug. In America we are free. Isn't Rita free to fall in love with whom she likes, marry whom she loves? She is an American, too.

rita's heritage . . .

And in her veins, also runs the blood of Spain. On her mother's side, Rita's ancestry is Irish-English, but on mine it's all pure Spanish. The Cansinos are from Seville, where I was born, and the people there are a gay, carefree folk who love just being alive. There in the south of Spain, the people are inclined to think with their hearts instead of their heads. And Seville is the city in Spain which breeds artists of all sorts—dancers, toreadors, opera singers. It is Spain's town of talent, emotion and joy of living—and all of that is Rita's heritage.

We Spaniards are inclined to let life flow through us instead of fighting its current. We do not try to run another's life in affairs of the heart, such as love and marriage, which we deeply respect.

Whenever any member of my family—and that goes for Rita too—has fallen in love with someone, our hearts are gay and we ask only,

"Do you love him?"

"Yes."

"Ah—that is good. That is as it should be." And though perhaps we don't say it, what we believe thoroughly is, "That is your fortune—and your affair."

Rita's life has led her to a Mohammedan prince of India, and Rita is a grown woman. She is past 30 and she has been married twice before. She is no silly girl. She has been a celebrity and a screen star for over a dozen years. That, of course, is why there is so much fuss being made over what is her own private affair. But that is the penalty of fame. Rita knows that. I don't say she likes it,

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but what people say over the radio and print in the newspapers is not going to change her mind for a minute.

She knows what she is doing. Her real nature is quiet, plain, and unaffected. She would do nothing that is wrong—that I also know.

The prince she loves, I understand, may someday be the spiritual leader of twelve million people. He is the son of one of the world's wealthiest men and he is of royal blood. But I know Rita loves him for himself, because that is Rita's way. She is not bedazzled by glamor, wealth, or position. After all, she has had a good helping of those herself. I am proud that she is true to herself and to what her heart tells her. And I'm proud she has the courage to live her life to the full and wherever it leads her. She would not be a Cansino if she did not.

farewell party . . .

Her grandfather—my father, Antonio—was 84 when he decided to revisit his native Seville not long ago. "But, Padre," we protested, "should you make this trip alone, at your age?" He gave us a scornful glance and soon we were seeing him off at the airport. He would have flown the Atlantic, too, as he'd planned, only the officials found out his age and stopped him. He can still dance a *jota* as sprightly as any Cansino can. Rita gave him a wonderful farewell party at her house for all our family, the day the old man left. And recently she brought her fiancé, Prince Aly, down to Seville, and Rita and her grandfather danced the *sevillanas* together like a couple of youngsters. That's the kind of mettle and vitality Rita Hayworth has in her veins. I have never been afraid for her.

In this Hollywood world, people concern themselves with so many things that are the stars' personal affairs—not theirs. With the matter of religion, for instance. Prince Aly is a Mohammedan by faith. Rita was raised a Catholic. I do not expect her to become a disciple of Mohammed, although her future husband, if and when she marries him, is said to be a direct descendant of Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. But, one's religion is, again, one's own private concern.

Rita has been thundered at for her spotlighted romance with Prince Aly. But it is not her wish that it be spotlighted; neither she nor the prince has made a dramatic show nor sought publicity. It is their burden that they are both famous people whose every move is news. And another thing: all over America—and everywhere else, too—men and women fall in love who are not legally divorced, as the Prince finds himself. But he has lived apart from his wife for three years and his divorce has long been in the process of being arranged. Since when is true love a crime? Nor does the fact that Rita took my granddaughter, Rebecca, to Europe with her, seem odd or unnatural to me. On the contrary.

When Rita told me she was taking Rebecca back with her, I said, "Good!" I knew that she would be a long time abroad, that she had plans to marry. Rita is a good mother and devoted to her baby, and to me it is a wholesome sign that she wants her daughter with her to share her new life.

Rita has also been censured for leaving Hollywood when her studio wanted her to begin a picture. To my mind, no picture is worth pitting against love and happiness. As for her right to a long holiday—Rita has been working hard ever since she was 10 years old, off and on.

I know how very hard she worked before her first European vacation, because I'd

been working with her in *The Loves of Carmen*. I'm inclined to agree with Orson Welles, her ex-husband, whom I still like and with whom I am still friendly, that having worked steadily and hard for as long as Rita has, she deserves some fun.

But I know there is a question here—a question all of the millions who love to see Rita Hayworth on the screen would like to have answered:

If and when Rita becomes an Indian princess, does that mean her career is ended—that she will never make another picture?

I don't know the definite answer to that. But I can guess—and my guess is: No.

Entertaining is in Rita's blood, and with professional people like the Cansinos, it's something impossible to eradicate or forget. Recently I visited New York and saw my niece, Carmentita, dance on the stage of the Winter Garden. I danced on that same stage in 1917 and as I watched, I had to grip the arms of my seat tightly to keep from running up there and joining her. I love my work, and as long as I live—I know—I will be a dancer, wrapped up in helping other people learn grace and rhythm, the oldest art form and expression known to the human race. Acting is Rita's love, and Rita Hayworth is my daughter.

I know she will have to return to Hollywood to attend to business and legal matters some time soon, probably before Prince Aly Khan is free to make her his wife. Of course, if the marriage is arranged, that will be first in her thoughts, as it should be. Of course, she will have no time for a picture then. But later—well—none of the Cansinos yet who has had a taste of show business has ever deserted it. My belief is that Rita, too, cannot, no matter whom she marries, or how her life changes.

But whatever she does, and whatever the future holds for her, I know I shall always want Rita to live her life to the fullest, as everyone should. And I know that if she is a princess, a star, or just another Cansino dancing her way through life, I shall always be immensely proud that I am the father of Margarita.

THE END



that's hollywood!

At Le Directoire, Abe Burrows is telling audiences: "I like the *Babes In Arms* type of movie. You know, where a group of youngsters befriend an old man who owns a restaurant where they all hang out. One day the kids discover the old man is about to lose his restaurant. They try to think of ways to save him. One of them finally says: 'I have it—let's put on a show.' At that moment, who should be passing by but Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Ray Milland, Sonny Tufts, Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper and Theda Bara. The kids beg these stars to help them out and they finally agree to do it after a heart-warming appeal from one little kid whose father is president of their studio."

Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter

NO LOVE LOST

(Continued from page 61)

gossip item to two girls with whom he wasn't in love and hadn't said he was?

"Suppose that silly report *were* true," he said to the first friend who called him up. "Then I might propose to both girls and get turned down—how would *that* be? It happened to me once a long time ago, but the girl had sense enough to know neither of us meant the little stories we were telling each other. Anyhow, I haven't gone out on a limb since."

All this worried Farley for several weeks—though it needn't have, for the two girls involved told him they realized that things like this happen every day.

And so they do. When you're 24 and no less a person than Louella Parsons broadcasts to some ten million people that you are her personal choice as the discovery of the year, and then on top of that you're a bachelor—brother, look out!

This is why Farley Granger decided to jump the gun. He was going to fire a barrage of information before he could see the whites of a regiment of eager reporters' eyes. In one swoop he was going to set the public straight, via MODERN SCREEN, on "the women in his life."

Farley got off to a flying start on this laudable project by bringing up the name of a girl with whom his name has never been linked.

"I guess it's safe to talk about it now," Farley said, "because she's happily married and has a husband who's a good friend of mine—as she still is too.

constant friend . . .

"Back when I was going on 18, I had a crush on Jane Withers. She's really a wonderful girl, and we were thrown together when we worked in *North Star*. Movie business was new to me then and I had a boyish pash for Jane.

"We had a whale of a time away from the set, too. Went dancing at the Palladium to the tunes of Tommy Dorsey and the other big bands. We had so much to do, it seemed, that we never did get around to holding hands seriously—but Jane became one of my most constant friends, particularly when I went into the service."

Now, how about June Haver? Back in 1943, at the time when Farley began to graduate out of the great unknown status, columnists made note of their dating.

Farley met June while he was doing *The Purple Heart*, just before he became a Navy man, and the truth is that but for several quirks of fate he and June might have become much more important in each other's lives than they really were.

"Any single male who met June at that time and didn't go a little crazy over her had to be out of his mind. I remember that I owned a beaten-up old Willys at the time. June lived in a white Colonial house just a few blocks from 20th Century with her mother and sister. We used to spend a lot of time over there, raiding the ice box and delving into music.

"Anyway, to get back to the Willys. It worried me. June was becoming quite an important young lady and I didn't think it was quite right that she should be hauled around in a junk heap.

"One night we went to a première. I didn't have the nerve to drive up in front of the Cathay Circle theater and leave my car with an attendant, so we located a parking lot a block away. When we came out of the theater the loudspeaker system was booming away: 'Calling Mr. Zanuck's car . . . Calling Miss Crawford's

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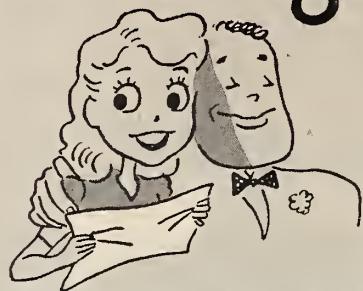
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car... Calling Mr. Power's car... Calling Mr. Powell's car.' We inched our way through the crowd to old Willy. I stepped on the starter. She shuddered—the car, not Junie—and we were off. But we were caught in the traffic that was channeled by policemen right past the front of the theater—at which point, Willy took a deep breath, coughed loudly twice and quit cold—squarely in front of all Hollywood and 5,000 movie fans!

"It was a great place to make a personal appearance. While hundreds of people yelled advice, June took the wheel. I got out behind and pushed, mortified no end, while a chant rose up: 'Calling Farley Granger's car... Calling June Haver's car.' Suddenly I realized that this was fun, and how many friends we both had. As for June, she exclaimed as Willy finally woke up and sputtered away, 'Don't ever get rid of this car. It's priceless! How else could anyone get so famous in one night?'"

What would have happened between Jane Withers and Farley, or between June Haver and Farley, had the war not interfered, is a matter of conjecture. While he was stationed in Hawaii, Farley discovered that even though Hollywood was as remote as Tibet, he knew everything that was going on—or thought he did. "I'd seen a lot of items in the papers people sent me about who went with whom and how soon they were going to get married. Then, all of a sudden, I'd get news that they'd married somebody else. It occurred to me then, that reporters aren't too inaccurate. It's just that when people in Hollywood get ready for the big step, they usually throw out a smoke screen. It must be murder to be a Hollywood reporter."

Janie gets married...

If Farley had been really serious about Janie or Junie, it would have been murder for him. One night when he'd just settled down in his bunk to sleep he was awakened by a buddy.

"Hey, Granger—you're wanted on the phone. New York calling."

"Funny fellow," Farley muttered. "Drop dead."

"I said New York is calling. Get up."

Farley staggered to the pay phone at the end of the hall. Sure enough, New York was calling, a minor miracle which could happen now that the war was falling apart.

"This is Janie," a voice said. "Farley, I've got wonderful news. I'm going to be married!"

"MARRIED?"

"Uh-huh. You know him. I'm engaged to Bill Moss. I wanted to talk to you anyway, and I didn't want you to read about it first in the papers."

"That's swell," Farley said, and meant it. "Congratulations!" He didn't see the gang of guys hanging around, soaking up his end of the conversation. When he hung up, they let him have it.

"Oh-ho," they whooped. "Great big actor loses girl friend... Gonna go to the wedding?... Here comes the bride!"

"The guys got a big kick out of it, but fortunately they didn't know who I'd been talking to. They didn't know that Jane and I were just close pals, and it made all of them who were worrying about their best girls feel better. Pretty soon, somebody got hold of a newspaper clipping predicting that June Haver, who 'had been dating Farley Granger,' was also getting married. They razzed me about that, and because I was so nonchalant about it the guys figured I was suffering, deep down inside. When I tried to tell my buddy I wasn't in love with June, he growled, 'Don't try to fool me. Why, if you aren't in love with a girl

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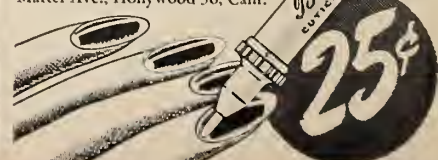
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like June Haver, you must be an idiot.”

So Farley went out to the beach and sat there, looking toward Hollywood. He figured out that maybe he'd been a little in love with Janie, and with Junie too, even if not all the way. And when you're so far away from home in a sailor suit, people you know getting married is a little sad, at that. "From then on," he remembers, "I put on a better performance for the boys."

When the war was over, the uninvolved Mr. Farley Granger became involved again. "But please," he begged, "let's not add this up to the assumption that I'm losing all my best girls, or anyway not winning them."

For instance, there's Cathy O'Donnell. She became Farley's "girl" along about 1946. The Willys had folded up and been assigned to the dump heap. Sam Goldwyn had given Farley a brand new Ford, and Farley was living, but doing no acting—at least not for the cameras.

"I've got a hobby, an ambition, a great desire," Farley explains. "That's acting, period. Mr. Goldwyn held me off the screen for a year and I did nothing but study. It was the same with Cathy O'Donnell. We met almost every day with Florence Enright, the marvelous coach who has introduced so many young people in Hollywood that she's sort of an unofficial date bureau."

"Cathy and I had one great liking in common: Work. And we were working together, for we were to be a team. We got so lost in what we were doing that we saw each other a lot outside the studio."

"We were darned close friends, though, and our mutual interests were so important that two or three times a week, if we didn't have dinner at my parents' home out in studio city, we'd throw together a dinner at her place. Wherever we were, we'd put the scene we were studying into the actual locale in which we happened to be at the time. The net result was that we'd play a scene from *His Girl Friday* in her kitchen, and maybe the next night we'd be doing it with accents in a Hungarian restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The results were fantastic."

"Then came *Your Red Wagon*, in which we worked almost two years ago. It's just now being released. This was to have been the kickoff for a big series of pictures co-starring the two of us, but circumstances worked the plot out differently. Releasing problems somewhere along the line changed all that. . . ."

Cathy's marriage hasn't at all altered

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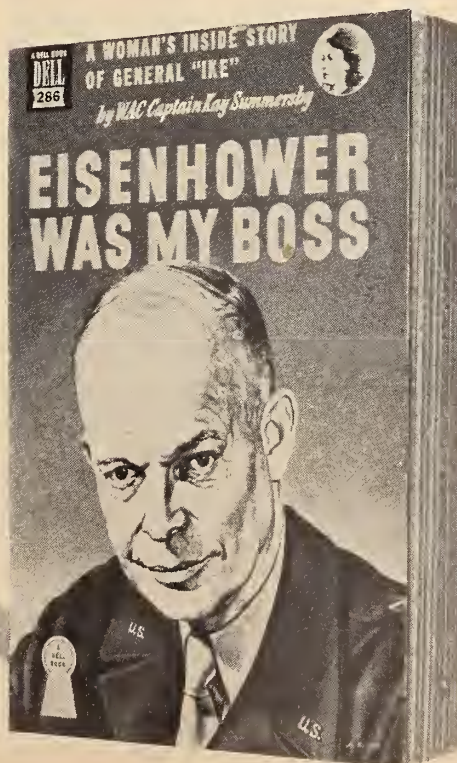
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the way Farley feels about Cathy. He never proposed to her. And she never wanted him to. They were friends, and if that friendship became a "romance" it existed only in the imagination of the press.

"Hey," wait a minute!" Farley exclaimed to me as he looked over the list that had been jotted down for the purpose of a complete report on all the Hollywood girls he's ever known. "You left out a couple. One's a beautiful girl I once saw waiting for a bus. My car had broken down and there I was. There she was, carrying a big load of bundles. When the bus came, I offered to help her. We got off at the same stop. She dropped a package and when I picked it up, she said, 'You're Farley Granger, aren't you?' I said I was. She had the most sensational brown eyes, an athletic figure and blinding smile. She said, 'I'm —,' but at that second the bus roared off. 'It's been nice seeing you,' she exclaimed before I could ask for her name. Then she wheeled off down the street. If you really want to know—if she wasn't already married, there was the one I might have asked to become Mrs. Granger. And I haven't ever set eyes on her again. . . .

"And then there's Ann Blyth. Ann and I dated for a couple of months every now and then, even got our names in the paper, although we didn't plan it. . . .

"What's next?"

dancing on air . . .

1947. The big boom year. The year a lot of things happened and a fella by the name of Granger saw quite a bit of a girl named Vera-Ellen. He met her on the Goldwyn lot. "That sort of thing," Farley admitted, "is going to go right on happening off and on, because this is the biggest small studio in town. If a fellow is crossing the lot, he's going to meet a pretty girl and they'll be introduced. If he's lucky, he'll get a date. I was lucky with Vera-Ellen. When we went out, which was only occasionally, we usually went to one of the clubs to dance. I don't have to remind anyone that Vera dances like a syncope wisp of cloud. Before long I figured that I was a pretty good dancer, and I really enjoyed it. Matter of fact, I'm a pretty poor dancer, but Vera was such a perfect partner that a man could do no wrong. We had a lot to talk about because we, too, worked with Florence Enright, coaching us for roles."

Now it was time for Farley to talk about Shelley Winters. "Well," he said, "shortly after Pat Neal left for England to work in *The Hasty Heart*, a friend and I went to Victor's restaurant for dinner. (The steaks there are wonderful, and don't cost you your next week's salary.) Everything was fine, and—as it didn't say in the story which reported that I was trying to make up my mind whether to propose to Gerry or Pat—I didn't have a problem in the world.

"So, I'm sitting at Victor's, trying to make up my mind whether it will be soup or salad. In comes a girl named Shelley Winters. If you lead a completely unimportant life, just being an actor and trying to learn your lines, things like this can happen to you. Life is like that. Anyway, my friend introduced me to Shelley and a few minutes later the friend said to me, 'Farley, my boy, I can see you are going to get lost for a while.'"

Farley did. Farley freely admits that he's been concentrating on Shelley lately.

At Christmas time he gave her an etching by John Hirsch, called *The Hecklers*. And one of those multi-colored scarves that are the fad now.

"But," Farley pointed out, "it would be nice if nobody mentioned that I gave her

the etching so she'd invite me up to see it some time. Otherwise she might be moved to strangle me with the scarf."

This Shelley is a one. She's a fine tennis player and matches are about even with Farley who's no slouch himself. Shelley has a sense of humor which doesn't require gag lines from memory. Her lift from living comes with doing the unexpected at the appropriate moment.

Farley called her up the other night for a date. Shelley talked with him for a moment, gradually growing more and more hysterical. "I can't go out with you tonight," she screamed. "I'm going out of my mind—I'm crazy—mad, absolutely insane!"

She stayed that way for days because she had to go out of her intelligence for a scene in *Take One Step*, which she is doing with Bill Powell. Farley got used to her drawing insane pictures on tablecloths and making statements that made no sense at all. Things like this happen to him, too.

Now the tempo of all this is stepping up. Shelley is immensely popular. Farley didn't get to spend Christmas Eve with her as they'd planned because she beat it off to entertain at an Army hospital. Several days later an alert columnist reported that Douglas Dick had "moved in" on Granger. Maybe he did. Perhaps, though, it was just that Farley had to work that night in *Roseanna McCoy*.

"There's a phrase I like," Farley said. "It's called 'steady duo.' But in the picture business you usually have 'dipsy duos,' and it could be that Shelley and I fall into that classification."

Could he fall in love with her? Has he fallen in love with her? Is this the real thing?

Should a reporter ask Farley Granger that question, he'd get this reply: "Could I? Have I? Is this? Well, this is a free country. I can fall in love with Shelley Winters if I want to. And she can fall in love with anyone she wants to. In a way, that's the heck of it."

See how cagey a fellow gets after awhile?

"I wish somebody would say that I don't consider myself God's gift to women," he concluded. "Gift? I'm certainly no gift. I'm in love with acting."

And Shelley Winters, maybe? Well, maybe. . . .

THE END

MODERN SCREEN

ANNUAL MOTION PICTURE AWARD



"No money, no cor—just this lousy little statue?"

CAN JUNE HAVER FIND HAPPINESS?

(Continued from page 67)

the marriage had not been a valid one.

Whether this tragic muddle, brought on by a young girl's mistake in rushing into an unhappy marriage, will ever be straightened out, is anybody's guess. The whole thing looked pretty hopeless to June the last time I talked with her. It appeared hopeless to her young man, too, for Dr. Duzik is also a Catholic. Both he and June will doubtless feel bound by the church officials' ruling.

The tragic part of the whole thing is that John and June were dating for several months before she eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Jimmy on March 26, 1947. Duzik, who is a dentist with a prosperous practice in Beverly Hills, was stunned by June's elopement. He was in love with her and thought she loved him, too.

"If I had only known what I was doing," June said to me recently. "I could have been the happiest girl in the world right now if I'd stopped to think. How blind I was! How could I ever have thought it was Jimmy I loved instead of John?"

"I guess the truth of the matter is, I didn't really appreciate what a fine man John is until I began vacationing in Wyoming. There I met his family and the honest, real people who are his friends. In that country—under that clear blue sky, with the great mountains in the distance—boys have a chance to grow into strong, good men. And that's what John did.

too young to know . . .

"Why I couldn't see this when I first met him I'll never know. But at that time I was still under the magic spell of life with a band, singing in night clubs, making one-night stands . . . the excitement never ending . . . the jive talk . . . the hep gang. It seemed to be in my blood. Today, I can see that getting to be a singer with a band was just an accident in my life. It seemed at the time to be such a great opportunity to make money and get ahead. But now I know it wasn't ever what I really wanted. Yet how can a 15-year-old kid figure out where she's going to wind up? That's how old I was when I started singing with Ted Fio Rito's band.

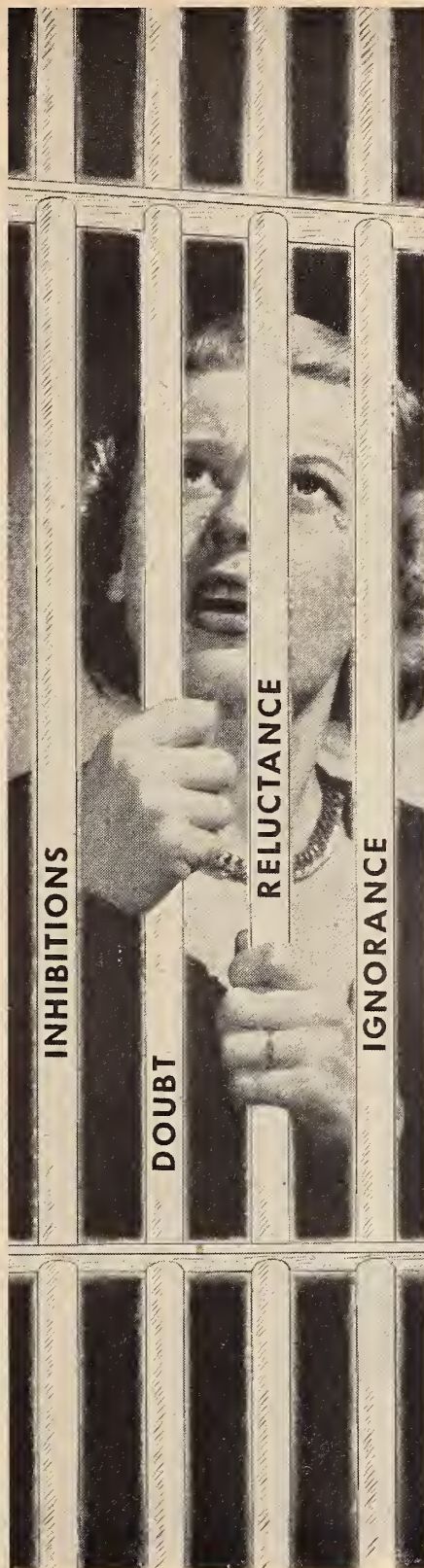
"I realize now I was always out of my element with band musicians. My association with them was a thing apart from all the family life and ideals I always had known. My mother used to tell me this—but I didn't think she knew what she was talking about. If only I'd listened to her!"

I must say that June made every effort to make a go of her marriage to the young musician. She went back to him several times, flying in the face of advice from her mother and the 20th Century-Fox officials who felt that, as Mrs. Zito, she'd never find happiness.

On one occasion that I know about, she even took a chance of completely wrecking her own career to save him from a situation which she felt would have damaged his career. When her studio bosses heard what she'd done, they had her up on the carpet to tell her what a foolish little girl she'd been.

She answered simply: "He is my husband. It was my duty to help him."

However, there came a time when she could go on no longer with Jimmy. The paths of his life led far afield from the



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ones on which her feet were firmly planted. One or the other had to change—and she felt that she would be sacrificing all her ideals if she followed his way of life. So she called it a day.

I saw June on the arm of young Dr. Duzik at the wedding reception for Diana Lynn following Diana's marriage to John Lindsay.

"Isn't Diana a lovely bride?" June remarked. I couldn't help remembering when June herself was a lovely bride, starting her wedded life with all the high hopes only young girls can have. Within three months, bitter disillusionment had dimmed her eyes.

I have known Dr. John Duzik all his life. He was born in my hometown—Rock Springs, Wyoming—where his father, Nick Duzik, operates a grocery store in connection with his cattle ranch on the Wyoming-Colorado border. John went to public school at Rock Springs and to the University of Southern California, from which he was graduated as a dental surgeon. Later he took a course at Harvard. He has always been a fine boy and has made his father very proud of him.

When it became evident that John was deeply interested in her, I wanted to tell June she should hold onto him—but of course I didn't know she was planning to elope with Jimmy until it was too late to give her any advice.

All I could do was kiss her and wish her happiness when I went to her church wedding—a ceremony held three weeks after she and Jimmy had been married by a justice of the peace in Las Vegas. But watching her and Jimmy together at their wedding reception in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, I was afraid she had made a terrible mistake. How well-founded my

fears had been was evident when I saw her a couple of months later. She had found out by then—and her bubbling, child-like gaiety had vanished.

Duzik stood patiently by while June went through the throes of making up her mind about her divorce from Jimmy. She left Jimmy and went back to him several times during the summer months—and even made a tour with him and the band in the Northwest, playing towns in Washington and Oregon. She sang with the band as she had in the old days, but found that the old lure was gone. It just wasn't her way of life at all.

Finally, just a year after she'd been married, she went to court and got her divorce, charging mental cruelty. Jimmy, she testified, would sit for hours without speaking to her. She stated that he said he hadn't loved her when they were married. She told the judge that she'd done her best to make her marriage succeed but that when she'd gone back to him after the first separation, "it became apparent to me that he did not want a reconciliation."

I hope June will find a way out of her dilemma. I hope she'll be able to marry John Duzik. She wants to have children—she told me if she isn't able to marry again, she'll adopt some.

"June is such a wonderful girl," young Duzik told me. "She is the only girl I'll ever love. We have so many things in common—and I know if we're able to marry and have the family we both want, our life will be—well, it will be Heaven."

Will they be able to have that happiness together? Will June, now still trapped by the profound and far-reaching consequences of an infatuated mistake, be freed to go to the yearning arms of the man she so deeply loves? **THE END**

I DISCOVERED SHIRLEY TEMPLE

(Continued from page 39)

be fresh and natural. Not an artificial little monster like *that*, Lew!"

"Your enthusiasm," said Lew, "is overwhelming. But since it happens that Mr. Sheehan and I think she's very, very wonderful—then it happens that this marvelous little actress goes in the picture. Suppose you just write the music and leave the casting to us."

I looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Yes, sir, boss man!" I said.

He laughed and we went out and had a drink together. I like Lew Brown.

Those, in effect—though I'll admit that maybe I haven't recalled the richly dramatic dialogue with complete accuracy—were the circumstances surrounding my introduction to a child actress named . . . well, what do you suppose? Shirley Temple? I should say not! Never mind what the name of the unfortunate tot was. She's probably somebody's mother by now.

I'd been called out to Hollywood late in 1933 after my song, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?", became a national hit. The famous songwriting team of Lew Brown, Buddy DeSylva and Ray Henderson had parted company—and Lew Brown wanted me for his collaborator. Lew was producing pictures for Fox and my first assignment was to write the score for a musical he was doing called *Stand Up and Cheer*.

The studio planned to introduce a new child star in this film. The script called for her to be presented in a dance number in which she and James Dunn would sing a song entitled "Baby, Take a Bow." As you've gathered, Lew Brown and the top executive at Fox, the late Winfield

Sheehan, had already picked out the youngster—and my reaction to her I've tenderly described above.

Well, I went ahead and wrote "Baby, Take a Bow"—I thought it a pretty nice number—but the more I thought of the terrible tot scheduled to deliver it in the film, the sadder I got. Especially after I'd heard her sing it in her brassy little voice—with Mae West leers!

One afternoon early in January, my wife and I went to the movies—to the Fox-Ritz Theater on Wilshire Boulevard. For the life of me I can't remember what the picture was—but I'll never forget what happened as we were going through the lobby on our way out.

As we trudged slowly along with the other departing customers—I suddenly stopped and put a hand on my wife's arm. A few paces ahead of us, intently examining the framed stills of coming attractions, was a tiny girl, her pretty head covered with reddish-gold ringlets. As she peered earnestly at each picture in turn, she hummed softly to herself and moved her feet in jigging little dance steps.

"Have you ever seen a cuter child?" I murmured.

"She's adorable!" my wife agreed.

We just stood there watching her. Completely un-selfconscious, happily absorbed in the fascinating black-and-white scenes on the wall, she was a completely engaging picture of childhood.

I looked about at several small groups standing in the lobby to see whom she was with, but no one seemed to be paying any attention to her.

So I went up to her. "Hello," I said.



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She straightened up, stuck out her stomach, and turned her face up to me with a smile. Now I noticed the dimples. "Hello," she said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Shirley. Shirley Temple."

"That's a nice name. . . . You seem to know how to dance, Shirley."

"Sure!" she exclaimed—and then and there went into a very skillful little clog.

"Who taught you to do that?"

"My Mommy."

"She did? And where is your mommy?"

"Over there!" And she pointed to a pleasant-looking woman talking to a couple near by. "Mommy!"

Her mother looked toward us inquiringly, excused herself to her friends, and came over.

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"It's a cinch that right this minute," says Mr. Gorney, "a dozen June Havers—and Shirley Temples—are vainly knocking on closed studio doors in Hollywood."

I introduced myself and my wife, told her I was with Fox and that we thought Shirley was a mighty cute kid. I asked Mrs. Temple about Shirley and learned that she'd had a bit in a Paramount Western, *To the Last Man*, and in several shorts of Educational's *Baby Burlesk* series.

I admitted that I hadn't seen any of those epics. Mrs. Temple smiled sadly and said that frankly, Shirley's screen appearances to date had evidently created no great impression anywhere. In fact, right now Shirley was unemployed, with nothing in sight.

"Well," I said, "how'd you like to bring Shirley to Fox for an audition?"

Mrs. Temple thought this over for about a third of a second.

"When?" she said.

"Could you make it tomorrow morning at eleven?"

"We most certainly could!" beamed Mrs. Temple.

"Cernly could!" said Shirley.

First thing next morning, I saw Lew Brown and gave him an account of Shirley.

"Lew," I said, "she'd be an absolute natural for *Stand Up and Cheer*."

Lew said, "I thought it was understood that—"

"All I'm asking," I said, "is that you have a look at this kid. Her mother's bringing her over this morning."

He lighted a fine cigar. "Okay," he said. "I'll see your genius. I guess I'm just in one of my foolish, benevolent moods today. But remember! There'll be no casting changes in *Stand Up and Cheer*—and that's final!"

I said, "Of course! You're the producer."

I accepted a fine cigar and returned to my office to wait for eleven o'clock.

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Eleven o'clock arrived—but no Temples. I heard nothing from Mrs. Temple that day—and, as I'd absent-mindedly neglected to get her address or phone number, I was unable to get in touch with her. But since she'd obviously been so happy about the whole thing, I felt certain that I'd hear from her soon.

But she failed to show up the next day, either. Or the next. Or the next. Naturally, I was beginning to get a little peeved. I tried in vain to locate her through the telephone company, through Paramount and Educational.

Three weeks went by. And then, one morning, the phone in my office rang—and Mrs. Temple was on the line. It developed that she'd been bringing Shirley to the studio every day since the date of the original appointment—only to be turned away by the guard at the gate! The guard had insisted that there was no Jay Gorney at the studio—as had the telephone operators.

What had happened was typical of the chaotic conditions at Fox at the time. It had taken over three weeks for the office management to get my name on the list of personnel! So if it hadn't been for Mrs. Temple's persistence, Shirley Temple's career may well have died aborning.

baby takes a bow . . .

As it was, Heaven be praised, the Temples came right up to my office that morning. I spent the rest of the day teaching Shirley "Baby, Take a Bow"—and then arranged for Lew Brown to hear her the next morning.

At the scheduled time, in Lew's office, I hoisted Shirley to the top of the battle-scarred grand piano, sat down on the stool, struck a chord—and we were off on "Baby, Take a Bow."

Shirley was perfect—joyous, relaxed, innocent, inventive, lifting that little song into something twinkling and warm and beautiful. Halfway through the first chorus, I glanced at Lew sitting there beside the tense Mrs. Temple. His poker face seemed a bit strained. At the end of the chorus, Shirley went into a dance. She was like a small inspired sunray, bouncing and tapping around that piano top. Then she finished the song, gave an earnest bow, sat down, and, all panties and smiles, slid off to the floor.

The Temples left the room.

"Well?" I said.

Lew looked like a man dreaming. "She's—she's—well, she's something special, all right."

"But naturally," I said, "it's too late to think of putting her in the picture, now."

Lew frowned. "I'm afraid there's not a chance. You know how high Sheehan is on the kid we've already lined up."

"May I suggest," I said, "that we at least take Shirley in to see Sheehan?"

"I don't think we'd get anywhere doing that," said Lew. "And yet . . ."

"Tell you what, Lew," I said. "Suppose I just take her into Sheehan."

Lew looked out the window. "Okay," he said. "You win. We'll take her in together!"

So into Sheehan's office we all trooped.

And when, an hour or so later, we all trooped out again, Shirley Temple, who'd won over Winfield Sheehan in about two minutes flat, had been signed to a \$150-a-week Fox contract and had been given her first assignment—in *Stand Up and Cheer*.

Well, Shirley started work—and everybody on the set fell in love with her immediately. Everything connected with making pictures thrilled her—and she took the work with great seriousness. One day soon after shooting started, Jimmy Dunn muffed a line. In tones of high indignation, Shirley corrected him. The cameras

had kept on rolling while she was setting him right. When this was viewed with the day's rushes, it was decided to leave it in the film just as it had occurred, and the scene was rewritten around it.

Thereafter, Shirley's delightful corrections when other players missed lines became a running gag on the set. They'd deliberately make fluffs to see if Shirley would catch them. She would—every time.

Shirley was really a present from Heaven for Fox. I've mentioned the chaotic conditions at the Fox studios in those days. The company was said to be deeply in the red. Twentieth Century was interested in buying Fox, and Sheehan was under terrific pressure from the stockholders and the board of directors to improve the situation so that the company would be a more valuable property to sell. *Stand Up and Cheer*, into which a million dollars—a big amount then—was poured, was a desperate effort to recoup.

Stand Up and Cheer was finished and released—and even the raves that Shirley evoked didn't save it from being less than a box-office smash. Winfield Sheehan was called to New York to have coals of fire heaped on him by the board of directors. He walked into the meeting, opened his briefcase, and took out some papers. "Here, gentlemen," he said, "is ten million dollars."

And he showed them all the fabulous offers from other studios for Shirley Temple's services that her personal triumph in *Stand Up and Cheer* had already brought. (One was from Paramount—they wanted her for something called *Little Miss Marker*.) So instead of being fired, Sheehan was given a brand new one-year contract—at a salary reported to be \$365,000! And soon thereafter, 20th Century was glad to pay millions to buy Fox—just to get Shirley!

I've been asked many times why I didn't sign Shirley Temple to a contract. Well, I was no agent—I was simply a writer and composer and my only interest in Shirley was in seeing an enormously talented and attractive kid get the break she deserved.

And I certainly don't claim any great credit for discovering Shirley. I do think that maybe I have a certain "intuition" about talent—but my running into Shirley in that theater lobby was nothing but blind luck—just a happy accident.

But I'd like to wind this up with a little request to Mrs. Agar: Shirley—may I make a date right now to meet Linda Susan in the lobby of the Fox-Ritz theater in about four years?

THE END



This early photo of Shirley was outographed for Jay Gorney, who discovered Shirley in 1934, by Mrs. Temple: "Grotefully . . . for Shirley."

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WHAT PRICE GLORY?

(Continued from page 58)

that marriage to novelist Marcus Goodrich had brought her.

What does being First Lady of Hollywood entail? It entails, in effect, the assumption of a position comparable to that of a member of a royal family. The occupant is no longer just a star—she's a personage, treated with a respect amounting almost to awe. Critics of both her professional and private lives handle her with velvet gloves. She's no longer fair game for any sort of public gossip or irreverent speculation. Her presence is demanded at official occasions, no social function is really top-drawer without her celebrated name on the guest list. She is, in a vastly wider sense than are other major Hollywood figures, public property.

The mantle of First Lady has been worn easily by the last two to bear the resplendent title—Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. They served superbly, reveling in the role. They have had no successor. Ingrid Bergman has had the honor for the taking, but the diffident Swede has preferred to stay aloof from the glittering hullabaloo.

Will Olivia de Havilland, aware of the personal concessions that her acceptance would force her to make, ascend the throne?

Well, let's take a look at that quiet private life she's been enjoying with Marcus Goodrich. . . .

I didn't like Marcus Goodrich before I met him. His biography indicated that he had an excellent record as a sea captain, had been skipper of his own ship in two wars, and had written one highly successful novel about a destroyer, “Delilah.” But I, like almost every other male Hollywood correspondent, had nursed a secret crush on Olivia for a long time, and in my opinion there wasn't a man alive good enough for her.

Well, when I actually *did* meet the fellow—just a short while after they'd been married—I was astonished to find I liked him immediately. Perhaps this was mainly because Olivia was completely happy. Not the way any movie star seems happy right after the marriage, with all the practiced reactions for the benefit of the press. Olivia just was, that's all.

Months later, when I saw Marc and Olivia again, there was no change. They were still completely devoted to each other.

There were, naturally, certain adjustments that had been made in their lives. “Marc is a cold-blooded tyrant,” Olivia

I SAW IT HAPPEN



be seen talking to me, Miss, you'll be ruined socially.” Everyone in the elevator burst out laughing. The man was Fred Allen—my favorite comedian.

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told me with a smile. "He goes to work at 8:30 in the morning and stays in his study until three in the afternoon. If I so much as put my head in the door, he snaps like an enraged bulldog."

This rugged, cold-hearted author, who can so bluntly eject the charming delicacy of a wife like Olivia from his thoughts and presence, entered at this point. He said, "I am the worst, most domineering extrovert in the whole world." Both Olivia and I knew by this statement that at certain moments he also is an accomplished liar—for beneath this blustering tweed-coat exterior there exists an extremely sentimental and sensitive individual.

At this point it would be nice to say, "He can go away now and we'll take up the personal life of Olivia de Havilland." That's impossible. The two can't be separated. And that's certainly one reason why Olivia would be uncomfortable in the role of First Lady of Hollywood. Marc is a guy who would never be happy in a life weighed down by social impediment. He wants, within sensible limits, to be able to plan and move about as he sees fit.

high on a hill . . .

When Olivia finished *The Snake Pit*, the setting of her private life was moved to a new locale. The people from whom Marc and Olivia had rented their hilltop house in the Santa Monica mountains came back from the East—and this meant the Goodriches had to look for another home. After weeks of search, they found it—this time just beyond Brentwood, again on a hill and with the happy asset that from Marc's study, by a slight craning of the neck, he could see the ocean they both love.

Olivia had completely knocked herself out with *The Snake Pit* and *The Heiress*, the picture that followed. Marc insisted that she was not so much as to make one move toward buying new draperies or organizing the house. They were, he announced, going on an automobile trip.

"Wonderful," said Olivia. "Where are we going?"

"To nowhere," Marc retorted. "We're going to be free-wheeling, free souls."

"Can we take Catherine?"

"We must take Catherine, dearest. She'd die if we didn't."

Catherine is the Siamese cat. For the benefit of non-cat-lovers, let it be explained that Catherine, like all Siamese, is less like a cat than a human being. In fact, she can carry on a conversation—even though it's understood only by her masters. She is beloved equally with their airdate, Shadrac.

Shadrac, who is proud of his calloused soul and didn't mind the arrangement, was banished to a dog boarding house, and Olivia, Marc and Catherine took off in Olivia's Buick—which, as contrasted to Marc's Lincoln Continental is not the type of car that says on a cross-country trip, "Look at me, I'm carrying a movie star around!" (A First Lady, it goes without saying, would have travelled in the Lincoln.)

They drove north, through the California redwood forests, to the Rogue River country. They stayed in motels where cats are welcome. In only one place were they immediately recognized. They'd found a delightful little restaurant off the beaten path. As they dined, the chef, who assisted with the serving, appeared at the kitchen opening to hand the entree to the waitress. He nonchalantly began to hum "To Each His Own."

Olivia, who enjoys the honest interest of movie fans but hates the intrusion of gawkers, was highly pleased with this oblique demonstration. She went into the kitchen and, simply and friendly—and definitely

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Set #O contains photos of these Movie Pin-Ups: Ava Gardner, Marie McDonald, Ann Sheridan, Jane Russell, Cyd Charisse, Lana Turner, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Miller, Joan Leslie, Barbara Hale, Alexis Smith, Jean Peters, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers, Beverly Tyler, Arlene Dahl.

Set #R contains 16 different poses of Roy Rogers.

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without any First Lady-like condescension—thanked the man for the divine dinner.

In San Francisco, at the St. Francis Hotel, Catherine became a problem. Olivia, wearing a beaver coat, smuggled her in while Marc registered. Catherine, her feelings hurt, struggled like crazy all the way up on the elevator, and the bellhop eyed Olivia de Havilland, the potential First Lady of Hollywood, as though she were a girl suffering from very active jitters.

During the two-day stay, the Goodriches kept rushing back to the hotel between sightseeing trips to see that Catherine had room service. (Those who have beloved pets can easily understand how human beings can thus dislocate their lives for a dog or a cat.)

In Olivia's pre-marital days, she'd been so busy pursuing her career that she'd never learned much about domesticity. But after her marriage, she systematically read books on household management and continually surprised her gruff spouse with new-found efficiency in things domestic. Came the day that their servants left. An Oriental couple, they had been in the restaurant business before the war. Their equipment had been stored with a friend who could no longer keep it, so they reluctantly concluded that they must go back into business. Reluctant is the word, for the Goodriches insist on the most excellent of help and pay them accordingly.

"I don't want another couple for a while," Olivia told Marc. "I want the fun of organizing my own house. And I want to do some cooking. . . ."

"Cooking?" said Marc. "You mean . . . ah . . . cooking?"

"I do! You'll see!" said Olivia. "I'm a wonderful cook—I bet."

"Well," said Marc, "I have dined with the savage pygmies of Inner Australia, suppered with the head-hunters of dark-

est Gombolia, eaten mysterious delicacies in Tibetan lamasaries where no white man had ever dared set foot. And so, my dear, even if it kills me—and I have no doubt it will—I shall sample whatever curious repasts you may place before me."

"O.K., Major Hoople," said Olivia, and tackled the Thanksgiving turkey.

"A magnificent job of embalming," Marc declared.

Olivia graduated to the Christmas goose. Marc indicated his approval by stowing the leftovers not in the disposal unit, but in the deep freeze.

chaos in the kitchen . . .

He said nothing about the height to which dishes eventually were stacked in the kitchen. Now, the average woman hates to do dishes. Olivia absolutely detests it. In fact, when she served tea one afternoon and failed to bring a cup for herself as Marc and a friend sipped theirs, she frankly explained that there wasn't another clean cup in the house.

The friend offered to go wash one. "Over my dead body!" Olivia said. "I will not let you see that horrible kitchen."

Eventually, such devastation must be faced. Marc and Olivia cleaned up that night—and agreed that since they were busy professional people who worked at home, they needed help after all. . . .

Olivia and Marc have their studies in the same wing of the house, but they visit each other during working hours only on formal emergencies. In Olivia's study is a carefully kept catalogue of the more than a hundred scripts that have been submitted to her in the past year. In her own precise longhand, she makes marginal notes about the possibilities of each role. A story rejected today may come to life six months hence as a result of her intelligent consideration of its qualities—a fact which has earned her the gratitude of more than one writer and producer.

In the midst of all this preoccupation, Olivia is likely to emerge of an afternoon to face an irate husband who bellows, "Olivia, you didn't eat your lunch!" Such reprimands she takes with humility.

Nevertheless, in some argument about world affairs, she'll marshal her rebuttal and fly verbally at her husband in a manner to shock anyone not conversant with the understanding manner in which they have adjusted their temperaments.

There's one matter concerning them on which there's no argument whatsoever—the matter of Olivia's ex-beaus. Marc frankly stated when he married Olivia that he wanted her to drop all contact with her ex-beaus. This may have been because Marc has lived a good deal in Mexico—on which country he's an admiring authority. In Mexico, marriage automatically ends a girl's friendship with other men. Anyhow, Olivia has dropped all her ex-beaus.

The Goodriches make no claim, even to themselves, of a perfect marriage. They do, however, take the responsibilities of their vows with refreshing seriousness.

Olivia and Marc have no desire to be on the "best guest list"—as they inevitably would were Olivia to become First Lady. Their circle of friends is small—but permanent. They're both staunchly determined to live their life together as they see fit—and they see fit to cherish their sensible freedom of choice.

And so, though the pressure may be strong on Olivia to tackle the role of First Lady of Hollywood, I believe that Olivia and her Marc are even stronger—and that this will prove to be one more battle in which Olivia the Magnificent, now aided and abetted by an adoring and understanding husband, will emerge the victor.

THE END

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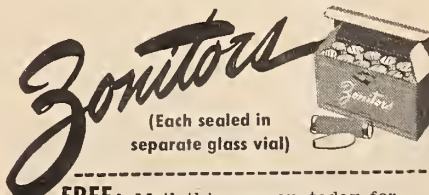
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* * *

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THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HEART

(Continued from page 63)

to ask who gave it to her. I forgot my manners but not my mission and gaped.

"Well, show me, show me, show me—come on," I urged. "The ring."

"Ring?" Greer blinked her eyes beautifully. "There isn't any ring. We're not engaged."

"You mean you've accepted a maharajah's present like that and you're not engaged?"

Greer shook her head.

"Then," I said, "let's put it plainly—when are you going to marry Buddy?"

"Why, Hedda," protested Greer, wide-eyed and innocent, "we have no plans."

"No plans," echoed Buddy Fogelson. But he was smiling—and Greer, she was already giggling and blushing away like a bride.

Greer's had men in her life before—but never as grand a guy as Buddy Fogelson. Buddy's no Adonis. He's not even handsome, if you're looking for Barrymore profiles, Bob Taylor widow's peaks or Guy Madison curls. But Buddy's got character, manliness, gentleness and kindness written in every one of the many lines of his strong, rugged face. One glance, and you know you're seeing a man.

bud conquers all . . .

Bud Fogelson's a Texas millionaire—and a self-made one, for he never inherited a nickel. He hails from Dallas, where everyone who knows him and has watched him make his fortune in oil respects and loves him. That irresistible appeal clicks wherever he goes—even in Hollywood, where in the fairly short time he's been around I've yet to find one person—male or female—who doesn't fall completely for his quiet charm. I've yet to hear one snide remark shot his way, one word against him.

Even Richard Ney, Greer's divorced husband, thinks Buddy's swell. Peter Lawford, much younger than Buddy, is now a great pal of his. Pete was out shooting skeet one day with Ned McLean of Washington, D. C. (Evalyn Walsh McLean's son) and Ned had Buddy in tow. All Pete knew was that his name was Buddy and that he didn't have his car with him, so he offered to drive the nice guy home. Buddy countered with an invitation to dinner and they've been great friends ever since. Since then he's visited Buddy in Dallas and had himself a time in that smart and breezy Texas town.

During World War II, Buddy served on the staff of General Eisenhower as a colonel—and he made a fine record. When he came back he rolled up his sleeves and set to work again. He's the prototype of the successful American business man—a guy who's collected his stake with boldness and hard work, with brains to see opportunity and the guts to gamble for it.

Every time I've talked to Buddy he's protested, "I'm not news, Hedda, I'm not even interesting," and I've come right back, "You are to me." But he still won't say a thing about himself. He couldn't. Buddy isn't the type. He hasn't used words to build his life, but actions—and you can read those in the lines of his sun-tanned face, the blue Texas eyes that are gentle, but at the same time tough.

Buddy has an artistic side to him that you'd never suspect unless you knew him well. Walter Pidgeon, one of his best friends, who's visited Buddy in Dallas and has known him over a long span of years,

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is my authority that there are few finer tenor voices around than Buddy's. When he was a kid, Buddy went to New York and by accident met the greatest tenor of them all, Enrico Caruso. He sang for him and Caruso begged him, "Let nothing stop you from developing your voice. It's one of the finest I've ever listened to."

It still is, according to Pidge (who can warble a note or two himself). Those two get together beside a piano, when nobody's around, and there isn't an operatic tenor aria that Buddy can't sing beautifully. But music, the way things turned out, was never to be his profession. He couldn't follow Caruso's advice because there was his way in the world to make, from young manhood on, and he made it, very well indeed. Yet Buddy never lost his voice—or his love of music and the arts. Last time Dorothy Kirsten, the Metropolitan Opera star, was out in Hollywood he sang duets with her—privately, of course, and only safely within the circle of his friends. Because Buddy could never be a show-off.

pleasant atmosphere...

Buddy Fogelson is 44. He's on the short side in build, stocky-ish, and, as I've said, nobody would ever swoon at first glance. He's been married, and divorced, but—to show the sensible, good-natured person he is—his ex-wife and the man she later married are among his best friends in Dallas and he sees them often. He keeps two apartments in his home city, one at the Dallas Athletic Club, and another at the fashionable Maple Terrace. He has another, since Hollywood and Greer Garson came into his life, at the Shoreham in Beverly Hills. Before he moved into that he lived at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and you can't find a bellboy or a waiter there who doesn't sing his praises. When Buddy lived there he warmed up the place with his hospitality, friendliness and the family atmosphere he loves to surround himself with.

Buddy has no children of his own. But his sister has some charming children, and five or six years ago Buddy adopted one nephew, Gale, and has been a real father to him, not merely a doting uncle. And he's been that to the rest of his nieces and nephews, too. He's not only paid the expenses of their education but has personally supervised it—he's a working dad by proxy who basks in their fun and affections.

In fact, it was to look after his foster brood that Buddy first started coming out to California. The kids were in school here and he just had to see how they were doing. Last summer there was hardly a lunch or dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel when 10 or 12 of Gale's college side-kicks weren't around swimming in the pool, slamming tennis balls across the courts and being entertained royally by Uncle Buddy, who's never happier than when he can make kids have a good time. It was through his love of his "family" that he walked onto a movie set for the first time in his life—and met his fate in Greer.

Elizabeth Taylor was the unconscious Cupid in the case. Like this:

Elizabeth's dad, Francis Taylor, runs an art gallery in Beverly Hills where he sells paintings and Liz is around there a lot. Pretty girls and attractive young men of the same age find a way of getting together. It wasn't long before Elizabeth was a member in good standing of the Fogelson young set and Buddy and her dad, Francis, were pals too. About then Elizabeth asked Buddy and Gale if they wouldn't like to see what every visitor to Hollywood wants to see sometime—a movie being made. She was making *Julia Misbehaves* at MGM.

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"Sure," he grinned gallantly, "I want to see my favorite star, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, in action."

"Oh, I'm not the star," Liz told him. "Greer Garson is. You know her, of course."

"No," said Buddy. "But you've seen her—on the screen I mean."

Buddy shook his head. "Afraid not," he admitted. "I don't see many pictures." Truth is, Buddy Fogelson has been far too busy for much movie-going. (To date, he tells me, he's seen Greer in only one picture, *Julia Misbehaves*.)

Well, he knew who Greer Garson was, of course, but that's about all. He wasn't interested in the glamor part of Hollywood. So when he stepped onto the set of *Julia Misbehaves* with Elizabeth Taylor, he wasn't smitten by the Great Garson's glamor. On the contrary.

It's kind of a romantic story, how Greer caught Buddy's eye—and his heart—at the same time that day. If a clever script writer were dreaming up a way to make boy and girl "meet cute," as they say in scenario circles, he could do worse than snitch it.

not too impressed . . .

It so happened, you see, that when Mr. Fogelson looked out on the stage he saw, centered among a swarm of hovering movie-makers, a very Hollywood-looking lady, obviously the star. People were fluttering around focusing cameras carefully her way, beaming spotlights, giving reverent pats to her coiffure, artistically draping her dress and going through all the whoop-de-do that an out-country boy like Buddy supposed was what happened to a movie star in action. "So that's Greer Garson," he thought. "Hmmm." He wasn't too impressed with what he saw.

But out of the side of his appraising Texas eyes Buddy saw something seated in a corner that did make him perk up and take notice and hum a "Hmmm" in a different tone. It was an attractive redhead that piqued his interest. This carrot-top was obviously nobody much—maybe a script girl or a steno. She was surrounded by grips and electricians joking and cutting up. And try as he might, Buddy couldn't keep his attention on the star in the spotlight. Whenever he looked that way, he found his eyes bouncing back to the redhead who was so easy on his blue eyes.

When Elizabeth Taylor snapped him out of his reverie by asking, "Don't you want to meet Greer Garson?" he rallied like a true gentleman. "Well, maybe I'd better." But inside, Buddy was telling himself, "I'd a darn sight rather meet that cute redhead."

Which is exactly what happened, because that's right where Elizabeth led him. You've already guessed it, of course—the glamor gal in the spotlight was Greer's stand-in, and the redhead cutting up with the crew was Greer herself!

Elizabeth explained the mistake and Greer threw back her head and laughed and her very merry and warm personality was just what Buddy Fogelson admired. Greer happened to be footloose and fancy free—if not yet legally free, as she is now—and in no time *Julia Misbehaves* was completed and she could turn her mind to more tender things than mud puddles and acrobats.

All in all, the soil was ripe for romance. And that's what blossomed, dearies, although nobody's done much confessing about when it turns into an orange blossom, least of all Greer Garson or Buddy Fogelson. I like to tease them both about the marathon courtship they're waging, and it's fun to blame, in turn, faint heart and fair lady. I'm not too

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frivolous, either, when Isay I think a guy like Buddy deserves better treatment than the dingle-dangle Greer's giving him. In fact, I said as much to Buddy the evening I saw them at that cocktail party—and he said, pretty straight, too, "Tell that to Greer, won't you?"

"Tell her?" I came back. "I've been yelling it at the girl!"

But I must admit their "friendship" (as the studio puts it) has encountered a slightly on-again-off-again schedule which is a handicap to any passion with serious intent. Since Buddy's big oil interests are in Texas, he's been in Hollywood mostly only for two- or three-week stays, flying to and fro in his private plane, making dates with Greer by long distance—and sometimes having to break them when a business deal comes up. But still, there's been plenty of time and opportunity to dine and dance, to take in parties in the set they both travel in—at Louis B. Mayer's and Sir Charles Mendl's, at Pidges, and Hernando Courtwright's (who owns the Beverly Hills Hotel) and at Greer's house. And they've managed to be together quietly up at Greer's Carmel hideaway cottage, too—with Mama along to chaperone.

Greer keeps saying, "We're not engaged"—and Buddy backs her up. But to me, both of them look like cats who've just gulped down a couple of canaries.

Greer's wearing a tiny, square-cut diamond on her third finger left hand and she says, "Oh, that's just an old ring I've had." How old? It could be a perfect cover-up to wear a tiny chip like that when everyone would expect Buddy Fogelson to come through with a bunch of karats. And yet, as I told them that night when I saw those jewels circling Greer's wrist—"in all my long and varied experience I've yet to see a man hand a woman such an architectural structure in diamonds as that bracelet—unless he had very, very serious intentions." I drew only smug smiles from the lovebirds.

And Buddy has bestowed other lovely gifts on his lady. A prize Susie Singer ceramic, for one thing, that's a beauty; and several gorgeous paintings by Angna Enters, whose tiny hideaway house in Santa Monica they've often visited.

There are other straws in the wind: A friend of Greer's not too long ago had to let an excellent chef go and told Garson about it. "Maybe I'd better take him," mused Greer, "he'd be perfect for Buddy



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but he's spending his evenings without Greer, who's toiling away in *The Forsyte Saga*. He's seen alone at the hotels and cafés—where, incidentally, all the eligible girls in Hollywood out on the prowl stop by and give him a big hello, turning on the charm, and who can blame them? I get Garson-Fogelson rift rumors every hour—but if they're ever true, it won't be because Buddy Fogelson isn't. He's not that type.

If those two decide not to marry, I be- lieve it will be either because Buddy Fogelson reasons that a busy screen star like Greer Garson is too elusive for a wife—or, on Greer's part, a decision that she could never yield a part of the career which is her life and become merely the wife of an American business man. Suc- cess, fame and the spotlight are her life's blood.

mother and daughter . . .

And then, too, there's another thing: Greer is pretty much mama's girl, and always has been. There's a very special affection which exists between her and the beautiful English lady with the halo of soft white hair, the deep blue eyes and the classic cameo-cut face. It was born of Greer's struggle days, when the goal behind her drive to success was to estab- lish her mother in the sort of home she would have had if Greer's father hadn't died. That she has done at last in Bel- Air, and it's a source of great satisfaction to Greer. They're constant companions, those two, go everywhere together—to parties, premières, even baby showers. But I'm of the school that doesn't think that mothers, when they become mothers- in-law, are always much help toward married happiness, no matter how heaven- ly they are.

Certainly Greer's marriage with Richard Ney didn't work when he moved into Greer's house with mama to make a threesome. Tell me any place where it does. But then, I never could understand that marriage, anyway—either for Greer Garson or Dick Ney.

At any rate, it was a wartime marriage and had very little chance of success for dozens of reasons. Richard was away most of the time in the Navy and Greer was busy making her string of wartime hits. I check that off to a Hollywood whim or whimsy of some kind. (When Richard's book comes out—he's writing one on his Hollywood experiences—maybe there'll be a Fuller Explanation Department in a chapter on his marriage to Greer.)

So if and when Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson tell it to a preacher, it will be Greer's third try at a happy mar- riage—she left her first husband in Eng- land—and you know about the third time being the charm. If Greer can walk the ticklish tightrope between Greer Garson, the all-out Hollywood star, and Mrs. Fogelson, a plain man's wife, I can't see any reason why they shouldn't be able to surmount such matters as differ- ent nationalities and backgrounds, or the two different worlds of Hollywood and the rip-roaring state of Texas, or—yes—even a mother-in-law.

Anyway, I'm holding the thought and crossing my fingers—and calling Greer Garson every hour on the hour with that same frank question: "When are you two going to get married?"

What I'm getting, too, as of now, is still that same old transcribed answer, "No plans."

Well, believe me, if I were Greer Gar- son—or Josephine Doakes—and I had a grade-A guy like Buddy Fogelson still hanging around with that gleam in his eye, I'd be mighty busy making some plans. That's for sure!

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and myself." (But she didn't take him.)

And an unmistakable change has come over Greer since she's had a man paying her worshipful court. It's the sort of cocky, assured look any woman gets who's in love. You can spot it a mile off. If I were a sob sister I'd fall back on that good old adjective "radiant" and not be too far off. She seems to love everyone else, too, more than before.

She's been pure peaches and cream to work with on the set of *The Forsyte Saga*—and even that eccentric Celt, Errol Flynn, who can cut a temperamental caper when he feels like it, is eating out of her hand.

So suppose by the time this gets set up in type they'll be Mr. and Mrs. Fogelson. It's coming on to a year since Buddy and Greer discovered each other and some- 122 thing's bound to happen soon. What are

Greer Garson's chances of happiness with a man like the rich but unglamorous big business man from Dallas? Frankly, I don't know. Maybe Greer herself really doesn't.

Greer Garson is a lady driven hard by ambition to make something great of her- self. I'm convinced her career is the first love in her life and always will be. From girlhood on she has fought fiercely through outrageous fortune, accidents, and dis- couraging health to get where she is. Success means everything to her. Each film she undertakes is Greer's whole life at that moment. When she finishes the day's work, there's just enough of Greer left to wobble into bed with a dinner tray. What would she have left for a husband, especially a family-loving, home-happy guy like Buddy?

As I write this, Buddy's in Beverly Hills,

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