

MY OWN STORY! — Montgomery Clift

SEP -7 1949

modern screen

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE

You'll be lovelier
with Solitair



SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it **DOES NOT CLOG PORES**, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Cell Chapman

You'll find a lovelier *you*—the instant you start using Solitair cake make-up. Solitair is a special featherweight formula, unlike any make-up you have ever used. Solitair is a *complete* make-up. Combines powder and powder base. Hides little skin faults. Stays on longer. But never looks mask-like or "made-up." Contains Lanolin to help guard against dryness. Gives your skin petal-smooth appearance—flawless, natural, youthful-looking. No better quality. \$1.00

Cake Make-Up

Solitair

*Fashion-Point Lipstick

Seven new
Fashion-right shades



Contains Lanolin

New Beauty for Your Lips!

Yes—something excitingly new! Here is the one and only lipstick with point actually shaped to fit the curve of your lips! Helps you miraculously to apply color quicker, easier, more evenly. No blurred edges. See the new, exciting reds and "Dreamy Pink." So creamy smooth. Contains lanolin. Stays on so long! Exquisite case. \$1

*Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies Fashion-Point and color inside.
U. S. Pat. No. 2162534.

Now! Toni is *twice as easy*—*twice as fast*



Which Twin has the Toni, Lila or Ella Wigren of Chicago?

new SPIN curler cuts winding time in half—makes it double-easy!

New exclusive Toni SPIN Curler grips . . . spins . . . locks with a flick of the finger. *No rubber bands!* All plastic, patented! Nothing to tangle up in your hair! *Tiny teeth firmly grip* hair-tips so even the shortest ends become easy to manage! *Easy-spin action*—built right in—rolls each curl up in one quick motion! *Snaps shut!* Assures a better, longer-lasting curl. Winds more hair on each curler. Makes winding twice as easy—twice as fast! Now it's easier than ever before for any woman to wind perfect curls.

new FASTER process gives you the most natural-looking wave ever!

New Photo directions show how Toni waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! No other home permanent waves hair faster yet leaves it so soft and lustrous, so easy to set and style. For the Toni Waving Lotion is the same gentle lotion that has given more than 67 million permanents. Try this exciting Toni with new SPIN Curlers and see how quickly . . . how easily . . . you give yourself the most natural-looking wave you've ever had!

Which twin has the Toni? "Now we're both Toni Twins," says lovely Lila Wigren. "When I saw how easy it was for Ella to give herself a Toni with the new SPIN Curlers I decided on a Toni Home Permanent, too!"



SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

New Toni Refill Kit. Guaranteed to give the most natural-looking wave ever—or money back! Waves hair in as little as 30 minutes! **\$1.00**

Complete Set of new Toni SPIN Curlers. No more rubber bands! Makes every wave from now on twice as easy! **Reg. Value \$2.00**

Included in this offer—Toni Creme Rinse to make your Toni wave even lovelier!

BOTH FOR \$2.29

NOW! PROOF that brushing
teeth right after eating is the
safe, effective way to

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream



NOW dental science offers *proof* that
always using Colgate Dental Cream
right after eating helps stop tooth decay
before it starts!

Continuous research—hundreds of case
histories—makes this the most important
news in dental history!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2
groups of college men and women for over
a year. One group always brushed their
teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right
after eating. The other group followed their
usual dental care.

The average of the group using Colgate's
as directed was a startling reduction in
number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!*
The other group developed new cavities at
a much higher rate.

NO OTHER DENTIFRICE OFFERS PROOF OF THESE RESULTS

Colgate's has been proved to contain all
the necessary ingredients, including an
exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective
daily dental care. No claim is made that
using Colgate's can stop *all* tooth decay, or
help cavities already started. But brushing
teeth right after eating is the *proved* way to
help stop tooth decay with Colgate Dental
Cream. The Colgate Dental Cream now at
your dealer's is the same formula that was
used in the tests.

Always Use Colgate's* to

Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth

—and **HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**

*Right after eating



NO CHANGE IN FLAVOR,
FOAM, OR CLEANSING ACTION!

OCTOBER, 1949

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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IT SPEAKS OF LOVE! IT SINGS IN
COLOR BY
Technicolor!



Worlds apart...
 yet their hearts
 are as close
 together as the
 hands of a clock
 at midnight!

M-G-M...
 producer of the
 screen's finest
 Technicolor musicals...
 presents another
 wonderful
 entertainment!

That Midnight Kiss

STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

JOSE ITURBI

WITH

ETHEL BARRYMORE

KEENAN WYNN

Screen Play by Bruce Manning
 and Tamara Hovey

Directed by

NORMAN TAUROG

Produced by

JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

**J. CARROL NAISH • JULES MUNSHIN
 THOMAS GOMEZ • MARJORIE REYNOLDS**

and introducing

MARIO LANZA

MEET A NEW STAR!

He's the rugged,
 romantic type
 and the singing
 discovery of a
 lifetime!

NOTE! Something to watch for! The greatest picture since sound is M-G-M's "BATTLEGROUND"!

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 *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts

from bath to bath!



the inside story

WE'VE ALWAYS HAD uncanny luck at racetracks. Every time we put two dollars on a horse—he throws his rider. It's reached the point where we can't even pass through Jamaica without rearing. Our good friend, K. Roby Eunson, tells us we're behaving abnormally. But K. Roby isn't exactly herself these days, either. We can picture her right now poring over a green sheet in some Parisian garret. It all comes of K.'s trailing Rita Hayworth on her honeymoon. Naturally, K. did it for us (her story, "The Truth About Rita's Honeymoon," is on page 46), but we'd no idea it would lead to this. If only Rita had stayed put; if only she'd rented a houseboat on the Nile and given her horses the run of the deck, K. Roby would never have been sending us collect wires like: "Saxon took the field at Longchamps. Yippee. Stop." or, "Will Skylarking be scratched at Ascot?" All we can say is, "We don't know, K. Roby, we just don't know. And please, why don't you trot on home—now that the honeymoon is over?" . . . *Follow-up from K. Roby: Seems Rita Hayworth has switched from horses to storks. It's rumored she's gone into seclusion in Deauville, France, to await the birth of a baby . . . Well, now, that's coming around to our way of thinking . . .*

LAST WINTER WE took a course at Arthur Murray's—and for what? So our wife would stop making odious comparisons between us and Clark Gable. We should have realized that Clark Gable does the two-step and everything else to perfection. That man has been a thorn in our side ever since he came out to Hollywood 20 years ago. About 10 years back, though, we started to relax. He's not getting any younger, we said smugly to ourself, time will tell. It certainly did. A toupee and a box of bicarb is now part of our equipment. As for Gable—a couple of grey hairs made their appearance above his famous ears—and now he's *completely* irresistible to the ladies. As a last resort, we decided to expose Gable in Modern Screen. What a blunder that was! Just turn to page 28 and be thrilled by "The Story Behind the Gable Legend" . . .

MONTGOMERY CLIFT IS another threat to our manhood, but we're a little too tired to fight back. In fact, we're throwing in the towel. We're letting Clift tell his own life story. You'll find it on page 50 . . .

WORDS CAN NEVER explain the way we feel about Lana Turner. We refer you to Shakespeare and to all the love poetry of India. Yes, we're mad about her, we might as well confess. Anyway, to get back to our editorial duties—several million people have been wondering whether being Mrs. Topping has changed Lana. We could tell you right now. But see the story on page 48 . . .

AT LAST, WE can talk about ourself. The thought of next month's Modern Screen makes us glow. Ava Gardner's in it, for one thing. We can stop right there—except that we're going to have stories about Liz Taylor and Glenn Ford, too. We'll have an inspiring piece about Gregory Peck's wife who's just become an American citizen, and a daffy tale by the Churchill sisters who are going to a bicycle party. By the way, Dell Publishing Co. (that's us) has just finished a whole magazine devoted to Betty Grable. On line, please, on line . . .

THE STORY BEHIND THE BIGGEST **PICK-UP** IN ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY!



"With 50,000,000 Frenchmen, she has to pick me!"



"She took me for a hayride in Heidelberg!"



"I was the best thing in a skirt in Bremerhaven!"



CARY GRANT

ANN SHERIDAN

HOWARD HAWKS' **I WAS A MALE WAR BRIDE**

with
Marion Marshall · Randy Stuart · William Neff
Directed by
HOWARD HAWKS · SOL C. SIEGEL
Produced by
Screen Play by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass
and Hagar Wilde · From a Story by Henri Rochard

20th
CENTURY-FOX



HAVE
YOU
SEEN
FLORENCE?

THE MOST HILARIOUS HIT IN MANY A HONEYMOON!



Jack Sassen stands by in *Ciro's* as Gail Russell chats long-distance with Guy. On his return from summer theater work, Madison and Russell were married. Date: July 31. Place: Santa Barbara.



Bob Mitchum presents Gertrude Niesen with a L.A. Gas & Electric manhole cover. Occasion was on opening night party for Gertrude after her performance in *Annie Get Your Gun* at the Greek Theater.



Joan Crawford sits beside her protégée, Marion Morgan, who made her singing debut at *Ciro's*. Not only did Joan sponsor Marion, but she personally arranged her hair-do just before showtime.



Gary Cooper shyly backs away from George Fischer's microphone at the première of *The Fountainhead* in Warner's Hollywood Theater. But "Rocky," Cooper's wife, firmly stands her ground.



Immediately after this picture was taken, Greer Garson and Buddy Fogelson, Texas oil millionaire, left on their honeymoon. They were married on July 15 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher A. Cotron of Santo Fe, New Mexico.



Hollywood's newest rugged sensation, Paul Douglas, dines at Romanoff's with Mary Jane Barnes. It's been rumored that they'll marry. Meanwhile, Douglas has a busy working schedule—he'll fly to Berlin soon for *Two Corridors East*.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ Let me tell you some highlights on Greer Garson's wedding to Buddy Fogelson I'm sure you have not heard:

The nervous groom-to-be didn't know the size of Greer's finger, so he bought *three* diamond circlets. One fitted perfectly—and he gave Greer the other two to wear on her charm bracelet.

Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher A. Catron, at whose 100-year-old Mexican ranch home the wedding took place, were able to engage only a Mexican orchestra with a very limited repertory. So the Catrons hired a full orchestra in Dallas to record the Wedding March and a dozen lovely melodies to play during the reception.

Instead of tossing her large wedding bouquet of orchids, Greer gave them to Mrs. Catron just before she and Buddy started on their motoring honeymoon, saying, "Put these on ice for me, please. I'd like them to stay fresh as long as possible."

When they returned to their own Fork Lightning Ranch in New Mexico after a few days, Greer found that Buddy had had interior decorators at work completely redoing her boudoir in the soft, pink tints she loves so much.

Oh, he's a nice man, this Texan that Greer has married! I have said all along—even when they took time out during a misunderstanding and the gossips said the romance was over—that Greer and Buddy would eventually marry. They are so right for each other.

For the first time in her life, Greer has a man who will be the boss—a man who is proud of her career, but not overly impressed by her importance as a star. Methinks the lady is going to love it.

Colonel E. E. Fogelson, as Buddy is officially known, has enough money to buy Greer a studio if she should ever need one, and he is just as important in Texas and New York financial circles as she is in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 10)

Here's how **WARNER BROS.** head ya

THE
ALL-HAPPINESS
MUSICAL!



DENNIS
MORGAN
DORIS
DAY
JACK
CARSON

It's a
Great
Feeling

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR



And a Studioful of
Guest Stars!

GARY COOPER

JOAN CRAWFORD

ERROL FLYNN

SYDNEY

GREENSTREET

PATRICIA NEAL

ELEANOR PARKER

RONALD REAGAN

EDW. G. ROBINSON

JANE WYMAN

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ALEX GOTTLIEB

Screen Play by JACK ROSE and MEL SHAVELSON
From A Story by I. A. L. Diamond • Music by JULE STYNE
Lyrics by SAMMY CAHN • Musical Direction by Roy Heindorf

NEW HIT! NEW HEIGHTS!

JAMES CAGNEY

IS
RED HOT
IN



CO-STARRING

VIRGINIA MAYO with
EDMOND O'BRIEN

FRED CLARK • Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg • Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

RAOUL WALSH • **LOUIS F. EDELMAN**



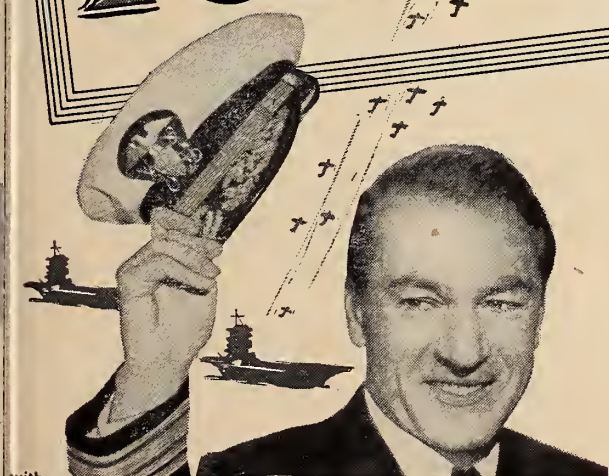
our theatres' parade of New Fall Hits!

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD
WILL HAIL ITS GREATNESS!

GARY
COOPER



TASK
FORCE



with
JANE WYATT • WAYNE MORRIS • WALTER BRENNAN

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
DELMER DAVES

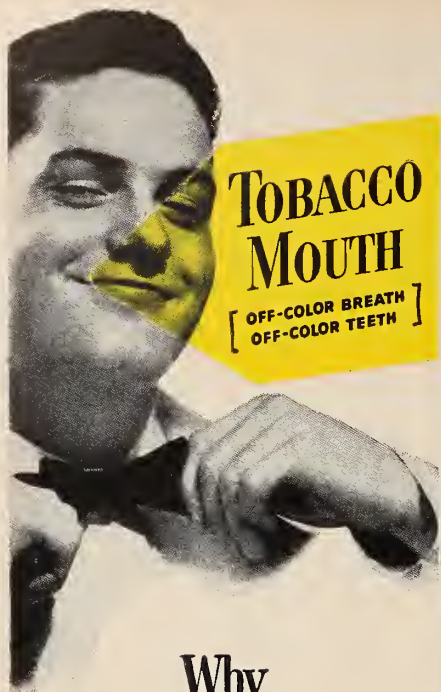
PRODUCED BY
JERRY WALD
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY
FRANZ WAXMAN



Strange things keep happening to
INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTEN
MICHAEL WILDING



Screen Play by JAMES BRIDIE • Adaptation by Hume Cronyn • Based on the play by John Colton and Margaret Linden • From the novel by Helen Simpson
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE



Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!



TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Ann Sheridan shores a rousing laugh with Cesar Romero and Zachary Scott at Romonoff's.

(Continued from page 7) Why wasn't Greer's mother at the wedding? Well, I can tell you it was no family tiff, in spite of some cruel printed insinuations. Nina, herself, told me: "I had my train ticket and was all ready to go to my daughter's wedding. Then an attack of neuritis I had suffered became so painful my doctor forbade my traveling on the air-conditioned train.

"Of course, I hated to miss it. You know how close Greer and I are and I am devoted to my new son-in-law. I think Greer is a very lucky girl.

"Every day I talk with them at the ranch. But I doubt if I will be with them again until we all meet in London. Our plans now are for me to go over there sometime after Greer starts the sequel to *Mrs. Miniver* in England."

I hope that settles that.

When Esther Williams heard that the eight-month-old daughter of the James Masons' was already swimming like a fish—she called up, introduced herself to Portland's Ma and Pa and asked if she could come over and see the baby do her stuff!

Esther, who was expecting her own baby at the time, was promptly invited over. Later she said she couldn't believe her eyes. Portland, who has as yet shown no inclination to walk, actually gurgles with glee when she sees the swimming pool.

"I started swimming young," Esther told James and Pamela, "but not that early!"

Esther said, before she left, "I'm a swimmer—so my baby will probably be an actor. You people are actors—and you have a champ swimmer!"

Betty Hutton's separation from Ted Briskin didn't even take time to develop into a nine-day wonder. It lasted only five days.

"Wha' hopped? Well, I think a number of things brought on the temporary rift.

I have watched Betty and Ted together at parties. When the music would start up, it was natural for bouncing Betty to want to get up and sing and dance and have a time for herself. But a stern glance from Ted would put her right back in her chair.

Betty's taste runs to zippy clothes a little on the conspicuous side. Ted likes her looking like a young matron from his home town, Chicago.

Also, Ted is a business man with little or no knowledge of Betty's show world. But, in spite of this, he has always had a lot to say about Betty's scripts and casting her pictures to her Paramount bosses. At one time, about two years ago, he interfered so much that Betty was constantly in tears. Finally, the head men at the studio made it plain they planned to produce Hutton movies without benefit of his advice.

Now that they have made up, they must have talked over these things and ironed them out. Ted was so eager to make up, I think he would have agreed to anything.

The Van Johnsons and Peter Lawford, who used to be the best of friends, stopped speaking about six months ago. Now they are back to nodding to each other when they meet at parties and cafés. But it ain't overly cordial.

Farley Granger is downright distressed over the terrific crush a very young actress has developed on him. He is very fond of the kid, but as far as being romantically interested, that's out.

She calls him all the time, pretending to be asking for advice about her own career. But before the conversation is over, she's trying to pin him down to a date.

Privately, Farley is wishing Dean Stockwell would grow up and meet her—or something.

Cobina Wright, Senior, gives very gay parties in her hilltop home next door to Pickfair, and her dinner-dance on the terrace in honor of the Louis Wolfsons of Florida was one of her best.

The good old moon was hanging out in the sky like a spotlight, illuminating such well-known faces as Joan Crawford, Joan Fontaine, Kathryn Grayson, Elizabeth Taylor, Sonja Henie (her diamond necklace shed more lustre than the moon), Anne Baxter, John Hodiak, the Zachary Scotts, Cesar

Are you in the know?



How to outsmart the "home date" type?

- ☐ Padlock the ice-box
- ☐ Plant junior in the parlor
- ☐ Use the hot-and-gloves approach

'Tisn't that he hasn't the moola—or that you're glitter-minded. So, if every date's a "home" deal, better change his pinch-penny ways. To say "come y'out"—greet him dressed for gallivanting: if only to the local Cokery. Or suggest bowling; or the skating rink . . . and if it's calendar time, no matter. You'll be *comfortable* with the new Kotex, for this new softness *holds its shape*. After all, isn't Kotex *made* to stay soft while you wear it?



Which suit should the lofty lassie wear?

- ☐ The one on the right
- ☐ The one on the left
- ☐ The one in the center

Ever feel as though you're built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen pictured here and shy away from vertical stripes. Like-wise from an outfit that's all one tone. The suit on the right breaks height . . . you'll discover a contrasting jacket brings you down a peg! There's a difference in different girls' needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of 3 *absorbencies*. Try Regular, Junior, Super. There's one exactly right for you.



To be the picture of poise, try —

- ☐ A *blosé* attitude
- ☐ That "cosual" slump
- ☐ Sitting pretty

You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated *gracefully*, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort—and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For *extra* protection, there's an exclusive *safety center*. (Boo coo welcome feature—n'est-ce pas?)



If he spilled a soda on your best dress, would you—

- ☐ Grieve and leave
- ☐ Grin and forget
- ☐ Call the monoger

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your con-

fidence, too, hits the stratosphere—when you hurdle "certain" handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious.



More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



NEW!

A belt made with DUPONT NYLON ELASTIC

—won't twist—won't curl
—won't cut!

It's sensational! This new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt gives 118% stretch—yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling, light weight, quick drying. Stays flat, dainty-looking, even after many tubbings! This Kotex Belt won't bind—and you'll find the new *firm-grip* fastener easier, quicker to use! For utmost comfort—buy the new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style
and with new
safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform Belt
Buy two—far a change

Fall's more Fun!



WITH A GREYHOUND AMAZING TOUR

Combine the *zest* of cool, bright Fall weather, with the *best* of vacation travel treats. Plan a Greyhound Expense-Paid tour this Autumn—to a glamorous big city, or to your favorite play-spot in the U.S.A., Canada, or Mexico. Everything's arranged as you wish, by Greyhound—hotel reservations, sightseeing, entertainment. And low tour prices mean you've *extra funds* for *extra fun*. Choose your Autumn vacation below, or write for information about any other trip you may desire.

8-day MEXICO CITY TOUR **\$68.60**
Hotel in Mexico City and Taxco. Visit Shrine of Guadalupe, Pyramid of Cholula, Puebla, Cuernavaca. ☐

7-day NEW ENGLAND CIRCLE TOUR **\$46.55**
New York City, White and Green Mountains, cruise on Casco Bay, historic Boston, Concord and Lexington. ☐

6-day COLONIAL VIRGINIA **\$40.45**
See Washington, D. C., Lexington, Natural Bridge, Richmond, restored Williamsburg. Five nights in hotels. ☐

3-day CHICAGO TOUR **\$11.95**
Tour includes two nights at famous hotel. Grand Tour of Loop, North and South Lake Shore Drive. Tour of Chinatown by night. ☐

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(Add round-trip fare from your city)

Prices are far double room accommodations, and subject to change without notice.

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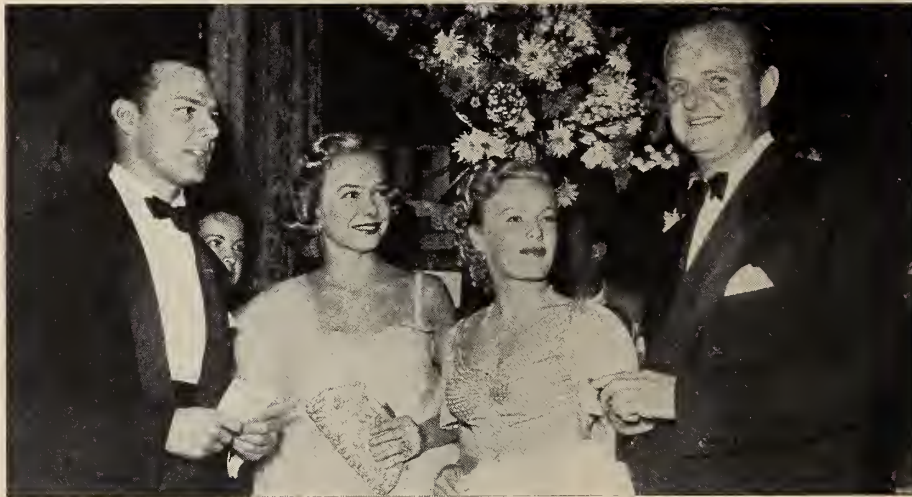
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



Dan Dailey and Shari Robinson greet Anne Baxter as she arrives at Grauman's Theater for the *You're My Everything* première.



Jeanne Crain waltzes dreamily in Paul Brinkman's arms at the première party. She'd spent a hectic day taking care of her small sons.



Early arrivals Diana Lynn, John Lindsay, June Haver and her devoted Dr. John Duzik, whose marriage plans are still indefinite, pause in the lobby for a gabfest before the show begins.

Romero, and Lana Turner and Bob Topping.

Joan Crawford was in a cotton gown with hoop skirts, and Elizabeth Taylor was in blue crinoline, cut very low, with a full skirt—both girls and gowns looking like something out of *Gone With The Wind*.

While I was talking with Joan Crawford, she pulled out a letter she had just received from her daughter, Christina, who is away at summer camp. She said, "Want a good laugh, Louella?" and handed me Missy Chris' note.

"Dear Mother," it read. "Everything is fine here and very healthy. I am no trouble to anybody and I miss you." Then she added with alarming honesty, "This is my Duty Letter for the week so that I can get the Special Privileges!"

Aren't these kids wonderful?

I think Elizabeth Taylor was very lonesome for her fiancé, William Pawley, Jr. Elizabeth came alone and looked a little lost. I didn't see her dancing at all, and when Johnny Johnston and Kathryn Grayson started singing in the living room, beautiful Lizzie spent most of the evening in there listening to them—and to a very clever entertainer, Dolores Anderson.

It was a very hot night, almost too hot

for the black satin gown Lana Turner was wearing, but the slinky lines certainly set off her new stream-lined figure to advantage—which may be one reason she wore it. Both Lana and Bob have dropped pounds and pounds since their wedding. (For further information about Lana's weight, see page 48. —Ed.) Lana and Joan Fontaine had their heads together almost all evening, laughing like crazy about something.

Everybody was telling Anne Baxter how excited they were about her Clara Bow stuff in *You're My Everything*—and well they might. She's terrific!

Marion Davies, so beautiful in a black chiffon, came in later in the evening and, as usual, had an admiring circle around her in no time. Marion is always so gay and sparkling. Elizabeth Taylor asked to be introduced to Marion. "I've always admired her so much," Elizabeth said.

* * *

I just can't believe that Shirley Temple really wants to play the part of the unmarried girl who is murdered by her sweetheart when she discovers she is going to have a baby in *An American Tragedy*. Shirley in such a role would really be an American tragedy.

*To be kissed ... tonight...
as you've never been kissed before... Tangee*



*Lips aching to be kissed
... in a heart-stirring love scene
starring*

**ANN DORAN
AND
MILBURN STONE**

APPEARING IN

**"CALAMITY JANE
AND SAM BASS"**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink...to make him think...of kissing.

TANGEE RED-RED—Makes your lips redder than red...and ready to love. For brunettes especially.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a "feature attraction."

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DeLong

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



Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide in easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.



*how to set this
"directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous
New York and Hollywood hair
stylist and make-up artist. Make 6
large pin curls for the bang.
Wave a ridge over each ear and
make two rows of curls from high
on both sides all the way around
back. Always turn curls toward
face. Brush out hair away from
face and let fall softly.*



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins •
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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS



John Wayne romps with his frisky dogs, Fearless and Dountless—who could compete with any oct when they're put through their poces.

In a way, I know how it is. These young actresses just "burn" to go dramatic and "get their teeth into something important." Also, Montgomery Clift is the star of the picture and all the girls want to work with him. But, oh, Shirley—not this particular picture, please!

Linda Christian is spending \$2,400 on 10 maternity dresses—so the London newspapers report.

"I don't think that is extravagant," said Mrs. Tyrone Power. "Ty and I are planning to have a big family and the clothes will do for all the babies. Besides, I want to look as well as possible before having my baby."

Well, I'd say she should do all right. Norman Hartnell, personal designer to Queen Elizabeth, is whipping up Linda's maternity wardrobe!

The order includes three evening dresses, two daytime dresses, cocktail dresses and several "sports" things (which strikes me as strange!). The evening gowns will run around \$400 apiece.

"Mr. Hartnell is creating very unusual collars for all my things," quoth Linda—adding naively, "to divert attention from elsewhere."

Looks as if Roy Rogers is going to be Mr. Millionaire of Hollywood in 1950. He has just signed a contract with Republic which will earn him \$1,000,000 in the next two years. Considering that Roy retains all his "outside" income from cowboy hats, boots, records, etc.—he should average about a million per year.

This is five times what Spencer Tracy makes, four times above Clark Gable, and 'steen times what the average Hollywood star makes. Who says there ain't gold in them there Westerns?

Robert Mitchum is making sure his wife and children will never again be in jeopardy through an act of his.

Bob is broke. His trial cost him plenty and

he was off salary for months. He owes a lot which he is paying back as fast as he can.

But—Bob went to his RKO boss, Howard Hughes, and asked for a big salary advance. "I want to buy a home and put it in my wife's name," Mitchum told him. "Nothing means more to me than their security."

Do you think he got it? You bet your life he did!

Romancing Around: Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross (Jean Arthur's ex-husband) are ablaze, but Joan had just as soon you'd forget it. She is really in love, but she is superstitious. Says everytime people start rumoring wedding bells for her, something happens to the romance. . . . Clark Gable and Paulette Goddard were going 'round and 'round before Paulette took off for Mexico City. But don't put too much stock in Gable and Goddard being a real combination. She has a very politically important boy friend in Mexico. . . . Peter Lawford gave zee big rush to Mary Jane Landbergh, when she came out from New York for the races. Mary Jane is richer than rich and Pete seems to prefer the socialite debts for his dates. . . . I hear that little Janie Powell would marry Geary Steffen right away, but he wants to get started in a business way before they take to the middle aisle. And I think he is a wise boy.

I get it from all sides that Shelley Winters has been exploding with temperament, and fighting with everybody on the set of *East of Java*. Yet, everytime I print anything like this about her, Shelley calls up sobbing and denying she's being hard to handle.

"I'm just nervous," she's always explaining.

Well, baby, don't get so nervous that people around the studio hate to be assigned to your pictures. You've got a big future ahead. Don't ruin everything this early in the game.

(Continued on page 102)

The Most SURPRISED Bride in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Way to the Gallows—and Planned to Forget Him! But No Mere Hangman Could Cheat Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!

WHAT mad purpose drove the ravishing young Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than twenty-four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breathless but arrogant, to claim

at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

What happened on Lord Johnnie's wedding night, and the strange pact that was to take him halfway across the world on a mission of pirateering and vengeance, make this one of the most exciting novels of the year. And here's our amazing offer: **BOTH** *Lord Johnnie* and Frank Yerby's new best-seller, *Pride's Castle*, are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

BOTH HITS YOURS FOR 3¢!

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THE Dollar Book Club offers to send you both "*Lord Johnnie*" and "*Pride's Castle*" for just a 3-cent stamp—as a generous sample to new members of the wonderful reading entertainment and equally wonderful savings that nearly a million families enjoy through the Club.

The Dollar Book Club is the only club that brings you popular current novels for only \$1.00 each. Yes, the very same titles sold in the publisher's retail editions for \$2.75 to \$3.00 come to members for only \$1.00 each—an incredibly big saving of almost two-thirds!

Such values are possible because of the great economies effected in printing huge editions for so large a membership. And the Club's own new book plant is equipped for money-saving production on a scale never before possible. These big savings are passed on to you!

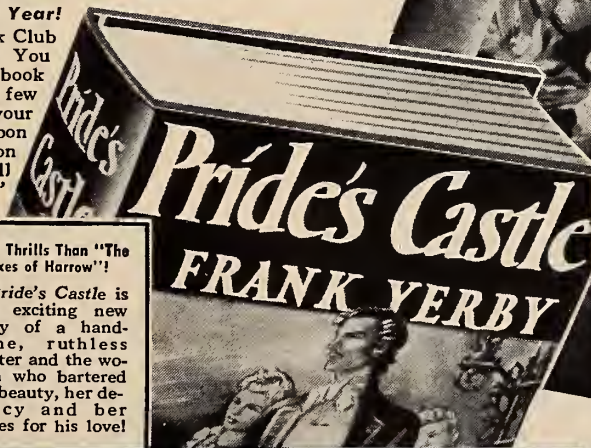
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You will also receive the current selection for only \$1.00. Thereafter, every month, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming Club selections, also other popular books offered at only \$1.00 each. Buy only the books you want!

More Thrills Than "The Foxes of Harrow"!

Pride's Castle is the exciting new story of a handsome, ruthless fighter and the woman who bartered her beauty, her decency and her riches for his love!



2 Books for 3¢ with this offer

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
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Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once *Lord Johnnie* and *Pride's Castle*—BOTH for the enclosed 3c stamp. Also send me the current club selection and bill me for \$1 plus shipping cost.

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 additional bargains 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. 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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Occupation _____
If under 21, age, please, _____

*Same Price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2

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**Send No Money—
Start Enjoying
Membership Now!**

When you see the wonderful package of reading you will get immediately and realize these books are typical of values you will continue to get from the club for only \$1.00 each, you will be delighted to have become a member! Mail coupon now.

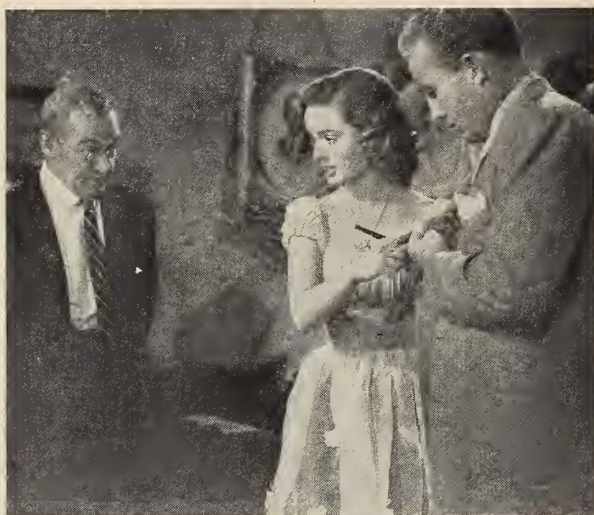
DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK



The pretty young thing to the left is Christopher Kane. So many readers have been under the so wrong impression that she is a he, that we've decided to set things straight by using her photo regularly.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



In *Top O' The Morning*, investigator Bing Crosby comes to Ireland from America to help find out who stole the Blarney Stone. Ann Blyth, daughter of policeman Barry Fitzgerald, is amazed.



She's amazed—and delighted—because Bing seems to fit all the local prophecies made about the man she'll marry. Barry is also delighted when developments finally make him (Barry) a hero.

TOP O' THE MORNING

Cast: Bing Crosby, Ann Blyth, Barry Fitzgerald, Hume Cronyn.
Paramount

Bing Crosby is the boy the insurance company sends from America to find out who stole the Blarney Stone. (It's disappeared from its moorings, and the Irish citizenry is standing fearfully by, because an old legend states that one day the stone will be stolen, and unhappy consequences will result.) In Ireland, Bing meets a raft of people, including a simple old police sergeant (Barry Fitzgerald) who likes to play detective (he couldn't find your eyes behind your eyeglasses) and his constable (Hume Cronyn). To say nothing of Barry's daughter (Ann Blyth) who appears to be taken with a fit when she first lays eyes on our hero. (Bing fits a prediction made by an old lady named Biddy O'Devlin about the man Ann will marry, and these people live by predictions.) The dialogue in *Top O' The Morning* is fresh and delightful. Example: Ann Blyth has released Fitzgerald's pet pigeons, and he's grieving. "Why didn't you call me?" he cries. "Why? What could you have done?" she says. "I could have ate them," he says bitterly. At another point, Hume Cronyn, discussing a much disliked villager says, "Ah, but he's an ugly man. You wouldn't lend him a shoe if he had to walk around the world." But there's more than good dialogue in this picture. The music is lilting, the romance is tender and charming, the tracking down of a pitifully crazed thief and killer is filled with suspense (Biddy O'Devlin has predicted that a man will sing in the Wood of Callee, and will die, and you know Bing's right out there singing, alongside a murderer). The actors' performances are uniformly enjoyable (some of the kids' brogues slipped occasionally, but everybody else sounded Irish as Saint Patrick). I thought Bing Crosby's recent *Connecticut Yankee* was a bore. I think Bing Crosby's current *Top O' The Morning* is a pip.



DALLAS! "My doctor suggested Noxzema for my dry skin," says attractive Mrs. Marjory Ryan! "Now Noxzema is the only beauty cream I ever use—I couldn't do without it. I always use it as a powder base to help keep my skin soft and supple."



KANSAS CITY! "I used to have occasional blemishes," says popular Judy Hadas, "but since using Noxzema as my regular night cream, my skin is soft and smooth. Now it seems as though I'm always getting compliments on my complexion."

WHO ELSE WANTS A LOVELIER-LOOKING COMPLEXION?

**Doctor's new home beauty treatment
helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests**



NEW YORK! Charming Arlene Anderson first used Noxzema for an annoying skin rash. "It helped improve my skin so much," she says, "it's now my regular morning powder base and night cream as well. I'm never without Noxzema."

● Pictured here are six women who solved one important skin problem almost every woman occasionally faces. At one time each was bothered with minor skin troubles like blemishes from external causes, rough dry skin or similar skin disorders. But they found a way to softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.

New Beauty Routine

For now a noted skin specialist has developed a home beauty routine for just such skin prob-

lems. It really gets results. You need only one cream—medicated Noxzema. There are only 4 simple steps. Here's all you do:

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. **Evening**—repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema.
4. Massage cream lightly into face. Pat on extra Noxzema over any blemishes.

Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See the results! Note how refreshed your face feels—how Noxzema's medicated formula helps heal blemishes that come from dust and dirt. And if your skin gets rough and dry, smooth on Noxzema and watch for amazingly quick improvement.

You'll enjoy using Noxzema, too. This snow-white greaseless cream doesn't stain bed linen... never looks messy. Use it every night before retiring... every morning as a base for make-up. See if your complexion doesn't look softer, smoother, lovelier.

Helped 4 out of 5 Women Tested

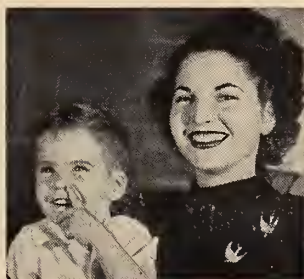
Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine has been thoroughly tested under careful supervision of skin specialists. Scores of women tried it—and 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in only two weeks. Try it yourself—see if you aren't amazed at the difference in your skin. **At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax.**



CHICAGO! Vivacious Marion McEvoy had a dry skin condition. "Then I started using Noxzema every night," she says. "I soon noticed my complexion was smoother... and I've used it ever since."



BALTIMORE! "A skin irritation almost ruined a Company party," says Mrs. Erma Boone. "But I used Noxzema in time... and the party was a complete success. Now it's my night cream and powder base, too."



BOSTON! Mrs. Suzanne Lipsett likes to hunt and fish with her husband. "Noxzema keeps my skin soft and smooth in spite of long exposure. I also use it on the children for minor skin irritations."

New!
THE
Beauty Discovery
you've waited for...



**Nestle
COLORINSE**

with **LURIUM**

**GIVES YOUR HAIR
MORE COLOR**

- Absolutely harmless
- Washes out easily

Now, from the famous Nestle Hair Laboratories comes LURIUM—an amazing new ingredient added to Nestle Colorinse to give your hair more glorious COLOR-BEAUTY, sparkling highlights and silken lustre than ever before.

And — Nestle Colorinse with Lurium eliminates tangles — makes hair easier to comb, easier to manage—comes in 10 flat-tering shades.

FREE! Full size package of Nestle Colorinse. Just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to The Nestle Co., 25 Baker Ave., South Meriden, Conn.

So Economical to Use!

2 rinses 10¢
6 rinses 25¢



NESTLE—originators of
permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.



Roseanna McCoy: Farley Granger and newcomer Joan Evans portray principal characters in the famed and exciting Hatfield-McCoy feud.

ROSEANNA McCOY

Cast: Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Charles Bickford, Raymond Massey, Richard Basehart.
Goldwyn

Roseanna McCoy has an unreal quality about it. Its characters seem enchanted. From the moment Johnse Hatfield (Farley Granger) sees—and wants—Roseanna McCoy, at a county fair, you know there will be death and pain and blood, for Johnse's family and Roseanna's family are mortal enemies. Johnse sucks the blood from a hornet's sting in Roseanna's arm, and he tells her that she belongs to him, that he'll be along some night to take her away. Roseanna, who's young, and afraid, wanders close to a campfire where old mountain women sit telling stories, and they speak of the spells a man can lay on a girl, and Roseanna knows that she is lost. Johnse comes for her one dark night, and she goes with him to the Hatfield cabin, but there's no peace for her there. One of the Hatfields (Richard Basehart) tries to kill her, hate moves all around her. She begs Johnse to let her go home and tell her father the truth about their love. Perhaps she can end the cruel feud which has wasted so many lives. But before Roseanna and Johnse come together again, before love vanquishes hate, there is more bloodshed, more killing. The picture generates an almost unbearable excitement; it has passion, and violence, and a strange kind of dark-of-the-moon feeling which combine to leave you gasping. It's folklore, well-told, and there are more good actors in it than you can shake a stick at. Granger has a wonderful vitality, while Joan Evans, who plays Roseanna, is warm and lovely and touching.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING

Cast: Dennis Morgan, Doris Day, Jack Carson, Bill Goodwin.
Warners

This is a gag picture. Warner Brothers let its directors and stars and musicians and producers romp through it, ribbing Hollywood, and they came up with a very gay show. Premise is that Warners is scheduled to make a movie starring Jack Carson and Dennis Mor-



It's A Great Feeling: Taking playful digs at Hollywood, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, and Doris Day get entangled in studio troubles.

gan. A serious movie. No director will touch the project. They think Carson will wreck their efforts. Finally Carson says he'll direct himself. Morgan can't see that. He's about to walk out on the deal, when Carson hires a little waitress to pretend she's Mrs. Carson, in a delicate condition. Morgan's heart melts. He signs the contract. Little waitress (Doris Day) expects a part in the picture (that's what Carson promised her) but Carson tries to pay her off with five dollars. She's disillusioned, decides to go home to Wisconsin and marry a man named Jeffrey Bushfinkle. Now Morgan and Carson are in trouble. Morgan's been tricked into doing the picture, but no lady star wants to play opposite him. "A serious picture with Carson?" they all screech. Morgan and Carson go haul Doris back from the railroad station. "We'll make you a star," they announce grandly. They want their producer (Bill Goodwin) to discover Doris, so they stick her behind soda fountains, they make her drive a taxicab, they have her appear like Mary's lamb, everywhere that Goodwin goes. Instead of discovering her, Goodwin thinks he's losing his mind. "Every place I turn, I see a blonde with a sickening smile," he moans. And so it goes, right up to the surprise ending. Doris can make any song she breathes on sound like a hit, and Irving Bacon, as a railroad station information clerk, has the funniest bit in the movie.

JOLSON SINGS AGAIN

Cast: Larry Parks, Barbara Hale, William Demarest, Ludwig Donath.
Columbia

Here's the sequel to *The Jolson Story*, and it takes up right where that movie left off. It's probably no truer to the actual facts of Jolson's life than are most movie biographies of great entertainers, but on every other score it leaves those biographies far behind. There's nothing pretentious about *Jolson Sings Again*. It's gay and sad, nostalgic and believable. When Ludwig Donath and Tamara Shayne (once again playing Jolson's father and mother) are around, the picture has real



Jolson Sings Again: Lorry Parks again plays Al Jolson and Barbara Hale is seen as his present wife in this fine *Jolson Story* sequel.

quality, and there's nothing wrong with the other actors either. Story is that after Jolson's wife Julie leaves him (because she thinks he loves singing more than he loves her) he goes back into show business. For a while, it's fine. Then suddenly the thrill is gone. He quits, goes for an endless vacation. The war begins, and progresses. Jolson's off on yachts, he's buying horses, he's buying prize fighters. Rome is burning, but he's not young any more. Then his manager of many years (William Demarest) convinces him he ought to go overseas and entertain. There are more ways of fighting than with guns. Jolson thinks the kids of today won't even remember him, but he goes anyway, and he gets a warm welcome. He contracts a fever, is sent home, insists on going right out again to tour hospitals. The next time he collapses, it's more serious. He loses a part of one lung. He's fallen in love with a nurse (Barbara Hale) and they marry, and go to live in California. It's a happy marriage, but Jolson broods. He feels he's all washed up. First, nobody remembers him. Second, he hasn't even got both lungs. Couldn't sing if producers were clamoring for him. Which they're not. But there's one producer who remembers, and who clamors, and there's his wife believing in him, and his manager, and his father, and before he knows what's happened, he's embarked on a brand-new career. He's going to sing the numbers for a film about his life. Film's to be called *The Jolson Story*. Etc. Etc. Barbara Hale is wonderful as Jolson's young wife (she plays the part with a Southern accent, but never overdoes it). If I had a beef, it would be that Larry Parks didn't look old enough. But you can't have everything, and in *Jolson Sings Again*, you get most everything, at that.

COME TO THE STABLE

Cast: Loretta Young, Celeste Holm, Hugh Marlowe, Elsa Lanchester, Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Patrick.
20th Century-Fox

Two nuns, Sister Margaret and Sister Scolastica (Loretta Young and Celeste Holm) come from France to the village of Bethlehem, in New England. (During the war, they'd

She spent the evening with that
"Left-Out Feeling"!



What fun is a party—for the girl other guests ignore? If only she didn't risk offending. If someone could whisper: "Never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum." Mum gives safe, long-

lasting protection against underarm odor. Its unique modern formula contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get Mum cream deodorant today!

Mum-Safer for Charm ... Mum checks perspiration odor all day or evening. Protects against risk of future underarm odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

Mum-Safer for Skin Smooth, creamy Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn't dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Gentle Mum is harmless to skin.

Mum-Safer for Clothes No damaging ingredients to rot or discolor fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure... dependable for this important use, too.

keeps you nice to be near



Product of Bristol-Myers



HELENA CARTER
Soon to be seen in
"TOMAHAWK", a Universal-
International release.
Color by Technicolor.

Helena Carter brought love into my life!

*I thought "dates"
were something to eat!*

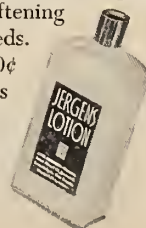
Love was a dream I saw in the movies
...until these words of Helena Carter
tipped me off: "Romance and rough,
red hands don't go together. I keep
my hands perfectly smooth, soft and
feminine with Jergens Lotion."

It was Jergens Lotion for me, pronto!



I noticed the difference right away...my
hands looked silky soft. Then the men
around the office noticed too! Now "dates"
mean dancing and dining...and Paul thinks
hands like mine need a diamond!

No other hand care keeps your hands so
smooth, so lovely. Being a liquid, Jergens
Lotion furnishes the softening
moisture thirsty skin needs.
Never oily or sticky. Still 10¢
to \$1.00 plus tax, for today's
finer Jergens Lotion.



**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!



Come To The Stable: Loretta Young and Celeste Holm are nuns who are trying to establish a children's hospital. Hugh Marlowe helps them.

vowed that if God would spare a certain hos-
pital in a certain French town, they—the
Sisters—would some day visit the United
States and establish a new children's hospi-
tal.) Once in Bethlehem, they move in on the
stable-home of an eccentric painter of reli-
gious subjects, a Miss Amelia Potts (Elsa
Lanchester). After they've quite taken her
breath away, they go to petition the Bishop
of their church. He's astounded by their plan.
They have no money, no land, nothing but
faith. He says he'll give them one month to
see what they can accomplish. The Sisters
discover a hill they like, call on the owner
(Thomas Gomez), one of the biggest rack-
eteers in the city, and come away with the
deed to the property. (Gomez' son was killed
near where the Sisters served, in France, and
all he asks is that their hospital have a me-
morial window for his boy.) The Sisters put
a deposit on an old factory building (for
temporary use) and take an option to pay
\$5,000 more in three months. (There's also a
mortgage of \$25,000 outstanding, but they
don't know or care about that.) The Bishop,
who's a more practical soul, doesn't think
they can even raise the \$5,000 in three
months, and he wishes they'd go back to
France. He's about to pack them off, when 17
more nuns from their order arrive, fresh off
the boat. They all settle in Miss Potts' stable,
and start making ceramics, pastries, lace,
etc.—which they plan to sell to raise the
needed money. There's another story running
through the nuns' story, and this second
drama has to do with a young composer
(Hugh Marlowe) and his girl, and his ca-
reer, and his objection to the new hospital
right under his nose. He sees the light in the
nick of time, though. Céleste Holm plays Sis-
ter Scolastica with what sounds to these ears
like a flawless French accent. She's a very
versatile girl. She supplies a large share of
the charming moments in this pleasant film.

THE SECRET GARDEN

Cast: Margaret O'Brien, Herbert Marshall,
Dean Stockwell, Gladys Cooper, Elsa
Lanchester, Brian Roper.

MGM

A quality of magic pervades *The Secret
Garden*. For a little while, you're transported
into a world of children and small animals.



The Secret Garden: Margaret O'Brien befriends Dean Stockwell and Brian Raper and they work to recreate the former beauty of the garden.

where everything is green and growing, and there is no place for death or decay. The Secret Garden begins with Mary Lennox (Margaret O'Brien) coming from India, where her parents have died, to England, where her uncle, Archibald Craven (Herbert Marshall) has an estate. Craven tells May he doesn't spend much time at the estate (he stays in London mostly) but that she's welcome there. He's a bitter man—hunch-backed—and he's had no interest in living since the tragic death of his beautiful wife. Mary, who's both lonely and curious, makes friends with a neighboring farm boy named Dickon (Brian Roper) and together, they ferret out the Craven mysteries. First, there's a secret boy. He's Colin Craven (Dean Stockwell), believed to have inherited a tendency to a crooked back from his father. He's kept in bed with braces on his legs, and he has tantrums. Second, there's a secret garden. Out in the middle of the big formal gardens, there's a walled-off section, overgrown with vines. Dickon and Mary find the gate in the vines, they dig up the key that fits the gate, and they push their way into the hidden place. It's desolate. Over-run with weeds. (Craven's wife had been killed here, by a limb falling from a tree, as she'd sat drinking tea with him on an afternoon ten years before. In his grief, he'd had the area sealed up, buried the key. Mary and Dickon proceed to bring the garden to life by sneaking in and working there every day. (The garden, incidentally, is in Technicolor, everything else in black and white. A good idea.) They also bring Colin to life, by sharing their secret with him, by wheeling him out of his room, into the sun and air. (The father's guilty certainty that he's passed his own infirmity on to his son is what's been making the child a bed-ridden neurotic.) As the garden blooms, so does Colin, and the picture has an ending which thrills and touches you. Margaret's wonderful, Dean Stockwell's only excellent (he's in fast company, and everything's relative) and Dickon—or rather, Brian Roper—is unbelievably fine. He has a lovely soft Welsh accent, his manner and his voice are gentle, his understanding of his part, absolute. Don't miss *The Secret Garden*. It will give you a couple of shining hours.

"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!

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Down on Radio Row there are tall tales about a certain master of unceremony. Everyone I've talked to says he's a hazard to women's inhibitions. His name is Art Linkletter. This master of mirth runs a small daily riot called "House Party" on the American Broadcasting Company network but it's like no house party I ever attended. For Pillsbury's mid-day host is a genius at verbally creeping up on an unwary participant. His interviews are famous for revealing repartee. As a matter of fact, someone once said that Linkletter could find something gay and funny in a quilting bee at an old maid's home. If "House Party" is any indication of this talent, I agree completely. Linkletter perpetually skates on the censor's thin ice. The personal questions he asks the Mrs.'s at the mike are unbelievably funny. But that's not all of "House Party", there are stunts that could be conceived only by a master... games, quizzes and contests of the "est" variety—biggest feet, oldest old maid, longest married and so on. But the crowning glory of this noontime madness is Linkletter, the man who flies through his ad libs with the greatest of ease and makes "House Party" the best reason for staying out of the noon day sun ever invented.

P.S. In case you don't know it's at 12:00 noon EST every weekday.

★ ★ ★

Anyone can put her foot into it, but you should hear the contestants on Peter Donald's show talk their way out of it! This is just about the most hilarious example of the ticklish situation I ever heard. For here is the proof that silence is NOT golden. Peter Donald sows his wild oats (Quaker, of course) by donning fantastic guises to go with each situation — "Scarface Stiletto" was my favorite with "unwashed Donald" a close second — and then the trapped participants talk their way out of it to the tune of cash prizes. Naturally Peter Donald's masterful dialects are the *creme de la creme* which makes me sorry "Talk Your Way Out Of It" — a mad melee of wit and nit-witicism — is only aired Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3:00 PM EST on the ABC network.

★ ★ ★

Other Tips on Daytime Dialing
Modern Romances 11:00 AM EST
Thrilling dramatizations of twentieth century love.

Galen Drake 4:00 PM EST
Interesting facts and fiction told by a master entertainer.

Betty Crocker 10:25 AM EST
Instructive household hints you'd never find elsewhere.

Joan Lansing

ROPE OF SAND

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, Corrine Calvet, Peter Lorre.

Paramount

There's a diamond area in South Africa belonging to a certain Colonial Diamond Company. The area's in the middle of a vast stretch of desert, it's surrounded by barbed wire, it's constantly patrolled, and its commandant is a beast named Vogel (Paul Henreid). There's nothing inviting about the place. But guide Burt Lancaster is out with a crazy hunter, and they camp near the prohibited area to sleep, and when Burt wakes up in the morning, the hunter's gone. Sneaked into the area. Burt follows his tracks, finds the man dying in the middle of a pile of uncut diamonds. He's stumbled on a fortune. Burt buries the stones, starts to carry the hunter back out of the area, but is picked up by one of Vogel's patrols. Vogel beats Burt for a couple of days, trying to make him tell where the diamonds are but Burt's naturally resentful and won't talk. He leaves South Africa—for his health. Two years later, he's back. Vogel's set to go to work on him again, but Burt claims he has business with Claude

Rains, Vogel's superior. (Rains owns stock in the diamond company.) Burt plans to grab those diamonds (he feels he's already paid for them in blood) and everybody knows it. Rains wants to discover where the cache is just as much as Vogel does, but he's more subtle. He sics a French trollop (that's what they call her) onto Burt. Trollop (Corrine Calvet) falls in love with Burt, doesn't want to pump him. This distresses Rains. "Does money have no meaning anymore?" he demands in disbelief. As for Vogel, he loves the trollop till he discovers she loves Burt, and there are tricks, counter-tricks, and a couple of really spectacular fights. Vogel fights dirty—kicks, punches, grinds Burt's head in the sand—but Burt's a gentleman. It's a wonder he ever wins, the dopey way he acts. He'll get up off the ground, eyes full of grit, mouth missing teeth. Vogel'll be trying to run over him with a tractor, but if Burt sees Vogel's unarmed, he'll throw away his gun. Since gallantry like that doesn't go unrewarded in Hollywood, the picture has a happy ending. It also has Peter Lorre being very amusing, and Rains' performance is slick.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

We've got our own ideas about "first come, first served." To the first 500 readers who return this questionnaire to us, we're offering a free three-month subscription to *Modern Screen*. We're anxious to know which stories you liked best in this issue and the stars you'd like to read about in the future. Don't forget, if you hurry, you can be one of the lucky winners of our November, December, and January issues. Free to the first 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write the NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| ... So She Married the Boss (Jennifer Jones) | <input type="checkbox"/> | House Swarming (Bob Arthur) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| The Story Behind the Gable Legend (Clark Gable) | <input type="checkbox"/> | The Truth About Rita's Honey-moon (Rita Hayworth) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Get Off That High Horse! (Bergman, Wilde, Davis, etc.) ... by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | Has Lana Turner Changed? | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Marriage On Her Mind (Elizabeth Scott) | <input type="checkbox"/> | My Own Story. . . by Montgomery Clift | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| How Perfect Is "Perfect?" (Joan Fontaine) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Stop Lying About Crosby! (Bing Crosby) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Return From Tragedy (Robert Walker) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Hollywood's Dizziest Marry-Go-Round (Flynn, Haymes, Ed-dington, Dru) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| This Love Of Ours (Lucille Ball) | <input type="checkbox"/> | My Prayer Was Answered . . . by Jane Powell | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| No Help Wanted (John Agar) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Picture of the Month (Under Capricorn) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | Louella Parsons' Good News | <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.

also showing . . .

capsule criticism of
films previously reviewed

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY (MGM)—Clark Gable, as the proprietor of a legal gambling dive, is beset by difficulties stemming from his rugged profession, but things work out beautifully after the joint is held up. A tailor-made role for Gable in a continuously interesting drama. With Alexis Smith, Wendell Corey, Audrey Totter and Darryl Hickman.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND (20th-Fox)—A wild comedy in which Betty Grable, a straight-shooting gal of the Wild West, happens to become a schoolmarm. At times the laughs attempted just ain't there, but often they are. With Rudy Vallee, Cesar Romero and Olga San Juan.

THE BIG STEAL (RKO)—Robert Mitchum, as an Army lieutenant falsely accused of stealing a payroll, chases the real culprit all over Mexico while the authorities chase Mitchum. Lots of excitement against beautiful scenery. With Jane Greer, William Bendix and Patric Knowles.

THE GIRL FROM JONES BEACH (Warners)—A light and delightful comedy concerning Ronald Reagan's complex attempts to get schoolteacher Virginia Mayo for his model. With Eddie Bracken and Donna Drake.

THE GREAT GATSBY (Para.)—Alan Ladd as the man who amasses a shady fortune in a futile effort to win a girl who'd made other arrangements. This version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's famous novel of Prohibition days lacks the insight and scope of that moving work, but it's still a fascinating film. With Betty Field, Barry Sullivan, Macdonald Carey, Ruth Hussey, Howard Da Silva and Shelley Winters.

HOUSE OF STRANGERS (20th-Fox)—A passionate, exciting drama of a thriving Italian-American family in a slum neighborhood. Edward G. Robinson, as a well-meaning but illegal banker, is magnificent, and strong performances are given by Susan Hayward, Richard Conte and Luther Adler.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME (MGM)—Judy Garland and Van Johnson as feuding but ever-loving clerks in a Gay Nineties music store. It's all quite enchanting—especially, of course, Judy. With S. Z. Sakall and Spring Byington.

INTERFERENCE (RKO)—Victor Mature as a professional football star who has less trouble with opposing teams than with his self-centered wife, Elizabeth Scott. Lucille Ball is his adoring secretary. Good, medium-weight drama. With Sonny Tufts and Lloyd Nolan.

ONCE MORE, MY DARLING (Univ.-Int.)—Robert Montgomery, tracking down a jewel thief, attempts to fascinate Ann Blyth, a girl the crook loves, and succeeds much too well for comfort. A highly enjoyable farce.

RED, HOT AND BLUE (Para.)—Betty Hutton as a would-be actress whose simple-minded ambitions, and her hungry press agent, get her involved in intricate hilarities. Victor Mature is her long-suffering fella. Hutton reaches new heights in this, one of the brightest musical comedies in ages. With William Demarest, June Haver, Raymond Walburn and Frank Loesser (who also wrote the very clever words and music).

SORROWFUL JONES (Para.)—Bob Hope as Damon Runyon's bookie who finds himself the guardian of a five-year-old girl. Hope, in a less farcical role than usual, is fine and Mary Jane Saunders, as the tot, is cute indeed. An eminently satisfactory comedy. With Lucille Ball, William Demarest and Bruce Cabot.

TAKE ONE FALSE STEP (Univ.-Int.)—William Powell, a respectable college professor, sets out to solve the disappearance of Shelley Winters before the police find her diary, in which he figures prominently. An intelligent comedy-melodrama-mystery. With Marsha Hunt, James Gleason and Jess Barker.

THE WINDOW (RKO)—Youngster Bobby Driscoll tells so many imaginative fantasies that nobody will believe him when he describes a real murder he's witnessed—nobody, that is, except two people who know he must be silenced. A film of almost unbearable suspense, brilliantly done. With Paul Stewart, Ruth Roman and Arthur Kennedy.

FELS-NAPTHA ANNOUNCES NEW MIRACLE INGREDIENT

News! . . . Sensational washing news
from Fels & Co. Our research chem-
Scientific tests prove this
ingredient gets

How to make a million women laugh!

A lot of women who use Fels-Naptha Soap would think we were kidding, if they saw this announcement. And they would laugh right in our faces.

They use Fels-Naptha because it already contains a wonderful ingredient—in addition to good golden soap. A proven ingredient, known for years for its active, dirt-removing ability . . . NAPTHA.

So . . . we don't make any laughable announcements about adding 'miracle' ingredients to Fels-Naptha Soap. We're content to make a laundry soap so good that women just *smile*—with pleasure—when they see the results it gives them on washday.

If you want better washday results—better in every way—we suggest you try the *mild, safe soap with no 'miracle' ingredient*—Fels-NAPTHA Soap.



MADE IN PHILA
BY FELS & CO.



FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD, GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

For a while her heart clung to the past. Then Jennifer Jones chose the future.

...SO she married the boss

BY CYNTHIA MILLER



Jennifer and David Selznick arrive in London after their honeymoon.



Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones, then his wife, with David Selznick and Shirley Temple soon after the Walkers' initial Hollywood success.

■ Jennifer Jones has a habit, even in the midst of conversation, of falling into a silence while she thinks through a problem that has come up. Finally, after a spell of brooding, she will announce her decision. Jennifer followed this pattern in reaching her decision to marry David Selznick—the man who was caught so deeply by her dark beauty himself while bringing her to the attention of the world.

For more than a year before their recent marriage aboard a yacht off the Italian Riviera, there were recurrent reports of stress in their relationship. Only a few weeks ago, their conferences at various European resorts were being described as tempestuous and inconclusive. It was known that Jennifer was having the utmost difficulty in making up her mind.

Only by examining what led up to the tangled love affair can anyone get as much as a partial understanding of what these two were up against. Jennifer and David were caught in deep problems of the heart and soul that individuals do not ordinarily solve easily. . . . (Continued on page 89)

Like Jennifer, Bob Walker also begins a new life. For his story see page 37.

Your letters...

THE CASE OF MONTGOMERY CLIFT

Dear Editor: As president of a Montgomery Clift fan club I want to thank you for that fine open letter you wrote to him in the August issue of Modern Screen. Mr. Clift's indifference to his fan clubs has long been a discouraging factor in our organization. We realize that he is a very busy man, but after all, what's the point of his spending all his time choosing future movie scripts if his fans are so disappointed with him that they refuse to see his movies? Two journals were issued by our club without one bit of help or acknowledgement from Mr. Clift. He acted as if we didn't exist even though we kept him posted on the various activities and developments of the club. Maybe now he will come to realize just what a grave mistake he is making in ignoring his fan clubs. If he does—we have you to thank.

ELEANOR PAUL, MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I was so surprised at some of the things you said in your open letter to Montgomery Clift that I had to write and tell you. I am secretary of his fan club in Madisonville, Texas, and I've never had any trouble in getting replies to letters I've sent him. In fact, Mr. Clift and his secretary were very cooperative in answering any question I asked about organizing and running a fan club. I even received a Valentine from Montgomery Clift, himself!

MARGIE WORCESTER, MADISONVILLE, TEXAS

Dear Editor: We can't understand why Montgomery Clift is a constant source of criticism. To begin with, why should he have to obey the wish of every fan club in the world? A person of his importance is likely to be flooded with thousands of fan letters and it isn't his fault if he can't answer them all. As long as he continues his outstanding acting he'll get along without any fan club telling him how. The way he leads his personal life is no one's business but his own—so please let's have no more of what we've just read in your August issue, because in our opinion, Montgomery Clift is tops!

NORMA ALLMAN

MACITA DEACY

LORA ALLMAN, BUCKLEY, WASHINGTON

Dear Editor: Your open letter to Montgomery Clift amazed and shocked me. I'm writing this to all the ungrateful fans who once claimed they were loyal to him. I don't think that these fans could find a nicer person to admire. When he was in New York he was mobbed by fans but he stopped to talk to as many as he could. He's a pretty busy man and he's been working hard these past few months. How could he find time to answer all his fan mail? He hasn't even received all his fan mail, because he's been traveling so much. I know for a fact that he has a new secretary trying to file all the letters he's been getting. I also know that he's going to hold an interview this fall and that any club president who asks for an invitation may attend. Monty isn't at all the conceited man you picture him. I do wish you'd print a nice article showing his discontended fans what a really fine person he is.

BARBARA COLLINS, NEW YORK CITY

Beauty is my business—

JENI FREELAND
a SweetHeart
Cover Girl



AND SWEETHEART IS MY BEAUTY SOAP say 9 out of 10 Cover Girls!

- We questioned the gorgeous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year. You see them on newsstands *right now*. "What beauty soap do you use?" we asked. And 9 out of 10 gave the same answer... "SweetHeart Soap."

"I owe so much to
SweetHeart Care!"

says JENI FREELAND, Stunning Cover Girl

"To earn top modeling fees, a cover girl *must* have a peaches-and-cream complexion. And I've found nothing else that compares to SweetHeart Care. It makes my skin look creamy-smooth, radiantly fresh and young."

- You may be letting happiness slip through your fingers until you discover

the true beauty of *your* complexion. For that dewy-fresh, young look is wonderfully appealing! So profit from the experience of glamorous cover girls.

Use only pure, mild SweetHeart Soap for daily complexion care. SweetHeart's velvety lather feels heavenly gentle on your skin. For its Floating Lift is an amazing beauty action. You'll quickly see its beauty benefits! One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer, smoother, younger.

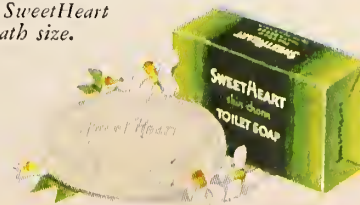
Beauty is my business, too!

- Nadine Koehne, 10 months old, has started her modeling career. Chances are she'll grow up to be a lovely cover girl! For her mother guards the delicate beauty of Nadine's skin with pure, mild SweetHeart Soap.
- Today get gentle SweetHeart in the new, large bath size.



SWEETHEART

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



Keep **COOL!**
 Feel **SMOOTH!**
 Stay **DAINTY!**

Got those "high thermometer" blues? Then it's flower-fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc for you!—to help keep you cool and dainty all over! Try Cashmere Bouquet today and . . .



KEEP COOL Start with a tub or shower, follow with Cashmere Bouquet—all over! Absorbs any lingering moisture left after towelling . . . gives your skin a cool, fragrant freshness!



FEEL SMOOTH Before you dress . . . those little trouble spots, where chafing might occur, call for extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. So smooth it on gently, feel how it protects with a silky-smooth sheath!

STAY DAINTY—

For perfect confidence in your 'round-the-clock daintiness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice daily. Keep cool, feel smooth, be alluring . . . with its entrancing "fragrance men love"!



**Cashmere
 Bouquet
 Talcum Powder**

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

25¢ and 39¢

Yes—

There's a Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetic for Almost Every Beauty Need!



LIPSTICK

Creamy, clinging . . . in 8 fashionable shades!

FACE POWDER

Smooth, velvety texture! 6 "Flower-Fresh" shades!

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM

For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a bedtime beauty must!

HAND LOTION

Caressable hands in just seconds!

the rule that most forget



an
open
letter
to
Jane
Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

We hear that while in London making *Stage Fright*, you have found a brilliant 18-year-old actress named Pamela Stimson and have signed her to a personal contract. We understand that you're planning to bring Miss Stimson back to Hollywood with you to present her to Warner Brothers as a wonderful possibility for future stardom.

Time was when such an operation would have been practically unthinkable for an established star. It's still pretty darned unusual. True, we can think of some other stars who have given a helping hand to youngsters who someday might well be competition for top roles and public favor. There's Humphrey Bogart, for one, who has given John Derek a powerful boost, and for another there's Joan Crawford, who has for many years been helping young performers up the ladder. But such examples of unselfishness have been a notably distinct rarity.

For Hollywood, unfortunately, appears by and large to be a place in which the prevailing law is the law of the jungle, with people on all sides briskly stabbing backs and stepping on faces in a savage battle to get to the top or to stay there.

Yet here you are, Miss Wyman, giving what must be a tremendously promising newcomer an opportunity to become a major figure on the same lot where you currently reign. You're widely considered to be one of the nicest people in the movies. This generous thing you're doing certainly gives added basis for that reputation.

You are indeed demonstrating an allegiance to something to which Hollywood—like the greater part of the world today—seems to find small use for. It's something that's been around for quite a spell, now, and nobody's been able to improve on it yet: The golden rule.

William B. Hartley

EDITOR



BY JACK WADE

the
story
behind

the GABLE LEGEND

■ A few days before he checked back in at MGM to make *Key to the City*, Clark Gable fished the big-game waters off Guaymas, Mexico, seeking the king of the seas, black marlin. One bright blue afternoon, using light tackle, he tied into a 250-pounder. For the next two hours Clark had his big hands full, in a one-man battle against the fightingest fish that swims.

Twelve times the swordfish broke water, tail-dancing, whipping every steel muscle in his body to free himself from the straining line that Clark's aching muscles held in the boat. Nine times Clark had him up close to the boat only to be forced to play the line out again and watch his catch zip away in a charging rush for life.

Halfway through the churning scrap, Clark started talking to his opponent. "Nice going kid . . . What a fighter! . . . Boy, can you take it! . . . Beautiful . . . Beautiful . . ." When he reeled him in at last, played out and conquered, Clark's eyes were sweat-blinded, his bulging arms trembled, cigarettes had burned blisters on his lips, his bare shoulders were roasted red. But he had his prize.

"Say, Skipper," said Gable, "suppose you can unhook him in the water?"

The Mexican boatman almost dropped his gaff. Was this Yanqui sportsman loco? Some people, they spent lives chasing a marlin and never got a strike. And here this man had caught this beautiful big one, this rare one, and wished to let him go!

"I theenk so, *Señor*—but . . ."

"Okay," said Clark. "Let him go. A fighting guy like that deserves his freedom."

Clark Gable's sporting sympathy with the swordfish he'd hooked is understandable. For a long time his own position has been somewhat similar. Not for two hours but for almost 20 (Continued on page 60)

Movie idols come and go, but for twenty years Clark Gable has reigned supreme in Hollywood. Despite the onrush of time and of mixed fortune, his public remains vast and loyal. What's the secret? What's the magic of his personality? Few people really know. Even his close friends seem baffled by his perpetual popularity. Here, in a penetrating story, Modern Screen presents an analysis of Gable the man—and why he is King.

GET OFF THAT HIGH

Prima donnas have their place, but not in Hollywood, warns Hedda-

BY HEDDA HOPPER

■ The other morning I ripped open a letter on my desk and shook my head as I read it. I shook it from sorrow and also from shock.

"I'd like to get my hands on that little girl and shake her until her teeth rattle," it read. "She ought to be spanked, breaking up her mother's chance for happiness like that. I doubt if I'll ever go to see her again in a picture."

That was one of a hundred letters like it—and I thought how different my mail about this girl used to be. Only a few months ago, the letters read, "How I wish she were my daughter. . . . She's a lovable darling. . . . I never miss her pictures. . . . She's Hollywood at its best. . . ."

But now the fans were writing me about Margaret O'Brien's temperamental young tricks in messing up her mother's marriage. All over the world, the public was angrily shaking fingers at the little idol they used to pet.

Only a few weeks ago, Louis B. Mayer, MGM's boss, called one of his studio's greatest stars to his office. He had a sad but necessary decision to hand her. "We can't stand these hold-ups any longer," he told her. "The industry and the state of business can't take it." He pointed out the promises she'd made to snap out of her nerves, and her failures. He cited what the failures had cost—\$900,000 extra due to continual hold-ups on one picture alone. Then he told her she was out of the picture she wanted to do more than any she'd ever made; another star had been hired. "You need a long rest," he counselled kindly.

That's what Judy Garland's having—in a hospital in Boston, as I write, on long suspension from the studio where she rose from a kid to fame and love in the hearts of millions, and a salary of \$7,500 a week.

Last fall I talked to a star on her return from making a picture in England. Before that, in Hollywood, she had dipped from a divine career to two serious flops. Their failure was mainly attributable to her own willfulness and bad judgment. But that seemed no great disgrace. I asked her then what she'd be doing next.

"I don't know," she answered. "I haven't had an offer. I guess nobody wants me," she laughed.

Not so funny, really. Not at all, the way it turned out. Because, unknown to me, she'd already written a fascinating foreigner that she'd come to him whenever he wanted her. And he did, all right. Do you think the once-adoring public will ever worship Ingrid Bergman again after Signor Rossellini and that *Isle of Caprice*, Stromboli? I certainly don't. *Under Capricorn*, the movie she made in England for Alfred Hitchcock, may be a box-office hit—but, in the long run, I'm afraid Ingrid has harmed herself irreparably.

What's happening to Hollywood's golden (Continued on page 85)



Ingrid Bergman reached the heights while following experienced guides, but when she insisted on running things herself, two weak pictures and scandal followed.



Teresa Wright bowed out of making personal appearances to help sell *Enchantment*. This was the last temperamental straw for her boss, Sam Galdwyn.

HORSE!

who's seen too many stars cool off before their tempers did...



Laraine Day was widely considered to be one of the sweetest and friendliest young actresses who ever came to Hollywood—but her sudden attack of lofty temperament on the set didn't serve to further that reputation.



Cornel Wilde is still coasting along on his fame from *A Song To Remember*. Instead of cooperating with his studio in propping up his talents, he fought against it, no longer gets the big Fox roles.



Bette Davis used to laugh at prima donnas, but she's well on the way to becoming one herself. Ever since *Winter Meeting*, she's been ducking the press she used to love, and wearing a chip on her talented shoulder.



Paulette Goddard tossed the first tantrum of her career during *Bride of Vengeance*. When she and her regular beautician disagreed, Paulette got another to give her the unwise make-up she wanted.



Marriage on her Mind

Gossips say she's
a hermit; they say
she hates men. But
Liz Scott knows what
she wants—he
just hasn't
come along.

BY FLORENCE SLOAN

■ Last year, after the Notre Dame-Southern California football game, Elizabeth Scott threw a party over at her place for the visiting Irish from South Bend.

During the course of the festivities, a big hulk of a fullback came up behind Liz and ever so gently tugged at a few locks of her blonde hair. Liz turned around.

"Do you mind if I ask you one question?" the fullback said. "It's been on my mind all evening."

Liz gave the mountain of muscle a small smile. "Ask away," she said.

"How come," the football player said, "that a beautiful blonde like you isn't married?"

Liz looked thoughtful for a moment. Then—"I just haven't had the *time*," she answered playfully.

That was last year. This year, despite the fact that she's already finished three pictures, the last of which was Hal Wallis' *Bitter Victory*, Liz has plenty of time to get married—and wants to very much. "The only thing that's holding me back," she says frankly, "is that I haven't got a fellow."

What Liz actually means is that she hasn't found "the" fellow.

Movie-goers find that difficult to believe, because for the past three years, the gossip columnists have been announcing prospective husbands for her with both amazing and amusing regularity.

First, the columnists had Liz (Continued on page 100)



Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas have different opinions on Elizabeth Scott. Burt thinks she always seems lonely. Kirk admires her for her sociability.



Liz entertains Notre Dame football players Ziggy Czarboski, Creighton Miller and Johnny Lujack at a party for the team when they played U.S.C. last year.

how perfect is "PERFECT?"



Out of three things
dearly cherished,
Joan Fontaine filled her
home with grace and joy
and dreamlike beauty—
yet tragedy walked in.

BY VIOLA MOORE

■ This is the story of a house that once knew love and happiness. In this house, beautiful Joan Fontaine and her producer husband William Dozier lived contentedly with their 11-months-old baby daughter Deborah. All Hollywood pointed to the Doziers as the perfect married couple—the perfect marriage in a perfect house.

Now that picture has changed. The perfect marriage has broken up, and happiness has departed from Joan's dream house. Joan left her husband to fly to New York. "We tried to make a go of it, but one couldn't go on pretending. We apparently just weren't suited," Joan has said sadly to her friends.

From New York, Joan left for Italy where she planned to stay four weeks while making her next film, *September*. Little Debbie, according to plans made by her parents at the time of their separation, was to stay with her father until her mother's return, at which time Bill Dozier would move out of Hollywood's one-time happiest home and Joan would remain there alone with her daughter.

This is the tragic story that all Hollywood has taken as a personal blow. It is also the story that everyone hopes will change—that Joan and Bill will reconcile their differences and return to the house that they gave such loving care.

And what about that house?

Somebody once gave Joan Fontaine a green ceramic bowl, a Spanish painting and half-a-dozen lovely sea shells. Joan is a girl with a poetic imagination. In these objects she saw a bowl, she saw a painting, she saw sea shells—but also much more. She saw them as the keynotes of a beautiful symphony that she would create—a symphony in the form of a hilltop house that she would completely redesign and redecorate herself. . . .

The house is a chocolate-brown redwood structure trimmed with white, standing in three acres of wooded ground. It affords entrancing views of the surrounding land, from the UCLA campus in distant Westwood to the sea at Santa Monica. It was owned formerly by the president of the Paddock Pool Company, and it was he who put in the unique swimming pool. Joan says she and Bill Dozier bought the place mainly because of this delicately-curved lagoon. And it was the first item on Joan's re-doing schedule—



Young Debbie Dozier has inherited her parents' skill at horse-back riding, but she's still restricted to the nursery floor. Leading from the nursery there's a balcony with her special sunning crib.



Joan used the warm tones of her famous Utrillo painting (on the far wall) in designing her formal living-room. The larger living-room—known as "The Glass Room"—is pictured on the opposite page.



Bill Dozier's book-lined den was the kind of room where you could really relax and put your feet up. In addition to Joan's ceramics, the den contained an extensive collection of model sailing ships.



The view from the Dozier dining-room made it a charming place for lunching. But for dinner parties, they used the larger "Glass Room."



Joan gets a little suntan by the swimming pool. The rock garden was one of her best ideas, and she takes care of the shrubs herself.



The master bedroom, done in shades of hazy blue, is dominated by the seven-foot bed. The pointing on the right, over the bed, is of Joan.



Joan's exquisite sea-shell pink dressing room is a wonder of uncluttered efficiency. The mirrored doors lead to her both and clothes room.

HOW PERFECT IS "PERFECT?"

which was triumphantly completed about a year ago, just before daughter Deborah was born.

Shady oaks and olive trees and twining tropical plants were set along the sides of the pool, and at one end Joan had made a towering rock garden planted with flowering shrubs. Then she began on the house.

She took her ceramic bowl, shaped like a jade-green cabbage, and from it designed her living-room color scheme. Dark-green paneled cornices border the ceiling and walls, and are filled with sprays of growing ivy. The leather seats for the bar are green, and so are the wrought-iron glass-topped tables and chairs. Intermediate shades of chartreuse blend into the clear lemon tones of the draperies.

Joan calls her living room "The Glass Room." It is well named. Its windows are solid sheets of glass, and give a three-sided view. Large French doors present vistas of the garden and pool. Sunlight and shadow filter constantly across the floor in ever-changing patterns, as the living green of the lawn and trees seems to come right inside through the glistening walls of glass.

The Doziers could have 20 people for dinner in this room, by grouping the smaller tables together. They could cope with a hundred for cocktails. But their favorite form of fun was musical evenings. And happily enough, among their special friends were Dinah Shore, Gordon MacRae, Jeanette MacDonald and Artur Rubenstein—which brings up the matter of Joan's miniature piano.

When the "Glass Room" was completed, Joan went shopping for her piano. She wanted one that, when not in use, could be kept out of the way in a closet. She went to an exclusive piano showroom, took out a tape measure, measured off a length and held it up.

"I want a piano this big," she said to the wing-collared salesman.

"You wish a *toy* piano?" said the salesman with a touch of hauteur. "I'm afraid, Madam, you have come to the wrong—"

"No, no!" said Joan. "I want a real piano. But a small one."

"Ah!" said the salesman. "For a child."

"No," said Joan. "For an adult, one I can keep in a closet."

The salesman raised his eyebrows. "You plan, Madam, to keep an adult in a closet?"

"Look," said Joan. "I . . ." Then she gave up. "Certainly," she said with a bright smile. "It's my eccentric uncle, who's coming to visit. He's lived in a closet for years—he thinks he's a vacuum cleaner—and I thought he'd like a piano for company. But I guess I'll just get him a piccolo. . . . Goodbye! It's been charming."

So she went across the street and bought a small piano.

Joan keyed the color scheme of her smaller, more formal living-room to her treasured Utrillo oil painting. This is the first room you see when you come into the house. It's a lovely, restful spot. Ancient Chinese tea-canisters serve as lamp-bases on either side of the couch. Above the large fireplace, two Chelsea China dogs guard the mantel. Chairs upholstered in paisley prints stand (*Continued on page 96*)



Back at work, Bob Walker takes time out for coffee and a re-reading of the script for his latest movie, *Please Believe Me*.

RETURN *from* TRAGEDY

With his own hands
he wanted to bring her the world.
This was Bob Walker's
dream—leading him ever
closer to despair . . .

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ In a small, sparsely-furnished room in a sanitarium in Topeka, Kansas, a thin, harried man of 30 sits silently on a cot and stares at the floor. The door opens and a professional-looking man in a loose white coat enters.

The man on the bed doesn't look at him.

The doctor says, "Do you want to have a talk with me today, Bob?"

The patient grits his teeth and shakes his head, never looking up. The doctor leaves, but he'll be back again tomorrow.

Don't get this wrong. The man on the bed is a patient, yes. But he's not insane. He's Robert Walker, movie star. The Menninger Clinic, with its clean, attractive buildings designed and decorated in the best possible taste, is no "snake pit." It is a mental hospital, but here there is no restraint. It costs a lot of money to stay at Menninger's, and if you can't stand the tariff or you really want to go home, you don't have to make it over the wall in the dead of night to get out. You check (*Continued on page 81*)

For the story of Jennifer Jones' new-found happiness, see page 24.



THIS LOVE OF OURS

by Lucille Ball



fourth
in a
series

Life with Desi is crazy and exciting, but our love is deep and changeless.

■ He came whipping around the corner and knocked me off my feet. He picked me up and said, "Hey! You're Lucille Ball, aren't you?" "And you're Desi Arnaz," I gasped.

There must have been more conversation than that, but I just can't remember what it was. I only know that when we left the movie set to go home that night, I had promised this Desi fellow I'd go dancing with him. He'd said something about wanting to teach me a new rumba number for our movie, *Too Many Girls*.

Desi is a born romanticist. That night he didn't suggest any of the usual Hollywood night spots. Instead, we went to a tiny Mexican café in downtown Los Angeles. The place was a perfect romantic setting; a half-dozen candle-lit tables, homey checkered tablecloths. And a jovial proprietor complete with handsome black mustachios. For every woman who has been in love, one special date in her life stands out in her memory, to be lived over and over again. This would be mine.

Desi ordered a Mexican dinner, and we talked before, after and between each mouthful of food. We were like old acquaintances, and we didn't have time for a single dance. At the end of the evening I knew that Desi's home was in Cuba and that his father was mayor of the town of Santiago. He told me about his folks, I told him about mine. In a word—the evening was a complete success.

As you may have guessed by now, Desi turned out to be my favorite husband. We were married in a civil ceremony, November 30, 1940.

When Desi and I decided to get married, we chose a county courthouse in Greenwich, Connecticut. I was a little disappointed. The place was so public, and not at all romantic. On the specified day, we picked up our license from the clerk, and hurried over to the Judge's office. He was waiting for us. Instead of reading the brief civil rites there in his chamber, he winked, hustled into his overcoat, and smilingly pushed us out the door.

Desi and Judge O'Brien had found a better place for us to be married—the Byram River Beagle Club. The place was deserted. We stood before a great fire crackling in the huge stone fireplace of the club's lounge. The scent of burning pine-cones was as fragrant as incense, and outside, the first winter snow flurries banked the frosty window panes. Believe me, no movie set could have surpassed that rustic New England charm.

It would have been a wonderful place for a honeymoon, but we had to dash back to New York, since Desi and his band were appearing at the Roxy theater. Shortly afterward, we left for Hollywood.

My one great fear of our trip out to the coast were those three days Desi would have to spend in my company. (Continued on page 98)



"Isn't this romantic?" asked Desi when the above photo was shot soon after their wedding. It's from Lucille's personal album.

NO HELP WANTED

They never call him Mr. Temple, and they never will. Because the only hand she ever gave him—was in marriage.

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Next to Linda Susan, Lannie, the Agars' callie, is the most important junior member of the household. When Jack's an locatian, Lannie stays up all night, growling away at every sound.



On evenings at home, Jack and Shirley often get out their memory book. Among their favorite pictures is one taken right after their marriage—showing them dancing cheek-to-cheek.



In *I Married A Communist*, Jack plays the first really dramatic role of his career. Above, a scene with Janis Carter and Tom Gamez.

■ The day Jack went off to make his contract test, there wasn't a great to-do in the Agar household. Shirley said good luck at the door, and kissed him. Sometimes when a person's tied up in knots inside, it's better if you and he are matter-of-fact on the outside. Besides, you can say an awful lot in a kiss. . . .

Since then, Jack's made four pictures. His first two landed him 'way out front among the popular newcomers. His next two, if the grapevine's telling the truth, will really send him zooming. Last May, the University Theater of the Air, which can pretty well take its pick of actors, starred him in Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. He'd never done a broadcast before. Knees knocking together, he socked across a subtle, adult, and compelling job.

Jack's doing all right. At least, that's how it looks from where we stand. His own view is more sober. "All I know is, it's murder to watch myself on the screen. All I want to do is crawl down under the seat. All I think is, brother, have I got things to learn!" Beyond that he won't commit himself. "So far I've got by. (Continued on page 78)



When Jack comes home after a hard day's work, Shirley pushes him into a chair and makes it easy for him to relax.

by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

House Swarming!

The walls rocked,
the floors jumped
and Bob Arthur almost hit
the ceiling. There was
a hot time at his house—
when his gang came
to warm it.

■ Robert Arthur opened his front door. For a second he looked wildly at the 18 people jamming his porch. Then, "Yipes!" he cried. "It's an invasion!"

"Surprise! Surprise!" we yelled, and pushed our way in.

We were Tom Drake and Terry Moore, bearing a pan of taffy and a bowl of tomato aspic; Colleen Townsend, Darryl Hickman, Margie Alston, Michael and Nora Kirby, loaded down with bread sticks and a roasting pan filled to the brim with spaghetti; Jerome Courtland escorting Sally Forrest, Lois Butler with Gene Reynolds; guitar-totin' Richard Foote with Barbara Fuller; Roddy McDowall with his sister, Virginia. Bringing up the rear were us Churchills, hustling between us a gallon container of peppery spaghetti sauce.

Soon as we'd all entered and the babble had somewhat subsided, the bewildered Bob was let in on just what had brought about this mass descent on his diggings.

It was like this: The gang had decided that Bob was becoming a Hollywood hermit. When not working in 20th Century-Fox's *Twelve O'Clock High*, he could always be found with his buddy, Frank (Continued on page 44)



All the food at the surprise house-warming thrown for Bob.



Kind of sticky but most fun of all, an old-fashioned taffy pull climaxes the hectic evening. Terry Moore gives Tom Drake a few pointers on how to pull without getting stuck.



...thur was brought by the guests, who formed a chowline at once. Here, authors Rebo and Bonnie Churchill and Colleen Townsend serve the spaghetti.



In what will eventually be Bob's ultra-modern kitchen, the tatty-pullers pause briefly to replenish supplies. The house is 'way up in the hills and still has no heat, but Bob has great plans—for a helicopter landing field!



After putting on a whirlwind polka on the phonograph, Sally Forrest, who used to teach dancing, shows Terry how it should be done. Jerry Courtland (left) seems stumped—but he soon joined in vigorously.



(Continued from page 42) Long, building his new house. Although the place will not be completed for several months, the boys had already moved in.

The only time any of his pals were getting a glimpse of Bob was when he'd come around to "borrow a bath" (the new place was still minus hot water) or come seeking candles (it was also temporarily lacking in electricity).

Something had to be done. So we put our heads together and decided to surprise Bob and help him "break in" the house. With the wonderful aid of Frank Long and Bob's girl, Natalie Garrotto, we managed to keep the whole thing a dark secret from Bob.

Another major contribution from Frank was arranging lights. The neighbors down the hill (Bob lives high on a mountain in a spot that would take an ambitious bloodhound hours to locate) let Frank run an extension cable to the house. Then Frank and Natalie had the soldierly task of keeping Bob occupied in the house while we assembled the gang—who'd brought along a complete dinner—at the bottom of the hill. We'd decided that one mammoth onslaught was the best policy.

Jerry Courtland and Sally Forrest, early arrivals, (Continued on page 93)

Colleen Townsend takes charge of the second-helping division at Bob Arthur's party while Barbara Fuller and Reba lend her a hand.





Frank Long, Bab's roommate, and Barbara Fuller—Claudia in radio's *One Man's Family*—wonder how much Dick Foote can hold.



Sitting out a dance, Colleen and Darryl Hickman (he's in *Any Number Can Play*) seem happy with a less strenuous activity.



After doing everything but jumping rope with the taffy, Sally Forrest and Jerry Courtland decided to taste some—and it's good.



Roddy McDawall (left) brings his polka with Barbara to a frisky finale. Tam Drake pretends Terry Moore is too heavy for him.



Lois Butler, at the piano, and Dick Foote start the bunch singing the good old songs. Dick was the singer in *Streets of Laredo*.



People pair off and wander away at the end of any party. At this one, Lois and Gene Reynolds were attracted by the cool veranda.

the truth about rita's honeymoon



Surrounded by admirers at the Longchamps Race Track in Paris, Rita suddenly feels faint. She and Aly Khan spent 20 days in their first month of marriage at the races.

They might have
rented the Persian Gulf
and drifted off in
a boat of gold.
But they didn't—Rita
and Aly's honeymoon
was even more amazing!

By K. ROBY EUNSON

Rita and Aly Khan flew from France to the races at Epsom Downs.





Raas Prince Monolulu, well-known tipster, greets Rita warmly at the Longchamps track. Shortly after, Rita had the thrill of seeing her husband's horse win the *Prix de Courteuil*.



Rita congratulates Skylarking in the paddock after the horse won its maiden race at Le Tremblay, near Paris. The two-year-old filly was one of the four that Aly Khan gave Rita for a wedding present.

All the world watched Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan in their tempestuous, far-flung courtship, heard with excitement the sensational announcement of their engagement, marveled at their spectacular wedding. Now MODERN SCREEN brings its readers further authoritative coverage of this fabulous romance. In the following extraordinary story, our Paris correspondent presents an intimate picture of the famous couple on their honeymoon.

—THE EDITORS.

PARIS.—After all the hullabaloo of their super-lavish wedding, one might have imagined that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan would then have embarked on a honeymoon of history-making magnificence and revelry. But not so! True, the honeymoon has scarcely been like a jaunt to Niagara Falls. Yet Rita and Aly have spent it comparatively quietly and constructively. Their main public activity has been one in which hundreds of thousands of quite ordinary citizens engage every day: Going to the races.

Aly started right off making Rita's honeymoon a happy one by presenting her, immediately after the wedding, with a number of the pleasant things the wife of an Indian potentate should properly have. Among the gifts were a resplendent Alpha-Romeo automobile, four racehorses, a huge cash dowry and, of course, a few dozen diamonds and rubies.

While all the other presents were very nice indeed, the four racehorses have probably given Rita the most fun so far. A week after the marriage, she won her first

race when her filly Skylarking, a beautiful two-year-old, came romping home ahead of the pack in its initial race at Le Tremblay, near Paris. Then Skylarking was shipped to England. There it didn't do so brilliantly—it ran fifth in a seven-horse race at Ascot.

Rita's other horses are Saxon, a three-year-old bay stallion that, like Skylarking, was bred in Aly's stud in Normandy; Sultan Blanc (White Sultan), a superb white stallion; and Princess Kernin, a fine chestnut filly. Saxon won a race for his new owner two weeks after the wedding. As he came thundering down the stretch at Longchamps, Rita almost climbed right over the rail, so thrilled was she at the sight of her racing silks out in front.

At the wedding reception, while the guests were working away on the gallons of champagne and Aly was effervescing from one group to another, Rita, suddenly feeling tired, went over and sat on a sofa with the Aga Khan, and he and she had a nice long talk. That's when the red cap, red shirt and green sleeves of Rita's racing silks were decided upon. The colors, if not in that exact combination, are the Aga's—and he asked Rita to keep them in the family.

"Rita loves horses and is not merely a racehorse-owner who goes to the races only when she has entries running," says Richard Carter, Skylarking's trainer. In the first month of her honeymoon, Rita spent almost 20 days at various tracks. She raced horses in both France and England, often got up just after daybreak in order to see her stable trained.

(Continued on page 62)



Now she's returned
to Hollywood, her first
love—but she
brings a new love with
her, a new life—
and people wonder . . .

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Has Lana Turner changed?

More than a year ago, Lana Turner became the wife of millionaire Bob Topping and left Hollywood. Now, with Bob, she has returned to resume her screen career. The public has been asking how her marriage has affected Lana. The following story gives the answer.—THE EDITORS.

■ The tremendous four-engine airliner hurtled through the sky at 290 miles an hour. At 18,000 feet, the passengers could look up at the bright, hot morning sun and down at the billowing fog which hid the Los Angeles airport below.

FASTEN SAFETY BELTS. The warning sign glowed red. Travelers obeyed as though on cue from a director. On the arm-rests of her seat, Lana Turner's knuckles turned white.

Her husband, Bob Topping, noticed. "Hey," he said, grinning, "what's this?"

Lana managed a weak smile.

Now the plane began its glide into the blanket of nothingness below. Wisps of fog swirled by. Then the sun was gone and the engines set up a determined growl, biting into the lower air—down, down, down.

"See? Nothing to it." Bob was reassuring.

Lana closed her eyes tightly. Then the ship roared suddenly into a burst of speed. She felt the safety belt strain against her. Beside her, Bob smothered an exclamation of surprise—but abruptly they were in a bright corridor of sunshine which pointed down at the field (*Continued on page 63*)



Lana gains weight rapidly while relaxing, takes it off easily before working. Here, she poses with friends beside a 450-pound tuna she caught in the Bahamas.



At a special screening of *The Heiress*, these college fashion editors compare the real Montgomery Clift with his celluloid version. More formally



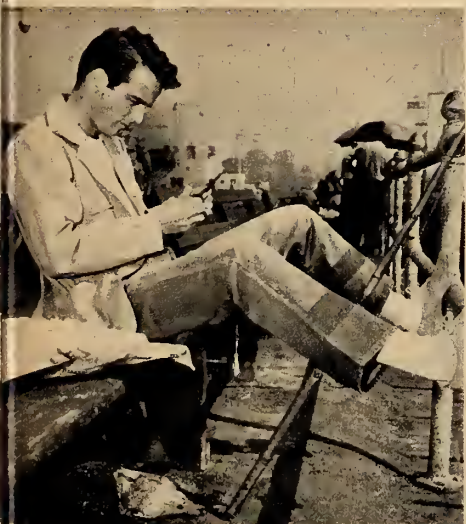
As one of "the most painful brats in theatrical history," Clift (with the aid of Andrea King) made life horrible for Thomas Mitchell when the three appeared in Broadway's *Fly Away Home*.



Although he had never been in the Army, Clift's performance as a G.I. in *The Search* was acclaimed for its solid reality. Clift, however, disagrees with the critics, stating, "The feeling of being a soldier among soldiers can't be faked."



More tired than usual, Clift relaxes under their scrutiny.



Despite quick fame and publicity build-ups, Clift's taste for the simple life remains. His burning desire is just to be a better actor.

modern screen proudly presents

MY OWN STORY



by montgomery clift

as told to george scullin

This is what everyone has been waiting for! Here, for the first time, Montgomery Clift tells his own story. It is the remarkable story of a stage-struck kid from Nebraska who wouldn't go home, of an actor who hit Hollywood like dynamite

■ Just a few years ago I was engaged in writing my life story for a small, dubious, but extremely important group of people in mid-town Manhattan. It was a brief story, about six lines, but upon their acceptance of it depended such little incidentals of personal interest as whether or not I continued to eat. They agreed that I was probably born on October 17, 1920, as stated in the script. It was obvious that I was six feet tall, weighed about 155, and had dark hair and blue-green eyes. My hungry look could support the statement that I was unemployed, but the doubt crept in about my profession. "An actor, he says," said my script-reader.

They went into a huddle, looking me over from time to time. I was wearing my best suit to make a good impression, and apparently I did. The huddle broke up and my script-reader returned with my life story. "All right, Clift," he said. "We've decided in your favor. You will start getting your unemployment insurance checks next week."

Circumstances are a little less strained at this writing, but my friends suggest that I keep my contacts with that unemployment office. It won't be necessary. I have a standing offer to return to Napa Valley, California, where I made good in a big way as a digger of irrigation ditches.

This fabulous business going on today—"Montgomery Clift, the brightest comet ever to burst into the firmament of Hollywood stars"—has me dazed, but not confused. I still know who I am. Now all I have to do is find out who the Montgomery (Continued on page 73)



In Warners' *Under Capricorn*, Ingrid Bergman, married to an ex-convict, Joseph Cotten, eventually becomes a dyspso-maniac.

UNDER CAPRICORN

■ *Under Capricorn* is a big, flamboyant and satisfying drama, packed with explosive tensions. It takes place in Sydney, Australia, in 1831—when the colony's manpower came mainly from British convicts sent out for terms of hard labor. One such is Sampson Flusky (Joseph Cotten), a low-born Irishman who, after serving seven years for murder, has rapidly become wealthy in the new land. His aristocratic wife (Ingrid Bergman)—for the killing of whose brother he was convicted—has followed him out, lived in poverty while he was in prison and now, broken in spirit by the years of hardship and loneliness for her own kind, has taken to drink. On the scene comes a young Irish gentleman (Michael Wilding) who turns out to be an old acquaintance of hers. With Flusky's blessing, he tries to rehabilitate her. This good work is luridly complicated by matters you'll find highlighted in the pictures to your right. . . . Alfred Hitchcock, working with a tense script, top-flight performers and a brilliant Technicolor production, has directed another bang-up entertainment.



Ingrid Bergman's latest role is in a taut, flamboyant drama of 19th Century Australia.



1. Wealthy ex-convict Sampson Flusky (Joseph Cotten) is happy at the initial success of elegant Charles Adare (Michael Wilding) in helping his wife Henrietta (Ingrid Bergman) conquer alcoholism.



2. Adare knew her in Ireland before she came here to Australia where Flusky was imprisoned for killing her brother. Housekeeper Milly (Margaret Leighton) suspects there's more than friendship.



3. Henrietta improves until she loses her grip again after Milly shames her before the servants. Adare goes to her bedroom to reason with her. Milly, vainly denouncing the pair to Flusky, leaves.



4. Henrietta now recovers. Adare takes her to the governor's ball—her first. Flusky is pleased until Milly returns, arouses his jealousy. He rushes off to the ball, makes his wife leave.



5. Adare follows her home, begs her to go off with him. But she says she loves Flusky—she killed her brother, Flusky took the blame. Flusky enters, in a struggle, accidentally shoots Adare.



6. If Adare dies, Flusky will hang. If not, Flusky will go back to jail—unless he confirms his wife's murder confession. Then Milly gets really mean and—but to learn the end, go see the film.

STOP LYING ABOUT



they whisper:

**HE HAS CANCER.
HE GOES ON BENDERS.
HE AND DIXIE ARE SEPARATING.
HE'S LOSING HIS VOICE.
HE CAN'T READ MUSIC.
HE'S CARELESS ABOUT SINGING.
HE'S LAZY.
HE'S UNCOOPERATIVE.
HE'S RUDE.
HE'S UNFRIENDLY.**

Few celebrities have ever been the subject of more lying rumors than has Bing Crosby. In the following story, a seasoned Hollywood reporter goes into some of the wilder Crosby yarns that the bzzz-bzzz group has circulated—and the effect on their victim.—THE EDITORS.

■ Back in the days when Bing Crosby had just abandoned Gonzaga U. textbooks to play the drums at high-school and college dances around Spokane with the Musicaladers, he stepped down from the bandstand one night and confronted a large senior.

"You been makin' cracks at me all evening," said Bing. "You don't like my drummin'. That's okay. You don't like

CROSBY!



the way I sing. That's okay. But when you say I quit school because I was too puny for football—well, let's step outside."

Outside, Bing knocked the guy flat.

Back then, Bing was just a youngster who thought he had to prove something. Today, he's one of the most amazing successes in history. He no longer has to prove a thing—and he seems indifferent to the strange lies that, for quite some time now, have been told about him. But is it true that they no longer hurt Bing?

Take the latest rumor. How'd you like to have people spreading an utterly false report that you have cancer? Well, that's what they've been (*Continued on page 76*)



Crosby leads a surprisingly rugged life for a man who's supposed to be dying of cancer. Here, he receives the winner's trophy at the Totem Pole Golf Tournament in Jasper National Park.



Friends and co-workers scoff at the idea that Bing is unfriendly. A sports enthusiast, and a good loser, Bing steps aside as Bill Morrow proudly exhibits the catch he made on Lake Pend Oreille.



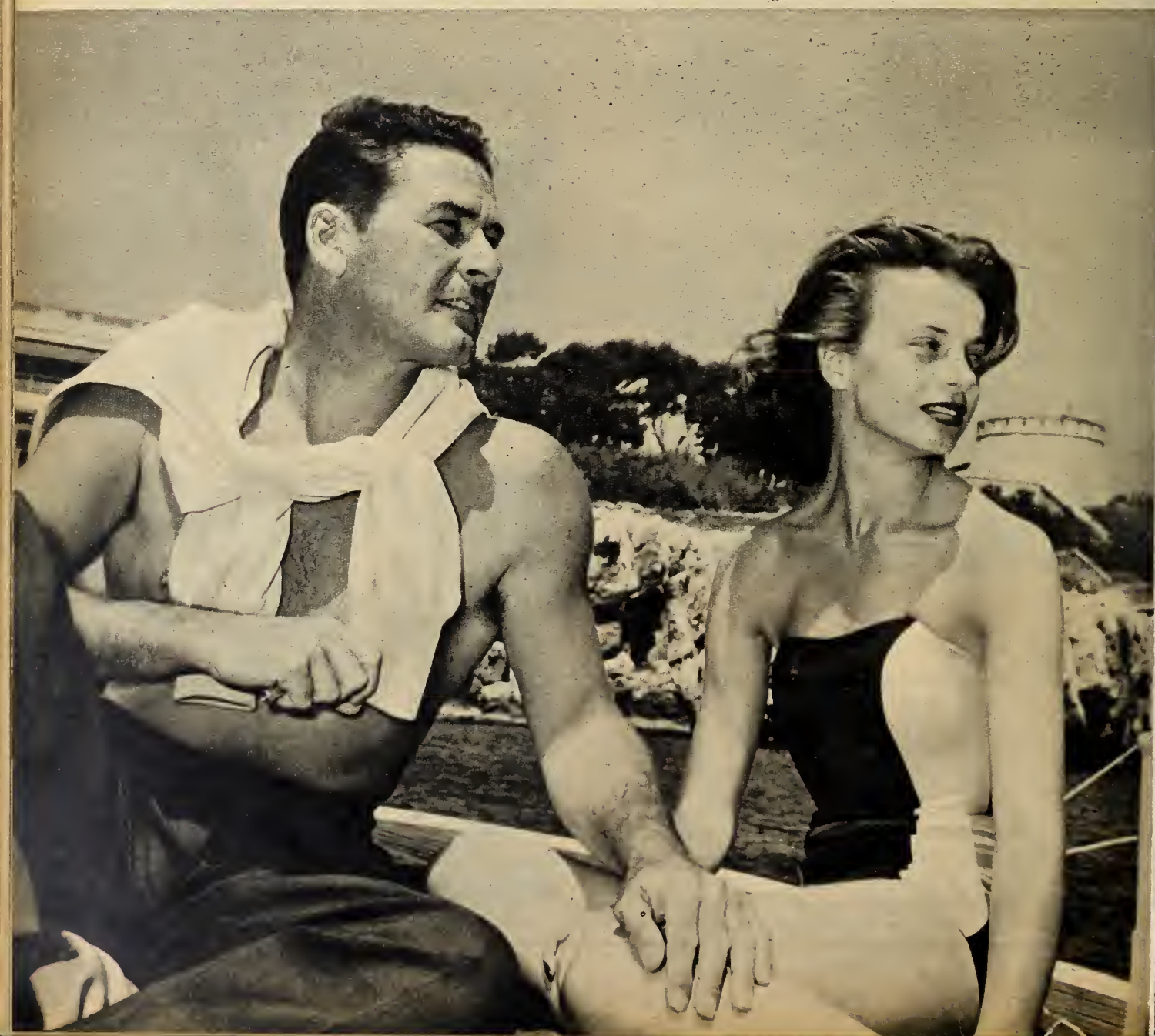
Rhonda Fleming, Crosby's lead in *Connecticut Yankee*, was amazed by the scenes Bing threw her way. "How can they say he's uncooperative or rude?" she asks. "He couldn't have been nicer."

In a reshuffling of
marital mates only
Errol Flynn's unanswered
for—although
Princess Ghica says her
intentions are
strictly honorable!

By JOHN HOWLEY

hollywood's dizziest

Princess Irene Ghica and Errol Flynn sun themselves on the Riviera while all of Hollywood wonders about the outcome of this new romance.



marry-go-round

■ When Errol Flynn, actor, adventurer, and bon vivant, flew into Hollywood from Paris some weeks ago he was waylaid by a small army of female gossip columnists whose interest in the Flynn love-life is more than academic.

"Tell us," squealed one, "what have you done with the Princess Ghaki?"

"Is it true," demanded another, "that you and the Princess Ghekki are going to get married?"

"I hear tell," cooed a third, "that you've hidden the Princess somewhere in Hollywood."

Now, Flynn, who is nothing if he is not a gentleman, told these chroniclers of Cupid the truth.

"The Princess Ghica," he said, pronouncing the girl's name correctly, "is in Paris. I think she's a very charming woman. Beyond that, I have nothing to say about her. I'm here to do some re-takes on *The Forsyte Saga*. After that, I shall return to Europe."

These were simple, straightforward statements of fact. And yet, not very long after they were made, a well-known columnist announced that Errol had brought the Princess Irene Ghica to the movie colony, and that she was being hidden somewhere within its environs.

Another journalist went even further. She not only substantiated her colleague's report, but in addition, she told her radio audience that the Princess Ghica had flown in on the same plane with Flynn. "What's more," she confided to intimates, "I've seen the Princess' passport and the check made out by MGM for her passage. As you probably know, Errol refused to fly back unless Metro paid all the expenses for both of them."

Flynn, who has written fiction himself, can of course recognize it instantly—even over the radio. What is more, he has a delightfully pixyish sense of humor. For example, en route to Los Angeles from Paris, his plane had to put down in London; Flynn had to fill out various health and immigration credentials. On one of the blanks where he was asked to list his occupation, he wrote the simple word, "sex." Where he was asked to list his sex, he wrote the simple word, "occupation."

Flynn thought this very amusing. Some of the British officials didn't.

By the same standards of humor, the thought came to him after the columnists kept insisting that he was hiding the Princess Ghica in Hollywood, that it would be a shame to belie these guardians of journalism.

Flynn thereupon called Central Casting and got the name and

... and then we called
the princess ...

While columnists were reporting the presence of Princess Ghica in Hollywood, MODERN SCREEN telephoned Paris, France—and had a highly interesting conversation. The following, slightly condensed, is an actual transcript of the call:

M.S.: Is this the Princess Irene Ghica?

SHE: It is.

M.S.: Princess Ghica, I'd like to ask you a few questions about Errol Flynn.

SHE: I have a feeling that you are Mr. Errol Flynn or that this is one of his practical tricks.

M.S.: I can assure you, Princess, that I am not Errol Flynn.

SHE: If Mr. Flynn is near-by, I should like to talk to him.

M.S.: I am very sorry, but at the moment he's on the MGM lot doing some re-takes with Greer Garson.

SHE: I am sure he is doing a very good job.

M.S.: He always does. . . . Is it true that you plan to star in his next picture, *The Buccaneer*?

SHE: Well, I don't know. I would like to read the script again.

M.S.: Can you say just how you feel about Mr. Flynn?

SHE: Well, I am very fond of him. He is a very nice guy, don't you think?

M.S.: Oh, yes, very nice. . . . One of the other reasons I called is that the rumor has been going around Hollywood that Mr. Flynn had brought you with him to Hollywood and was hiding you out somewhere.

SHE: That, as you know, is ridiculous. I am speaking to you from Paris. It is now about midnight. I am going out dancing and the weather is just wonderful.

M.S.: Princess Ghica, are you in love with Mr. Flynn?

SHE: That is a very personal question. After all, I don't know Mr. Flynn a very long time. What does he say about such things?

M.S.: He never leads his private life in public. . . . Have you ever been married, Princess?

SHE: Yes, I have been married, and as a matter of fact, in eight days I will have my divorce.

M.S.: How did you meet Errol Flynn?

SHE: Through mutual friends.

M.S.: What did you think of him when you first met him?

SHE: I thought he was very charming, very handsome, very witty.

M.S.: You sound, Princess, like a woman in love.

SHE: You are just trying to get me to say things, and I will not, unless Mr. Flynn says them first.

M.S.: Do you have any children, Princess?

SHE: Yes, I have 16.

M.S.: Please, Princess.

SHE: I not only have 16 children, but I also am 89 years old.

M.S.: Well, princess, judging from your pictures you're very well preserved. . . . But are you engaged to Errol Flynn or have you an intention of marrying him?

SHE: As for my intentions toward Mr. Flynn, you may say that they are strictly honorable.

M.S.: Thank you, Princess—and goodnight!



NORA EDDINGTON AND DICK HAYMES were married on July 17 in the garden of the groom's Beverly Hills home. The ceremony was performed by brilliant Superior Judge Edward Brand who stated, "I am not going to indulge in oratory. Marriage is a simple thing and only what you make it." Moments later, the couple exchanged rings. The bride's was a wide platinum band with the names Nora and Dick spelled out in diamonds. Haymes' ring was a relatively plain platinum band bearing the legend, "To Dick with love," and the date. Although he was not among the 100 guests attending, Errol Flynn made his presence felt by a telegram which read: "I wish you all the happiness two hearts can hold," and was signed, "The Baron." Nora Eddington had won her divorce from Flynn on July 7—and now was closing her chapter on a spectacular bit of Hollywood history.



JOANNE DRU AND JOHN IRELAND were noticeably absent from the Dick Haymes-Nora Eddington nuptials. Joanne, Haymes' former wife, had only recently been granted a final divorce decree on the grounds of extreme mental cruelty. Although she had previously denied any romantic intentions, Joanne, now obviously and openly in love, has stated that she and John Ireland will be married not later than September. For a time, it even appeared that they might "scoop" the Haymes wedding by rushing off to Laguna Beach to stage a surprise ceremony with Gregory Peck as best man. However, at a later party for friends, Joanne announced her present plans. Very soon after their wedding, the Irelands will find a home far removed from the place and the memories of Joanne's previous marriage—whose only happy result for her is the custody of her three children.

address of a girl he knew who had played many bit parts as a Balkan.

"Look," he explained to her. "Everyone believes that the Princess Ghica is in town. She isn't. She's in Paris. But in order to have a little fun, and to keep up morale, I want you to play the Princess Ghica."

"Here's what we'll do. I'll take you on the Metro lot tomorrow. I'll have the word spread around that the Princess Ghica is coming. Then I'll introduce you to Bobby Bennett—he's our director—and to Greer Garson, and several others."

"When you meet Bennett, run your hand across his face and tell him he's 'verry prittie.' When you meet Miss Garson, I'll leave you two alone, and you just engage in women's talk with her—you know, ask her what sort of husband she thinks I would make. That sort of routine."

The following day, Flynn picked up his phony Princess and on their way to Metro he gathered a handful of tired old yellow gladioli which someone had thrown into a vacant lot.

"This," he said, handing the dead flowers to her, "is your bouquet." The girl howled. "I'll slip one of these," she said, "into Bennett's buttonhole."

As soon as Flynn and his Princess hit the set, the rumor flew from person to person that at long last Errol had taken his royal sweetheart out of hiding. Playing their parts perfectly, Flynn and the girl walked up to Compton "Bobby" Bennett, a shy Englishman if ever there was one.

"Darling," said Errol, turning to his Princess, "may I present Mr. Compton Bennett, our director?"

Bennett bowed at the waist. "An honor, Princess. An honor. How do you do?"

The Princess from Central Casting placed her long thin fingers on Bennett's forehead. "But you are so prittie," she gushed, "so verry, verry prittie." Bennett reddened. "I should like you for to wear this flower from me." And with that, she inserted a faded, broken gladiola in his buttonhole. "Your skin, it iss like ledder," the Princess continued, pinching the director's cheeks ever so lightly. "And this building, this edifice you work in, it hass no ceiling, does it?"

Flynn, who could barely keep a straight face, then escorted his charge to the portable dressing room of Miss Greer Garson, one of the wittiest, most understanding, and charming actresses he has ever worked with.

"Greer," he said, "I know you've heard a lot about the Princess Irene Ghica. Now, I should like you to meet her."

Greer was flattered. Nothing would do but the Princess must stay a while. So the Princess stayed, and Errol disappeared on some innocuous pretense.

Greer, aware of the fact that the Princess spoke English with a decided Balkan accent, was not too sure how well she understood the language. She made it a point to (Continued on page 91)



FIRST
in a series

MY PRAYER *was* ANSWERED

by Jane Powell

Jane Powell, who now has a host of friends in Hollywood, gives a few autographs. Her next film will be MGM's *Nancy Goes To Rio*.

At home, she'd
always known the warmth
and laughter of
friends. But in Hollywood,
Jane Powell
cried bitter tears
of loneliness. And
then she prayed . . .

■ I should have been the happiest girl in the world. Here I was, only 15, and a star. Yet I was extremely unhappy: I had been terribly lonely for over a year. "I wish I'd never come to Hollywood," I thought resentfully—and tearfully.

I came from a town where I knew everybody. Life had been wonderful in Portland, Oregon. I had grown up there among a crowd of kids my own age. We had gone to parties, shows and school-affairs together. In Portland I had never known a lonely moment.

It was in Hollywood that I discovered how horrible loneliness can be when you are 15.

In most towns, young people go to public school and meet friends there. I went to the studio school. Sometimes I was the only student; at other times there were just a few others besides myself, none of (Continued on page 95)

THE STORY BEHIND THE GABLE LEGEND

(Continued from page 29)

years, Clark's been fastened to Hollywood by a taut, spinning string of great box-office pictures, great popularity, great fame. He's the undisputed king of the movie seas, a big-game guy, peerless, the champ.

He's made spectacular leaps, likewise a flop or two, but they've never bothered his box-office. He's still tops, he's terrific, he's sought after, respected. Like his swordfish, too, Clark Gable prizes his freedom above everything else he has. But there's one very striking difference. Nobody's thinking of letting Clark Gable go.

Since he made *A Free Soul*, which sent Clark off to the races, he's stayed annually in the top box-office 10, excepting one year during the war when his pictures ran out. He not only starred in the greatest money-maker in film history, *Gone With the Wind*, but in bonanzas like *Test Pilot*, *It Happened One Night*, *Boom Town*, *San Francisco*, *Red Dust* and *Hell Divers*. *Adventure*, which the critics panned, made five million dollars. So did *Homecoming*, which got the same review ribbings. No recent Gable movie has been a critical rave—*The Hucksters*, *Command Performance*, or *Any Number Can Play*. But they've all been good Gable—so enough said. They've all made big money. *It Happened One Night*, which won Clark his Oscar, has been re-issued nine separate times.

He's launched a double-dozen young actresses to fame through being his leading lady. He's been a man's hero, too. No clothes-horse ever, when he wore turtle-necked sweaters, everybody started wearing them. When he sported a Tyrolean hat, the same. He boosted along the popularity of skeet-shooting by taking it up. He's helped boom hunting and fishing. He's the original hot-rod kid. He aided mightily in glamorizing the Air Corps. During the war, Hitler dangled prizes before his *luftwaffe* for the Nazi pilot who could bring him down.

Come December 4, 1950, which is only a year away, Clark will have been on MGM's payroll 20 years. (He signed up first for two.) Yet he's just getting his second wind as Mr. Hollywood. Why and how come?

What's the Gable magic? Why is his popularity perpetual, his world-wide audience unlimited, untired, unsatisfied, unrelentingly loyal, militantly devoted—in spite of time and times, good and bad, and Gable pictures the same? How does the guy do it?

Even some of Gable's close friends seem baffled when they try to put a finger on just what the magic is. But long ago, the late Irving Thalberg, MGM's great producing genius, summed up his then-new star pretty pithily: "Gable is manhood, personified," he appraised. "He's what every man admires, every woman loves, every boy would like to grow up to be." You could say the same thing today. Since then Clark Gable and the Gable charm both have been analyzed curiously from every angle because there's never been anyone remotely like him. In fact, the oft-tried Hollywood beginner's ballyhoo, "He's another Gable," has always boomeranged as an absurd and blighting career kiss-of-death. There's no such animal, never will be, and every candidate posing as such has been rudely laughed off the screen.

Clark himself has consistently snorted his perennial, "I'm lucky," explanation and gone on being himself, on the screen and off. Still, there's more to the Gable power than a rabbit's foot—more, too, than Thalberg's triple-threat theory of virility, sex-appeal and hero stature.

For one thing, Clark Gable knows his business from the ground up—which is where he started, as an extra. Maybe he ought to, after all these years. But there are plenty of other star veterans who still don't, who haven't had the enthusiasm, the curiosity and the conscientious competence that Gable owns as much today as when he began.

Though he won an Oscar for *It Happened One Night* (and gave it away to a boy admirer), he's not a great actor, if you believe either the critics or most directors. But Mervyn LeRoy, one of his long-time boosters and part discoverer, disagrees. "Don't ever kid yourself," he told me. "Gable's as good as they come on the screen. He can handle any scene in a way that pulls every eye right to him, and that,

like nothing else, is movie greatness."

Clark knows everything about making movies—in every department. He's never in his trailer dressing-room between takes unless absolutely necessary, and then the door's never closed—he might miss something. He's out in the center of things with the people who are putting him on film. When a camera breaks down, he's got his head poked inside and his fingers fiddling until the bug's licked. "Shug" Keeler, a hunting pal of his, who's worked on dozens of Gable films, told me: "Clark could take out a card in darned near any studio union today. He could handle almost any job—electrician, carpenter, prop, grip, camera crew. He's learned by being curious as a cat."

common clay . . .

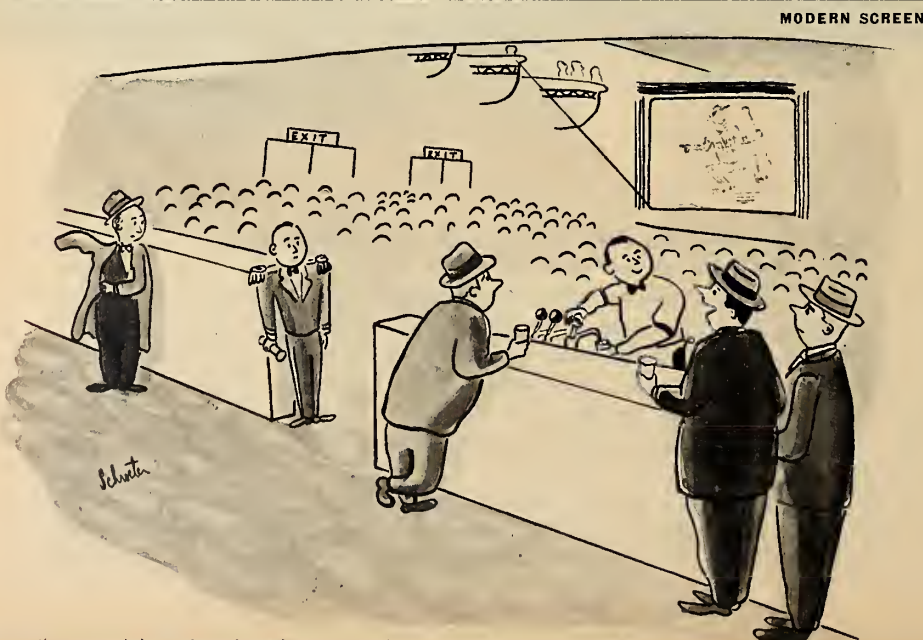
"Clark Gable's stayed great because he has the common touch," one of his best pals, the late director Victor Fleming told me once. "He likes people as much as they like him. I've never seen him bored or blasé in any setting." Victor Fleming directed Gable in *Gone with the Wind* and *Test Pilot*. Fleming was a rugged man like Clark, and the pair used to roar over the California countryside on motorcycles playing a sort of follow-the-leader on the highway. Often Gable disappeared and Vic would find him back somewhere chummed up with other Sunday motor-bike clubs made up of factory workers, mechanics and store clerks.

"People see and admire in Clark whatever they want to," thinks Howard Strickling, MGM official and Gable's close friend and ranch neighbor in the San Fernando Valley. Howard's travelled a lot with Clark. "They feel they know him. After all, they've either grown up or grown older with Clark. They've watched him fight, make love, eat, drink, sleep, shave, dress, get in jams and out of them, laugh, play, and get smacked around by life, just as they do—only on the screen. They've formed their ideas long ago about what he's like and he doesn't let them down. When he meets them, he's the same guy they think they know."

Gable loves to meet the people—whether they're Long Island society smoothies or Texas ranch hands. He has the happy gift of being equally at ease with both. By all odds the most glamorous man in the world, he doesn't carry the gloss with him in person. Nothing sets him apart as an out-of-this-world demigod. Hollywood seems to roll off him the minute he rolls out of Hollywood. He's easily recognized wherever he goes, enjoys the recognition and sops up the friendly admiration even when it inconveniences him.

Gable's a demon tourist and sightseer wherever he goes—and he goes just about everywhere. He keeps his viewpoint fresh and his perspective straight that way. This last stretch after *Any Number Can Play*, for instance, he drove to Oregon to his Rogue River shack; flew to New York to catch the new Broadway shows; drove to Phoenix, Arizona, to see Betty Chisholm, a girl he likes, and to take more lessons from a golf pro he also likes at the Arizona Biltmore. From there he bumped over the chuck-holed roads of Lower California to Guaymas and his marlin. Wherever he went, he saw all there was to see and what he could cram in to do—whether it was a whirl at the Stork Club with his Long Island friends, or a rodeo in a desert cowtown.

He rolls into a new town, maybe only pop. 2,500, rubbernecking all around, strolls



into a highway café and kids the waitress. "What's cookin', Sweetheart?" Clark drawls with his elbows on the counter. "What do you do for excitement in this town?" And she tells him, or the local cop does, or a garage grease-monkey does. Before he's through with them he knows all about their burg, and he's told them practically nothing about Hollywood or himself. If there's a carnival in town, a turkey-shoot or an election with free lemonade and fireworks, Clark's there and having a terrific time. Going East, he never misses taking in the zoos in New York and Chicago. Last year he spent all afternoon at a model coal-mine in Chicago. He's toured all the national parks, even Yellowstone, gazing at the geysers, including the one that could have been named after himself, Old Faithful.

Oddly enough, although Clark's popularity has long since surpassed the fabulous Valentino's, he almost never gets mobbed or swarmed, heckled or embarrassed in public. "There's some kind of native dignity and respect that guy packs that keeps them from it," says an MGM chaperone who's travelled a lot with Clark to benefits and openings. "They treat him like a human being instead of a Hollywood god."

knows his own strength . . .

Clark has an alert nose for trouble and has always ducked with rare good sense instead of playing the hero out in public without drawing a salary for it. One reason is that he's powerful—a rough, slugging hitter from his oil fields days—and he doesn't trust himself to get lured into a spot where he might hurt, possibly kill, someone. He's laughed his way good-naturedly out of many a café commotion in both New York and Hollywood in his time; many an emboldened drunk has peeled off at him with, "So you're the great Gable. Let's see if you're so tough!" Clark's either moved on or kidded him out of his folly.

In all the years Gable's been in Hollywood, no scandal of any sort has stuck to his name.

Clark went through the divorces from his first two wives, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Langham, without any dirt-dishing, recriminations, or sordid facts and figures. He's still friends with them both, although they're long ago out of his life.

Physically, Clark has bowed to time amazingly little. He's still ramrod straight, weighs 195—he tipped 175 at the start. He hasn't lost a hair of his thick black mop, though it's streaked with silver here and there. His muscles still bulge like a boilermaker's. And they're hard. His waistline's well under control. The Gable grin and the gray-blue Dutch eyes pack the same candlepower as always.

But his Ponce De Leon secret's not all a matter of Gable in the flesh. That curiosity and boyish interest in life has helped plenty. Clark reads and listens and looks, and as Mickey Rooney used to say, "The King's hep." Gable hates that tag, "King," by the way—and only a few friends can get by using it without a black scowl. He prefers just "Clark" or sometimes "Moose," hasn't heard "Billy" since his dad died and left him without one surviving close relative.

Clark has always ridden some rejuvenating hobby hard and still does. He's taken all-out turns with horses, dogs, shooting, hunting, fishing, ranching, stock-raising—even cooking and flower-growing. Lately, he's gone back to golf seriously, and again shoots in the 70's. He still nurses the fast motor craze he'll have until he dies. His hobbies have been the absorbing preventatives for any worry warts about his Hollywood fate or fortune. Clark himself expressed his philosophy on that a long

time ago. "If they want me, they can still have me," he laughed to me once. "I'm available until they kick me out. And if they ever do—I'm still a darned good mechanic."

Clark will probably never have to fret financially. His colossal paycheck, like most jumbo Hollywood salaries, goes mostly to Uncle Sam, but he's been drawing one almost that big for years and he has plenty salted away by now. He's never been a big spender. His frugal Dutch blood forbids that. For a star of his magnitude and income, he lives in near-Spartan simplicity. He's still wearing the suits he had tailored before the war, which hung, moth-proofed, in his closets while he sported Air Force cords and pinks. He buys the best clothes and wears them forever. He doesn't tip lavishly or toss his money around. Yet he's a notoriously soft touch when he hears of any studio worker in distress. In this he's direct and man-to-man, usually with a \$100 bill, or whatever he thinks the situation calls for, jammed quietly into the hand of the guy with a "curt," "Forget it."

He's gone overboard on deluxe shooting irons, with an arsenal at his ranch that represents thousands of dollars. Incidentally, that's the only room at Encino he'll let be photographed. Clark explains, "It's the only thing that's really all mine." Rest of the place he still regards sentimentally as part his, part Carole's—and her touches have never been altered or disturbed.

Autos are a weakness like the guns. Gable has probably owned more cars than any star in Hollywood. He tries one out then trades it in, as motor dealer Al Menasco says, "before it needs a wash job." One year Clark traded in eight cars for different models. He's owned almost every make manufactured. Right now he's crazy about the inexpensive Plymouth that he drove on his Mexican fishing trip. His pet is a foreign Jaguar, but mostly for tune-up and tinkering purposes. He runs it more in his garage than on the road. His television set is the first machine Clark has let alone. It's so complicated, he's afraid to touch it.

Clark's living set-up at Encino has changed practically none in the past seven

years. He has the same two servants and a secretary, Jean Gorceau, to handle his affairs and still-flooding fan mail. Since "Pop" Gable died a couple of years ago, Clark seems more anxious to get away evenings. He's had more dates for Ciro's and Mocambo and when he sees his old friends it's usually at their houses, not his. They're still the same old Gable standbys—Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff, Al Menasco, "Fieldsie" and Howard Lang, Howard Strickling, Bill Powell, Spencer Tracy, Howard Hawks, Jack Conway, Johnny Mahin. He lost one of the best last year when Victor Fleming died. Clark seldom adds a new friend, never drops an old one.

The recurrently recharged enthusiasm for life and the particular labors it has tossed into lucky Clark's lap probably explains as much as anything the secret of Old Indestructible and how he still works his Mighty Medicine.

He was all steamed-up about playing *Key to the City*, a comedy with all the stops out. On the set, the first day, Clark was describing to co-star Loretta Young his idea of their job.

"Let's do it strictly for fun all the way," he plugged. "Something like *It Happened One Night*. Do you remember it—or was it before your time?"

Clark and Loretta starred together 12 years ago in *Call of the Wild*, he was sure of that—but *It Happened One Night* was 17 semesters past and sometimes Clark gets the idea no one's as ancient around Hollywood as he is. He got his big ears pinned back fast.

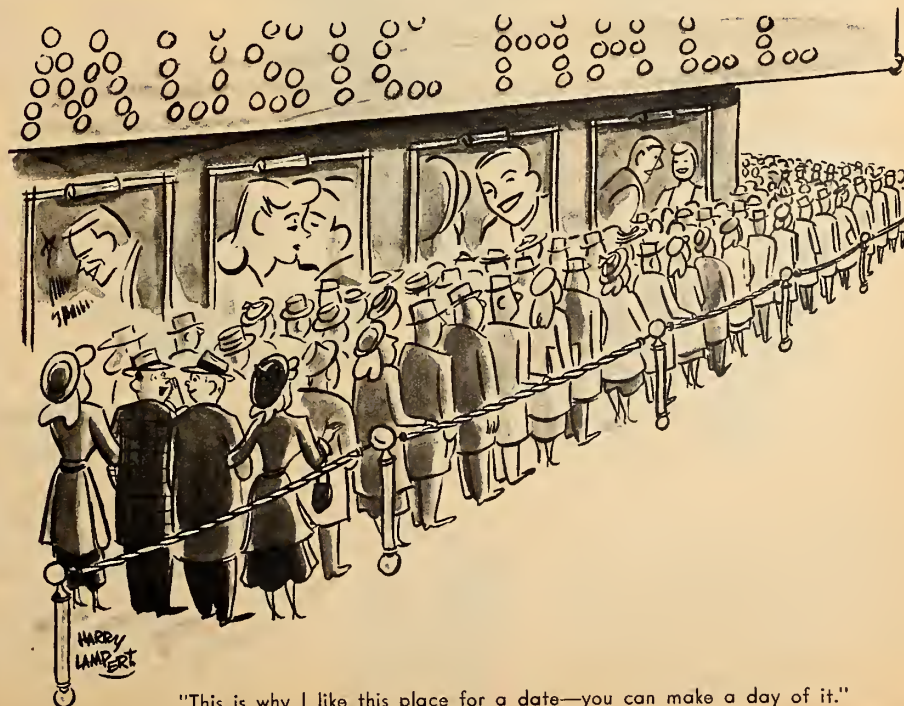
Loretta nodded. "I seem to," she replied. "And I remember being so pleased to see such a promising young man get a break."

"Promising young man?" Clark sputtered. "Why, I was an old-timer then. I'd been around for years! Say—how long have you been in pictures?" he challenged.

"Since I was four," answered Loretta, "which was 10 years before you started—Junior."

Considering his ageless career and the fact—believe it or not—that Clark even wears a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit in *Key to the City*—maybe Loretta had something. Maybe "Junior's" a better nickname for Clark Gable than "King." THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"This is why I like this place for a date—you can make a day of it."

THE TRUTH ABOUT RITA'S HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 47)

While the woods were still glistening with dew, Rita's powerful Alpha-Romeo would glide along a narrow road and stop near the track at Chantilly, on the outskirts of Paris. Rita, in a neat tweed suit, and Mme. Germaine Vuiller, a new and close friend—who is in charge of Aly's stud farm at Marly la Ville—would leave the car and go down by the rail. There Rita and Mme. Vuiller would lean on the fence and, through their binoculars, watch the thoroughbreds go by.

Rita was on hand the morning that Skylarking had its final speed trial before winning its first race. "She's in shape," said Rita judiciously to trainer Carter. "She'll win."

"It takes a woman with horse sense," said Carter later, "to know when a horse looks fit enough to win."

And Rita has been demonstrating horse sense in other ways on her honeymoon. Instead of resting on the laurels of her new position as "Princess Aly," she's been making earnest efforts to fit herself for the social duties that go with it. For instance, she's been getting fluent in French. Mlle. Huchon, Rita's French teacher, says that Rita has seldom missed devoting part of a day to working at the language. Rita knows she'll spend much of her new life in places where French is the universal language, so she's gone about learning it in a business-like way.

"The lessons are at variable times," says Mlle. Huchon, "but she never quits before studying at least an hour. She speaks rapidly, now, with very little accent. She's

been a truly remarkable pupil."

Aly must be proud of his bride—for this and many other things. Yet the sullen attitude he started exhibiting shortly after the wedding led to rumors that he and Rita were spitting. But Aly's bad temper wasn't directed at Rita. It was directed at the press—whose nose for news, Aly felt, was getting a bit too nosy. Photographers are his pet hate. His threatening to cane a news-service photographer made the front pages.

A few days after the wedding, Aly and Rita went to Le Bourget airport and climbed aboard one of Aly's private planes—a two-engine job. They ducked photographers and sent word ahead to the Deauville airport, where they were putting down for lunch before crossing the Channel to England, that photographers weren't to be allowed on the field.

"Since when," said one photographer indignantly to the Deauville airport manager, "do French government employees take orders from an Indian prince?"

"Since right now," replied the manager.

One big question in everyone's mind is how Rita has been getting along with people of another race and a completely different background from anything she's ever known. Since the day of her wedding, when the Indians were the most prominent guests present, they've been extremely important in her life. Well, Rita seems to be getting along with them beautifully. The most important of them, the charming and urbane Aga Khan, appears very fond of Rita, and she of him.

The Eastern guests were the first to arrive, back there in Vallauris. They filed in quietly and seated themselves in the second row of wooden seats in the dingy little town hall. About them hung an aura of mystery and mysticism, strange beauty and vast riches. The women's saris were of the finest silk, embroidered with gold and silver threads. The long-draped dresses were of exquisite shades of coral, green, blue, pink and yellow. Three of them wore diamonds set in the left sides of their noses. Every woman was literally weighed down with diamonds and pearls.

Standing there, I couldn't help wondering, "Someday, will Rita, too, be thus?"

But Rita didn't dress in any Eastern attire when, at the Moslem ceremony which followed the civil ceremony, she was married again the next day by the Imam from the Mosque in Paris. She wore a simple white blouse and a calf-length blue skirt. Aly wore a light suit.

There was a day when, under Moslem law, Aly was married to both Rita and Joan Yarde Buller, British heir to the Guinness brewing fortune. The papers of Aly's Moslem divorce weren't registered at the Mosque in Paris until the day after his Moslem marriage to Rita.

"It really didn't matter," explains Si Kaddeur Ben Ghabrit, head of the Mosque, "because under Moslem law, the Prince is entitled to have four wives at the same time, if he wants them."

At this writing, Aly is apparently quite contented on his honeymoon with one.

THE END



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So just do as 36 doctors advised 1285 women, many with complexion problems. Wash your face with Palmolive Soap, massaging for one minute with Palmolive's wonderful "Beauty Lather." Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. It's that simple.

Yes, doctors *proved* it could bring 2 out of 3 women lovelier complexions. Get Palmolive Soap and start today!

Get Bath Size Palmolive, too!

Use it in tub or shower. The alluring new fragrance of Palmolive's "Beauty Lather" leaves you even lovelier all over!



HAS LANA TURNER CHANGED?

(Continued from page 49)

below like a spotlight in Radio City Music Hall.

"Oh, that's it," Bob declared. "The pilot found a clear spot and dived for it. . . . You still scared?"

"Not any more," Lana laughed. "Besides," she said as the lumbering bird slid neatly along the runway, "I wasn't frightened about the landing. It was something else—a little quirk of fear that hits me every time I come back to Hollywood."

What bothered Lana that morning at 6:09 a.m. on her return to Hollywood—as on all previous returnings—was the sudden memory of the first time she'd come to this town and the tragedy from which she and her mother narrowly escaped.

That was 14 years ago. Lana was 15 and driving with her mother and friends from San Francisco to Hollywood in a small sedan. It was raining and as the little car emerged from the mountains near Pasa Robles, a gust of wind smothered the highway with unexpected fog. The woman who was driving missed the turn. The car skidded violently, turned over twice, and settled into the ditch.

Somehow, Lana managed to open a door. Clothes torn, gasping for breath against the pressure of two broken ribs, she helped her mother out. The others emerged, bruised, but not seriously hurt, while Mrs. Turner, unaware that she had suffered a severe concussion, wandered around amid the pitiful mess of broken suitcases.

"I wanted to cry," Lana recalls today, "but what was the sense? I scrambled up to the highway and thumbed down a truck. That's the way I first arrived in Hollywood—and whenever I come back, I can't help wondering if I'll really make it alive."

This time, more than ever, the girl named Lana Turner had something to live for in the town that has made her famous. After 14 months away from Hollywood, 14 months spent alternately in Europe, Connecticut, Florida and on the high seas—Lana Turner was home.

When she and Bob entered the front door of her mother's home, Lana didn't bother to shed her coat. She rushed upstairs to the bedroom where little Cheryl, her six-year-old daughter, was still asleep.

i love you so . . .

Lana stood there a moment, staring. Cheryl's soft chestnut hair was mussed up around the little face. She was a picture of all the little innocents in the world. Here was the primary reason for Lana's homecoming. All those months, Cheryl had been writing Lana letters. At first, all the letters had been laboriously printed out—but her last letter was written in firm, round words. "I wish I were flying to you," Cheryl wrote, "because I love you so."

Lana whipped off her coat and put her arms around Cheryl. "Baby," she said, softly, "wake up." Cheryl stirred restlessly. A tiny hand rubbed at her eyes. "It's Mummy, darling!" murmured Lana. "I'm home again!"

The words penetrated—and in an instant Cheryl was sitting up, her arms around Lana.

"I had to cry a little," Lana admits.

Which recalls another time that Lana wept—though then, it was scarcely from emotion. Lana had just finished the Warners picture in which she was "discovered." A reporter and two photographers went to her tiny house in Laurel Canyon, and set about proving that this kid named Lana Turner deserved a future.

"You may turn out to be a great dramatic actress—better than Bette Davis, even,"

they said to her. "Now, let's have a shot of you crying."

Lana blinked.

"Go on," they said encouragingly. "Cry."

Lana tried. But—no tears.

Then the boys brought out an onion. They cut it up and waved it under her nose. Lana remained dry-eyed.

Finally, one of them found a bottle of eyewash in the bathroom medicine cabinet. Lana held her head back and they put in big drops—teardrops.

"When that picture came out in a magazine with a caption saying that I could cry at the drop of a mean remark," Lana tells you with a smile, "people became convinced that here was perhaps the most sensitive gal who ever came to Hollywood."

Before long, they were almost right. Events took Lana over the bumps. The story of Lana's emotionally-troubled years is too familiar to recount. But she has now emerged into what is obviously the happiest period of her life—as Mrs. Henry J. "Bob" Topping, Lana has achieved a peace of mind she never knew before.

that siren of
the south—
ava gardner
on our
november cover
on sale
october 7

There have, of course, been reports ever since the wedding that this marriage was about to fail. Lana, long-familiar with the press, realizes that no Hollywood celebrity can escape such rumors, and takes them in her stride. But she is a bit weary of doing so. "Something's radically wrong with the press," she says, "when reporting so often completely distorts the facts."

As an instance, Lana can cite the time she and Bob had dinner in Paris in a night club called Bal Tabarin. It was getting late, and Lana suggested to Bob that they'd better go back to the hotel since they had to leave for Germany the next day—where Lana was scheduled to entertain the troops. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Lana Turner is the only actress we know of who ever willingly gave up part of her honeymoon to entertain the U. S. Army overseas.] Bob agreed that they should leave and said something like, "Okay, dear. The floor show will be over in a couple of minutes, and then we'll leave."

Two days later, Lana read in some paper that they'd engaged in a terrific night-club argument. When she showed the clipping to Bob, he read it and burst out laughing. "According to this," he said, "you're married to my brother Dan, and our name is Stopping."

And, speaking of getting things about Lana straight, there's one matter in particular she'd like to have straightened out—the matter of her weight.

"There's a picture of me taken not too long ago before I came back to Hollywood," Lana says. "When they saw it, my friends yelled, 'What were you thinking of to allow a picture like that to be taken! Why, you were positively fat—and now—why it's impossible to believe.'"

"The solemn, down-to-earth truth is that when I'm on a vacation, I relax completely. I eat everything in sight and worry about nothing. All of a sudden I'm plump. I've never weighed more than 127 pounds, but to hear people talk you'd think I'd turned into a baby blimp.

easy come, easy go . . .

"Then I come back for picture work. I've slimmed down. Everyone thinks it's a miracle. It isn't. When I know I'm going to start working, well, I just more or less go into training again. I don't starve myself or take fancy frills. I simply stick to two meals a day, religiously. I have coffee and fruit juice first thing in the morning. That's all. Never a business of 'Oh, well, a breakfast roll won't hurt.' Sometime between 11 and noon I have lunch. It may be cottage cheese and pineapple or a salad without a fattening dressing. For dinner I have a lean steak, a chop or a roast. I never have dessert—but after dinner, Bob and I always indulge in cheese and coffee.

"By the time I'm halfway through a picture the wardrobe department is taking in my costumes and the camera crew is screaming at me to take it easy—I'm getting so thin the shots won't match up if I'm not careful. . . . Right now, I weigh 118—just what I weighed as a starlet."

Some people just can't believe that Lana's not still the charming scatterbrain she appeared to be in the old days. But she's far from that.

"When I first came into movies," Lana admits, "I signed a contract for \$50 a week. I didn't even look at the papers when I put my name down. Now it's different. They say that in Hollywood, actors and actresses never read the fine print in contracts. Well, I've been reading fine print for the last five days until my eyes are about to bug out. . . . Not, you understand, that I think Metro is going to try to pull a fast one on me!" she adds hastily. "They've been marvelous to me. But I just think it wise to follow a business-like principle."

At this writing, three possibilities are being considered for Lana's next film—*The Reformer and the Redhead*, *The Running of the Tide* and *A Life of Her Own*.

"*A Life of Her Own*," Lana muses. "I like that title. It's what I have now. . . . Of course, there are problems ahead. We want our own home. But we'll have it soon. Bob and I have beautiful plans all drawn up for our house in Bel-Air. From the outside, it's just a long, low semi-modern place—but inside, it's like nothing this world has seen!"

"You know how it is about closets. No genius has yet figured out how to put in enough of them. But our architect has come close to solving the problem: He started with six dozen closets and simply built a house around 'em!"

In a way, Lana's done the same thing with herself. Out of lessons painfully learned, she has taken fundamental values of life and around them has constructed a new life—a solid life, harmonious, sunny, and deeply fulfilling.

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a special make-up remover!
 Faster!
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Do you use cream, cake or liquid make-ups?

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P. S.: Even if you use only ordinary powder and lipstick, you'll love it for the way it leaves your skin so spanking fresh and clean.

Jars 20c, 39c, 69c. Plus tax.



the million dollar look

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ When your favorite man lets loose with an appreciative whistle and says: "You look like a million dollars!"—*that's* what you dress for, isn't it?

But how to earn that whistle? As we're never tired of pointing out, looking like a million is no trick at all if you have a million to *spend*. But, if you count your \$\$, as most of us do, it takes some smart shopping.

On the next two pages we show you a hand-picked collection bound to make you look like a fashion model. If you need a new dress coat, there's a handsome black wool, page 66, that will make every date a standout. If what you need is a day-in, day-out coat, there's a beautiful fleece job, page 67, with a look of ready money.

For your dress up moments, consider, on page 66, the satin striped Shirred taffeta with velvet touches (remember last month we told you velvet is the big trimming news of the fall). As for the sports get-up, you couldn't possibly look more station-wagon-set than in the jersey blouse and tweed skirt (page 67).

And in order to make buying these fashions as easy, inexpensive and pleasant as possible, we've arranged for you to be able to buy all four costumes under one convenient roof, in stores throughout the country—list on page 69. And, as always, you can order them by mail, too.

Virginia Mayo looks like a million in the rain

■ Virginia Mayo, currently starring in Warner Brothers' *White Heat*, makes rain seem worthwhile in a gleaming dark blue raincoat, sparked with red.

The raincoat has quilted-effect stitched collar, cuffs, pocket flaps and belt; the removable helmet-hood fastens close to show the shape of your pretty head. You can wear it belted tight; or swinging free.

It's in Celanese Dovcelle, and comes also in blue, red, wine, aqua, toast, brown or black. Sizes 8-18. By Sherbrooke . . . \$22.95. At Oppenheim Collins, Brooklyn, New York City, and Philadelphia. Other stores page 69.

Umbrella from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop.

Red gloves by American Knit.

Naughty-but-nice checked rain gaiters by S. Rauh.



modern screen fashions



the MILLION dollar look ...



■ For the million dollar look, pick your date dress in one of the glamorous new crinkled fabrics—shirred taffeta striped with satin, trimmed with velvet collar, cuffs and belt. Close-buttoned bodice, flared skirt. Brown, green or wine with black stripes. 10-18. By Henry Rosenfeld, \$17.95. Stores, page 69.

■ For the million dollar look, make your dress coat a dress-maker coat—elegant in jut of pocket, sweep of collar, flare of cuff; cut and carved in superb wool broadcloth. Top with Madcaps hat. Coat in black, taupe, blue, wine, green. 10-18. By Croydon, \$39.95. Stores, page 69. *Dofan bag. Coro pearls.*

...for MINIMUM dollar price



■ For the million dollar look, make your daytime coat a big beautiful fleece with superbly cut shoulders, huge pockets, flared sunburst back. All wool Velva Glamour fleece. Nude, camel, wine, green, grey. 10-18. By Eddington, \$39.95, at stores on page 69. *Madcaps hat, Kislay gloves, Valentines shoes.*

■ For the million dollar look, make your daytime costume a batwing-sleeved wool worsted jersey blouse, with a rakishly cut tweed skirt. Skirt comes with tweed belt; for fun, vary with Criterion's watch belt. Blouse by Harmet Classics, \$4.98. Wool skirt by Schwartz, \$5.98. Both at stores on page 69.

the CHAMPAGNE look



■ **COPPER AND BLACK** crinkled plisse taffeta—to make you look like an heiress, at least. The collar falls into flattering tunnel folds; the skirt sweeps wide. Copper, royal, green or amethyst with black stripes. Sizes 9-15. By Cheryl Fashions, \$12.99. At Miller stores on page 71.

■ **SHINING BRONZE** satin—to make you look like an international beauty. Rounded jacket fastens with tiny gilt hooks; skirt has deep waistband; wide pleats. Bronzique, slate, green, blonde, grey. 9-15. By Lydella, \$10.99. Arden satin pouch bag, \$1.99. At Miller Stores, page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices may vary throughout country)

Gleaming green raincoat worn by Virginia Mayo in the full color photograph (page 65) at the following Allied Stores:

Butler, Pa.—Troutman's, 200 S. Main St.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman's, 5th & Vine Sts.
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion, 116 High St.
Connellsville, Pa.—Troutman's, W. Crawford Ave.
DuBois, Pa.—Troutman's
Greensburg, Pa.—Troutman's, 202 S. Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.—Peck's, Main & 11th Sts.
Muskegon, Mich.—Hardy-Herpolsheimer's, 313 W. Western Ave.
New York City, N. Y.—Gertz-Jamaica, 162-10 Jamaica Ave.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's, 6th & Penn Sts.
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule, 95 E. 7th St.
Savannah, Ga.—Levy's, Broughton & Abercorn Sts.
Spokane, Wash.—The Bon Marche
Warren, Pa.—Metzger-Wright
or: Write, Department M,
Allied Stores Corp.,
1440 Broadway,
New York 18, N. Y.

MILLION DOLLAR LOOK fashions (pages 66 and 67)

Sprinkled taffeta date dress (page 66)

Wool broadcloth dress coat (page 66)

Fleece daytime coat (page 67)

Jersey and tweed daytime costume (p. 67)
all available at the following Allied Stores:

Baltimore, Md.—O'Neill's, 114 N. Charles St.
Butler, Pa.—Troutman's, 200 S. Main St.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman's, 5th & Vine Sts.
Columbus, Ohio—The Fashion, 116 High St.
Connellsville, Pa.—Troutman's, W. Crawford Ave.
DuBois, Pa.—Troutman's
Greensburg, Pa.—Troutman's, 202 S. Main St.
Kansas City, Mo.—Peck's, Main & 11th Sts.
Latrobe, Pa.—Reed's, 911 Ligonier St.
Lynchburg, Va.—Guggenheimer's, 700 Main St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Donaldson's, 601 Nicollet Ave.
Muskegon, Mich.—Hardy-Herpolsheimer's, 313 W. Western Ave.
New York, N. Y.—Gertz-Jamaica, 162-10 Jamaica Ave.
Paterson, N. J.—Quackenbush's, 192 Main St.
Pontiac, Mich.—Waite's, 70 N. Saginaw St.
Pottsville, Pa.—Pomeroy's, 100 S. Centre St.
Reading, Pa.—Pomeroy's, 6th & Penn Sts.
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule, 95 E. 7th St.
Savannah, Ga.—Levy's, Broughton & Abercorn Sts.
Spokane, Wash.—The Bon Marche
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey's, 401 S. Salina St.
Tampa, Fla.—Maas Brothers, 619 Franklin St.
Warren, Pa.—Metzger-Wright
Waterloo, Ia.—Black's, 201 E. 4th St.
Yakima, Wash.—Barnes-Woodin
or: Write, Department M, Allied Stores Corp., 1440 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
(Store list continued on page 71)

Choose partners ... in Dan River's "go-together" cottons

Shine on, shine on at the next square dance.
Swing to the close harmony of harvest moon
tones in new woven plaids and checks.
They're in Dan River's washable gingham—
fast color, pre-shrunk*, permanently crisp.
Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

Square Dancing Dress by Vicky Vaughn Juniors.
Rose and green; blue and brown.

Sizes 9 to 15. \$5.95.

Higbee Co., Cleveland;
Yunker Bros., Des Moines;
Famous-Barr, St. Louis;
Black & White Stores, Memphis;
Jones Store, Kansas City;
Joske's, San Antonio.

*Fabric shrinkage no more than 3%



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dressed up, and ready to go—

Or, how self-confident
can you look? Port red spiked
with winter pink—to
go to any man's head. One-
piece rayon gabardine.
Also dark blue with light blue;
terracotta with rose. 9-15.
By Carole King . . . about \$8.95.
For where to buy, see page 71.



WHERE YOU CAN BUY (Cont.)

Champagne Look dresses (page 68) at the following Miller Stores:

Chicago, Ill.—*Millers*
Duluth, Minn.—*Millers*
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Millers*
Minneapolis, Minn.—*Millers*
and at other Miller Stores
or: Write, Department 10,
R. H. Miller Co.,
505 8th Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Satin pouch bag shown with Champagne Look dresses (page 68) also at the following Miller Stores:

Champaign, Ill.—*Millers*
Evansville, Ind.—*Millers*
Minneapolis, Minn.—*Millers*
Norfolk, Va.—*Millers*
or: Write, Department 10, R. H. Miller Co., 505 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Striped gabardine dress (page 70)

Birmingham, Ala.—*Parisian, Inc.*, 1924 Second Ave.
New Orleans, La.—*D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.*, 819 Canal St.
Richmond, Va.—*Miller & Rhoads*, Broad & 7th Sts.

or write: Carole King Jrs.
Att.: Miss Helen Ford
Customers Service Dept.
Forest City Mfg. Co.
1641 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis, Missouri

Buttoned crepe dress (page 72)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 485 Fulton St.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St.

or write: Doris Dodson Jrs.
Att.: Miss Betty Green
Customers Service Dept.
Forest City Mfg. Co.
1120 Washington Ave.,
St. Louis, Missouri

how to buy

modern screen fashions in person

Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory.

To save time, take along the Modern Screen photo of the fashion you want. If you haven't the page from the magazine, be sure to tell the sales girl you saw it in Modern Screen.

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BUTTONS

from the Paris Boulevards

The more buttons, the more ooh-la-la as far as the Paris collections are concerned—so here's an American adaptation that speaks perfect French. Black buttons near the shoulder line; tiny fabric buttons in the half-concealed center front—and a graceful fall of pleats. Rayon crepe. Red, midnight blue, green or black. Sizes 9-15. By Doris Dodson. About \$12.95. For where to buy, see page 71.

MY OWN STORY

(Continued from page 51)

Clift is that they are all talking about. Must be quite a fellow. Bobby-soxers' idol, the middle-aged matrons' Romeo, the man's man, and the actor's actor. Also something of a heel, I've heard tell. Well, he must get around, to be all of that.

Just to keep you from getting me and that celluloid Montgomery Clift confused, I'll tell you who I am straight. You will get his story from other sources, so let him struggle with his own publicity.

As was stated on my application for unemployment insurance, I was born in Omaha, Nebraska, back in 1920, which makes me 28, as of this writing. Hardly a kid anymore—as my twin sister, mother of two children, is apt to remind me when I stop off for a visit in Dallas, Texas.

Omaha felt no particular sense of loss when the Clift family, consisting of my father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks Clift—my brother, William, and my sister and me, moved away when my sister and I were six months old. It seems now that we were always moving away, which was all to my liking, though somewhat disturbing to my brother and sister, who liked school. I solved the school problem by not going at all. Being a twin had its advantages. My sister covered for me, and it never occurred to the truant officer that there might be another one the same age in the Clift family.

As you can gather from this, we had a sort of casual and nomadic family life. It was altogether wonderful.

no silver spoons . . .

I have seen stories covering this period of my life in which we splashed merrily in the family's gold-plated swimming pool while imported tutors dished out our education on silver spoons. This, to say the least, is slightly exaggerated. I did swim in a pool—at the YMCA while we lived in Ohio. I suppose you could say I had a tutor, if you want to give that name to my long-suffering piano teacher who used to come in, without hope, to see how I was making out with my first lesson. After a few months of progress, he came in with more hope to see how I was doing with my second lesson. Later, after kicking myself all over for not learning the piano while I had the chance, I had to work 10 times as hard to learn to play one-tenth as well.

The stories of our family wealth are based on the fact that my father, who now has an office in Wall Street, along with hundreds of other non-millionaires, is a financial manager who handles money for other people. Somehow, writers have been confused between the sums my father handled for other people, and the sums my mother handled paying our grocery bill. It's true that for a period following 1929, there wasn't too much money around for my father to manage—but our youth, thank Heaven, was perfectly healthy, and perfectly normal.

Every time my father finished a management job, which might take a few months or a couple of years, we moved on to the next. My twin sister brought home her lessons from school, my mother pounded them into my head, and so I progressed. A perfect educational program, to my way of thinking—though looking back at it now I don't see where my mother found the time. She should have batted me on the head, sent me back to school, and taken a few hours of well-deserved rest.

I never hammed it up around the house. Now and then, as all youngsters do, I lined up a bunch of kids, or was lined up, in our

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parents' old clothes, and we put on a play in the garage or in somebody else's barn, for the usual admission fee of a few pins. We even turned professional once, and put on a show for pennies instead of pins. As I recall it, I didn't star.

I suppose the turning point came in the fall of 1933, when a new management job took my father, and perforce us, to Sarasota, Florida. This not only put me in touch with the ocean, which I love, but also put me in touch with all the excitement and glamor of show business. And I don't mean the theater, which may or may not be glamorous, depending on which way you look at it. I refer to the circus. Now there is a show!

Sarasota is the winter home of Ringling Brothers' great circus, and every day I could watch for free the various acts being put together for the spring show. Aerialists had their trapezes swung out-doors, and all a 13-year-old kid like myself had to do was stand there and watch with his mouth hanging open. Then there were the elephants being trained, and the horses put through their paces.

The kids my age, already in the circus, could dive 60 feet into a fisherman's landing net, ride a galloping horse standing on one hand, and juggle a full set of bowling pins while standing on a flagpole. They were out of my league. I couldn't even climb a rope.

And so I went on the stage, which is hardly the same thing as becoming an actor. I've had 10 years of stage experience.

The theater which gave me my first taste of grease paint was the Winter Theater in Sarasota, where I had a small part in *As Husbands Go*. The production was part of the Little Theater movement that was beginning to flourish at that time, and there are times when I fear that the public response was more enthusiastic about the general idea than about the particular production involved.

My folks have assured me that they did not let me go on the stage to get rid of me. My father was a friend of Theron Bamberger, the producer, and Mr. Bamberger was putting on a play that needed four youngsters. My father confessed that he had a son who sported a streak of ham. Mr. Bamberger sympathized with him, and told him to send me around. The result was a part in *Fly Away Home*, starring that wonderful actor and guy, Thomas Mitchell.

We opened in the summer theater in Stockbridge, Mass., and went on to Broadway in the fall. Child actors are seldom loved for their sweet qualities on Broadway, but I think that before we had finished dropping ice cubes down the leading lady's evening gown and putting bananas from the fruit bowl on Thomas Mitchell's seat during the on-stage dinner, we were the most hated of the lot.

Andrea King, who was at that time using the stage name of Georgette McKee, was with me on some of this refined humor. Mitchell bided his time. He smoldered, but what we were waiting for with dreadful anticipation was the night he would burst into flame. At last it came. We had spotted the leading lady's gown while throwing grapes, we had put water in Mitchell's hat, and worse, we had been trying to act smart by slipping in horrible ad libs—a crime in any theater. He called us over.

He stood us in front of him without saying a word. He waited while we began to squirm. He let us squirm, and I know my ears were hot enough to scorch my hair.

Then he said, "You kids might have enough stuff to be real stage people—if you could cut out the monkey business."

That was all. He walked away. There was no more monkey business.

More parts meant more experience, but more experience did not mean better acting. I am supposed to be difficult to deal with now because I want a contract that allows me to approve my scripts and have the rest of the time to return to the stage, or just wander off by myself. That, to my mind, is not being difficult.

For three years, I performed in a variety of routine things, and then. . .

I was out of a job.

The run on Montgomery Clifts was over.

My brother was in Harvard. My sister was preparing for Bryn Mawr College. My folks said, "school"—and by this time I was just smart enough to admit I was dumb. I went to school.

The year that I spent at a preparatory school fell short of leaving me an intellectual light. I graduated, and I passed my college entrance examinations by the proverbial margin Thornton Wilder had in mind when he wrote *The Skin of Our Teeth*. But if that year failed to sell me on the academic life, it did serve to consolidate all the loose ideas that had been rattling around in my brain. I decided then and there that I was going to become an actor, that acting opportunity and not professional security was what counted.

I'm not saying those were cast-iron resolutions. All I'm saying is that my year in school gave me time to develop those ideas, and that when I went back to the stage, I wasn't the juvenile jerk I had been.

(Critic's note: The intensity with which young Clift projects himself into his role is almost enough to save any play, no matter how bad. He seems to be trying to lift it out of mediocrity with his own bootstraps, and nearly succeeding.)

I plunged into four flops in a row and ended up the season applying for unemployment insurance. One play, after weeks of rehearsal, ran six nights. The next ran two weeks, the next five, and the last one almost staggered out of the red by lasting six weeks. In deciding against entering college, I had committed myself to my own career.

That was the low ebb. And though I hadn't made any money, those four flops had made me richer in acting experience than my previous four years.

I worked with Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, who wander between the stage and Hollywood at will.



critic's corner

WHICH PAPER DO YOU READ?

Dan Duryea in *Manhandled* is unquestionably the nastiest villain of the week, the month, and possibly the year. His cunning is matched only by his hypocrisy, his viciousness only by an utterly cold heart. I don't know what pleasure Dan Duryea's movie character gives people. One would hate to think that he expresses submerged desires most human beings could not even admit to themselves.

Archer Winston
N. Y. Post

Dan Duryea, on the other hand supplies what little excitement there is to be found in this offering. For most of the time, he is merely untouchably evil as he makes love to the girl, but he brings a bit of genuine terror to the ending. His acting is one of the few bright spots in a conventional and contrived murder mystery.

Howard Barnes
N. Y. World-Telegram

I worked with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who made the movie, *The Guardsman*, and turning down all movie offers, have remained on the stage ever since. I worked with Dudley Digges, Tallulah Bankhead, Edmund Gwenn and Martha Scott, who take the roles to which they can bring the most, be it stage or screen. Even the playwrights in whose plays I found roles worked where they pleased on the ideas they wanted most to develop. People like Thornton Wilder, Lillian Hellman, and Tennessee Williams. Working with people like that, watching the way they carefully preserved their right to progress along their own paths to their own objectives—can you wonder that a would-be actor like myself would fight shy of a seven-year contract that would cost me the rights to the very things which they had taught me were the most valuable?

But to go back, I used my periods between plays to roam around the country. As you have probably heard, I am not a well-dressed man, nor am I fussy about where I eat and sleep. Getting around and talking to people was the easiest and most enjoyable thing in the world.

When the war came along, I just plain wasn't drafted.

But in *The Search* I had to play the part of a GI in Europe who befriends a wild little Czech lad whom the war has separated from his mother. While we were filming the picture, I did everything I could to absorb the feeling of the man in service.

But I am getting ahead of my story. I went back to Broadway in Lillian Hellman's hit play *The Searching Wind*. Quite naturally, with a playwright the caliber of Lillian Hellman, we weren't neglected by the Hollywood scouts. Just about everybody was getting offers, including myself.

This fine play was a natural for Hollywood, as subsequent events proved.

So there was Hollywood, an offered seven-year contract and all. It promised new experiences, new excitement—and dough. I could use all three.

But there was I, over 20 and just learning how to act. Seven years in Hollywood and what would I be, another face or another actor? Seven years on Broadway, and either I'd be on my way to becoming an actor or I'd be out of business. I would not be just another face.

I turned down the offers. I returned to the stage.

No longer was I just a youngster eager to grab anything that came along. I wanted parts that not only interested me, but which would be a challenge to my acting ability. Only in that way, I figured, could I progress toward my objective of a real career as an actor.

I rented a small flat uptown to keep my expenses down, and plunged into my work. I read an enormous number of scripts, not with the thought in mind that they had to be solid hits, but that they represented solid theater with plenty of room for acting. Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* is an example. It was played on a stage with no scenery and just a few props, and I took a part because it looked like a great chance to experiment. That *Our Town* subsequently became a great hit was, in my case at least, purely incidental.

The record will show that I accepted parts in as many successful flops as I did in hits. The ones that flopped did so loudly, and the ones that hit, like *Our Town* and *Skin of Our Teeth*, proved immensely popular.

To meet the people, and later interpret them on the stage, I wandered all over town at all hours of the day and night, talking to strangers in some of the best places as well as some of the worst. One summer I dug irrigation ditches in Califor-

nia and helped lay some building foundations on a friend's ranch. Thus, by meeting and working with people in all walks of life, in all sections of the country, I was adding to the fund of experience that all actors must have if they want to be more than empty shells.

Then Howard Hawks sent me the script for *Red River*. I read it and was enthusiastic, but the part called for me to ride a horse like a veteran cowpoke, and also to beat up John Wayne in a brutal fight. I thought I could learn to ride a horse—but to beat up Wayne? I admitted my doubt to Hawks, who suggested that I come out and look over the difficulties at closer range.

That sounded fair enough to me. There were no commitments, I had some free time, and if I didn't want the part I could always come home. I went west.

A short while later I was in front of the cameras.

All day we worked on location, and between takes the actors, all expert horsemen and veterans of many a Western, taught me how to ride and act like a cowboy. Unfortunately, some of the sequences where I was to do my best riding came early in the picture, and most of the scenes taken after I really learned how to sit a horse ended up on the cutting room floor.

But I found I liked working for the cameras. On the stage many of the finer subtleties of acting are lost to the audience in the back of the theater, but on the screen, thanks to close-ups, an actor has no such handicaps. At first I was guilty of overacting, still trying to get my character interpretation across to the audience in the back row. The camera caught all these exaggerations, blew them up to enormous size, and then hurled them back in my face as I sat in the projection room. I squirmed like a worm on a hook, but those rushes offered a challenge I was glad to accept. In a matter of weeks, with the assistance of Hawks, Wayne and the other actors, I was able to forget the exaggerations, and get down to the business of putting a live cowboy upon the screen.

I've already told you about my next picture, *The Search*, and the challenge it presented. The critics, I'm glad to say, had a goodly numbers of pleasant things to say about *The Search*.

My next job was *The Heiress*, the movie version of Henry James' novel *Washington Square*. The story concerns a prominent New York physician who lived a century ago on fashionable Washington Square. He dominates the life of his shy, plain daughter (played by Olivia de Havilland), and can't understand why she doesn't possess the social graces and beauty of his deceased wife. I play the part of Morris Townsend, a penniless man-about-town with whom the daughter falls in love. When the daughter agrees to marry me, defying her father and endangering her inheritance, I back out and—well, I suppose it isn't fair to give the story away. So all I'll say is that it moves up to a singularly dramatic conclusion.

After finishing *The Heiress*, I left Hollywood for New York where I stayed either in my little apartment or visited friends on Long Island. Until late in July, I enjoyed myself around New York, caught up on my reading and found time to take a good long look at the future.

It's a pretty exciting future. Around the first of August, I flew to Berlin, Germany, to make *Two Corridors East*. When this story goes to press, I'll still be in Berlin; and right now I'm not certain when I will be returning to Hollywood.

I guess that's about all I can say about Montgomery Clift, of stage and screen.

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STOP LYING ABOUT CROSBY

(Continued from page 55)

doing to Bing, incredible though it may be.

When columnists heard this cancer report, they started telephoning Larry Crosby, the brother who talks to the press for Bing. Larry wasn't as startled by this as he was a few years ago, when he was an advertising man in Seattle, and the organ player in a local theater phoned him to say: "I got it straight that Bing's got the d.t.'s so bad they had to put him away in a straitjacket!"

"Of course I knew the story was insane," says Larry. "But I checked to see how it had got started. Seems Bing had stopped off and had a glass of beer in San Francisco. That was all. Somehow, by the time that news got up to Seattle, it had become a lurid saga of alcoholism."

"As for the cancer report making the rounds—well, Bing and his family are up on their Nevada ranch for their summer vacation right now. That's a working ranch and Bing's right in there pitching. Pretty rugged for a man they say is dying of cancer, isn't it? . . . And if the old rumor that he and Dixie are separating starts up again, you can laugh that one off too. But Dixie came down today for a few days to see about some redecorating they're having done in the Holmby Hills house—and that's all it takes for rumors to start. So you'll probably hear that oldie again any day now."

getting better all the time . . .

When Bing changed from "live" radio shows to transcribed ones, it was because he felt that better programs would result when they could be assembled and produced with the care and control that transcribing allows—you can't change a song or a comedy line once it's gone on the airways, but you can always "edit" a transcription. Besides, having to show up for rehearsals and broadcasts at set times every week was working a hardship on the very busy Bing. Transcribing, he could do his shows at his convenience.

But the rumor-hounds bayed, "He can't trust his voice any more! Not hitting the high notes these days! And he's getting awfully husky, haven't you noticed?"

Says Troy Sanders, Paramount music director, who has worked with some of the biggest voices in the country: "As Bing has gotten older, his range has moved down a whole third. We feel he has developed a much richer tone. As for high notes, Bing can still produce wonderful high notes with perfect vocal technique whenever they're needed, and hold them as long as he wants. I know his range is much greater than he ever uses."

Asked if it were true that Bing can't read music, Sanders laughed. "That's ridiculous. He reads like a flash. But I used to believe that rumor myself. Years ago I asked him, 'Why do you always want to see the music before the lyrics if you can't read music?' 'Well,' said Bing, 'I just like to see the notes go up and down.'"

"I wish I could read them as well myself! In a few moments he has the music down cold—then he concentrates on the lyrics. His interpretation of songs is by no means something he accomplishes casually—even if the result seems so simple that everybody and his brother think they could sing a song as he does. He's developed a technique in popular songs as great in its way as that of any operatic star. Bing milks a song dry of every meaning it has."

"But isn't he awfully lazy?" I asked.

"Absolutely not! The thing is—he's a

quick study. Give him two-and-a-half pages of fresh script and he'll disappear for 15 minutes. When he comes back, he has it letter-perfect. You can pick out a song you know he hasn't sung in 20 years and he can sing it with all the words right. . . . Recently we were sitting around the set of *A Connecticut Yankee* when Sir Cedric Hardwicke tossed off a line of *Hamlet*. Bing picked it up and spoke the rest of the lines not only perfectly, but movingly. After a moment's silence, Sir Cedric cleared his throat and said, 'When did you have time to learn all that?' Bing laughed and answered, 'Oh, back in my school days I was quite a thespian.'

"A fellow with a fabulous memory like that has a lot of time he can use as he wants," Sanders concluded.

Barney Dean, the writer, a close personal friend of Bing, admits, "I used to think he was lazy. He sure looks lazy. But then it dawned on me how wrong I was. A lazy man is usually late or even never shows at all for appointments. Yet Bing will make a date to meet you somewhere, say at three o'clock a month hence, and doesn't even write it down. He doesn't have a secretary make a note of it. But you'd better be there right on the dot—because he'll be. If you suggest meeting to make a recording at nine o'clock, he'll say, 'Oh, let's make it eight.' Does that sound like a lazy man? And did you ever hear of a lazy man who comes all prepared so he can go through his work quickly and efficiently? Bing does. He works a full honest day, but he doesn't make a fuss about it. And he's most cooperative."

Hey, wait a minute! Most cooperative? They say he's uncooperative and even rude to his fellow workers.

Rhonda Fleming, who played his lady love in *A Connecticut Yankee*, chimes in enthusiastically to tell a typical tale.

"From the tests to the end of the picture, he couldn't have been more cooperative or nicer. How can they say he's uncooperative and rude?" she exclaims, her lovely green eyes flashing.

"I was scared when I made the test for the role. It was the biggest chance I'd had yet. He made the tests with me. At first I was awfully tense. He joked and kidded, trying to help me relax. The cameraman ran out of film and said, 'Oh well, I guess we've got enough.' Bing said, 'No, sir. You have almost nothing at all.

Let's take more. Give her a real chance.'

"Then, all through the picture, I was constantly amazed by the scenes he'd throw my way. For instance when I was standing against the wall singing 'Once and For Always,' the cameraman interrupted the action by saying, 'For heaven's sake, Bing, turn your face around. We're just getting your profile.' Bing answered, 'They've seen enough of me. Let 'em see Fleming.' So the camera focused fully on me except for a couple of quick flashes at Bing's face."

"When I thanked him, he just said, 'Can't look good myself unless everyone else looks good.'

"It's such a pleasure to work with him. He's a laughing, joking person, never serious. I don't see how he does it. He has no time to himself. People are always following him around. I don't know when he gets time to eat or sleep!"

And Troy Sanders adds: "I suppose that rumor about rudeness gets around, because when Bing has a lot on his mind he may pass even his best friends without speaking. He's done that to me dozens of times, but I think nothing of it. Apt to do the same myself on occasions."

"Then, too, when Bing takes up a problem, he goes right to the root of the matter and gives his solution in the fewest possible words. So few that less alert people are disconcerted. They may feel he's been blunt and rude when he's just been efficient."

Well, that's all very nice. But still, the Hollywood Women's Press Club did name him the most uncooperative actor of the year not long ago.

spike that rumor . . .

Lyle Rooks, former Paramount publicist, tells about the morning that selection was announced. She was working on *The Road to Morocco* with Bing and Bob Hope and she wanted to get either Bob or Bing to pose for a pair of gag photographs someone had thought up. Since Bob is notoriously cooperative, she asked him. For one shot he was to place a straw hat on each hump of a two humped camel, then pose for another, doubled up with laughter, beside the camel. "The straw that broke the camel's back sort of idea," Miss Rooks told him.

"Oh, no!" Hope moaned, turned and ran.

So now she'd have to ask Crosby. Knowing his reputation for disliking to pose for stills, she foresaw having to use a powerful sales talk—especially for these stills, after Hope's reaction. She felt discouraged about the whole thing.

Into Miss Rooks' gloom came a small voice saying, "Would you like me to do it?"

"I darned near fainted," Lyle tells today. "Bing had overheard, and had volunteered to pose! We shot the pictures. They cracked practically every publication possible. When I thanked him that morning, he grinned and said, 'Be sure to tell the ladies.'"

Feeling this was only an impulsive reaction to the morning news, she approached him with some trepidation a few days later to check the rumor that his pretty wife, Dixie, was to have another child.

She asked the intimate question apologetically. He answered her immediately, "Sheer fantasy, my girl, sheer fantasy! And don't be so apologetic. I'm used to that query by this time. People are always asking me."

"He never takes anything seriously. He



MODERN SCREEN

"I could have slept through it again."

just lets it roll off his back. If you take yourself too seriously," Lyle warns, "you'll come a cropper with him."

H. Allen Smith, author of such books as "Life in a Putty-Knife Factory," was commissioned to do a two-part article entitled "King of the Groaners," for the Saturday Evening Post. After making the trip to Hollywood, he met Bing, and Bing said, "Yeh, the boys told me you were coming. I'll see you later over at Paramount."

Smith sat around the Hollywood Knickerbocker for days and nothing happened. He never did meet Bing again. But he gathered enough material to produce his article nonetheless.

A writer for one of the country's biggest slick publications reports, "He's casual to the point of being discourteous. Our photographer considered himself lucky to get a couple of pictures. You just can't pin Crosby down."

Yet, if you suggest to the San Francisco newspapermen that Bing Crosby is uncooperative, they'll spit in your eye. They met him recently when the studio threw a press party in honor of director Frank Capra at the St. Francis Hotel while on location for Bing's *Riding High*, which will follow *Top o' the Morning*.

Publicist Floyd Simonton says, "I didn't expect Bing to come. Matter of fact, I almost didn't bother even to tell him about it. But I did say, 'We're having a press party for Frank Capra this afternoon. If you care to come, we'd be glad to have you.'"

"At 10 minutes of five, I heard the door open and looked up. There was Bing Crosby! The first to arrive! After the rest of the guests had poured in, I expected Bing to duck out. But he circulated among the guests and talked a lot. He was the last to leave!"

Yet one fan magazine gave Bing its highest award and a banquet in his honor. He didn't show up! Why? Simply because he was to be the center of attraction. At the cocktail party, Frank Capra was the honor guest.

They tell how Bing balked at going to the Academy Awards when it seemed likely he'd get an Academy Award for *Going My Way*. Finally Buddy DaSilva, Paramount executive, persuaded him by saying, "If you don't go you'll give Hollywood a black eye, because these awards bring the best constructive publicity Hollywood gets. How's it going to look if you won't bother to pick yours up?"

Bing appeared.

He even stood still once for a big Welcome Home demonstration in Spokane. He took all the hullabaloo in stride. But that riot raised \$20,000 for the scholarship fund at his alma mater, Gonzaga University.

He continues to seem relaxed, easy, and friendly. He knows exactly what he's doing. He doesn't make a fuss about it ever. He lives as he sings—with the most deceptively air of effortlessness.

Yet always about him, rumors are flying. And rumors are trying—the constant pressure they exert must be darned unpleasant for this really wonderfully pleasant guy. Why can't the rumor hounds lay off Crosby?

THE END

The screen story of Bing Crosby's latest movie, *Top O' The Morning*, is to be found in the October issue of that richly entertaining Dell magazine, SCREEN STORIES.



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NO HELP WANTED

(Continued from page 40)

They gave me another picture, and that's the important thing."

He's a modest, level-headed young man with a large bump of determination, a gift for hard work and a fierce independence. These latter qualities had nothing to do with his breaking into pictures. They've had a great deal to do with his sticking.

Four years ago, on September 19th, Shirley and John were married. Though the war was just over, John was still in the Army and expecting to stay in quite a while—with the occupation forces in Japan. That's why they married when they did, instead of waiting for Shirley's 18th birthday.

If Jack's father hadn't died, if his mother hadn't moved to California, if he and Shirley hadn't met and fallen in love, the chances are he'd have gone into the Agar Packing and Provision Company, starting at the bottom like his father and grandfather before him. In Chicago, four generations of Agars had been meat-packers. "Looks like I'm the black sheep," grins John.

When you're in the service, headed for indefinite duty overseas, you don't think too far ahead. But John knew he wouldn't go back to Chicago. Realizing what pictures meant to Shirley, he'd said, "I'll never ask you to give them up." For himself, he still planned a business career. Once the Army was through with him, he'd go back to school for training in business administration. Then he'd see. If it wasn't meat-packing, it would be something else.

David Selznick changed all that. At the wedding reception, his eyes thoughtfully followed the tall young groom. A week later, he threw a party for Shirley and Jack. Among the guests were several directors. If Jack was being given the once-over, he didn't know it. He was pretty oblivious of everything but his bride, and the fact that in two days he'd leave her for Camp Kearns, the overseas replacement depot outside Salt Lake City.

It was to Salt Lake that the wire came. "WE WOULD LIKE TO SIGN YOU TO A TEST CONTRACT WHEN YOU LEAVE THE SERVICE. . . ." Jack's first reaction was total and stunned amazement. Then a resistance set up. "Where do I get off, trying to be an actor, just because I married a movie star?"

But Jack's is a healthy and an honest mind. Sure, he was bothered by that aspect of the situation. Sure, the whole thing left him doubtful and a little confused. But you couldn't just brush it off. So, like a sensible guy, he sought expert advice. Shirley and her mother were staying at the Hotel Utah, on their way home from a war-bond rally. Married men, with wives in town, were permitted to leave the post at night. That night Jack showed the wire to Shirley and her mom.

Privately, Shirley was enchanted. She felt that her handsome husband would be extremely photogenic, and whoever didn't sign him would be passing up a good bet. This opinion she was smart enough to keep to herself. In a spirit of calm objectivity, she and her mother pointed out both the advantages and the pitfalls of a film career. If anything, they stressed the pitfalls. Jack came clean with his own doubts and reservations.

"The last thing I want is to capitalize on being your husband," he said earnestly to Shirley.

"Look, Jack," said Shirley. "We all get our breaks one way or another. They spotted Guy Madison at a radio broadcast. They spotted you at our wedding. No matter how you get in, you still have to make good on your own. . . . And let me tell you something, Jack: Your being my husband's going to make it just a little rougher on you. They're going to watch you just a little more closely."

Jack took the problem back to camp with him and thought it through. He liked the idea of a common professional interest with his wife. He liked the prospect of coming back to a job. If it didn't work out, he'd

still be young enough to do something else. And anyhow, what the heck! They'd probably give him a test—and the old heaven-ho! . . .

He sent a wire of acceptance. Then crowding events washed the whole business out of their thoughts. One night he told Shirley gently, "Tomorrow's the last. We're being shipped out to a point of embarkation."

Next evening she waited for a Jack who never came. Being a movie star has its obvious blessings and its less obvious handicaps. An officer had heard that some Hollywood star was in town, who happened to be the wife of one of his sergeants. Maybe said officer had indigestion. Maybe he was against stars marrying sergeants. Maybe he just liked the feel of authority. Anyway, he'd show them. Though every other man in his group was released, Sergeant John Agar was kept at camp that night, twiddling his thumbs. His buddies showed up at the hotel. "Where's Jack?" they asked. "We want to have a last drink to our overseas duty."

homecoming . . .

When the awful truth dawned on Shirley, all she had time for was a quick phone call—through which she sobbed steadily, while Jack could hardly get the words past his throat. He left the following morning. She left that night. On the way home, she kept the radio tuned in till she heard a commentator report that John Agar was en route to Okinawa. Then she turned it off, and sat quiet through the rest of the trip. Her mother will never forget the sight of a small figure, mounting the stairs to her bedroom, Jack's coat over her arm, his shoes in her hand. There were no more tears. Shirley doesn't weep easily, and by now she was cried out. As her eyes met her mother's, she even attempted a smile of sorts. "Well," she said. "So this is all I've got left of my husband. . . ."

And then, with practically 'one foot' on the boat, Jack got the news that the Army point system had been revised, making him eligible for discharge. On January 29th, he came home for good.

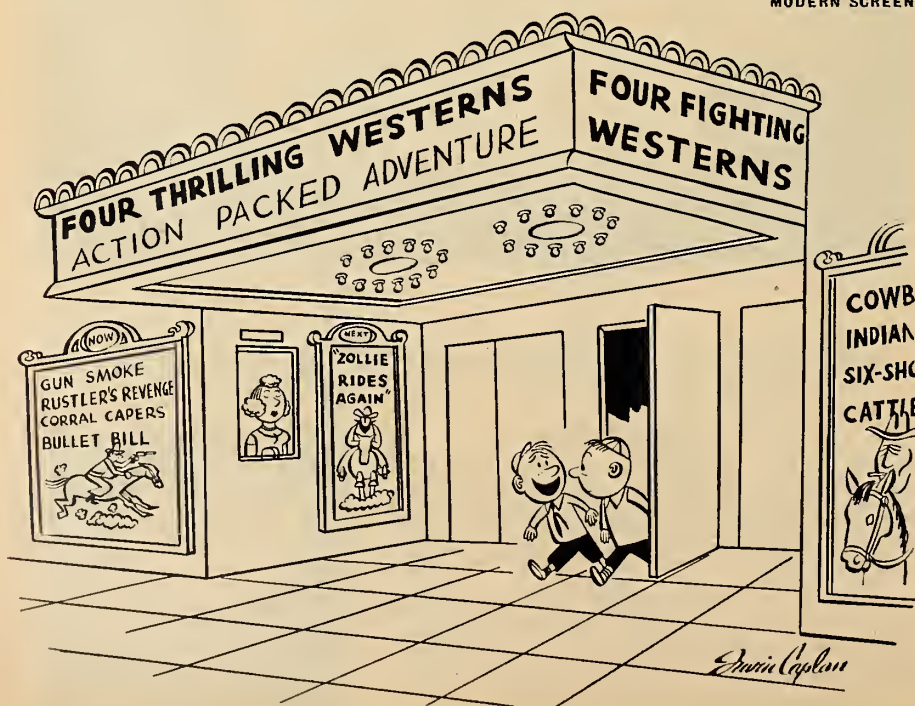
Then came the big event—Jack's test.

They hadn't talked much about the test. Without making a point of it, both felt that, in case he failed to make the grade, the less said the better. Nor did Shirley give out with advice. After all, she'd never been a man. Whatever she told him might prove misleading. Moreover, direction ought to be left to directors. As for Jack, from childhood on, his instinct had been to do things by himself. In this case, the feeling was just a little bit more intense. "She encouraged me," he says, "just by being my wife."

Also she checked him on cues. And one night she put pancake make-up on him. "Just to get you used to the feel. It's not too comfortable."

"Doesn't bother me at all," said her unsuspecting husband. Then, half-an-hour later, it tightened up, and Shirley heard a yelp. "Hey! My mouth is all stiff!"

Luckily, they used only grease on the set. It didn't make much difference. That day will live in Jack's memory as a day of torment. He played Joseph Cotten's part in a scene from *The Farmer's Daughter*. He was jittery, self-conscious, and sweating like a stoker. He still doesn't know how he came out of it alive. Straight from the wringer, he tottered home to Shirley, who was whipping up one of her special dinners for him. "How did it go?" she



"Boy, that was swell! But I think I'm developing saddle sores."

asked him, trying to sound very casual. In no uncertain terms, he told her. She wasn't too upset. "Don't forget, this is mostly a photography test, Jack. They don't expect you to pull an Olivier acting job out of the hat. . . . C'mon, let's eat. You can't really tell till you see it on the screen."

Next day, the test was run for Jack and the director. Had Jack been the director, he'd have said to himself, "So long. Nice knowing you." This man was saying kind things, but who was he kidding? People are tactful. People don't like to say to your face, "You're terrible." A few days later Shirley and her mother saw the test.

"All I noticed wrong was you didn't seem to want to turn your face to the camera," Shirley told him. "All beginners don't. But you photographed swell, Jack. I met Mr. O'Shea. He liked it."

Jack thought Shirley was an angel, and Mr. O'Shea a prince. But you couldn't tell Jack he hadn't looked like a goon. When the okay came through a few days later, Jack was one happy but thoroughly flabbergasted guy. . . .

* * *

For the next year-and-a-half he studied like mad, taking lessons in diction, doing scenes from plays. After a while he grew restive. No one knew better than Jack that he needed all the training he could get. "If they'd let me go any sooner," he says now, "I'd have been really pathetic." But his spirit was that of a thoroughbred at the starting post, wild to be off and away. Inaction killed him. When would they put him to work? In anything. Just a walk-on. Just a chance to waggle his ears at the camera.

"Relax," Shirley told him. "Your time'll come."

discovery . . .

To Jack, John Ford's name is surrounded by radiance. "John Ford, God love him," is the way he generally puts it. One day Jack and Shirley went down to meet the boat that was bringing Jack's mother and sister home from Honolulu. Mr. Ford was also on the boat. His daughter, Barbara, had swam with Joyce Agar off the beach at Waikiki. Jack met Barbara's father. He didn't know that Mr. Ford was preparing a picture called *Fort Apache*. He didn't know that, practically straight from the boat, Mr. Ford went to Selznick's studio, and asked them to run John Agar's test for him. Good thing Jack didn't know. For his money, that test should have met with an accident, preferably fatal. Apparently Mr. Ford felt otherwise. All of a sudden Jack found himself in Ford's office. "How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Face the window, please. Face the door, please." A week later came the news that he was to play the young Army officer in *Fort Apache*.

"I told Shirley about it that night," says Jack. "She was pretty pleased. So was I. It was—well, it was sort of exciting, you know."

Such understatement is also characteristic of John. Though his eyes may blaze, his speech remains unfevered. At home it's different. "At home," reports Shirley, "he can sound off for two hours on the same subject, but with different wordage. He'd be wonderful in Congress for a filibuster." But with outsiders, his natural reserve takes over. No phase of his job is easy. "Manual labor—and I've done that, too, in my time—never left me exhausted like a day at the studio," he says. "But the hardest part is talking about yourself."

Well, Jack was signed, sealed and delivered for *Fort Apache* before anyone thought of teaming him with his wife. When Ford told Daniel O'Shea of Vanguard Pictures that he needed a Shirley



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Temple-type girl, he no more dreamed of getting Shirley than the moon. O'Shea said: "We happen to have a Miss Temple under contract. You want somebody like her? We can give you the genuine article." Certainly Ford grabbed her. Who in his right mind wouldn't have?

As for *Adventure in Baltimore*, Barbara Bel Geddes was supposed to do it first, then somebody else. Shirley read the script from Jack's viewpoint, and went mad over the girl's part. This she kept to herself. They'd agreed that it might not be wise to work together too much, especially at the outset of Jack's career. So, while Shirley was delighted with Selznick's last-minute wire, notifying her of the loan-out, she also wondered how Jack was going to take it. And how she should break the news. In the end, she decided just to break it—brief, blithe and business-like. "Read this, kid. Read it and weep."

He read it and laughed—very happily.

Fort Apache will always mean something special to them. It was Jack's first picture. Shirley was playing his sweetheart. Susan was on the way. Everything combined to make it a sentimental landmark for them. For Jack, it was something else, too. A chance to prove his gratitude. A chance to begin to find out whether or not he had a place in this business. For Ford, for the picture, for himself, he was going to do a good job or bust.

He did a good, competent job.

her severest critic . . .

He's in the business now with all his heart and energy. Actors who holler about being worked too hard leave him baffled. He'd work every day if they'd let him, and his once-beloved golf clubs could go fly a kite. His deep will to success has fired Shirley's. That may sound like a strange thing to say, but not the way she explained it: "After all these years of work, I feel a great need to study. Jack's done that to me—not by criticizing, just by the way he works himself. It's made me more critical. I know now that I'm very happy in comedy parts and in unmarried parts—as in *The Story of Seabiscuit* and *A Kiss for Corliss*. But with dramatic love scenes and things, I'm as out-of-place as I can be. Not that I haven't lived and suffered." A dimple pops out. "But not the right kind of suffering, I guess."

It's perfectly true that, in certain special ways, the going's been made rougher because they're married. Publicity's used their marriage. This was inevitable. But there are limits set by taste and fairness, which were overstepped. I remember one ad when *Fort Apache* was released: SEE SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S NEW HUSBAND! As though she'd had six! I remember the magazines, harping on a single string. How John got his break. No interest in his performance. No recognition of the fact that he'd sweated through months of work to put over a job that stood up with those of seasoned fellow-actors. How he got his break was an accident. How he used it wasn't. There lay the vital distinction that people couldn't be bothered to make. It had no wallop.

All this rubbed them both the wrong way. Having grown up in the atmosphere of Hollywood publicity, Shirley understood it better than Jack. It was more difficult for him to accept at first. Why couldn't they take or leave him on the strength of his work, and forget the rest? Shirley respected his stand, and went right along with him. There was one thing they could do about it—keep all publicity out of the house. "I'm not going to capitalize on being your husband." He'd meant it then, he means it now. Whatever press coverage he got, he'd get by virtue of his own value to the press. If he didn't get any, fine. He'd know that much sooner just where he

stood. He got plenty. But for a year and a half they stuck to their guns. Then something happened. MODERN SCREEN proposed to put out an anniversary issue in honor of Shirley's 21st birthday, devoting 18 pages to the fabulous tale of her past and present.

"It's such a wonderful thing they're doing," said Shirley. "Only—they want to take pictures at home. What do you think?"

"Let the bars down, of course," said Jack promptly.

Which shows the measure by which these months had changed him. For one thing, he had two more pictures under his belt. That makes a difference. For another, he was getting hep to Hollywood. He'd learned that the press will be the press, and there's not much you can do about it. Most of its members try to play fair. A few will sell their souls for a piece of hot copy and, if there is none, make it up. This is to goad the victim into a counter-statement, which produces another piece of hot copy. Deep, hey? But ignore such operators, and they're left holding the bag. Jack's learned to ignore them.

As for Shirley, she's like an old salt who can sniff dirty weather way ahead. Jack was going on location for *Yellow Ribbon*. She was going on location for *Belvedere*. And where was she going? To Reno, of all places. Shirley heaved a sigh, picked up the phone and called a columnist—a good scout who deals them straight from the top.

"Thus-and-so are the facts," she told him. "It's our first separation, and I don't even like the sound of the word. But it's strictly business."

Understanding exactly what she meant, he used the story just as she gave it to him. Did that stop the diehards? Don't be silly. They knew the whole *Belvedere* company was headed for Reno. Shirley was their pigeon. "We hear there are clouds over the Agar household." Sure, there are clouds over the Agar household. Over the whole of West Los Angeles, in fact. The sun sinks behind them at night into the Pacific, and they look real pretty. Susan adores them.

who's nervous? . . .

Even in minor matters, Shirley and Jack don't always enjoy the same freedom as other movie couples. It was Jack's first day on *I Married a Communist*. This was his first dramatic role, and they were starting with his most dramatic scene. Trouble was, they didn't start. There he sat in his dressing room, kneading his hands and sweating, when Shirley dropped in. She'd brought him a key-chain with a little horseshoe, for luck. Never had he been gladder to see her. Some of the strain of waiting was released in talk. They had lunch together. Then his scene was called, and Shirley went off to Wardrobe to make some photographs. On her return, he was in the midst of work.

"Don't let him see you," they said. You'll make him nervous."

"But he likes to see me," Shirley objected.

She sat down where she could watch without being in the way. A line of people quietly formed in front of her and shut off her view. Any other actress would have been welcomed or ignored. But Shirley's a legend. A legend's bound to disturb her husband. When the director said, "Cut," Jack craned his neck for a sight of her. No sign of Shirley.

That night Jack asked, "Where did you disappear to?"

"They said I made you nervous, so I left."

"Nervous, my foot! Does me good to see you around."

Passing his chair, she planted a kiss on his ear and let it go at that. You can say an awful lot with a kiss. . . . THE END

RETURN FROM TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 37)

out—as you would do at a hotel.

Robert Walker wasn't insane. His refusal to talk to the doctor was, in a sense, the same attitude you show when you won't talk things over with a friend after a quarrel. He was no menace. No menace, that is, to anyone but himself. Then why was he there? Why was this curly-haired, soft-eyed young man confined to an institution dedicated to the treatment of the sick mind?

Freud said, and so do most practicing psychiatrists, that what you are today is a result of what you have been at some earlier time in your life. And a good psychiatrist can take apart your character now and read your biography. They pry into your dreams and memories—not, as some people think, to brew a mysterious mental medicine, but to get at the facts—at the truth you think you dare not tell.

young perfectionist . . .

Bob Walker was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. His father was a huge, lusty man, city editor of a newspaper and later a talented advertising executive. His mother was a feminine woman who had given her life over to feminine pursuits—being a man's wife, and raising her sons. Bob was no different from other kids, actually, *but he thought he was*. He was very thin, gangly, afflicted more than he should be, *he thought*, with acne. He was strong, but never robust. His eyes were weak. That's all right, you say—it sounds like the kid in the next block. Well, maybe the kid in the next block will do okay. Maybe he doesn't have the spark that makes great men. Maybe he'll be satisfied to be ordinary. Bob Walker wasn't.

The desire to be a better man than anyone else was born in Bob. He couldn't have helped any of the things he did if he had wanted to. A course had to be run. A crisis met and passed.

Certainly he was no tough guy. But there wasn't a kid in the state of Utah who could look crooked at him. He fought many a battle, and he seldom won one. But he never gave up. He'd try again—on a bigger kid.

The major portion of Bob's education was acquired at the San Diego Army and Navy Academy which, like most military schools, depends for its existence on the premise that some boys need a sterner hand than Mother can supply. At school, Bob was a good scholar. He had as much stamina as the next lad. But he was still gangly and thin and no adolescent Adonis. The first thing he established was that he *could* be whipped, but that it took a good man to do it. Then, flaunting his imagined deficiencies in the face of the odds-makers, he decided to become an actor, to make his living as the darling of the matinee set, to have girls fawning for his favors.

So Bob went off to New York to become an actor—and he also went off to New York to be on his own. He wanted to be better than the greatest stars in the business and take their places, and show the kid in the next bunk at San Diego that he could do it.

He wanted to have somebody ask him, "Who paid your rent last week, kid?"

And he wanted to answer, "I did!"

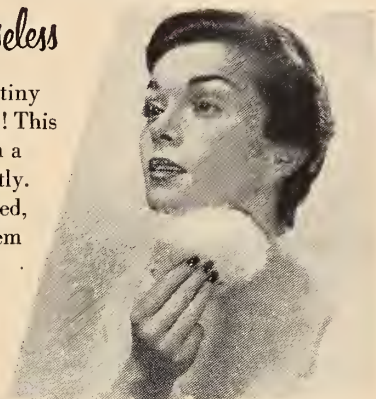
Those two words are probably the key to Robert Walker's life. *I did! Look at me. I'm kind of skinny, and if I take my glasses off I can hardly see you—but I can still knock your block off!*

Well, there was a hitch. Bob had an aunt whom he admired very much. She was one of the most noted self-made

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women in America. Her name was Hortense Odlum. She was the wife of Floyd Odlum, the industrial empire builder. Bob loved her and admired her more than anyone else in his family. He went to live with her and started the rounds of the casting offices. You may not think there is hardship in walking out of a lavish suite in a fashionable hotel to pound the cold, cold pavement looking for a chance to play Hamlet. But if you want to play Hamlet more than anything in the world, it can mark you for life! You may not go along with the premise that free room and board in a swank home is cruelty. But if you want to pay your own rent more than you want to live, it can stain your soul! Yes, Aunt Hortense was a hitch.

It was only a never-say-die spirit that kept Bob Walker going. He borrowed the money to enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts from his aunt (because now he had learned that he had to study his trade) and moved to a small room in Greenwich Village.

Now comes love. Sure, you've read about it. Shy boy meets shy girl in a dramatic school and they ride out on a cloud. Bob Walker met Phyllis Isley. She was beautiful. She was retiring. She was a stranger in New York. No, she wasn't particularly poor. Her family owned theaters in Texas, and there's money in theaters in Texas. At any rate, they met on a common ground, and probably the words they said to one another sounded exactly like the words boys and girls falling in love have always said to one another.

Bob didn't know it at the time, but this is actually what he was saying to Phyllis:

He: Let me take you away from all this.

She: You mean away from my work? The theater?

He: No. From the money. From your family. From everybody you need.

She: But what will we live on?

He: The best! The very best! We'll dine on pheasant, and drink wine, and you'll wear furs, and diamonds.

She: Are you that rich?

He: Gosh, no. But I can get those things for you. I can get you anything you want! Please let me get them for you!

Phyllis said she'd let him get them for her, and Bob married her and went after them. And at this point in his life, Robert Walker found his first true happiness. He was better than any man he'd ever known. He was showing the kid in the next bunk in San Diego.

He got a flat in Greenwich Village. He bought a canary. He played in the Cherry Lane Theatre for 50 cents a night, and he

I SAW IT HAPPEN



us. "You'd better get back to school kids. I used to be a school teacher myself, and a pretty stiff one at that." Yes, it was the star of the new movie, Richard Widmark.

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took home the jewels and the furs and the wine and the pheasant. One night the jewels would be a stick of bologna, and the wine a bottle of milk. For furs, he brought a bargain silk housecoat and a shiny, wool-lined rain cape. And they were divinely happy.

Children came. Two of them. Bob became probably the most sought-after actor in radio. He moved his family to Long Island. The jewels became filets mignon and maybe once in a while a real jewel—a brooch or a pair of earrings. The furs became furs. *But it didn't really matter. The happiness came from getting things by himself.* The Robert Walkers became substantial folk.

The hardest thing in the world to do is to stand still. Phylis Walker was an actress. She told her friends that she wasn't serious about it any more. A husband, two kids, happiness—who wanted more? But suddenly she was asked to come to Hollywood to test for pictures. She did—and she was just as happy that things didn't go so well. Then, David Selznick wanted to get a look at her and she came out again and tested for *The Song of Bernadette*. She not only got the job, she got an Academy Award for doing it.

And what about Robert Walker? *Something was missing now in his life.* Call it responsibility if you want to. Call it the haven he had built to bring his troubles to.

Then, MGM was testing actors for a picture called *Bataan*. The producer was Dore Schary. He had New York send him the tests and when he saw the thin, anxious-looking young man flashed on the screen, he tossed the rest of the tests in the bucket and sent for Robert Walker.

In all fairness to Bob, it must be told that he really didn't want to come. He was doing all right in New York. He came because his wife was in California, and because he took an instant liking to Dore Schary. He was a big success in the picture. But he couldn't take that back to lay at the feet of his wife. *She was a bigger success.*

love walked out . . .

Let's pass over a few years. A divorce was as certain as a flame when you strike a match. What ever happened to love? *Nothing! It was still there. That was the terrible part of it. It was still there, but it wouldn't work anymore. It was like a beautiful clock with a broken spring. Love was magnificent, but it ought to be taken out to be fixed.*

Let's get analytical for a moment and scan the signs of the degeneration of a character. A man has too much to drink. He pokes a bigger man in the nose. He gets his name in the paper. Why? Because he's famous. A man can't stand the loneliness anymore. He gets into his car and drives 500 miles. It causes a national sensation. Why? The man's famous. A man gets drunk and gets arrested. He offers to fight or foot race the cops, and he tells them he'll always be drunk. It makes some of the most colorful photos ever printed in a newspaper. Why? The man is famous. *What's the name of the devil? Fame! What's the curse of a man's life? Fame!*

Robert Walker called MGM and told them he wanted to quit. They thought he was crazy. You've got everything, they said. What do you want? *If he had told them he wanted a small room in Greenwich Village, a place to bring home a stick of bologna or a bargain raincoat, they wouldn't have understood.* So he didn't tell them. He told it to himself, and he had to drink to make himself understand—it was so long ago and so far away that he had to fog the present to get the perspective for memory.

And what about Phylis, now Jennifer

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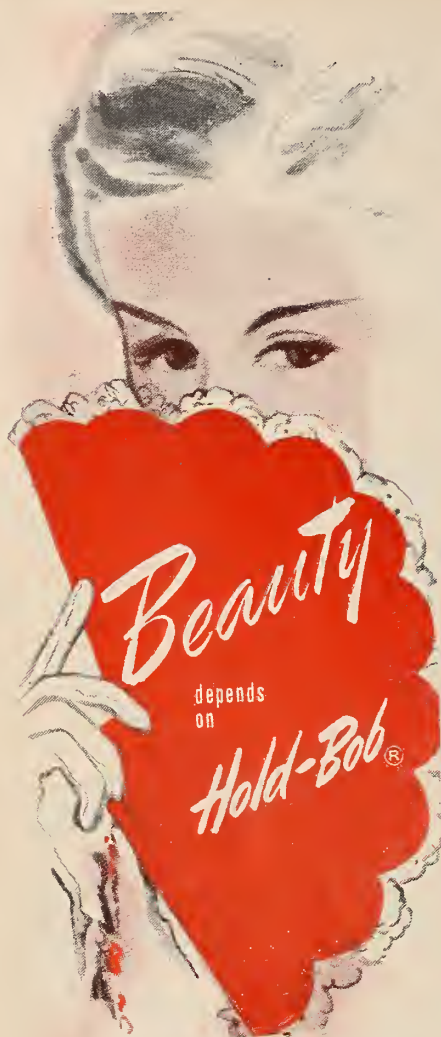
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Jones? Didn't she still love him? Sure she did. *If she hadn't, he could have found someone else.* But you can't steal back a dream and give it to someone else when part-owner of the dream—in this case Jennifer Jones—hasn't given it up.

There never had been a time when Robert Walker was in trouble that Jennifer Jones hadn't come to take care of him. You've read reams of copy on the great romance between Jennifer Jones and David Selznick. Their recent marriage proves that there was foundation to these stories. It was confusing to you, and I'll tell you why. *The love between Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones lasted five years longer than you thought it did!* It smoldered, burst into flame, very nearly died at times. It was a secret love, shared by four people: Bob, Jennifer, Robert and Michael Walker. They didn't live together. But they were a family. They shared the last days of their love jealously. Until Bob married another woman, his children didn't know their parents were divorced!

If Dore Schary hadn't gone back to MGM, this story would probably have never been written. Bob Walker was on his last legs when Dore Schary called him into the studio for a talk. He put his cards face-side up on the table. He told Bob he could leave pictures, go make another life for himself, drink himself to death or do anything he wanted to. He called in Bob's father and they all talked. Dore Schary didn't give Robert Walker another chance, as they say. He asked Bob to give the world, and the movies, another chance. *What for?* For Bob, for his sons, for his father, his mother, the millions of kind people who adored him. *Bob said yes—but he meant no.*

At any rate, he agreed to go to the Menninger clinic in Topeka, Kansas, to see if they could help him.

There he sat on the edge of a bed for months and wouldn't talk to anyone.

"Want to talk with me today, Bob?"

Bob Walker didn't look up. He just shook his head.

help came . . .

Then one day, another man came into the room with the doctor. It was Bob's father. He ruffled his son's hair and told him to get his clothes together. "It's no use," he said to Bob. "They can't do anything for you unless you help them. . . . I'm sorry, son. Very sorry."

Nobody except Bob, his dad, and the Menninger doctors know what happened then. Maybe the spirit of love and kindness that had always been at Bob's elbow got through to him. Maybe the little boy who had felt inadequate suddenly grew up and knew that life was more than a single battle. Bob asked to be allowed to stay, and promised to help.

In the talks he had with the doctors in the weeks that followed, Bob Walker found out about himself. He learned that a selfish design for living is a false one. That a goal a man reaches is only a step to another goal. That a man can have many shrines, each with an equal dignity. He found out that man's greatest enemies are his frustrations. He learned what his frustrations were and whipped them.

Now he's back in Hollywood. Healthy in mind and body. The first to laugh at a joke, and the first to feel sympathy for another man's sorrow. He's even discovered he likes the reporters he once scorned. He lives a quiet life in a home he bought with money he earned himself.

Bob's got that old desire again. He's determined to be the biggest and the best movie star in Hollywood. And he has somebody to bring his prizes home to—two small boys, Robert and Michael Walker.

THE END

sweet and hot



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FROM THE MOVIES

COME TO THE STABLE—"Through a Long and Sleepless Night" by Bill Farrell** (MGM). Promising MGM disc debut by the 20-year-old Clevelander (né Fiorelli) who's now in his second year on the Bob Hope show. Bill, who plays everything from harmonica to bass fiddle, led an instrumental quartet, didn't start singing until '47. This is a good tune with nice background work by Earle Hagen's orchestra.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING—title song by Pearl Bailey* (Harmony); Doris Day* (Columbia); Sammy Kaye (Victor). "Fiddle Dee Dee" by Jimmy Dorsey* (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM); Sammy Kaye (Victor). "At The Cafe Rendezvous" by Peggy Lee (Capitol); Doris Day (Columbia). "Blame My Absent-Minded Heart" by Doris Day (Columbia); Mindy Carson (Victor). "Give Me a Song With a Beautiful Melody" by Jack Carson and the Crew Chiefs* (Capitol); Lorry Green (Victor); Helen Forrest (MGM). "That Was a Big Fat Lie" by Jack Carson* (Capitol).

Pearl Bailey's helped out by Hot Lips Page on Harmony, which is Columbia's new 49-cent label and a good bargain. Jock Carson and Doris Day (they're in the picture) do the best jobs.

MADAME BOVARY—album from the sound track by Miklos Rosza and MGM Studio Orchestra* (MGM).

MONTANA—"Reckon I'm In Love" by Larry Parks and Betty Garrett* (MGM); Paul Weston (Capitol).

MY FRIEND IRMA—"My One, My Only, My All" by Dean Martin* (Capitol); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Art Lund (MGM). "Just For Fun" by Dean Martin (Capitol); Kay Kyser (Columbia).

RED HOT AND BLUE—"Where Are You Now That I Need You?" by Doris Day* (Columbia); Fran Warren (Victor). "That's Loyalty" and "Hamlet" both by Betty Hutton (Capitol).

ROSEANNA MCCOY—"Roseanna" by Freddy Martin (Victor).

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS—"They Didn't Believe Me" by Kathryn Grayson* (MGM); Georgie Auld* (Discovery). It'd be hard to imagine two more wildly contrasted versions of the same tune. Just for laughs, you ought to get 'em both.

POPULAR

SAMMY DAVIS, JR.—"Can't You See I've Got The Blues"*** (Capitol).

More amazing impersonations by the man with a million voices, who now adds Mel Torme and Al Hibbler to his list of victims.

BOPULAR

MILES DAVIS—"Israel"*** (Capitol).

DIZZY GILLESPIE—"Jump Did Le Ba" (Victor).

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—"Blue Lou"*** (Capitol).

WOODY HERMAN—"More Moon"*** (Capitol).

GET OFF THAT HIGH HORSE

(Continued from page 30)

boys and girls, anyway? On all sides, idols crumble their feet of clay and Bright Promises peter unpleasantly out. Toasts of yesterday are crumbs today. New faces are in new places and the star scene is shifting like a Notre Dame backfield.

There've been some changes made in Hollywood—and there will be a lot more, too, for some very good reasons.

Hollywood is still making plenty of profit, but to do so in 1949, it has to make every production-dollar count. Costly temperament is out of style. Cut-ups are no longer cute. A crack-up earns a crack-down. Every Hollywood personality, old or new, has an account payable to deliver—and in jig-time too—or else the screen sheriff tacks up the bankruptcy notice where the ballyhoo was. Yep, there've been some changes made.

Let's detail the case histories of a few declines and falls:

Ingrid Bergman was mighty lucky—whether she knew it or not—as long as experienced Hollywood hands were steering her career. Ingrid wasn't so lucky when, thinking she knew all the answers, she took over the helm herself. I'll cut the misery short: *Arch of Triumph*, which she picked for herself, was so gosh-awful that even Charles Boyer couldn't make it good. They couldn't give it away to the customers. Then came Ingrid's life-dream, which she was determined to make come true—playing *Joan of Arc*. It was a one-girl show and an expense-no-objection project. *Joan* cost Heaven knows how many millions, to rival *Gone With the Wind*—yet the man who directed that all-time Hollywood hit, the late Victor Fleming, wasn't good enough for Ingrid to trust. She rowed with him, with the high-priced writers she hired, with the costume men, the set designers. It had to be perfect; it was sacred to Ingrid. She was a saint—it said here. It was a holy Hollywood crusade, that picture. And it was also, as one critic described it, “a big, beautiful, bloody bore.”

“I'd do anything for a change,” sighed Ingrid, after her flops. So off she went to Stromboli. It's sad to think that a lady who had had the world by the heart could handle it with such painful roughness.

no time for comedy . . .

As for Judy Garland's breakdown, there were good excuses—too much work for a frail kid, too much dishing out of nervous energy, a drained emotional reserve. An unhappy home, the pace of Hollywood, work, work, work. But still—excuses don't go these days. I'm sorry Judy Garland cracked up and I hope it's true that when she's got herself under control again she'll make *Show Boat* next year. Judy's hasn't much money saved from the thousands and thousands she's earned. MGM is advancing the expenses of her rest cure.

Bette Davis has worked up a touchy temperament that she never used to own—that, in fact, she used to laugh at—since she came back to the screen so unhappily in *Winter Meeting*. As Bette finds herself no longer the dramatic queen of Warners, she's acting up. She's ducking the press, where she used to be their darling, and she's wearing a chip on her shoulder. She's demanding things she knows from long Hollywood experience are impossible.

Bette wanted to close down *Winter Meeting* four days after the picture started, the minute she realized it was headed for a flop. Bette should have known that's mighty costly and, hence practically im-

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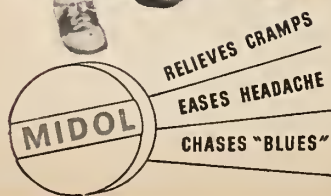
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"BLUE" DAYS CAN BE BRIGHT DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



possible. From then on, she's been a battling headache to her studio and to herself. I hope her mixed-up picture of herself clears up soon and the old Bette Davis emerges. She's making mountains out of molehills right now and bringing her private troubles to her work. She's uncertain, unhappy and, I'm afraid, headed for a crisis if she doesn't settle down—a crisis brought on by Bette, herself, and her high-tension temperament.

Laraine Day certainly surprised the trustful souls who tagged her one of the sweetest, nicest girls this side of Salt Lake City. It's been some time now since Laraine cut up with Leo Durocher on her premature nuptial scandal that made faces burn all around Hollywood, except Laraine's. But the fire in that girl is still smoldering in many ways. She can still get steamed up and toss a temperamental tizzy. When Laraine made *My Dear Secretary*, a big typewriter company supplied a new-fangled super-dooper machine for her to use in the picture. Laraine wanted one, free, to present to her agent. "Sorry," the manufacturers replied, "that's impossible. This machine isn't on the market yet and if one were released, it would damage the whole presentation." There was quite a hassle worked up over that, during which Laraine temporarily walked off the set and all that silly business. The picture was finished on schedule—but Laraine's reputation had definitely suffered. Like her tempestuous husband, she'd better be on her good behavior from here on in.

No studio in Hollywood is ticking along more prosperously than 20th Century-Fox. Recently at a convention, their salesman cried, "Give us more of Dan Dailey, Richard Widmark, Ty Power, Paul Douglas!" No mention of Cornel Wilde or Mark Stevens. Ty was the only old-timer the public still craved.

About that time Mark Stevens, who'd supposedly turned over a new leaf, punched a Fox official in the nose right on the lot in a fit of trigger-temper. Mark's been a studio headache ever since his big click in *Objective Burma* in 1945. He's had word battles by the dozen with people he should have gotten along with if he'd had good judgment. He's courted the sorriest personal publicity—among other things leaving his sweet wife, Annelle, and their darling baby for a whirl with Hedy LaMarr. The fine-looking, talented but moody redhead overrated his importance and he overplayed his hand. So what's happened? The top star parts Zanuck had in mind for him aren't there any more.

Cornel Wilde had the biggest free ride to fame of any young man I can think of.



HOW TIME FLIES!

Irene Hervey has just broken her engagement to Robert Taylor. Bob, according to reports, had to listen to the dictates of his fan mail, most of which insisted he remain single. After all, a guy has to please the customers.—*Modern Screen*, March, 1936.



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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
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The musical score was the real star of *A Song To Remember*, and back of that a chap named Chopin. That picture was made—Heavens!—five years ago, yet Cornel is still coasting on it. He hasn't done anything really worth looking at since, except *The Walls of Jericho*. Yet all along his Hollywood trail, instead of thanking his lucky stars he was still walking there, Cornel asked for more—and more.

He wanted to play Lord Byron, instead of the things they had for him. He wanted to write. He argued with his studio instead of helping it prop up his talents with all the cooperation he could muster. He fussed with his ambitious wife, Pat Wilde, and broke up a time or two with resultant bad publicity. And he went off on trips for his frayed nerves—which wouldn't have been so if he had worked more for his bosses and worried them less. Inevitably, he's losing out. When he returned from his extensive, expensive tour of Europe, Cornel didn't have a Hollywood job waiting for his pleasure. He was in Hollywood a little over a month before he sailed back to Switzerland to make a film. He'll be back. He still has his contract for one picture a year—but he's not the hottest hero of the Fox lot any more. Cornel, unfortunately, seems to have wrangled himself right out of that.

strange hobby . . .

I don't think I can remember a more baldly rude and offensive gent to people who wanted to tell his story than George Sanders. George used to be in so many pictures, you couldn't get away from him on the screen. That's no problem anymore. Studios found his sarcasm and his sardonic snubs too insulting to take. George made a hobby of being insulting. He loved to shock. People interviewing him would get elaborately absurd answers. Lots of times he'd feign sleep while they talked and snore in their faces. I don't think George knew himself what he was going to do most of the time—except that he was going to be plenty unpleasant. When he lost his long-suffering wife, whom he treated indifferently and kept hidden from press and public, George went to a psychoanalyst to find out himself what made him that way. Now he's married to the Hungarian charmer, ZsaZsa Gabor Hilton, and maybe she can reform the man. But George Sanders is having few studio emissaries pounding on his doors for snubs these days, begging him to sign for juicy picture roles.

Someone once told George at Fox, where he was yelling to high Heaven about his dinky dressing room, "George, maybe if you'd stop calling Darryl Zanuck a so-and-so every time you turn around, you'd get your dressing room."

"I wouldn't dream of depriving myself of that privilege," said George loftily. A guy like that doesn't last very long in the big leagues these days.

With aspirin bottles working overtime, Hollywood studios are hunting no extra headaches from hard-to-please heroes and pouty prima donnas. Sam Goldwyn cut Teresa Wright off his payroll, snip, like that, when she wouldn't help him sell *Enchantment* with a personal appearance in New York. It's very doubtful if Teresa will get that huge salary again. And when young Cathy O'Donnell listened to her husband, Bob Wyler, and flounced away from *Roseanna McCoy* because she'd been told it wasn't important enough—Sam came right back with a cancelled contract and the advice, "Go find yourself something important." What Sam found for himself was the terrific 15-year-old Joan Evans—who not only walked right in when Cathy walked out, but is

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making that "unimportant" part open eyes all over town and launching herself a Cinderella career with it.

At the start of *Bride of Vengeance*, Paulette Goddard tossed the first temperament tantrum of her career. She went to her make-up man, who'd done very well indeed for her for eight years, and told him, "I want a complete new face. I want butterfly eyebrows, non-theatrical makeup. I must look completely different."

The make-up man said, "It's not your style, but I can give you butterfly eyebrows—though I'll have to pull half of them out. I can lay off all make-up—easy—though you'll look sick. But I can't make you look completely different without a new face—and for that you'd have to get born over again. Anyway, what's wrong with the one you've been using? Everybody loves it."

Paulette then took on another beauty expert—who gave her the new face she wanted. She got her way, all right—and I'm wondering how much damage she's done herself with that absurd, unbecoming face? If she's as smart as I think she really is, she'll never use it again.

The heart of Hollywood has not turned to stone, or anything like that, nor is the quality of mercy strained when honest human weaknesses prove the stars are only human. On the contrary. Little Maggie O'Brien's carryings-on about her mother's marriage drew more bad publicity than did Robert Walker's sorry slide. Robert Mitchum came through his marijuana mess with sympathy. Both Bobs' bosses stood behind them, helped their rehabilitation, both Bobs took their medicine and today are not only sincerely repentant, but proving that those trusts were not misplaced.

Nobody expects stars to live on a diet of milk toast, and the meek are not necessarily blessed around Hollywood forevermore. No studio boss, or anyone else for that matter, is sacred, and if a fight is right it gets a big hand and wins respect all around. Heaven help us if that "yes-man" craze ever hits Hollywood again! That would be the knockout blow for good pictures, sure enough.

But for the trouble-makers, the teasers, the boys and girls who show that temperament is only a long word for temper—the posers and preeners and pouty pumpkin heads—the sign is up: "Exit—this way out!"

Like the \$10,000 mink coats you don't see flashed around so freely any more, the custom-built Cadillacs with liveried chauffeurs, the super yachts and the parties with individual floor shows for every guest—star temperament and high horses are boom-time luxuries Hollywood can no longer afford.

THE END

that's hollywood!

Orson Welles has a touch of Barrymore, a touch of Byron and the elegance and poise of a successful headwaiter.

Anne Shirley

Nobody ever called me a genius—but everyone keeps denying that I am.

Orson Welles

Quoted from Irving Hoffman
Hollywood Reporter



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by Nair...
the safe, odorless depilatory lotion...
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...SO SHE MARRIED THE BOSS

(Continued from page 24)

It was no half-hearted Jennifer who fought at Bob Walker's side when they invaded Hollywood and, together, achieved outstanding stardom. That's a story hard to forget—especially if you were one of the partners. Bob Walker has shown that it isn't easy to forget, as far as he is concerned. Was the air of dilemma that hung over Jennifer in her relations with Selznick an indication that she, too, could not forget and go on to other things?

Many who have wondered about Jennifer, and have studied her, feel that she would deny she was so affected. Yet the heart has reasons which the mind doesn't know. Jennifer had been fiercely loyal to Bob and an undoubtedly devoted wife. Did that Jennifer refuse, for a long time, to be submerged?

There are other aspects of that Jennifer which may have counted importantly in her struggle while deciding to seek a new life with David. When she met Bob Walker, she was a Catholic and had been convent-reared in her formative years at Monte Cassini Junior College in Tulsa. Bob was a Protestant. When love came to them it overcame this difference, but not completely. Jennifer could think of marriage only within her church. Bob agreed to the usual arrangement in such cases—he signed a promise that their children would be brought up, as Catholics. The ceremony took place at Christ The King Church in Tulsa and, as far as Jennifer was concerned, it was a marriage in accordance with the teaching given her by the Benedictine Sisters of Monte Cassini—that there could not be a dissolution of the marriage except for one of four stated reasons.

None of these four was given by Jennifer when she divorced Bob seven years later in Los Angeles. She charged cruelty and, as a matter of fact, had some difficulty proving it.

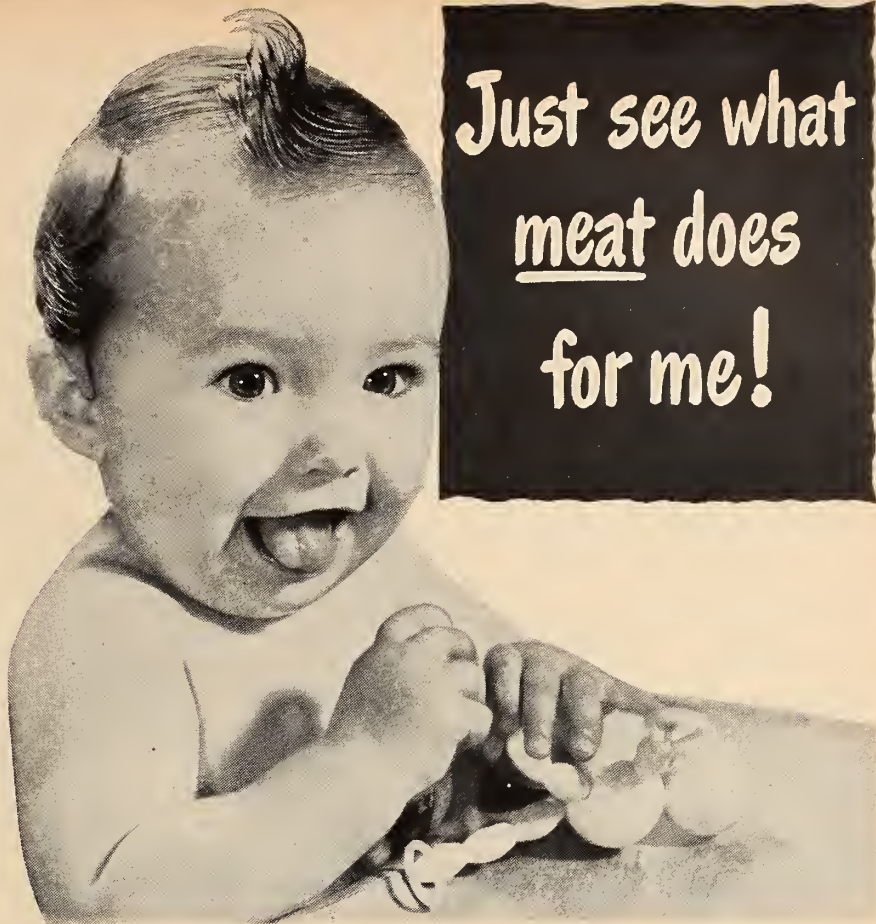
The Jennifer of today, in wishing to marry again, faced a situation that, certainly, the Jennifer of then could not have overcome. She could not again be married in the church. In the eyes of the church, as she well knows, her first marriage is still valid.

their hearts were young and gay . . .

Jennifer and Bob Walker came to Hollywood soon after their marriage. Robert, Junior, had been born on April 14, 1940, Michael on March 17, 1941. Jennifer was signed by David Selznick for *Song of Bernadette*. Bob was seen by an MGM talent scout and given an important part in *Bataan*. In a few weeks the Walkers were established in a little white house in the Hollywood hills. Their future looked bright, their hearts seemed gay—and yet, it was the beginning of the end for them as a family. You'll find the fundamental reasons for this presented, for the first time, in the story on page 37 of this issue of *MODERN SCREEN*. In the end, Bob left the little white house to live alone.

While *Song of Bernadette* was being shown to the public, David Selznick was producing *Since You Went Away*, with Jennifer and Bob as the sweethearts. It had barely gone before the cameras when Jennifer made the formal announcement that she and Bob were separating. Worried about its effect on the picture, Selznick sent for her.

Hollywood knew there was already a strong bond of sympathy between them. For some time, Jennifer had been referring to him familiarly in her interviews



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and discussions on pictures generally. "David says this," or "David says that," was a phrase she had been uttering often. Professionally, he was her complete mentor. Now she had an opportunity to do something for him.

"This thing between Bob and myself won't make any difference in our acting," she told Selznick. "Our personal affairs have nothing to do with our work." She and Bob played their love scenes perfectly.

For Jennifer and David Selznick, a basis for a stronger interest in each other than just their association as producer and star may have been formed at this time. Jennifer did more than act in the film. She made numerous trips around the country to assure successful openings. But as important as her appearances were to Selznick, and as intensely as he is known to drive himself and all who work with him at such times, his solicitude for her was such that he would instantly cancel any appearance if there were a chance that it would be unduly tiring for her. This became quite noticeable, and was commented on.

David Selznick is unlike a great many Hollywood producers in that he is almost completely creative in film art; he creates not only the picture, but very often the stars who are in it and quite often the screenplay that is to be told. His last few years of production work have been probably the most intensely busy in his career. A good portion of the time was devoted to starring Jennifer in *Duel in the Sun*.

It was after the completion of this film that David and Irene Mayer Selznick, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, ended their 18-year-old marriage. Part of her testimony at the divorce trial was that he had time only for his work, neglecting her and his home almost completely. The decree was granted in January, 1948—and from that time on, everyone fully expected he would marry Jennifer. Yet, until it was broken by the recent, sudden wedding, there had been only silence from Jennifer on the subject.

Last March, following her completion of *Madame Bovary*, Jennifer flew to Europe. Dodging reporters through the simple device of going under her old married name of Phylis Walker, she bicycled in Switzerland, loafed through Venice, Capri and Pompeii, and then in April was joined on the French Riviera by David.

accidental discovery . . .

It was in Cannes, after David's arrival, that Jennifer's identity was discovered. This came about when her trail crossed the press-dogged tracks of Rita Hayworth. A hundred or more American reporters and photographers had descended on Cannes to cover Rita's wedding. One of them spotted Jennifer walking through the lobby of the swank Carlton Hotel.

That did it. Jennifer soon found herself cornered in her room, with the din outside the door more resembling that of a gang of vigilantes than inquiring reporters.

That night, without having made a statement, she and David beat a hasty retreat across the Italian border to San Remo. When reporters learned of this, Jennifer left town in such a hurry that one of the maids at her hotel suggested that she and David had had a spat.

Soon David joined her in Zurich, Switzerland. For three weeks, they had comparative peace and quiet. Some evenings, they would have dinner by candlelight on the balcony of Jennifer's suite, overlooking Lake Zurich. Hotel attendants said that Jennifer seemed very calm and composed. Her French dresses, many of them in yellow, her favorite color, made her seem more slender and beautiful than ever. That's how David saw her as they looked out over the clear, beautiful waters of

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the lake, shimmering with moonlight. Perhaps it was in this setting that Jennifer at last gave consent to David.

Then they came to Paris, where Jennifer received the French equivalent of an Academy Award as best foreign actress of 1948. The presentation was made by the Minister of Commerce and Industry. Jennifer was lovely in gray organdy. It was her first public appearance since coming to Europe. "I'm as thrilled as can be about this," she said, "but all these reporters frighten me. I hate being interviewed. I never know what to say."

When pressed for information about her impending marriage, all she would say was, "I'd rather not talk about that. I'm too busy thinking about my next picture." (This will be *Gone to Earth*, which Selznick is now producing in England.)

David also refused to go on record one way or the other. "It's up to Jennifer to say," he declared. I do think the announcement should come from her."

As it turned out, no announcement was made at all. With no preliminary fanfare, Jennifer and David were married at 8:30 the morning of July 13, aboard a rented yacht off Portofino, Genoa. The witnesses were stage producer Leland Hayward and his wife and Louis Jourdan and his wife, Arabella Le Maitre—whom he calls "Quique." The vows were said before the British skipper. That afternoon, when a question arose as to his authority to perform a marriage in Italian waters, the ceremony was repeated at the city hall in Genoa, before an Italian civil official.

Thus Jennifer Jones, after so many months of tears and doubt, turned her back on the heartbreak and burning memories of the past. **THE END**

HOLLYWOOD'S DIZZIEST MARRY-GO-ROUND

(Continued from page 58)

enunciate her every word most carefully.

"Tell me, pliz," said the Princess after she and Greer had gotten through the introduction preliminaries, "you know Errol prittie well. You think maybe he make a good husband?"

Greer smiled politely. "I think so," she said, "but you know, Your Highness, he's had two wives already."

"This I know," the phony member of Rumanian royalty agreed, "but I understand he has a lot of money. Iss true?"

"Well, now," said Greer, "I'm not particularly acquainted with Errol's financial worth, but he does make a pretty good living. And I'm inclined to believe that he has nothing to worry about along those lines for a few years. . . . By the way, Your Highness—"

"Plizz, Miss Garson. I like you. You call me Irene. I calls you Greer."

"Thank you, your . . . thank you, Irene. . . . I was just wondering where you might be staying. I should very much like to give a little party for you and Errol."

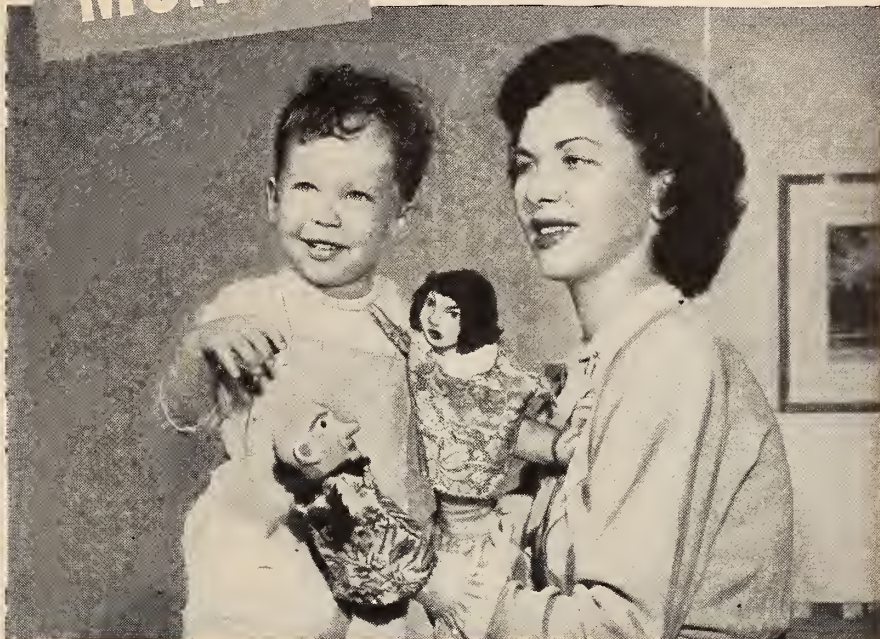
The Princess thought for a moment. "I am a guest of Errol's."

Garson gave the Princess a Mrs. Miniver smile. "Just because people might talk," she offered, "I think it might be best if you moved out of Errol's place and stayed with Mother and me."

At this point, Flynn returned. He thanked Greer for looking after the Princess and then hustled her off the lot.

Ten hours later, it was in all the papers that the Princess Irene Ghica was definitely, unalterably and irrefutably in Hollywood. She had been seen on the MGM lot by at least 50 people.

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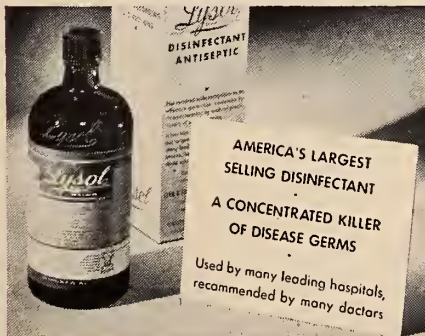
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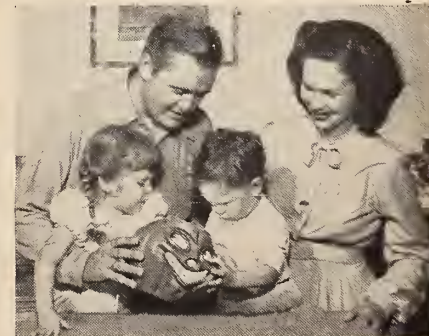
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The next day, when he learned that Greer Garson had been on the phone inviting friends to meet his Princess, Flynn revealed that the entire act had been a gag.

Bennett, who'd been wearing the dried-up gladiola all day, was fit to be tied—but finally accepted the gag in good grace. So, too, did Greer Garson.

Flynn paid the girl, who had played her part so beautifully, more than the \$50 required by the Screen Actors Guild.

Everyone who heard about the joke thought it was simply wonderful and typically Flynn; everyone, that is, except the columnists who'd gone out on a limb.

When I asked Flynn what was really cooking between him and the Princess, he said very politely and honestly, "Nothing is cooking at this point. To coin a new phrase—we're just good friends. We were introduced by mutual friends in Paris some weeks ago. I'm very fond of the girl. In fact, I've offered her a part in my picture, *The Buccaneer*, which I hope to make at sea. And that's just about all.

"For some strange reason, everyone wants to know, 'Are you going to marry the Princess?' That's really a silly question. It's the kind of question you put only to a woman, since she's the one who decides whether or not she'll marry you.

"I don't know her well enough to even think about marriage, and frankly, old boy, I'd rather not discuss it."

you never can tell . . .

He may very well be in love with her—which is what a reporter on the Paris Tribune wired me after he'd occupied a table next to theirs at a Parisian restaurant called the Tour d'Argent. But this is purely conjecture.

Louella Parsons, who saw Errol in Paris when he first began to court the Princess, is sure that Errol is in love with the small, intelligent Princess who left Bucharest five years ago. She says in fact that the Princess "bosses Errol around as I have never seen him bossed by any woman, not even Nora, or before her, Lili Damita."

Freddie McEvoy, an old friend of Flynn's, currently residing abroad, is also convinced that Errol is more than inordinately fond of the Princess. "But you know Errol," he says. "You never can tell what he's going to do the next minute."

Errol himself, however, seemed to know when I talked to him.

"I've had the *Zaca* sailed to Cannes," he said, "and it should be there by the time I arrive." (The *Zaca* is Flynn's 118-foot, two-masted schooner, which he keeps docked at Port Antonio, Jamaica. *Zaca* is a Polynesian word, meaning peace.) "I'm going to pick it up there, and then with a bunch of friends tour the waters around Eastern Spain—on the lookout for some good locations for my picture."

"Will the Princess Ghica accompany you and be among your friends?"

"Well," said Flynn, grinning noncommittally, "first I'm going to do a little work on the script."

There has been a lot of talk to the effect that Flynn has been heartbroken ever since Nora divorced him to marry Dick Haymes. If he was at one time—and no man likes to see his home broken up—he is no longer.

He is, in fact, the same personable guy he was 15 years ago when he first came to Hollywood. To look at him, to talk to him, one would never think that here is a man who has gone through the vicissitudes of two hectic marriages. He looks very much like a man who, after philosophizing with himself of an evening, pours himself a glass of champagne, raises his glass in toast, and says: "Here's to woman—oh, that I could fall into her arms without falling into her hands." THE END

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HOUSE SWARMING

(Continued from page 44)

helped us tack direction signs along the canyon road. Soon all the others had arrived and parked their cars at the meeting spot. Then we pussyfooted up Bob's private road.

This road is quite an engineering feat. It cost Bob \$1,000 to have it hacked out of the mountainside. Around every turn you're greeted by sky and space. It was no place for some of us who get dizzy after leaning out a second-story window. But we proceeded, reached the house, crept onto the porch, knocked gently on the door and—"Surprise! Surprise!"

We'd all been so intent on being cautious and quiet as we approached that we hadn't paid too much attention to the house. However, Bob, as soon as he'd settled down to being the perfect host at his unexpected party, filled us in with the details. When it's finished, it will be a super-modern house complete with pool and helicopter landing field. Bob's had the idea for this dream house for several years. When he got discharged from the Navy, instead of yearning for the traditional type of house, Bob wanted a modern-futuristic place. Something as up-to-date as the headlines, and with all those time-saving push buttons he'd read about in world-of-the-future magazine articles.

The place is built on three levels—but at present only one level is completed. It has to serve as combined living room, dining room, bedroom and kitchen. The boys hadn't as yet got around to wall-paneling, so behind the few pictures they'd hung we could see rough lumber studding, tar paper and wires. The place does look well-built indeed.

While Bob was showing the gang sketches and blueprints, Colleen Townsend, Barbara Fuller and ourselves decided to get things going in the kitchen. The spaghetti had to be heated, coffee made, and paper plates and forks unpacked. It got to be a wee bit confusing—not because of the four chefs. It was the two refrigerators, and two stoves, that gave the kitchen a slightly double-visioned effect. We later learned that Bob had sold his other canyon house, which had a small furnished apartment and was left with the extras.

After a huddle with Bob on how to get his "temperamental" glass coffee-maker to work, everything was ready. Maybe it was the clear mountain air or the high altitude, but everyone stashed away the food like starved bears.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When I was in a New York little theater play a few years ago, a member of the cast asked to be replaced for the evening. A Broadway producer had arranged for her to see a hit in which she might immediately take over a part. Our director was annoyed. "You're supposed to stick with us through this run. You'll never get anywhere being so will-of-the-wisp," he stormed. He was wrong. Pat Neal started on her zooming career practically the next day.

Jen Heslie
New York

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Tom Drake and Terry Moore had a real excuse. They hadn't even had lunch. They'd spent their lunch hour posing for stills so they wouldn't be delayed tonight. They're co-starring in George Pal's production, *Rupert*.

The spaghetti, being spaghetti, was long and wiggly, but Dick Foote managed to wind it up expertly on his bread stick. The tomato aspic was topped off with gobs of Thousand Island dressing. Delectable frosted cupcakes completed the meal. After acquiring that so round, so firm, so fully-packed look, Sally Forrest decided a little exercise—in the form of a rollicking polka—was needed. Sally went over to the phonograph and put on "The Beer Barrel Polka." She next planted her hands on Jerry Courtland's shoulders and gave out with a little instructing on just how a polka is done. Sally should know. Before she was signed by Ida Lupino to star in *Not Wanted*, she taught dancing in San Diego. (Most of her pupils were slightly plump WACS and WAVES who wanted to reduce.)

Even in our somewhat glassy-eyed, stuffed state, the music got us. The rug was rolled up and furniture pushed back. Soon the room was alive with spinning couples who'd heel-toe and then prance about. As the polka grew faster, the girls clung for dear life while the fellas twirled them about the room.

Colleen Townsend and Darryl Hickman were temporarily "grounded" when they collided with Gene Reynolds and Lois Butler. Then, while everyone was taking a breather, Sally fished out another dinger of a polka disk. It's called "Hot Pretzels," with a tempo to match the title.

survival of the fittest . . .

When Roddy heard the swift strains, he begged off. He and Rand Brooks had been doing a fight scene all day for the Lindsay Parsons' film, *Black Midnight*. "It got a little rough, and I accidentally loosened Rand's tooth and he scraped my shoulder with his spur," Roddy explained. But, according to Roddy, it had been a breeze compared to the polka.

Gene Reynolds and Lois Butler, however, wouldn't be downed. When they got fouled-up on the steps they just slipped into an improvised Charleston and kept right on going.

Michael Kirby, who's a Canadian skating champ, and his equally talented wife, Nora, claimed they could out-polka anyone if they just had a cake of ice and their skates.

When the music finally stopped, the girls' hair looked more like spaghetti, and the boys' faces resembled perspiring beets. Fortunately, Dick Foote, who sang "Streets of Laredo" in the film, had brought along his guitar. So while the gang relaxed on Bob's three couches or sat Indian-fashion on the floor, Dick soothed us with some easygoing cowboy songs. As a grand finale, Barbara Fuller got into the act and joined him in a duet.

Barbara, when she isn't on the radio playing Claudia in "One Man's Family," is film-making at Republic Studios. She and Dick live in the same apartment building and practice singing—they lean out their windows and warble across the court to each other. Desi Arnaz's mother also lives in the building—and had briefed them on the finer points of Latin tunes. Barbara and Dick now gave out with these. On the familiar ones, everyone joined in.

Lois played one of the pianos (Bob's got two of these, too!) Gene manned the accordion and Natalie Garrotto (besides being Bob's girl, she's the singing lead with the Santa Monica Civic Opera Company) directed the singing. She used a bread

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stick for a baton.

We won't say that we were a little loud and ragged, but we will confess we noticed Bob's two cats, Mezzo and Forte, running for the hills. Tom Drake said that if he'd known in advance about this musical concert, he'd have brought along his tuba. He's a tuba player in his current picture. "I can't exactly play it," he said, "but would anybody notice that here?"

Colleen, who's co-starring with Dan Dailey in *Front and Center*, decided it was time for more food. She and Margie Alston, who've been friends since the eighth

grade, brought out their contribution to the party—popcorn (unpopped) and syrup.

"If only there were a fireplace, we could pop the corn over it," sighed Terry Moore. "Guess we'll have to use the stove."

"What d'you mean, no fireplace?" said Bob indignantly. And sure enough, there was a slight depression in the floor. "Someday that's going to be a flagstone fireplace with a chimney clear to the ceiling."

But not being able to wait around until that happy day, we improvised with a skillet and the stove. As the corn popped into white fluffiness, it was put into a big bowl. The bowl must have had an invisible hole in it, since it vanished as soon as we put in each fresh batch. Then Margie stood guard over a batch while Terry poured syrup over it and fashioned popcorn balls.

The highlight of the party was the taffy. It was bright pink and green. While Bob and Natalie struggled to get it out of the pan, everyone dusted his and her fingers with flour and got ready to pull.

Tom Drake and Dick Foote artistically moulded their candy into lariats, horse-shoes and handlebar moustaches. Darryl Hickman, stretching his taffy above his head with an agonized expression, gave a dramatic imitation of a circus strong-man.

After the pulling and chewing had gone on for a spell, somebody looked at his watch and said, "Gee, we're keeping Robert up past his bedtime—and ours!"

"Well, good people," said Bob, "how can I ever thank you enough? It's been terrific. I don't know when—"

He suddenly stopped. He had to. Colleen Townsend had popped a large wad of taffy in his mouth.

"The pleasure has been ours, Mr. Arthur," she said. "Right?"

"Right!" said we all—that is, those of us who could. Most of us could only nod and mumble through our taffy. THE END

MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

(Continued from page 59)

them in the same class.

When I met other actresses, they were usually much more sophisticated than I and talked glibly of night clubs. I'd never been inside one, nor was I anxious to go.

I liked bicycling and swimming—but where, oh, where were there kids my own age to do these things with me?

Instead of waking up happy, mornings, as I had in Portland, I'd wake up glum, wondering how I'd get through the day. When I was working it didn't matter so much. Then I could go to the studio early and by night I'd be too tired to care. But when I wasn't working—then it was bad.

When I said, "Whom can I go bicycling with? With whom can I go to the beach?"—Mother would say gently, "I'll go with you, dear."

And sure enough, down the street she'd pedal on her bicycle, side by side with me. Mother has always been a good companion to me—but I yearned for pals my own age.

Often I prayed, "Please help me make friends."

There seemed to be no answer to my prayer that first year.

Letters came from my friends in Portland. They told of gay times my old gang was having. I cried myself to sleep the night one such letter came. Perhaps it was good for me to cry so bitterly that night. The next morning I woke up feeling almost light-hearted. And suddenly I said to myself, "You've prayed for friends and nothing has happened. If you want to make friends, you'll have to do something about it."

What to do? I decided that I'd join a

club of some kind. But there aren't many clubs for 15-year-old girls. Then I thought of the church. Surely there must be church groups for young folks to join.

That Sunday I went to the Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. I learned that there was a young folks' gathering every Sunday night. I went that night. I was shy and scared, and thought maybe no one would speak to me. But for the first time since I'd been in Hollywood, I found myself one of a group.

Every Sunday after that I went back. Soon the other young people in the group and I became friends. We went to parties at each other's houses; we went to the beach; we went bicycle riding together. We went on hay rides.

When they found out I was a singer, they often wanted me to get up and sing. I didn't like that so much, because I don't usually like to sing alone—it seems conceited. And I didn't want to be singled out as a motion-picture actress, different from the others. I wanted to be one of the gang, accepted by them as just another 15-year-old.

But to oblige them, I did sing at a few gatherings. Then, when they knew me well enough to understand, I stopped singing, except when the whole crowd sang. I was proud and happy when they remained my friends.

So my prayer was answered. And I learned an important rule from my experience: If you want something, pray as hard as you can—then work as hard as you can to help make your prayer come true.

THE END



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HOW PERFECT IS "PERFECT"?

(Continued from page 36)

invitingly about.

The small dining-room whose glass wall looks out over the hills, features dark wood and deep pink. Bill and Joan seldom used this room for dinner parties but they usually had breakfast here. Sometimes they carried their trays out onto the verandah which leads off the bedroom, and shared their breakfast hour with their tiny daughter.

In the warmer months, the Doziers entertained by their pool—where the lighting is indirect and the air is softly filled with music coming over a low-tuned loud-speaker hooked up to the record player within.

The Doziers' white-and-maroon kitchen, with its roomy closets and revolving spice-shelves, exerted a magnetic fascination over both of them. When they had days off from picture-making, producer Bill and actress Joan vied for the privilege of relieving the cook of preparing the evening meal. In happier times, Joan and Bill had one point of disagreement about their cooking. She said it was more of an instinct, once you'd learned the fundamentals. (She learned them at the famous Cordon Bleu cooking school in New York.) Bill said all you needed to be a good cook, was the ability to read a cook book. To prove this he volunteered to make a pineapple upside-down cake one afternoon. Strictly from the book. Said he'd never even seen an upside-down cake before. Joan said okay, go ahead. She'd eat her words, and the cake too, if it turned out right. Then she went back to smocking a dress for baby Deborah, and Bill locked himself in the kitchen.

Well, the cake turned out fine, and Joan ate two helpings as it came out golden and puffy from the oven.

Joan loves to make soufflés and delicately seasoned French dishes. Bill mostly goes in for corn bread, muffins and pies. Their cook backs out of the kitchen when her bosses feel an urge towards pots and pans. She goes out on the steps and admires the view till they tell her to come back in and sample their latest efforts. As a result, Cook is getting too fat for her uniforms.

deb came first . . .

Other hobbies that Bill and Joan shared were horseback riding and gardening. But the hub of their existence was their tiny daughter, now 11 months of bouncing babyhood. She has a peak of blonde hair like a kewpie doll, eyes like cornflowers, and a relentless determination towards locomotion. Seems she always wants to go places and see things—even the bottom of the swimming pool. Joan had a fright the other morning when she was sitting by the pool with the baby. Little Deb wiggled over to the edge and plopped in, face first. Says Joan:

"I let her get her face full of water before I fished her out. Maybe that lesson will keep her away from it—at least until I can get the pool fenced in. We'll start her swimming lessons soon, but until then, believe me, we're never going to let her out of our sight for an instant!"

Deborah's nursery, connected to the main bedroom by the wide, flower-boxed verandah, is done in blue, yellow and white. She exercises her small bare toes on the blue rag rugs and, guided by Joan or Ann, her nurse, rides her tiny white rocking-horse. Her crib is white with a lacy canopy, and two cherubic pink angels with silky wings are strapped to the bed-



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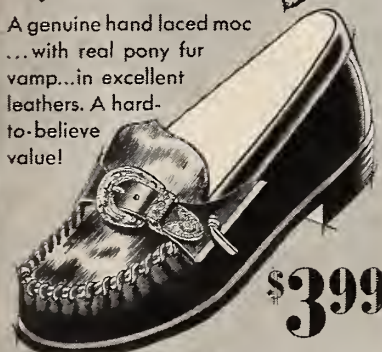
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the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Advisory Board Findings: Our Advisory Board has been working overtime to help solve one of our most pressing problems, and we'd like to thank the members for their promptness in suggesting solutions. The matter concerns the awarding of trophy cups and how many should be awarded to one club. With the aid of the prexies comprising the Advisory Board, we've come up with the decision to limit the number of cups. After a club has won two cups, it will receive credit for having the most points in a contest if it is the winner, but the trophy will go to the runner-up. When a club has accumulated a certain number of these credits as a winner (this number will be announced next month), it will receive very special recognition from the MSFCA! We'll be interested to know how you like the idea!

Prizes: To the best correspondents this month go REVLON'S KING'S RANSOM lipstick sets—seven of Revlon's most popular shades with a gold holder—beautifully packaged in a black velvet case. For that we'd start writing letters to ourselves, except for the fact that the sets are reserved for our correspondents! We know club editors will love the little foto stamps we're offering. THE AMERICAN FOTO STAMP COMPANY will make them for our best editors and the stamps will be awarded in blocks of 500. They're so very nice for stationery and journals—and we have pictures of any star you'd like. ENGER-KRESS billfolds have the hearty approval of all the This Is My Best winners to whom they've been awarded. The wallets are in lovely rainbow colors, hold snaps, folding money and change. And their artist of the month won't have to take a trip to appreciate the TANGEE TRIP KIT. The kit is packed with cosmetics. It's easy to carry and once you've owned one, you'll never see how you ever got along without it!

10th Semi-annual TROPHY CUP CONTEST 2nd Lap

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Golden Comet Day," Martha Farrington, Jeanette MacDonald Journal. "Train Song," Catherine Kuczyński, Club Friendship Journal. "We, the Movie Fans," Henryetta Lewis, Philip Reed Journal. "February 4th," Shirley Maxwell, James Melton Journal. "Are Fan Clubs Foolish?" Mary Kelly, Montgomery Clift Journal (Paul). "Just Reminiscing, Thanks," Margie Keith, Eddy Arnold Journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Nelson Eddy Journal (Nicholin). League 2. New Stars Journal. League 3. (tied) Humphrey Bogart Journal. Jack Smith Journal. **Best Editors:** (250 points) League 1. Margaret Sedlar, John Garfield Journal. League 2. Loretta Zitek, Harlean Matthias, Dick Contino Journal. League 3. Judy Baird, Gordon MacRae Journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Marilyn Brock, Perry Como Journal (Travnicek). **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1. Jane Wyman Journal. League 2. Bob Crosby Journal. League 3. (tied) Audrey Totter Journal. Radio Stars Journal. **Best Correspondents:** (100 points) League 1. None qualified. League 2. Betty Petrie, Charles Korvin Club. League 3. Eleanor Paul, Montgomery Clift Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1. Farley Granger Club (overseas boxes). League 2. (tied) Jim Brown Club (donation to Father Flanagan Fund; stamps to veterans' hospital). Rise Stevens Club (donation of radio to veterans' hospital). League 3. Stuart Foster Club (Leviitt) (contribution to Cancer Fund). **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1. Bing Crosby Club (Ness). League 2. Betty Grable-Harry James Club (Adams). League 3. Bill Lawrence Club (Lawson). **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points for first prize, 50 points for others) Jamie Bellinger, Penny Edwards Club. Geraldine Schultz, Gene Autry Club. Beverly Bush, Frank Sinatra Club. Betty Cornwell, Perry Como Club. Patricia Danks, Patrice Munsel Club. John McNamara, Terry Moore Club.

posts. The angels were a gift from a fan in New York. Maureen O'Sullivan, Deb's godmother, gave her the hand-painted prayer stool which stands by her bed awaiting her first prayers. Her play-pen is out on the verandah.

The master bedroom is a happy compromise of masculine and feminine tastes. Joan took her theme for the decoration from her sea shells. She let their pearly tones sink deep into her imagination . . . then she set to work and dreamed up this enchanting suite of rooms—surely the most beautiful in Hollywood.

Basically, the scheme is blue-gray with touches of pink. Her seven-foot bed is covered with a rough-weave linen spread in the same blue-gray shade as the modern painted tables and desk. Bedside lamps have glass bases filled with an array of shells and coral. From the bedroom a shell-pink passage leads to individual dressing-room suites. Joan's is on the left. All in pink, the ceiling, walls and built-in furniture are set off with mirrored doors and heavy crystal doorknobs. This exquisite setting fits the "actress" side of Joan's life to perfection. Here she can be quite alone to study her script, set her hair, or answer her mail. Off the main room of her suite are several smaller rooms—in one a hair-dryer and telephone, in another a bathtub, in another her clothes, with spacious racks holding her 200 pairs of shoes. Joan wears negligees and housecoats in the same misty pinks and blues as the rooms.

A guest suite on the lower floor was always ready for 18-year-old Bob Dozier, Bill's son by a former marriage, whenever he was home from Brown University. Bob has his father's sturdy build and quizical expression. He and Joan got along beautifully—except in those rare, teasing moments when he called her "Mother." Then she was ready to push him into the pool.

her face was familiar . . .

Joan will never forget their first meeting, when she went up to his school, and he paraded her round the campus pointing out the sights while five fellow students badgered the life out of him with inquiries about the "blonde babe" he had with him.

And then there was that incident in the train club-car, when Joan was coming home from her visit to Bob's school. A neat little brunette seated herself next to Joan and inquired in tinkling tones, "Don't I know you? I mean—your face—I've seen it somewhere!"

"I'm Joan Dozier," replied Joan, fondly twisting her new wedding band.

The girl sat up as though she'd been stuck with a pin.

"No! You're not related to young Bob Dozier?"

Joan nodded. "He's my husband's son."

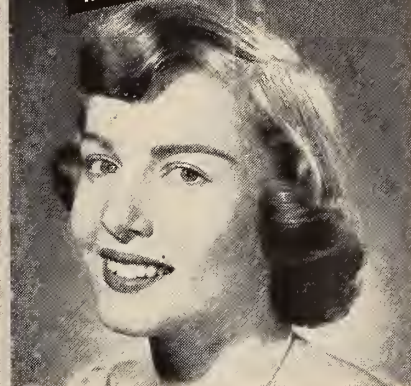
"That gorgeous man! I met him at the prom last night. Now I'm on my way back to school. Gosh, just imagine being related to him!" The girl was breathless with the wonder of it all. Talked about Bob for an hour. Never once recognized Joan Fontaine, the Oscar-winner from Hollywood.

Joan used to laugh over that incident. But Joan isn't laughing now. Neither is Bill Dozier. Both have told their friends that they are miserable. And there is no doubt that much of the misery they suffer must come from the memories they have of one of the most beautiful houses in Hollywood—theirs—that held so much love.

Will they ever return to it—together? It is the hope of everyone in the film capital that they will. But at this point, Joan's home in Brentwood is the symbol of a perfect love in a perfect house—that wasn't perfect enough. THE END

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THIS LOVE OF OURS

(Continued from page 39)

Would he be bored? Would he grow restless? I suppose it's the worry of every new wife—but there it was.

"Let's fly," I kept suggesting as train time approached.

"Fly?" Desi would say. "But Lucy, just think, three days on the train. Three peaceful, relaxing days. After New York, it will be heaven."

Not much like heaven, I thought, if those three days should seem more like three years!

Desi had less and less to say as the trip progressed. We traveled for miles without exchanging a word. I was a bundle of nerves. In the diner or the club car, he would stare off into space. Back in our compartment, he strummed his guitar. This went on through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, New Mexico and right into Pasadena, California. As the train pulled into the station I was almost in tears, and ready to pronounce myself the year's outstanding bridal failure.

Suddenly I was tossed back on my fluffy pink Cloud No. 17. "Lucy," he said, "I've just completed our song. I've been working on it since we left New York. It's called, *My New World With You*."

He played it for me that day on the train—and on every anniversary since then!

doctor, lawyer, indian-chief . . .

Sometimes I wish Desi was a mailman. Or a lawyer, or a dentist. Anything but a bandleader. Of course I never wish he was a traveling salesman, or an airlines pilot. I prefer the stay-put career, say an architect or the fifth vice-president of a bank.

This isn't just a selfish desire. Desi loves having a home and being in it. He is in his glory master-minding any new project at Desilu, our San Fernando Valley ranch. He will tackle anything from one nail for picture-hanging to the complete construction of a bath-house and a barbecue patio for summer entertaining. He also transformed a garage attached to the house into a step-saving utility room to accommodate our household equipment, such as the washing machine, electric ironer, deep freeze and mammoth storage cupboards.

Next to his hammer-and-saw projects, Desi likes to cook. Willie Mae, our full-time kitchen jewel, keeps on hand for him a high chef's cap and gigantic apron, appropriately embroidered, **GENIUS AT WORK**. In this impressive regalia, and with the proper ingredients, "Chef" Arnaz can fashion some downright professional Cuban delicacies. His specialty is *arroz con pollo*—chicken and rice.

He makes exquisite spaghetti, too, but we've sort of lost interest in that particular dish since "The Wreck of the Living Room Rug"—or, as Sam Spade would call it, "The Flying Casserole Caper." It happened not long ago when we were having a crowd of about 20 in for Sunday night supper. The menu on such occasions comes under Desi's supervision, and he is head chef.

That evening I was experiencing the satisfied glow of the hostess who feels that everything is going well. The guests were enjoying themselves and the house was looking its very best. Our big, comfortable living room, with its cheery dining area at the far end, seemed especially inviting and friendly.

Soon Desi appeared in the doorway, proudly bearing the huge, steaming casserole containing the *pièce de résistance*, spaghetti and meat balls. As he crossed the room—just about dead center—the casserole broke, the bottom falling out neatly

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and completely, scattering spaghetti and meat balls over our new rug, splattering curtains, walls and guests, and leaving a flabbergasted Desi holding two handles. If you think that wasn't a lot of spaghetti, I can give you the exact figure—17 pounds. That night, getting ready for bed, I found two weary strands of it in my shoe.

A less stout-hearted cook would have abandoned the enterprise at the drop of the casserole, and retreated with his guests to the nearest restaurant. But not my Desi. Once the debris was cleared way, he disappeared into the kitchen again, and in a matter of minutes had replaced the errant spaghetti with a superb soufflé. . . .

Desi and I share a hundred and one interests. We like many things. We like our quiet, easy country life, raising oranges, chickens, and an occasional pig—none of which we ever have the heart to eat. Except the oranges.

We like being hosts at Friday night square dances. We like lazy week-ends on our small cruiser, even when we don't leave the harbor at Balboa.

We like family gatherings on holidays, when the house is filled with the aroma of good food cooking and the walls bulge with cousins, aunts, brothers, sisters, small nieces and nephews, the three cockers and Hi Ball, our black and tan terrier.

We like parlor games when we have a gang at the house; games like charades. With Desi, "the game," as it's called in Hollywood, is especially intriguing because his interpretation of the King's English is often startling. There was the night he baffled us with a character whom he portrayed by going through repeated gestures of eating. He acted out a complete meal and when we gave up, disgustingly exploded, "Why you don't get it? Look, I am eating. Eet ees Meal-dred . . . Meal-dred Pierce!"

When we all howled with laughter, Desi was indignant and swore never to be inveigled into playing "the game" again.

Our tempers, quick to rise and equally quick to subside, are another common ground for my husband and me. We have spats, lots of them. Most happily married couples do, but we never carry on a feud. Whatever the issue, the defendant and plaintiff thrash it out, leave it for dead, and go on to something more interesting.

Temperamental, sentimental, often impractical, but never dull, Desi is easily the most charming guy I've ever known. Probably the most revealing insight into a husband's character are the gifts he selects. I remember our first anniversary and the velvet jeweler's box I found at



Lucille and Desi Arnaz, wed nine years ago, leave the church after their recent remarriage.



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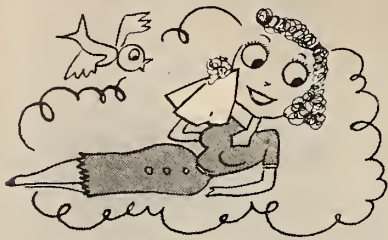
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my plate that night. It was a magnificent gold bracelet, intricately designed of flexible leaves, each engraved with a word of the legend, **LUCY, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER, YOUR DESI.**

For my birthday soon after, there was a companion bracelet of tiny gold replicas of every one of his records, each engraved with its title. Who but Desi would think of a gold taxi whistle, or the beautiful costume pin, in the shape of a large key and studded with rubies and opals, which he gave me last anniversary? Engraved on the back are the words, **NURSERY KEY.**

Desi and I were remarried on Sunday, June 19th, at the Our Lady of the Valley Church in Canoga Park. When Desi proposed to me again, after nine years, his second proposal seemed sweeter than the first. Knowing that he feels this way made our church wedding doubly wonderful. And I do know that for laughing... for loving... for keeps... he'll forever remain My Favorite Husband. **THE END**

MARRIAGE ON HER MIND

(Continued from page 33)

taking up with Burt Lancaster, with whom she worked on his first screen test. "That was a fine romance," Liz says. "Everything between Burt and me happened in print."

However, when the columnists learned that Burt was already happily married and a father, they neatly switched Scott's love allegiance from Burt to a handsome hunk of man named Rory Calhoun. But what does this Calhoun fellow do? He ups and marries an actress named Isabelita.

Undaunted, the columnists tried again. For 1949, they paired Liz with A. C. Lyles, a publicist who does Hollywood with great charm, and with Fefe Ferry, a Rumanian who kisses actresses on their wrists and accepts 10% of their incomes as an agent. But then a famous radio commentator tossed these two gentlemen out of the running with the announcement that Elizabeth Scott was at last in love—but really, crazily, tempestuously in love—with the heir to a newspaper fortune.

This heir, it turned out, was Mort Schiff, whose mother, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Thackeray, owns the *New York Post*. But Liz said sweetly, as so many other girls in the same situation have said before, "Mort is a wonderful guy. But we're just friends."

In short, all the attempts to pair Liz Scott seriously with any man have been complete failures ever since she arrived in Hollywood four years ago.

The public will no longer believe the romances conjured up for her by newspaper columnists. And yet to many people—like the Notre Dame football player—it is rather baffling that a girl as beautiful, talented, honest and intelligent as Liz, is at 26, without fiancé or husband.

Ava Gardner had two husbands by the time she was 24; Doris Day had two by the time she was 25; Loretta Young was first married when she was 16½, Shirley Temple when she was 18. How come Elizabeth Scott has never even been engaged?

This question has given rise to some pretty strange and also funny stories. There are some who say that Liz will never get married because she'll always be in love with the memory of a man who died a hero's death in the war. There are others to whom Liz is the classic example of a girl who has shut everything out of life but career. You can even hear that she actually is married—very secretly—to a heavily-bearded, shadowy figure of behind-the-scenes international finance whose lightest word can shake every chancellory in Europe.

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All of this just isn't so, says Liz. (Not even the theory about the guy with the beard.) "I want to get married," she says, "and I will. Only up till now, the combination of circumstances has never been exactly right. I've been infatuated with men who haven't been infatuated with me; or it's just been a temporary infatuation on both sides and not a lasting love; or I've been too busy working.

"There are many girls my age throughout the country who haven't been married. That's no great tragedy, even in Hollywood. For some strange reason, though, the fact that I'm single makes people think I'm a recluse or that there's something mysterious or unusual about me. How ridiculous!"

Still, Elizabeth Scott is unusual. Her deep, throaty voice; her lovely, sharply-angled face; her hyper-active, expressive hands—all this is most definitely unusual.

"She is," as one actor at Paramount who has known her for a long while so aptly puts it, "a sort of lone wolf, a beautiful, intelligent girl who picks her male friends very carefully. She'd rather be alone with a good book than in a crowd with a bunch of handsome jerks."

Burt Lancaster subscribes to this school of thought on Liz. "She always seems lonely to me," he's written. "Lots of families have that one kid who walks alone. Liz is that one in her family."

generous to a fault . . .

Another actor, Kirk Douglas, who played with her in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers*, says that Liz is the most warm-hearted, generous, garrulous actress in Hollywood.

And when Liz starts to talk, you'd better watch out. No shy, repressed recluse, this girl. Instead, she's a dynamic, electric, highly articulate female who seems to vibrate as she talks: Her whole body seems to quiver with her words. "When she starts talking," says Kirk Douglas, "I stop."

Charley Feldman, her agent, once described her to a producer in this manner: "Liz has one of the best brains in town and also one of the best bodies. She's smart and she's sexy, a combination impossible to beat. When Elizabeth Scott says something, she means it; unlike a lot of other actresses, she never talks for effect.

When Liz had her option renewed this June, she was extremely happy—not only because it brought her salary beyond the \$1,000-per-week mark, but because it proved to her that she had made the grade, that she was in Hollywood to stay. Best yet, it proved to the doubting Thomases that Hal Wallis, the producer, knew what he was saying when he stuck his neck out in 1944 and told several executives at Warner Brothers, "This girl is a whole lot better than her test indicates."

At that time, Liz had taken her first screen test and Warner Brothers had turned her down. But not Wallis; he was leaving that studio, and he told Liz, "As soon as I make a deal somewhere else, I'll sign you."

Wallis set up his independent producing organization at Paramount, and true to his word, he signed Liz to a contract, making her the first player on his talent roster.

All these years, Liz has worked and studied, to prove that Wallis' faith in her ability and her own faith, was not misplaced. She has neglected her social life, her love life, perhaps even her interest in men, to become a top-flight actress.

But now that she's reached the heights, Liz, like nine out of 10 other girls, is ready to make the big decision.

"Just let the right man come along," she says, "and you'll be seeing me leading three of my own kids in play rather than playing three leads in pictures. I want to get married."

THE END



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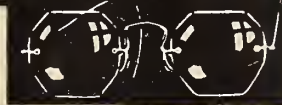


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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 14)



Kirk Douglas examines Jonet Woldo's make-up kit during a rehearsal of CBS' Family of Stars.

Jottings Around Town: Kirk Douglas, walking into a popular night spot alone three nights in a row, only winked when I asked him where all his pretty "dates" were. I hear Kirk has been "advised" against showing up with a different lovely every night.

Ann Sheridan's Paris clothes are dreamy. Saw her dancing around Ciro's in a black taffeta, cocktail-length and very décolleté with three flounces of pale pink petticoats. Every woman in the room was eying that little number with envy.

Ginger Rogers cries and cries on the set of Perfect Strangers, yet she denies that she and Jackie Briggs are having trouble after all these years, though she admits they had an argument. But if everything is patched up again, why does she continue to be so depressed?

John Hodiak removing strawberry shortcake dessert from in front of Anne Baxter at dinner at La Rue. Pretty cute. He likes her thin!

Ava Gardner and Howard Duff lunching in a booth at the Brown Derby. Into the next booth come Mickey Rooney and his bride, Martha Vickers. The Mick and Ava, who were once married, no speakee. Incidentally, Mickey and Martha are "expecting."

Questions and Answers Department: Are Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy expecting a baby? Wanda says, "Not yet"—but she does say she is hoping the rumors will be true any time.

Is Alan Ladd getting temperamental at the studio? Not a bit of it. He is one of the most cooperative actors in this business. When he didn't like certain things in the script of his Postal Inspector story, he went in and had a talk about them. Result—the bosses said he was right and ordered changes.

Is Judy Garland well enough to come back to work? Not yet. Judy is coming along very well and has put on nine pounds. But it will be a big mistake if she doesn't rest for several months yet.

Which actress is in the lead (so far) for next year's Academy Award? Deborah Kerr—hands down—for her wonderful work in Edward, My Son.

Has Kirk Douglas been suffering from a swollen head? If he was—he's over it.

Well, I guess this is all for this month. In my mail, I notice that Ricardo Montalban is beginning to attract considerable fan interest. Also, John Derek. I'm going to have a talk with both of these boys soon and I'll be having more to say about them. Elizabeth Taylor is still "Miss Big" among the girls with my correspondents. Thanks, as always, for your letters and keep 'em coming!

PHOTO CREDITS

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

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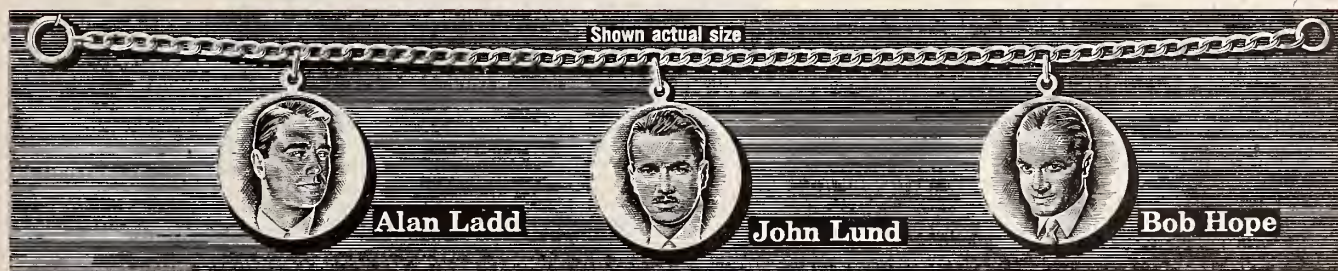
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